

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

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

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_baptist-messenger\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_baptist-messenger_01.php)

THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

*Evangelical Treasury*

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FROM

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1857.

---

LONDON:  
JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

# INDEX

## TO THE HALF-YEARLY VOLUME

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1857.

- Abbot, Rev. W.—The Pilgrim's Pathway, 10.  
A Caution to Parents, 112.  
Ambitious Churches, 19.  
Anniversaries, 70, 94, 119.  
A Silly Hoax, 167.  
Balforn, Rev. W. P.—Divine Teaching, 81.  
——— The Voices of Spring, 107.  
——— The Well in the Wilderness, 155.  
Baptisms, 22, 48, 71, 94, 120, 170, 194.  
Baptist Missionary Society, 170.  
Bloomfield Rev. J.—The Faithful Witness, 60.  
Collings, Rev. W.—Comfort for the Bereaved, 158.  
Cox, Rev. J. - Bible Apologues :—  
V. The Cast-out Ones, 14.  
VI. The Difficult Riddle, 85.  
VII. The Instructive Emblem, 181.  
——— Evening Tide, 159.  
——— Father is Coming, 104.  
——— Strong Consolation, 40.  
Deaths, 23, 46, 72, 95, 170.  
Falling from Grace, 17.  
Flory, Rev. J.—Reward for the Righteous, 67.  
Freeman, Mr. J.—Wiles of the Devil, 39.  
——— The Vine-dresser's Visitation, 113.  
Gain is not Godliness, 43.  
Hayercraft on Ministerial Remuneration, 111, 163.  
Illustrations of Temper, 83, 116, 164, 186.  
I'll tell my Father, 185.  
Jenkinson, Rev. J.—The Discipline of Love, 38.  
Literary Notices, 21, 44, 92.  
Ministerial Changes, 21, 47, 69, 94, 120, 168, 189.  
New Chapels, 22, 70, 166, 189.  
Oncken's Appeal, 117.  
Original Poetry :—  
Lyrics of the Heart, 68.  
My times are in Thy hand, 188.  
Onwards, 64.  
The Christian's Condition in both Worlds, 91.  
The Lord is at hand, 20.  
The Midnight Cry, 90.  
Original Poetry :—  
There are no Tears in Heaven, 117.  
Summer is coming, 166.  
Plumer, Rev. Dr.—The Silence of Grief, 64.  
Preaching and Preachers, by Dr. Leifchild, 121.  
Preaching and Preaching, from the "Times," 121.  
Presentation Services, 22, 70, 94, 119, 169.  
Recognition Services, 22, 47, 70, 120, 169.  
Services to be Holden, 22, 47, 168.  
Smith, Rev. J.—A Motto for the New Year, 1.  
——— Confessing Christ, 57.  
——— The Voice of the Dial, 78.  
——— A good Confession, 102.  
——— Light for a Dark Hour, 151.  
——— Christian Liberty, 177.  
Something to Wonder at, 117.  
Special Services, 47, 70, 119, 120, 169.  
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H.—Spiritual Revival the want of the Church, 25.  
——— Chit-Chat about his Preaching, 46.  
——— The Anxious Inquirer, 49.  
——— A Lost Christ Found, 73.  
——— The Determination of Christ to Suffer, 97.  
——— Christ's care of his Disciples, 147.  
——— The Sinner's Refuge, 171.  
——— The Dumb Singing, 195.  
——— Foretastes of the Heavenly Life, 204.  
——— Remarks on his Oratory, by Dr. Campbell, 122.  
——— Specimens of his Preaching, 130.  
——— Tabernacle, 96.  
The Christian World, 93.  
Theology among the People, 19.  
The Unpaid Physician, 160.  
Thin Prayer-Meetings, 110.  
Thomas, Rev. D.—The Sovereign of the Future, 6.  
Valedictory Services, 71.  
Walker, Rev. S.—Heart Breathings, 12.  
Wilkins, Rev. Joseph.—Attachment to Jesus, 37.  
Winslow, Rev. Octavius.—The Path of the Future, 5.

THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER

AND

Chronicle of the Churches.

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

“Seek meekness.”—ZEPH. II. 3.

RELIGION is intended to make men happy, not by changing their circumstances, but by changing the disposition of their minds. A deeply taught child of God, thoroughly sanctified by the Holy Spirit, could be happy anywhere, but another man could not. Few were ever placed in more trying circumstances than Paul; he appeared to be “sorrowful,” but he said, he was “always rejoicing.” How was this? He informs us, “I have learned in every state therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and how to abound everywhere, and in all things I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.” As we cannot bring our circumstances to our minds, let us seek grace to bring our minds to our circumstances. For the grace that has made us what we are, can make us what we desire to be, what we ought to be. And it is very encouraging to know, that God “giveth more grace.” As it is written, “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.” Few things are more necessary in the present day than meekness. If we look into the world, or into the Church, we see, that in order to be happy and ornamental, we must be meek. This is the spirit of Jesus, and this he calls us especially to learn. “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and *learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*” The meek therefore enjoy rest, rest in the field of labour, rest in the midst of trouble, rest in a world of change. Our God, who desires us to be happy, exhorts us to “seek meekness.” Let us give our attention to this subject for a few minutes.

First, THE GRACE, OR STATE OF MIND COMMENDED, MEEKNESS. Meekness is the patience and quietness of the soul under injuries, insults, or sufferings. True meekness always bows to the divine authority. It views God on the throne, and acknowledges his right to require and command what he will. The man of meekness ascertains for himself that the Bible is God's book, and believes that every sentence, word, and letter is inspired. He therefore bows to its decisions, embraces its doctrines, believes its promises, and receives its precepts. He never strives with his Maker, but admits his sovereign right to do as he will with his own, and to speak as he pleases to his own. Meekness yields to the Lord's hand. While it hears God speaking in his Word, it sees God working in the world. It looks upon the world as under the government of God; and at providence, as God governing the world in his wisdom, according to his Word, and for the good of his people, and the glory of his name. The meek man therefore endeavours to adapt himself to his circumstances, whatever they may be, believing that God has made no mistake, but that all is going on right, whether he can perceive it or no. He admits of no chance, but believes that all is wisely ordained, arranged, and brought to pass. Meekness acquiesces in the Lord's will. Submission is not enough. Resignation scarcely reaches the mark. It would acquiesce in all that God wills and works, approving not only of the whole, but of each separate part. Its



language is, "Not my will, but thine be done." In the dullest day, in the most trying seasons, and in the most painful circumstances, it prompts the soul to say, "It is well." Meekness adorns the Christian's profession. Indeed, it is one of our chief ornaments, and therefore it is so frequently inculcated, and commended in God's blessed Word. How much our Saviour dwells upon it in his sermon on the mount. "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, &c." Christians do not arrest the attention, impress the minds, or win the approbation of the consciences of those around them, just because they are not meek. They are not now lambs in the midst of wolves; but are in spirit and temper, so much like those around them, that it is not always easy to distinguish them. Meekness prevents innumerable evils. How many sins, and unpleasant scenes in our families, would be prevented, if we were meek? How many disagreements, and divisions in the church, would be prevented if we were meek? How much better would things go on, even in the world, if we were made meek? Nearly all our family disorders and church troubles, may be traced up to our want of meekness. O, what peace of mind, what quiet of conscience, what joy of heart we should experience, if we were meek and lowly in heart! How grateful for our mercies, how patient under our trials, how calm in our troubles we should be, if we were meek. Let us then, set our hearts upon seeking that grace, which will enable us to bow to the divine authority, yield to the Lord's hand, or acquiesce in the Lord's will, adorn our Christian profession, and prevent such great and sore evils. In order to stir up our minds to this, let us,—

Secondly, CONSIDER THE EXHORTATION GIVEN, "SEEK MEEKNESS." Meekness is of the greatest importance, and to seek meekness is a solemn duty, but it will not be attended to, except we see its value. How is it the word falls upon us, like seed on stony ground? How is it that it passes through the mind without becoming incorporated with our nature? It is for want of meekness. We hear as critics, or judges, instead of children or servants. Therefore, says the Apostle, "Receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." The meek heart is prepared for its reception, and like the seed in the good soil, it grows up and brings forth fruit. It becomes engrafted on our natures, and its saving and sanctifying effects are seen in our lives. How is it, that those who fall or backslide in our churches, are allowed to remain prostrate, or to wound us still? It is for want of meekness. Hence said Paul, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one, in the spirit of meekness." The meek will approach his fallen or wandering brother, not as vested with authority, using the tone of severity and condemnation, but as clothed with love, speaking in tones of sympathy and tenderness. He will win back the wandering heart. He will lift up the fallen one, binding up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine. Many who now stray unheeded, or lie prostrate unpitied, would be raised and restored, if we sought and obtained meekness. Let us then realise our need of meekness. We shall never seek it aright until we do. That we do need it, is clear. That it would be well for us if we possessed it, most will acknowledge. But we do not individually feel our deep need of this lovely grace. Yet we never shall honour Jesus, adorn the Gospel, or favourably impress those about us as we ought, without meekness. Mark its effects. Look at Moses, he was the meekest of men. Not when he was in the palace of Pharaoh, for then he made nothing of killing an Egyptian, and hiding him in the sand. But after he had been well taught and trained in the land of Midian, then he could bear with the stiff-necked and rebellious multitude; and even when God appeared to wish to destroy them, he pleaded until he obtained their pardon. With one single exception, when he smote the rock, he manifested the greatest forbearance, and became a pattern man, a pattern of meekness to the whole nation and the world. Look at the Lord Jesus, our great example.

God's meek and gentle Lamb. See him bear the contradiction of sinners against himself. See him observe his own precepts, so that when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he was persecuted, he suffered it. He could say, without fear of contradiction or reflection, "I am meek and lowly of heart." In his life we behold the beautiful effects of meekness, and he has left us an example, that we should follow in his steps. *Trace out its source.* It is not of human origin. It is not a plant that grows in unsanctified nature's garden. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, *meekness.*" So that what the tree is to the fruit, that the Holy Spirit is to this grace. We must possess the Spirit, we must have a good measure of the Spirit, or there will not be this meekness. It is the Spirit of Christ working, subduing, acting in the man, that makes him meek. We must live in the Spirit, that is, under his subduing and sweetly controlling influences, if we would be meek. Command it, we cannot; seek it, we may. Produce it ourselves, we cannot, but seek it from God we should. *Observe the requirement:* "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, humbleness of mind, *meekness.*" That is, not only be meek, but appear meek. Let your meekness be visible, put it on as you would some wearing garment, or some beautiful ornament. Let meekness appear in your dealings with men, and in your conduct towards the saints. "But thou, O man of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, *meekness.*"

Here it is presented as an object to be pursued, to be earnestly sought, to be if possible attained. It is to be to the Christian, as the mark, or as the prize to the racer, that on which he fixes his eye and heart, and to reach which he strains every nerve. *Believe the promise.* Is meekness a grace of the Holy Spirit? Is it produced by the indwelling and work of that divine and holy agent? Then we have a promise that just meets the case, for Jesus has said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Is God willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him? He is. Are we desiring to obtain that blessing? Shall we seek it, in order that we may be sanctified to God, made like the Lord Jesus, and so be meek and lowly of heart? The promise is plain. It is true. It should be heartily believed. It should be earnestly pleaded. Let us then *ply the throne.* Let us set our hearts upon obtaining this blessing as a new year's gift, nor rest until our God graciously confers it. We do not believe the promises God has made us, or we do not deeply feel our need of the blessings promised, or we do not sincerely desire to carry out the precepts of the Lord Jesus, or we should pray more, and pray differently to what we do. To stimulate us to "seek meekness," let us now,

Thirdly, GLANCE AT A FEW OF THE ENCOURAGEMENTS TO SEEK IT. Meekness is a grace which brings numerous blessings in its train. It prepares us for the reception, and secures to us the communication of many promised blessings. For instance, *satisfaction.* "The meek shall eat and be satisfied; they shall praise the Lord that seek him; your heart shall live for ever." The proud man, the conceited professor, is never satisfied. Satisfaction is a stranger to his breast. He hears, but he does not act. He reads, but he does not act. The meek man feeds upon the provision God has made for him, and in reference both to providence and grace, enjoys a good degree of satisfaction. *Guidance.* "The meek will be guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his way." God will be both guide and teacher to the meek man. He will guide him in his decisions, he will teach him what course to pursue. Thus will he preserve him from many erroneous conclusions, and from every evil way. *Inheritance.* "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." Now, they may be very poor, not having a foot of earth to call their own, scarcely know where to lay their head, but they hold the title deeds of the earth, and they shall be put in possession

by-and-bye. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." They are now the blessed of the Lord, and at the adoption, that is, the redemption of the body, they will rise to have the dominion, to take possession of the purchased inheritance, and delight themselves in plenty and peace. *Elevation.* "The Lord lifteth up the meek, he casteth the wicked down to the ground." They may be trodden down by men for a time. They may lie low. But their life is hid with Christ in God, and when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, then shall they also appear with him in glory. "And the Lord their God shall save them in that day, as the flock of his people; for they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign upon his land." *Beauty.* "The Lord taketh pleasure in his people, he will beautify the meek with salvation." Their deliverance from all evil shall be glorious and complete. The salvation of Jesus, radiant with all the glories of his nature and character, like a beautiful robe of costly material, wrought with consummate skill, and of more beautiful colour than eye ever saw, shall be worn by them as a graceful garment, in which they will stand before the throne of God for ever. Themselves conformed to the likeness of God's only begotten Son, and their persons clothed with the garments of salvation, and covered with the robe of righteousness, they will appear the perfection of beauty. Then it may well be asked, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" *Joy.* "The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel." The meek have joy, but they shall increase it. They have joy in the Lord, but they shall have greater joy still. As Jesus said to his disciples, "These things have I said unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." There is a fulness of joy for God's meek and lowly ones, and "with joy shall they draw water out of the wells of salvation." If any people are happy now, it is the meek, for meekness is one of the prime elements of true and substantial happiness. But happy as they may be now, they shall be greatly happier by and bye, when God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. *Meekness is an ornament precious in the sight of God,* and this ornament is given to, and worn by heaven's favourites. Hence Peter, when directing the godly wife as to her attire and adorning, says, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.*" The God who thinks no more of ornament of gold or silver; or clothing of silks and purples; than he does of the straw that is trodden down for the dunghill, considers *a meek and quiet spirit of great price.* One would think, that this one consideration would be sufficient to induce us to "seek meekness." If it is thus valuable in God's estimation, if it is thus pleasing in God's sight, surely we ought to seek to obtain it, though its price were above rubies. But, when we are assured by God's word, that the meek shall enjoy solid satisfaction; shall be taught and guided by God's infinite wisdom; shall inherit the earth, and delight in the abundance of peace; shall be lifted up out of all their trials and troubles, even to the throne of God; shall be clothed with beauty and glory; shall be filled with increasing joy, and wear an ornaments of great price in the sight of God, then, indeed, we should seek meekness, as if it were the one thing needful.

But we must conclude, and in doing so, we ask you to observe, *that whatever God requires, he provides.* If I study the Law, it informs me of what God requires of me, and demands at my hands; but if I study the Gospel, it shows me that God has provided for me, and presents to me all I can need, and all he requires from me. *What God has provided he has promised.* He provided for us in eternity, and gave us grace in Christ Jesus before the world began; and all that he thus provided, all that he thus gave for us, is now revealed to

us in the promises he has made to us. All may be said to be comprised in this glorious verse, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." *What God promises we should pray for.* However absolute the promises, prayer is supposed. God loves prayer. He has appointed prayer to be the medium through which blessings shall flow to us. "I will be inquired of," he says, "to do these things for them." If prayer does not change God's mind, it does ours. If prayer does not affect God's heart, it prepares ours to receive, appreciate, and make good use of the blessings he confers upon us. Every promise should be turned into prayer. He prays best, that makes God's promises his prayer book; and those prayers are best, which are just the echo of what God has said. *What we pray for, we should expect, and wait to receive.* Is God's promise true? Do I believe it? Do I plead it because I believe it? Then of course I ought to expect God to make it good; and if I expect God to make good his word, I ought to wait in full expectation of receiving the blessing I pray for. May the Holy Spirit teach us our need of meekness, lead us to see its beauty and glory, stir us all up to desire it, that so we may seek it, and so seek it as to obtain it. Then we may expect many of the breaches in our churches to be healed. Then will our families dwell in love and peace. Then will our schools be nurseries for the church. Then the wilderness and the solitary place will be glad for us, and the desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Awakened sinner, the Lord Jesus, the meek, loving, and lowly Lamb of God, calls you to him. He speaks to you at the beginning of this new year, he says, "Come unto me, I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest unto your soul." To *all* who read these lines, he says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## THE PATH OF THE FUTURE.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore."—Josh. iii. 4.

How solemn is the reflection that with a new cycle of time commences, with each traveller to Zion, a new and untrodden path! New events in his history will transpire—new scenes in the panorama of life will unfold—new phases of character will develop—new temptations will assail—new duties will devolve—new trials will be experienced—new sorrows will be felt—new friendships will be formed—and new mercies will be bestowed. How truly may it be said of the pilgrim journeying through the wilderness to his eternal home, as he stands upon the threshold of this untried period of his existence, pondering the unknown and uncertain future, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore!"

Reader! if you are a believer in the Lord Jesus, you will enter upon a new stage of your journey by a renewed surrender of yourself to the Lord. You will make the cross the starting-point of a fresh setting-out in the heavenly race. Oh, commence this year with a renewed application to the "*blood of sprinkling.*" There is vitality in that blood; and its fresh sprinkling on your conscience will be as a new impartation of spiritual life to your soul. Oh, to begin the year with a *broken heart for sin*, beneath the cross of Immanuel! looking through that cross to the heart of a loving, forgiving Father. Be not anxious about the future; all that future God has provided for. "*All my times are in Thy hands.*" "*Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.*" "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*" Let it be a year of more spiritual advance. "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Forward in the path of duty—forward in the path of suffering—forward in the path of conflict—forward in the path of labour—and forward in the path to eternal rest and glory. Soon will that rest be reached,

and that glory appear. 'This new year may be the jubilant year of your soul—the year of your release. Oh spirit-stirring, ecstatic thought—this year I may be in heaven!

Another consideration is, that "*He knoweth the way that you take.*" Untried untrodden, and unknown as your future path may be, it is, each step, mapped, arranged, and provided for in the everlasting and unchangeable covenant of God. To Him who leads us, who accepts us in the Son of His love, who knows the end from the beginning, it is no new, or uncertain, or hidden way. We thank Him that whilst He wisely and kindly veils all the future from our ken, all that future—its minutest event—is as transparent and visible to Him as the past. Our Shepherd knows the windings along which He skilfully, gently, and safely leads His flock. He has travelled that way Himself, and has left the traces of his presence on the road. And as each follower advances—the new path unfolding at each step—he can exultingly exclaim, "I see the footprint of my Lord; here went my Master, my Leader, my Captain, leaving me an example that I should follow His steps." Oh, it is a thought replete with strong consolation, and well calculated to gird us for the coming year,—the Lord knows and has ordained each step of the untrodden path upon which I am about to enter.

Another reflection. The infinite forethought, wisdom, and goodness which have marked each line of our new path, have also *provided* for its every necessity. Each exigence in the history of the new year has been anticipated. Each want will bring its appropriate and adequate supply—each perplexity will have its guidance—each sorrow its comfort—each temptation its shield—each cloud its light. Each affliction will suggest its lesson—each correction will impart its teaching—each mercy will convey its message of love. The promise will be fulfilled to the letter, "*As thy day so shall thy strength be.*"

---

## THE SOVEREIGN OF THE FUTURE.

### A NEW YEAR'S ANTICIPATION.

BY THE REV. D. THOMAS.

"For unto the angels hath he not put in subjection the world to come whereof we speak."—HEB. ii. 5.

THE dawn of a new year brings up futurity to the mind in its most impressive forms. As it stands before us in its majestic vagueness and terrible uncertainties, it starts many an anxious question, and evokes many a solemn scene. At one moment we feel a desire to rend its veil and burst its seals, at another we shrink with horror at the fear of what it may disclose. Now it suns us with the cheerful beams of hope, and now it clouds us with the depressing gloom of dread. How shall we look at it with equanimous serenity and an ever-hoping heart? There is a way. Be penetrated and possessed with the great idea of the text: namely, that Christ, our greatest friend, is *the absolute Prince of all coming ages.*

The Apostle, in the text, resumes the subject he had been discussing in the preceding chapter, from the fourth verse to the end. The position he sought to maintain was, that Jesus was superior to angels. His argument in support of this point is drawn from the Old Testament, which his readers, being Jews, would regard as the highest and ultimate authority. He seems to derive four arguments from the Scriptures, to show the superiority of Christ over angels. First, he is spoken of as THE Son of God. They are never spoken of as such (5). Secondly, he is spoken of as worshipped by them (6 and 7). Thirdly, he is spoken of as the immutable Creator and Ruler of the universe

(8—13). In the text he introduces another argument, namely, that Christ is the sovereign of man's futurity—angels are not.

The expression, "world to come," we shall not regard as referring to any particular planet, which may succeed this as the habitation of man; nor as referring to that "new" character which this new planet will assume, either during the millennial ages, or after the resurrection of the dead, and the final judgment, but as referring to *futurity in its widest sense*. The great idea which we feel warranted in raising from this passage is, that the immeasurable future, not only of humanity, with all its generations and concerns, but of the universe, too, with all its ever-multiplying existences, forces, events, worlds, and systems, are under the absolute rule of Christ—that "He is exalted far above all principalities, and powers, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that WHICH IS TO COME." What is to come? Who shall tell the future of the creation? Nay! narrow the question:—Who shall tell the future of this little earth? Though a mere blade on the continent, a sand on the shore of being, it has a future which the highest seraph cannot estimate nor yet foresee. Who can tell the generations of men that will yet appear on its surface, breathe its air, plough its fields, navigate its oceans, and carry on its affairs? Who can tell the battles that are yet to be fought here, the empires that are yet to rise and fall like bubbles on the stream of its history? Narrow yet the question:—Who shall tell the future of *one solitary man*?—the thoughts and emotions that will rise in his ever-widening soul, the circumstances that will transpire in his life, the impressions that will be made on his being, as the ages of his interminable destiny flow on? But thank God! the future of the little and the great—of the individual and the race—of the earth, and the entire creation, is under the absolute direction and KINGSHIP OF CHRIST.

What are the practical lessons and bearings of this glorious truth? I shall briefly state a few, and observe:—

I.—THAT IF CHRIST IS THE SOVEREIGN OF THE FUTURE, WE SHOULD HOLD STRONG FAITH IN THE UNIVERSAL TRIUMPHS OF HIS SYSTEM. The Bible abounds with promises that his truth shall triumph over every form of theoretical and practical error; that it shall work out the moral regeneration of the entire race, and bring on the reign of his holiness over every member and section of the human family. These are promises yet unfulfilled—promises which are the brightest stars in the horizon of our hope. But when we think of the ages that have passed away since these promises were made, the mighty obstructions that yet lie in the way of their fulfilment, and the tardy and almost imperceptible progress which they are making toward their accomplishment, our faith becomes feeble and faltering. What will counteract this?

Is not the fact, that Christ is the sovereign of the future, suited to check this tendency to doubt, and to invigorate our faith with a lasting strength?

It shows two things which tell in this direction:—

First: *That he has plenitude of power for the accomplishment of his purpose*: Were the "world to come"—the future—put in subjection to angels, we might have seen such difficulty in working out these promises to their realisation, as would overtask the combination of angelic agency; or were the Being who made these wonderful promises, to have no power over the future, or a power over the future only, up to a *given* period, however remote, our faith in such promises might fail. But since we are assured that he who spake those great and precious promises, who created and upholds the stupendous fabric of the universe, and whose providence, during the past eighteen centuries, has been rendering the schemes of governments, the discoveries of science, the productions of literature, and the enterprises of trade, subservient to the development of mind, the progress of humanity, and the spread of truth, will be in all the future working in the same way and for the same end; that he

will live for ever, and have absolute power over all things; that no difficulty can possibly arise that he did not clearly foresee, and cannot easily control;—Where, I ask, with this assurance, is there room for doubt?

It shows:—

Secondly: *That he has plenitude of time for the accomplishment of his promises.* Slow, indeed is the progress of Christianity in the world; and when we think, as we have already intimated, of its tardy march, we grow impatient, and our impatience shakes our faith, and sometimes engenders doubt. We ask, Why, if it is indeed the cause of Christ, does it not speed its way with greater swiftness? Why is it, that after the lapse of long centuries, its influence is scarcely felt upon the mere suburbs of the world, and that the mightiest empires and most crowded cities it has yet scarcely touched? Oh, why does Jesus, if this be his cause, and he has adequate power, not speed on the glorious work? Can he not make every sermon, as he did Peter's, convert thousands, and send a Pentecost on every city of the world, as he did of old upon Jerusalem? The fact, *that Christ has plenitude of time for his work*—that all the future is at his disposal, may remove this difficulty, allay these doubts, and keep strong our faith. Let us not judge in this respect by our own standard. When we have a work to which we attach importance, we *hasten* to accomplish it; we would do it at once if we had the power;—by a swift volition we would accomplish it, if we could. The reason why we are hasty in our endeavours to do what we conceive of moment is, that we, poor mortals! have no time that we can call our own. We know the uncertainties and brevity of our future, and feel that what we would do, must be done at once, if ever done; and we hurry through our little task. If we knew all the future, and had all its resources at our command, should we act so? This is what Jesus has. *He has plenty of time.* He need not hurry. Ages to him are but as the vibrations of the pendulum to us. "One day with him is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day." He measures time not by "figures on a dial," nor by the revolvings of planets, but by the evolution of principles, and the growth of souls. How long it seems to us since man began his career on this earth. Six thousand years are a period too great for our little minds fully to appreciate. But what is this period to the cycles which humanity has yet to live on this earth? Less, perhaps, than a moment to a day, and "less than nothing" to those future ages which are at the command of Christ. Let us, then, learn to labour and to wait.

We observe:—

II.—**THAT IF CHRIST IS THE SOVEREIGN OF THE FUTURE, HIS LOYAL SUBJECTS SHOULD BE RECONCILED TO THE EVENTS OF THE PRESENT, AND CALMLY AWAIT THOSE OF THE FUTURE.**

First: *His loyal subjects should be reconciled to the events of the present.* There is much in the life through which we are passing to pain us. There are *questions* that pain us. What agitating questions sometimes start within us as we observe the ways of providence! Wherefore the introduction of moral evil? Wherefore the general prosperity of the wicked, and adversity of the good? Wherefore the lengthened and wide-spread reign of error and wrong? Wherefore the sufferings of innocence, and the enjoyments of vice? There are *circumstances* that pain us. The frustration of cherished purposes, the blighting of precious hopes, the hypocrisies, envies, jealousies, dishonesties, and oppressions of social life, and the suffering and death of those who are dear to our hearts. How deeply, at times, do these things afflict our souls! But is not the thought, that there is a long future before us, over which our best friend, our elder brother, our Almighty Saviour, presides, amply sufficient to reconcile us even to the greatest of our earthly sufferings? Yes! it prophesies, that in the coming ages we shall have every difficulty explained, every painful problem solved, and every trial, Christianly endured, infinitely rewarded.

Secondly: *His loyal subjects should calmly await the events of the future.* It is only in youth that men, without religion, can look at the future with hope. During that buoyant and imaginative period of life, they look at it through the wishes and desires of nature, glowing with the fires of young life. To them it has wondrous charms, it is a region of beauty and bliss;—no blighting winds nor cloudy days, no sterile spots nor discordant notes are there. All is loveliness and plenty; the fields are covered with fruit, and the hills rejoice on every side; the air is fragrant and balmy, and the winds waft music, and breathe life. All this is a vision which will melt into nothingness at the approach of years. Youth would quicken the march of time to bring the anticipated pleasures on. But this feeling, in relation to time, wears out with years. The brightest visions of youthful hope melt away as the man progresses through the stern realities of life. So that when hoary age comes, it not before, the future without religion becomes more and more unattractive and forbidding. The man feels now that years fly far too swiftly; he would clog the wheels of providence, and stop the clock of time, if he could. His lamp of hope burns more dimly, until at length its flickering light goes out, and his mind is filled with the gloom of terrible forebodings of his separation from the world, the grave, the judgment, and the scenes of retribution which he knows await him.

Far different may it be with him who is *one* in spirit and aim with Christ. His future may brighten with his years. Time, which steals the strength from his limbs, reduces his interest in the world to the smallest sum, and places him on the margin of the grave, may, in each passing hour, add buoyancy to his soul and lustre to his hope. He knows "in whom he has believed," and to whose hands he has lovingly confided his destiny; and may raise his head, not only serenely but triumphantly, in front of the ever-flowing tide of the coming eternity. My Christian Brother! I cannot forecast thy future;—I am no seer. I cannot predict the painful events that await thee, the trials that will blacken thy sky, and the sorrows that will surge through thy heart, even in this world. All that I know is, that thou must battle with the last enemy, and however valiant and resolute, fall at last a victim to his blow. Still less can I tell that future of thine which begins with thy last mortal breath, and stretches on through cycles, in which all imagination is confounded, and all thought is lost. But this I can tell thee, that he who has filled this book with such thoughts, and deeds, and proofs, of *unconquerable* love for thee, will be in every moment and event of that future, as the great directing and presiding power;—that every wave that will ever break on the shore of thy being, will be swayed by his unerring and all-loving hand. Shouldest thou not, therefore, calmly await the future?

We would get this grand idea wrought into the deepest convictions of our faith; we would have it placed beyond the realm of debate, a settled and swaying axiom of the heart, so that we could never think of the future or plan for it, but in connection with the KINGSHIP of Christ. Like the old Hebrew father, we would see in it the bright day of the world's Deliverer, and rejoice. Hell has no Christ in the future, and its firmament is midnight, without one solitary star, nor has the unbeliever here a Christ for the future, and hence that future is only brightened now and then by the meteoric lights of his own illusive imagination. Those lights, as he moves on the path of life, will one by one go out, until the whole sky of his soul becomes an Egyptian darkness that is *felt*. But the man who gets this truth worked deeply into his every-day consciousness, and lives in keeping with its spirit and tendency, will find his future waxing more and more luminous as he proceeds from stage to stage in his onward and endless course.

With this idea, shall I enter on this new year, as I have entered on many of the departed years of my short life, amid a whelming sea of anxious questions about the "time to come?" Shall I stand, as I have sometimes stood on the



margin of a new period of time, trembling and soul-sunk at the probabilities and possibilities of events that await me, not only here, but through the long ages for which I am destined? No! With this idea I feel that I can face the future,—look calmly and hopefully at it. I can stand as upon a rock under a sky, soft and serene, and through faith, as through a telescope, look at the swelling tide of coming ages, stretching away beyond my horizon into the infinite. I can listen to the billows that break upon the shore, and see others of mightier magnitude successively rising and approaching me, bearing on their foamy bosom something new for me from the great eternity, and still feel buoyant and brave. Since every billow, every ripple, every spray, every drop of the mighty tide of coming ages are under the absolute direction and rule of One who loves my race with an infinite affection, and is a member of it, why need I take any anxious thought for the morrow? Let me “rest in hope”; let me rejoice in the rapid flight of years; let me hail the future as the perfection of my being.

Blessed Redeemer! King of the future! help us lovingly to identify ourselves with thy great purposes of mercy. May the river of our existence flow evermore in the channels of thy will! Hasten those bright days for earth, which prophets of old predicted, of which sainted bards have sung, and for which thy disciples have ever toiled and prayed. Let this year be the dawn of a better era for our race. Raise up more effective agencies for putting down the wrong and promoting the right. Fill our pulpits with men who shall be the organs, not of human dogmas, but of divine doctrines; the advocates, not of systems, but of truths; ministers, not to the prejudices of men, but to the consciences of humanity.

## THE PILGRIM'S PATHWAY.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT, OF BLUNHAM.

“He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.”—Psa. cvii, 7.

THE pathway of 1856, with all its pleasing and painful reminiscences, has closed upon us, and the new pathway of 1857, with all its uncertainties, fears, and hopes, opens upon us, and invites us onward. Thousands who set out with us in the pathway of 1856, did not reach its close, and some who did arrive at its terminus are not permitted to enter with us on the present course. As we enter and glance the eye forward, emotions of a mingled character excite or depress the mind. We feel truly conscious that “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;” but we rejoice “that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and that he delighteth in his way.” We have need, therefore, to pray:—

“Saviour, divine, diffuse thy light  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.”

And our resolve should be, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.”

1. *It is an unforeseen pathway.* We are stepping out in a way of uncertainties, “not knowing the things that shall befall us there.”—Acts xx, 22. It is all open to the view of the heavenly Guide, for he sees the end from the beginning, but pilgrims see it only step by step. This, however, is their satisfaction, and enlivens their hope, that their times are in the hand of him who leads them by the right way to the city of habitation, a city whose founder and ruler is God, and who is the true and friendly Guide of all hopeful citizens.

2. *It is a path way of varied scenery.* The past has been so, all the past has been so, this is its general character, and so the great and wise Ordainer of events has purposed. There is the vale of weeping as well as the mount of

rejoicing ; there is the rough and thorny way as well as the peaceful and pleasant path ; there is the cloudy night as well as the sunny day ; times when we walk in company with cheerful friends ; times when we are apparently deserted, and when our hearts become sad, and the way tedious.

3. *It is a pathway of numerous dangers.* Dangers from pits and stumbling blocks, from snares and gins, from pricking and rending thorns, and poisonous fruit, from roaring lions and beasts of prey, from our faintness, weakness, want of faith, patience and courage ; from friends that are false, and enemies that are wily. Dangers every day, and throughout the way, dangers from beginning to end. "The soul of the people was discouraged by reason of the way." "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace ; in the world ye shall have tribulation ; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

4. *It is a pathway of promised mercies.* From this thought let us take courage ; and this we may do, and this we should do. The crystal fountain is open to us, the incessant fountain of mercy. From this source is the supply of our mercies, mercies as constant as our days, as new as our mornings, as long continued as our journeys, streams ever flowing and ever flowing, streams as varied as our feelings, scenes, and necessities ; streams that soothe, solace, strengthen, and satiate ; streams ever sweet, pure, precious, suited, blessed ;

"Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for loudest songs of praise."

The charter of mercy is the promise of our unchanging God ; these words of promise are "exceedingly great and precious ;" words that have often cheered us, and on which we may rest our entire trust. Thus we shall have strength for the day, comfort in adversity, help in trouble, grace to the end, and glory at the end.

5. *It is a way connected with which are many opportunities of usefulness.* There are obligations to discharge as well as privileges to enjoy ; we are not only the recipients of mercies, but also the servants of the living God. As we profess to be going to heaven, let our practice evidence the truth of our profession, and let us use every likely effort to induce others to accompany us, and those who are already on the way, let us seek to encourage them onward, to provoke unto love and good works." As Paul says, "I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And "that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."

6. *It is a pathway that will soon end.* Days, weeks, months, years, all advance with surprising rapidity. Each closing year leads us to say, How few our days, and how fast they have gone. So, if our pathway is rough and difficult, our burdens heavy, and our hearts sad, the journey will not be long—

"Nor dread a few chastising woes,  
Sent with such love, so soon to close."

It may be that before the end of the pathway of 1857 has come, we shall have reached the end of the entire journey of life, and enter upon the rest that remains for the people of God. But whether our journey will soon end, or be lengthened out still further, let this be our consolation and our confidence, "For this God is our God for ever and ever ; he will be our guide even unto death." "Therefore, God is not ashamed to be called our God, for he hath provided for us a city." Blessed be God for his abundant mercy in giving us such a lively hope to so happy a home, so sweet a rest, so glorious a portion. May this hope be our joy, and rejoicing through all the scenes, cares, sorrows, duties, and prospects of the present year ; may it be so through life, in death, and in heaven may we realise all its fulness.

## HEART BREATHINGS FOR RENEWED LIFE.

(A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.)

BY THE REV. S. WALKER, OF EYEFORD, HEREFORDSHIRE.

"Quicken thou me in thy way."—Ps. cxix. 37.

IN these few but expressive words, we have the breathing forth of the soul of the royal Psalmist, in earnest supplication to the Most High God. Great was the eulogium pronounced upon him as "the man after God's own heart," but he had his grievous failings and many imperfections, and we ought to look upon him as a warning as well as an example. The sweet singer of Israel, *his* harp was not *always* attuned to the melody of praise and thanksgiving; he did not perpetually bask in the sunshine of a blissful experience of divine things; he had his cloudy moments as well as his bright ones, his tears as well as his smiles, his wants as well as his enjoyments. He felt not only spirituality of mind, but earthliness of soul. There were not only seasons when he ran well, but times when he was hindered. There were not only stages in his journey to heaven, over which he passed with a joyous and quick step, but there were stages of his pilgrimage over which he passed with a wearisome foot, and heavy tread, and no progress seemed to be made. But however a child of God may have his spiritual movements retarded, his course will still be directed heavenward. At times he may be chill and heavy, but there is a principle implanted within by sovereign grace, that will prompt him to *persevere*; a principle indistructible in its nature and abiding in its influence. There may be a deplorable want of life and power, but the vital spark kindled from above in the breast of the true believer, can never become entirely extinct, neither will it remain in a depressed condition; notwithstanding all that is calculated to damp its ardour, it will aspire to its source; being divine in its origin, it will be Godward in its tendency.

There is *sure* to be an ascendancy in the soul which lifts it up in holy breathings and devout aspirations for communion with God. Its prayer will be "O God thou art my God; early will I seek thee, my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is," or, in the words at the head of this paper, it will pour forth its fervent desire for divine quickening. May you, dear Christian reader, be thankful for the *enduring* nature of the principle of grace, and if you feel that religion with you is at a low ebb, mount heavenward in holy breathings for renewed spiritual life, for that quickening which will make you dead to sin, and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In looking at the words of the Psalmist, we are led to remark,

I. THAT THERE ARE MANY IN OUR CHURCHES WHO ARE NOT SO LIVELY IN THE WAYS OF GOD AS THEY ONCE WERE. Their experience is in *this* respect a sad and affecting counterpart of that of the King of Israel. It is an unspeakable mercy that they are found in the ways of the Lord at all, while so many thousands are travelling in the broad and ruinous paths of sin; but it is their lamentation that they make such *little* progress in it, that they are but loiterers along the heavenly road. Is it so with you? Do you feel devoid of that spiritual vigour and holy energy you once realised? Where is the unclouded hope you once possessed, and the intimate fellowship you had with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ? There may be the comprehension of the truth by the understanding; and the orthodoxy of your creed may be as clear and decided as ever, but there is not that unction and savour of the things of Jesus as there once was. There is not that weanedness from sublunary objects, and that high appreciation of heavenly things. Alas! "The fine gold has become

dim, and the wine mixed with water. Faith is feeble and trembling, and the light of hope burns gloomily and flickeringly; it seems to struggle hard for a bare existence. All the graces of the spirit droop. The fruits of righteousness do not appear. The Bible is not read with the same degree of interest which its perusal once excited. The means of grace do not yield the satisfaction and profit they once did; therefore they are partially, if not wholly neglected. Duties are a task, and privileges cease to be regarded as such by lukewarm souls. A sad tale we might here unfold from the spiritual biography of many of the Lord's people, but we have no pleasure in lingering over the dark pages of their history, we therefore proceed to observe,

### II.—THAT GOD ALONE CAN REQUICKEN THE SOULS OF HIS PEOPLE.

We should never forget the glorious fact, that all things are of God. He has created them, and he arranges and controls them, they are all rendered subservient to his sovereign and invincible will. In him we live, and move, and have our spiritual as well as our natural being. "Of him, and through him, and to him are all things, to whom be glory for evermore." The sacred writers frequently advert to the influence which the Most High exercises over the minds of his creatures. The prophet Haggai says, "The Lord stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel, the son of Shealtiel, and the spirit of all the remnant of the people, and they came and did work in the house of the Lord of hosts." In the Acts of the Apostles we find it stated, that the Lord opened Lydia's heart. Paul, in one of his Epistles says, "Thanks be to God, which put the same earnest care into the heart of Titus for you." Again, "It is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. It would be easy to crowd our paper with a multitude of passages which we have at hand for the establishing of this point; but in addressing you, this is a truth we may assume rather than prove. There is no axiom of holy Scripture more frequently and strenuously reiterated than that "Grace reigns through the Lord Jesus Christ." The grace of God, from the beginning of a man's conversion to his final and everlasting glorification, "is all in all." "Not unto us, not unto us O Lord, but unto thy name give we praise." Let us bind to our hearts the precious and encouraging truth, that the Holy Spirit is the quickener as well as the enlightener, sanctifier, and comforter of the people of God. He not only infuses grace in regeneration, but renews the vigour of the life of grace, whereby our hearts are stirred up to love God more intensely, and our hands are prompted to serve him more perfectly. We are apt to be negligent and slothful in the business of the spiritual life, and to quicken us, God by his Spirit operates within. However sweet and rich the tone of a musical instrument, it will get out of tune sometimes, and it will need a skilful hand to put it right. It is by the hand of his Spirit that God retunes the instruments of his praise, and gets from them that melody that is as pleasing to him as the songs of seraphims. Without the Spirit our notes will be miserably flat and discordant at the best. We that breathed the spiritual life at first, must perpetually watch over it, and foster it with constant care.

### III. Hence, we observe lastly, THAT WE SHOULD SEEK BY EARNEST PRAYER THE RENEWAL OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Convinced that you need stimulating, pray to God for that impulse which will stir you up and set you forward in your journey to your eternal home. Plead with him, "Quicken me O Lord for thy name's sake, for thy righteousness, sake bring my soul out of trouble." God will help you in your felt weakness, and conscious insufficiency, and however long, toilsome, and difficult your journey, you shall not fail of reaching your desired home. With the new year we start afresh with increased vigour and delight.

---

## BIBLE APOLOGUES AND ALLEGORIES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST," &amp;c.

No. V.—THE CAST OUT ONES—A WARNING TO LEGALISTS.

Gen. xxi. 9—14; Gal. iv. 21—31.

How soon a dark cloud of sorrow casts its shadow over the sweetest scenes of domestic joy. God will teach his pilgrim people that he alone is their rest and portion, and will not permit them to make their rest amidst earth's dearest relationships. Thus it was with the patriarch pilgrim, Abraham.

It was a day of great gladness in his tent, when his long-looked for Isaac was weaned; the man who had so touchingly said, "Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?" is now the father of two lovely boys. No doubt he looked at them on that day with all a parent's joy, and felt gratitude to that God who had made good his own promise, and exceeded his servant's hopes; nor would he, while contrasting his former with his present condition, forget to call to mind the precious words which had preceded his own complaint above quoted, "Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward;" and realise, amidst all his earthly blessings, that Jehovah was better to him than ten sons."

His faith must be again tried, and his heartstrings stretched almost to breaking; but it was part of his education, and by it important truths were to be taught to after ages. The mother of his younger son demands that the elder son, together with his parent, should be cast out of the paternal home. We stay not now to notice the conduct which called for such severe treatment, nor dwell on the probable motives which influenced Sarah; suffice it to say, that though "the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son," yet God ordered it to be done. There was no court of appeal beyond *this*, and it was the habit of Abraham to be prompt in doing that which he knew God commanded, however painful it might be to his natural feelings. "He

consulted not with flesh and blood." Besides, the somewhat stern order was tempered by a promise, and to Abraham God's promises were very sweet and sure. He had learned how to trust, and how to wait. Jehovah had said, "Ishmael shall be a great nation because he is thy seed, but in Isaac shall thy seed be called."

"Abraham rose early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar and the child, and sent her away." He knew God would take care of them; but he was spared the knowledge of what they would soon have to pass through. This was all necessary. Hagar must again go into the school of adversity, and her proud son be brought down to the brink of death; and then in the moment of their deep sorrow, the Lord would appear, and make good his word to Abraham his friend.

The scene at that tent door was very touching; and the persons whose names are grouped together in this history are most extraordinary, especially when viewed in connection with their future history, destiny, and typical character. The names of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Hagar, and Ishmael, suggest deep and stirring thoughts concerning God's providence, and grace; man's weakness, and failure; God's strength, and the perfectness of his work. Looking at the actors in this early scene, we see either something to blame, or find objects for pity; but looking at the great Over-runder of all, how he accomplishes his purposes in a mysterious and painful way, and how he teaches after ages important lessons by the mistakes and sorrows of others, we can but wonder and adore.

We feel inclined to touch on many points, and to ask many questions, while glancing at this history, but a voice full of divine authority arrests

our attention. As we sorrowingly behold Hagar and Ishmael slowly depart towards the wilderness, see Abraham retiring with bleeding heart to his almost deserted tent, and think of Sarah's proud joy on learning that her demand had been sanctioned by God, and fully carried out; these singular words strike the ear, "WHICH THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY."

This remark carries us forward nearly two thousand years, and introduces us to scenes very different from the lonely, peaceful tent of Abraham. Let us contemplate them, and see what relation they have with each other, and what lessons they convey to us who live nearly another two thousand years down the stream of time, and in places far distant from any of the spots before referred to.

A large city rises before our view, thronged with inhabitants; in the midst of it a noble temple may be seen, in whose spacious rooms and courts great numbers of priests and worshippers are found. These citizens, priests, and worshippers have a proud, haughty air; their language to all other people is, "Stand by; come not near me, for I am holier than thou;" they even bring such sentiments before God, and "thank him that they are not as other men are." In most of the cities of the nations some of these people are found dwelling; all animated by the same spirit, all boasting in Jerusalem, and saying, "The temple of the Lord are we."

Dwelling in Jerusalem, and in most other places where Jews are to be found, were a people of another character, who called themselves "children of Abraham." They belonged to various countries, but all united in boasting that "their citizenship was in heaven," that they had a temple there not made with hands, and one glorious High Priest who had made them "kings and priests unto God." Against these last the enmity and hatred of the former were constantly exhibited. One of Abraham's spiritual children, who was also one of his literal seed, was instructed by the Holy Spirit to declare, that the types and representatives of the two classes

we have pointed out, were found in Abraham's household. In Ishmael, the bond-child, mocking at Isaac, the Jews, as the proud persecutors of the Christians, were typified; whereas Isaac, the child of promise, the best beloved of the father, and the heir of all his possessions, sets forth those who are "born not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God." The Apostle tells us that the two mothers, Hagar and Sarah, set forth the two covenants, the law and the Gospel; or bondage and liberty, curse and blessing. He also further shews that the scene which we have contemplated at the tent door of Abraham had an allegorical meaning, which was then about to receive its fulfilment. The typical bondwoman and her children were soon to be cast out. Jerusalem also was to be destroyed, her temple made desolate, and her people scattered. Thus the Lord's words would be fulfilled, "the servant abideth not in the house for ever." In that remarkable chapter (John viii.), we have the character and doom of the bondwoman's children clearly pointed out; and in contrast with them, the spiritual characteristics and glorious privileges of those whom "the truth makes free, and who are free indeed," beautifully described. Soon after the Apostle wrote his epistle, his words were fulfilled; wrath came upon the carnal, mocking, persecuting Jews to the uttermost; and they were cast out of the house which they had defiled with their wickedness and hypocrisy.

Let us now inquire why the Apostle introduced this allegorical history in writing to the Galatians, and what lessons he intended to teach them and us by the same. Judaizing teachers had come among the Gentile Christians, perverting the Gospel of Christ, by preaching "another Gospel." They taught that submission to circumcision and obedience to the law of Moses, were necessary in order to justification before God. Thus they artfully and wickedly mixed poison with the children's bread. They did not deny any of the facts or doctrines of the Gospel, *they only proposed to add*

something, and that something the very ordinances and laws of God's own instituting; and surely, say they, that must be right. Nay, says the Apostle, *it is all wrong*. If you give heed to these things "Christ will profit you nothing;" and then he introduces this allegory just to show that those who adhered to the law, and sought to save themselves by their works, or by adding anything to the work of Christ, must be cast out; whereas those who were willing to be saved alone and wholly by Christ, would thus evidence that they were born from above, were children of the promise, and should abide in their Father's house for ever.

The heresy which troubled the Galatians, and against which Paul so boldly protested, still exists in the world, and is especially rife in our times and country. Very recently there has been a wonderful revival of *ritualism* amongst us, and persons are labouring very hard to supplant Christ, and justification through his glorious righteousness by priestly assumptions, external ordinances, and various ceremonies. Many are still deluded. Man is pleased to be in part, at least, his own Saviour; proud, also, to wield fancied energies by which he may have the credit of saving others. Hence we hear so much of "apostolical succession," "baptismal regeneration," and "the presence of Christ in the bread and wine;" while we hear nothing, scarcely, in these quarters of Christ's death as the alone satisfaction for sin, of full justification by his righteousness, and spiritual regeneration by the sovereign power of the Holy Spirit. Oh! how important it is to see the Gospel in its pure simplicity, freshness, and fulness. An old divine well observed, "Never expect to find that on earth which is only to be found in heaven; nor that in yourself which is only to be found in Christ; nor that in the law which is only to be found in the Gospel." Would that these points were better understood and heeded generally.

But it is also truly important to feel the *power* of the Gospel, and to exhibit its blessed influences. Whilst

many are in danger by mixing the law and Gospel together, others are in equal peril from a cold barren orthodoxy. It is to be feared that an evangelical creed, coupled with a worldly heart, are almost as common now as a religion of ritualism and self-righteousness, and certainly quite as destructive. There are dangers on every side, the only safe place is UNION TO CHRIST. Those who "receive the truth in the love of it," shall be preserved from all delusions, however strong or prevalent. "They are of faith, and shall be blessed with faithful Abraham." The whole epistle to the Galatians shows that the faith for which the Apostle pleaded, was much more than the reception of certain sound doctrines, or even zealously contending for them. It was a faith which received all that God revealed, lived on Christ as its life, and worked by love. As quaint John Berridge observes—

"Good doctrines can do me no good,  
While floating in the brain,  
Unless they yield my heart some food  
They bring no real gain.

And the same writer observes, with reference to faith,

"If faith works peace within,  
And worketh merit out,  
And beareth fruit, and conquers sin,  
'Tis sterling faith no doubt."

In conclusion, we may well exclaim, *What a wonderful book is the Bible*. Who could have thought that so much deep Gospel truth lay concealed in this historical passage? The narratives of Scripture are like the beautiful scenery with which the earth is clothed, and the spiritual truths wrapped up in these narratives, like the gems, rich ore, and minerals concealed beneath. Who can tell but that many other parts of God's word have a far deeper meaning than we have yet discovered. Doubtless the Scriptures are a mine as yet but little explored. But much wisdom, prudence, soberness, and spiritual understanding are required here; much prayerful searching and comparing of Scripture with Scripture is necessary. We must watch against fancifulness, and beware of putting our meaning

on God's words. The Scriptures should be treated with much reverence, and in spiritualising narratives and interpreting types, we should gladly avail ourselves of an inspired leader. It is always safe to follow Paul, but generally dangerous to follow Origen, or any of his modern imitators. But certainly "there is much land yet to be possessed." Let us, then, in the eventide of the world, go out into the field of divine truth to meditate, even as Isaac went out into the fields that lay around his father's tent at the close of the day. He had a goodly land to look upon, and all secured to him by promise. He had new blessings to look for, and while he prayed and pondered, they came to him. Gen. xxiv. 63. Thus it shall be with us if we search the Scriptures, and seek the guidance of "the Spirit of wisdom and revelation."

Let all who are hearers of the Gospel beware lest a worse thing come upon them than the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, or even that which it signified, "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" How will they escape who make light of God's words of mercy? Hagar and Ishmael went forth with bread and water, sheltered by a promise, and ministered to by watching angels; but very different will be the case of those who go forth from the tent of profession to the wilderness of despair. Their riches cannot descend after them, no promise will shelter them; angels will, indeed, have to do with them, but it will be as ministers of wrath, not to point to a bubbling spring, but to cast them into the fire of wrath. Yea, their case will be worse than that of the rejected Jews. They as a nation, are *cast out*, and left to

wander in a wilderness; but they are not *cast off*. No, "God hath not cast away his people, whom he foreknew." They are "broken off from their own olive trees, but God is able to graft them in again," and he will do it. Oh! let the Gontiles, who occupy Israel's place, give good heed to the divine warning, "Because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith, be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee." This is spoken dispensationally, and as such has a solemn meaning, especially if we consider the past history and present condition of Christendom.

But let all bear in mind, while failure and confusion is everywhere around us, and judgment impending over us, the vast importance of personal religion, and individual testimony. To be found in Christ is safety; to follow him is true honour. Such will be acknowledged at last as the true children of Abraham. In the prospect of that day let the words of the Lord Jesus be seriously pondered; "And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

"O can I bear the piercing thought,  
What if my name should be left out  
When thou for them shalt call?  
Let me among thy saints be found  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall  
sound,  
To see thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mausions  
ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace.

## FALLING FROM GRACE.

SEVERAL years ago, when the Rev. Abel Pearson, D.D., was travelling on a preaching tour, he stopped to spend the night with a relative.

"Cousin John," the name he familiarly applied to his kinsman, was a Wesleyan Methodist, and it was not

long before the Doctor and Cousin John were conversing very earnestly on the subject of religion. Cousin John remarked that he was a Methodist from experience—being himself a living witness of the truth of Mr. Wesley's doctrine of falling from



grace. And he proceeded to relate to Dr. Pearson that part of his history which he regarded as conclusive on the subject in question. He had, he said, experienced a change of heart many years previous—and although he had run well for a season, enjoying the undoubted presence of God, yet he had unhappily fallen—lost the last vestige of religion. By and by the grace of God sought him out again, and he was converted a second time, and then he was confident he was a child of God. Thus, in his own experience, he had the clearest proof of the truth of the doctrine of falling from grace.

Having concluded this triumphant argument in favour of his favorite doctrine, he paused for Dr. Pearson to reply; but the Doctor only looked solemn, and ejaculated, "What a pity!"

Silence ensued for some minutes. At length Dr. Pearson asked—"Are you perfectly sure that you experienced a change of heart that first time?"

Cousin John was quite sure. There could be no mistake. He believed in a religion that he could feel. He always *knew* when he had religion, and when he had it not; and he always *knew when he got it, and just when he lost it*. There was no room for mistake.

"And are you quite sure," continued the Doctor, "that you lost all the religion you got that first time?"

"Yes, quite sure," replied Cousin

John. He was perfectly conscious of having lost his religion—indeed he had become worse than he had ever been before.

"What a pity!" again sighed Dr. Pearson. "What a pity!"

For the second and third times, the same questions were put, and the same answers given, Dr. Pearson only responding, "What a pity, Cousin John, what a pity!"

By this time Cousin John was thoroughly nervous, and asked impatiently, "Why do you say so, Dr. Pearson—why do you say 'What a pity?'"

"Because," replied the Doctor, in that peculiarly solemn manner which so distinguished him, "because if you are not mistaken, you are a lost man, a *lost man!* Paul says, "If a man fall away, it is impossible to renew him again," and if you once had religion, and have lost it, it is a hopeless case with you—there remains nothing in your case, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, that devoureth the adversaries. A lost man, a lost man!"

Cousin John sat silent for some time, evidently in no very enviable state of mind. At length a ray of hope beamed upon his countenance. "Dr. Pearson," said he, "I hadn't thought of the subject just in that light before, and on reflection, *I may have been mistaken* about having religion that first time; but I *thought* I had."

## AMBITIOUS CHURCHES.

THE following passage occurs in a sermon delivered twenty-seven years ago, by Dr. Sprague, on resigning his charge in West Springfield, Mass. The sin of coveting smartness in preachers, instead of the more excellent gifts, has been gaining ground, we fancy, since this advice was given, and it is a sin which has been fearfully visited upon many of those who have indulged it.

Dr. Sprague's remarks are as follows:

"Do not consider it essential that your minister should be of the highest order, either of intellect or of cultivation. In both these particulars, he ought certainly to be respectable: he should be a scribe well instructed; able rightly to divide the word of truth; but anything far beyond this, I verily believe, ought not to be an object of pursuit, or even of desire. And I have two reasons for this opinion. The first is, that men of very high intellectual endowments are

rarely to be met with; and if you should aspire to obtain such an one, it is more than probable that you would fail of your object; and even if you should suppose that you had succeeded, possibly a more thorough knowledge of him might reveal to you the mortifying fact that you had been deceived. The other reason is, that you can feel no assurance that such a man will make you the most useful minister. It admits of no question, that, other things being equal, the man of intellectual powers can accomplish more, in any sphere of usefulness, than one of humble endowments; but it happens, in very many cases, that great eccentricity is the companion of genius; and the counteracting influence of the former upon the later reduces the actual measure of usefulness below that of many less gifted minds. And I appeal to the

history of the church for proof of the fact, that those ministers whose labours have been most richly blessed, especially in their more immediate charge, have generally been men—respectable indeed—but not highly distinguished for their mental powers; men characterised rather by what is sober and solid, than by what is striking and brilliant. Far too much stress is often laid upon a preacher's manner. That it should be free from gross faults, ought perhaps to be considered indispensable; that it should possess a degree of interest, is certainly desirable; but everything above this, when you become familiar with it, ceases to be of any great importance. A fascinating manner may hide a multitude of faults for a time; but it will not be long before discerning people, at least, will see through the covering.

### THEOLOGY AMONG THE PEOPLE.

**THERE** is much sound knowledge of theology among unlearned Christians, who have studied divine truth only in the inspired Word and in their own hearts. Of this the following dialogue, which actually occurred, will furnish an interesting and striking illustration.

It was overheard a few Sabbaths since by one who happened to pass a place of worship, just as the services were over. He found himself in the midst of the congregation in the act of dispersing. As with other congregations, some were leaving the chapel with a criticising and fault-finding spirit. Some thought the singing was not quite as good as usual; some thought the sermon had been "dry," and others pronounced it "too long." But there were three women walking together in the same direction, who seemed to converse on the thoughts thrown out by the preacher with quite a different spirit. They were reproducing the sermon to themselves, and

revolving its doctrines in their minds. At last one of them said, in allusion, doubtless, to something which the preacher had said, "That's right, that's right; take hold on Christ, that's the true doctrine." In reply to this another of them said, "Well, I feel that Christ must take hold of the sinner first, or else he won't be saved." Any how, I know that Christ took hold of me, and I know he must keep hold of me, or I am lost for ever." To this, the third one replied, "Well, the best way of all is for both to take hold together. Christ, he takes hold, and then the sinner, he takes hold too. That's the best way, that's it."

These Christians had probably never heard discussions upon theology—never studied the relations existing between the theology of the feelings and that of the intellect, and yet did they not understand a good deal of theology?

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## "THE LORD IS AT HAND!"

## PHIL. IV. 5.

*Thou art near, O my Saviour!* On life's troubled sea,  
How sweet and sustaining the thought is to me!  
As an anchor my sorely-tossed spirit it keeps,  
When temptation's wild blast like a hurricane sweeps;  
For though perilous oftimes my transit appears,  
Thy presence sufficeth to banish my fears,  
Not all the rough billows my barque can o'erwhelm,  
While Omnipotent wisdom and love guide the helm.

*Thou art near, O my Saviour!* The friends that have smiled  
On the days that are past, and my sorrows beguiled,  
Are now far away from the home which they blest;  
Some have early been called to the mansions of rest;  
Some amidst the confusions of life, and its cares,  
Rarely think of the heart that once echoed to theirs;  
And others regard me with glances that chill;  
But unchanged, and unchanging, Thou lovest me still!

*Thou art near, O my Saviour!* How clear, and how bright,  
Ought those actions to be, which are full in Thy sight!  
Then help me with childlike affection each day,  
To study Thy will, and Thy precepts obey;  
Oh nerve me for conflict with self and with sin,  
And teach me the way steady conquests to win;  
And when wearied with failure, hope seems to decline,  
Oh point to the crown which, through grace shall be mine.

*Thou art near, O my Saviour!* With feelings of dread  
I gaze on that page which no mortal hath read,  
And long with a feverish longing, to know  
If the future comes laden with joy or with woe;  
But the soothing remembrance that *Thou* art my guide,  
Through storm and through sunshine alike by my side,  
Shall hush in my spirit each thought of alarm,  
And every tumultuous emotion shall calm.

*Thou art near, O my Saviour!* Ennobling my life;  
Evolving rich joys from its sadness and strife;  
Instructing me daily by converse divine,  
And moulding my spirit in likeness to Thine;  
And Thou wilt be near, when with fast-falling breath  
I meet the dark form of the angel of Death!  
On the confines of earth as I timidly stand,  
Shall not this be my password, "The Lord is at hand!"

December 17th.

ANNA M. W.

## ONWARDS.

## PHIL. III. 13.

Onwards! onwards! though thy pathway  
Through the burning desert lieth,  
Where the want of shade and shelter  
Sorely thine endurance trieth;—  
Where no friendly voices meet thee;  
Where no loving faces greet thee;  
Where no footprints mark the sand;—  
Stay not though the track looks dreary  
Droop not though thy heart grows weary;  
Haste thee to a better land,  
And let every new-born day,  
Find thee further on thy way!

December 17th.

Onwards! onwards! canst thou loiter  
In the race which leads to glory!  
Nay, the things behind forgetting,  
Stretch towards those held out before thee:  
Cast aside the fears that haunt thee;  
Let no toil, nor failure, dannt thee;  
When thou stumblest quickly rise;  
Never fainting,—never tiring,—  
Press along, the mark aspiring,  
To the bright, uplifted prize;  
And success shall smile on thee,  
Thou shalt gain the victory!

ANNA M. W.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Protector and Peace Maker*, or Letters addressed to Mr. Newman Hall, minister of Surrey Chapel, by W. Palmer, minister of Hornorton Row Chapel. Second edition. London: W. H. Collingridge.

WE were prepared, from the first announcement of Mr. Palmer's pamphlet, to expect something very clever and caustic from his pen. Nor have we, in the perusal of it, been at all disappointed. Mr. Palmer is quite at home in efforts of this kind. We need not say how heartily we coincide with Mr. P. in his strictures upon the minister of Surrey chapel, who seems absolutely bent upon placing himself in a wrong position with his own professed principles, and with the opinions of nine-tenths of the religious public.

*The Homilist*, or Bi-Monthly Review, vol. 5 Edited by the Rev. D. Thomas. London: Ward & Co.

WE have always greeted with a hearty welcome this highly talented pulpit serial on its bi-monthly appearance. The several numbers published during the year are here presented in a collected form, and very elegantly bound. It deserves a place in every minister's study, by whom it may be consulted with considerable advantage. Our present number is enriched with an extract from a homily by its accomplished editor.

*An Exposition of the Parables*, and Express Similitudes of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, with reflections for Family Reading. By the Rev. Benjamin Keach, London: W. H. Collingridge.

THIS volume, consisting of upwards of a thousand royal octavo pages, printed in a bold clear type, at the Bonmahon industrial schools, under the superintendence of the Rev. A. Doudney, had become very scarce; it is now to be obtained at one fourth the sum given for our own copy. All ministers of the Gospel will find it of almost incalculable worth to them in their studies of our Lord's sayings.

*Songs Controversial*, by Silent Long. London: W. Freeman.

THESE songs (by Mr. Lynch) are coarse and

vulgar, and are alike discreditably to religion and literature. However great our theological differences may be, we had entertained a better opinion of Mr. Lynch as a Christian and a gentleman, than these verses will allow us to retain.

*Ethics of Quotation*, by Silent Long. London: W. Freeman.

OUR previous opinion concerning the "Rivalet Controversy," is strengthened and confirmed by perusing Mr. Lynch's anonymous attempt at self-justification. We are not surprised that efforts should be made by men of lax principles, and of a negative theology, to circulate gratuitously the above. We perfectly understand the meaning of this movement on the part of these gentlemen.

*Toplady's Hymns*. New Edition. London: W. H. Collingridge.

WE heartily recommend this volume to all who love sound divinity, wedded to good devotional poetry.

*The Christian's Penny Almanac*, &c., for 1857. London: J. Paul.

MANY thousands have already been sold. It contains three hundred and sixty five meditations, by Dr. Octavius Winslow, and the Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, and on this account, as well as for its statistical information, deserves a world-wide circulation. It has a good portrait of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, transferred from the same plate as that which embellishes our present number; altogether it is a marvel of cheapness and excellence.

*The Modern Whitfield*. Remarks on Mr. Spurgeon's Oratory, by John Campbell, D.D. Price 1d. London: J. Paul.

ALL who wish to know what Dr. Campbell has to say concerning Mr. Spurgeon's oratory, will not regret having procured the opinion of this excellent judge of pulpit eloquence. We need not say that it is a just eulogium upon this popular and useful preacher of the Gospel.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Ayisham, Norfolk*.—Mr. A. Scarr, from Brandon, Suffolk.

*Bethany, Cardiff*.—The Rev. A. Tilley, from Bridgnorth, Salop.

*Inskip*.—The Rev. J. Compston, of Inskip, removes, at the commencement of the new year, to Bramley, near Leeds, having accepted the unanimous invitation of that Church to the pastoral office.

*Kingston-on-Thames*.—Mr. T. W. Medhurst (from the Church under the pastoral care of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon), has accepted a three months' invitation. On the first

Lord's day in the new year, he will preach (D.V.) three sermons. In the morning, to the aged; in the afternoon, to the Sabbath school children; in the evening, to the young. Services to commence in the morning at eleven, afternoon at four, evening at half-past six.

*New Malton, Yorkshire*.—The Rev. T. D. Jones, from Blaina.

*Pontypool, Tabernacle*.—The Rev. D. Morgan, from Horeb, Blaenavon.

*Madely, Salop*.—The Rev. E. Jenkins, from Baptist College, Pontypool.

*Market Drayton*.—The Rev. J. G. Phillips, from Pontypool College.

*Aberhaven, Glamorganshire.*—The Rev. E. Griffith, from Pontypool.

*Pembrey, Carmarthenshire.*—The Rev. S. Nicholas, from Pontypool.

*Cynner, Glamorganshire.*—The Rev. D. Evans, from Pontypool College.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

*Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney.*—On Tuesday, Jan. 5th, 1857 (D.V.), a tea and public meeting will be held in Cave Adullam Chapel, Old Manor Road, Stepney, on which occasion several ministers will deliver addresses upon the "Whole Armour of God." Tea on table at five o'clock: public meeting at half-past six. The Rev. C. Shipway will preside.

*Hoxton, Tabernacle Baptist Chapel.*—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 31, the annual Watch-night service will be held at ten o'clock, to close at a quarter past twelve. And on Monday, Jan. 6, 1857, the annual tea meeting will be held the same day, at five o'clock. Tickets, 6d. each.

#### NEW CHAPELS.

*Middleborough, Yorkshire, Nov. 23 and 24.*—Services were held in connection with the opening of a neat and commodious chapel, for the use of a congregation of Welsh Baptists. Sermons were preached, in Welsh, by the Revs. J. Jones, of Middleborough; David Edwards, of Beaufort, Monmouthshire; Levi Thomas, of Narboth; and in English, by the Revs. B. Evans, of Soarborough, and S. Pottinger, of Newcastle.

*Brompton, Middlesex.*—The opening services of this newly-erected Baptist chapel were held Dec. 3rd, when a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, A.M. In the afternoon, a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Bigwood, the minister of the place. Several ministers and other gentlemen addressed the meeting; and in the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., of Surrey Chapel.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

*London, Spencer Place, Goswell Road, Dec. 4.*—Of the Rev. J. H. Cooke, late of Stepney College. In the morning a prayer meeting was held, at which an address was delivered by the Rev. C. J. Hall, missionary to China. The afternoon service was commenced by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, of Islington, reading the Scriptures and prayer. The Rev. F. Willis delivered the introductory discourse. The Rev. W. Miall, of Dalston, proposed the usual questions, and the Rev. J. Peacock, the former highly esteemed and venerated pastor of the church, offered the recognition prayer. The Rev. President Angus, D.D., delivered the charge to the pastor. About 200 persons partook of tea refreshments, and in the evening, after prayer by the Rev. C. Hawson, of Woolwich, the Rev. J. Viney (Ind) of Bethnal Green, addressed the church, and the Rev. D. Kattersn the congregation. The Rev. J. C. Oncken, from Gerinsany, also delivered an interesting address concerning the state of the churches in Germany. The Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, W. Barker, P. H. Davison, of Wandsworth, C. Box, of Woolwich, C.

Wooster, of Landbeach, and B. Preece, of Poplar, conducted the devotional exercises.

—*Church St., Blackfriars, Dec. 16.*—Services were held to recognise the Rev. W. Barker, late of Blackburn, as pastor of the church in this place. The Rev. J. Bigwood, of Brompton (formerly pastor of the church) presided. Mr. Sanders, one of the deacons, related the circumstances which led to their choice of Mr. Barker, after which addresses were delivered by the Rev. President Angus, D.D. on the duties of the ministerial office; the Rev. W. Miall, on the relation of the pastor to his people; the Rev. W. Howieson, of Walworth, on the duties of the people to the pastor; the Rev. J. Hiron, of Brixton, on the difficulties connected with the dissenting ministry, and the voluntary principles distinguishing them; the Rev. S. Green, late of Walworth, on the encouragements to Christian effort; and the Rev. R. Robinson, of York Chapel, Lambeth, and the Rev. H. J. Cooke, also addressed the meeting.

*Penzance, Dec. 8.*—A meeting to recognise the Rev. J. P. Barnett as pastor of the Baptist Church. Mr. Weymouth, one of the deacons, presided on the occasion, when addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Messrs. Tresider, Eva, and the Revs. M. Anthony, G. C. Smith, J. P. Barnett, and others.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

*Keighley, Yorks, Nov. 19.*—The Rev. J. P. Barnet was presented with a handsome gold watch on leaving the town. An affectionate address was delivered to him by Mr. Kirk, which was suitably acknowledged by Mr. Barnett.

#### RESIGNATIONS OF THE PASTORATE.

*Burton-upon-Trent.*—By the Rev. S. Davies, who has since sailed to the United States of America. Mr. D. is the third stated pastor of this Church who have successively resigned and gone to America.

*London, Borough Road Chapel.*—By the Rev. C. T. Keen, jun.

*Collingham.*—By the Rev. G. Pope, after sustaining the office of pastor for thirty-eight years.

*Froms.*—By the Rev. C. J. Middleditch he having become the Secretary of the Baptist Irish Society.

#### BAPTISMS.

*Besley Heath.*—Since May, five by Mr. Wallis, which have not been reported.

*Blackwater, Oct. 25.*—Three by Mr. J. Sale.

*Cheltenham, Cambray Chapel, Nov. 23.*—Twelve by Mr. Smith.

*Clare, Suffolk, Nov. 30.*—Three by Mr. J. Pell.

*Crayford, Nov. 30.*—Five by Mr. Hosken. *Dunkerton, near Bath, Oct. 25.*—Two, no minister's name given.

*Fairford, Nov. 23.*—Five by Mr. Friso.

*Folkestone, Oct. 25.*—Two by Mr. D. Jones.

*Greenwich Mission Church, Trafalgar Road* Sept. 6.—Three by Mr. Cornish.

*Leighton Buzzard, Ebenezer, Dec. 7.*—One by Mr. Barker.

*Llanfachreth, Anglesea, Dec. 14.*—Seven, after an address by Mr. Bowen.

- Lanthewy, Monmouthshire*, Oct. 26.—Four by Mr. Sidney; two were twin sisters, the other two have been Sunday scholars, and are now teachers. There has been no Baptism here for two years past, but we confidently hope this will prove the first-fruits of an abundant harvest.
- Leicester, Vine Street*, Nov. 16.—Eight by Mr. Chew.
- London, New Park Street*, Nov. 27.—Twelve; Dec. 24, seven by Mr. Spurgeon.
- Louth*, Oct. 26.—At Walkergate. by Mr. Kiddall, the Baptism of a household, a father, mother, and their only son.
- Manchester, York Street*, Oct. 25.—Three by Mr. Chenery.
- Middlesborough, Yorkshire*, Nov. 23.—Three in the river Tees, in the presence of 5,000 persons, by Mr. James, after an address by the Rev. B. Evans.
- Moughtre, Montgomeryshire*, Nov. 30.—Three by Mr. J. Evans, after a sermon by Mr. D. Evans.
- Newtown, Montgomeryshire*, Dec. 7.—Four by Mr. D. Evans.
- Pembroke, Berean Chapel*, Nov. 16.—Two by Mr. S. Walker.
- Plymouth, George Street Chapel*, Dec. 8.—Eight by Mr. Short, B.A. One from the Bible Class, the other an old man of 70.
- Risca, Monmouthshire, English Baptist*, Dec. 7.—Seventeen by Mr. Reeves, in the presence of several hundred persons, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather. The English Baptist cause at Risca was commenced June, 1855. At that time there were only eleven members; since then they have increased, and, including the above seventeen, they now are about sixty members; and in addition to this, there are thirty candidates before the Church.
- Stroud, Gloucestershire*, Dec. 4.—Five by Mr. W. Yates. Two were from the Sabbath school.
- Uzbridge*, Nov. 23.—Four by Mr. G. R. Lowden.
- Waingate, near Hebden Bridge*, Dec. 7.—Five by Mr. Bamber.
- Welchpool, Montgomeryshire*, Nov. 30.—Seven by Mr. J. Thorne, after a sermon by Rev. D. Evans.
- Whitehaven*, Sept. 21.—One, the daughter of Roman Catholic parents. Oct. 30, two by Mr. J. Wilson.

## DEATHS.

Hearn, Eliza, Nov. 26, 1856, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, at her residence, Mount Pleasant, Fooks Cray, Kent, aged 28.

Miss Hearn, almost from her infancy had been, it is believed, a subject of divine grace, and at a very early age was baptized at Eynsford, by Mr. Fremlin, then supplying the pulpit. During the intervening period of her life, both as a private Christian, and as a teacher of the young—for which she possessed more than ordinary qualifications—she was able to maintain a walk and conversation highly honourable to the profession of the Gospel. At the close of the Autumn of 1855, she was laid aside from her scholastic duties by a pulmonary disease, under which she lingered just twelve months. All through her long illness it was a privilege to be near

her. Her sufferings, at times, and it was seldom that she was free from pain, were very distressing. Her friend and partner in the school thus writes:—"I have watched by her bedside many many times, expecting she would very soon breathe her last; it seemed as if she would be strangled. Night after night she never ceased to cough, for three or four hours together, and then would fall back from exhaustion. Yet I never heard her once murmur or repine. She always had a kind word for those who were near her, and constantly prayed that she might be kept from becoming impatient, being very anxious, now that she could no longer work for God, that she might glorify him by entire and cheerful submission to his will. About three months since, Mr. Spurgeon, in company with her pastor, visited her, and found her in a most blessed and happy frame of mind, longing to depart, but patiently waiting her discharge. During the last few weeks she seemed to rally a little, and on the Monday before she died she was in the school-room; but on the following Wednesday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, she was seized with convulsions, which speedily terminated her earthly existence. She was conscious of the fatal change, and observed to a friend that she felt a strange feeling come over her which she was unable to describe. During the time she was thus convulsed, she repeated many sweet verses of hymns and portions of Scripture. Upon a friend coming into the room she said, "It won't be long now." Not receiving an answer to this she said, "Do you think it will?" Her friend said to her,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

"Ah," she said, "he can, he can! Ah, my sufferings are great, but a crown hangs over my head; I can see it! I can see it!

"Angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come."

And frequently pointing upwards she said, "His chariot is coming;" "but," added she, on one of these occasions, "patience must have her perfect——" she was unable to finish the sentence. Taking hold of the hand of one sitting near her, and pressing it to her cheek, upon which the perspiration of death had gathered, she said, "it is the cold hand of death upon me." And having at her own request been taken out of bed, a few minutes after 10 o'clock she most peacefully breathed her last in the arms of a friend. A week or two before she died, her pastor visited her for the last time, to whom she expressed herself grateful to her heavenly Father, whose kindness in providence had been most strongly marked all through her life. "I have been," said she, "the child and special care of providence all my days. I have been most comfortably provided for and attended to through this long illness. And now," she said, with an emphasis which will not be easily forgotten, "there is a mansion and a crown provided for me up yonder, and I am soon going to take possession of them." During her illness a friend called upon her, and said to her, "Well, my dear, you seem a great sufferer, I hope you will leave a dying testimony behind you." To whom she replied, "I think it much

better that I should leave a living testimony than a dying one. To be enabled to live a holy and consistent life, is infinitely more to be desired, and more valuable, than anything I may say when dying." Our departed sister, however, left a dying testimony behind, not only to the supports which religion affords in dying moments, but also of the interest it disposes its subjects to take in the spiritual welfare of others. Two letters which her pastor received from her a fortnight before her death, will show how deeply interested she fell in the instruction of the young. They are here inserted at the request of many persons who heard them read when her death was improved by her pastor, the Rev. J. Whittemore, on the Sabbath following her interment, both at Eynsford and Foots Cray.

Nov. 9th, 1856.

My dear Pastor,

Just two months have passed away since I wrote on the other sheet of paper, and here I am, still alive, although almost as helpless as an infant. I am still a sufferer, and no hope is held out that it will be otherwise with me. I find the nearer we advance towards winter, the longer and more acute are my pains; but yet I may live a short time longer. I find it hard work to do so, on account of shortness of breath. I am, you see, cut down just as prosperity held itself to view; but I submit to my heavenly Father's will. I find it is twelve months ago since I was laid aside by this illness. Methinks I hear you say, "Poor thing, she seems low spirited." But I am not, bless the Lord; he upholds and support me by his grace. I trust this long and heavy affliction is not only sanctified to myself, but to those around me. It is my earnest prayer, that as I cannot longer lead an active life, so to glorify God, that I may be enabled, with patience, contentment, and fortitude, to bear all his will. "In waiting we serve."

Before I close, I must confess, that under all this I am longing to join the host of heaven, and mingle my songs with theirs.

"When shall I at my heavenly home arrive?"

When leave this earth, and when begin to live?"

God grant it may be soon!

Yours very truly,  
E. HEARN.

The following is the letter referred to in the preceding.

Sept. 9th, 1856.

My dear Pastor,

Feeling a little better this morning, I am going to indulge myself in trying to write a few wishes which I cannot express to you in any other way. I have named a text to Mrs. Whittemore (1 Cor. xv. 58) from which I should like you to preach after my decease, especially to Sabbath school teachers. Urge them, dear sir, to be up and doing while it is day, for they cannot tell how soon night may overtake them. Oh, tell them the more earnest they are, the more they wrestle at the throne of grace for the conversion of their children previous to entering their classes, the more happy they will feel in imparting what they have been

collecting during the week to the dear children, and their tender hearts will be more ready to receive it. Children are keen observers, they know if their teacher is prepared for them, and they know when they have a teacher who feels a deep interest in them. Tell the teachers to make their instructions as pleasant as possible. There is no theme that strikes so delightfully on the ears of children, or so likely to touch the tender chords of their hearts, as the love of Christ. They love this subject; I have never known them weary of it, but, on the contrary, have seen them listen with intense interest; their eyes glisten, the tear starts, they hang upon the teacher's "lips as if spell-bound," and fain would linger to hear more, after the command is given to "change places."

I know that no manner of teaching will convert the soul, without the application of the Holy Spirit; but we take this for granted after pleading for it. "Whatever ye ask BELIEVING, ye SHALL receive." What a delightful employment is winning souls for Christ. Would that I had been more anxious for this. Surely if I had known how short a period was allotted for me to labour in the Lord's vineyard, I should not have let pass by so many opportunities that have been given. I can write no more upon this subject, I am very tired. May whatever you say to them be clothed with power, and be the means of stirring them up to more diligence, prayer, and watchfulness; then God will be glorified.

Yours very truly,

E. HEARN.

Humphrey, Mrs. G., relict of the late Rev. W. Humphrey, thirty-one years pastor of the Baptist Church, Isle Abbots, Nov. 23, aged 70 years.

Clark, J. P., youngest son of the late Rev. J. Clark, of Folkstone, at Regents Park College, aged 24.

Baslin, Matilda, F., daughter of Mr. Baslin, agent of the Baptist Irish Society, Dec. 4, aged 16. She had been for sixteen months a member of the Baptist Church in the city of Waterford.

Cakebread, Mrs., the beloved wife of the Rev. C. Cakebread, of Portsea, Nov. 29, aged 82.

Byatt, Rev. T., at Thaxted, Essex, aged 77. Mr. B. had been pastor of the Baptist Church 44 years.

Matthew, The Rev. Theobald, the celebrated temperance advocate, Dec. 8, at Cork, aged 67.

Harris, Rev. John, D.D., author of "Mammon," and President of New College, St. John's Wood, after a few days' illness, Dec. 21, aged 54.

Jennings, Mr. John. One of the deacons of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho. He joined the Church in 1812. He was a steady lover of the doctrines of grace, an upright Christian, an affectionate member, a judicious deacon, and the pastor's faithful and loving friend. Mr. Bloomfield, his pastor, improved his death on Lord's day evening (Nov. 16). from Prov. xiv. 32, "The righteous hath hope in his death." The chapel was crowded to overflow, and the congregation seemed much impressed by the solemn truths, delivered with great earnestness and affection.

## SPIRITUAL REVIVAL THE WANT OF THE CHURCH.\*

BY THE REV. O. H. SPURGEON,

*Minister of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.*

"O Lord, revive thy work," Hab. iii. 2.

ALL true religion is the work of God: it is pre-eminently so. If he should select out of his works that which he esteems most of all, he would select true religion. He regards the works of grace as being even more glorious than the works of nature: and he is therefore especially careful that it shall always be known, so that if any dare to deny it, they shall do so in the teeth of repeated testimonies to the contrary, that God is indeed the author of salvation in the world and in the hearts of men, and that religion is the effect of grace, and is the work of God. I believe the Eternal might sooner forgive the sin of ascribing the creation of the heavens and of the earth to an idol, than that of ascribing the works of grace to the efforts of the flesh, or to anything else but God. It is a sin of the greatest magnitude to suppose that there is aught in the heart which can be acceptable unto God, save that which God himself has first created there. When I deny God's work in creating the sun, I deny one truth; but when I deny that he works grace in the heart, I deny a hundred truths in one; for in the denial of that one great truth, that God is the author of good in the souls of men, I have denied all the doctrines which make up the great articles of faith, and have run in the very teeth of the whole testimony of sacred Scripture. I trust, beloved, that many of us have been taught, that if there be anything in our souls which can carry us to heaven, it is God's work, and, moreover, that if there be aught that is good and excellent found in his church, it is entirely God's work, from first to last. We firmly believe that it is God who quickens the soul which was dead, positively "dead in trespasses and sins;" that it is God who maintains the life of that soul, and God who consummates and perfects that life in the home of the blessed, in the land of the hereafter. We ascribe nothing to man, but all to God. We dare not for a moment think that the conversion of the soul is effected either by its own effort or by the efforts of others: we conceive that there are means and agencies employed, but that the work is, both alpha and omega, wholly the Lord's. We think, therefore, that we are right in applying the text to the work of divine grace, both in the heart and in the church at large; and we think that we can have no subject more appropriate for our consideration than the text. "O Lord, revive thy work!"

First, beloved, trusting that the Spirit of God will help me, I shall endeavour to apply the text *to our own souls personally*, and then *to the state of the church at large*, for it well needs that the Lord should revive his work in its midst.

I. First, then, to OURSELVES. We should begin at home. We too often flog the church, when the whip should be laid on our own shoulders. We drag the church, like a colossal culprit, to the altar; we bind her, and try to execute her at once; we bind her hands fast, and tear off thong-full after thong-full of her quivering flesh—finding fault with her where there is none, and magnifying her little errors; while we too often forget ourselves. Let us, therefore, commence with ourselves, remembering that we are part of the church, and that our own want of revival is in some measure the cause of that want in the church at large.

Now, I directly charge the great majority of professing Christians—and I take the charge to myself also—with a need of a revival of piety in these days.

\* A Sermon preached at the Centenary Commemoration of the Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 11th, 1856.



I shall lay the charge before you very peremptorily, because I think I have abundant grounds to prove it. I believe that the mass of Christian men in this age need a revival; and my reasons are these.

In the first place, look at *the conduct and conversation* of too many who profess to be the children of God. It ill becomes any man who occupies the sacred place of a pulpit to flatter his hearers, and I shall not attempt to do so. The evil lies with too many of you who unite yourselves with Christian churches, and in practically protesting against your profession. It has become very common now-a-days to join a church; go where you may you find professing Christians who sit down at some Lord's table or another; but are there fewer cheats than there used to be? Are there less frauds committed? Do we find morality more extensive? Do we find vice entirely at an end? No, we do not. The age is as immoral as any that preceded it; there is still as much sin, although it is more cloaked and hidden. The outside of the sepulchre may be whiter; but within, the bones are just as rotten as before. Society is not one whit improved. Those men who, in our popular magazines, give us a true picture of the state of London life are to be believed and credited, for they do not stretch the truth—they have no motive for so doing; and the picture which they give of the morality of this great city is positively appalling. It is a huge criminal, full of sin; and I say this, that if all the profession in London were true profession, it would not be nearly such a wicked place as it is; it could not be, by any manner of means. My brethren, it is well known—and who dares deny it that is not too partial, and who will not speak wilful falsehood?—it is well known that it is not in these days a sufficient guarantee even of a man's honesty that he is a member of a church. It is a hard thing for Christian ministers to say, but we must say it; some one must say it, and if friends say it not, enemies will; and better that the truth should be spoken in our own midst, that men may see that we are ashamed of it, than that they should hear us impudently deny what we must confess to be true! O sirs, the lives of too many members of Christian churches give us grave cause to suspect that there is none of the life of godliness in them at all! Why that reaching after money, why that covetousness, why that following of the crafts and devices of a wicked world, why that clutching here and clutching there, that grinding of the faces of the poor, that stamping down of the workman, and such like things, if men are truly what they profess to be? God in heaven knows that what I speak is true, and too many here know it themselves. If they be Christians, at least they want revival; if there be life in them, it is but a spark that is covered up with heaps of ashes; it needs to be fanned, ay, and it needs to be stirred also, that haply some of the ashes may be removed, and the spark may have place to live. The church wants revival in the persons of its members. The members of Christian churches are not what once they were. It is fashionable to be religious now; persecution is taken away; and ah! I had almost said, the gates of the church were taken away with it. The church has, with few exceptions, no gates now; persons come in and go out of it, just as they would march through St. Paul's Cathedral, and make it a very place of traffic, instead of regarding it as a select and sacred spot, to be apporportioned to the holy of the Lord, and to the excellent of the earth, in whom is God's delight. If this be not true, you know how to treat it; you need not confess to sin you have not committed; but if it be true, and true in your case, oh! humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God; ask him to search and try you, that if you be not his child you may be helped to renounce your profession, lest it should be to you but the gaudy pageantry of death, and mere tinsel and gewgaw in which to go to hell. If you be his, ask that he may give you more grace, that you may renounce these faults and follies, and turn unto him with full purpose of heart, as the effect of a revived godliness in your soul.

Again: where the *conduct* of professing Christians is consistent, let me ask

the question, does not the *conversation* of many a professor lead us either to doubt the truthfulness of his piety, or else to pray that his piety may be revived? Have you noticed the conversation of too many who think themselves Christians? You might live with them from the first of January to the end of December, and you would never be tired of their religion for what you would hear of it. They scarcely mention the name of Jesus Christ at all. On Sabbath afternoon all the ministers are talked over, faults are found with this one and the other, and all kinds of conversation take place, which they call religious, because it is concerning religious places. But do they ever talk of what He said and did, and what he suffered for us here below? Do you often hear the salutation addressed to you by your brother Christian, "Friend, how doth thy soul prosper?" When we step into each other's houses, do we begin to talk concerning the cause and truth of God? Do you think that God would now stoop from heaven to listen to the conversation of his church, as once he did, when it was said, "The Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name?" I solemnly declare, as the result of thorough and I trust impartial observation, that the conversation of Christians, while it cannot be condemned on the score of morality, must almost invariably be condemned on the score of Christianity. We talk too little about our Lord and Master. That word sectarianism has crept into our midst, and we must say nothing about Christ now, because we are afraid of being called sectarians. I am a sectarian, and hope to be so till I die, and to glory in it; for I cannot see now-a-days, that a man can be a Christian, thoroughly in earnest, without winning for himself the title. Why, we must not talk of this doctrine, because perhaps such an one disbelieves it; we must not notice such and such a truth in Scripture, because such and such a friend doubts or denies it; and so we drop all the great and grand topics which used to be the staple commodities of godly talk, and begin to speak of anything else, because we feel that we can agree better on worldly things than we can on spiritual. Is not that the truth? and is it not a sad sin with some of us, that we have need to pray unto God, "O Lord, revive thy work in my soul, that my conversation may be more Christ-like, seasoned with salt, and kept by the Holy Spirit?"

And yet a third remark here. There are some whose conduct is all that we could wish, whose conversation is for the most part unctious with the gospel, and savoury of truth; but even they will confess to a third charge, which I must now sorrowfully bring against them and against myself, namely, that there is *too little real communion with Jesus Christ*. If, thanks to divine grace, we are enabled to keep our conduct tolerably consistent, and our lives unblemished, yet how much have we to cry out against ourselves, from a lack of that holy fellowship with Jesus which is the high mark of the true child of God! Brethren, let me ask some of you how long it is since you have had a love-visit from Jesus Christ—how long since you could say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies?" How long is it since "he brought you into his banquetting house, and his banner over you was love?" Perhaps some of you will be able to say, "It was but this morning that I saw him; I beheld his face with joy, and was ravished with his countenance." But I fear the greatest part of you will have to say, "Ah, sir; for months I have been without the shinings of his countenance." What have you been doing, then, and what has been your way of life? Have you been groaning every day? Have you been weeping every minute? "No!" Then you ought to have been. I cannot understand how your piety can be of any very brilliant order, if you can live without the sunlight of Christ, and yet be happy. Christians will lose sometimes the society of Jesus; the connection between themselves and Christ will be at times severed, as to their own feeling of it: but they will always groan and cry when they lose their Jesus. What! is Christ thy Brother, and does he live in thine house, and yet thou hast no

spoken to him for a month? I fear there is little love between thee and the Brother, for thou hast had no conversation with him for so long. What! is Christ the Husband of his church, and has she had no fellowship with him for all this time? Brethren, let me not condemn you, let me not even judge you, but let your conscience speak. Mine shall, and so shall yours. Have we not too much forgotten Christ? Have we not lived too much without him? Have we not been contented with the world, instead of desiring Christ? Have we been, all of us, like that little ewe lamb that did drink out of the master's cup, and feed from his table? Have we not rather been content to stray upon the mountains, feeding anywhere but at home? I fear many of the troubles of our heart spring from want of communion with Jesus. Not many of us are the kind of men who, living with Jesus, his secrets must know. Oh! no; we live too much without the light of his countenance; and are too happy when he is gone from us. Let us, each of us, then, for I am sure we have each of us need, in some measure, put up the prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work!" Ah! methinks I hear one professor saying, "Sir, I need no revival in my heart; I am everything I wish to be." Down on your knees, my brethren! down on your knees for him! He is the man that most needs to be prayed for. He says that he needs no revival in his soul; but he needs a revival of his humility, at any rate. If he supposes that he is all that he ought to be, and if he knows that he is all he wishes to be, he has very mean notions of what a Christian is, or of what a Christian should be, and very unjust ideas of himself. Those are in the best condition who, while they know they want reviving, yet feel their condition and groan under it.

Now, I think I have in some degree substantiated my charge, I fear with too strong arguments; and now let me notice, that the text has something in it which I trust that each of us has. Here is not only an evil implied in these words—"O Lord revive thy work;" but there is an evil evidently felt. You see, Habakkuk knew how to groan about it. "O Lord," said he, "revive thy work!" Ah! we many of us want revival, but few of us feel that we want it. It is a blessed sign of life within, when we know how to groan over our departures from the living God. It is easy to find by hundreds those that have departed, but you must count those by ones who know how to groan over their departure. The true believer, however, when he discovers that he needs revival, will not be happy; he will begin at once that incessant and continuous strain of cries and groans which will at last prevail with God, and bring the blessing of revival down. He will, days and nights in succession, cry, "O Lord, revive thy work!"

Let me mention some groaning times, which will always occur to the Christian who needs revival. I am sure he will always groan, *when he looks upon what the Lord did for him of old*. When he recollects the Mizahs and the Hermons, and those places where the Lord appeared of old to him, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," I know he will never look back to them without tears. If he is what he should be as a Christian, or if he thinks he is not in a right condition, he will always weep when he remembers God's loving kindness of old. Oh! whenever the soul has lost fellowship with Jesus, it cannot bear to think of the "chariots of Aminadib;" it cannot endure to think of "the banqueting house," for it hath not been there so long; and when it does think of it, it says—

"The peaceful hours I then enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still,  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill."

When he hears a sermon which relates the glorious experience of the believer who is in a healthy state, he will put his hand upon his heart, and say, "Ah! such was my experience once; but those happy days are gone. My sun is set; those stars which once lit up my darkness are all quenched; oh! that I might

again behold him! oh! that I might once more see his face! oh! for those sweet visits from on high! oh! for the grapes of Eschol once more!" And by the rivers of Babylon you will sit down and weep. You will weep, when you remember your goings up to Zion—when the Lord was precious to you, when he laid bare his heart, and was pleased also to fill your heart with the fulness of his love. Such times will be groaning times, when you remember "the years of the right hand of the Most High."

Again, to a Christian who wants revival; *ordinances* will be also groaning times. He will go up to the house of God; but he will say of himself when he comes away, "Ah! how changed! When I once went with the multitude that kept holy day every word was precious. When the song ascended my soul had wings, and up it flew to its nest among the stars; when the prayer was offered, I could devoutly say, 'Amen;' but now the preacher preaches as he did before; my brethren are as profited as once they were; but the sermon is dry to me, and dull. I find no fault with the preacher; I know the fault is in myself. The song is just the same—as sweet the melody, as pure the harmony; but ah! my heart is heavy; my harp strings are broken, and I cannot sing; and the Christian will return from those blessed means of grace, sighing and sobbing, because he knows he wants revival. More especially at the Lord's Supper, he will think when he sits at the table, 'Oh! what seasons I once had here! In breaking the bread and drinking the wine my Master was present.' He will bethink himself how his soul was even carried to the seventh heaven, and the house was made 'the very house of God and the gate of heaven.' 'But now,' he said, 'it is bread, dry bread to me; it is wine, tasteless wine, with none of the sweets of paradise in it; I drink, but all in vain. No thoughts of Christ! My heart will not rise; my soul cannot heave a thought half way to him!' And then the Christian will begin to groan again—"O Lord revive thy work!"

But I shall not detain you upon that subject. Those of you who know that you are in Christ, but who feel that you are not in a desirable condition, because you do not love him enough, and have not that faith in him which you desire to have, I would just ask you this: Do you groan over it? Can you groan now? When you feel your heart is empty, is it "an aching void?" When you feel that your garments are stained, can you wash those garments with tears? When you think your Lord is gone, can you hang out the black flag of sorrow, and cry, "O my Jesus! O my Jesus! art thou gone?" If thou canst, then I bid thee do it! Do it, do it; and may God be pleased to give thee grace to continue to do it, until a happier era shall dawn in the reviving of thy soul!

And remark, in the last place, upon this point, that the soul, when it is really brought to feel its own sad estate, because of its declension and departure from God, *is never content without turning its groanings into prayer*, and without addressing the prayer to the right quarter: "O Lord, revive thy work!" Some of you, perhaps, will say, "Sir, I feel my need of revival; I intend to set to work this very afternoon, as soon as I shall retire from this place, to revive my soul." Do not say it; and above all things, do not try to do it, for you never will do it. Make no resolutions as to what you will do; your resolutions will as certainly be broken as they are made, and your broken resolutions will but increase the number of your sins. I exhort you, instead of trying to revive yourself, to offer prayers. Say not, "I will revive myself;" but cry, "O Lord, revive *thy* work!" And let me solemnly tell thee, thou hast not yet felt what it is to decline, thou dost not yet know how sad is thine estate, otherwise thou wouldst not talk of reviving thyself. If thou didst know thine own position, thou wouldst as soon expect to see the wounded soldier on the battle-field heal himself without medicine, or convey himself to the hospital when his limbs are shot away, as thou wouldst expect to revive thyself without the help of God. I bid thee not do anything, nor seek to do

anything, until first of all thou hast addressed Jehovah himself by mighty prayer—until thou hast cried out, “O Lord, revive thy work!” Remember, he that first made you must keep you alive; and he that has kept you alive must restore more life to you. He that has preserved you from going down to the pit, when your feet have been sliding, can alone set you again upon a rock, and establish your going. Begin, then, by humbling yourself—giving up all hope of reviving yourself as a Christian, but beginning at once with firm prayer and earnest supplication to God: “O Lord, what I cannot do, do thou! O Lord, revive thy work!”

Christian brethren, I leave these matters with you. Give them the attention they deserve. If I have erred, and in aught judged you too harshly, God shall forgive me, for I have meant it honestly. But if I have spoken truly, lay it to your hearts, and turn your houses into a “Bochim.” Weep, men apart, and women apart, husbands apart, and wives apart. Weep, weep, my brethren: “It is a sad thing to depart from the living God.” Weep, and may be bring you back to Zion, that you may one day return like Israel, not with weeping, but with songs of everlasting joy!

II. And now I come to the second part of the subject, upon which I must be more brief. In THE CHURCH ITSELF, taken as a body, this prayer ought to be one incessant and solemn liturgy: “O Lord, revive thy work!”

In the present era there is a *sad decline of the vitality of godliness*. This age has become too much the age of form, instead of the age of life. I date the hour of life from this day one hundred years ago, when the first stone was laid of this building in which we now worship God. Then was the day of life divine, and of power, sent down from on high. God had clothed Whitfield with power; he was preaching with a majesty and a might of which one could scarcely think mortal could ever be capable; not because he was anything in himself, but because his Master girded him with might. After Whitfield there was a succession of great and holy men. But now, sirs, we have fallen upon the dregs of time. *Men* are the rarest things in all this world; we have not many left now. We have no men in government hardy, to conduct our politics, and scarcely any men in religion. We have the *things* that perform their duties, as they are called; we have the good, and, perhaps, the honest things, who in the regular routine go on like pack-horses with their bells, for ever in the old style; but men who dare to be singular, because to be singular is generally to be right in a wicked world, are not very many in this age. Compared with the puritanic times even, where are our divines? Could we marshal together our Howes and our Charnocks? Could we gather together such names as I could mention about fifty at a time? I trow not. Nor could we bring together such a galaxy of grace and talent as that which immediately followed Whitfield. Think of Rowland Hill, Newton, Toplady, Doddridge, and numbers of others whom time would fail me to mention. They are gone, they are gone; their venerated dust sleeps in the earth; and where are their successors? Ask where, and echo shall reply, “where?” There are none. Successors of them, where are they? God hath not yet raised them up, or, if he have, ye have not yet found out where they are. There is preaching, and what is it? “O Lord, help thy servant to preach, and teach him by thy Spirit what to say.” Then out comes the manuscript, and they read it. A pure insult to Almighty God! We have preaching, but it is of this order. It is not preaching at all. It is speaking very beautifully and very finely, possibly eloquently, in some sense of the word; but where is the right down preaching, such as Whitfield’s? Have you ever read one of his sermons? You will not think him eloquent; you cannot think him so. His expressions were rough, frequently very coarse and unconnected; there was very much declamation about him; it was a great part indeed of his speech. But where lay his eloquence? Not in the words you read, but in the tone in which he delivered them, and in the earnestness with which he felt

them, and in the tears which ran down his cheeks, and in the pouring out of his soul. The reason why he was eloquent was just what the word means. He was eloquent, because he spoke right out from his heart—from the innermost depths of the man. You could see when he spoke that he meant what he said. He did not speak as a trade, or as a mere machine, but he preached what he felt to be the truth, and what he could not help preaching. When you heard him preach, you could not help feeling that he was a man who would die if he would not preach, and with all his might call to men and say, "Come! come! come to Jesus Christ, and believe on him!" Now, that is just the lack of these times. Where, where is earnestness now? It is neither in pulpit nor yet in pew, in such a measure as we desire it; and it is a sad, sad age, when earnestness is scoffed at, and when that very zeal which ought to be the prominent characteristic of the pulpit is regarded as enthusiasm and fanaticism. I ask God to make us all such fanatics as most men laugh at—to make us all just such enthusiasts as many despise. We reckon it the greatest fanaticism in the world to go to hell, the greatest enthusiasm upon earth to love sin better than righteousness; and we think those neither fanatics nor enthusiasts who seek to obey God rather than man, and follow Christ in all his ways. We repeat, that one sad proof that the church wants revival is the absence of that death-like, solemn earnestness which was once seen in Christian pulpits.

*The absence of sound doctrine* is another proof of our want of revival. Do you know who are called Antinomians now, who are called "hypers," who are laughed at, who are rejected as being unsound in the faith? Why, the men that once were the orthodox are now the heretics. We can turn back to the records of our Puritan fathers, to the articles of the Church of England, to the preaching of Whitfield, and we can say of that preaching, it is the very thing we love; and the doctrines which were then uttered are—and we dare to say it everywhere—the very self-same doctrines that he proclaimed. But because we choose to proclaim them, we are thought singular and strange; and the reason is, because sound doctrine hath to a great degree ceased. It began in this way. First of all the truths were fully believed, but the angles were a little taken off. The minister believed election, but he did not use the word, for fear it should in some degree disturb the equanimity of the deacon in the green pew in the corner. He believed that all men were depraved, but he did not say it positively, because if he did, there was a lady who had subscribed so much to the chapel—she would not come again: so that while he did believe it, and did say it in some sense, he rounded it a little. Afterwards it came to this. Ministers said, "We believe these doctrines, but we do not think them profitable to preach to the people. They are quite true: free grace is true; the great doctrines of grace that were preached by Christ, by Paul, by Augustine, by Calvin, and down to this age by their successors, are true; but they had better be kept back—they must be very cautiously dealt with; they are very high and dreadful doctrines, and they must not be preached; we believe them, but we dare not speak them out." After that it came to something worse. They said within themselves, "Well, if these doctrines will not do for us to preach, perhaps they are not true at all;" and going one step further, they said they dare not preach them. They did not actually say it, perhaps, but they began just to hint that they were not true; then they went one step further, giving us something which they said was the truth; and then they would cast us out of the synagogue, as if they were the rightful owners of it, and we were the intruders. So they have passed on from bad to worse; and if you read the standard divinity of this age, and the standard divinity of Whitfield's day, you will find that the two cannot by any possibility stand together. We have got a "new theology." New theology? Why, it is anything but a *Theology*; it is an ology which hath cast out God utterly and entirely, and enthroned man, as it is the doctrine of man,

and not the doctrine of the everlasting God. We want a revival of sound doctrine once more in the midst of the land.

And the church at large, may be, wants a revival of downright earnestness in its members. Ye are not the men to fight the Lord's battles yet. Ye have not the earnestness, the zeal, which once the children of God had. Your forefathers were oaken men; ye are willow men. Our people, what are they, many of them? Strong in doctrine when they are with strong-doctrine men; but they waver when they go with others, and they change as often as they change their company; they are sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. They are not the men to go to the stake and die; they are not the men that know how to die daily, and so are ready for death when it comes. Look at our prayer-meetings, with here and there a bright exception. Go in. There are six women; scarcely ever enough members come to pray four times. Look at them. Prayer-meetings they are called; spare meetings they ought to be called, for sparsely enough they are attended. And very few there are that go to our fellowship-meetings, or to any other meetings that we have to help one another in the fear of the Lord. Are they attended at all? I would like to see a newspaper printed somewhere, containing a list of all the persons that went to those meetings during the week in any of our chapels. Ah! my friends, if they should comprise all the Christians in London, you might find that but a chapel or two would hold them all. There are few enough that go. We have not got earnestness, we have not got life, as we once had; if we had, we should be called worse names than we are; we should have riler epithets thrown at us, if we were more true to our Master; we should not have all things quite so comfortable, if we served God better. We are getting the church to be an institution of our land—an honourable institution. Ah! some think it a grand thing when the church becomes an honourable institution! Methinks it shows the church has swerved, when she begins to be very honourable in the eyes of the world. She must still be cast out, she must still be called evil, and still be despised, until that day shall come, when her Lord shall honour her because she has honoured him—shall honour her, even in this world, in the day of his appearing.

Beloved, do you think it is true that the church wants reviving? Yes, or no? "No," you say, "not to the extent that you suppose. We think the church is in a good condition. We are not among those who cry, 'The former days were better than these.'" Perhaps you are not: you may be far wiser than we are, and therefore you are able to see those various signs of goodness which are to us so small that we are not able to discover them. You may suppose that the church is in a good condition; if so, of course you cannot sympathise with me in preaching from such a text, and urging you to use such a prayer. But there are others of you who are frequently prone to cry, "The church wants reviving." Let me bid you, instead of grumbling at your minister, instead of finding fault with the different parts of the church, to cry, "O Lord, revive thy work!" "Oh!" says one, "if we had another minister! Oh, if we had another kind of worship! Oh, if we had a different sort of preaching!" Just as if that were all! It is, "Oh, if the Lord would come into the hearts of the men you have got! Oh, if he would make the forms you do use full of power!" You do not want fresh ways or fresh machinery; you want the life in what you have. There is an engine on a railway; a train has to be moved. "Bring another engine," says one, "and another, and another." The engines are brought, but the train does not move at all. Light the fire, and get the steam up, that is what you want; not fresh engines. We do not want fresh ministers, or fresh plans, or fresh ways, though many might be invented, to make the church better; we only want life in what we have got. Given, the very man who has emptied your chapel; given, the self-same person that brought your prayer-meeting low; God can make the chapel crowded to the doors yet, and give thousands of souls to that

very man. It is not a new man that is wanted; it is the life of God in him. Do not be crying out for something new; it will no more succeed, of itself, than what you have. Cry, "O Lord, revive thy work!" I have noticed in different churches, that the minister has thought first of this contrivance, then of that. He tried one plan, and thought that would succeed: then he tried another; that was not it. Keep to the old plan, but get life in it! We do not want anything new; "the old is better;" let us keep to it. But we want the life in the old. "Oh!" men cry, "we have nothing but the shell; the are going to give us a new shell." No, sirs, we will keep the old one, but we will have the life in the shell too; we will have the old thing; but we must or else we will throw the old away, have the life in the old. Oh! that God would give us life! That church wants fresh revivals. Oh! for the days of Cambuslang again, when Whitfield preached with power! Oh! for the days when in this place hundreds were converted sometimes under Whitfield's sermons! It has been known that two thousand credible cases of conversion have happened under one solitary discourse. Oh! for the age when eyes should be strained, and ears should be ready to receive the Word of God, and when men should drink in the word of life, as it is indeed, the very water of life, which God gives to dying souls! Oh! for the age of deep feeling—the age of deep, thorough-going earnestness! Let us ask God for it; let us plead with him for it. Perhaps he has the man, or the men, somewhere who will shake the world yet; perhaps even now he is about to pour forth a mighty influence upon man, which shall make the church as wonderful in this age, as it ever was in any age that has passed.

## THE DISCIPLINE OF LOVE.

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON, OF OAKHAM.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent."—REV. iii. 19.

EVERY child of God is an object of his love—love which, like himself, is sovereign, boundless, eternal, and unchangeable. The gifts which that love has bestowed upon us, especially the gift which is unspeakable, demonstrate it to be genuine and godlike. To it we owe the acts of kindness we have witnessed, the influence of the Holy Spirit we have received, the salvation we have embraced, the privileges we enjoy, and the hope which we possess. Nor is that love less obvious or less valuable in the holy discipline to which every member of the blood-bought family is subjected. Christ's love to his ransomed, unlike that which often dwells in human breasts, never prompts him to smile at their follies, or to connive at their crimes; on the contrary, he says, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent." This is the universal, the immutable, the inflexible law of the Redeemer's house. He sometimes rebukes us by the voice of conscience, sometimes by the "still small voice" of his Spirit, sometimes by the reproofs administered to us by our fellow-men, sometimes by his word, and sometimes by his providence, by disconcerting our schemes, deranging our calculations, disappointing our hopes, and baffling our endeavours, and thus mortifying our pride. He also chastens us in various ways and by diversified instruments, but all this, so far from indicating his hatred, is an evidence and demonstration of his love.

Love appoints the chastisement. The Scripture doctrine of divine appointments, if not altogether discarded, is, in the present day, to a sad extent cast into the shade. Nevertheless, it is still a truth; an indestructible, God-glorifying, heart-consoling truth. All in heaven rejoice that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and that he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." And surely we also have at least equal reason to rejoice in this. He



has not left us to the caprices of creatures, or to the vagaries of chance. He himself "appoints all things for us" (Ps. lvii. 2), chastisements as well as all things else. The form in which the chastisement shall reach us, its time, its circumstances, its instruments, its intensity, its alleviations, and its duration—

"All appointed were by him."

All power, the power to chastise as well as to deliver, is in the hand of Christ, our best, our everlasting Friend. Oh, what support, what consolation, what encouragement may this thought well afford us! What an inducement to submission too! True, the medicine is bitter, but it is prescribed by the infallible Physician to whom we have applied for cure. The correction may be painful, but it is that which he sees to be requisite. He knows the perils to which we are exposed; he knows what we *are* and what we *need*, as well as what we *deserve*, and in his love he rebukes and chastens us.

Love *inflicts* the chastisement. True, in this, as in many other things, he ordinarily makes use of instruments, but they are *only* instruments. Relatives, enemies, the world, the church, the Word, losses, crosses, pain, sickness, infirmity, bereavements, and a thousand other things, may be the rods which he employs—but they are only rods. They cannot hurt us of their own accord. They cannot touch us till he pleases. Could these rods be in better hands? If he corrects us we shall be corrected wisely and judiciously; seasonably and suitably; kindly and graciously; for he says, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."

Love *regulates* the chastisements. The harmony of the material creation results entirely from the admirable regulation established and maintained by its Ruler. The affairs of men are also under his control. And especially does he rule in his church, and regulate all the vicissitudes through which its members, collectively or individually are called to pass. The frosts which in winter are in various ways useful to the husbandman, would, if they occurred in summer, be destructive to his hopes. The skilful refiner does not permit intense heat to reach the precious metal, when a gentler heat is preferable; neither does he withhold the former when he deems it to be requisite. The high temperature through which vessels of earth must pass in the process of their manufacture, would irreparably injure them if they were exposed to it at first or suddenly. On similar principles Christ invariably inflicts his chastisements. In the infallible wisdom of his love, he never inflicts a heavy stroke when a lighter one will be sufficient, nor does he withhold the heavier one when he sees it to be indispensable. Therefore, my sorrowing brother or sister, leave yourself and all your concerns in his hands, in the full assurance that he is—

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

Love *sympathizes* with us under the chastisement. The Chastener is the Sympathizer too. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." He *can* sympathize, for he was once a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Your burdens may be heavy, but not heavier than his. Your trials may be numerous, but not more numerous than his. Your distress may be great, but not greater than his. Nay, all the griefs of his people are and must be immeasurably *less* than his, for he could truly say, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto *my* sorrow." He *must* sympathize with us, for the union which subsists between himself and his saints renders it impossible to be otherwise. He *does* sympathize with us, for his word affirms it, and our own experience attests it. He was the visible Sympathizer with Shadrach and his companions in the burning fiery furnace. And he is not less really present with us as our sympathizing Saviour, in every fiery trial through which *we* are called to pass.

"He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears;  
And in his measure feels afresh,  
What every member bears."

Love *sustains* us under the chastisement. We *always* need divine strength. Without it we should at any moment, under any circumstances, inevitably sink. But that strength is *especially* requisite to support us beneath our trials. "When the enemy comes in like a flood," if the Spirit of the Lord does not "lift up a standard against him," we must be vanquished. "When heart and flesh fail," God must be "the strength of our hearts" or we must perish. And, blessed be his name, the strength we need is again and again graciously and positively promised—"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "As thy days so shall thy strength be." And Divine love has not only given these and many similar precious promises, but it has in innumerable instances fulfilled them too. Christ has practically proved himself to be a brother born for adversity. He has made his strength perfect in the weakness of his saints, insomuch that thousands of them who have had trial upon trial through many revolving years can say, "Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day."

Love *sweetens* the chastisement. How often have the Lord's children, like Jonathan, found honey at the end of the rod. The belief that the trials we have to endure are appointed by our Saviour's love; that he himself inflicts the chastisement, and inflicts it because he loves us; that he regulates it, and that he sympathizes with and sustains us under it; exerts such a mighty transforming influence on what would otherwise be too painful to be borne; that to no small degree—

"The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food."

Hence the apostles "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his names sake," (Acts v. 41). Hence Paul and Silas sang praises to God amid the midnight darkness, though their feet were fast in the stocks, and their backs smarting with the scourging they had received. Hence not a few have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods for Christ's sake. Hence the early Christians, amidst their fiery trials rejoiced in him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Hence martyrs have triumphantly exulted at the stake. Hence Pearce and others have with heartfelt gladness sung—

"So in darkest dispensations,  
Doth my faithful Lord appear;  
With his richest consolations,  
To reanimate and cheer:  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
Thus to bring my Saviour near."

Love *mitigates* the chastisement. "God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth." "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities."

"His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt."

"He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." This is one (though only one) of the points of contrast between the correction of the saved, and the punishment of the lost. We have many ameliorations of our woe; they have none. The fire into which we are cast may burn fiercely, but the hand of unfailling love administers to us the cooling draught. The storm may be long and fearful, but it is not always equally terrific. Our pains may be excruciating, but still we have moments, perhaps even hours, of ease. And divine love often *permanently* abates the trials which it does not see fit, at present, wholly to remove; for the Chastiser "knows our frame, and remembers that we are but dust."

Love *terminates* the chastisement. "The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever." For he himself has said, "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." And although we are not authorized to expect our trials to cease entirely, so long as we are in the wilderness, it is nevertheless probable that the one by which we are *now* bowed down will be but temporary—perhaps far more transient than we imagine; for often close

"Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face."

And whether it be so or not, it is certain that at no distant day our griefs will altogether and for ever cease.

"Yet a season, and we know,  
Happy entrance will be given;  
All our sorrows left be o'er,  
And earth exchanged for heaven."

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." Therefore cheer up, thou downcast. Thy warfare will soon be accomplished, and "the days of thy mourning will be ended."

Love *sanctifies* the chastisement, and this is beyond all other things the most important. Better that our trials should never cease, better that they should never even be alleviated, than that they should be unsanctified. But if we are beloved by Christ, this will not, cannot be. We are cast into the furnace that our dross and sin may be removed, and our souls refined therein. Our loving Lord afflicts us to make us partakers of his holiness. And notwithstanding our many fears that this end has not been realized in us, and the too abundant reason for these fears, which is presented by our spirit and deportment subsequently to our chastisement, the correction has assuredly not been wholly ineffectual. Pride has been humbled; self-sufficiency and self-conceit shaken, if not suppressed; the world in some measure dethroned from our affections. Christ has been rendered more precious to us, his Word has become sweeter to our taste, a throne of grace more valuable, and heaven more desirable.

"Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet.  
Lay me low and keep me there."

Love *renders the chastisement productive of present and lasting good to ourselves and to others.* Like the soil of Egypt, the soul has in many instances been fertilized by the floods which have deluged it. The fruits of holiness have been thereby produced in greater sweetness and abundance, and the graces of the Spirit exhibited with greater loveliness and consistency. As the fragrant aromatic yields its delicious odour most copiously when bruised, so does the soul of the believer. As the heavy roller which presses down the corn augments its strength and its productiveness, so do the trials we endure. The evidences of our interest in Immanuel's love, are brightened in the furnace. Nor is the utility of the chastisement restricted to ourselves. Christians, ministers of Christ especially, are frequently afflicted, partly that they may be better qualified "to comfort others with the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God." But the advantages accruing from our trials are not found wholly, nor even chiefly, in the present world. They "work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and will assuredly "be found unto praise, and honour and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Then we shall distinctly see that not one has been unnecessary, not one too heavy or too long protracted, and not one in vain. And their beneficial results to others, and as a part of the moral administration of the ever-wise and ever-loving Lord of all, will probably become increasingly apparent to us as long as eternity rolls on.

## ATTACHMENT TO JESUS.\*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILKINS, MINISTER OF WINDSOR STREET CHAPEL,  
BRIGHTON.

"And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where he was laid—."  
MARK XV. 47.

THE attentive reader will often find much which is important, and truly instructive in a purely historical verse, and such a verse we have adopted as a motto for this address. And where is there one to be found, more fully developing the affections of the true, though partially hidden disciples of Christ? Let us try to profit by the simple and unadorned statement, "*And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where he was laid.*"

I. Observe, *here was a special opportunity for showing attachment to Jesus.* In tracing the life of our adorable Redeemer, we discover that his was a chequered existence, abounding with ever varying scenes and circumstances. The best time for ascertaining the sincerity of his disciples' professed affection for him, was not when the city rang with the hosannahs of the multitude, nor when his fame was spreading far and wide, nor when the multitude of the sick and dying were receiving his healing touch; nor was it when the thousands were satisfying their hunger with the miracles of his hand, though even then affection was noticed, and sincerity was discovered by him; but the external circumstances under which they now beheld him, were too agreeable to flesh to afford them the best opportunity for showing genuine regard for him, and unflinching courage in the avowal of their attachment to his cause. No, we must wait for the hosannahs to die away, and be succeeded by the execrations and shoutings of his infuriated enemies. "Hosannah" must give place to "crucify him, away with him," envy must succeed fame, and his miracles be attributed to satanic agency; we must behold his followers become few, and one of them sell him for gain; we must witness the rough soldier's grasp, and hear the taunt as they led him away to Calvary. We must behold the courageous become fearful, and either forsake or deny him; we must see the malice of a Jewish rabble, and behold their utmost hatred satisfied; we must see the God-man yield up his breath, and the faith of many cease; we must see the spectators dwindle away until we come at length to our simple narrative, "*And Mary Magdalene and the other Mary beheld where he was laid.*" As we have said, it was a peculiar season for showing love to Jesus; yet, few ventured to embrace it; some did. Two Galilean women, and one disciple, who till now was afraid to declare himself as such; no doubt he was thankful at that trial of his faith; this brought him to a decision. The flame of love is so ardent, it will burn, and sooner or later its effects will be seen, and peculiar seasons of trial are well adapted to an immediate and decided avowal. If we trace the history of the Church we shall see this illustrated; not when truth is smiled upon by the "powers that be;" not when a profession of the name of Jesus is a necessary qualification to fill worldly offices; not when chapel going is considered rather fashionable than otherwise; not when the means of grace are numerously attended; not when the Church is in its height of prosperity; not when the day is fine, and a walk to the house of God is a matter of recreation; but when every inch of the heavenward course has to be contested, when the followers of the Lamb are everywhere spoken against, when a profession of religion becomes a matter of scoffing and reproach, when the sanctuary becomes unfrequented by the multitude, when the "ways of Zion mourn," when opposition is made to our progress, when the hour of public prayer is neglected for every trifling circumstance; it is then the trial comes. Yet, even then, the proof of attachment is given by some, then a Magdalene, a Mary, and a Joseph will be found true to the last.

\* The substance of this paper was delivered at a prayer meeting on a very wet evening.

II. We here see that *true attachment to the Saviour in the time of trial will bring the comparatively "hidden ones" to light.* It is true, we read that out of Mary Magdalene Christ cast seven devils, but with this exception, neither of her nor the other Mary, do we hear, comparatively, anything, except, indeed, of their manifested attachment to the Saviour in time of his deepest trial. Of Joseph also we hear nothing except in the same way. We could swell the list of such characters, who have been brought to light by their attachment to Jesus in a time trial. We might point our readers to the noble army of martyrs, whose names would not have survived their own age, but for this very thing, but which are now engraven upon the rock in characters which time itself shall not obliterate. Of many we have very brief and simple record, but those records are truly expressive of their love to God and his truth. The case is the same still, true affection brings hidden ones to view. We attend the prayer meeting when the weather is unpropitious, a circumstance calculated to prevent a large number from attending; well, the Peter's and John's may be absent, but others, who would otherwise pass unnoticed, are here. At other times, we attend to the ordinances of God's house, we come to the baptismal pool, and if a record be made of those who are obedient to their Lord's commands, many, whose names are noted among men, are missing; but we shall find a restored Magdalene, an obscure Mary, and a timid Joseph who will come even there and see where the Lord was laid.

III. We observe *the most lasting courage is often to be found in those who are the most silent and unobtrusive.* Surely we had a right to expect to find Peter's name among the list of visitors to the Saviour's tomb. If it had been proposed the night before, who should be at the sepulchre, Peter's name would certainly have been first, John's next, and James' next, &c.; but our bold brother's zeal failed him, and his brethren, like himself, were backward to follow their Lord; but, though talkers left him, there was a silent reserved corps composed of persons who had scarcely ever been heard to speak of the Saviour, whose whole religion consisted in doing quietly all they could for their beloved Lord. Throughout the gospel history we scarcely hear their names, except it be to consult about removing obstacles, expostulating with supposed gardeners about stealing their Lord, or cheering the desponding with the news of the resurrection. We learn their character another way, we see them "ministering to him of their substance," "anointing his feet," following him to the crucifixion, weeping at the cross, attending his burial, purchasing spices, and of being early at the tomb, "whilst it was yet dark." Look at Joseph, we see him opposing the Sanhedrim, consenting not to their decision, bold when all other were disheartened, showing his greatest respect in the trying hour. These are not the marks of boasters, but of silent labourers; these are the persons to be relied upon in the hour of danger, and in the time of trial.

IV. Observe, *circumstances can never be so difficult, but attachment might be shown.* No doubt many turned away from the cross, and said, "We can do no more;" but these women felt persuaded they could give one more expression of their affectionate regard. If they could not save him from the ignominious death, they could share it with him. If they could not bury him, they would see it done by others; if they could minister no longer to his wants, they would show their respect by embalming his body: they determined to do what they could.

Here, my fellow Christians, is an important lesson for all of us. True attachment to Christ can and will be shown by the loving and the true. If you cannot serve Christ with your voice, you can silently and efficiently aid his cause. If you cannot talk for Christ, you can work for Christ. If hosannah be sung, let us rejoice, and should it be reversed, let us, in the strength of the Lord, be steadfast. The love of Jesus changes not; if all should forsake the humble follower, Jesus will not.

"His loving heart is still,  
Unchangeably the same."

May this cheering fact encourage us ever to be bold in his cause, and never to be ashamed to show our love to him ; though we may have but few associates, and our zeal be despised, let us always be found abounding in the work of the Lord ; and if by the grace of Christ we are enabled closely to follow hard after him as these women did, we shall at the last have a similar testimony borne of us as they had. We will not envy the great and the noble : for even now the Saviour is not ashamed to call us brethren, and has said, "He that is not ashamed of me before men, of him will I not be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels."

## A GLANCE AT "THE WILES OF THE DEVIL."

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

"That ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."—EPIHS. vi. 11.

THE purpose of putting on the whole armour of God being to make an effectual stand against "the wiles of the devil," as here stated, those wiles themselves ought to be regarded by us as serious realities.

Nor should we forget that the wily operations of Satan are carried on in two directions, namely—*within*, as when David had the people numbered ; and *without*, as when Job held fast his integrity and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

To recount all our temporal mercies is wise, and to give God thanks for them is the way to preserve them. But if, in this contemplation, we behold, as in dissolving views, heavenly things fade into invisibility, and earthly things grow more and more vivid, our conduct and conversation will become increasingly worldly, and the great enemy, observing this, will direct his tactics accordingly. Thus his wiles affected David, whom God had chosen, and taken from the sheepfold to occupy an eminence from which, in his wiser moments, he said, as recorded in Ps. xx. 7, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses ; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

In an evil hour, however, such confidence in God forsook David, and this was his first downward step. And a downward step is giving place to the devil who never needs asking twice to occupy that place. Thus David, urged on by Satan, caused the people of his realm to be numbered, not by divine command, nor by utility fairly called for, but in the spirit thus inveighed against in Isa. xxxi. 1 : "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help, and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many ; and in horsemen, because they are very strong ; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord !"

Satan cannot force, and therefore David's compliance with the enemy's temptation was David's sin, a sin which caused him bitter anguish, and cost him seventy thousand men, who might otherwise have been the strength of his kingdom.

Few good men can long be safely trusted with unimpaired health, worldly prosperity, and a good name conjointly. But Job was thus trusted without giving place to the devil, who, finding no ingress, had to fight against that patriarch from without. How near Satan can approach God's throne is not for us to say. But we know from Holy Writ, that he cannot inflict evil on any son or daughter of the Most High, without Divine permission, and this permission is as if Satan went into God's presence as the accuser of the brethren, and thus obtained permission to put them into a fiery furnace, his hope being their destruction, and God's design being their coming forth from that furnace as gold seven times purified.

An assassin frequently contents himself with one weapon ; but Satan made use of every weapon he could lay his hands upon. Yea, every gun that

he was permitted to take, he loaded with balls to the very muzzle; and, by way of making his attack on Job as overwhelming as possible, he took care that, though the guns at different distances were fired at different instants, yet that all the balls should reach Job at *one* and the *same* instant. Thus in Job i. 16, we read in reference to the first messenger of evil tidings, "While he was yet speaking, there came also another." And then, in reference to this second messenger, we read in the 17th verse, "While *he* was yet speaking, there came also another." And then, in reference to this third messenger, we read of the heaviest tidings of all brought by a fourth messenger, while the third was "yet speaking." Oh! "how keen the tempter's malice is!"

Satan, however, steady to his purpose, sought additional means for swallowing Job up with overmuch sorrow; and, among these means, was one affliction which seemed well nigh to meet the views of the great enemy. Job had friends who, had they come to him under the influence of that charity which "thinketh no evil," might have been to Job as angels from heaven. But they acted as *Satan's* friends; and, at this point, he who had borne every other trial with exemplary patience, was beheld sinking beneath the waves and billows.

Should such a trial as this ever befall any of us, let it be remembered, that in heaven there are ample mansions richly stored with defensive arms, and with swords, having New-Jerusalem blades. To have recourse in the evil day to the witch of Endor, as Saul, son of Kish, did, or to have recourse to any refuges to which worldly men flee, is to lay ourselves open to the enemy's still worse plots; but, in repairing to the Strong for strength, we either secure the removal of the evil, or else obtain, like Moses, the means of enduring as seeing him who is invisible.

All good men in their turn, have to suffer somewhat as Job did from his friends. But, in such a case, great care must be taken that sensitiveness does not become a little thief, put in at the window to open the door to the great thief. The writer once heard the Rev. Andrew Fuller say from the pulpit, "Never give offence, and be very slow to take offence." And we all know that wherever taking offence degenerates into ill-will, there is no room for the Spirit of God, but a home for him whose wiles have been glanced at.

To quench not the Spirit, however, is the way to quench all the fiery darts of Satan, and to make his wiles against us miss their aim. Even the presence of a holy angel strengthening us keeps Satan at a distance. To an unpractised eye, David's harp driving the evil spirit from Saul, seems like magic. But the secret must have been David's using that instrument of sweet sounds as those did of whom it is said in 1 Chron. xxv. 3, "They prophesied with a harp to give thanks, and to praise the Lord." Thus the son of Jesse converted the interior of Saul's palace into the atmosphere of the third heaven, where the harpers sing celestial anthems delightful to the redeemed, but so unwelcome to lost spirits, as to be adapted to drive far away every fallen angel.

*Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex.*

## STRONG CONSOLATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST, &c."

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—Rom. viii. 37.

How very different are our circumstances from those of the Apostle, when he wrote these words. He speaks of tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, sword; and he had experience of all these terrible things. We are at present exempted from outward persecutions; yet we need the same strong consolation as he did; we cannot do without it, and we are quite welcome to it. It is ours as well as his. Let us, therefore, seek communion with him in his favourite theme. We

know not what dangers we may soon have to pass through or experience; but this we know, that the love of Christ will not change. Separations we must look out for, but from that element of blessedness, the love of Christ, believers never can be separated. This anchor hold will never give way.

But what is the nature of this love? Is there everything in it that we need? Will it find employment for all faculties, satisfaction for all desires, a sphere for all energies, a scope for all hopes, an object for all sympathies? Come and see, come and listen, come taste and handle. Come with every faculty, with every grace, and all shall be filled to overflowing, yet with full delight, and without cloying in the enjoyment. First, listen to divine testimony. Hark, the Father speaks. "Behold my beloved in whom my soul delighteth." "God is LOVE." Then how loving and how lovely must he be in whom the God of love finds infinite delight. Jesus, who knows his own love, thus speaks, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." The Holy Spirit, the glorifier of Jesus, attests that "The love of Christ passeth knowledge." "After you have read what I have written, and felt what I reveal; his love goes beyond even what I have told you, or shed abroad within you."

Shall we seek some illustrations of this love. It is more beautiful than the *light*; he who loves us is the real day-spring from on high." It is more gentle than the *dew*; he who loves us will not break the bruised reed." It is more glorious than the *sun*; he who loves us hath "healing in his wings." It is vaster than the *sea*. Sooner may all the ocean's depths be sounded; its drops counted; and all the wonders of its caverned depths be explored; than the love of the Saviour be fully understood: like the sea, it is the source of all blessing and fruitfulness. But he who holds the waters "in the hollow of his hand," alone can grasp the love which it represents. Will any other figure aid us? There is one mighty principle working throughout all space; a law,

a power, an influence which we call *gravitation*. Unseen, unheard, it acts every moment, and every where; but, though silent to the ear of sense, it talks to the renewed soul of the love of Jesus. That love is the centre and controller of all renewed hearts; the producer of graceful, perpetual motion, and of beautiful and permanent order. Blessed Omnipotent love, which will make millions of beings once "wandering stars;" orbs of beauty rolling in the regions of unbounded space, round himself the central sun of glory, hymning the praises of redeeming love. Eternally then, the "music of the spheres" will be no longer a fable or a figure, but a fact patent to all the universe.

But let us turn from the book of nature to the volume of Revelation. It is fragrant with the name, fame, and love of Jesus. *Facts*, stupendous and eternal, stand before us, all written full of the love of Jesus. Among these vast wonders the Apostle stood, when he uttered these words "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ." "Christ hath died: yea, rather is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." The *cross*, the *grave*; the *throne* of Jesus were before him, and LOVE encircling, filling, crowning all. In love he came to our world, and thus filled up all the distance between God and us. His was condescending love, and met our meanness. It was dying love, and removed our guilt. It was rising love, and broke our chains. It is reigning love, and we defy our foes; "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." It is sympathetic, succouring love, and here is our balm in sorrow, our antidote in temptation, our relief in failure. On these *facts* let us rest, and cease to fear. Glorious doctrines centre in them; rich blessings flow from them; eternal wonders must come after them. Let us seek to "know this love of Christ, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God."

If this love is glorious in our eyes and precious to our hearts, if we admire its wonders, and value its tender-



ness, IT IS OURS—ours in all its virtues, its variety, and vastness. And who shall separate us from it? This would indeed be dreadful. It will be attempted, but cannot succeed. Nothing above, below, or beneath, can separate the loving heart from the Saviour's love. The dew may sooner cease to fall, the day-spring chased back, the sun become darkness, the ocean change into solid marble, or the law that governs the universe be suspended, than he who realises and rejoices in this love be separated from it.

The love that wept on Olivet, that sweat in Gethsemane, that bled on Calvary, that glowed so tenderly by the side of Joseph's empty tomb, and that shines so gloriously in heaven, will not, cannot fail. To the end the Lord loves *his own*. His love will preserve from apostacy, secure perseverance, bring all the scattered ones together, and bind them in one for ever. Love will fulfil its own great prayer, "That they may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. That the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them."

Who will take up this challenge?

Who assign a reason why saints should be separated from the love of Christ? Suffering, in its varied and most fearful forms; temptation, in all its seductive energies; death, clad in all its appalling terrors, have been tried without succeeding. Yea, sin, that most murderous and obscuring thing, that monster which separated angels from their first estate, banished Adam from Paradise, and hid for a time the rays of paternal love from the Saviour's heart—sin shall not separate believers from Jesus' love. He hath "condemned it;" "borne it;" "made an end of it." "There is no condemnation for those who are in him;" and no separation from his love. But oh!

sin be hated, feared, shunned; for may do us much injury, and Christ

much dishonour. It may grieve the Holy Spirit, rob our souls of the solace of his love and the strength which it gives, engender a thousand fears, and lead us to believe Satan slanders rather than God's testimony.

What then should we aim at? To have communion with this love, and derive communications from it. Is this love like the dew, the light, the sun, the sea? Then let us seek to be refreshed, guided, cheered, melted, enriched by it, and swallowed up in it. Let us seek to feel it as a mighty motive power. Towards it let our hearts ever gravitate, and then by it we shall be powerfully influenced. The Apostle realised this, when he exclaimed—"The love of Christ constraineth us." It bears us away by its power; it lifts us up toward heaven in communion; it carries us forward in duty, and through difficulties. We cannot be slothful while we feel it. We cannot be selfish under the consciousness of being loved of Christ. We were doomed and dead; he bore our curse, and died for us; we receive his atonement, and believe God's testimony concerning him; and we live again, live to God, "live unto him who died for us and rose again." This was his end in dying; and this should be our end in living. His was a death of love; ours should be a loving life. "Love one another," he says, "as I have loved you." Bearing, forbearing, helping, comforting; let your love to each other be wise, thoughtful, faithful, tender, lasting. Never forget that I loved you when you were most *unlovely*; and have placed you for a time in a world full of such *unlovely* beings, in order that my love may constrain you to go and do likewise.

"Be ye therefore imitators of God as dear children; and walk in love even as Christ also hath loved us, and given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour."

## GAIN IS NOT GODLINESS.

MEN of the world have often aimed to unite an idolatry of wealth with an appearance of piety, but with small success, as Jesus has said, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Our age is not an age of formalism, though in some branches of the church there is a strong tendency to substitute ritualism for true devotion; and in this age of worldliness, when the riches and fashions of the world are imperceptibly creeping into the church; and sapping the very foundations of piety, grows self-assured, and comes to deem itself almighty and self-sufficient. As we go on making the earth more convenient, there is less of desire after that other heritage, lying all glorious and serene beyond it. Ships, factories, railways, mills, aqueducts, instead of being made the consecrated instruments of a holier society, may be only the boasted badges of a richer one, and beget a shallow and ungodly independence. In the piety now fashionable, we miss, how often! the simple, childlike character, that waits every hour for the beckoning hand of God. In the sanctuary, even, the preaching encroaches upon the prayers, and wins the livelier interest. At our business, the swift eagerness of motion puts life at awful hazards; the great channels of public travel, planting and peopling graveyards at every bend of the road. All is persistent will, valiant energy, pushing and victorious worldliness. How little of meek, spiritual communion with the everlasting Lord! How little dependence on the Spirit! How little of that deeper meditation which sees that, without religion, all this fretting action will be but a noisy ruin after all, and that without Christ it can do nothing! We are impatient for results. We measure the spiritual life by the wealth or size of congregations, and the ostentation of philanthropy. We are willing to pay liberal prices for that piety which yields a handsome return of self-complacency. No sooner does some church get a little faith, than instead of modestly crying, "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief!" it goes about to challenge admiration, and expects applause.

It hardly needs an argument to satisfy any thoughtful Christian, that the active forces of our time are working in a direction that is very liable to drift men's thoughts and affections away from this humble upward-looking faith and religious submission. The very enterprise that builds the gorgeous structure of our civilization, threatens to undermine the vastly more needful shelter of the Church; because, by so many triumphs over the resistance of matter, the brain sets up a competition with its neighbours, too sure evidence that what it got was not faith. The old Puritan habit of connecting every change in place, or venture in business, with God's providence, and hallowing it by a prayer, has gone into disuetude. Commerce crowds upon the closet. The school-house gets jealous and impatient of the Bible. An upstart learning, idolizing knowledge, but only half wise, screams its smart sneers at the revelation which will be true after it is dead, as it was before it was born. The sin of the brain has always been audacity, and the hardest and least relenting of all unbeliefs is that of a bitter unrelenting pride. In the Hebrew allegory, the fallen angels of *Love* regained the celestial light, because they confessed their weakness, and crept back, through the dark, dependently begging to find again what they had lost. But the fallen angels of *Knowledge*, confident in their vain boast of self-emanating lustre, plunged obstinately on, till they sunk, obscure and lost for ever, into the pit. "WITHOUT ME,"—it needs to be written out all over our manufactories, work-shops, school-houses, warehouses, and wharves, and banks, and barns, and starting-points of travel, and ships' decks, and places of amusement; it needs to be brought into the souls, and so into the labour and life of the people. "WITHOUT ME—without the principles of my religion, without the purity and justice, and charity of the beatitudes, without faith in my person, without the spirit of my life and the sacrifice of my principles, "YE CAN DO NOTHING."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## LYRICS OF THE HEART.—No. I.

BY REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF JESUS."

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

'Mid changing scenes—the sorrows of the mind,  
Life's surging waves of trouble and unrest,  
How sweet in Christ a resting-place to find—  
A solace for the cares that rack the pilgrim's breast.

Here Zion's safety and salvation stand,  
One with the Head who ever lives "the same";

Exalted lives, though once a suffering man,  
He walked this earth and bore her sin and shame.

And this is thine, afflicted, tempted soul,  
As thou o'er life's rough path dost walk and weep;  
Though waves of sorrow o'er thee ceaseless roll,  
He is "the same" to succour and to keep.

'Mid one vast scene of ruin and decay,  
Firm as a rock this truth has ever stood;  
Sin's spreading gangrene now must loose its prey,  
Its deadly influence drowned in Jesus' blood.

And when responsive to the archangel's blast,  
Earth with its cares and crimes shall cease to be,  
Here safely housed, and every danger past,  
This truth confirmed each waiting heart shall see.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*What is Negative Theology, and who are its Abettors*, or, *Silent Long* weighed in the *Balances of the Sanctuary*, &c. By the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A. Pp. 76. Third edition. London: W. H. Collingridge.

This is another racy pamphlet, by Mr. Brewin Grant, on the *livid* controversy. The unsoundness of Mr. Lynch in reference to vital and fundamental truth, is here most ably exposed. We sincerely desire that all parties who have publicly endorsed the man and his theology, may see and acknowledge the evil they have done, we think unwittingly, to the cause of evangelical truth, but in which hitherto they have been most obstinately persistent. We are glad to find from the "British Standard," that the Congregational Union at their recent gathering, have most decidedly pronounced against "Negative Theology." From the tone and temper displayed on the occasion, by the Rev. T. Binney, and some few others of the protestors, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion respecting the part these gentlemen have taken in this "important controversy," than, that having, without due consideration, committed themselves to the questionable Theology of the "Rivulet," their subsequent persistence has been more of a personal character, than that there has been any serious departure by them from the orthodoxy of Owen, Howe, Doddridge, and others.

*Calvin's Calvinism*. A treatise on the eternal Predestination of God. By John Calvin, translated by Henry Cole, D.D. Pp. 192. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

We think with Dr. Cole, that no servant of Christ, since the apostles days, has been more grossly misrepresented, or more maliciously maligned than the faithful, fear-

less erudite Genevan reformer. The present treatise has never before been translated into English, and is the only production of Calvin, which he devoted expressly, exclusively, and purposely to the exposition and defence of the sublime doctrines of electing predestinating and persevering grace, and as such they are signally interesting and valuable.

*Mr. Spurgeon Defended*, being a series of articles from the "British Banner." By the Rev. John Campbell, D.D. Pp. 20. London: Alabaster, Passmore, & J. Paul.

*The Broken Sermon*, and the threefold Verdict of the Jury, the Press and the Divine Word, on the painful calamity in the Surrey Gardens, comprehending a faithful record of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. Pp. 32. London: Partridge & Co.

These pamphlets relating to the Surrey Gardens' catastrophe, will furnish the public generally with a true and faithful account of an event, which, though most distressing in its fatal results, has increased the popularity and usefulness of the eloquent pastor of New Park Street ten-fold. We have no doubt that this mysterious and painful providence, will issue in the salvation of hundreds of immortal souls. Dr. Campbell's pamphlet bears most honourable testimony to the distinguished Preacher, and to his oratory, whom tens of thousands rush to hear on successive Sabbath mornings, among whom may be mentioned the Lord Chief Justice of England; the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of London, distinguished statesmen and eminent functionaries, who have thus been brought under the faithful preaching of the Gospel.

*Try a Book for Boys*, by Old Jonathan. pp. 120. London: W. H. Collingridge. This book, printed at the Bonmahon Industrial School, is admirably adapted for boys from ten to fourteen years. It abounds with pleasing incidents, and is well calculated to nurture the cultivation of decision of mind and purpose in the acquirement of useful knowledge. Arthur and John, the heroes of the tale, will be found safe models for imitation to many a youthful reader. We doubt not the book will become a general favourite. It has numerous engravings, and is got up with considerable taste and elegance.

*Sacred Musings, or Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage*. By Septimus Sears. Fcp., pp. 180. Cloth, gilt edges. A collection of hymn-poetry, deeply experimental, and of a high toned spirituality. It is of the same class as its general features and poetic excellence, as the compositions of Hart and Kent, and may be used with advantage at social prayer meetings, and in the retirement of the closet.

*Golden Counsels*—The Young Christian's Remembrancer. Selections from the Rev. H. Melvill's Golden Lectures. By the Author of "Pietas Privata." London: J. F. Shaw, 27, Southampton Row.

A sanctified intellect here drops copiously the honey of its matured experience for the especial benefit of the young. Here are golden counsels in golden sentences; and heavenly wisdom seeks to gain the attention of youth by pleasant and instructive words. Our hopes, that it will prove a great blessing to the interesting class for whom it is intended. The book contains a beautiful portrait of the eloquent preacher. W. F. B.

*The Comforter, or Joy in the Holy Ghost*. A Word for the Restless. London: Nisbet & Co.

This elegant little volume is full of original and striking thoughts. It will amply repay a thoughtful perusal.

*The Preacher*. Christ and his Church. By Mr. A. Triggs. Plymouth: W. B. Triggs. Two sermons from Sol. Song i. 7, in Mr. Arthur Triggs, usual savoury style.

*The Shame and Glory of the American Baptists, or Slaveholders versus Abolitionists*. By the Rev. Edward Mathews. Bristol: T. Mathews.

A pamphlet, showing how the Baptists in America support slavery, an abomination in the sight of God and man. We heartily sympathise with Mr. Mathews, who says, "A slaveholding religion is none of Christ's."

*It is Written*: a Monthly Magazine for the dissemination of the Truth of God. London: Book Society.

*The Young Men's Magazine*. London: Book Society.

These new candidates for the approval and support of the Christian public possess considerable merit.

*The Embroidery Alphabet Simple Book*. London: Groombridge & Sons.

It contains hundreds of designs, figures, letters, &c., and if we had our will, it should be put in the hands of every good little girl in the Queen's dominions.

*Ought Mr. Spurgeon to continue to preach at the Surrey Gardens?* By Joseph Flory, Baptist Minister. London: Houlston. Most certainly, we answer, and so have the tens of thousands of all classes of the community who have heard him there; and so Mr. Flory has satisfactorily shown in these animadversions on an article which appeared in the Christian Cabinet.

*The Discussion at Cambridge*, on the question, "Is there no Salvation without Baptism?" Between the Rev. Joseph Flory, Baptist Minister, Somersham, Hunts, and Elder Edward Harding, a Mormonite, in the public room, Corn Exchange. London: Houlston & Co.

We understand Mr. Flory was to some extent forced into this controversy, and has been urged to print an accurate report of the discussion, in conducting which, we need scarcely say, he appears to great advantage over his willingly deluded opponent.

*Who is Right, and Who Wrong?* Correspondence between the Rev. Thomas Binney, and Mr. James Grant (of the Morning Advertiser.) On New Aspects of the Controversy on important Theological questions, including Mr. Grant's "suppressed" rejoinder to Mr. Binney. 8vo. Pp. 46. London: W. H. Collingridge.

Whoever reads this pamphlet carefully, and without partiality or prejudice, will not find any difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that Mr. Binney's conduct throughout this controversy has been altogether wrong; wrong in signing the protest, and wrong throughout the whole unhappy affair. He has blundered, haggled, and blustered, until it has been absolutely painful to behold one so eminently gifted and occupying a position of most commanding influence, reduced to such pitiful expedients as are here both fairly and fully exposed. Alas! "how are the mighty fallen." If Mr. Grant had been less of a Christian, he might have rejoiced at the moral victory he has gained in this memorable conflict. But he speaks more in tones of sorrow than of triumph. While he cannot but be conscious of having made out his case against Mr. B. and his co-protestors, most completely and triumphantly, both as to the *theological* and *personal* aspects of the controversy, yet he preserves a calm and dignified demeanour. Happy would it have been for his opponents if, at the recent gathering of the congregational union, they had conducted themselves with similar propriety, instead of losing all self-respect and control of their feelings, as was but too evident to all present. With regard to the part taken in this controversy by the Editor of the *Nonconformist*, there can be but one opinion. Conduct more disingenuous and dastardly than that displayed by him on this occasion, we never before heard of or witnessed. The columns of the *Nonconformist*

were thrown open to receive attacks upon Mr. Grant and Dr. Campbell, but closed against communications forwarded in their defence. But we take special exception to the unfair treatment of Mr. Grant's own correspondence with the editor of the Nonconformist, one portion of which was suppressed, and another entirely rejected, although it was a rejoinder to a previous communication of Mr. B., and demanded an immediate answer: this, when forwarded, was refused insertion in the columns of the pseudo liberal journal, a procedure altogether without parallel, except it be its own gross violation of journalistic proprieties, in its recent treatment of Mr. Brewin Grant. We can account for this departure from the ordinary usages of editorial etiquette, only from the too obvious leaning of its talented

editor towards a negative theology. In closing all reference in our pages to the "Rivulet Controversy," we most earnestly advise all our readers who are desirous of ascertaining "who is right and who wrong;" to procure this pamphlet and judge for themselves. It will give them a better idea of the real character and merits of the controversy, than all that has been written upon it. Justice to all parties especially demands that this be done, before any reply is given to the interrogatory upon its title-page.

*The Second Volume of the New Park Street Pulpit*, embellished with a new Portrait of Mr. Spurgeon, has just come to hand, but too late for notice in the present number of the "Messenger."

## CHIT-CHAT CONCERNING THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

*From the Nonconformist.*

Mr. Spurgeon's popularity does not seem to be at all on the wane. Lord Mayors and Lord's Chief Justices, jostling journeymen carpenters in the same religious assembly; peers and peasants listening to the Word of Life from the same lips, and joining in the same chorus of praise, to the tune of the glorious Old Hundredth which rises from eight or ten thousand voices, present a novel and instructive spectacle, however the phenomenon may be explained. What may have been the Premier's motives for taking a ticket for the Surrey Gardens Music Hall last Sunday, of which, however, his old enemy the gout prevented him from availing himself, it is not for us to conjecture. It may be hoped that it was something beyond mere curiosity. At all events, the Cabinet is committed, and it is not easy to see how it could now consistently advise the Crown to withhold from the Dissenting divine the sanction of its presence, at least, in a quiet and unostentatious way. Old George the Third, when at Windsor, used now and then to slip in *incog.* amongst the congregation of that excellent Nonconformist minister, the father of the present Dr. Redford; and, in due time, we daresay, amongst the thousands of female head-dresses at the Music Hall, a modest little bonnet will find its way, beneath which will be the evidence of the Royal countenance afforded, in spite it may be of mitred protests, to the uncanonical ministrations which have taken such a hold of the laies.

With such patronage in enjoyment and in prospect, the article in the current number of the *National Review* on "Mr. Spurgeon and his Popularity," may be perused by the subject of it without any serious augmentation of the peril to which he is certainly not a little exposed, of having his head turned by the homage paid to his success. That he will read it, the essayist seems scarcely to hope. For our own part, we think nothing is likelier, and we can honestly add, although far from sympathizing with much of its general drift, that the young Baptist Boanerges may con its pages with considerable advantage both to himself and his mul-

titudinous hearers. The writer, as was of course to be expected, repudiates Mr. Spurgeon's very pronounced Calvinism; and yet, singularly enough, it is precisely to this feature of his preaching that he attributes its strong grip of the masses.

"Mr. Spurgeon's style," he says, "appears to us quaint and grotesque, with a strong dash of genuine humour. He is obviously to the last degree vivacious and susceptible. There is nothing vulgar, for example, in the following, through it is as grotesque as a gargoyle. 'Oh, may God awaken us all, and stir us up to pray; for when we pray we shall be victorious. I should like to take you this morning, as Samson did the foxes, tie the firebrands of prayer to you, and send you in among the shocks of corn till you burn the whole up.' The following has a sort of rough energy and force of conviction which is not unlike many of the stories told of Luther and his conflicts with the devil:—'A poor tried countryman said the other day, I have been troubled with that old devil lately, and I could not get rid of him for a long while; until at last, after he had been adding up all my sins, and bringing them all before my remembrance, I said to him, You rascal you, did I not transfer all my business to Jesus Christ long ago, bad debts and all? What business have you to bring them here? I laid them all on Christ; go and tell my Master about them. Don't come troubling me. Well, I thought that was not so bad. It was pretty rough, but it was gloriously true.' A man who had always considered his sins as so many debts in the strict sense of the word, and whose mind is habitually occupied with small business transactions, shows a very forcible and genuine conviction by this kind of language. In fact, if his language is to be genuine and striking at all, it must be taken from the subjects which are familiar to him. To say, 'You rascal, don't trouble me; you must speak to my Master,' is a phrase which has, at any rate a positive, definite, meaning. A man who should say on a similar occasion, 'I dwelt on the all-sufficient sacrifice,' or 'I rejoiced in the blessed blood which clean-

aeth from all sin, would speak, in our opinion, far less sincerely and far less reverently. The one man believes in a real Master, a real legal obligation, a real devil in the likeness of a harsh creditor, and a discharge such as he could plead in the county court: and the other, in a great proportion of cases, only expresses an indefinite feeling in conventional language. The common feelings which form the lasting bonds of human society are generally definite in proportion to their strength. Conjugal and family love, friendship, a sense of duty, a sense of honour, may be described in the very simplest language; and the fact that it is usually considered reverent to speak of God, Christ, heaven, hell, the devil, and the feelings which they excite, in an obscure and indefinite manner, has always appeared to us one of the strongest proofs of the prevalence amongst us of an unacknowledged scepticism.

To speak of such matters very seldom and very plainly, would seem to be the course pointed out both by reverence and common sense; but if we must choose between the two, we do not know whether it is not less bad to handle spiritual truths as you would handle a bullock, than to handle them as you would handle a mist. No Italian friar was ever more perfectly at home in the legends of the saints, than Mr. Spurgeon is in what he calls the three R's—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration." We are not a little surprised that the writer, who is far from blind to Mr. Spurgeon's good points, says nothing about his fine voice, and his amazingly fertile fancy. It is only fair to add that the reviewer, whilst evidently really anxious to be candid towards Calvinism, has by no means steered clear of the common fault of caricaturing its principles.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Manchester, Grosvenor St.*—The Rev. A. Mursell, of Bristol College, has entered upon the pastorate of this Church.

*Barnsly, Yorks.*—The Rev. G. B. Wilson, has resigned the pastorate.

*Shiffnall, Shropshire.*—The Rev. J. Ewence, from Bagland, Monmouthshire.

*Bagland.*—The Rev. J. Lewis, from Usk, in the same county.

*Ramsay, Hunts.*—Mr. W. Best, B.A., has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place.

*Stogumber.*—The Rev. J. Mills, from Kidderminster.

*Raunds, Northamptonshire.*—Mr. Abbott, late of Over, Cambs., has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place.

*London, Soho Baptist Chapel, Oxford St.*—The Rev. David Irish, from Warboys, Cambs, has engaged to supply the pulpit for three months, with a view to the pastorate.

### MINISTERIAL RECOGNITIONS.

*Worcester.*—The Rev. W. Crowe, terminates his pastoral engagements in June next.

*Beaumaris.*—The Rev. Shem Morgan, on account of ill health.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

*Cymmer, Glamorganshire,* Dec. 31, and two following days. Services were held in Salem Port, in order to recognize the settlement of the Rev. D. Evans, of Pontypool College. On the first evening, sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. N. Thomas, of Cardiff, from John xv. 10; and D. Jones, of Tongwylas, from Luke xxiv. 52, 53; and on the following day, by D. Davies, of Cowbridge, on the nature of a Gospel Church; and after the recognition prayer, Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool College, delivered the charge, J. Richards, of Pontypridd, preached from 1 Cor. xvi. 10; and during these services other sermons were preached by the Revs. D. Roberts, of Merthyr, Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, and N. Thomas, of Cardiff.

*Aberdare,* Jan. 18, 19.—Of the Rev. C. Griffiths, on which occasion sermons were preached on the 18th, by the Revs. J. Rowland, Cwnavon, T. Price, Aberdare, C.

Phillips, late of Pontypool, R. Hughes, E. Davies, Button. On the following day the Rev. J. Morgan, of Llanelly, stated the nature of a Church, and offered the recognition prayer with laying on of hands, and three brethren were set apart to the office of deacon. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool delivered the charge to the minister, the Rev. J. James of Merthyr, preached to the church, and the Rev. N. Thomas, to the newly appointed deacons. Dr. Thomas preached in English, and three other sermons were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Morgan (Llanelly), Thomas (Cardiff), and Jones (Merthyr).

### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

*Mearls Court, Dean St. Soho,* Feb. 3.—A tea meeting, and afterwards a public meeting, will (D.V.) be held at Salem Chapel, to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. John Bloomfield. Brethren Collins, of Grundisburgh, Foreman, Field, Milner, Jones, of Blackheath; Ball, of Wandsworth, and other ministers are expected to attend and take part in the meeting.

*Dartford, Zion Chapel,*—On Monday, Feb. 16, this church and congregation, will D.V., hold a public tea meeting at 5 o'clock, after which a sermon will be preached by the Rev. John Foreman, of London. Service to commence at half-past six o'clock.

### SPECIAL SERVICES.

*Midway Place Chapel, Lower Road, Deptford.*—"Extinction of Chapel Debt."—This place of worship having been considerably altered and thoroughly repaired in the spring of last year, the friends determined, at the suggestion of their pastor, the Rev. Robert Reanhold Finch, to clear off the debt before the close of the year, and accordingly met together to take tea in the school-room, at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, December 31st, 1856. A large company was convened to tea, after which the friends brought in the various amounts they had collected by means of collecting cards; and the pastor had the pleasure of announcing to the meeting, that they were now entirely free from debt, and should enter upon the New Year by giving practical expression to the gratitude they all

felt, by enlarged schemes for usefulness among the rapidly increasing population by whom they were surrounded. At ten o'clock the friends adjourned to the chapel, and a most interesting Thanksgiving Service occupied the last two hours of the year, when suitable addresses were delivered by the minister of the place, and by the Rev. T. Muscutt, of Commercial Dock Chapel, the congregation commencing the new year by singing the hymn, "I my Ebenezer raise."

## BAPTISMS.

*Aberdare*, Nov. 23.—Sixteen in the river Cymnon, in the presence of several thousand persons, by Mr. Price.

*Birmingham*, Bond St., Dec. 7.—Eight by Mr. New.

—, *Hope St.*, Nov. 30.—Seven by Mr. Griffiths.

*Caer-marthen Tubernacle*, Oct. 12.—Twenty-three, and Nov. 9, eleven, by Mr. Jones.

—, *Priory St. Chapel*, Oct. 27.—

Sixteen by Mr. H. W. Jones.

*Dartford*, Kent, Dec. 1.—Three at Sutton-at-Hone, by Mr. Hall.

*Heolyfein*, Nov. 16.—Six by Mr. Evans.

*Holyhead*, Dec. 7.—Aft r a sermon by Mr. Jones, of Llanberis, and an address by Mr. Thomas, of Fabor, eight by Mr. Morgan.

*Kingston-on-Thames*, Dec. 28.—Nine by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

*Liverpool*, *Great Crossail St.*, Nov. 30.—

Two by Mr. B. Thomas.

*London*, *Spencer Place*, *Goswell Road*.—

Jan. 7.—Six by Mr. Cooke.

—, *Church St.*, *Blackfriars*.—Jan. 25.—

Ten by Mr. Barker.

—, *New Park St.* Seventeen by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, *Mount Zion*, *Hill St.*, *Dorset Sq.*.—

Dec. 28, five, by Mr. Foreman.

—, *Islington*, *Cross St.*, Dec. 31.—Nine by Mr. Thomas.

*Louth*, *Lincoln*.—Dec. 18.—Two by Mr. Kiddall

*Manchester*, *York St*, Dec. 14.—One.

*Middleton Cheney*, *Northampton*.—Nov. 2. Seven.

*Netherton*, near *Beadly*, Jan. 4.—Two by the Rev. J. Ewence.

*Newark*, Dec. 28.—Seven by Mr. Baily.

*Pill*, *Somersetshire*, Dec. 7.—Six by Mr. Lee.

*Portsea*, *Kent St.*, Dec. 3.—Two by Mr. Davies.

*Raunds*, *Northamptonshire*, Oct. 19.—One, and Sept. 21, one by Mr. Abbott.

*Risca*, *Monmouthshire*. The notice of recent Baptisms has by some means got mislaid.

*Southsea*, *Portsea*, *Ebenezer Chapel*, Dec. 4.—

Ten by Mr. E. Davis.

*Taunton*, *Somerset*, Dec. 7.—Two.

*Poplar*, Jan. 25.—Three by Mr. Preece.

*Uxbridge*, Dec. 27.—Five by Mr. Lowden.

*Crewe*, *Cheshire*, Dec. 28.—Two by Mr. Reach.

*Red Hill*, *Surrey*.—The Church formed here in Oct., 1855, have reason to bless God for his goodness in adding to their number five persons during the past year (two by baptism) and that they are favoured with peace and union, and an earnest desire that others may be brought to know and feel the power of the Gospel, and not be slow openly to witness the same, in this lukewarm day of indecision and compromise.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

*Rotherham*, *Yorks*, Jan. 8.—The members of the Bible class presented the Rev. Joseph Ashmead, with a valuable gold pencil-case, as a mark of their grateful esteem.

*Fynsford*, *Kent*, Jan. 1.—The New Year's Annual Tea Meeting was held, when our pastor, the Rev. J. Whittemore, was presented with a purse of gold—ten sovereigns—by the members of the church and congregation, as a token of their affectionate regard. Suitable addresses were delivered by the pastor, the deacons, and members of the church, and other friends belonging to another denomination of Christians.

*Frome*, *Somerset*, Dec. 18.—A crowded meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Badcox Lane, to take leave of the Rev. O. J. Middleitch, whose acceptance of the Secretariat of the Baptist Irish Society, has necessitated his removal to London, when Mr. M. was presented with a purse of £55, a silver salver, and a copy of the Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; and Mrs. M. was presented with a beautiful vase, and a copy of Mrs. Winslow's Memoirs. Addresses were delivered by ministers and gentlemen of all religious denominations.

## DEATH.

Paine, the Rev. W., late pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Leighton Buzzard, Dec. 15, aged 60 years.

Williams, the Rev. John, Baptist minister of Rhos and Penycæ, Denbighshire, one of the most renowned biblical scholars of Wales, Nov. 15, 1856, in the fiftieth year of his age. When a mere lad Mr. W. displayed great mental powers, and unaided, made rapid acquisitions in the classics. This soon awakened the interest of some of the wealthy of his neighbourhood in his favour, who sent him to the Church School at Tamworth, intending to bring him up for the ministry of the establishment. When he left this school, to the great disappointment of his patrons, he adopted the views of the Nonconformists, and joined the Baptist denomination. He was soon called to the ministry, and served successively the churches at Llansilin, Rhos, and Newtown, Montgomeryshire. He remained about thirteen years at the last place, where he laboured in the pastorate with great assiduity, and in addition to his ministerial labours, made a new translation of the New Testament from Greek into Welsh, which no doubt will prove very useful to the people, in proportion as its value is appreciated, and which is favourably referred to by the American Bible Union. At the recommendation of his medical adviser, he resigned his charge at Newtown about four years ago, and became the pastor of the small churches at Penycæ and Rhos, where his health for a time greatly improved; his health again soon declined, and for the last nine months he was continually under medical treatment. At last he fell asleep in Jesus; his end was peace. There were upwards of six hundred persons at his funeral, which took place on Wednesday, the 18th of November. The Revs. D. Evans, R. Ellis, H. W. Hughes, and W. Roberts, officiated on the solemn occasion. Mr. Williams has left a widow and four children to mourn his loss, and entirely unprovided for. Efforts are being made to aid them, for which purpose contributions will be received by the Rev. Hugh Jones, Rothin, Denbighshire.

## THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

*Minister of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.*

"Oh that I knew where I might find him."—JOB xxiii. 3.

WE will say nothing at this time concerning Job—we will leave the Patriarch out of the question, and take these words as the exclamation forced from the aching heart of a sinner, when he finds that he is lost on account of sin, and can only be saved by Christ. "Oh that I knew where I might find him,"—"my Saviour—that I might be saved by his love and blood!" There are some who tell us, that a man can, if he pleases, in one moment obtain peace with God and joy in the Holy Ghost. Such persons may know something of religion in their own hearts; but I think they are not competent to be judges of others. God may have given them some peace through believing, and brought them immediately into a state of joy; he may have given them some repentance for sin, and then given them quickly to rejoice in Jesus; but I believe that, in many more cases, God begins by breaking the iron heart in pieces, and often makes a delay of days, of weeks, and of months, before he heals the heart which he has wounded, and gives life to the spirit which he has killed. Many of God's people have been, even for years seeking peace and finding none; they have known their sins, they have been permitted to feel their guilt, and yet, notwithstanding that they have sought earnestly with tears, they have not attained to a knowledge of their justification by faith in Christ. Such was the case with John Bunyan; for many a dreary month he walked the earth desolate, and said he knew himself to be lost without Christ; on his bended knees, with tears pouring like showers from his eyes, he sought mercy, but he found none. Terrible words haunted him continually; dreadful passages of Scripture were quoted in his ears; and he found no consolation, until afterwards God was pleased to appear unto him in all the plenitude of grace, and give him to cast himself on the Saviour.

I think there may be some here, who have been for some time under the hand of God—some who have been brought so far towards heaven as to know this, that they are undone, unless Christ shall save them. I may be addressing some who have begun to pray; many a time the walls of their chamber have listened to their supplication; not once, nor twice, nor fifty times, but very often have they bent their knee in agonising prayer: and yet up to this moment, so far as their own feelings are concerned, their prayers are unanswered, Christ has not smiled upon them, they have not received the application of his precious blood, and mayhap they are saying at this hour, "I am ready to give up all in despair; he said he would receive all that came to him, and he has apparently rejected me." Take heart, O mourner! I have a sweet message to thee; and I pray the Lord that thou mayest find Christ on the spot where thou art now standing or sitting, and rejoice in a pardon bought with blood.

I shall now proceed to consider the case of a man who is awakened, who is seeking Christ, but who at present has not, in his own apprehension, found him. First, I shall notice *some hopeful signs in this man's case*; Secondly, I shall try to give *some reasons why it is that a gracious God delays an answer to prayer in the case of penitent sinners*; and then, thirdly, I shall close up by giving *some brief and suitable advice to those who have been seeking Christ, but have up to the present time found it a hopeless search*.

I. First then I notice, **THERE ARE SOME VERY HOPEFUL SIGNS IN THE CASE OF THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN SEEKING CHRIST, THOUGH HE MAY NOT HAVE FOUND HIM.**

And taking the text for a ground-word, we notice as one hopeful sign, *that the man has only one object, and that is Christ*. "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" The worldling's cry is, "Who will show us any good; this good,



that good, or any other good—fifty kinds of good: who will show us these?" But the quickened sinner knows of only one good. "Oh that I knew where I might find HIM!" When the sinner is truly awakened to feel his guilt, if you could pour the gold of India at his feet, he would say, "Take it away: I want to find HIM." If you could then give him all the joys and delights of the flesh, he would tell you he had tried all these, and they but cloyed upon his appetite. His only cry is, "Oh that I knew where I might find HIM!"

"These will never satisfy;  
Give me Christ or else I die."

It is a blessed thing for a man, when he has brought his desires into a focus. When a man has fifty different desires, his heart resembles a pool of water, which is spread over a marsh, breeding miasma and pestilence; but when all his desires are brought into one channel, his heart becomes like a river of pure water, running along and fertilising the fields. Happy is the man who hath one desire, if that one desire is set on Christ, though it may not yet have been realised. If it be his desire, it is a blessed sign of the divine work within him. Such a man will never be content with mere ordinances. Other men will go up to God's house, and when they have heard the sermon, they will be satisfied; but not so this man; he will say, "Oh that I knew where I might find HIM!" His neighbour who hears the sermon will be satisfied; but this man will say, "I want more than that; I want to find Christ in it." Another man will go to the sacramental table; he will eat the bread and drink the wine, and that will be enough for him; he will be contented with it. But the quickened sinner will say, "No bread, no wine, will satisfy me; I want Christ; I must have him; mere ordinances are of no use to me; I want not the Saviour's clothes, I want himself; do not offer me these; you offer me the empty pitcher, while I am dying of thirst; give me water, water, or I die. It is this I want." As we have it here in the text, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!"

Is this thy condition, my friend, at this moment? Hast thou but one desire, and is that after Christ? Then, as the Lord liveth, thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven. Hast thou but one wish in thy heart, and that one wish that thou mayest be washed from all thy sins in Jesus' blood? Canst thou really say, "I would give all I have to be a Christian; I would give up everything I have and hope for, if I might but feel that I have an interest in the person and death of Christ"? Then, poor soul, despite all thy fears, be of good cheer; the Lord loveth thee, and thou shalt come out into daylight soon, and rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free.

There is another hopeful sign; not only that the man has only one desire, but that it is *an intense one*. Hear the text again! "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" There is an "oh" here: there is an intensity of desire. There are some men who are mighty religious; but their religion is never more than skin deep only, it never goes into their heart; they can talk it finely, but they never feel it; it does not well up from the heart, and that is a bad spring that only comes from the lip; it is the true spring from the inmost heart of man that can send forth living water. But this character is no hypocrite: he means what he says. Other men will say, "Yes, I should like to be a Christian; I should like to be pardoned; I should like to be forgiven." And so they would; but they would like to go on in sin too. They would like to be saved; yes, but they would like to live in sin; they would like to hold with the hare and run with the hounds. They have no desire whatever to give up their sins. They would like to be pardoned for all their past transgressions, and then go on just the same as before. Their wish is of no use, because it is so superficial. But when the sinner is really quickened, there is nothing superficial in him then. It is—"Oh that I knew where I might find him!"—coming from his very heart. Art thou in that position, my friend? Is thy sigh a real one? Is thy groan no mere fancy, but a real groan from the heart? Is that tear which steals down thy cheek a real

tear, which comes from the grief of thy spirit? I think I hear you saying, "Sir, if you knew me, you would not ask me that question, for my friends say I am miserable day after day, and so indeed I am. I go to my chamber there, in the lean-to, at the top of the house, and often do I cry to God; ay, sir, I cry in such a style, I would not have any one hear me; I cry with groans and tears, that I may be brought near to God; I do mean what I say." Then, beloved, thou shalt be saved; so sure as it is a real emotion of thy heart, God will not let thee perish. Never was there a sinner whose inmost heart cried to God, who was not loved of God; never was there one who desired with all his might to be saved, and whose soul groaned out that desire in hearty prayer, who was cast away. His mercy may tarry, but it *shall* come. Pray on still; he will hear thee at last, and thou shalt yet "rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

But notice again, that in the text there is *an admission of ignorance*, which is also a very hopeful sign. "Oh that I *knew!*" Many people think they know everything, and consequently know nothing. I think it is Seneca who says, "Many a man would have been a wise man, if he had not thought himself so; if he had but known himself to have been a fool, he would have become wise." The doorstep to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance. He cannot learn aright who has not first been taught that he knows nothing. A sense of ignorance is a very excellent sign of grace. It is a singular thing, that every man thinks himself qualified to be a doctor of divinity; a man who knows nothing of any other science, thinks he must understand this perfectly; and, alas! alas! for those who think they know so much about God's things, and have never been taught of God! Man's school is not God's school. A man may go to all the Colleges in creation, and know as little of theology when he comes out as when he went into them. It is a good thing for a man to feel that he is only beginning to learn, and to be willing to submit his heart to the teaching of God's Spirit, that he may be guided in everything by him. He that knoweth everything need not think himself a Christian; he that boasteth that he can understand all mysteries needeth to fear. But the quickened soul says, "Teach thou me." We become little children when God begins to deal with us. Before, we were big, tall men and women, and so wise; but when he begins to deal with us, he cuts us down to the stature of children, and we are put on the form of humility, to learn the true lessons of wisdom, and then we are taught the great things of God. Happy art thou, O man, if thou knowest thyself to know nothing. If God hath emptied thee of thy carnal wisdom, he will fill thee with heavenly; if he hath taught thee thine ignorance, he will teach thee his wisdom, and bring thee to himself; and if thou art taught to reject all thy knowings and findings-out, God will certainly reveal himself to thee.

There is one more hopeful sign in my text that I must mention. It is this: that the person I have spoken of is *quite careless where it is he finds Christ, so that he does find him*. Do you know, beloved, that people when they feel their sins, are the worst people in the world to stick up for sects? Other men can fight with broad-swords against their fellow-creatures; but a poor awakened sinner says, "Lord, I will meet thee anywhere." When we are whole-hearted, and have never felt our sins, we are the most respectable religionists in the world; we venerate every nail in the church door, and every word in the Book, and think so much of it, that we would not have any one differ from us—we would cut him off at once; but when we feel our sins we say, "Lord, if I could find thee anywhere, I would be glad; if I could find thee at the Baptist meeting-house, if I could find thee in the Independent chapel, I should be glad enough to go there. I have always attended a large, handsome church; but if I could find thee in that little despised meeting-house, I should be glad to go there; though it would be degrading my rank and respectability, there would I go to find my Saviour." Others think they would rather not have Christ, if Christ goes anywhere except to their own church; they must keep to their own sect, and can by no means overstep the line. It is a marvellous thing, but I believe I only speak the experience

of many, when I say that there are very few of you were brought to know the Lord where you were in the habit of attending. You have attended there perhaps since; but it was not your father's church, not the church of the place where you were born and bred, but some other church, into which you strayed for a time, and where the arrows stuck fast in the heart of the King's enemies. I know it was so with me; I never thought of going to the despised chapel where I was first brought to know the Lord, but it snowed so hard that I could not go to a more respectable place, so I was obliged to go to the little meeting; and when I got in, the preacher read his text—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." It was a blessed text, and blessedly applied: but if there had been any sticking as to going into places, I should not have been there. The awakened sinner says, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" Only let me know where; let the minister of it be the most despised in the world, I will go and hear him; let the sect to which he belongs be the most calumniated and slandered, there I will be found seeking him. If I can but find Christ, I will be content to find him anywhere." If divers can go into the deeps to bring up pearls, we should not be ashamed sometimes to dive deep to bring up precious jewels. Men will do anything to get gold; they will work in the most muddy streams, or under the most scorching sun; surely, then, we ought not to mind how much we stoop, if we find that which is more precious than gold and silver, even "Jesus Christ and him crucified." Is this also thy feeling? Then, beloved, I have not only a hope of thee, but I have a certainty of thee, If thou art brought to cry out, in all the senses I have mentioned, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" then assuredly the Lord hath begun a good work in thee, and he will carry it on even unto the end.

II. But now for the second point, I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO GIVE SOME REASONS WHY IT IS A GRACIOUS GOD DELAYS AN ANSWER TO THE PRAYER OF PENITENT SINNERS. Methinks I hear some one saying, "How is it that God does not give a man comfort as soon as he repents? Why is it that the Lord makes some of his people wait in bondage till he gives them liberty?"

In the first place, it is to *display his own sovereignty*. Ah! that is a word that is not often mentioned in pulpits. Divine sovereignty is a very unfashionable doctrine. Few people care to hear of a God who doeth as he pleaseth, and is absolute monarch over man; who knoweth of no law but his own absolute will, which is always the will to do that which is right, to do good to those whom he hath ordained unto eternal life, and to scatter mercy lavishly upon all his creatures. But we do assert, that there is such a thing as divine sovereignty, and more especially in the work of salvation. God said thus: "If I gave to all men peace so soon as they asked for it, they would begin to think they had a right to it. Now, I will make some of them wait, so that they may see that the mercy is absolutely in my hand, and that if I choose to withhold it altogether I might do so most justly; and I will make men see that it is a gift of my free grace, and not of their deserving." In some of our squares, where they are anxious to keep the right of way, you know they sometimes shut the gates, not because they would inconvenience us, but because they would preserve the right of way, and let the public see that although they let them through, yet they have no right of way, and might be excluded if the proprietors pleased. So with God: he says, "Man, if I save thee, it is entirely of my will and pleasure; my grace I give, not because thou deservest it, for then it were no grace at all; but I give it to the most undeserving of men, that I may keep my claim to it." And I take it that this is the best way of proving God's sovereignty, namely, his making delay between penitence and faith, or between penitence and that faith which brings peace with God and joy in the Holy Ghost. I think that is one very important reason.

But there is another. God sometimes delayeth manifesting his forgiving mercy to men, *in order that they may find out some secret sin*. There is something hidden in their hearts which they do not know of. They come to God confessing their sins, and they think they have made a clean breast of all their transgressions. "Nay," saith God, "I will not give you pardon yet,

or I will not apply it to your conscience yet ; there is a sin you have not yet discovered " ; and he sets the heart searching itself again, till Jerusalem is searched as with candles, and lo, there is some sin dragged out from the corner in which it was hidden. Conscience says, " I never knew this sin before ; I never felt it as a sin ; Lord, I repent. " " Ah, " saith the mighty Maker, " now I have proved thee and tried thee, and found out this dross, I will speak to thee the word of consolation and comfort. " Art thou, then, a mourner, seeking rest, and not finding it ? I beseech thee, look into thine heart once more. Perhaps there is some hidden lust there, some secret sin. Look within once more ; turn the traitor out. Then will God come and dwell in thy soul, and give unto thee the " peace that passeth all understanding. "

Another reason is, *that he may make us more useful in after life.* A man is never made thoroughly useful, unless he has suffering. I do not think there is much done by a man who is not a suffering man. We must first suffer in our heads and hearts the things we preach, or we shall never preach them with effect ; and if we are private Christians, we can never be of use to our fellow men, unless we have passed through somewhat the same trials they have had to endure. So God makes some of his people wait a long time before he gives them the manifestation of their pardon, in order that they may comfort others in after days. " I need thee to be a consolation to others ; therefore I will make thee full of grief, and drunken with wormwood, so that when thou shalt in after years meet with the mourner, thou mayest say to him, I have suffered the same and endured the same. And there are none so fit to comfort others as those who have once needed comfort themselves. Then take heart. Perhaps the Lord designs thee for a great work. He is keeping thee low in bondage, and doubt, and fear, that he may bring thee out more clearly, and make thy light like the light of seven days, and bring forth thy righteousness " clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. " Wait, then, for God designs good to thee, and good to others through thee, by this delay. "

But it often arises not so much from God as from ourselves. It is *ignorance of the way of salvation* which keeps many a man longer in doubt than he would be, if he knew more of it: I do not hesitate to affirm, that one of the hardest things for a sinner to understand is the way of salvation. It seems the plainest thing in all the world ; nothing appears more easy than, " Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. " But when the sinner is led to feel himself a sinner, he finds it not so easy to understand as he thought. We tell a man that, with all their blackness, sinners are to be pardoned ; that, with all their sins, they are to be forgiven freely for Christ's sake. " But, " says the man when he feels himself to be black, " do you mean to tell me that I am to be made whiter than snow ? Do you mean to tell me that I who am lost am to be saved, not through anything I do, or hope to do, but purely through what another did ? " He can hardly believe it possible ; he will have it, he must do something ; he must do this, or that, or the other, to help Christ ; and the hardest thing in the world is to bring a man to see that salvation is of the Lord alone, and not at all of himself ; that it is God's free and perfect gift, which leaves nothing of ours to be added to it, but is given to us to cover us completely, from head to foot, without anything of our own. Men will conceive what God would not have them conceive, and they will not receive that which God would have them embrace. You know, it may be very easy to talk of certain cures, and to read of them. We may say, " Such and such a medicine is very effective, and will work such and such a cure " ; but when we are sick ourselves, we are often very dubious of the medicine, and if, having taken draught after draught of it, we find it does not cure us, perhaps we are brought to think, that though it may cure others, it cannot cure us, because there has been such delay in the operation of it. So the poor soul thinks of the Gospel, " Certainly it cannot heal me " ; and then he misunderstands the nature of the sacred medicine altogether, and begins to take the law instead of the Gospel. Now the law never saved any yet, though it has condemned full many in its time, and will condemn

us all, unless we have the Gospel. If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me, as plainly as I can, state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapt up in one word—*Substitution*. I have always considered, with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word, *Substitution*, Christ standing in the stead of man. If I understand the Gospel, it is this: I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and there is no need to execute a sentence twice for sin. On the other hand, I know I cannot enter heaven, unless I have a perfect righteousness; I am absolutely certain I shall never have one of my own, for I find I sin every day; but then Christ had a perfect righteousness, and he said, "There, take my garment, put it on; you shall stand before God as if you were Christ, and I will stand before God as if I had been the sinner; I will suffer in the sinner's stead, and you shall be rewarded for works which you did not do, but which Christ did for you." I think the whole substance of salvation lies in the thought, that Christ stood in the place of man. The prisoner is in the dock; he is about to be taken away for death; he deserves to die; he has been a mighty criminal. But before he is taken away, the judge asks whether there is any possible plan whereby that prisoner's life can be spared. Up rises one who is pure and perfect himself, and has known no sin, and by the allowance of the judge, for that is necessary, he steps into the dock, and says, "Consider me to be the prisoner; pass the sentence on me, and let me die. Gentlemen of the court," says he, "consider the prisoner to be myself. I have fought for my country; I have dared and deserved well for it: reward him as if he had done good, and punish me as if I had committed the sin." You say, "Such a thing could not occur in an earthly court of law." Ay, but it has happened in God's court of law. In the great court of King's Bench, where God is the Judge of all, it has happened. The Saviour said, "The sinner deserves to die; let me die in his stead, and let him be clothed in my righteousness." To illustrate this, I will give you two instances. One is that of an ancient king, who passed a law against a crime, and the punishment of the crime was, that any one who committed it should have both his eyes put out. His own son committed the crime. The king, as a strict judge, said, "I cannot alter the law; I have said that the loss of eyes shall be the penalty; take out one of mine and one of his." So, you see, he strictly carried out the law; but at the same time he was able to have mercy in part upon his son. But in the case of Christ we must go a little further. He did not say "Exact half the penalty of me, and half of the sinner"; he said, "Put both my eyes out; nail me to the tree; let me die; let me take all the guilt away, and then the sinner may go free." We have heard of another case, that of two brothers, one of whom had been a great criminal, and was about to die, when his brother, coming into court, decorated with medals, and having many wounds upon him, rose up to plead with the judge, that he would have mercy on the criminal for his sake. Then he began to strip himself and show his scars—how here and there on his big broad breast he had received sabre cuts in defence of his country. "By these wounds," he said—and he lifted up one arm, the other having been cut away—"by these my wounds, and the sufferings I have endured for my country, I beseech thee, have mercy on him." For his brother's sake the criminal was allowed to escape the punishment that was hanging over his head. It was even so with Christ. "The sinner," he said, "deserves to die; then I will die in his stead. He deserves not to enter heaven, for he has not kept the law; but I have kept the law for him, he shall have my righteousness, and I will take his sin; and so the just shall die for the unjust, to bring him to God." I have thus run away from the subject somewhat, in order to clear up any ignorance that might exist in the minds of some of my hearers, as to this essential point of the Gospel plan.

III. And now I am to give SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN BLECKING CHRIST, AND WHO HAVE NEVER FOUND HIM, HOW THEY MAY FIND HIM.

In the first place, let me say, *Go wherever Christ goes*. The sick man knew that

Christ went to Bethsaida, and there he lay. If Christ were to walk this earth again, and heal the sick, all the sick people would enquire, "Where does Christ walk to-morrow?" and as soon as they found out where he would take his walks abroad, there they would be lying thick on the pavement, in the hope that as he passed by he would heal them. Go up, then, to Christ's house, it is there he meets with his people. Read his Word; it is there he blesses them, by applying sweet promises to them. Keep to the ordinances; do not neglect them. Christ comes to Bethsaida pool; lie by the water. If you cannot put in your foot, be where Christ comes. You know, Thomas did not get the blessing, for he was not there when Jesus came. Be not away from the house of God; so that when he passes by he may haply look on thee, and say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

And whatever you do, when Christ passes by, *cry after him with all your might*; never be satisfied until you do make him hear; and if he frown on you, seemingly, for the moment, do not be stopped or stayed. If you are a little stirred by a sermon, pray over it; do not lose the auspicious moment. If you hear anything read which gives you some hope, lift up your heart in prayer at once; when the wind blows, then should the sails be set up; and it may happen that God may give you grace to cross the harbour's mouth, and you may find the haven inside, the haven of perpetual rest. There was a man, you know, who was born blind, and who wanted to have his sight. As he sat by the road side one day, he heard that Jesus passed by, and when he heard that, he cried after him, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The people wanted to hear Christ preach, so they hushed the poor man; but he cried again, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The Son of David turned not his head; he did not look upon the man, but continued his discourse; but still the man shouted, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" And then Jesus stopped. The disciples ran to the poor man, and said, "Be still, trouble not the Master. But he cried so much the more, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And Jesus at last said, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? He said, Lord, that I may receive my sight." He received it, and "went on his way rejoicing." Now, your doubts say, "Hush! do not pray any more"; Satan says, "Be still; do not cry any more." Tell your doubts and fears, and the demon too, that you will give Christ no rest, till he turns his eyes upon you in love, and heals your diseases. Cry aloud unto him, O thou awakened sinner, when he passes by.

The next piece of advice I would give you is this; *think very much of Christ*. No way that I know of will get you faith in Christ so well as thinking of him. I would advise you, conscience-stricken sinner, to spend an hour in meditation on Christ. You do not want to spend an hour in meditation on yourself; you will get very little good from that; you may know beforehand that there is no hope for you in yourself. But spend an hour in meditation on Christ. Go, beloved, to thy closet, and sit down in that chamber of yours; picture him in the garden; think you see him there, sweating "great drops of blood, falling down to the ground." Then picture him standing in Pilate's hall; think you see him with his hands bound, his back pouring down rivers of gore; then follow him till you see him coming to the hill, Calvary; think you see him hurled backwards, and nailed to the tree; then let your imagination, or rather your faith, bring before you the cross lifted up, and dashed into its socket, when every bone of Christ was put out of joint. Look at him; look at his thorn-crown, and see the beaded drops of blood trickling down his cheek.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down."

I know of no means, under God, so profitable for getting faith, as thoughts of Christ; for whilst you are looking at him, you will say, "Blessed Jesus, didst thou die? Surely, my soul, his death is sufficient for thee." He is able to save unto the uttermost all those who trust in him. You may think of a doctrine for

ever, and get no good from it, if you are not already saved; but think of the person of Christ, and that will give you faith. Take him everywhere, wherever you go, and try to meditate on him in your leisure moments, and then he will reveal himself to you, and give you peace. Ah! that is the point where we feel that none of us have enough of Christ, not even the best of Christians. I went into a friend's house one day, and he said to me, as a sort of hint, I suppose, "I have known so and so these thirty years, without hearing anything of his religion." Said I, "You will not know me thirty minutes without hearing something of mine." It is a fact, that many Christian people spend their Sunday afternoons in talking about common-place subjects, and Jesus Christ is scarcely ever mentioned. As for the poor ungodly world, of course they neither say nor think anything of him. But oh, thou that knowest thyself to be a sinner, despise not the Man of sorrows! Let his bleeding hands drop on thee; look thou on his pierced side; and, looking, thou shalt live; for remember, it is only by looking to Christ we shall live, not by doing anything ourselves. We must venture on Christ, and venture wholly, or else we never can be saved.

And this brings me to close up by saying to every awakened sinner, if you would have peace with God, and have it now, *venture on Christ*. It is hardly fair to say venture, for it is no venture; there is not a grain of hap-hazard in it; it is quite safe. He that trusteth himself to Christ need never fear. "But," you will say, "How am I to trust Christ? What do you mean by trusting in Christ?" Why, I mean just what I say. Fully rely on what Christ did, as the way of salvation. You know the negro, when he was asked how he believed, said, "Massa, dis is how I believe; I fall flat down on de promise; I can't fall no lower." He had just a right idea about believing. Believing is falling down on Christ, and looking to him to hold you up. Or, to illustrate it by an anecdote which I have often told—A boy at sea, who was very fond of climbing to the mast-head, one day climbed to the main-top, and could not get down again. The sea was very rough, and it was seen that in a little while the boy would fall on the deck, and be dashed to pieces. His father saw but one way of saving his life. Seizing a speaking-trumpet, he cried out, "Boy, the next time the ship lurches, you fall into the sea." The next time the ship lurches, the boy looked down, and, not much liking the idea of throwing himself into the sea, still held to the mast. The father, who saw that the boy's strength would soon fail him, took a gun in his hand, and cried out, "Boy, if you do not drop into the sea the next time the ship lurches, I'll shoot you!" The boy knew his father meant it and the next time the ship lurches he leaped into the sea. It seemed like certain destruction, but out went a dozen brawny arms, and he was saved. The sinner, in the midst of the storm, thinks he must cling to the mast of his good works, and so be saved. Says the Gospel, "Let go your good works, and drop into the ocean of God's love." "No," says the sinner, "it is a long way between me and God's love; I must perish if I trust to that; I must have some other reliance." "If you have any other reliance than that, you are lost." Then comes the thundering law, and declares to the sinner, that unless he does give up every dependence, he will be lost. And then comes the happy moment, when the sinner says, "Dear Lord, I give up all my dependence, and cast myself on thee; I take thee, Jesus, to be my one object in life, my only trust, the refuge of my soul." Can any of you say that in your hearts? I know there are some of you who can. But are there any who could not say it when they came here, but who can say it now? Oh, I would rejoice if one such were brought to God. I am conscious that I have not preached to you as I could desire; but if one such has been brought to believe and trust in the Saviour, it is enough; God will be glorified.

But alas! for such of you as will go away and say, "The man has talked about salvation, but what matters it to us?" Yes, go your way; you can afford to laugh to-day at God and his Gospel; but, remember, men cannot afford to scoff at boats when they are in a storm, although they may be on land. Death is after you, and will soon seize you; your pulse must soon cease to beat; strong as you are now.

your bones are not of brass, nor your ribs of steel; you must lie on your lowly pallet, and there breathe out your last; or, if you be ever so rich, you must die on your curtained beds, and must depart from all your enjoyment into everlasting punishment. You will find it hard work to laugh at Christ then; you will find it dreadful work to scoff at religion then, in that day when death gets hold of you. I think I could almost stand by you, and say "Laugh now, scoffer." "Ah!" you would say, "I find it different to what I supposed; I cannot laugh now death is near me." Take warning, then, before death comes; take warning! He must be a poor ignorant man who does not insure his house before it is on fire; and he must be a fool of all fools, who thinks it unnecessary to seek the salvation of his soul till he comes to the last moment, and is in peril of his life. May God give you thought and consideration, so that you may be led to flee from sin, and fly to heaven; and may God the everlasting Father give you what I cannot—give you his grace, which saveth the soul, and maketh sinners into saints, and landeth them in heaven. I can only close by repeating the words of the Gospel—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Having said this, if I had said no more, I should have preached Christ's Gospel to you. The Lord give you understanding in all things, and help you to believe; for Jesus Christ's sake!

---

## CONFESSING CHRIST A PERSONAL DUTY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

"He is of age, ask him."—JOHN IX. 23.

THE fear of man bringeth a snare. We have an example of this before us. The parents of the blind man were afraid of the priests, they dreaded excommunication, they would not therefore confess Christ, but they turned the inquirers over to their son, saying, "*He is of age, ask him.*" Let us improve these words for a few moments.

First, HERE IS AN INTERESTING SUBJECT TO INQUIRE ABOUT. A wonderful miracle had been wrought, in which power had been displayed, and mercy manifested. This subject brings before us, *a blind man*. A man blind from his birth, a man who had never seen this beautiful world, or God's glorious heaven. He had never seen a flower, a book, the sun at noon, or the moon at midnight. He had never seen the most beautiful object in nature, for he had never seen the face of his mother. Poor blind man, how pitiable thy case, how privileged ours! But, behold! *a wonderful Physician*. One who had skill to heal, and a heart to heal *gratis*. Jesus finds him, heals him, and lets him go. The first thing he saw was the water in which he washed; then he saw the bright blue heavens; then he saw his fellow-men; then he saw his father and his mother. Happy man! How changed thy circumstances. *Here is an astonishing cure*. There could be no virtue in the clay laid on his blind eye balls, nor in the water that washed it away; yet he saw. The virtue was in Jesus, it went out of him. O happy day, in which this poor blind man met with Jesus! O blessed Jesus, to give this poor blind man sight! But let us turn to ourselves. The subject,

1st, *Represents our state*. We were all born blind. We were all blind by nature. We could not see God in his works, or in his word, or in the person of his Son. We were blind to our own state, as sinners; to our danger, as criminals; to our need of a Saviour; and to the necessity of a change of heart. We saw no beauty in Jesus, nor deformity in ourselves. We were groping about God's world in a pitiable and miserable condition.

2nd, *It points out our Deliverer*. No one could give sight to the poor blind man but Jesus; so no one could meet our case but Jesus. He came unsent for; he spake the first word; he wrought the wondrous cure. There is no deliverer



for a poor blind sinner, but Jesus. No one else can open his eyes, remove his guilt, pardon his sins, justify his person, or save his soul. Jesus, and JESUS ONLY, can do this.

3rd, *It directs us what to seek.* An instantaneous cure. Jesus can heal at once. He is prepared to do so. Knowing this, we should immediately apply to him, exercise faith in him, plead with him, and expect a cure from him. "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind." Poor blind sinner, he will open thine eyes. Cry to him like another poor blind man did, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." And if any wish you to hold your peace, you cry on, cry so much the more, have mercy on me.

Secondly, HERE IS A SIGNIFICANT DIRECTION, "*Ask him.*" Go not by hearsay, this is dangerous; apply to the principal whenever you can. This would prevent much mischief, and be a cure for more evils than one. Seek correct information on every subject of importance. There are authentic sources, make use of them. "*Ask him.*"

This supposes, 1st, *That we know if we are healed.* Could a blind man receive his sight and not know it? Shall a sinner be quickened by the Holy Spirit, be enlightened by God's truth, and translated out of the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and not know it? Real religion has its home in the heart, the seat of life, the source of action. If my eyes have been opened and fixed on God's law, on my past life, and on the person and work of the Lord Jesus, I shall know it. If you ask me, though I may not be able to discourse eloquently, yet I must say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."

This supposes, 2nd, *That we should be willing to confess.* It never looks well if persons are afraid or ashamed to confess what God has done for them. Not confess, if Jesus has opened thy eyes; why not? Is he not worthy for whom you should do this? Ought you not to honour him if you can? Did he not say, "He that shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father, which is in heaven?" Is it not written, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved; for with the heart men believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

It supposes also, 3rd, *That we should be prepared to reply.* This is not left to our choice, but is positively required in God's word. Hence said Peter, "Be ready always to give an answer to every one that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." So that if any one ask, we should be prepared with our answer.

Thirdly, HERE IS A SATISFACTORY REASON FOR DIRECTING TO HIM. "*He is of age.*" He is not a child. He is grown up to manhood. He can speak for himself. *We all become accountable.* We were not once. We are arrived at that period now. No one can tell the precise time at which accountability begins. It may differ in different persons. But it is wisely hidden from us. *We must every one answer for ourselves.* However it may be now, we shall have no one to answer for us at last. "Every one shall give account of himself to God." "We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Yes, each one will be interrogated, and each one must answer for himself. There will be no advocates admitted at the judgment. *We may now be interrogated by men,* if they see a change in us, if they know that a profession of religion is made by us, they are at full liberty to inquire about it. They may ask, what is it? Why is it? By whom is it? And we should be prepared to answer. *By Satan?* He often interrogates in order to confuse, perplex, bewilder, and excite doubts and fears. We should not therefore be ignorant of his devices, but be prepared as our Lord was, to answer, "It is written." *By conscience?* This will interrogate us sometimes, and put very hard and difficult questions to us. *By God himself?* He speaks to us in his word. He speaks also by his providence and Spirit. He interrogates in mercy, to prevent deception, to lead us to make sure work. Let us then be prepared for every applicant, and let us make our calling and election sure—let us learn to read our

own hearts. Let us daily read God's word, and let us learn to distinguish between things that differ.

Reader, *do you realise your blindness?* You were born blind. Have you been taught this? Have you learned your need of the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. Of how many may it be still said, "Having their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts." Can this be said of you? Or would the Apostle say to you, "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light"? *Have you applied to Jesus?* No one can give sight to the spiritually blind but Jesus, and every sinner who is taught by the Holy Spirit, his need of healing, invariably applies to the Lord Jesus. If you have not applied to Jesus, you are still blind, you are still in your sins, you see not your true state, you do not realise the imminent danger to which you are exposed. Hell flames before you, but you see it not. Heaven glows with beauty and brightness above you, but you see it not. Jesus, clothed with all the glories of uncreated Deity, and with all the beauties of sinless humanity, is presented to you, but you perceive him not. Poor blind sinner, heartily do we pity you, earnestly do we plead with you to go to Jesus, that your eyes may be opened. If you have not applied to Jesus before, apply now, apply at once, for he waiteth to be gracious. *Has he opened your eyes?* Some of us can say, "Yes, blessed be God, he has opened mine eyes." But can you say so? What is your opinion of yourself? What think ye of Christ? How does pure and undefiled religion appear to you? What is your valuation of the present world? Your answer to these few questions, will decide as to whether your eyes are opened or no. Have you so seen yourself as to exclaim, "Behold, I am vile, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Have you so seen Jesus, as to pronounce him the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely? Is he to you the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending? If so he hath opened your eyes. *Have you owned it to his honour?* Ought you not to spread his fame? Ought you not to tell poor blind sinners of it, and try to send them to him? Is it, can it be right to take the cure, and conceal it? When a poor woman went behind him, and obtained healing by touching the hem of his garment, he called her before him, and made her publicly tell all the truth. Just so should you do. Shew forth the honour of his name, and make his praise glorious. *Are you afraid or ashamed of doing so?* Afraid to own that Jesus opened your eyes! Why, what have you to fear? Ashamed to own that Jesus has restored you to sight? Ashamed! Is it possible? Can it be, that a patient raised from the gates of the grave, is ashamed to own the Physician, to whom he owes his wondrous cure? Or, *do you care for none of these things?* Some do not. You may not. But however it may be with you now, the day is coming when you will care. In a little time you will have to appear before God, to give an account of how you have lived in this world, how you have spent your time, how you have treated the Saviour, how you have acted towards God; and if it shall be proved against you, that you have lived to the flesh, that you have squandered your precious time, that you have rejected the Lord Jesus, that you have offered daily insults to God, and have been seeking death in the error of your way, the consequences will be fearful. So fearful, that unless you could fathom the depths of hell, analyse the torments of the damned, and measure the length of eternity, you cannot tell. O flees! flee from the wrath to come. Are you saying,

"What shall I do, or whither flee,  
To escape the vengeance due to me?"

O flee to Jesus, his arms are open, his mercy is free, his heart is willing to save you, therefore flee, flee, flee to him!!!

## THE FAITHFUL WITNESS,

BY THE REV. JOHN BLOOMFIELD,

*Minister of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Dean Street, Soho.*

"The faithful witness."—Rev. i. 5.

THE Book of the Revelation has been styled by the greatest divines as the most magnificent, yet abstruse, of the Sacred writings. In it are many things hard to be understood. It is written in a mode that was peculiar to the times of the prophets and apostles. Its thoughts are couched in symbolical language, and it bears considerable affinity in matter and manner with the prophetic writings of Ezekiel and Daniel. There is much in this book, perhaps, which we shall never fully understand till made plain as matter of history.

In order to understand the Apocalypse three things are necessary. First, that we should have an acquaintance with the services and ceremonies of the Jewish Temple. Secondly, that we should have studied the history of nations, their uprisings and fallings. Thirdly, there must be the anointings and teachings of the Holy Spirit. Without these prerequisites it is impossible to acquire a proper acquaintance with the profound mysteries contained in this book.

The Lord is not confined to place or circumstances in teaching his servants the mighty thoughts of his eternal mind. He has chosen strange places in which to school his children. He suffered John to feel the cruel and despotic power of persecution. John's persecution arose from his preaching the everlasting Gospel, on account of which he was banished to the Isle of Patmos, but God visited him upon that dark island, and it was made by the divine presence and heavenly teaching a place of the greatest light.

In reading the history of the prophets and servants of the Most High God, we learn that they had oftentimes their best seasons in the midnight hour—in deep valleys and by the water side, or in the dark cells of prisons. The Apostle of the Gentiles wrote to the churches while in prison. Bunyan had some of the most astonishing views of the wisdom and grace of God in prison. In Bedford Gaol he wrote that splendid work which has been the most admired of all his writings. Patmos was the training school of John the Divine, there Jehovah presented to him the most glorious views of the progress of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and of the employments, perfection, and glory of the saints in heaven.

This apostle was the only one called "the Divine." It is said by one that a man must be a divine man in order to handle wisely things divine. He is so named, perhaps, for of all the apostles John had the greatest knowledge of God, and of "the Word that was with God from the beginning, and that was God." No man had larger or loftier conceptions of the character of God, and of the person of Christ. No man had a deeper insight into the secrets of God and the endless salvation of the church. Thus the Lord conferred great honour upon the beloved disciple. Though the Apostle was in exile he tasted of the pleasures of the redeemed in the regions of the blessed, and was instructed in the mysterious operations and triumphs of Christ's coming kingdom. St. John needed the assistance of Divine wisdom to unfold the things and imagery which he saw. Are we not also dependent upon the same Divine Teacher, that we may understand aright the truths made known in the Holy Scriptures, for, though the truths are revealed, yet to know them vitally and realize them to be the power of God, we must have divine tuition.

The Bible contains a revelation from the infinite God to man, and that revelation is presented to us in a variety of interesting forms, but nevertheless we must have the help of the Spirit of God to see the truths revealed in all their fulness, harmony, and blessedness. The Book of God shows the purposes of the infinite mind yet to be accomplished, and with regard to those which have received their fulfilment, history shows how and when, in the providence of God, they were accomplished. In providence God is continually working out his deep designs, and disclosing, in imperishable deeds, the mysteries of his will. If we could

penetrate into the womb of the future, and see the dark deeps before us, it would dispirit and unnerve us, and we should feel that we could not go on in the journey of life, but mercy has woven a beautiful veil over the future. The Lord hath done wonders, and is still doing wonders. He has great mysteries to explain, glorious purposes to accomplish, and marvellous manifestations of his love to make known.

The words at the head of this paper commend themselves to our hearts and minds, because they are words concerning Christ. There is nothing so charming to a believer's heart, so inspiriting to his mind, as the doctrine and name of Jesus. Jesus is a name that is music in the ears of the children of God. It's a name which strengthens the wearied pilgrim in his toilsome passage to the land of immortal delight. Without the Christ of God what can we do? Without Jesus what hope should we have of heaven and eternal glory. How unmeaning the Bible would be without Christ; blot out Christ from the Scripture, and you blot out the sun from the firmament; it would plunge the believer in impenetrable gloom, and cover him with the blackness of eternal despair. It would cause angels to weep, and unstring the harps of the redeemed in heaven. Without Christ where would be our confidence in trouble, and our prospects of everlasting bliss? When the Christian feels his own nothingness and Christ's greatness; his own worthlessness and Christ's preciousness, no other name is so sweet and fragrant with consolations, as the dear name of Christ;

"It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fears."

It is said, his name shall be called Jesus, for "he shall save his people from their sins." It was his work to bring glory to God, and salvation and honour to his church. Jesus was God's anointed, God's associate, God's fellow, and God's equal; nay, God manifest in the flesh. He was the anointed one. The Spirit was given to him without measure, so beloved, if we are one with Jesus, it is through his anointing we are anointed. Our union to God depends upon his union with God; and upon our union with him, our membership with the church of God depends. Our membership depends upon the headship of Jesus Christ. Adored be his name, he is God over all blessed for ever more. Is he, my fellow sinner, thy Saviour, thy Jesus, and thy glory. "Unto you that believe he is precious," and none but believers can know his preciousness, and behold his glory.

Now I have to show you that Christ is a faithful witness. It would be profitable to us to study prayerfully and frequently the truth that Christ is personally, relatively, officially, and eternally precious. We propose, however, to make a few observations now upon Christ as "THE FAITHFUL WITNESS." The title "Faithful Witness" has particular reference to his *prophetical character*. He was "the Prophet of the Highest." He came as the Light of life into this sin-cursed world. Referring to himself he says, "I am come a light into the world, and whosoever believeth on me shall not abide in darkness." How dark is that man who has not the spirit of Christ. How dark as so what God claims of him. Man's darkness is deep and criminal. We are apt to speak of man's sin as a sad misfortune, and not as associated with awful criminality. It is not only true that man through the fall and blinding power of sin is in darkness; but it is equally true, that man "loveth the darkness rather than light." The law of God is a perfect transcript of the divine mind. The law given to man is righteous, holy, and good. If there had been no law given to man, he could not have been held accountable to God; but that law by which God holds his creature man accountable, has been transgressed, and by it the transgressor is for ever condemned. Jesus came to accomplish the salvation of his church, comprising myriads of fallen sinners; indeed, a multitude so vast as to defy all mortal powers of computation, for they "are a number which no man can number," and in effecting the work of everlasting salvation, he was a faithful witness.

I. HE IS THE FAITHFUL WITNESS OF THE PERFECTIONS OF HIS FATHER'S NATURE. He was the revealer of God, and God the revealed. God hath two ways of making

known himself to men on earth; by his works and by his word. One is the book of nature, and the other is the book written by the Spirit of God concerning salvation. Philosophers read the book of nature, which so wonderfully and luminously declares the glory of its Maker in its splendid pages; but this book will never inform the sinner how he must be saved. It will leave him in ignorance of salvation by sovereign grace, it has no voice or mission to tell sinners of Calvary, and the mediation of Christ Jesus. It leaves men strangers to a covenant God, and strangers to themselves as impoverished beings needing a fulness of eternal mercy. When a Christian man whose eyes are opened, reads this book, he sees the finger work of his covenant God and Father. He reads God's wisdom, beneficence, and power, and in every unfolded page of this mighty volume he reads the glory of its infinite Author. The Psalmist in reading this book exclaims, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work;" and again we hear him saying, "When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him." The poet says:—

"Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motion speaks thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour,  
We read thy patience still."

Yes in this book the greatness of God's wisdom, power, goodness, and glory, are clearly manifested. To change the figure; God must be a great God to have built a temple like this; it is vast, beautiful, and glorious. He must be an infinitely wise and glorious Being to have made numberless worlds to the manifestation of his power and glory; but in Jesus we see God's greatest work—

"For in the person of his Son,  
God hath all his mightiest works outdone."

Being taught of the Holy Spirit, we shall see a beauty, a comeliness, and a glory in Christ. His words are precious, and his person is altogether lovely. "Never man spake like this man."

In the person of Christ God came out of his profound solitude. He dwelt in thick darkness; but in the person of Jesus he came forth into visibility. "God was manifest in the flesh." The Apostle Paul said of him, he is "the visible image of the invisible God." The constitution of the person of Christ is God's greatest work, the Bible's profoundest mystery, and heaven's brightest glory. Without Jesus we cannot see God; without Jesus we cannot know God. He makes known all the natural and moral perfections of the eternal God. When the disciples heard him talk of his Father, one said, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." And Jesus answereth, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" Jesus is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person. In Jesus is the greatest development of the perfections of the eternal God; in him is the most splendid manifestation of the Divine glory and majesty. God never communicated to men on earth but through Jesus Christ. God has never done any work but by Jesus Christ. "All things were by him, and through him all things were made." God has conversed mercifully with men, but all his converse was through Jesus the Mediator of the everlasting covenant. It was Jesus Christ the Lord God who walked and talked with Adam in the Garden of Eden; it was Jesus Christ, the great and mighty angel of Jehorah's face, who visited Abraham, to whom Abraham paid willing and adoring homage; it was Jesus Christ with whom Jacob wrestled, and to whom he said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me"; it was Jesus, the angel of everlasting covenant, the faithful witness, the first-begotten of the Father. What thinkest thou, believer of the Christ of God, is the glorious Godman thy friend, thy brother, thy God and Saviour?

II. HE IS THE FAITHFUL WITNESS OF THE PURPOSES OF THE FATHER'S MIND. In the salvation of God's chosen, the merciful purposes which he purposed in Christ Jesus was accomplished. The work of Jesus disclosed the purposes of

grace in the Infinite mind. In all the labours and sufferings of Jesus, the purposes of Divine love were being accomplished. He came to do the work of redemption on which He was sent. He delighted in the work he had undertaken to perform. His mission into our world was a mission of love; his work was the work of infinite love; his deeds are the results of everlasting love, and his words are the expressions of that love which passeth knowledge.

Can any doubt that his mission was one of mercy? Oh, ask that purple tide that flowed from his heart, and becrimsoned the sin-blighted earth. Ask that Man, that wondrous Man, whose brow was crowned with thorns. Ask him why he left the bosom of his Father, the worship of angels, and the bliss of heaven, to shed tears, blood, and life, in a world marred and cursed by sin? Ask if it was not that he might manifest the Father's love, and accomplish in imperishable deeds the purposes of Jehovah's mind. He came to manifest his Father's love, to sin-ruined, law-condemned sinners, in effecting their endless salvation. He came to fulfil certain stipulations, to the performance of which he stood engaged in the covenant of grace. His work, therefore, disclosed and accomplished the purposes of mercy which originated in the heart of God's love. Jesus did not come to make God love us, but to manifest God's love to us. He did not die upon the cross that God might love us, but because God did from everlasting love us.

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break."

Salvation is the fruit and work of love; it was designed in love; it was no after-thought with God. He did not leave man to sin, and then find himself compelled to seek a remedy. No; salvation's plan is as ancient as God's mind, and as lasting as eternity. God could have no new thought, for he is infinite in knowledge and knows himself. He only knows the secrets of his own mind, and the depths of his own eternal love. His purpose is the rule of his actions, but his revealed word is the rule of ours. His purposes are merciful, comprehensive, and immutable; they are all in Christ Jesus, and will all be accomplished by Him, to the glory of God the Father.

III. HE IS THE FAITHFUL WITNESS OF THE PROMISES OF THE FATHER'S LOVE. Jesus was the great promise of the Father, in which were comprised all the promises of salvation. Who is able to describe fully the magnitude, the preciousness, the adaptation, and the immutability of Divine promises? "All the promises of God in him (Christ) are yea, and in him, Amen." The promises of God, of which Christ is the faithful witness, are streams which maketh glad the city of God; they are fruits of the tree of life, which are most refreshing to those who taste them. They are rays of light to cheer the weary pilgrim bound to the world where the redeemed of the Lord wave their palm branches of victory, and tune their harps to songs of everlasting triumph. Oh, how precious are the promises of God; the promise of the Devil's defeat by the seed of the woman; the promise of the Spirit through Christ's mediation; the promise of the Divine presence, support, and protection; and the promise of the Saviour's second and glorious coming. Beloved, are you interested in the promises of which Jesus is "the faithful witness"? Are you interested in Jesus, who is the vitality, sweetness and glory of God's unfailing promises? If so thou art blessed indeed, thy prospects are bright and inspiring, and God the Promiser is thy "God for ever and ever, and he will be thy Guide even unto death." If thou art not interested in the promises of God, remember the threatenings of God are like flames of fire, ready to destroy thee; the promises of God are precious, but the threatening of the righteous and eternal God are terrible indeed. Sinner, how canst thou bear to have the artillery of heaven pointed against thee? How canst thou bear the flames of Jehovah's righteous ire? May God have mercy upon thee, and bring thee a trembling, weeping, and mercy-needing sinner, to seek salvation through the precious blood of the Lamb.

Yes, beloved, he is the "Faithful Witness" of the promise of the Father's heart, and all his promises are promises of love. The heart of Jehovah is written in

words of love. Ah! say some, I see the great and precious promises, but are they for me? I read God's word, and there I find my own condemnation. Ah! if I could feel that I was interested in that great and precious promise, I should never doubt more. Ah! beloved, you who speak thus and have tasted the Lord is gracious, and who feel your need of him, shall find that "he is faithful who hath promised." Have you tasted of the grapes of Eschol? Was it merely to set your souls lohging? No, you shall get some of the wine of the kingdom. But there may be some who are to-day enjoying the sunshine of divine favour; yet to-morrow, perhaps their hearts shall be upon the willows, some who like ourselves, are subject to changes. Blessed be our God, he changeth not; he that has given you to realise a little of his love, will give you the fulness thereof.

IV. HE WAS THE FAITHFUL WITNESS OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL. God had only one co-equal Son, and he made him a preacher, and he preached the everlasting Gospel. He preached the Gospel in its divinity, sweetness, simplicity, and power. His mouth was most sweet, and never preacher preached like him. Contrast the preaching of the present day with the preaching of Jesus Christ; in his preaching you shall find none of those vulgarisms so much admired and sought after by weak and unsanctified minds. He preached the Gospel of salvation, not with an angry frown but with a smile of love, saying, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." We find fault with much of the preaching of the present day, because there is so little of Christ on it, so little of the dignity of his person, so little of the atonement of Christ, so little of the righteousness of Christ, so little of the ancient, personal official, mediatorial, and relative glory of Christ in it. And in too many instances the people like to have it so. O that God would arouse the slumbering energies of his people and servants, and show us all the importance of making Christ first, Christ last, and Christ all in all in the public ministry of the Gospel. It is no small honour to be a minister of the everlasting Gospel but; it is no trifling work to deal with the souls of dying men. Alas! that any of us should have cause to regret and seek forgiveness for some things that may have fallen from our lips in too light trifling a manner.

Jehovah is pleased to convince sinners of their fallen and ruined condition; through the ministry of the word he makes them feel their lost, undone state, that they may trust in and find salvation, free, sovereign, and eternal salvation through Christ. God is pleased to make his people useful to one another. He saves and blesses through a variety of means and instrumentalities which he himself hath ordained. Manoah's wife was a helper of her husband's joy and faith, when she said to him, "If the Lord had meant to have destroyed us," &c. There have been some good divines among women as well as among men. May God in his great mercy make you, beloved friends, all happy and useful in his cause. Time with us, ye saints of God, will soon be over; the darkness will soon disappear. The storms and tempests will soon be over, and unfading glory and everlasting blessedness shall be your inheritance in heaven. Oh, what glorious harpings will be there heard in honour of Jesus, when thy praises shall mingle with the acclamation of the multitude before the throne, as they cry, ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! "ALLELUIA! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." All of you, my dear friends, will then see Jesus; but who amongst you will for ever dwell with him? You will see him either as the terrible Lion, or as the Lamb that had been slain. The Lord bless his own word. Amen, and Amen.

15, College Place, Camden Town.

Feb. 2, 1857.

## THE SILENCE OF GRIEF.

BY THE REV. W. S. PLUMER, D.D.

"And Aaron held his peace."—LEVITICUS x. 3.

To hold one's peace is a phrase that occurs nineteen times in our English Bible, and simply means that one is silent. If in any case more is implied, it

must be gathered from the context, or from the known character of the person spoken of. In the awful circumstances mentioned above, Aaron held his peace.

How is this? Why did he hold his peace? Not because he was not deeply afflicted. To have felt no grief on this occasion was impossible. "With what anguish must the heart of Aaron have been torn! and what dismay must have seized upon him at this unlooked for and most afflicting stroke! His own sons—his eldest sons—just consecrated to so high and important an office—concerning whom he had doubtless formed the most pleasing hopes; cut off suddenly, in such a state of mind, by the immediate judgment of God, for presumptuous disobedience, and publicly, as an example to all Israel." From the pinnacle of paternal joy to be at once descended to the depths of parental anguish. He had cause for deep sorrow. He was sorely smitten and grieved.

Nor did Aaron hold his peace because he was stubborn. Sulkingness is a sin. Resignation is a duty. A mule may stand still and take a beating, but that does not prove that it is a lamb. Grumness and moroseness are never pleasing to God. To keep silence because one is angry with God, or because words will do no good, is not to imitate Aaron.

Nor did Aaron maintain silence because he was prostrated by the divine terrors, or petrified by his grief. The scene before him was very awful, yet Aaron's mental faculties remained. He knew all that had been done. Nothing was hid from him. He was not superannuated. He was not insane. He was not stupified.

Nor did he hold his peace because he looked for early deliverance from his affliction. Such a hope often sustains men, but Aaron saw that his gray hairs must go sorrowing to the grave. The stroke that was upon him was never to be abated in severity. In its very nature his affliction was permanent. Nor is it likely that he expected the event ever to be forgotten. A stigma was indelibly fixed on his family. The matter shall be told to the latest generations.

Nor was Aaron's attention turned away from his affliction by some absorbing scheme of worldly aggrandisement. To relieve their minds of sorrow many play a diversion. In Aaron's case this could not be done. It was not attempted. Even Aaron's duties rather reminded him of his affliction than aided him in forgetting it.

Nor did he quiet himself by remembering the afflictions of others. He was not a malevolent man. It would not relieve his feelings if any father in Israel could have rehearsed far sorer trials to which he had been subjected. Such things could not meet his case. What did control him?

Aaron kept silence because his afflictions were from the Lord. He was dumb, he opened not his mouth, because Jehovah did it. He saw God's hand, and kissed it. He saw God's rod, and bowed to receive its stroke. Even if we have hope of deliverance, our submission should be total and unqualified, because it is to God we are to yield ourselves. Even as David, driven from Jerusalem, said unto Zadok, "Carry back the ark of God into the city: if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation: but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." Sam. ii. 15, 25, 26. With or without hope, he submits, as did Aaron.

Aaron held his peace because all his sufferings were the deserved consequence of sin. His sons had acted wickedly. Without orders, rashly and presumptuously both at once, with strange fire, and at an hour not appointed for this service, they attempted to burn incense before the Lord. The whole proceeding seems to have been the fruit of pride and ostentation. From verse 8—11, Bishop Patrick and Mr. Scott think it probable that they were in some measure heated with wine. Their punishment was just. To Aaron the affliction was less than he deserved. He was a sinner, and anything short of eternal death was less than might have justly been inflicted. In the matter of the golden calf, he had publicly, grievously, and officially sinned. No doubt he now wondered that God had not smitten him



to death at Mount Sinai. If we who deserve wrath escape under the rod, we should hold our peace.

Aaron knew that the Judge of all the earth would do right. His views on this point seem to have been settled. It is a great thing for us to have our ideas of God's justice clear and fixed. He cannot be dismayed who can sing, "Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are thy judgments." It is easy for such to add, "Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." By a fiction of law, the king of England can do no wrong. By the infinite, eternal, unchangeable rectitude of his nature, God can do no wrong.

Aaron held his peace, expecting God in due time to explain what was now perplexing. In this life much is dark. In the next the sun will shine. We should be no more amazed at some providences being incomprehensible, than at some seas being unfathomable. Here we know but little. "Were we called to exercise dominion over the universe, it would indeed be necessary that we should be omniscient. But for those whose business it is to obey and submit, omniscience is not necessary." But by-and-bye we shall gain much light on things now wrapped in darkness.

Aaron held his peace, because, like the great High Priest, of whom he was but the type, he committed himself to him that judgeth righteousness. His judgment was with God. His cause was in good hands. He who made us is the fit one to be trusted with all our secrets and sorrows.

In all this silence, Aaron had help from God. Of himself no man could under such circumstances behave aright. But this good man murmured not. "Indeed, in all respects, he seems to have been peculiarly supported by divine grace on this most trying occasion." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." How sweet the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

On this sad occasion Moses acted well his part. He was a brother born for adversity. He did not aggravate the affliction. He did not deny it, or make light of it; but at once pointed Aaron to God's word. This is the great source of comfort to the sorrowing people of God. "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction." Nor did Moses wander from the matter in hand. The truths he presented were pertinent: "This is it that the Lord spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified"

Let afflicted ministers remember Aaron and Eli. God's pious servants of former days have left us an example of suffering affliction; we count them happy that endured, let us behave as they behaved. "Aaron held his peace." Eli said, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." 1 Sam. iii. 18. Matthew Henry well says: "Ministers and their families are sometimes exercised with sore trials, that they may be examples to the believers of patience and resignation to God, and may comfort others with that with which they themselves have been comforted." If God's ministers were never in deep waters themselves, what miserable comforters they would all be. Fathers and brethren, let us suffer on a little longer, soon our warfare shall be accomplished, soon the Lord God will wipe away our tears, soon shall we be in the presence of the Lamb; for "if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

Silence is often a duty; it is a virtue not sufficiently commended. When men wrongfully withhold the honour due to us, let us imitate Saul; he held his peace, 1 Sam. x. 27. When malicious men are carrying on their plots against us, though they may cry, "Answer thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee?" we are not bound to speak. Under such circumstances Jesus held his peace, Matt. xxvi. 62, 63. When God's hand is upon us, and we feel nothing honorable to him and proper to be said, let us glorify him by our silence. Many a man will in eternity wish that the power of speech had been denied him on earth. True silence is the rest of the mind, and is to the spirit what sleep is to the body, nourishment and refreshment. It is a great virtue; it covers folly, keeps secrets,

avoids disputes, prevents sin." It does more. It is a grand honour to God. To the end of the world, the example of Aaron will guide and encourage the saints, and glorify Jehovah.\*

"REWARD FOR THE RIGHTEOUS."

BY THE REV. JOSEPH FLORY, SOMERESHAM, HUNTS.

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—PSALM lvi. 11.

EXCELLENT and glorious things are prepared for thee, O Christian—

"Righteous in the righteous One  
And by the Spirit's holy work within—"

however much now distressed and perplexed with inside and outside troubles, even such as infinitely surpass all human comprehension. The inspired Apostle Paul has affirmed and assured us, that "godliness with contentment is great gain," as it hath the promise not only of the life that now is, but also of that which is to come. And surely, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable"; but a real Christian has a well grounded hope and a firm expectation of a reward that shall more than compensate for all the miseries, distresses, and difficulties to which he is exposed in this vale of tears. And confidence raised in the soul by the power of the Spirit will enable it to rejoice in the midst of tribulation. If thou hast the same blessed hope and confidence, O believer, there shall be times in desire and realization when you shall be enabled to thankfully triumph in the God of thy salvation, whose Word declares that "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous."

But, ah! ye mistaken souls, we can but commiserate your truly unhappy and deplorable case; who, disdaining this reward of grace, and contemning those who profess to seek after it, are endeavouring to accumulate to yourselves the mammon of this world, and esteem the true riches as unworthy your notice or pursuit, when, be ye assured, this is the sole object worthy your continued pursuit. Here, ye ambitious, ye covetous, ye pleasure seekers, is a reward, a portion which will prove of infinite, eternal, inconceivable value and duration, and that more especially at a time when everything that is earthly and carnal loses its once attractive form and appearance.

Oh, what tongue can express, or heart conceive, the real excellencies and glories of this everlasting reward! The oracles of eternal truth declare that "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Such also is the condescension of our gracious God, that in order that we may form some—though very faint—ideas of the superlative excellence, matchless worth, and infinite magnitude of this reward, he has been pleased to represent it in his Word under the most sublime and distinguishing metaphors; a "crown," a "kingdom," an "inheritance," yea, and "eternal life" itself! are characters made use of to represent and set forth the excellency of the reward which is prepared for the righteous.

With this hope, say, O Christian (for it is thy privilege alone, experimentally to be acquainted with it), can'st thou not even rejoice in tribulation, glory in distresses, triumph in persecutions, and (which those who have no hope for the future reward cannot do) even face death itself with a dauntless magnanimity, and bid a final adieu to this world, rejoicing and triumphing in this glorious truth, "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous."

\* Pimlico, February 4th, 1856.

My Dear Brother,—I am so full of work, and have so many journeys before me this month, that I cannot write the piece for the "MESSENGER" I intended. I enclose a piece by Dr. Plumer, I have recently received from America which has never been printed in this country, but which I think *ought to be*. I have found it sweet, and it may comfort others; give it room if you can. I have also enclosed a few short pieces which I have written for you, they may do to fill up a corner.\* I can send you more if you want them.

Yours very truly, JOHN COX.

To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.

\* These will be inserted in future numbers of the "Messenger."—Ed.

But above all, at that solemn, awful, and tremendous day, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the heavens pass away with a great noise," and the Judge of the whole earth shall make his glorious appearance in the clouds of heaven, accompanied by tens of thousands of his saints; and shall summon all the nations of the earth to his dread tribunal; even then shall the Christian lift up his head with unutterable joy, and while others are banished to everlasting misery, shame, and contempt, then shall the saints know this truth by happy experience, and being immediately put in full possession of blessedness, shall with universal accord, and in strains of angelic rapture, shout triumphantly, "Verily there is a reward for the righteous!"

"Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,"  
For all the poor opprest;  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

BY THE REV. J. WHITTEMORE. HYNESFORD, KENT.

Composed to a melody by Luther, adopted by Mendelssohn in his Oratorio of "St. Paul."

MATTHEW XXV. 1-13.

Sleep no more, the hour approacheth,  
Awake, arise, the Bridegroom is at hand;  
Then go ye forth to meet Him.  
Haste, trim the vestal light,  
And feed with oil the flame;  
Hosannas sing:  
With loud acclaim let all unite  
In songs of joy to greet Him.

Thus it was from slumber-waking,  
The wise among that virgin band, essayed  
To greet their Lord's returning,  
And with the bridal train,  
Went in to share the joy;  
While dire their guilt  
And shame, who now sought oil to buy,  
Which erst should have been burning.

Sleep not! watch ye! heed the warning,  
For thus the Son of Man returns to reign;  
His robes of glory wearing.  
All ye who bear his name,  
Thus ready waiting stand:  
For soon your Lord  
Shall come, his chosen bride to claim;  
Prepare for his appearing.

Lo, as Judge of all, He cometh!  
Him every eye shall see—who pierc'd Him too,  
And in the judgment meet Him.  
They who once scorned his grace,  
Aghast in wild dismay,  
On rocks now call  
To hide them from his glory-face,  
While saints rejoicing greet Him.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CONDITION IN BOTH WORLDS.

## I.

"To live is Christ."—Phil. i. 21.

"To live is Christ"—a life unknown,  
Until the heart renewed,  
By sanctifying grace is won  
To take delight in God.—Psa. lxxiii. 25.

"To live is Christ"—then dead to sin  
Are they who this life live;  
Brought, by almighty power within,  
From the first Adam grave.—Rom. vi. 11.

"To live is Christ"—temptation now  
Is steadfastly repell'd,  
And man's stern foe, who made to bow,  
Is brought himself to yield.—Rom. vi. 14.

## II.

"To die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

"To die is gain."—what tongue can tell  
Its greatness or its worth?  
How far beyond it doth excel  
The highest wealth of earth?—1 Pet. i. 3, 4.

"To die is gain"—this we can say,  
The Scriptures plainly state  
'Tis bliss, which shall not fade away,  
Glory—an endless weight!—2 Cor. iv. 17.

"To die is gain"—wherefore should dread  
The trembling saint annoy?  
Death is no sooner come than fled,  
And cannot life destroy.—John xi. 25, 26.

"To live is Christ"—then other life  
Is but a living death;  
A span of revelry and strife,  
Dependent on a breath.—James iv. 14.

"To live is Christ"—by none possess'd  
Who are not born again:  
So changed, he is their glory, rest,  
And doth their life maintain.—John i. 12, 13.

"To live is Christ"—'tis, day by day,  
To make the will divine,  
The rule to regulate our way,  
Nor from the rule decline.—Acts xxi. 14.

"To live is Christ"—quite free from care  
Is this celestial state;  
Heav'n sheds its beams of glory there,  
And angels round it wait.—Phil. iv. 11.

"To live in Christ"—a hallow'd place,  
Where Deity to man  
Unfolds the treasures of his grace  
In the redeeming plan.—1 John iv. 16.

"To live is Christ"—pure, fervent love  
Inflames and fills the soul;  
By this faith's off'rings upward move—  
This animates the whole.—1 Cor. xiii.

"To live is Christ"—come pain or ease,  
Whatever be our lot,  
Alike we bless his wise decrees,  
Whose kindness changes not.—Job i. 21.

"To live is Christ"—the cross we take,  
And follow in his course,  
Who came to earth, and for our sake  
Endur'd sins bitter curse.—Matt. xvi. 24.

"To live is Christ"—so let us live,  
Then, when time's race is o'er,  
He will us to himself receive,  
On Canaan's blissful shore.—John xiv. 3.

"To die is gain"—the warfare done,  
The victor quits the field,  
Exchanging for a starry crown  
His armour, sword, and shield.—Rev. vii. 9.

"To die is gain"—in that bright clime  
Day knows no coming night,  
God shines in majesty sublime,  
An everlasting light.—Rev. xxii. 5.

"To die is gain"—there we shall meet  
Belov'd ones gone before,  
And share with them a converse sweet  
To terminate no more.—1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

"To die is gain"—there the Lamb leads  
Where living waters flow,  
And with the heav'nly manna feeds  
His followers below.—Rev. vii. 17.

"To die is gain"—no longer then  
We through a glass shall see,  
But things, which here had hidden been,  
Shall in full vision be.—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

"To die is gain"—ferce bigotry  
No eye shall ever trace,  
But purest, godlike charity  
Be stamp'd on ev'ry face.—1 John iv. 7.

"To die is gain"—the legal curse  
Never a pang can give;  
No sin unpardon'd bring remorse, [Rev. xxii. 3.  
Or sigh the bosom heave.—Rom. v. 19. 21.

"To die is gain"—pray'r forms no part  
Of worship in the skies,  
Praise only fills the grateful heart—  
A ceaseless sacrifice.—Rev. vii. 9—12.

"To die is gain"—doubts disappear  
As pass'd is Jordan's flood,  
And the enraptur'd soul comes near  
An ever-smiling God.

Feb. 1857.

B. C.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Frome, Badcox Lane, Somerset.*—The Rev. A. M. Stalker, late of Leeds, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation to the Baptist Church in this place.

*Milnsbridge, near Huddersfield.*—Mr. Parker, late student with the Rev. T. Dawson, of Liverpool, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church.

*Bromley, Northumberland.*—The Rev. R. Menzies, from Dundee.

*Chatham, Zion Chapel.*—The Rev. J. Coutts; of Regents Park College, has accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place.

*Erwood, Breconshire.*—Mr. John Jones, of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, has accepted the pastorate of this church.

*Birkenhead, Craven Rooms.*—The Rev. S. H. Booth, late of Falmouth, has acceded to the request of the church in this place, and commenced his ministrations among them.

*Cupar Fife.*—The Rev. D. R. Watson, of New Ross, Ireland, will enter upon the duties of the pastorate of the Baptist church in this place, early in the present month. Mr. Watson's father, now in Edinburgh, was the founder and pastor of the church twenty-six years.

*Egerton, Kent.*—Rev. C. McCarthy, formerly agent of the Irish Baptist Mission, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate.

*Troedyrhin, Glamorganshire.*—Mr. W. Jenkins, of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of this church.

*Amersham, Bucks.*—The Rev. W. S. Chap-

man, B.A., late of University College, and Horton College, has accepted the pastorate of this church.

*Denonport, Morris Square.*—The Rev. John Stock, of Salcendine Nook, Yorks, has accepted the pastorate of the church in this place, and will enter upon his labours the first Lord's day in April.

#### ANNIVERSARIES TO BE HOLDEN.

*Cambridge.*—Zion Chapel. Good Friday, April 10. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to preach (11 o'clock).

*Reigate, Red Hill.*—The Second Anniversary of the Baptist cause, meeting for divine worship at the Institution, Warwick Road, will (D.V.) be held on Lord's day, March 15th, when Rev. F. Covell of Croydon, will preach in the morning at 11, and in the evening at 6 o'clock; and on Friday evening, March 20th, Rev. W. Chamberlain, of Stepney, will preach at the Tunnel Office, Reigate, at 7 o'clock.

*Hoxton Tabernacle, High Street.*—On Tuesday morning, March 10th, 1857, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach in the above chapel, at 11 o'clock. Collection for New Park Street Building Fund. Admission by tickets, apply to Mr. Searle, and of Alabastrer & Passmore, Wilson Street, Finsbury. Also a tea meeting at 5 o'clock. Tickets 1s., which will admit to the public meeting at 7 o'clock. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preside. All the proceeds for Mr. Spurgeon's New Chapel.

*West African Mission.*—In a letter received this day from the Rev. A. Saker, dated "Cameroons," Dec. 26th, 1856, he says, and it will gladden the hearts of the friends of the African Mission to hear it, "We are doing well, are mercifully preserved, and kept day and night, and oft are we permitted to triumph through our Almighty Friend."

#### NEW CHAPELS.

*Bath.*—Kensington Chapel, previously used by an Episcopalian congregation, was opened Jan. 11, by the Baptists, upon mixed communion principles.

*Dowlais.*—The new chapel lately erected in this place, was opened for divine worship, Lord's day, Jan. 25, and Monday Jan. 26. Sermons were preached on the Lord's day by the Rev. W. Jones, of London, J. Lloyd, Ebenezer, and H. Evans, Haverfordwest. On Monday the following ministers preached: the Revs. H. Thomas, J. Evans, W. Jones, J. Jones, T. Jones, and R. D. Thomas.

*Oglourne.*—Feb. 6. A new chapel was opened in this village. Two sermons were preached on the occasion by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in a marquee provided by Mr. A. Beven, a farmer living in the village, at whose expense the chapel has been erected. Nearly 2000 persons were present.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICE.

*Kingsmill.*—Feb. 3. The Rev. R. Gay as pastor of the Baptist Church. In the afternoon, after prayer by the Rev. C. W. Skemp, of Great Missenden, the introductory discourse was delivered by the Rev. W. Underwood, of Chesham. Mr. Gay then gave a brief sketch of his past experience and call to the

ministry. After which, the Rev. W. Payne, Sen., late pastor of the church at Kingsmill, offered the recognition prayer. The friends then adjourned to the school-room, where they partook of tea refreshments. In the evening, after prayer by the Rev. J. Blackmore, of Princes, Risborough, the charge to the minister was delivered by the Rev. R. Pledge, of High Wycombe. The Rev. C. W. Skemp preached to the church, and the Rev. W. Payne, delivered the closing address to the people.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

*Longford, near Coventry.*—The friends at Union Place Chapel, have just cleared their Chapel debt. They had but a little more than £100 in hand when they determined to pay it off forthwith; and the debt with the year's interest, amounted to £262 10s.; however, by a vigorous effort they accomplished their object in six months, and can now say, "Thank God we have a free Chapel!"

*Clifton, near Bristol, Buckingham Chapel.*—A congratulatory services was held, Jan. 57, the Rev. R. Morris presided, the Revs. W. Craik, E. Probert, W. Barnes, (of Trowbridge) Verrew (of the Continental Aid Society), B. Nicholson, of Bedminster, and J. Davies, took part in the service, the object of which was to thank God, and congratulate the friends on the complete liquidation of the costs of erection, &c., amounting to £2,300, as well as for an annual addition of twenty members, during the past seven years.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

*Sandhurst, Kent, Feb. 4.*—The Rev. J. H. Blake gave a second lecture on English and Scotch proverbs, in the British school-room, Ellis Slaughter, Esq. in the chair. Tea was provided at half-past five in the afternoon. The spacious room was filled on the occasion. After a few appropriate remarks from the chairman, Mr. Blake preceded, amidst much applause, to address the assembly, which he did for an hour and a half, in a very entertaining and instructive manner. Votes of thanks were unanimously accorded to both lecturer and chairman, and the people were about to separate, when a gentleman rose to say that he had been appointed to present to Mr. Blake, on the part of the church and congregation, a purse of gold, as a testimony of their good feeling and esteem. This interesting testimonial was very feelingly acknowledged by Mr. Blake.

*Windsor.*—Jan. 20. A social tea meeting was held, to celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of the Rev. S. Lillycrop's pastorate. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. G. Hawson of Staines, Mr. James Buttfield, and Mr. Morton, who, on behalf of the Teachers of the Sunday school, presented Mr. and Mrs. Lillycrop with a copy of Dr. Kitto's Fictorial Bible, in two volumes, which was suitably acknowledged.

*Inskip, Lancashire.*—Jan. 1. Upwards of 300 persons partook of tea refreshments in the Baptist Chapel, after which an interesting service was held, when several addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers and friends; after which Mr. Colterall, one of the deacons, presented Mr. Compton with a purse of gold on his retiring from the pastorate.

*Tuton, Wellington Street.*—Jan. 20. A social tea meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel; afterwards an interesting service was held, presided over by Mr. J. Wiseman, who presented the Rev. J. S. Stanion, the pastor, with a purse of gold and a handsome writing desk, completely fitted up, as a token of esteem from the members of the church in this place. After a suitable acknowledgment by Mr. Stanion, several addresses were delivered by friends connected with the chapel.

*Whitstone, Hereford.*—The Rev. J. Moore was recently presented with two handsomely-bound hymn books—Rippon's Comprehensive Edition, and Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns—accompanied with an expression of affectionate esteem on the part of the members of the church.

#### VALEDICTORY SERVICE.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 4th, a united meeting of the various Baptist churches and congregations in Birmingham was held in Cannon-street Chapel, to wish farewell to, and supplicate the Divine blessing on, the Rev. James Taylor, who for more than five years has been the minister of Heneage-street Chapel, Ashted, and who is about to proceed to Australia, under the auspices of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, as their Messenger to inquire into the religious condition of the Baptist denomination in that country, and to report the result of his inquiries. The meeting was very crowded and exceedingly interesting, and attended by some of the leading members of the Baptist congregations in the town. Among the ministers present were the Revs. T. Swan, I. New, C. Vince, J. J. Brown, M. Kent, J. Hossack, and T. H. Morgan. The chair was taken by William Middlemore, Esq. The Rev. M. Kent read the hymns. The Rev. C. Vince read the Scriptures, and offered the introductory prayer. The Rev. J. J. Brown delivered an exceedingly interesting address to the congregation, in reference to the emigration of Mr. Taylor and other friends to the Colonies. The Rev. T. Swan delivered a touching and affectionate valedictory address to Mr. Taylor, and adverting to the arduous labours and the successful ministrations of Mr. Taylor during his pastorate over the church at Heneage-street for five years, especially in reference to the young and in the course of the Missionary Society, and concluded his address by repeating the blessing pronounced on the children of Israel. (Numbers, vi. 24—26.) The Rev. J. Taylor then addressed the meeting, detailing his long-cherished desire to devote himself to foreign labour, and gave some interesting statistical details of the great want of pastors for the churches in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and expressed his desire and determination to collect funds to send to England, for the outfit of ministers to those distant colonies. Mr. William Morgan, in an appropriate speech, then submitted the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. J. H. Hopkins, in a speech in which he adverted to the successful ministry of Mr. Taylor, and the regret which was so generally felt at his removal from the town: "This meeting, composed of members of the several Baptist churches and congregations

assembling in Birmingham, together with other friends who have met together at a valedictory service on the occasion of the departure of the Rev. James Taylor for Australia, having had the opportunity of hearing a statement of the objects of his mission, cordially desire to express their warm interest in the important undertaking to which Mr. Taylor has devoted himself, and an earnest hope that the blessing of God may rest upon him and his family during the voyage and throughout the whole of their future lives. This meeting pray that the Divine favour may attend Mr. Taylor's endeavours to promote the cause of Christ in Australia, and assures him that their affectionate regards, and the prayers and good wishes of the church over which he has presided, and of multitudes to whom he has become endeared, will accompany him on his leaving this town, the scene for nearly six years of his patient self-denying and eminently successful labours. In parting from their friend, this meeting earnestly commend him and his family to the friendship and sympathy of their Christian brethren in Australia, and to the constant guardianship of the Great Head of the church." The resolution was unanimously passed; and after a few words addressed to Mr. Taylor by the chairman, the Rev. Isaac New offered up the valedictory prayer, and pronounced the blessing. On the following (Thursday) evening a re-union of the present and former pupils of Mr. Taylor's various classes took place under his presidency. It was attended by upwards of 150 young people of both sexes, and, at the close, the presentation of a handsome gold watch was made by one of the elder scholars, and was accompanied by a suitable address, to which Mr. Taylor feelingly responded. We understand that a testimonial to Mr. Taylor is in a state of preparation, which already amounts to more than £120. Mr. Taylor left in the Great Britain steamship, in the middle of February. We join with the friends at Birmingham in commending him to the prayers of the churches, and to the blessing of Almighty God.

#### BAPTISMS.

- Aberdare, Glamorganshire*, Dec. 20.—After a sermon by Mr. Evans, of Aberair, in the river Cynnon, and in the presence of 3,000 persons, eight by Mr. Price.
- Abersychan*, Jan. 4.—Four by Mr. Price.
- Bethal, Montgomeryshire*, Dec. 14.—One by Mr. Morris.
- Brighton, Windsor St.*, Jan. 4.—Four, whose united ages amounted to upwards of 230 years, by Mr. G. Wilkins.
- Broseley, Salop*, Dec. 28.—Five by Mr. Dale.
- Bury St. Edmunds*, Jan. 1.—Six by Mr. Eiven, making 890 during the thirty-five years of Mr. E's pastorate.
- Carmarthen, Tabernacle*, Jan. 4.—By Mr. W. H. Jones.
- Chalford, Gloucestershire*, Dec. 7.—Two by Mr. Ayers.
- Chaltenham, Cambray Chapel*, Dec. 21.—Twelve, Jan. 18, Eleven by Mr. Smith.
- Denbigh*, Jan. 4.—One by Mr. Pritchard.
- Edw Vale*.—Three, English, one a Sabbath school teacher, by Mr. E. Lewis.
- Eye, Suffolk*, Jan. 4.—Six, and Feb. 1, five by Mr. Lloyd.

*Garway, Herefordshire*, Jan. 18.—One by Mr. Johnson.

*Gorsley, near Ross*, Dec. 28.—Four, one of these the daughter of the administrator.

*Haddenham, Isle of Ely*, Dec. 7.—After an address by Mr. Dring, of Wilburton, three by Mr. Mostyn.

*Hailsham, Sussex*, Oct. 12.—One, and Jan. 25, one, by Mr. Cornelius Slim.

*Hereford, Church Street*, Jan. 18, at Zion Chapel, (lent for the occasion).—Six by Mr. Wall.

*King's Lynn, Stepney Chapel*, Jan. 4.—Eleren by the pastor.

*Kingston-on-Thames*, Jan. 25.—Four by Mr. Medhurst.

*Leeds, Cail Lane*, Dec. 28.—Nine by Mr. Tunnicliffe.

*Leicester, Archdeacon Lane*, Dec. 7.—Eight by Mr. Stevenson.

*Leominster*, Jan. 18.—Four by Mr. Nash, making twenty added by baptism and letter during the last twelve months.

*London, Islington, Cross St.*, Feb. 17.—Three by A. Thomas.

*Ministerly, near Pontesbury, Salop*, Feb. 8.—Three by the Pastor, making fifteen since April last. In future we hope to report our Baptisms as they occur.

*Newswell, Montgomeryshire* (no date given).—Four by Mr. Morgan, of Newtown.

*Paisley, Stone St.*, Nov. 30.—Two by Mr. Mitchell.

*Pembroke*, Jan. 11.—In the river, after an address by Mr. Morris Phillips, three by J. H. Walker.

*Risca, Monmouthshire*, English, Jan. 4.—Seven by Mr. Phillips, and on Feb. 7, thirteen by Mr. Reeves.

*Sarn, Kerry, Montgomeryshire*, Dec. 7.—Two.

*Sandhurst, Kent*, Jan. 5.—One by Mr. J. H. Blake.

*Semley, Wilts*, Dec. 28.—Six by Mr. King.

*Secoaks*, Feb. 1.—Three, and on July 27, Four (not reported before) by Mr. Mountford.

*Sheffield, Byre St.*, Dec. 28.—Eight by Mr. Ashberry.

*Sible, Heddingham*, Feb. 15.—Four by Mr. T. Jones, of Blackheath, after a sermon to a crowded assembly from, "By what authority doest thou these things."

*Slack Lane, near Rugby*, Feb. 1.—Five by Mr. Lee.

*Swansea, York Place*, Dec. 28.—Five by Mr. J. H. Hill.

—, *Mount Pleasant*, Jan. 4.—Three by Mr. Short, B.A.

*Taunton, Silver St.*, Jan. 4.—Eight by Mr. B. Green, one a member of an independent church.

*Torquay*, Dec. 27.—Four by Mr. Kings.

## DEATHS.

Peacock, Mrs. Deborah, wife of the Rev. J. Peacock, late pastor of Spencer Place Chapel, London, Feb. 14, aged 70 years.

Powell, Mr. H., of Blakeney, Feb. 11, aged 86. He had for many years filled the office of deacon of the Baptist church in this place.

Hodgkins, T. H., eldest son of the Rev. B. Hodgkins, of Bishop's Stortford, Feb. 13, aged 118.

Foster, Rev. J. H., many years Baptist minister at Uckfield, Sussex, departed this life at the residence of his son, Mr. Joseph Foster, of Railsham, in the same county. The reverent gentleman had reached the patriarchal age of 97 years (being born in 1760) and entered into his eternal rest on his birthday, Jan. 23, 1857. For nearly seventy years he was a faithful minister of the Gospel. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was also well read, of considerable energy of mind, and through his own exertions realized a comfortable independency. During his declining years he was peculiarly favoured, possessing a cheerful, firm faith, and good hope through grace of eternal life, frequently saying, he dreaded death no more than going to sleep; and he would speak of the eternal meeting with joy shining on his aged and pleasing countenance, which made it delightful to be favoured with his company. He preached his last sermon about two years ago, from "Blessed are those that put their trust in Him." He was not able to speak more than a quarter of an hour, but those who heard it say it was the best sermon he ever preached—solid, savoury, and encouraging. His funeral at Uckfield was attended by vast numbers who testified their affection for his memory by their silent tears, and sorrowing most of all they should see his face no more. The Rev. Isaac Haycraft, of Lewes, delivered the Oration at the grave, and on the following Lord's day the Rev. Cornelius Slim preached the funeral sermon to the relations and friends at the Baptist chapel, Hailsham, from the words, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Funeral discourses were also delivered at Tenterden, in Kent, Uckfield, Lewes, and Battle, in Sussex. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Mutton, Mr. Joseph, Feb. 2, at Kelmarsh, aged 68. Mr. M. had been long a faithful and valued deacon of the Baptist church, Clipstone, Northamptonshire.

Bowles, Mrs. Jan. 9, aged 30, at Dunstable, Beds. Mrs. B. had the privilege of receiving in early life the pious instructions of Christian parents, and had frequently strong convictions of her lost estate: but she did not find "peace in believing," until she heard a sermon preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the neighbouring town of Leighton, from the words—"He brought me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." From that time she experienced a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Her dying experience was peculiarly blessed. This was most manifest in all her conversations with her beloved relatives and minister. Her death was improved by the Rev. W. Carpenter, her minister, in the old Baptist Meeting, Dunstable, to a very crowded congregation, from the words which had been the means of setting her soul at liberty.

Webb, Mrs. Phillis, Wife of Mr. G. Webb, Master of the British School, Eynsford, Kent, Feb. 12, aged 39.

\* \* The large increase in our circulation having rendered it necessary for us to go to press earlier in the month than heretofore, Communications must be received by the 18th of each month at latest.

## A LOST CHRIST FOUND.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

*Minister of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.*

“But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day’s journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.”—LUKE ii. 44.

WHAT a precious treasure must the child Jesus have been to his parents? You who have children whom you love, not merely because they are yours, but because you discover in them traits of character which are signs of divine grace, can tell in some measure how precious the child Jesus must have been. Born to his mother in a marvellous and miraculous manner, her heart was set upon him; and, after all the wonderful things that had been said about him by the angel, by Simeon, and by Anna, you cannot wonder that she expected much; and indeed, she expected less than she received. When you think of the perils and troubles to which his parents were exposed for his sake; by the sword of Herod, by flight into Egypt, and by the cruelty of Archelaus; you cannot wonder that he was a treasure very choice, dearly tended, well guarded and protected. They had felt how terrible it would be to lose him; they knew his value; at least, they guessed something of that inestimable value which must be attached to the perfect manhood of our divine Lord Jesus Christ. Don’t you wonder, therefore, that they should have lost him? It seems not a little wonderful that they should have suffered him for a minute to go away from them. Trustworthy as he was; yet he must have been a child so dear to their hearts, his company so precious to them, that one would think his mother could scarcely spare him one instant from her side. You could scarcely think that in the midst of such a crowd as was assembled at Jerusalem, she would for an instant have left him alone. Surely, you would say, that precious treasure she would keep and tend perpetually; and if she took it to places where she might lose it, she would tend it with extreme watchfulness until she brought it back again. And yet, Mary lost her son; lost him in Jerusalem, and even went a day’s journey before she fully discovered her loss. Do not be astonished, O believer, do not be amazed; you have got a treasure quite as precious, for it is the same person. Jesus Christ is yours; not your son, but your brother; not your child, but your friend; yours spiritually, yours by precious experience, yours by gracious donation of himself to you, and yours by sweet communings which he is holding within you, and in many seasons of sweet refreshment. And some of you have lost him—lost his company; but he has not lost you; “his loving heart is still immutably the same.” But some of you have lost him; so that you can join in the hymn with great emphasis,—

“What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still;  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.”

How is it you have lost him? One would have thought you would never have parted from him in such a wicked world as this, with Satan ready to rob you of him, with ten thousand enemies ready to take him away from you; and with such a precious one, whose presence is so sweet, whose words are so melodious, and whose company is so dear to you, we would have thought you would have watched him every moment, and never suffered him to stray from you. But alas! you have let him go. Your Jesus has left you, and you are seeking him, and crying, “Oh that I knew where I might find him!” And possibly you had gone many a day’s journey before you discovered that you had lost him. You thought he was still in your heart, when really he had gone from you, and left you for a season, to let you find out your evil, and seek him again with full purpose of heart.

To you, therefore, I address myself, I think there is something in this narrative for you. There is first, the loss of Christ; secondly, the seeking after Christ; and thirdly, the finding of Christ.



I.—*We have something to say concerning the loss of Christ.* And first, we begin by saying, that souls very dear and precious to the Redeemer, may yet lose the sensible enjoyment of his presence. His mother lost him, his father lost him; they were very dear to him, and he was very dear to them; and yet they lost him. Many of the Lord's beloved people have lost their Saviour; not lost him wholly; never can that be; their substance is in them, even when they have lost their leaves; a holy seed within them is the substance of their piety; but they have lost his visible presence, and yet they are dear to him; as dear to him as when they took him in their arms with Simeon, and when they kissed him with the lips of affection. The best of saints sometimes have the hidings of God's countenance, and are led to walk through dark paths without the shining of the sun. Shall we pause to give you instances? I might find you many such in God's word; instead thereof, let me find them in your own hearts. Who among us that has known the Lord long, has not had to mourn the absence of our Saviour? Like the dove that has lost its mate, we have been sitting alone, and inconsolable until it had returned, pouring out our moans and groans:

"Return, O Heavenly Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!"

We have cried to him to come back; but he had hidden his face from us, and covered himself in the thick darkness, nor would he manifest himself to us. The first time that this great trouble surprises a true Christian, he draws this conclusion from it. I am not the Lord's child, or else I should always have the smile of his love. It is a false conclusion; it is the logic of unbelief, it is false logic, its conclusion is therefore untrue. A child does not always have its father's smile, though it be a loved one and delighted in; the offspring of its father's heart, very dear to it, sprung from his inmost soul, as well as from his loins; yet it doth not always have the smile, not always the sweet word. There must be words in good families, and sharp words from wise and loving lips. It is not, therefore, a fair inference. Oh! conclude not, thou distressed one, thou who hast lost the evidence of grace, and the comforting presence of thy Master; conclude not that he has shut up his bowels of compassion when he has seemed to shut up his eyes of love. "I sleep, but my heart waketh," saith he! "I shut mine eyes upon thee, but my heart is after thee still; I lift the rod and scourge thee, but my heart, deep in its inmost recesses, hath still thy name inscribed; I will not leave thee, I will not forsake thee; I have not cast thee away; I have chastened thee sore, but I have not given thee over unto death; thou shalt yet see the sunlight; the clouds have not quenched the sun, the blackness has not put out the stars; I will yet shine upon thee; once more I will manifest myself to thee." The losing of Christ's presence, the suspension of communion, is a very disagreeable, and a very sad part of Christian experience. But let this be noted: It is the experience of a Christian, and the very best and most highly favoured of God's children, have had to suffer it.

2. But now will you please to notice *where they lost Christ?* They lost him in the feast at Jerusalem. Ten to one, if ever thou lose the company of thy Master, O Christian, thou wilt lose him at a feast. I never lost my Master's company at a funeral; such a thing is more than possible at a wedding. I have never lost my Master's presence in the house of mourning, by the bedside of the sick and dying. I have sometimes felt suspension of fellowship with my Master, when the lute and the viol have been sounding in my ear, and when joy and gladness ruled the day. Our most joyous moments are our most perilous ones. It is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, the most glorious of flowers, there are to be found the most venomous of snakes. Truly amongst our joys are to be found our dangers. As Cleopatra had an asp introduced to her in a basket of flowers, so have we many an asp brought to us in our joys. Take heed of your joys; you are safe enough in your sorrows. Storms are the safest sailing for a Christian. Calms are more terrible than whirlwinds; deep waters know no rocks, shallow waters that gaily ripple are the dangers of our life. Far out, where the horizon hath its round ring, and nothing is within sight, the ship is seldom much in danger. Near the shore, when

the white cliff gladdens the eye of the mariner, there the pilot must look to his helm. In your joys beware. In your troubles God is with you; but he is not always with you in your joys. Job's sons learned there were dangers in feasts: God's sons may not learn the same lesson in so terrible a manner, but they may learn it in a very grievous way. Better for David to have been on his bed sick, than to have been walking on his house top enjoying the breeze! Better for thee to be cast into the fiery furnace of affliction, where thou canst be refined, than to be left to lie down in the meads of happiness, where thou mayest have poison poured into thine ear by a wily adversary! Beware of thy joys! There is more fear of losing Christ at a feast than anywhere else. You are going out to a party this week, and you are a young Christian; mind what you are at! I will never say to you, do not go. If you can ask God's blessing on a thing, do it; but I do say to you, take care, take care; mind, look sharp, reef your sails when you get there,—mind that. Go as fast as you like alone; mind what you are at in company. Taste care, take care, take care, especially in mixed company. And, ah! I am sorry to say, take care of Christian company; for what fine Christian company there is to be seen sometimes! Christians that cannot find amusement enough for themselves, cannot talk about the Lord Jesus, cannot mention his name, cannot find pleasure enough in the things of Scripture, but must turn to other and meaner things to find them joys. Take heed of some Christian company, there is little good got by some of your meetings. Spend your time in prayer; talk of what he said and did, or else, perhaps, you had better be at home. Christ is often lost in a feast; his presence is often withdrawn from us when we get into company. Our Jesus loves seclusion, he will not strive, nor lift up his voice, nor cause it to be heard in the streets; he shall not cry aloud; he loveth to dwell alone with his people in the corner of the house. "Come my people, enter into thy closet and shut to the door;" you will not lose your Master there. Have him in your own household, you will not lose him there; walk with him alone, and you will not lose him. I do not say, have no feasting,—

"Why should the children of a king,  
Go mourning all their days."

I will not say, have no hours of gladness; you have a right to them. I will not say, do not meet together; do so, your meeting may be profitable to each of you; but I do say, take care what you are at. Christ Jesus was lost at a feast by his mother. He may be lost by you unless you take care; especially to young persons who are seriously inclined, yet not decided for God; let me say, it is a solemn snare of the devil, is that evil company. Oh! how many have been ruined by it. If he can but get you back to it he thinks it is all right; he will be sure to have you at last. Nothing will do for a man that has kept evil company, but the entire cutting it off altogether. You cannot bear much of it; better give it up altogether, and then you will be entirely safe; or else there will be first one, and then another enticing you a little and a little back, until, who can tell? all those fair beginnings, as you thought them to be, may end, blighted and impeded by the blast of carnal, frothy conversation. The Lord deliver us from losing our Master Jesus in the feast.

3. Yet, once more, Mary and Joseph lost Jesus for three days. From which note, that it is possible for a believer to lose the company of his Master for a long time, and yet find him again after all. They did find him after the three days. There is, a poor doubter, he has been sick at heart, for he wants his Master, but he cannot find him. Oh, how has he groaned and poured out his heart before God, but still no answer has come to his cry; he concludes, therefore, that he must perish! Nay, poor desponding one, the parents of Jesus found him the third day. Try again. seek him once more, his absence is but temporary; it may be long, but the longest hiding of his face shall have an end. O child, cry not at the eclipse, though it last an hour, the sun is not dead nor quenched. Oh! thou poor Little Faith, sigh, and sigh thou oughtest, but despair not; if he hath left thee he will yet return; thou shalt again behold his face, again bask in the sunshine of his love, again know that

the is thine, and that thou art his. If thou hast lost him for months, ay for years, I had almost said, yet shall thou find him; with thine whole heart seek him, and he will be found of thee; only give thyself thoroughly up to the search for him, and verily he will not leave thee entirely, but thou shalt yet discover him to thy joy and gladness, and shalt again be feasted with marrow and fatness. Three days lost, but yet discovered! So Christ may be for a long time absent, and yet may the poor saint find comfort in him once more.

II. But now I come to notice the **SEEKING AFTER CHRIST**. The father and mother of Jesus sought him very earnestly.

Note first that *they sought him very judiciously*; by which I mean, that they sought him in the right places. They went back to Jerusalem and sought for him. It was at Jerusalem they lost him; it was at Jerusalem they might naturally expect to find him. Tell me where you lost the company of Christ, and I will tell you the most likely place to find him. Did you lose the company of Christ by forgetting prayer, and becoming slack in your devotion? Have you lost Christ in the closet? You will find him there. Did you lose Christ by sin? You will find Christ in no other way but by the giving up of the sin, and seeking by the Holy Spirit to mortify the member in which the lust doth dwell. Did you lose Christ by forgetting the Scriptures? You must find Christ in the Scriptures; where you lost him you will find him. It is a true proverb, "look for a thing where you dropped it, it is there." So look for Christ where you lost him, for he has not gone away. But it is hard work to go back for Christ. John Bunyan told us the Pilgrim found the piece of the road back to the Arbour of Ease the hardest piece he had to go—that piece of his journey back that he had to travel to find his roll that was under the settle. Twenty miles on the road is easier to go than one mile back for the lost evidence. Take care, then, when you get your Master, to cling closer to him. But if you have lost him, go back and find him where you lost him.

And will you note, too, that they sought of him *amongst his kinsfolk and acquaintances*. And that is the right place to find him. If I am in distress of mind, where should I get relief? I saw a staring placard, as I came along just now, recommending persons who have the heartache to go to Charles Mathews to get it cured. I suppose by a play. Ay, they may go a long while, if it is the real heartache, to get it taken away there. It is there they get the heartache, not where they lose it. People don't lose diseases generally, where they catch them. If you had got a fever anywhere, I should not advise you to go to the same house to get rid of it. If you have got a heartache through a sin, it is not by deeper draughts of sin that you can cure it; it may stupify and intoxicate you for a while, and make you forget it, but it is a bad thing to use intoxicating liquor instead of the real remedy. Oh, ye that have the heartache, ye that have broken hearts, ye that have troubles rolling over your heads, ye can expect to find your Christ—where? why, amongst his kinsfolk and acquaintance. Do not go to the giddy haunts of vice and sin; go not where there is revelry and mirth, but go where Jesus' people meet. Talk with his people, converse with those who have the most knowledge of his love and of his power to save. It is likely you will find your Master amongst his kinsfolk and acquaintance; but go not unto the world after him. Seek pearls where they lie deep, but seek them not where such things never were discovered, otherwise you go a fool's errand in verity and truth.

And mark, again, while they sought him judiciously, they sought him *continuously*. They did not look for him to-day and then give up the search; but they kept on looking until they found him. So, Christian, if thou hast lost the precious boon of communion, keep on seeking, and do not stay thy prayers until thou hast recovered it. Be not content with one dive into the depths after this pearl, but dive again and again, with breathless haste, until thou dost discover it.

And yet again, we are told that they sought him *sorrowfully*; "Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." I know this; no believer will ever lose the company of his Lord without sorrow. It would be impossible. I have heard many

of you say that you have not had fellowship with Christ lately, and you talk with a smile on your face. Ah, sirs, if what you say be true, I have grave doubts about your piety: if true Christians think it their greatest grief to lose their Master's presence, and they do not talk of it lightly, it is their misery that they have not the Prince of Mercy with them; they want his company perpetually; and if it be withdrawn for an instant, they feel that the sight of the sun is taken away from their eyes.

"'Tis heaven to dwell in his embrace,  
And no where else but there."

They sought him sorrowfully. The best messengers to find out Christ are tears. Tears act on mercy like the magnet on the needle; the tears of the Christian find out the heart of God. Go after thy Master with wet eyes, and he will come after thee. For, do you know, there is a sacred connection between Christ and weeping eyes? For it is Christ's office to wipe the weeper's eyes; and whenever he sees you weeping, his fingers—if I may use such a word—are itching to be wiping them. He must wipe them; he cannot bear to see the tears there. Well, if he wipes them, he must come to you. So the surest way to find him is to seek him sorrowing. Nothing like a sorrowing prayer, if we have not got our Lord. Prayers from a heart that is wrung with the rough hand of sorrow are the most acceptable in the ears of the God of Sabbath. If thou art sorrowing, then seek on, O Christian, and think that thou art all the nearer to discovery when thy sorrows increase. Tears are the bilge water of the soul; the eyes are the pumps. Pump out this leak water of your tears, and so God will keep you floating. It is a blessed thing to be able to seek Christ, though it be sorrowfully.

III. — THE FINDING OF CHRIST. Mark now *where* Christ was found. Do you know where his parents went to seek him? Well, when they went to Jerusalem asked all their kinsfolk and acquaintance, "Have you seen that child—that dear lovely child?" They all knew him. "No," they said, "we have not seen him." Well, I suppose they then went to the house of entertainment, the caravanserie at the inn, and asked, Is our son here? There was a great deal of noise there. Some rioters were there, draining cups full of mirth, and something worse than that. "Is our child here?" they asked; that fair-haired child, the most beautiful you ever saw?" "Ah!" they say, "that is an old tale with women. Go away: we have not seen him; he is not here." And off they go. Christ was not in the inn; there was not room for him there when he was born, and there was not likely to be room for him afterwards. They did not go to the palace for him; not inside of it, at any rate. They were afraid of Herod, for if Herod had got him there would have been an end of him. But I dare say they thought the dear little child would be attracted by the splendid buildings, and would be sure to be in the street, and noticing some of the great and gaudy structures that decked Jerusalem with glory. So they went through the principal streets, thinking, surely, he would be attracted there. And when they asked the curious from foreign countries, who were investigating all the wonders of the city, if they had seen the child, they most likely stared them in the face. Christ Jesus is not always to be found with the curious in their researches. But there was a mountebank in the street, a number of children were gathered around him, gazing at him, and the performance might be likely to attract Jesus; the parents went there, but folly knew nothing about the child Jesus, and he was not there. At last his mother bethought herself that, perhaps, he might be in the temple. Ay, that was the place for him; he was the King of the Temple, and the king should be in his palace; and there they found him, humbling the pride of the doctors. So learn from this, O Christian, that thou wilt never find thy Master where folly exhibits itself to gazing multitudes; thou wilt never find him where curious learning studies with deep research to discover everything that is wonderful and profound; thou wilt never find him where giddy mirth is gathered in the assemblies of the ungodly; but if thou wouldst

find Christ thou must find him in his temple, in the house of prayer. It is here he make his glories known, it is here he speaks to his children.

"The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day."

Here are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Sinner, if thou seekest Christ, seek him where he is to be found. If thou seekest happiness, and peace, and mercy, go after him where he goes, lie down at the pool of Bethesda. And Oh! that God would bring thee, if he has not yet quickened thee to so much strength; oh, that thou mightest be brought to the pool of Siloam, to the house of means, to the house of mercy; for it is here that Jesus Christ loves to resort, and do the great wonders of his grace.

Do the saints I hope to say this word, do not rest if you have lost the society of your Lord; do not give sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you have had restored to you the communion that has been suspended. Do not live, oh! I beseech you do not live—live, did I say?—Do not exist in such a condition for another hour. If your communion with Christ is suspended, run to your house, fall upon your knees, and cry to him to give you fresh manifestations of his love. It is dangerous to delay. O child of God, it is dangerous to be without thy Lord! This would be like unto the sheep without its shepherd; a tree without water at its roots; a sear leaf in the tempest, not bound to the tree of life. Oh! may Christ influence thy heart that thou mayest see thy danger, and now with full purpose of heart seek after him who is to be found of thee. I beseech you by your usefulness and happiness; I beseech you by the loveliness of Christ, by the fearful condition of being found without fellowship with him; I beseech you by your own misery, which you have already suffered, by the misery which will certainly increase unless you find him; I beseech you give no rest to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, until you have found Christ again, to the joy and gladness of your spirit.

And as for the rest of you that know no Saviour, what I have said boots nothing to you. You are careless of it. Let me just beseech you, by him that liveth and was dead, by the solemnities of hell, by the dread mysteries of eternity, by the bliss of heaven, and by the terrors of the day of judgment; let me beseech you, as a dying man, speaking to dying men, if you have never found Christ, let these words ring in ears, thou art "without God, without hope, and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel!" Yea, let me say then again, they are like the pealing of a knell—"Without God, without hope, and strangers from the commonwealth of Israel!" Go out to night and masticate the words, "without Christ, without Christ!" and if they do not stagger you, oh! God help you! But if it do, my hearer, make thee start; if God shall make it break thee up, then sinner, when he has broken thee in pieces, remember Christ Jesus is willing to save all those whom he has made willing to be saved. And as certainly, as you want him he wants you; seek him, you will find him; do but knock and it shall be opened; do but ask, and you shall receive. Oh! quickened sinner, here is his way of mercy: "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus and is baptized shall be saved." Oh! that you would believe in Christ and be baptized. Oh! that God would help you who have nothing of your own to give yourselves up to Christ, and take him to be your all! But, hardened sinner, I send you away with these dreadful words, and I hope they will stick by you all the week, when you walk the streets, when you are on your bed, when you are at your meals, "without Christ, without God, without hope, strangers from the commonwealth of Israel!" And, therefore, without heaven, because without hope, oh those who have heaven have a blessed "hope which maketh not ashamed."

### THE VOICE OF THE DIAL.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

#### *A Meditation.*

SITTING in my school-room yesterday morning, waiting for the clock to strike seven, in order to commence the early prayer meeting, I was struck with what ap-

peared to be the loud ticking of the dial. Tick, tick, tick, it went. I listened, it seemed to be different to its usual tick. I suppose fancy began to work, for I thought it seemed to say, "*Life, death; life, death; life, death!*" It awed me; I felt solemnized. I took out my pencil, and dotted down a few thoughts, which I fancied might be useful.

*Life is introductory to death.* Life is now, death will come soon. The pendulum, reaching one side says, "*life,*" a child is born; it reaches the other side, and says, "*death*"—a soul is departed. How small a space is there between life and death, in every case; but how very small the space between the life of one, and the death of another—only the swing of the pendulum. Let us listen to the teaching of the dial, "*LIFE, DEATH.*"

*Life now, death soon.* What is your life? It is but a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away. What is life? It is like the beautiful eastern flower, that groweth in the morning, reaches perfection by noon, and fades when the sun sets. What is life? It is like the shadow that continually shortens until the sun reaches the meridian, and then it is gone. *Life is now,* this moment. I am not sure of the next. Now I am strong, presently I may be paralysed. Now I have my reason, presently I may be unconscious. Now I may do great things, and secure great blessings; presently I may have no power, and my last opportunity may be lost. *Now life, soon death.* Yes, even now his commission may be signed; even now, his arm may be uplifted, about to strike the fatal blow. Many every day are taken away with a stroke. No warning is given, but swift as the movement of the pendulum, the arrow flies, the heart is pierced, life rushes forth, and the work is done. Do we realize the brevity of life as we should? Are we affected by it as we ought? Are we prepared for sudden death? These are solemn questions. Life with us will soon end; death will soon make its appearance; and then, prepared or unprepared, we must obey its mandate, we *must* depart. Let us use the present to prepare for the future. During life, let us learn to conquer death. This can only be done by faith in Christ, union to Christ, and fellowship with Christ. Faith in his blood, union to his person, and fellowship with him as the fulness of God.

*Life for work, death for rest.* Life is for labour. Labour for the body; labour for the soul; labour for the family; labour for the church; labour for the world; labour for God. Solomon said, "Everything is full of labour." Life was intended for employment. Each of us should have something to do; plenty to do. That to do which is worth doing. Unless we are employed we cannot be happy. There is no law that any one should be happy unemployed. God has created no place in which an idle person can be happy. We must work, if we would eat with appetite. We must work, if we would sweetly sleep. We must work, if we would be respected by man. We must work, if we would be honoured by God. One of the canons of God's church is, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." Let us then think it an honour to labour for our daily bread; but let us not labour only for the bread that perisheth, but for that also which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Lord Jesus has promised to give us. Let nothing satisfy us but an interest in Christ, a part *with* Christ, and the enjoyment of Christ.

Having realized our own salvation by faith in Jesus, then life is to be spent for the good of others. "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's welfare." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Look at their ignorance, and endeavour to instruct them; look at their degradation, and try to raise them; look at their danger, and try to snatch them as brands from the flames. "Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." The grand work of believers, is instrumentally to save souls from death. On this every Christian's heart should be set; toward this, all our energies should be bent. Labour for souls to win them to Christ, is labour for God, and labour for God cannot be in vain. We never knew a case, we never heard of one, in which a believer's heart was set upon the conversion of souls, praying for them, and using

means in dependance on the Holy Spirit to win them, which was not crowned with success. Life is given us to spend for Jesus, in conquering his foes, aiding his friends, relieving his poor, teaching his young ones, comforting his troubled ones, and directing his bewildered ones. "We live unto the Lord;" so said Paul of himself, and of the primitive saints. Oh, that it could be said of all professors now!

*Death is for rest.* Yes, the poor body will have rest enough in the grave. As the body of Jesus, worn out with labours, watchings, fasting, sufferings, and mental agonies, rested sweetly in Joseph's tomb; so shall our poor bodies, when worn out with disease, sufferings, and labours for God. In this we shall be conformed to Jesus, and there is something sweet in being where Jesus was, and in being made conformable to him. The shroud, the coffin, and the grave, will be sweet to the exhausted labourer in God's vineyard. He will have no dying regrets; he will have no fears of the future; but his work being done, he will lay down on his dying pillow in faith, and say with sainted Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." Nor will the body lie always in the grave, for the morning cometh, and in the morning it will awake, and made like unto the glorious body of Jesus, will be a meet companion and residence of the glorified spirit for ever. Yes, the poor body must rise again, after it has rested, but not as when it went to sleep, but freed from all deformity, disease, weakness, and every cause of pain—like the beautiful body of unfallen Adam, or the more beautiful body of the risen Saviour—it will rise powerful, spiritual, and incorruptible, to unite with the soul in glorifying God for ever.

*Death is for rest;* not merely for the rest of the body, but for the soul. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." They rest from labour, not from service; for they serve God day and night in his temple. Sweet, sweet, inexpressibly sweet, will be the rest of the soul in the presence of Jesus, when absent from the body we are present with the Lord. Then we shall rest from the painful inward conflict. No more will there be flesh to lust against the Spirit; no more shall we cry out, "I am carnal;" no more shall we utter with deep groaning of soul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death." We shall rest from all the vile insinuations, base suggestions, and horrid temptations of the devil. We shall rest from all the opposition, persecution, and reproaches of the world. We shall rest from cares and fears, from sighs and sorrows, from despondency and gloom. Yes, death is for rest. The battle is then won, the race is then ended, the conflict is for ever terminated, the pilgrimage is honorably finished. Rest, rest, rest for ever, is the privilege and portion of the Lord's poor, tried, troubled, and restless ones; by and bye. Let us then labour on earth, and expect to rest in heaven; and if tempted to complain of the cross we have to carry, or the road we have to travel, let us remember that we have not as yet come unto the rest and the inheritance which the Lord our God giveth us. Once more let me listen to the dial, and catch its monitory lessons. It seems to say—

*Life is for prayer, death will introduce praise.* Yes, life is for prayer. Humanity is tried by many wants; for all those wants God has provided. The provision he has made is in the person of his Son; to the fulness of Jesus we are lovingly invited. Prayer is the means appointed by which we may receive a supply for all our wants. No place is unsuitable for prayer; no time is unseasonable for prayer. Men are exhorted to pray *everywhere*, and to pray *without ceasing*. If pain pierce us, or wants pinch us, or fear alarm us, or danger threaten us, or desire work powerfully within us, we should pray. Prayer is a remedy for most of the ills of life; prayer is a principle part of our preparation for death; prayer brings us into God's presence, gives us courage in the prospect of appearing before God's throne, and admits to the sweetest enjoyments of the spiritual life. Prayer proves our spiritual birth, is necessary to our spiritual health, and crowns all our spiritual efforts with success. Life is for prayer, and while life lasts we should

pray for ourselves and for others—for temporals and for spirituals; when life ends prayer ceases, and ceases for ever.

*Death will introduce praise.* We learn to sing on earth, we shall practise it eternally in heaven; we begin to praise in life, it will be perpetuated after death. Praise is one of the grand and glorious employments of heaven. Death alone opens the door of the grand orchestra, and admits us to the choristers of the skies. Everything we see, or hear, or feel in Paradise, will be calculated to excite gratitude, and call forth praise—they cease not praising God day nor night. As one who has a taste and passion for music, so glorified spirits never cease praising God; and while they praise, their joys kindle more and more. They who pray on earth, will praise in heaven. Prayer is the seed corn of praise; it may now be sown in tears, but it will assuredly be reaped in joy by-and-bye. But I must let the dial tick on, and enlarge no further. One word at parting.

Reader, you *have life* now, how do you employ it? *Death will come to you soon*; in what state will it find you? Are you in Christ? Do you believe in his blessed name, and rely on his precious blood? Rest not without full satisfaction on this point; it is of the greatest moment; life or death, eternal life or eternal death, hangs upon it. *Life is for work*; how do you employ it? Have you obtained the living bread for yourself? If so, do you now labour to bring others to seek it? *Death is rest*; is that your prospect? Do you expect that death will introduce you to the rest prepared for the people of God? If you are one of God's people it will, not else. Death makes no mistake; it never sends a saint to hell, nor an impenitent sinner to heaven. O that you were wise; that you understood this; that you would consider your latter end! *Life is for prayer*; do you pray? Do you pray daily? Do you pray with the heart? Is prayer a part of the every day business of your life? Is it? *Death introduces the Lord's people to praise*; have you any well founded hope of this? It will either introduce you to the hallelujahs of heaven or the groans of hell. Which will it be? WHICH? May the Lord bless these lines to you, and if he makes them a means of blessing to your soul, I shall be glad that I listened to the ticking of the dial on Lord's-day morning, February 22, 1857.

## DIVINE TEACHING.

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

"Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way."—Ps. xxv. 8.

THAT man is ignorant, and needs a Divine instructor, needs scarcely to be proved. The fact is lamentably apparent in every age of this world's history, and the conduct and condition of men in general, proclaim it aloud as with an iron tongue. We do not say that he is ignorant in reference to natural things; we speak of him in relation to spiritual things—things which make for his eternal peace. Men may be wise in science—great as philosophers—their minds may embrace the entire circle of human knowledge, and yet, in reference to any saving acquaintance with themselves and God, be fools. And numbers are to be found in the present day who will admit the truth of this—are conscious that it is true of themselves—and yet they are at peace! Content with a smattering of this knowledge and the other knowledge, yet know that if they were to die in their present condition, they would go to hell! Oh! awful infatuation! May God waken them, and from the shell bring them to the kernel of religion; from the shadow to the substance; from the letter to the life of practical religion. But there are some who *feel*—deeply feel, daily feel—and deplore their ignorance before God; who often exclaim, with one of old, "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man." To such, the cheerful confidence and encouraging declaration of the Psalmist will be exceedingly precious: and let us notice his words in the following order.



“Observe, first, that the Lord teaches sinners. Secondly, his design in teaching them. And, thirdly, that which constrains him to teach them.

### I. THE LORD TEACHES SINNERS.

Why, say some, that is very trite, very common-place; we have heard and read that over and over again. Very likely; but the question is, to what extent has it *influenced* your conscience, *affected* your conduct, and stirred up your heart to gratitude and praise? Did you ever think that myriads of your fellow-creatures, possessors of the same feelings, thoughts, and desires as yourself, have lived and died without having a God to go to—much less a God who has revealed himself as willing to teach his sinful, erring creatures? You have heard this; yes, but how have you felt when you heard it? Oh! methinks that if hundreds who heard this truth, Sabbath after Sabbath, as though it were an idle tale, had been born in a world similar to this, and in the midst of a people who had never heard of God, were to hear for the first time that the Great Being who made them would address them, at a certain hour on a certain day, how impatiently would they wait for the period to arrive, and with what intense anxiety and reverence would they listen to his voice! And why is it that, when God tell us in his word that he is willing to teach us, that many practically treat the declaration with scorn—and rather listen to any teacher than him? Because they do not hear the word of God as the *voice* of God; and being so much under the influence of sense, because they cannot *see* him, they give him little reverence, and practically live as though he did not exist. Let men be persuaded that on a certain day an angel would appear upon the earth, at a given place, to instruct them in reference to their spiritual and eternal welfare—to make known to them the secrets of their being, and of what awaits them beyond the grave—how they would crowd round the spot! how they would welcome the angelic visitor! and when he opened his lips, how they would hang upon his words, and greedily devour his instructions! But here, in this declaration of the Psalmist, we have it stated that God *Himself*—the Creator of angels, the august Being whom they worship—is willing to teach sinners! And men read it, hear it, without surprise, without gratitude, without praise! “Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!” That a philosopher should study the movements of an insect, a king hold familiar converse with the meanest of his subjects, sometimes excites wonder; but that God should express himself as willing to teach a sinful man—a polluted worm—scarcely excites a thought in the minds of thousands who hear it proclaimed Sabbath after Sabbath, and year after year. O sin, what hast thou done? Had Jehovah gathered the angels who never fell, around him to instruct them, it would have been an act of marvellous condescension; but that he should speak to sinners, and declare himself ready and willing to become their teacher, to the humble, right-thinking mind, seems almost too good news to be true. He will teach *sinners*. Ah! here lies the offence to some: had it been *saints*—the penitent, the well-disposed, or the moral—why, that would have been thought correct; but—*sinners*!

Many who talk of free grace, will not have this; but if it were not true, how came they to be saints? A good man but recently, when preaching from this text, and wishing to repudiate the doctrine that God teaches sinners, *as such*, said—“Does a schoolmaster send for children who are blind or deaf? Pythagoras would not permit his disciples to ask him a question until they had been with him three years; and he acted right; for it requires much wisdom to keep us from asking foolish questions.” But does Jehovah imitate the schoolmaster? and is there no difference between the Spirit of Christ and a proud heathen philosopher? Had Jehovah waited until the preacher himself had spiritual discernment before he taught him, he would have known but little; had he waited until he was willing to receive his word, he would never have heard his voice; had not Christ permitted him to come with his “foolish questions” to him, he would have had but little wisdom. It is our mercy to know that he comes to the blind eye and opens it; to the deaf ear, and so speaks as to make a passage both to the mind and to the heart. “Oh! but we believe he teaches *sensible* sinners.” Yes, and *insensible*, or how comes any to

ho sensible? If sensibility is the warrant upon which we may look up to Jehovah for divine teaching, what are we to do when we have no sensibility, or fear that it is but the sensibility of natural convictions? If our sight is the ground upon which we may approach the footstool of mercy to seek direction, what are we to do, and upon what are we to draw near, in an hour of darkness, and when we cannot see? If the Lord is not willing to teach sinners until they are sensible they want his help, then it is the sensibility of the sinner constrains God to come to his help; God is moved by that which is *out of himself*: the movements of his infinite mind are dependent upon the movements of the sinner! The text is wrong; it should be, *not* "Good and upright is the Lord, therefore will he teach," &c., but "The sinner is sensible, therefore the Lord will teach." But if *all* sensibility be not vital, the preacher, in affirming that the Lord will teach *all* sensible sinners, must occasionally preach the truth of the text as it stands, and enunciate the heart-cheering announcement, that "Good and upright is the Lord, therefore he will teach sinners in the way." The fact is written upon the first page of the Bible: no sooner had the man fallen than the great Teacher comes forth, and the trembling culprits hear a voice, not only as a voice of righteous condemnation, but of *mercy*, and the consoling promise falls upon their ears—"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." From that memorable period until the present, *some* have proved that "the Lord teacheth sinners." In the darkest ages of this world's history, we read of those who have walked with God, so that the truth is declared by implication that the Lord taught them. What, indeed, were all the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic economy, but a kind of pictorial alphabet through which God taught his people as they were able to bear it—means adapted to the infantine state of the church, and expressive of his willingness to teach sinners? The incarnation of Christ declares the same truth. What is Jesus but Deity made audible, speaking to us in our own language—language we can understand—to teach and to save? And what is the death of Christ but a marvellous exhibition of God's willingness to teach sinners? O divine mystery! The heart of Jesus must be pierced, that the lessons of mercy may be written upon our hearts, and our ears be opened to the voice of love. "If I go not away," said Christ, "the Comforter will not come." And what a number of beautiful and practical illustrations we have of this truth in the life of Christ. What was the character of those he taught? Were they not sinners? Do we not behold him calling a Matthew from the receipt of custom? And does not a Mary Magdalene and a Peter hear his voice? And, reader, what says thine own experience? Did he find thee sensible, humble, willing, obedient, meek, and lowly in heart, hungering and thirsting for himself, when he came to teach thee? Or did he find thee wandering on in darkness, ignorance, and sin to destruction? Doubtless the latter. Then sing of grace, and aim to make known to others, even as David did, the Christ-exalting fact, that the Lord teacheth sinners.

## II. HIS DESIGN IN TEACHING THEM. "He will teach them *in the way*."

What are we to understand by that? That the Lord finds his people in the way of life and happiness, willing and obedient; and *because* that such is their condition; therefore he will teach them still further, and add to the spiritual stores they have already acquired? We think not; but rather that he finds them *out* of the way, and graciously teaches them to bring them into the way. What way? The way of life and happiness, both here and hereafter. What does this involve on the part of the Lord?

1.—That he gives them a sight of his true character and their own. False apprehensions of God's character and their own lie at the root of nearly all the mistakes which men make in reference to religion. The first thing those have to learn who are taught of God is to know him. "My people," says Jehovah, "shall know my name." He does not lead them to know him as 'the Deity,' 'the First Cause,' or as a "Principle;" but as the *living* God and a righteous Judge, who will not spare the guilty. He gives them a *spiritual* apprehension of his character under the influence of which they exclaim, like one of old—"Woe is me! for I am

undone, because I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." And this sight which Jehovah gives them of himself is not through the natural eye, for this will bring but little of the true nature of God to the mind; but he opens the understanding by his word and Spirit, and through it he makes himself known. And those who are thus taught to know God, are also by reflection taught to know themselves; for when once the eye of the mind is opened by God's spirit to perceive the purity of the divine perfections, they form a lucid mirror in which our moral depravity is seen, so that we exclaim from the heart—"God be merciful unto me a sinner." We now, indeed, see clearly that we are poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked; righteously condemned by the law, which is holy, just, and good; and exposed to the dread penalty attached to it by a most holy but tremendous God.

2—He conducts to Christ, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "No man can come unto me," says Christ, "except the Father who has sent me draw him." "And all who have learned of the Father," says the same infallible Teacher, "cometh unto me." When the Father, therefore, reveals himself in his holiness as a Judge who condemns, it is to prepare a way for the revelation of his Son, in a way of mercy and love. The cross is never seen to perfection by the sinner until it is beheld in the centre of those divine perfections which consume by reason of their purity; it then becomes the cool shaded place where he gladly hides himself, learns the mystery of Divine love—to renounce himself, and cleave to him whose precious blood removes his guilt, and lifts him, through the influence of faith and a filial spirit, to embrace him as his God and Father in Christ, whom he once viewed with dread, as a holy law-giver who *must* condemn.

3—That he leads them to obedience and holiness. Men have not power to make their teaching influential; but the Lord has: he teaches to profit. Teaching, to be profitable, must lead to practice. The Lord teaches his people not only to *know*, but to *do* his will; and not only so, but he makes them to desire internal purity as well as external rectitude. They pray with David—"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." They hunger and thirst after righteousness—not simply the righteousness of Christ imputed, but the conformity of their minds to the law of God, in which they delight "after the inner man." We have no scriptural evidence that we are taught of the Lord unless we obey him, and seek a practical conformity to his revealed will, in heart and life.

III. THAT WHICH CONSTRAINS HIM TO TEACH THEM. "Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way."

Then it is not our own goodness moves him; no, but his *own*. Does goodness constrain men to deeds of mercy? How much more him who is the fountain of goodness! Then, though we have no goodness to recommend us to God, we may yet be the subjects of divine tuition; for it is God's goodness, and not ours, which constrains him to teach. And the Lord is upright—faithful to himself, his promise, and his Son. He has promised to teach: have we been lead to plead his promise? Then, whatever our fears, he will not disappoint us—he will make us *wise*. He does not say he will make us learned—eloquent—philosophers: no; but *more* wise: unto what? SALVATION! What a field opens here! The truth of God involved in the making of poor, ignorant, wretched sinners blessed! But want of space compels us to conclude.

What may we gather from the whole?

That man's ignorance is such that God alone can remove it, and that unless he teaches him, he will die a fool.

That men, when awakened to a sense of their condition, are slow to believe, and need to be told and assured that God is willing to teach them. "What!" says the returning prodigal, "the High and Holy one teach me! Impossible! If I were sensible, repentant, one of his people"—Stop! Your *sensibility* is not to be the warrant upon which you are to expect the favour, but God's *goodness*. Observe again—"GOOD and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach." Are you more

than a sinner? No! "But is not my sensibility the ground upon which I may expect the Lord's teaching?" No! but his own word—"he will teach sinners." Your sensibility may vary with the hour, but his word is ever the same. Here it the secret of your bondage: you want to come as a *saint* to be taught, instead of which you are invited to come as a *sinner*; you want to plead your sensibility, and not the promise; to approach upon the ground of what *you* are, and not what *God* is. "I am penitent," say you, "therefore I am to be taught." "God is good," says the word, "therefore you may expect to be made wise." Your persuasion of yourself is, that you are a sinner: *as such* you are invited to come. Blessed truth! Reader, dost thou fear thine own heart? Art thou afraid of its sophistries? Dost thou dread self-deception, and fear the craft of the evil one? The Lord is greater than thine heart, and knoweth all things, and wiser than Satan. Yet "he teaches sinners." Then commit thyself into his hands—rest upon his word—and he will "guide thee with his counsel, and afterwards receive thee to glory."

## BIBLE APOLOGUES AND ALLEGORIES.

No. VI.—"The difficult riddle."—Judges xiii. 12—20.

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

A RIDDLE is something different from a parable; an apologue, or an allegory; and yet is of a similar order. It is used now more to amuse and puzzle than to teach and edify, and there has been much folly as well as ingenuity displayed with riddles, conundrums, and all this class of amusements. That it is possible to combine instruction with them, and bring out important truths from them, our old friend Bunyan has shown us by his inimitable allegory. Let us once more "listen to a riddle put forth by old Honest."

"A man there was, tho' some do count him mad,  
The more he cast away, the more he had."

Oh, for many a Gaius "to open it," by acting upon it.

"He who thus bestows his goods upon the poor,  
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

But we must leave the company of "old Honest," not forgetting his counsel, and listen to Samson, the great hero of Israel, and terror of the Philistines. Samson was a singular character, one who said and did most extraordinary things. He had a very strong body, and rather a witty mind, but was evidently deficient in wisdom and prudence. It is not always that muscular power and mental shrewdness go together. Gigantic men have had dwarfish

minds, and mighty intellects have sojournd in diminutive bodies. When both meet in one person, he soon becomes a pest in society, unless his moral qualities in some measure correspond with his physical and mental endowments.

An ability to smite down others with the fist, or sting them with the tongue, is often, if used wantonly, productive of much misery. Of the two the latter is the worst. Better be struck with a Samson's hand than by a witty slanderer's tongue. We may also notice that many persons do much mischief with "the unruly number" who have small pretension to wit of any kind. "A fool's voice is known by a multitude of words."

The connection of the passage before us, tells of an extraordinary exploit of Samson. He was going on a journey, together with his parents, to treat respecting his union with a Philistine woman to whom he was attached. Samson's troubles, inconsistencies, and at last, his disgrace and death, all came from attachments of this kind. His argument on this occasion was, when his parents remonstrated, "get her for me, for she pleaseth me well," a very conclusive one with *himself*, whatever we may say of its consistency with his Nazarite character. In this selfish logic Samson has had many imitators. "Get

*it for me*" is the voice of sinful inclination, or selfish love; "for it pleaseth me" is the only reason that can be assigned. The profit or loss to the soul, the injury or help of others, are not considered.

Samson it would seem, while on his journey, turned aside from the beaten road, leaving the company of his parents; and, while thus alone, "a young lion roared against him." "The spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he rent the lion as he would have rent a kid." Having left his formidable enemy dead on the ground, he rejoined his company; but instead of boasting about his exploit "he told not his father or his mother what he had done." If some persons do ever so small a thing, it is not their fault if the world does not know all about it. Spiritual advertisements, like quack advertisements, cannot always be trusted.

Samson's interview with the woman was gratifying to him, and "after a time he returned to take her." On his way to complete his nuptials, "he turned aside to see the carcase of the lion: and, behold, *there was* a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion. And he took thereof in his hands, and went on eating, and came to his father and mother, and he gave them, and they did eat: but he told not them that he had taken the honey out of the carcase of the lion." Judges xiii. 8, 9.

Arrived at the house of his bride, Samson made a feast, on which occasion he propounded the riddle which is so well known, and which grew out of the above-mentioned incident. "*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.*"

Whether it was right in Samson to attach such hard terms as he did to the non-solution of the riddle, we will not attempt to decide. It looked like a trap to ensnare and spoil his guests, and in this point of view they evidently considered it. Hence they said to his young wife, "have ye called us to take that we have. Is it not so?" The whole affair, we are told "was of the Lord God" in order to punish the Philistines, who then oppressed Israel. But God's foreknowledge or overruling power do not justify man's infringement of his laws; or any unkind or unjust conduct toward our fellow creatures.

This far-fancied riddle was both simple and difficult. Easy for him to make who knew all the circumstances of the case, but extremely difficult for those to unravel who were ignorant of them. But we will leave the company of these Philistines, with their puzzled brains, angry countenances, and threatening words, and inquire whether we can make any use of the riddle and its solution. We may first examine the TERMS used, "*The eater, the strong.*" These mean "a lion," which, as all know, is a ravenous and powerful creature. It is a poor thing for, rational beings to be *like* such a creature as this. Yet many persons live almost entirely to be "*eaters.*" The great inquiry they make is, "What shall we eat?" Such there have been in all ages (Isa. xxii. 13; Phil. iii. 19) and the generation is not yet extinct. Others glory in their strength, though commanded not to do so, and often exercise animal force with brutish violence, to their own disgrace and the annoyance of others.

That "strong eater" the lion, is symbolical of our great enemy, "who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." A lion may also be considered as a figure of great difficulties and powerful opposition. "There is a lion in the way (says the slothful man); I shall be slain in the street." See also Job. x. 16; 2 Tim. iv. 17; Ps. xxxvii. 17. It is by thus considering what the lion is a symbol of, that we obtain any solution of the riddle of Samson, and come experimentally to know how "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness." "*Meat and sweetness,*" both are found in honey, which is at once nourishing and delicious; and ~~despite that which is profitable and pleasant.~~ Who could have expected that a dead lion would yield both these; that from a creature so selfish and ravenous anything good should come? Still less was it to be expected that from these things and circumstances which threatened our destruction, which looked so frowningly or which were in themselves really evil, anything excellent should spring. Yet so it has been, not in consequence of any power of self-development inherent in these things, or any wit or skill of our own, but as the result of the overruling

wisdom and all-controlling power of that God who is LOVE, and who is "able to subdue all things unto himself." By him the malice of Satan, the wickedness of man, the rage of persecutors, and the mistakes of believers have been made to subserve God's high and holy purpose, and the real good of his people. "The first promise of redemption (says Charnock) came into the world upon the back of the devil's temptation." And another observes with wonder, "How sin, that fearfully black and hideous thing, is made the background for the bright picture of redeeming love."

"Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" "If (says Dr. Goodwin) Jehovah, upon man's fall, had propounded to the holy angels to find out a way for his recovery consistent with his own justice and holiness, and had engaged on their doing so, to put forth all his power to accomplish it, they would have returned for an answer "We cannot find it out." But God has solved the great riddle, how he can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; hath shown that he can glorify his name more in saving sinners, than in any other way.

As these saved ones go on their journey to their heavenly home, temptations and sorrows, like roaring lions, come forth against them. Sometimes they are much affrighted and exclaim, "I shall one day perish by the hand of this enemy;" that trouble will crush me, that temptation will overthrow me! Despond not, O tried and perplexed saint. Firm as a rock stands the glorious declaration, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." Of these trials and temptations we may sing—

"The lions roar, but cannot kill,  
Then fear them not my friends,  
They bring us, though against their will,  
The honey Jesus sends."

Nor shall death itself, that strong devourer, furnish any exception. We read of "the bitterness of death," but we also read that, "to die is gain." Death is "the last enemy;" and yet believer, "death is yours." There are dying comforts, dying triumphs; a

dying testimony, and above all, "a glorifying God by dying," John xxi. 19. Surely here is "honey from the eater." And when his sharp teeth has severed soul and body, the emancipated spirit free and sinless, will be with Christ, which is far better; and though the great eater may devour the body, and reduce it to dust; yet, "in our flesh we shall see God." We have "a REDEEMER" who "ever liveth;" and soon all God's promises shall be made good, all problems solved, all perplexities at an end. Then let us learn so to hope and wait, and not get angry and impatient; if, like the Philistines, we "cannot expound the riddle." Let not difficulties inflame our passions. "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass." Get near to God; live in his fear, and "his secret shall be with you; and he will show you his covenant." For the rest let this suffice. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

One other thought is suggested by this riddle; considered in connexion with him who propounded it. Samson, who put the riddle, himself became a riddle afterwards, and has remained such in all ages. People are ever asking questions about him which are very difficult to answer; they are puzzled about him as much as he perplexed the Philistines. "Was he a good man?" says one. "Surely not," is the prompt reply; and then his various misdeeds are repeated, and his apparently suicidal death referred to. "Yes, he was a believer (says another), look, his name is written among the worthies in Heb. xi.; he forms one of the cloud of witnesses; and only think of his prayers and his faith, of God's answers and deliverances." Well, let us hope the best concerning him; derive encouragement from his triumphs; prize more than ever that sinless Nazarite whom he typified; who living and dying overcame our foes, and wrought salvation; and not forget to take warning from Samson's failure, and his yielding to temptation. It has been well said, "While Samson retained the type of his Nazarite separation to the Lord, he

was strong. He relinquished it, and he not only became weak, but *blind*." Here is a warning to the believer not to lay his head in the lap of temptation; not to indulge his own inclinations, nor linger in the place of danger.

"It checks the spirit's aid,  
And leaves the soul forlorn;  
It makes them look as Samson did,  
When all his locks were shorn."

To the professing Church this sad story says, beware of conformity to the world; come out and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing. Remember who hath said, "woe unto (or alas for) the world, because of offences (or causes of stumbling), it must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom they come," Matt. xviii. 17. And yet they abound, and many are offended. How often have such things as the following been said, "Such a professor is a riddle to me; he prays with much liberty, but he is mean in the extreme; and hoarding up money which he can never want. I was quite delighted with a sermon I heard not long since; but Oh, the tornado of temper I saw the preacher in. That must be a good man who is always so ready to speak of divine things, but I wish he would pay the debt he has owed me so long!" Who has not heard such things, and seen the sad effects upon the worldly, and also the inquiring.

Leaving others, who that has entered into the chambers of his own soul, felt the Lord's eye shining on him *there*,  
10, Cambridge Villas, Park Road, Richmond.

and read his history in its light; but must feel deep cause for humiliation. What inconsistencies may we not trace, what parleying with temptation, what occasions of stumbling to others, what grieving of the Holy Spirit come to mind. At such seasons we forget the failures of others, or at least banish censoriousness. When we judge ourselves with a judgment of sincerity, we shall judge others with a judgment of charity. Let such a review, and such reflections have one effect; and in this, let Samson, at least in some degree, be our pattern. Behold him stand blind; brought out in order to "make sport for the Philistines!" Then one idea, one desire filled his soul; which was, that he might be avenged on the Philistines. He prayed for strength; it was granted; and he *was* revenged. Let our past defeats and failures, and Satan's victories, urge us to penitent confession and believing prayer. Then "the self same thing which we sorrow after a godly sort, shall work in us revenge and zeal," 2 Cor. xii. 10, 11; and looking to Jesus we shall, by faith, overcome the world, and be more than conquerors through him who hath loved us."

"Believers as they pass along,  
With many lious meet;  
But gather sweetness from the strong,  
And from the eater meat.

"The world and Satan join their strength,  
To fill their souls with fears;  
But crops of joy they reap at length,  
From what they sow in tears."

March 10th, 1857.

## THE MISCHIEF AND MISERIES OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, A.M.

THE value of a sound, sensible, religious temper, not only to the spiritual welfare, but to our secular interests, even worldly wisdom is wont to recognise. Such a temper is like a charming autograph of "the living epistle which is known and read of all men,"—it presents a good thing in a pleasant shape, makes virtue lovelier, wisdom more accessible, and religion more attractive. Whatever is fine and noble in the disposition, brilliant in the talent, profound in the acquirements, or glorious in the character, temper sets "the apples of gold in its pictures of silver," enhancing, like a holy relic, the preciousness of the gem by the precious metal in which it is enshrined.

Such a temper is a heritage that almost makes superfluous any other heir-loom—an attribute that winsomely and sweetly supplements the lack of every other—a charm which, like the veil that filial piety draws over the foibles of a parent, hides even physical deformity beneath its moral beauty: or, like a ruin clothed in moonlight, conceals all that was unsightly, rendering only visible the comely outline which attracts and pleases.

I know an old man of eighty in Staffordshire—the white-haired elder of the township in which he lives, who, in spite of a pale face, pitted and ploughed with small-pox, seamed with a scar, and furrowed with age, yet bears a touching patriarchal beauty in its expres-

sion, which none of us would alter if we could in a single lineament. He is an ancient bachelor, who, in default of offspring of his own, adopted one generation after another of his poorer neighbours, enacting their gratuitous schoolmaster, book-seller, home-visitor, penny-banker, and executor-general of the district, where, like Stephen in the council, all look up to him, and "see his face as it had been the face of an angel." He never turned a deaf ear to anything the poorest had to say, except to their praises; nor even hurried off from the widow's door till she began to cry, "God bless him!" He arrested many a man in the street for debt, and on the Sabbath too, but only for what they owed to the Lord's day; kept lots of poor miners prisoners for hours at a night, but it was to set their minds free by teaching them to read. Wouldn't join the tea-parties, but slaved whole days beforehand in getting them ready; pretended to sell ironmongery, but kept a miscellany of articles of all kinds, giving away more than he sold. Few folks thereabouts who do not possess and prize, as I do, a pocket-knife, the present (and now, alas! a relic) of good old John. Yet it is not that good man's numberless charities, nor his personal piety, nor his beneficent activities, that make us love him so—others might compete with him in these; but it is the winning tenderness, the irresistible spell of his simple, unaffected temper, which makes us love him instantly at home with him, and as welcome there as if he was their own, as, indeed, he is much less his own than other people's. Dear old John Etheridge! I am not afraid to name thee a hundred miles away from thy honest blushes; for the old man crimsoned like a girl if any one dropped a hint of his philanthropy, and shrunk off as if he was ashamed of it, or feared the compliment might tempt him to "think so too." Farewell, fine old John—the real John—genuine chip of the rare old English oak—strong, sound, and leafy to the last—if thou couldst leave behind thee, with thy bright example, the mantle of the spirit which adorned it, there would be more to follow thy Lord as thou didst, till he meet thee with the final eulogy, from which thou couldst not turn away if thou wouldst, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

That good man's temper has been "houses, lands, and children" to him through fourscore years of a true life, whose springs were all in blossom, its summers long ones, its golden autumn fruitful, and its "lusty winter, frosty but kindly," like an old friend's visit, that makes you drop, toil awhile, draw nearer to the fire, and rake up in the kindling heart the fond incidents of "auld lang syne."

On the contrary, a bad temper is a great detriment to personal happiness, and a serious obstacle to one's usefulness and success in life. Take your choice, young man, while the world is all before you. Bad temper is bad tactics. People will not undertake to rule a youth who cannot rule himself.

Let us, then, attempt to sketch the following varieties of temperament understood by the terms, "the Sulk," "the Soft," "the Cynic," and "the Fret," "the Jealous," "the Cholerick," "the Vindictive," and "the Despot."

## THE SULKY.

We take poor Sulky first, or he would be in his sulks all through these sketches if we put any one before him. A composite of the shy and the ashamed, Sulky will not say what ails him, because it is either something he is ashamed of on account of its absurdity, or something he wanted, but is too shy—which generally means too proud to admit it. Here's the deadlock that stops everybody's way. If he would speak out, the point might be conceded, if admitting of concession; or, if the contrary, one might negotiate some practicable compromise. But the stubborn creature backs into his corner, and there is no getting round him nor at him without risk.

Yet it may, perchance, dissuade him from a relapse, if we bring a friendly camera obscura to our poor sour brother, and show him his moral photograph taken in his airs. The pointing outline of lips, curved like the "*Minchin Mulecho*, that means mischief," contracted eyebrows, that let in not a ray of light more than stole a sullen glance now and then at his enemies, as if the daylight was one of them, or else the ground of quarrel would not bear it; both nostrils rigidly collapsed, as if the offence had forced closed intercourse by that sense as nauseously as the rest; and a long stolid speechlessness, as though his common sense had been stunned by the tumble, and took time to come to itself again. There you are, Sir Sulky Saynomore, and no great beauty for your picture! You cannot say it is a *Christian* likeness, old friend; though I have known you to dispute that. I say nothing of its philosophy, or its wisdom, or its cleverness, as if no one could do it so well as you. I do not ask if your experience has found any good come of it—any utility, in any shape, which other people had not hit on, social, personal, or domestic—it does not look flattering. But drop every other view of it except the moral one. In that light it will not bear scrutiny. It is not an image, bronzed as it is by exposure to its own airs, that is referable to any category in the Gospel. It is not the expression in which you would like to fall upon your knees and say, "*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*" It is not the model, be you father or mother, on which you would mould your little ones. It is not the attitude in which either of you would choose to sit for your portrait among the family terrapin, to be pointed at for a mummy instead of their mammy by your bairns. Not you, now you come to think of it. I see the frown relaxing, the eyes dilating, nose breathing, lips parting, and one of the old smiles struggling and doing its best to slip out between them. Oh, let it out!—do not be ashamed, man, to laugh at yourself; far better than be laughed at by everybody else!—or if you think, as I do, a laugh scarcely the best penance for so much folly, then try a tear—a downright, hearty, ingenuous tear—of that generous sorrow that mourns over its own weakness; and if the world calls that a weakness, too, let them say so, it is none the less the strong man's riddle which they cannot unravel—a weakness out of which comes the strength which vanquishes more than Samson did with all his might, the conquest of one's self.



Do not extenuate that implacableness as only a rigorous justice to yourself, on the score of the alleged offence, nor confound it with the strong-mindedness which adheres to its deliberate judgment. Men often gild the baser metal of their intrinsic motives by ascribing to the rancorous the character of the robust, and to the purely obstinate the credit of consistency. There was an unbending champion of this class, who boasted of having lived for years with his wife—receiving company, too, occasionally—without ever exchanging a sentence with her, or once thawing the cold brutality of his displeasure throughout the interval. Such an achievement should have had its glory rung in dumb-bells, blazoned in dead-letters, saluted blank-fire, and its apotheosis symbolised by the conjunction on a dull sky of the dog-star and the great bear!

I heard of another man who rashly and impiously vowed never to speak to his unhappy bride again; and never broke it either, till he broke her heart, and his own too, into the hard bargain.

If there be among us any such a chronic bitterness, which has been brooding over its parti-

cular grievance for years, interdicting all reconciliation and remonstrance, involving, perhaps, the claims of a wife or husband, or the forgiveness of a disobedient child, or the overlooking of some affront from some neighbour, or—the hardest oblivion of all to our hard hearts—the reconciliation with a long and bitterly-estranged brother, the client in your boyhood of the same tender mother's prayers, and partaker of the sacrament of the same loving father's blessing;—if there be one who for years, perhaps, has retained, like a monomania, this soul and unlovely sin, let him make an effort in the spirit of a Christian, which is the only genuine spirit of a man, to release himself from the huge uncharity; let him go, like Jacob, who had done the wrong, to propitiate his angry brother; or let him come, like Esau, who had suffered the wrong, half-way on the road to meet him. Oh, come together somehow, as they did, and gladden the families on either side with the beautiful and affecting spectacle of the two old grey-haired brothers weeping back their mutual love and amnesty on each other's bosom!

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE FOOTPRINTS OF LOVE.

"A man of sorrows" stricken down with grief,  
He came to bring the sons of men relief;  
Left the bright regions of unclouded bliss,  
To bring salvation to a world like this,  
Turned from the praise of seraphim above,  
That we might learn the heights and depths of love.

Blessings abounded, wheresoe'er he came;  
Followed him, leaping, those who had been lame;  
Eyes that ne'er gazed upon earth's beauteous dress,  
Unclosed to feast upon his loveliness;  
Ears that the world's sweet melody ne'er heard,  
Caught the soft music of his earnest word.

He laid his hand upon the fair-haired child,  
He calmed the madness of the maniac wild,  
He fed the hungry on the sea-washed shore,  
He spoke the thrilling words, "Go, sin no more,"  
He gently raised the stricken mourner's head,  
He brought the flush of life back to the dead.

He traversed earth with aching feet and head,  
To scatter blessings o'er the path we tread,  
So much he loved us—yet, 'twas his to know,  
The heaviest weight of agony and woe,  
For oh! they loved him not,—the sickle throng,  
Cried, "Crucify him", with ungrateful tongue.

Therefore it is, that when our pleasures fade,  
Our fairest idols in the dust are laid,  
Our heart-strings are all bleeding, riven, torn,  
Our feet are weary, travel-stained, and worn,  
Sick of earth's toil, and strife, we turn to THEE,  
Jesus of Nazareth, for thy sympathy.

Thy love, dear Saviour, is beyond all praise,  
And yet our faint hosannas we will raise,  
But oh! we long to be for aye with thee,  
Loving thee ever, through eternity;  
Thou callest us thy "Jewels"—soon, O let  
Our spirits deck thy brilliant coronet.

## LINES,

ON the death of Mrs. Cakbread, wife of the  
Rev. Charles Cakbread, of Portsea.

Sun lay upon the bed of death,  
And they saw with shrinking heart,  
The dreaded hour was almost come,  
When she and they must part;  
When she, tender wife and mother,  
Would be hidden from their eyes,  
Till God should call them one by one,  
To meet her in the skies.

But not to her in "terrors" clad,  
Did the "King of Terrors" come,  
She hailed him as a messenger,  
To take her spirit home;  
'Twas weary of its robe of clay,  
Yet quiet in God's will;  
For hushed was all that spirit's strife,  
He had whispered—"Peace be still."

There was a beaming in her eye,  
Of more than mortal light,  
As if the new Jerusalem,  
Had opened to her sight.  
"When did I die?" she said, with voice  
Solemn as if the thrill  
Of "words that are unutterable"  
Were resting on it still.

It seemed as if the veil of flesh,  
Had already rent in twain,  
And the glories of that bright, bright world,  
And the music of its strain—  
Had fallen on her eye and ear,  
With ravishing delight,  
And she had reached the promised land,  
Where there is no more night.

Not yet! not yet! 'twas but a glimpse,  
Of the "joy to her revealed;"  
(Ah, surely sin in death's dark vale,  
"God is a sun and shield...")  
A few more days she staid below,  
Where only saints can weep,  
And then her heavenly Bridegroom gave,  
"To his beloved," sleep.

To live was Christ—she served him here,  
In humble, patient love,  
To die is gain—she now has reached  
Her Father's house above;  
'Tis over now—all weariness,  
All mortal care and strife,  
Over for aye,—mortality,  
Is swallowed up of life.

*Clifton.*

ELIZABETH HANSON.

## THE GOSPEL.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great  
joy."—LUKE II. 10.

How justly the gospel is deem'd,  
Glad tidings of peace and of joy;  
For it shows us how mercy has beam'd  
On rebels deserving to die.  
It tells how Immanuel's blood,  
Did the anger of justice appease;  
And reconcile sinners to God;  
What tidings can be sweeter than these?

It tells how Jehovah begun  
To contrive his great purpose of love,  
Ere dust was formed into a man,  
Or the sky was expanded above;  
And how in the fulness of time,  
Christ left the bright regions of bliss,  
To endure the desert of our crime;  
What news can be sweeter than this?

It shows our iniquities laid  
On the top of his innocent head;  
And shows the full penalty paid,  
When He suffered and died in our stead.  
It speaks of free pardon procur'd,  
And of grace in abundant supply,  
With all covenant blessings ensur'd,  
What tidings can more give us joy?

The soul by the enemy chas'd,  
It tells of a hiding place near;  
For the timid by terror distress'd,  
It provides a relief from their fear:  
The conscience that's wounded by sin,  
It assures of infallible ease,  
To the vile it says, "Wash and be clean,"  
What tidings are sweeter than these?

The gospel thus sent from on high,  
Not only at teaching us aims;  
But it promises grace to apply.  
The truths it so sweetly proclaims:  
By the aid of that Spirit of grace,  
Satan's slaves have by thousands been freed,  
And enabled these truths to embrace,  
Have found them glad tidings indeed.

It tells of a kingdom prepar'd,  
And secur'd by a promise divine,  
Where every delight will be shar'd,  
And love all our hearts will entwine;  
Where Jesus the glorified Saviour,  
Who snatch'd us from ruin's abyss,  
Will rejoice us for ever and ever;  
What news can be sweeter than this?  
*Oakham.*

J. JENKINSON.

## PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

ROM. XII. 12.

Come patience, heavenly guest,  
Visit my troubled breast  
With holy calm;  
O let me feel the power,  
In every trying hour,  
Of thy sweet calm.

Then, though the storm may beat,  
I have a safe retreat,  
A refuge sure;  
Whatever ill betide,  
With this sweet grace supplied,  
I rest secure.

The path is dark and drear,  
 But thou companion dear,  
 Shall cheer my heart;  
 My Saviour-Friend, will share  
 The grief I feel, and bear  
 With me a part.

O may I ne'er forget,  
 That my sin's dreadful debt  
 Was on him laid;  
 And how with bitter cries,  
 And untold agonies,  
 He bowed his head.

*Eynsford.*

Yet, like a gentle lamb,  
 He suffered pain and shame,  
 Meekly resigned;  
 Thus spake the suffering Son,  
 "Thy will, not mine be done,  
 Father Divine."

How then can I complain,  
 Though long continued pain  
 Be mine to bear;  
 From murmuring set me free,  
 And help me, Lord, on Thee  
 To cast my care.

FRANCES WHITTEMORB.

## REVIEWS.

*The New Park Street Pulpit.* Vol. II. With a new portrait. London: Alabaster and Passmore, Finsbury; and J. Paul, Chapter House Court.

THIS second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's morning sermons, contains discourses, we think even superior to those contained in the former series. They have been well received both in England and America. We fully intended to have inserted a number of interesting passages which we had marked for the purpose, but must content ourselves for the present with saying that, in the whole compass of modern theology, there is no work so full of sound evangelical truth—embracing doctrine, experience, and practice—and presented with so much impressiveness as is to be found in the "New Park Street Pulpit." The more frequently we hear this distinguished minister, or read his published sermons, the more powerful is the conviction that he is designed to be an instrument in the hands of the Almighty Spirit to effect the regeneration of the pulpits and the reviving of the churches of our land. Despite some inelegancies, which for such a master of language are scarcely excusable, he has already attained a position above that of any other preacher since the days of Whitfield, and we are not sure, all other things being equal, that he has not surpassed that wonderful pulpit orator; assuredly Mr. Spurgeon is the Demosthenes of the British pulpit.

*The Young Women's Christian Association Almanac for 1857.*

THIS little book has been forwarded to us with a request that we would introduce, to the notice of the Christian public, a society of great interest and much importance, the Young Women's Christian Association, 35, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, under the presidency of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury.

Its object is to furnish suitable means for the social, mental, and spiritual elevation of the young women of the metropolis, and the plan pursued is similar to that of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldergate Street. We have only space to add that the Rev. H. J. Betts, of Trinity Chapel, is its secretary, and that the committee will be very grateful for the assistance of those who have the welfare of the young women of London at heart.

*The Modern Whitfield. Remarks on the Pulpit Oratory of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.* By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. A new edition to which is added "Preachers and Preaching," selected from the *Times* newspaper, with specimens of his preaching. London: J. Paul. Price One Penny.

To this new edition of Dr. Campbell's remarks on Mr. Spurgeon's preaching have been added some beautiful and striking passages from his sermons and will be, doubtless, acceptable to thousands of Mr. Spurgeon's friends and admirers.

*The Perils and Adventures of Dr. Livingston:* an account of his Travels and Discoveries in Central Africa. Compiled from the speeches and letters of the great African Traveller. Portrait and map. London: Robert Moir, 31, Paternoster Row.

THIS is one of many pamphlets which have been published detailing the numerous hairbreadth escapes and discoveries of this most extraordinary and enterprising African traveller. It contains a very interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Livingston, and the most comprehensive account which has hitherto been published, of Dr. Livingston's travels in this unexplored territory.

*The Minister's Help Meet.* A Memoir of the late Mrs. Leifchild. By her husband, the Rev. Dr. LEIFCHILD. Second edition. London: Ward and Co.

THIS very unpretending and simple style in which this memoir of one of the most excellent women it has been our happiness to know, is written, reminds us of the well known statement of the poet, that "beauty when adorned, is adorned the most." It is a charming book, and will, we doubt not, become a general favourite.

*The Sabbath Question.* A Sermon by the Rev. D. Jennings, Newport, Denyer, Isle of Wight.

We have been greatly pleased in reading this clear, concise discourse, on the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Sabbath.

*Eustace Carey, a Missionary in India. A Memoir.* By Mrs. EUSTACE CAREY. With Portrait. Pp. 505. London: Pewtross and Co.

ANOTHER charming piece of biography which does credit alike to the head and heart of the amiable author, as well as to the memory of the excellent missionary to whose advocacy the Baptist Missionary Society for many years was under special obligations; which, however, we are grieved to find from Mrs. Carey's volume were not either so respectfully or gratefully rewarded as they deserved to have been.

*Grammar at Sight.* A Chart and Key to the English Language, including Rules for Composition of Verse and Prose, illustrations of the Figures of Speech, and a few useful Hints on Oratory. By WALTER WILLIAM KING. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

WE join our testimony to a host of commendatory notices of this very excellent volume. If any person remains ignorant of the principles of English grammar, after studying this simplest of all guides to a practical knowledge of the English language, they will have to blame themselves only. We most earnestly recommend it to all who are in need of the assistance it proffers, and which it will not fail to impart. The grammatical chart and table of verbs will be found especially useful for collective teaching.

*The Virgin Widow; or, the triumph of Gospel Truth over Hindoo Asiatic Superstition.* By a CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY. Pp. 103. London: John Snow.

THIS elegant little volume consists of a poem in six cantos, the first of which most pleasingly introduces a legendary story of heart-stirring interest. The rigid and self-denying vow—the influence of Yogi, which is here depicted in the flowing language of Eastern poetry—is intense and all exciting. It places the recluse above the requisitions of society; it severs his connection with a common humanity, and it renders him indifferent to cold and heat, to hunger and nakedness.

*The Great High Priest Within the Veil.* Being an Exposition, Doctrinal and Practical, of Chap. xvii. of John's Gospel. By the Rev. THOS. ALEXANDER, A.M., Chelsea. London: J. Brown, 12, Burton Street.

THIS exposition of the Intercessory Prayer of our Lord contains passages of great force and beauty. We have read the volume with peculiar pleasure, and most heartily recommend it to all our readers.

A number of little penny books, abounding with spiritual truth, and emanating from the same source, have been forwarded for approval in our pages; of these however our limited space forbids a more special or lengthened notice.

### “THE CHRISTIAN WORLD AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.”

UNDER this expressive and comprehensive title, a new Weekly Journal for Christian families and men of business is announced on our wrapper, as shortly to appear. Its size is to be nearly equal to that of the *Patriot*, and its price only ONE PENNY. We have no doubt, from a personal knowledge of the parties engaged in this important undertaking, that it will be the best newspaper of the kind which has ever appeared. It cannot fail to be universally popular in the families of Christians of all denominations.

We are decidedly of opinion with a school teacher, who has been engaged a long time in his profession, who says he has witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children. “I have found,” he says, “it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages who have had access to religious newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are: 1st, better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly; 2nd, They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy; 3rd, They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in half the time it requires in others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe; 4th, They are better grammarians, for, having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.”

We most heartily wish the editors and publisher very great success.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**Harpole, Northamptonshire.**—The Rev. Amos Smith, from Branston, near Rugby, has entered upon the pastorate of the church here.

**Holloway, Camden Road.**—The Rev. T. Tucker, of Manchester, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of Wisbeach.

**Harlow.**—The Rev. T. Finch resigns the pastorate of the Baptist church, which he has sustained for forty years, at Micahemas next.

**Newcastle-upon-Tyne, New Court.**—The Rev. J. W. Lance, of New Brentford, has accepted a cordial invitation to succeed the Rev. J. Davies.

**Waterhampton.**—The Rev. J. P. Carey, from Wassill, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

**Wisbeach.**—The Rev. J. E. Perrin has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, near Wisbeach.

**Witchett.**—The Rev. Richard Friske has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church, upon the resignation of the Rev. Stephen Sutton, who had filled the office thirty years.

## ANNIVERSARIES TO BE HOLDEN.

**Uxbridge.**—On Lord's day, April 13th, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will preach at the Baptist Chapel morning and evening, and the Rev. E. Hunt in the afternoon; and on the following Tuesday the Rev. Dr. Bennett has engaged to preach in the afternoon, at three p.m., and the Rev. Charles Stovel in the evening at half-past six p.m.

**Salem Chapel, Mile End Road.**—(Rev. L. H. Adams, kindly lent for the occasion)—On Tuesday, April 21st, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will (D.V.) preach Mr. Searle's, of Hoxton Tabernacle, Anniversary Sermons.

**Baptist Union.**—The annual session will be held at Nottingham, on Friday, the 26th of June, 1857. Further notice will be given.

## OPENING OF CHAPELS, &amp;c.

**Loughborough.**—The Baptist Chapel in this town was re-opened for divine worship after repairs, Mar. 17; the Revs. Isaac New, of Birmingham, and J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, preached on the occasion. A public meeting was held in the afternoon. The Revs. C. Stevenson (Gen. Bap.) and J. Mason (Ind.), conducted the devotional exercises.

**Sussex.**—Mount Pleasant Chapel on Lord's day, Feb. 23. After being shut up for repairs and enlargement, this chapel was re-opened for divine worship by the pastor, the Rev. C. Short, M.A., to overflowing congregations. The collections were most satisfactory.

## RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**Paulton, Somerset, Feb. 19.**—Of the Rev. T. Davis, of Sandy Haven, Somersetshire. In the afternoon the Rev. D. Wassall, of Bath, preached to pastor and people. At five o'clock a public tea was provided, at which 140 persons attended. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. D. Was-

sall. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. D. Wassall, B. Davie, J. Price, Messrs. Field and Dennett, of the Baptist College, Bristol, together with the pastor and Mr. Gerard, one of the deacons of the church.

## PRESENTATION SERVICE.

**Kingston-upon-Thames, March 16.**—Mr. Medhurst having accepted an invitation for twelve months, a meeting was held; the Rev. C. H. Hosken, of Crayford, in the chair. After prayer by Mr. Seale, Mr. Higgs, the senior deacon, presented Mr. M. with a handsomely bound quarto Bible and a pencil case as a small token of affection, from the young people to whom his ministry had been the means of their conversion. After Mr. Medhurst had suitably acknowledged the gift, addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Church, L. H. Byrnes, and J. Collings.

## BAPTISMS.

**Bideford, Devon, March 1.**—Four by Mr. Wiltshire.

**Bristol, Counterslip, March 1.**—After a sermon by Rev. H. Leonard, eight by Mr. Winter.

**Birmingham, Licence St., Feb. 1.**—Three by Mr. Taylor.

**Brynmaur, March 3.**—Three Sabbath school teachers, by Mr. T. Roberts.

**Blaenfos, near Newcastle Emlyn, Jan. 18.**—Two by Mr. Price.

**Cheltenham, Cumbroy Chapel, Feb. 15.**—Nine by Mr. Smith.

**Cradley, Worcestershire, Jan. 4.**—Three by Mr. Jeevens.

**Dunstable, Jan. 29.**—Three by Mr. Gould.

**Enfield Highway, Jan. 29.**—Four by Mr. Beaver.

**Exeter, South St., March 1.**—Five by Mr. Williamson.

**Fulmouth, Webber St., Jan. 23.**—One, and Feb. 25, five, by Mr. Dunkley.

**Newport, Isle of Wight, Feb. 24.**—Four by Mr. Jennings.

**Grimsbly, Lincolnshire, Jan. 25.**—Three by Mr. Hogg.

**Hackney, Mare St., Feb. 26.**—Seven by Mr. Kuterps.

**Hersford, Church St., March 3.**—Six by Mr. Wall.

**Kingstunley, Gloucestershire, Feb. 1.**—Six by the pastor.

**Kingston-on-Thames, Jan. 25.**—Seven, Feb. 23, ten; by Mr. Medhurst.

**Liverpool, Soho Chapel, Feb. 1.**—One, by Mr. Harvey. Six persons were received by dismissal from other churches, March 1.

**Strenhope St., Jan. 18.**—Five by Mr. Hughes.

**London, New Park St., Feb. 26.**—After a powerful sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, who had just recovered from a temporary illness, fifteen by Mr. J. H. Betts, of Trinity chapel, three of whom belonged to his own congregation.

**Chadwell St., Clerkenwell, Jan. 26.**—Nine by Mr. Hazleton.

**Nuneaton, Feb. 1.**—Ten by Mr. Langridge.

Newport, Monmouthshire, July 20.—One, Oct. 31, three, Dec. 1, 1856. Eighteen; March 4, 1857, two, by Mr. Timothy Titmuss.

Plymouth, George St., March 4.—Fifteen by Mr. Short, B. A.

Portsea, Kent St., March 11.—Two by Mr. J. Davis.

Paisley, Feb. 8.—Two by Mr. Wallace.

Risca, Monmouthshire, March 1.—After an excellent sermon, three by Mr. Juano.

Ruaby, Jan. 25.—Three by Mr. Angus.

Slack Lane, near Keightley, Yorks, Feb. 22.—Five by Mr. Lee.

Saffron Walden, Jan. 28.—Two by Mr. Gillson.

Stroud, Gloucestershire, Feb. 26.—After a sermon by Mr. Scorey, of King Stanley, ten by Mr. Yates.

Sheffield, Portinuhon, Feb. 1.—Six by the pastor.

Swiffham, Jan. 11.—Three, and Feb. 22, three, by Mr. Woods.

Uxbridge, Feb. 22.—Five by Mr. G. R. Lowden.

## DEATHS.

Morgan, the Rev. Shem, Feb. 1, aged 24; for a few months pastor of the Baptist church, Beaumaris.

Shrumpton, Eliza, March 20, aged 22, daughter of John and Eleanor Shrumpton, Studley, Warwickshire. Eliza was an affectionate and dutiful child from her childhood, but she did not evince but little concern about eternal things, till about four years ago, when visiting at a friend's in Birmingham, she went during that visit to hear Mr. Jones—Lady Huntingdon's connexion—preach. Since that period her mind has been the seat of great conflict;

sometimes cast down for fear she was not one of the Lord's people, at other times joyful through hope. About a year before her decease she took cold, which increased till it became confirmed consumption. About two months ago, we found she was unable to assist in any domestic affairs. During that time she did not wish to converse but little about the things of time. But the name of Jesus was music to her ears. Nevertheless, her mind at times was greatly distressed, lest she should never see the face of God in peace; but about a fortnight ago I read to her the sermon by Mr. Spurgeon in the "Messenger," from the text—"O that I knew where I might find him." Since that time she has enjoyed sweet peace in the prospect of seeing him whom she had anxiously desired to find. The last portion of Scripture she uttered was—"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."

Rabbeth, Mr. J. G.—At Hemel Hempsted, Herts, Feb. 13, 1857, aged twenty-seven, after many months of severe suffering, borne with much patience, meekness, and resignation. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," was his theme and the text he chose for his funeral sermon. Mr. Wyard, of Tring, delivered a most affectionate address at the grave.

Veysey, C. Esq., Mar. 15, aged sixty-two, at Great Torrington, Devon.—Mr. Veysey's death will be severely felt by the deputation throughout the county of Devon. His name is identified with the introduction of the Gospel into nearly every town and village in North Devon, having ministered the Word gratuitously for the last forty years.

## NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.

## PROPOSED LARGE TABERNACLE FOR THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

ON Monday evening, March 23rd, a public meeting was held in New Park Street Chapel, for the purpose of adopting means for carrying into effect the erection of a spacious building capable of holding the many thousands of persons who flock to hear the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A large concourse of persons was assembled on the occasion. The chair was taken by W. Joynton, Esq. of St. Mary Cray. After prayer by the pastor, the Chairman opened the business of the evening by a speech; which for its fervour, spirituality, and practical common sense, we never heard excelled. He repeatedly challenged the meeting to contribute sums equal to those he himself offered conditionally to give; and during the evening, his own donations, in this form, amounted to nearly one hundred and seventy pounds, in addition to a previous donation of twenty-five pounds. Mr. Spurgeon made a fervid and eloquent appeal to his own congregation; such an one as they will never forget. Apsley Pellatt, Esq., the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D. D., J. Vickers, Esq., who gave fifty pounds, to the building, George Moore, Esq., the Rev. H. Betts, of Trinity Chapel, Borough, and the Rev. J. Wilkins, of Brighton, addressed the meeting. The Committee have issued the following

## APPEAL TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

"The great and almost unprecedented success which (under the Divine blessing) has accompanied the labours of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON during his ministry at New Park Street, has rendered it imperatively necessary that a new chapel of large dimensions be erected for his work. That such a step should be deemed necessary will be seen from the following statement:—

Shortly after the accession of the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON to the Pastorate, in May, 1854, the

numbers attending the chapel rapidly increased, until it was deemed absolutely necessary to enlarge the chapel. This object was effected in May, 1855, at a cost of £1,300. No sooner was the chapel re-opened, than every sitting was engaged, and hundreds of applications were refused for want of room. The Church also increased at such a rapid rate, that the chapel was found to be inadequate for the reception of the members at the Lord's table, the numbers being upwards of 860 persons, more than 550 of whom have been added during the period of two years and nine months.

To relieve the pressure of the crowd who attended New Park Street Chapel, the managers resolved to obtain the use of the Music Hall in the Royal Surrey Gardens, for the morning services, at which time the congregations vary from 7,000 to 9,000 persons. A Committee has been formed, and steps are being taken for erecting

#### A NEW TABERNACLE

in which the masses may assemble. On Monday, September 29th, a Public Meeting was held at New Park Street Chapel, when resolutions were unanimously passed, that a Tabernacle, holding 5,000 sittings should be erected, and Subscription Lists opened. Upwards of £3,000 was promised, and the Committee are very sanguine in their expectation that the sum of £12,000 (the amount required) will be speedily forthcoming.

The Committee earnestly solicit the hearty co-operation of the Christian public towards this undertaking. Their chief object in this movement is the welfare of the masses, who hitherto have been neglectful of their souls. A steady, earnest assistance is required, and the building will be erected. It would be gratifying to the Committee if every church in the kingdom had a brick or a beam in the building.

All contributions will be duly acknowledged by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, or the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Thos. Cook, at New Park Street Chapel. A monthly report of all monies received up to the 15th of each month, will be given on the wrapper of the "Baptist Messenger."

#### NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL BUILDING FUND.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Feb. 7, 1857	Paid to Treasurer . . . . .				943	6	8
" 16	Subscriptions . . . . .	9	4	7			
" 23	do. . . . .	47	7	0	56	11	7
Mar. 1	J. Ruskin, Esq. (donation) . . . . .	105	0	0			
"	J. Ruskin, jun., Esq. (donation) . . . . .	2	2	0			
"	Collectors' returns . . . . .	54	17	5			
"	Subscriptions . . . . .	25	3	7			
"	Returned Money Box . . . . .	0	1	1			
" 8	Subscriptions . . . . .	11	18	4			
"	L. C. Wyon, Esq. (donation) } . . . . .	5	0	0			
"	Per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon } . . . . .						
"	— Joyuson, Esq. (donation) } . . . . .	25	0	0			
"	Per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon } . . . . .						
" 12	Collection at Westbourne Grove Chapel, after } two Sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon }	53	7	0	293	0	5
					<hr/>		
					1282	19	8

At a public meeting held in New Park Street Chapel on Monday, March 23rd, 1857, J. Joyuson, Esq., in the chair, the following additions were made to the Building Fund:—

Amounts received . . . . .	307	6	9½
" promised . . . . .	219	15	0
	<hr/>		
	527	3	9½

On Tuesday, March 10th, the first of a series of meetings for aiding the above object, was held at the Tabernacle, High Street, Hoxton, which had been lent for the occasion. The services of the day commenced with short and fervent prayer by Mr. Spurgeon. Singing, reading, exposition and prayer followed, with a faithful discourse from Ps. cii. 16, "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory." After the collection was made the crowded assembly dispersed, to meet again in the afternoon, to partake of tea, which the ladies of New Park Street had liberally provided, and at which upwards of 250 sat down. At half-past six the public meeting commenced, when Mr. Spurgeon took the chair, and after prayer was offered, gave an interesting account of the circumstances of his coming to this million-peopled city, and the abundant blessing God had given to his ministrations. The respected secretary, Mr. T. Cook, then read the report, when the assembly was addressed in short but effective speeches by the Revs. H. L. Adams, Mr. Ayles, Mr. Jackson, T. Atwood, J. P. Searle, and Messrs. Moore and Carr: a vote of thanks was unanimously given to Mr. Searle and the deacons for the loan of the chapel. The Rev. W. Miall, of Dalston, concluded with suitable prayer. The proceeds of the day were highly gratifying, being upwards of £24.

#### NOW READY,

The Third Edition of the "Baptist Messenger" for January, with Two Sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and a new Portrait.

## THE DETERMINATION OF CHRIST TO SUFFER FOR HIS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,

*Minister of New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.*

"And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not."  
MARK XV. 23.

OUR Saviour, before he was nailed to the cross, and on the cross, several times had drinks of different sorts offered to him. Whilst they were nailing him to the cross, they endeavoured to make him drink wine, or vinegar as it is called, mingled with gall; and when he had tasted of that—he did taste it—he would not drink it. When he was on the cross, the soldiers, mocking him, offered him vinegar, or their weak drink which they ordinarily partook of, pledging him in their cups with scorn. And once more, when he said, "I thirst," they took a sponge filled with vinegar, and dipped it in hyssop, and put it to his lips. This occasion of offering the wine mingled with myrrh, is, I believe, different from all the rest. This wine mingled with myrrh was given to him as an act of mercy. Matthew Henry seems to think that it was prepared by those holy women who were wont to attend to the necessities of our Lord. They had followed him in all his footsteps whithersoever he went; it was by their bounty that the bag which Judas kept was generally as full as it was required to be, so that out of the store they could go and buy meat for their Master and for his disciples. It was these holy women who prepared the spices for him at his burial; the hundred pounds' weight, wherewith they did embalm him at the time of his funeral; and he thinks that these women, prompted by their compassion for him, got ready this wine cup mingled with myrrh, that he might be strengthened for his miseries, and that those miseries might in some degree be alleviated by the partial stupefaction which a strong draught of wine and myrrh would give to him. This time our Saviour positively declined the cup; "he received it not." The wormwood he tasted, but this he received not at all; he would have nothing to do with it. Why? The answer is not to be found in our Saviour's abstemiousness, for he was not abstemious; he was never self-indulgent, but he certainly was never abstemious. He was "the son of man," who "came eating and drinking"; he felt no repugnance to wine; he himself made it, he himself drank it; he even earned for himself the name, "a drunken man and a wine bibber"; not deservedly, but because, in contrast to John, who abstemiously refrained from ordinary food, Jesus Christ sat down with publicans and sinners, feasted with the feasters, and eat and drank like other men. Nor do I think the reason is to be found in any love that Christ had of pain, in any heartless bravado, which would lead him to say, I will suffer, and I will put the cup away from me. Far be that from Christ; he never thrust himself in the way of suffering when it was unnecessary; he did not go to give himself up into the hands of his enemies before his hour was come; he avoided persecution when the avoidance of the persecution would not be an injury to his cause; he withdrew out of Judea, and would not walk in that land, because of Herod, who sought to slay him. I believe that if our Saviour had not been the atoning sacrifice, if his sufferings had been merely those of a martyr, he would have quaffed the cup that was offered him to the very dregs, and would not have left any of it. The reason why he refused the cup, I think, is to be found in another thing altogether.

There is a glorious idea couched in the fact, that the Saviour put the myrrhed wine cup entirely away from his lips. On the heights of heaven the Son of God stood of old, and he looked down and measured how far it was to the utmost depths of misery; he cast up the sum total of all the agonies which a man must endure to descend to the utmost depths of pain and misery. He determined that to be a faithful high priest, and also to be a suffering one, he would go the whole way, from the highest to the lowest, from the throne of highest glory to the cross of deepest woe. This myrrhed cup would just have stopped him within a little of the utmost limit



of misery; therefore, he said, I will not stop halfway, but I will go all the way; and if this cup can mitigate my sorrow, that is just the reason why I will not drink it, for I have determined that to the utmost lengths of misery I will go, that I will do, and bear, and suffer all that incarnate God can bear for my people, in my own mortal body.

Now, beloved, it is this indeed that I wish to bring out before you, the fact that Jesus Christ came into the world to suffer; and that because the myrrhed cup would have prevented him from going the lowest step of misery, he received it not. I shall have to show you that this was the case through his life very frequently, that he would not take a step which would have diminished his miseries, because he was determined to go the whole length of suffering. Secondly, I shall beg to show you the reason of this: then, thirdly, I shall close up by some lesson that we may learn from it.

I.—Our Saviour would go the whole length of misery; he would suffer in every respect like as we suffer; he would bear the whole of the tortures of atonement, without even the slightest shadow of mitigation or alleviation. Now, I think I can show you this on many occasions in Christ's life, that he determined to be tempted in every point in which men are tempted, and to be tempted to the utmost limit of the power of temptation; nor would he even accept anything which would have limited the force of the temptation upon man. I will give you some proofs of this.

First: Christ knew that you and I would be exposed to peril; he therefore determined that he would be exposed to peril too, and that he would not by any means, when it was in his power, escape from the peril. Let me show him to you high up there, on the pinnacle of the temple; there stands our Master, and a fiend by his side, on a giddy eminence, with but little beneath his feet; he stands poised aloft, and he looks down the hill on which the temple is built into the depths below; the Enemy says, "Cast thyself down, commit thyself to the care of the angels." It was like this myrrhed cup—"Do not stand in this peril; cast yourself upon that promise, and risk yourself upon the angels' wings, for they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." But like as he would not receive this cup, so neither would he receive this deliverance from his peril; but there he stood erect, confident in his God, not using the means of deliverance which the Tempter wished him to exercise, even as he would not drink this cup.

Take another case: Jesus Christ knew that many of his people would have to suffer bodily wants, and poverty, and woe, he therefore hungered. After forty days fast, when he might have delivered himself from his hunger, by turning stones into bread, one would have said, It would have been a very innocent act to turn stones into bread, and feed himself; but, No, says Christ to the gnawing pangs of hunger, I will let you go as far as you can; I will not turn these stones into bread; I will let hunger exercise all its power upon me; I will let my body be gnawed by its fierce teeth; I will not mitigate its misery. He would not receive that wine mingled with myrrh that the devil offered him in the wilderness, when he tempted him to make the stones into bread; he would not take the mitigation of his misery.

I will tell you another case, that many men have attempted to have their lives cut short because they have so much misery, and no more hope of being happy, therefore they have wished for death; they have wished that they might be as the untimely birth, that they might be shut up in the bowels of the earth for ever; they have longed for death and desired it, and if an opportunity had cast itself in their way in which they might have died with honour, without having even the disgrace of suicide, how many would have accepted the alternative of death. Here is our Saviour in the same condition; for he is dragged to the brow of the hill of Nazareth. Oh, Son of man, thy wisest choice is to be dashed down the sides of the hill on which the city is built; if thou art wise thou wilt let them hurl thee headlong, there would be an end of all thy misery, for know there are years before

thee through which thou wilt be roasted at the slow fire of persecution, and afterwards thou wilt have to pass through floods of deepest misery. Do you not think the temptation started up in his mind, "Let yourself be cast down." He knew all about it. Had he been cast down he would have died an honourable death, like the death of a prophet slain in his own country; but no, "passing through the midst of them, he went away," because, as he refused the wine-cup so he refused a hasty death, which would have delivered him from his miseries.

Do you not observe that I have only just given you specimens? for you will find that all through the Saviour's life it was just the same. You will not find him in one instance working a miracle to lessen his own bodily fatigue or to alleviate his own bodily wants and necessities, but always letting the ills of this life wreak themselves upon him with all their fury. He hushed the winds once, but it was for his disciples, not for himself; he lay in the ship asleep, and let the waves toss him up and down as much as they pleased. He multiplied the loaves and fishes: it was for the multitude, not for himself. He could find money in a fish's mouth: it was to pay the tribute, not for himself. He could scatter mercies wherever he went—open men's eyes and deliver many of them from pains: he never exercised any of his skill upon himself. If the wind blew, he let it sweep itself upon his cheeks, and crack them; if the cold was bitter, he let the cold come round him, as it did in the garden of Gethsemane; if journeying was troublesome, he journeyed where he might have travelled as his Father did; as old Hopkins says in his fine translation of the Psalms—

"On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Right royally he rode;  
And on the wings of mighty wind  
Came flying all abroad."

So might Jesus, if he pleased, but he journeyed on in weariness. He might have made the water leap out of the well to his hand, but there he sat and thirsted; while he had power to make fountains gush even from the stone on which he sat. On the cross, "I thirst," was his cry; and yet, if he pleased, he might have opened in himself rivers of living water; he had them for others, but he had none for himself. You will observe this fact, that in all the history of Christ, never once did he take anything which could have lessened his miseries, but he went the whole length; and as on this occasion he refused the wine drugged with myrrh, so never did he receive anything that had a tendency to prevent him from going to the requisite lengths of suffering.

II.—Now, let us show you the reason of this. Was it out of any love to suffering that he thus refused the wine-cup? Ah, no; Christ had no love of suffering. He had a love of souls, but like us he turned away from suffering, he never loved it. We see he did not, for even in the garden he said—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." It was his human nature struggling against suffering, as human nature rightfully does. God has made us so that we do not naturally love suffering, and it is not wrong for us to feel some repugnance to it, for God has implanted that repugnance in us. Christ did not suffer because he loved suffering. Why, then, did he suffer? For two reasons; because this suffering to the utmost was necessary to the completion of the atonement, which saves to the utmost; and because this suffering to the utmost was necessary to perfect his character as "a merciful high priest," who has to compassionate souls that have gone to the utmost of miseries themselves; that he might know how to succour them that are tempted.

First, I say it was necessary to *make the atonement complete*. I do think, that if our Saviour had drunk this myrrhed cup, the atonement would not have been valid. It strikes me, that if he had drunk this wine mingled with myrrh, he could not have suffered to the extent that was absolutely necessary. We believe Christ did, on the cross, suffer just enough, and not one particle more, than was necessary for the redemption of his people. If, then, this wine-cup had taken away a part of his sufferings, the ransom price would not have been fully complete, it would not have been fully paid. And if it had but taken away so much as a grain, the atonement would not have been sufficiently satisfactory. If a man's ransom is to

be paid, it must be all paid; for though but one single farthing he left unpaid, the man is not fully redeemed, and he is not yet totally free. If, then, this drinking of the wine-cup had taken out the smallest amount from that fearful price of agony which our Saviour paid, the atonement would have been insufficient—insufficient only to a degree, but even insufficiency to a degree, however small, would have been enough to have caused perpetual despair, yea, enough to have shut the gates of heaven against all believers. The utmost farthing must be paid; inexorable justice never did yet omit so much as a fraction of its claim. Nor would it in this case have exonerated in any measure; Christ must pay it all. The wine-cup would have prevented his doing that, therefore he would suffer and go the whole length of suffering; he would not stop, but would go through it all.

Again, I say it was *that he might be made a compassionate High Priest*. Someone might have said—"When my Master died he did not suffer much. He suffered somewhat, but the wine-cup prevented much suffering. I dare not touch the wine-cup, at least, I dare not take it so as to alleviate my sufferings at all; then I must suffer more than he, for that drugged wine I must not drink. Surely, then, my Master cannot sympathize with me, if I for conscientious motives bear suffering without accepting alleviations which some think are wrong." "Nay," said the Master, "nay, you shall never say that. If you have to suffer without a comfort, I will let you know that I suffered without a comfort too." You say, "Oh, if I had some myrrh given me which could mitigate my woe, it were well." "Ah," says the Saviour, "but I have had it offered to me, and I will not drink it, in order that you may see that I suffered woe without the comfort, without the cordial, without the consolation, which you think would enable you to endure it." Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, thou wast "tempted in all points like as we are." Blessed be thy name! This myrrh-cup would have put a plate of steel upon thy breast, it would have blunted many darts of suffering; therefore thou didst put it aside, that thou mightest, naked, suffer every shaft to find its target in thy heart. This myrrh-cup would have steeled thy feelings, so that thou couldst not be rent by the whips of anguish. Therefore thou wouldst not take its steeling influence, its hardening qualities. Thou, who didst stoop to become a poor, weak worm, "a worm and no man," didst bear the agony, without making the agony less, or strengthening thine own body to bear it. Oh, blessed High Priest! Go to him, ye tried and tempted ones—go to him, and cast your burdens on him; he can bear them, he has borne burdens heavier than yours before. Cast your burden on the Lord, as his shoulders can sustain it; and his shoulders, that have borne trouble without comfort, can bear your troubles, though they be comfortless ones too. Do but tell them to your Master, and you shall never find a lack of sympathy in him.

III.—And now, what have we to say by way of a lesson for this short discourse?

When Christ had received this cup, he would not drink of it. Sometimes, beloved, it is in your power to escape from sufferings for Christ's sake; and you may rightly do so, if you can escape from them without injuring the mission upon which your Father has sent you; for as he sent his Son into the world, even so he has sent you into the world. You have your mission; and there are times when the acceptance of a cordial, or the reception of an escape from peril, would be a degradation to your high dignity, an injury to your office; and therefore, there are times when you should decline the cup even of consolation itself. You and I are called to hold fellowship with Christ in his sufferings; perhaps our business places us where we have to hold fellowship with Christ in the suffering of contempt. The finger is pointed at us; the lip is sometimes protruded in derision, sometimes an expression is used towards us, calling us a hypocrite, a cant, a formalist. You may be apt to think, "Oh, I ought to avoid all this; I wish I could escape." Can you avoid it, and serve your Master as well? If you can, then drink the myrrh-cup, and avoid the misery; but if you cannot, and if it is proven that your position is one of duty, and one in which you can honour your Master, it is at your peril that you exchange your situation for an easier one, if you exchange it for one less

useful. "Oh," says one, "I work among wicked men, and I have to bear a testimony of truth in their midst; may I not leave the place at once? I feel that I am doing good there; but the jeers and taunts are so hard to bear, that the good I do seems to be always counterbalanced by the misery I suffer." Take care, take care, lest you let the flesh prevail over the spirit. It would be like a myrrh-cup to you, for you to leave your situation and go to another; it would be the removal of your pain; ponder a long time before you do it, weigh it well. If your Maker has put you there, to suffer for his name's sake, come not down from the cross to which he has nailed you by a daily crucifixion, till you have suffered all; and take not the myrrh-cup of an escape until you have borne all for Christ. I think it was holy Polycarp who, when the soldiers came to him to take him to prison, made his escape; but when he found afterwards that his doing so had dispirited some Christians, and had been attributed to his cowardice, when next the soldiers presented themselves, and he had an opportunity to escape, "No," he said, "let me die." It had been foolhardy of him, if he had run into the teeth of men in order to be put to death the first time; but when he saw he would serve his Master better by his death than by his life, it would have been an unrighteous thing if he had drunk the wine-cup, if he had made his escape and not died for his Master's sake.

Oh, my brethren, I do think that there are many cordials which the world, too, has to offer to the Christian which he must not drink at all, because if his Master wishes him to have fellowship in him in his suffering, it is his to suffer so far as his Master wills. You are perhaps a man or a woman of a sorrowful spirit; you are given to solitude and loneliness. There are certain amusements, which some men say are harmless; they tell you that they are meant for you, and ask you to go and take them. You think, "Well, in my low state, surely I might take these things. If I were happy and joyous, I should not need them; but sure my Father, 'like as a father pitieth his children,' will pity me; and if I do these things, and do them merely for temporary comfort, my heart seems as though it would break if I had not this little temporary excitement." Take care, take care, that it is not the wine-cup that prevents you my friends. If your Master gives you the wine-cup, the golden wine-cup filled with the precious wine of the covenant, the strong promises, and strong fellowship in Christ, drink it without a moment's hesitation. Drink it and be glad; if he has said, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish;" and this is the strong drink he gives to you in the golden wine-cup of the Saviour's fellowship. Drink it, and be happy. But if they would offer it to you, look many a time before you drink it. It may be, you may be right in drinking it, if it be not a wrong thing; but it may be, too, that even a thing that is innocent to others, may be wrong to you; and the taking of that amusement and pleasure into your hand, might be like our Saviour's taking the myrrh-cup and drinking it. It would be a stultifying you, a preventing you from learning all the lessons of your misery, from going in all the steps of your Redeemer, who wishes us to follow him through all the miseries which he has ordained for us, that they may be the means of fellowship with him in his suffering.

This is the only lesson I desire to give you at this time. If the Lord impress it on our minds, it may be of use to us. Only let me say, how many there are who would have drunk this wine-cup, if it had been offered to them! Your Saviour has taken from you the desire of your eyes with a stroke; he has robbed you of one that is dear and near to you. Say, Christian, if you had had the myrrh-cup put before you, if it had been said, "If you like, that loved one of yours should live"; if it had been offered to you that the life that has been taken away should be spared, could you with fortitude have said, "Not my will, but thine, be done"? Could you have put it away and said, "No, my Master, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done"? And what is more, if it may pass from me, if I need not suffering, yet if I can honour thee more by suffering, and if the loss of my beloved one will serve thee and please thee, then so let it be. I refuse the comfort, when it comes in the way of thine honour; I reject the favored

mercy if it comes in the teeth of thy glory. I am willing to suffer; thy consolations I care not for; if I can honour thee better without them, I will do without them.

There are some among you in the habiliments of mourning. Let me just, in conclusion, note a very beautiful thought of a good man on a passage of Scripture. Jesus says in his prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Do you know why good men die? Do you know why the righteous die? Shall I tell you what it is that kills them? It is Christ's prayer—"Father, I will that they be with me." It is that that fetches them up to heaven. They would stop here, if Christ did not pray them to death. Every time a believer mounts from this earth to heaven, it is caused by Christ's prayer. "Now," says this good old divine, "many times Christ and his people pull against one another in prayer. You bend your knee in prayer, and say, 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am;' Christ bends his knee, and says, 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.'" So you see, one gets hold of him, and the other too. He cannot be in both places; the beloved one cannot be with Christ and with you too. Now, what shall be the answer? Put the prayers side by side, you shall pray—"Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am"; and there is your Saviour, praying that they may be with them where he is. Now if you had your choice; if the King should step from his throne, and say, 'Here are two supplicants; they are praying opposite to one another; their prayers are clearly contrary to each other; I cannot answer them both'; oh, I am sure, though it were agony, you would start from your feet, and say, "Jesus, not my will, but thine, be done." You would give up your prayer for your sick husband's life, for your sick wife's life, for your dying child's life, if you could realise the thought that Christ was praying in the opposite direction—"Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am."

And now we come to the supper of our Master; oh, may the Master give us fellowship with him. Poor sinners that know not Christ, I have not a moment in which to address you; but remember, the separation which will be made between you and the church to-night is but a picture of an awful separation which shall be made between you and the church at the last great day. You will sit upstairs, some of you, to look down upon the solemnity: remember, you may look upon it here, but you will not look upon it in heaven, unless your hearts be made one in Christ, and unless you be washed in his blood.

---

## A GOOD CONFESSION.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHILTENHAM.

THE doctrine of salvation by free and sovereign grace alone is very offensive to the carnal mind. Man in his natural state revolts at it. The proud philosophic professor cannot bow to it. What, is he to renounce all his good deeds! Are all his supposed virtues, of which he is so proud, to stand for nothing! Must he be saved in the same way as some prostitute, or thief, or dreadfully depraved character! Is grace to do all the work, and receive all the glory! Must man be nothing: a mere cipher! Must he depend on another's sufferings and plead another's righteousness. How can proud human nature brook this? How can the learned, lay aside all his learning, and stand on a level with the illiterate? How can the noble born and noble bred, renounce all his nobility, and go hand in hand to heaven with the poor peasant, who descended from parents poor and unknown? To strip man of everything, and shut him up to mere mercy; to speak to man as fallen and depraved, however distinguished from his fellow men, and tell him that he must be saved as an act of sovereign grace, is galling to the flesh, and rouses up all the enmity of the heart. Here the Jews stumbled, they went about to establish their own righteousness, and refused to submit to be saved in, and on the account

of, the righteousness, which God had provided by the life and death of his Son, and presented to them in the everlasting gospel.

This was the case with a learned philosophic professor of religion in France, who was considered the first mathematician in his country. In vain, for a considerable time, did a man of God endeavour to lead him as a little child to Jesus. He set before him the truth, he compared every statement with God's word, but the strong holds of science, the high things of philosophy refused to give way. There was a struggle within; but proud nature, supported by false principles, refused to yield. At length the Lord laid his hand upon him, in his affliction, the Holy Spirit became his teacher, in the light of eternity things appeared to put on a different face, one false principle after another gave way, prop after prop was cut from under him, and he was obliged to cast himself as a poor sinner into the arms of Jesus. In his affliction his friend came to visit him, and what a change did he behold; the proud dogmatical professor was a little child; the learned mathematician was a poor sinner, relying on a precious Saviour. Grasping the hand of his friend, he exclaimed with emotion, "I AM A GREAT SINNER, BUT I HAVE A GREAT SURETY." He, like a poor debtor, deserving punishment, because he had voluntarily brought himself into difficulty; ashamed at his condition, and seeing no other way of escape, had fled to Jesus, and cried as David did before him: "*Be surety for thy servant, O Lord.*" And that precious Saviour, who never refuses a poor contrite sinner, listened to his cry, granted his request, set him at liberty, and gave him peace. He paid nothing himself, but Jesus paid all. He did nothing himself, Jesus did all. His ransom, was the blood of Jesus. His righteousness, was the obedience of Jesus. His life, was the death of Jesus. To him, Jesus was a Surety, who undertook all, did all, paid all, and engaged to answer for all. Precious view of the Saviour this! If anything will silence the accusations of Satan, if anything will quiet a guilty conscience, if anything will bring peace to the heart, and sweet assurance to the soul, this will. Jesus is "the Surety of the better covenant," even the covenant of grace, revealed in the everlasting gospel.

"*I am a great sinner!*" Thus felt the polished and learned Frenchman, and this confession he made to the glory of God. He saw not his sins once. He felt not that he was a great sinner once. Nor could man convince him of it, for his were not so much sins of the life, as sins of the heart. But when the Holy Spirit took the work in hand, when he brought home the law to the conscience, when he poured his pure light into the soul, the man saw with amazement, that the seed of every sin was there, the man felt that in himself, that is in his flesh, dwelt no good thing. All his virtues, now appeared but "splendid sins," and his sins appeared of a most aggravated character. Now he knew what Paul experienced when he said, "*Sin revived, and I died.*" Yes, he died to all hope of heaven by any works of his own. He died to all hope in anything, and everything, but the perfect work of Christ. "*I died.*" Then the life of Jesus was put forth in him. Then the Holy Spirit imparted new principles, suggested new thoughts, awakened new hopes, and brought him into a new world. The proud philosopher became a little child, and the learned teacher of others sat down at the feet of Jesus, to learn what are the first principles of the oracles of God. Reader, has this ever been your experience? Have you thus been stripped of all your fancied good works? Have you seen all your comeliness turn to corruption? Have you realized, that in you, that is in your flesh, there is not one good thing? Have you seen yourself a debtor to do the whole law, and at the same time perceived that you had not done any part of it? Have you been made willing to be saved by free and sovereign grace alone? Have you committed yourself to Jesus, and engaged him to be your surety, to pay all your debts, meet all your responsibilities, and answer all demands that shall be made upon you? If so, you may say with the Frenchman, not only, "I AM A GREAT SINNER," but you may add,—

"I HAVE A GREAT SURETY." This is glorious! What need I fear, though my debts are never so numerous, though the sum total be never so large, if I have a surety wealthy enough, and who has bound himself to discharge the whole.

This is just the case with the true believer, and this accounts for the peace he enjoys, and the comfort he experiences, even when looking forward, to appear before God in judgment. He asks, Why should I fear? Satan may reply, and at times conscience may echo his words, "*You are a great sinner!*" That is true, he says, and he feels sorrow of heart while he admits it, but he exclaims, "*I have a great Surety!*" Nor is there any comparison between the debts he has contracted and the wealth of his Surety, who has undertaken to discharge them. Between his sins, and the merit of his Saviour. His are the sins of a creature, but the merit placed against them is the merit of the incarnate God. His sins are finite, the merit of Christ is infinite. He is but the creature of a day, his Surety is the ETERNAL GOD. If the Son of God undertakes to discharge his debts, he will do so fully, honourably. If the Son of God undertakes to satisfy the demands of God's violated law for him, he will magnify that law and make it honourable. If the Son of God undertakes to meet the claims of Divine justice, he will so meet them, that justice shall be satisfied, and turn round and become the sinner's friend. But Jesus does undertake to do all this, for those who believe in his name; therefore every believer who has committed his case to Jesus, may say with the humbled philosopher, "*I am a great sinner, but I have a great Surety!*"

Reader, every sin must be accounted for, every farthing of your debt must be paid, either by yourself, or else by a surety for you. Can you satisfy God's law and justice for all, and every one, of your sins, yourself? Can you pay every farthing of your debt yourself? It must be paid. God never compounds with sinners. He never says, "*If you do the best you can, my mercy, or my Son, shall make up the rest.*" No, never, God will have the whole from you, or he will have none. You must be saved by grace alone, or by works alone; you never can be saved by works and grace together. You must, therefore, make up your mind, either to satisfy the justice of God for your sins, or eternally suffer the consequences; or else you must, as a poor lost sinner, repair to the Lord Jesus Christ, and exercising faith in him, plead with him to be your Surety. If you do the former, your doom is sealed for ever; you are lost, and lost to all eternity. There is not one ray of hope for you. But if you do the latter, your salvation is certain. Jesus is pledged to receive you, for he has said, "*I will in no wise cast out.*" Jesus is bound to save you, for he has promised, "*He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.*" Let me beseech you as a poor lost sinner, to go to the Lord Jesus Christ at once; cast yourself at his feet, cry to him for mercy, plead his own precious word, nor rest until, by his Spirit in your heart, he shall say, "*I am your salvation.*" You have every encouragement, for he has saved thousands of sinners just like you; he is saving such now, this day, this hour, and he will gladly save you. Go to him then, as the French mathematician did, renouncing everything of your own, and accept his salvation as it is proclaimed in the Gospel; then in the midst of trials and temptations, on the bed of sickness, and in the prospect of death, you will be enabled with confidence to say, "**I AM A GREAT SINNER, BUT I HAVE A GREAT SURETY!**"

*Cheltenham, April 6.*

## FATHER IS COMING.

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

THE father of a happy and united family had been absent from home for several months, and circumstances that he could not control had delayed his return beyond the appointed time. The disappointment was very great, and often the words were repeated by the

children to their mother, "*When will father come back?*" The day was again fixed, a letter was received announcing almost the hour when he expected to reach his beloved home. All were upon the look out; at length the sound of a carriage was heard, and the quick eye

of love soon espied the long expected one. All hands were clapped in extasy, every eye glistened with delight, as each tongue exclaimed, "Father is coming," "Father is coming."

How often at eventide, with less excitement than this, but still with a deep quiet joy, have children waited for and welcomed a father's return. The humble labourer, wearily wending his way to his cottage hearth, has been cheered after all his toils, and felt his heart rising in gratitude to God when his dear ones have pressed around him,

"And climbed his knee the envied kiss to share."

Such scenes often gladden our earth, and prove that amidst abundant gloom and sorrow, love yet lives and thrives; evidencing that God is still good to fallen man. Such meetings and greetings, whether after a longer or briefer absence, prove that mutual love exists. Parents who are thus looked and longed for, must be affectionate, and the children who welcome them have a happy consciousness of being loved. There is no looking out with strained eye and longing heart for the churlish and repulsive parent—

"His foot does not beat music on the stairs."

His coming is rather a signal for merry voices to be hushed; for hearts to sink, and smiles to vanish. Alas! that a father should ever be an iceberg in the social circle, instead of being like a genial spring sunshine. Little do such think how they chill young hearts, and perpetuate a moral frost through succeeding generations.

But a good parent should be wise as well as tender; he should maintain discipline as well as minister delight. If he thus acts his children will respect his authority as well as reciprocate his love. They will not take advantage of his absence to do what they know would displease him. The cry, "Father is coming," will not be the signal for hiding, any more than for hushing. It is well for children to have a full consciousness that if an absent parent suddenly appear in their midst, they will not be found doing what he would assuredly condemn.

But the words so often uttered with delight in well-regulated homes, suggest

other thoughts and bring higher things before the eye of the mind. No scenes of earthly love can adequately image forth the tenderness of a heavenly Father, or show the happy state and glorious prospects of his children. The histories of domestic love and joy are sweet and wonderful, and the triumphs of parental and filial affection very beautiful; but the history of God's family, and the story of his infinitely tender and all-adapted love, transcends all. Only himself can record it, and it will be one of the happy employments of eternity to rehearse and listen to it. We now only read its preface, and glance at its commencement. That preface how wonderful! It describes God's preparations for the display of his own infinite love through time and eternity. Look at it and see how it brings out his character; listen to him who lay in the Father's bosom, who came into the world to bring rebellious children back to that bosom, and into that house. In the parable of the prodigal son, he shows us "the Father coming"; and what a heart-winning, heart-melting sight it is. Look at it. The self-sufficient one had spent his all; he whose company had been courted is left alone. But he has already gained more than he has lost, for he is "come to himself." His position is far better than when his joyous shout of laughter was heard, and he was riding in triumph, the envied of the foolish. He has nothing to bring with him, nothing to recommend him; but still he is returning. "RETURN, RETURN," is the great and importunate word of yearning mercy. "I will return" is the best word the poor wanderer ever spake.

"I will arise and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Thus his full heart poured itself out. Again and again he repeated the words; and as the word "Heaven" dropped from his lips, he cast his eyes a moment upward, but they soon sank down again in dejection and conscious unworthiness. Just as he was doing this, he came to a turn in the road where his father's house first came in sight; and as his tear-dimmed eye sank down-



ward, it caught a glimpse of the well known mansion. And did he not see something beside? The *place* was indeed full of interest to him, but the *person* belonging to it a thousand times more so. And that person he thought he saw—not in the house, but *on the road*. Yes, it was his father whom he saw “*coming*”—coming, too, at a rate compared with which his own slow pace was tardiness itself. His own father was running not *from* him, but to *meet* him. There was no frown on his brow, no austerity in his manner, no reproach on his lips; his every act and attitude was the very opposite of what he feared—and of what he felt he well deserved. He scarce knew in the flutter of mingled sorrow, wonder, and new born hope what to say. He began his confession, but the latter part of it was drowned in the melodious outburst of forgiving love. “I HAVE SINNED.” That was enough. “All is forgiven. Leave the future to me, you must not prescribe for me *now* what I shall do. You must not limit my love by saying how I should act; I *AM LOVE*, and I mean to act in character. No more desponding utterances. Take away the rags; bring forth the best robe, put it on; put the ring on the finger; prepare the feast; uplift the song; record the deed; all time must hear it; millions of hearts shall feel it, and eternity shall ring with it.”

While listening to the loud song of joy at this feast of mercy, another voice is heard, “Come and hear all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.” We turn to see who it is that addresses us, and see one much older than the prodigal, with the lines of sorrow graven deeply in his countenance, forming furrows for tears of repentance to run, while the eye is lit up with wondering joy, as if the fact he esulted in was *too great* to be true; and yet was so evident that it could not be doubted. Listen, he says, to the story of *Ephraim*. “Years ago I returned like that prodigal son. I sat at the feast, I wondered at the song sung over my recovery, and vowed never to grieve so loving a father again. Alas! I have not kept my resolution; the world gradually attracted me; my heart wandered far,

and grew cold; and, monstrous ingratitude! I shunned my father's presence. I wore his name it is true, remained in his service, professed attachment, sung his praise, pleaded his cause, but my heart was not with him. My father came in afflictive dispensations, and I heard his voice saying, ‘How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?’ but I humbled not myself under his mighty hand. His rod came more heavily, and with it he said, ‘As many as I love I rebuke and chasten, be zealous therefore and repent.’ His hand was on my heart, and I yielded; glory to his conquering *grace*. ‘I smote on my thigh,’ ‘I was ashamed, yea even confounded,’

“I thought upon my former sins,  
And, like one frightened, stood,  
Till with a smile he said, ‘My child,’  
And then I said, ‘My God.’”

And now hearken to the words I have just heard, and wonder not if I am ‘sorrowful yet always rejoicing.’ ‘Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child; for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord,’ Jeremiah xxxi. 20.

“Thus my father came, and thus he spake—how boundless thy mercy, God of all grace!

“‘Twas grace when first from nature's gloom,  
Thou didst a wandering sinner call;  
But strayed again, again brought home,  
This, this is grace surpassing all.”

Reader, is God your Father? In one sense I know he is, for we are all his offspring, and in him we “live and move and have our being.” But this relationship has failed, not on God's part, but on ours. The great Father says, “I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.” And now the rebel children love not to hear that their Father is coming. They not only, like the prodigal, desire “a portion of the goods,” but they take possession of *all*, usurp all authority, and “say unto God, Depart; we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.” They disclaim his authority, dread his interference, and desire his continued absence. What must the end of all this be? Rebellion must be crushed, rightful authority must be established,

and such ungrateful wretches be made examples to the universe.

It must be so with those who persevere in sin. But first, and in order to avert this sad necessity, the Father comes in yearning love with words of peace and reconciliation. He says after all you have done, "I am good and ready to forgive, and rich in mercy to all that call upon me." He desires to become an object of affection to his rebellious creatures. Hence he says, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father?" It will afford him infinite delight to hear those who once "hated him without cause," say, "We love him because he first loved us." Come, then, you who have hitherto lived without God, and without hope in the world, come, let your hearts be won by such love as this. You cannot be happy without God; it is useless to attempt it. "He is in Christ reconciling." Go and meet him at the cross, and you will learn to love him, and thus learn to be happy. Then to you shall the glorious promise be fulfilled—"If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him," John xiv. 23.

Ye who are thus favoured, see to it

that no estrangements arise, that there is no unsettled controversy between you and your Heavenly Father. Let there be nothing in your heart and history in which you do not wish him to interfere. Learn to regard this world as a state of training for your Father's house, and be content that he should choose for and counsel you. If at any time temptation should prevail, remember that you have "an advocate with the Father." Do not rest till you regain the spirit of adoption. Seek grace to act as ever in his sight, having your eye single to his glory. Try and diffuse a spirit of love and unity among your brethren. Ponder often the important question "If I then be a father, where is mine honour?" and seek grace to be animated by the glorious promise, "Him that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Father, fountain of all being,  
 Father, source of blessedness;  
 Mighty, merciful, all-seeing,  
 God of love, and God of peace:  
 Abba, Father,  
 Thee we love, adore, and bless.

Father! in that name is blended  
 All of bliss the heart can hold;  
 Thine own Son from heaven descended,  
 That its glories might be told.  
 Abba, Father,  
 Now to us thy love unfold.

## THE VOICE OF SPRING; OR, NATURE'S HOMILY TO THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY REV. W. P. BALFERN OF BOW.

"The flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come."  
 SOL. SONGS ii. 12.

NATURE, under whatever aspect she may be viewed, has a very beautiful and instructive face; and indeed it must be so, for God intended it ever to exhibit sufficient of himself to leave the heathen without excuse in their vile idolatries. She is beautiful, we say, whether we gaze upon her as arrayed in her summer zone of beauty and strength, or as chastened and subdued with her many tinted autumn dress, or as robed in white mid-winter storms, with her pale breast upon the cold ground—this must be our conclusion. Still, we have thought of late that she is pre-eminently lovely in spring, when after sleeping, as it seems to us, so long, she opens her eyes upon us again, through which hope beams forth so fondly and cheerfully, and tells us to look forward to bright sunny days, and full blown flowers, and pleasant walks, and shady trees, and green lanes; and thus it is that spring looks upon us now; and she has a voice too, and through her operations she may instruct us. She has something to say to many of us, we shall let her speak first to—

*The aged Christian:* her voice to you, dear friend, is full of gentleness and love, encouragement and joy. To those who have not your hope she cannot use such

words. It must be saddening to the aged man devoid of hope, whose feeble steps are hastening to the grave, to gaze upon the spring and think, that in a few short years, perhaps months, she will spread her charms around his path in vain. Such frequently exclaim, and what they say in reference to themselves is mournfully true—

“The light of other days is faded,  
And all their glory's past;  
The heart sees no renewing,  
The light of other days.”

But O what a mercy, aged Christian, that you *cannot* sing those lines, that though weak, and sometimes weary, it is not true that the light of other days has faded, for light from heaven still floods inwards upon thy spirit, and thy heart ever and anon returns to thy first born joy, when thou didst cheerfully go forth to follow thy Lord; so that, though the winter of death is putting its cold fingers upon thy frail habitation, and robbing it of its youthful beauty and strength, and frequently thou dost groan, being burdened, still there is a spring of spiritual verdure and fruitfulness within, whose immortal vigour even time cannot touch, much less destroy; and thou canst say in the midst of thy infirmities, though the outer man decay, “the inner man is renewed day by day,” and though my “earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;” and though my eye is not so bright as once it was, yet shall I gaze upon the uncreated glories of the Son of God; and though my mind is not so vigorous as in days that are passed, it shall never be so weakened as to lose its hold of him whose smile is life; and though this bright and beautiful world must fade away, yet is there another which faith eyes in the distance,

“There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers;  
Death like a narrow stream divides,  
This heavenly land from ours.”

And though the winter of death has taken from me many friends whom I love, and with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company; and I seem comparatively like a stranded vessel, all but alone amid the wrecks of time; still the beautiful spring with its fair progeny issuing from the jaws of death, points me upward to the place, and forward to the time when I shall see once more old familiar forms and much loved faces, with no wrinkle or soil of death upon them, and in the midst of the celestial paradise, join with them to ascribe my present and everlasting salvation to God and the Lamb.

*The young Christian.*—The spring has something to say to you, dear friends, she speaks instructively to you. You have professed that the winter of an unregenerate condition has passed away, that Christ the Sun of Righteousness has arisen upon you with healing in his wings, that you have been transplanted by the grace of God from the barren soil of enmity and error, into the fruitful soil of truth, from the world into the Church; that you are now amongst those trees which God's right hand hath planted, that the dew of divine influence having descended upon you, the green buds of faith, hope, and love appear upon you; O if all this is true, how happy art thou, and how hath God distinguished thee! but take heed, how careful is the husbandman to screen the tender buds of spring from those cold winds which blight his hopes; and O young Christian, be admonished by his care, and watch against the blighting influence of worldly pride, sloth, and idle conversation; beware of those inward corruptions which war against the soul. O how these things have robbed the Church of God of well nigh all her spiritual beauty and strength. Observe too, dear young friend, how the husbandman labours to remove the various weeds from his garden, that the hopeful soil may not lose its strength; and it may be that the quickening influence of divine grace has discovered to thee certain evil tendencies within, which require all thy care and diligence, to prevent their dangerous growth; work then, while it is yet the spring-time of thy soul, and frequently by faith and prayer turn the roots of

these evil things to the Sun of Righteousness, that their strength may be withered away, and their deadly spread be stayed. The spring to thee, young Christian should be a time of *hope*, for look around thee and see what thy Lord has done; behold the ten thousand forms of life and beauty, which are now springing forth at his word, and remembering that what he is in nature that he is in grace, what large expectations shouldst thou cherish. If he can thus clothe the universe with such immortal beauty, can he not deck thy soul? But while the spring should be to thee a time of hope, it must be also a time of *work*, now is the time, while the light of heaven shines so sweetly upon thee, and the dew of divine love makes thy heart soft, to get the seed of precious truth rooted in thy mind, to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. There are opportunities now within thy reach which may never return; and if thou hast them not, strive to make them. Rise early in the morning, and like the lark, bring thy morning's song of gratitude and praise fresh and warm to God; study his word, and the writings of good men; you are to be a witness for God, but in order to this the truth must live in thee, and shine through thee; you are to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, but in order to this, thou must apprehend the faith; and to this end thou must "buy the truth and sell it not;" be willing to make any sacrifice to get the truth, and when once favoured to possess it, it is to be a treasure to thee from which thou must never part. Emulate the spring time, young Christian, and let the day break of heaven's mercy upon thee, be a time of labour, meditation, and prayer.

*The tried Christian.*—The spring time has also something to say to thee. It may be there is now a winter in thy soul, thy joy has departed, and the hardness and barrenness of thy heart plague thee. It appears a long time since the dew of heaven fell upon thy branch, since the Sun of Righteousness shone upon thy path, and with one of old, now thou dost exclaim, "Who can stand before his cold!" Thou lookest within for thy fruits, and they are not; and thou art ready to say "My hope hath perished from the Lord;" be not however too hasty in thy conclusions; it may be that thy winter has been sent to thee in love, to teach thee profitable things; let the spring admonish thee, as thou dost behold her starting from the arms of death; the trees, though they cast not forth new leaves, make root in winter, and it may be that the suspension for a time of thy spiritual joy, is but intended to root thee in humility, to kill the weeds of spiritual pride and worldly conformity, to teach thee thy dependance upon the Lord, and the importance of a life of faith upon his unfailing word. Look therefore away from thyself to him, who, while he throws around the universe a girdle of fruitfulness and joy, declares of his Church that he will comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. But perhaps thou wilt say, that there is not only a winter within, but storms without. It may be so, it was so with Job for a time; still fear not, if there is but life in the heart there will be joy in the life. The winter shall give place to spring, for God has determined it. Do not say that God has forgotten you, for he says, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb. Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." The storms of affliction will cease to beat upon thee, only be it thy concern that they speed thee to the port of peace. The waves of tribulation will subside, only be anxious that they lift thee into the rock of ages. Then shall thy joy break as the morning, and the spring of prosperity encompass thy path, if not in this world, at least in that which is to come.

*The slothful Christian.*—And what has the spring to say to thee, what can it say but, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light." How long shall thy soul lie waste? How long wilt thou insult God and wound his Church? How long shall thy pernicious example blight and blast the fair garden of God? Thou, a child of God, a disciple of Christ! Why God is active, ever at work, and Christ went about doing good continually, and amid

toil and labour died. How can it be? All around thee is active, every green blade, every opening bud; yea, the very birds upon the trees cry out shame upon thy sloth; arouse thee, lest Christ should say of thee as of the barren tree of old, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground."

*The backslider.*—Well, what can spring say to thee; she is *coming back* again to her former beauty and strength, obedient to the voice of her Creator and Lord; wilt thou not accompany her? art thou not wearied of the winter of the barrenness which reigns within? Dost thou not hear the voice of love in the cold winds of desolation, which frequently beat upon thy poor shivering spirit, as it seeks to hide itself in the vain refuge of worldly gain and fame—"O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Hast thou forgotten the time when the sweet flower of godly fear grew in thy garden, and threw its fragrance around thy path, when *love* constrained thee to entwine around the Tree of Life, and its fruit was sweet to thy taste. O, how has thy glory departed, and how hast thou given the enemy of thy soul occasion to rejoice; still does the spring address thee, and cry, come back! and mercy still stretches forth her arms towards thee, and exclaims "Return, O wanderer, return." O, wilt thou not once more cry, "My Father, be thou the guide of my youth, be thou my Saviour, my God, and my all."

*The sinner.*—And what can spring say to thee? That God not only cares for the existence of those things which he creates, but also for the *manner* of their existence. He will have them *fruitful*; they shall show forth his praise, and how is it with thee, reader? Thy soul has been a barren spot, it may be these many years; and art thou not afraid thus to live a strange anomaly in the creation of God? Is it not high time that thou shouldst by earnest prayer, break up thy fallow ground, and cease to sow among the thorns of worldly pride and ease? Dost thou not know that there is a limit even to the patience of God? The Gospel has been preached in thy hearing again and again, and has fallen around thee like the rain which gladdens the earth, and makes it to bring forth and bud; but thou hast brought forth no fruit. O beware, trifle not; O seek the influence of that Spirit whose mighty operations can quicken even thy dead, ungrateful spirit; but seek at *once*, lest the fire of heaven's indignation should come upon thee, and with the wicked, as the stubble of the universe, thou shouldst be eternally consumed.

*Hammersmith, April 20th.*

### THIN PRAYER-MEETINGS.

MANY a pastor and faithful Christian faints by the way because the prayer-meeting is deserted by the great body of disciples who have pledged fidelity to the Christian cause. We have heard of churches where not one-tenth of the number are regular attendants at the prayer-meeting.

Why are prayer-meetings so thin? Surely the members of our churches are interested in this inquiry; and we invite them to examine into the matter. It seems to us, that one reason is, that a great many Christians do not half believe the promises. Though it is the God of eternal truth that has uttered them, and sealed them with the precious blood of his Son; they do not quite believe them. This is a sin.

Another reason is indolence. They are weary after the labours of the day, and it is easier to stay at home than to go out. And they have very little pleasure in going, and therefore are not drawn out as those are who seek pleasure.

Some people say they have no time to go, their business so fills up their hours, and so fatigues them, that they really cannot feel it to be their duty to attend the prayer-meeting, as long as it is their duty to work so much. But several answers might be given to this excuse. Is it true? Are their time and strength really so used up, that they could not go without injury? If they felt interest in the meeting would they think so? Do they not go to parties, and that too with unbelievers, when as much worn out with business? But they go there for necessary relaxation. Ah! they do! Then they find their relaxation by

frequenting places of social amusement, when they have neither time nor strength to pray! Dull company they must make, if this excuse be true. And this plea is a confession that they find no pleasure in the prayer-meeting; warming up each other's hearts before the throne of grace gives no pleasure; holding communion with Jesus on his throne, cannot make them forget for an hour the pains of body and weariness of mind that arise from the day's work; the influence of the Spirit does not serve to relax their energies over-taxed by the world.

A heavy load of guilt rests upon some church officers as to this matter. We are not inclined to accept, ordinarily, any excuse from deacons, mere *impossibility*. Their staying away is an excuse for others of such fearful influence, that it would be criminal in us not to denounce their doing so sharply. "No man liveth to himself," and if a church officer neglects the prayer-meeting, and thus induces others to do it, and so a revival becomes more and more improbable, and the minister is chilled or killed, "and all the ways of Zion mourn, because none come up to its feasts," then we would not like to bear the responsibility and guilt of that church officer.

And if the members of churches *will not* attend the prayer-meeting, let them not blame their minister because there is not a revived church. We have known church prosperity where there were good prayer-meetings and ministers; but seldom, if ever, under *any* minister without the strong crying and prayers of God's people, and their assembling often together.

How dare our churches live without assembling and praying for saving spiritual influence? We confess we do not understand it. We hope we never shall. We would not for the world be in the condition of men that can hope they are Christians, and yet cannot find pleasure in a weekly prayer-meeting. We should not for our own part, think a worldly business or amusement allowable, that hindered us from devoting so much time to God.

## MINISTERIAL REMUNERATION.

BY THE REV. M. HAYCROFT, B.A., OF BRISTOL.\*

OF the three leading denominations, the lowest scale of remuneration is found among the Baptists; the Independents rank next; the Presbyterians probably higher; even the Wesleyans make a provision for their ministers which would be positive wealth to numbers of our pastors. Baptist ministers generally receive less than £80 a year. Most of our congregations deem £100 or £120 per annum a very comfortable provision, £150 the "*ne plus ultra*." Perhaps about 160 churches give their ministers £200 per annum; of these, perhaps 40 churches reach £300 per annum; and out of these, perhaps 20 exceed that sum. A few only of our ministers in large towns receive adequate incomes. Most even of our ministers in large towns, and nearly all in our small towns and villages are badly remunerated. In the list of churches in almost any Association, we can point out church after church whose pastor receives only £80 per annum, while many do not receive £40, and are compelled to seek assistance from some benevolent fund. Most of these ministers are educated and able, and all useful and holy men. Many have large families, which they are unable to educate or provide for. Life Insurance is out of the question, and rarely do the churches attend to this for them. Sickness still further reduces their scanty means, and teaches them to live "by faith" indeed. Old age finds them paupers; the scanty charity of a few friends their only refuge from the Union. The dispensers of our different charitable funds are familiar with

tales of domestic distress in the ministry, which if narrated in our newspapers, would distress every British heart. The Regium Donum has often been accepted from sheer necessity, hunger proving keener than principle. One Association, we know, divides a portion of its funds among poor ministers, taking care that the pittance of £2 or £3 be withheld from the knowledge of their deacons, lest it be remembered in making up the stipend. The pastors of our wealthier churches are painfully familiar with the necessities of some impoverished brother, and, to their honour, often privately appeal to their friends on his behalf. Students, in anticipating a pastorate, imagine that, as things now go amongst us, if they obtain a stipend of £80 per annum, *i.e.*, about thirty shillings a week, "the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places, and they have a goodly heritage." That large numbers of educated ministers, with wives and families, are devoting their whole time to their churches for from £50 to £80 per annum; that their churches think these salaries sufficient; that where the stipend is confessedly inadequate there is no endeavour to augment it,—are facts too well known to be disputed. In many cases these churches are poor,—and all honour to the poor of Christ's flock, they are rarely forgetful of their pastors; but their more opulent brethren cannot so easily be disposed of. There are few churches in our country towns which have not several members in comfortable circumstances—men prospering in business, tradesmen, pro-

\* From an excellent pamphlet published by Illeaton & Son.

essional men or farmers—who do not give to the support of their pastors what they ought. The rule is to give the minimum that is asked from them; their usual contribution varying from £3 to £5 per annum. Cases have occurred where such families, without reason from their circumstances, reduce their subscription on a change of ministry; others acquire wealth, and gradually alter their style of living, yet do not add to their minister's stipend. Many Christians give large sums to benevolent objects, who are content to let their ministers live on wages that a Birmingham mechanic would reject with scorn. One deacon gave £50 per annum to his family surgeon, and bought himself liberal in giving £5 per annum to his pastor, whose salary was only £60 a year. One respectable man gave his £5 for his pew, as the phrase goes, but when he wanted his minister to teach his son for an hour or two, twice or thrice a week, he offered him £30 per annum, so differently estimated are the claims of the teacher and the pastor. Mechanics and merchants' clerks are better provided for than some of the best and truest-hearted ministers in our denomination. We appeal to hundreds of the deacons, and thousands of the members in our churches, whether they would accept, for any secular employment, the miserable stipends which they assign to the majority of their pastors? Nor is this all. The salary, small enough already, is doled out often with a niggard hand; it is rarely paid when due. Out of £15 per quarter, perhaps one-half is paid three weeks after date, the remainder in instalments during the next two months, and the poor pastor may be thankful, if, after all, it be not ten shillings deficient. The societies which seek to provide for superannuated ministers, and for widows, are projected and sustain-

ed on the same low scale. Of the former, one of the most successful divides £9 per annum among its members, but deducts out of this sum the annual guinea subscription; of the latter, one of the best is able to give to the widows of its members only £18 per annum; while many ministers are utterly unable, out of their pittance to be members of either of these societies. To show the low idea prevailing of a minister's need, one of these Widows' Funds demands an annual collection from each church whose pastor is a beneficiary member, such collection not to be less than five shillings; and to the shame of such churches, the cases are rare where more than five shillings are sent, and sometimes that sum is paid by the pastor. In these statements we exhibit no over-charged picture. Facts known to ministers and deacons justify all we have written. We appeal to all the liberal-hearted members of our churches to lend a helping hand towards some improvement. We advocate not enormous salaries; we do not think that the ministry should be made the basis of a fortune; but there are claims which a minister of the gospel has a right to advance, who is to have influence with intelligent youth, and not compromise the respectability and character of his church. He ought to be able to provide comfortably for his household, to set an example of benevolence, to provide his library with books, and to do his part with his fellow-townsmen in every religious and philanthropic movement. He ought to be able to make provision for his widow and orphans. He ought to be secured against sheer destitution in old age. This is not asking much. Less than this will not suffice.

#### A CAUTION TO PARENTS.

In the memoir of the Rev. Dr. Alexander occurs the following sentence:—

"At an early age, he received deep impressions from the sermon of a travelling minister; but, as a caution to parents he records that these instantly vanished, upon his hearing the discourse spoken disparagingly of by his father and mother."

This passage reminded me of numerous facts which have come under my notice. I remember one family, in particular, in which the pernicious influence of this practice, on the part of careless parents, was apparent. They were both members of the church, and not among the least active and respected. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. For the conversion of these children they often seemed to be anxious. They prayed for them, and the mother in the Maternal Association with many tears, invited others to pray for them. But those children manifested a growing aversion to every thing religious. If possible, they would be absent from family devotion; to prayer-meetings they showed a decided repugnance; and only by persuasion and sometimes positive command, could they be induced to attend public worship. These manifestations grieved the parents, and they often discussed the question between themselves;—"What can it be that

has so prejudiced our children against religion?"—"It was evident that they did not like their minister; but why not? The mother once remarked in company:—"Our pastor does not interest the young people. I fear he will never do my children any good."

These parents were in the habit of speaking disparagingly of their pastor, especially of his preaching. On returning from the Sabbath services, and from social meetings, they would, in the presence of their children, mention what they did not like in his doctrine and manner. And yet they did not imagine that they were thus planting seeds which would vegetate into precisely the harvest that did appear, and over which they mourned.

"I tell you, boys," said George one day to his companions, "when I am a little bigger I intend to go to some other meeting. I do not like to hear a minister that tells lies in the pulpit." "Why, George," said William, "what do you mean?" "I mean what I say," was the pert reply; "our minister tells lies in the pulpit; mother says so." Of course, the mother soon heard of this conversation, and George was called to account for his misconduct. "Why, mother, you *did* say so. Last Sabbath afternoon the minister related a story in his sermon, and when we came home, you said *before us all* that you did not believe *and*

word of it. Now I have heard you say, and prove it from the Bible, that if we do not believe God, we make him a liar. As you did not believe the minister did you not make him a liar?" And yet that mother did not see that she had trained her children's antipathies

to her pastor. They grew up as she had trained them, and in a few years were, not only neglecters of the house of God, but scoffers at every thing sacred. What parents sow they must expect to reap.

OBSERVER.

## THE VINE-DRESSER'S VISITATION.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the vine-dresser."—JOHN xv. 1.

WHEN the Saviour was on earth, the government of the church and the world was in his Father's hands, while he, "found in fashion as a man," and on his way to the cross, was as the trunk of a cultivated vine whose branches were his disciples. Of these branches such as Judas were barren, and others more or less fruitful; and thus scope was given for a diverse process at the time of the vine-dresser's visitation. As to branches bearing leaves only, the Saviour says in reference to his divine Father, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he loppeeth off." God, therefore, so arranged his dispensations as for the days of mere profession to be numbered. If the love of the world gains an ascendancy, earth's flattering charms may be permitted, by God the Father, to sever the professor from all professed associations with Christ. Thus he who was once a fair and flourishing professor goes to his own place in this world, and walks no more with Christ. Persecution too, is sometimes a pruning-knife in God's hand. Thus the stony-ground hearer, enduring for a time only, is severed from the vine when trouble or persecution cometh because of the word. Yes, he then deserts the camp of the saints, and is numbered with the enemies of the cross. In the absence, however, of earlier causes of separation from Christ, death, whether permitted or sent, is God's pruning-knife. Thus Judas at once ceased to be an apostle and a disciple, and left Christian fellowship for ever, "that he might go to his own place."

In contrast with such fearful failures, the vine has its fruitful branches, whose

dead wood and enervating foliage God will remove with his pruning-knife. So that if the pruning-knife be affliction, he who is exercised thereby will have at last to say with David—"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." In short, every trial to true Christians is a blessing in disguise, the Saviour's language concerning the divine Father being, "Every branch that beareth fruit, he pruneth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

Thus, under trying dispensations, a few small bunches of grapes are succeeded by many huge clusters, like those of Eshcol. Here, then, we have the secret of the truth thus expressed in Ps. xxxiv. 19—"Many are the afflictions of the righteous man; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Anti-Christ is "the vine of Sodom," and the fruit his disciples bear are "grapes of gall." But Jesus is no wild vine producing deadly fruit, but is the true or cultivated vine, and the fruit his disciples bear, with grace abounding, is like that of the Tree of Life. Thus in Prov. xi. 30, we read, "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise." As the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, so the life of a righteous man availeth to the most important purposes, inasmuch as it is a light so shining before men as to evince that Christianity is from heaven. Nay, while the tongue of wicked men may be "set on fire of hell," what is uttered by the lips of the righteous may, by the blessing of God, be immortality to many. "A wholesome tongue," says Solomon, "is a tree of life."

Maryland Point, Stratford,



## THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happy man was born in the city of regeneration, in the parish of repentance-unto-life; he was educated at the school of obedience, and lives now in perseverance. He works at the trade of diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian contentment, and many a time does jobs of self-denial. He wears the plain garment of humility, as he is commanded in the Holy Scriptures, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the robe of Christ's righteousness. He often walks in the valley of self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountains of heavenly mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same. It shan't be said that praying breath

was ever spent in vain. He has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the Word of God. Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies. Happy is he who has gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, real divinity in his breast, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such a man, to attain which, believe firmly, pray fervently, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holly, die daily unto sin and live to God, watch your hearts, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory.

W. G. H.

## THE MISCHIEF AND MISERIES OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, A.M.

## No. II.—THE SOFT.

OUR second sketch, the Simpleton, is the exact obverse of the first, and as incontinently soft as the other was inexorably hard. If the first was steel, too case-hardened to receive any perceptible impression, the next is a sand, too shifting and susceptible of every impression to leave any distinct one. As the loose shingle is shaken into fresh layers every tide, and the lines along its margin are always ruled by the last wave that washed it, so the Soft is but the beach of his company, rolling his pebbles which way they will, and invariably the echo of the latest speaker. It is too easy to make an impression, for any reasonable hope to fix one. There may be no vice nor want of truthfulness in the intention, yet no one depends upon him longer than they have him in tow. Upon the principle of gravitation, by which larger bodies attract the less, volatile tempers follow the wake of the stronger mind, or else their numbers, constituting an attraction of cohesion, they swim together like corks, never stable, except when yesterday's tide leaves them ashore till to-morrow's floats them off again, and so on and off for ever.

This is a habit of mind to be striven against, and be ashamed of, and renounced, if ever a man looks to be reckoned a man, and not a cipher, with no figure of his own till he is alongside other people's.

Disputing everybody's opinion is one thing; it is another to have none of your own, and to be never asked for one, but be passed over like children at a collection who have nothing to give, or if they have, are some other one's almoner, who gave it to them to put in the plate. So you flatter through life, like other feathers, whichever way the wind blows—not

your fault, but the weather's—without a mora personality, and exercising no more influence around you than the straw on the current on which it floats, and as unconscious of others' influence on yourself as an idiot or a huffer, who thinks it is a chase when the steed has run away with him. Think of this. In your present temper you extract no more benefit from where you are planted than just to rear a poppy, nor communicate any more to others than the poppy to the wheat, whose ailment it borrows, and repays only with the blushing nod that seems to own and be ashamed of its natural insolency.

"A double-minded man," says St. James, "is unstable in all his ways;" but the Soft is far more than double-minded, he is polly-minded: i. e., of the mind of every man, and woman too, who crosses his path, and chooses to trail an influence there.

The Soft has a proverbial rapote for good nature—a "good-natured man" and "a soft" are popular synonyms, inseparable as "publicans and sinners"; but the accuracy of the impression is impugned by experience. We have known these poor waxen intellects wax hot or cold, merry or malicious, like other apes, as it served their humour; and spitefulness is none the less annoying from being wreaked by inanity, as a wound bleeds none the less though soft steel punctured it. The child who dismembers a fly, or the more adult child of nature, the Indian who tortures his captive, demonstrate how little intellect may be capable of great cruelty, and all the greater in the proportion it was not appreciated as such. So the poor Soft does much harm unwittingly, and he does more by what he repeats of others' malevolence than of his own. What is his own is often more dangerous, because it is accounted

other people's, and thereby assumes the air of a concerted rather than of an individual act. Poor Scott! with such scant materials to work upon, how canst thou be reorganised into a more useful neighbour?—how obviate the mischief of which thou art more competent than sensible? What principle, within the frail tabernacle of thy mortal perceptions, can religion, much less common sense or charity, address—at least to mitigate the inutility and inconvenience of such a blank as thou art? I know of no other hope, except some fixed standard of right and wrong, and of the wise and foolish, always at hand to anticipate and exclude opposing forces—some oracle so far above thine own and other judgments—some principle as rigid as thou art loose—as inexorable as thou art pliant—as sage as thou art silly—as strong as thou art weak—as divine and holy as thou art human and corrupted—be brought to bear upon thee daily and hourly, inwardly and outwardly, alone and in the crowd; and such a standard, such an oracle, such a principle, with the Scriptures for “*the men of thy counsel*,” and the Holy Spirit who inspired them for thy teacher, is within thy reach; “*for the word of God is nigh thee, in thy heart and in thy mouth*.” Grand supplement of nature's imbecuity, converting, by the grace of Christ, the course of folly into the ways of wisdom, and effecting a reaction in the whole man, to which nothing else is adequate, nor ought else equivalent!

Do not call this preaching, and turn away as if it were any the less true if it were so. We trust we can appeal to the observation of some, if they have not known instances of men of weak natural parts exercising themselves under the hallowing, elevating, and even intellectualising influence of real religion, in some of the highest passive virtues of Christianity? Their meekness and submission under trials—their habitual dependence upon God “*as little children*,”—their wealth in all kindness and brotherly love—their faith, strong in its simple elements, “*giving glory to God*”—and some, at least, of the active charities of the Christian life, qualifying them “*through the Spirit*” for the Redeemer's affecting testimony to her, who, “*having an alabaster box of ointment*”—terms that seem to imply, in connexion with her story, she had nothing else; but what little she had was “*very precious*,” and done the best with, as her Lord affirmed: “*she hath done what she could!*” God and man require no more.

### No. III.—THE CYNIC.

OUR THIRD VARIETY IS THE CYNIC, whose name, derived from the Greek, “*of or belonging to a dog*,” implies more affinity to the cur than with his fellow-citizens. The Sulk will not speak, the Scott has nothing to say, but the Cynic rants enough for them both. He agrees with nobody, except with those who quote him; though woe betide the quoter who fails the homage of its acknowledgment! he would impugn him on its inverted commas. In the encounter with “*another opinion*,” hurricanes are sugarcanes compared with the bitterness of his fierce invective. As if the main question was at stake, instead of his arbitrary view of it; his every argument is offensively personal, as the snatch of a hungry cur, who flies at every bone as if flung for his special

gnawing. Not always out with impunity, he bites a file here and there, like the rare species called the “*snapping turtle*,” whose instinctive snap at everything sometimes fractures its own jaw in the bite. Only that folks think as they like “*for a' that*,” society would long ago have retorted his intolerance, and gagged him, like a garotte, with his own collar.

As it is, however, it is strange how his Delphic tyranny is borne with; but there are always a herd of smaller curs to re-echo his howlings, and hound him on to more. Not a topic starts which he does not at once appropriate, as if it had been the pontifical study of his life; and as Anna's told the rest of the council, “*Ye know nothing at all*,” not an opinion is ventured which is not instantly disputed, as eagerly as if the business of life was controversy, and its duties to be rather debated than discharged. Easy-going people who eschew thought as so much trouble, let him have his own way rather than incur the fatigue of its dispute, and their pusillanimity subsidises his impudence. If there be obviously a dark side to any public proposition, that is his side, that is the exclusive point on which his venom fastens, as epidemics sieze upon a sore; if there be none discernible to gender eyes, there is sure to be a flaw for his, projected from the sinister medium through which his sourness takes its views. If his contemporaries be impolitic enough to support him in an editorial line, his inexhaustible snarl is a public pest without bate or bail. The honorary statue or memorial column, the public sentence upon which some struggling artist watches in sleepless agony, as the crisis of his fate, and of his children's bread, the Cynic rails at as resentfully as if it had been only raised to vex him. Heaven may have seen fit to chain to the rock of sharp poverty the unpatronised genius that stole its fire there; but it commissioned no scurrilous vulture to avenge the brilliant sacrilege by making a prey of its sufferers. As each pointed sarcasm stabs at the poor sculptor's heart like an assassination, and its reiterations of abuse minister the vinegar mingled with gall, the Cynic coolly wipes his pen as a bravo wipes the poignard which had despatched its victim—both hired bravoos after their kind; and then he goes his way with a conscience seared with the cautery of his homicidal wit, and a heart hardened by its habitual friction with illiberal emotions.

There are minor and milder forms of the disposition to censure and disagree with every proposal—indicated by the term “*cross-grained*.” There is the anti-algarn sketch by the line—

“*A wifu' man maun have his way;*”

and illustrated in the old story of the eanny Scot, whose wife being drowned in the river went up the tide in search of her corpse.

“*Ey, man!*” expostulates a neighbour, “*are ye daft as wael as sorrowfu' to be speerin' a puir dead body against stream? Gang doon wi' ye.*”

“*Nay, friend,*” replied the widower, “*ye dinna ken the puir las is like myself. She wad always gang her ain gale, dead or alive.*”

There are awkward tempers that seem, like a spinal curve, to have been born awry, and never tried to get straight again—who slide along through life like a crab—not the apple

of "that ilk," though they are sour enough, and hard in the mouth enough, to warrant the metaphor; but like the shell fish that looks more shell than fish, more claws than carcase, with teeth to its feet instead of toes, and bristles its teeth all round it, like a live *chevenz de frise*, as if ready for you anywhere. Such tempers are so uniformly opposed without rhyme or reason, neither merrily or wisely, to other people's views, that it is usual, in order to their compliance, to assume an indifference, or even hostility, to the course you wish them to pursue; as hogs are got on ship-board by placing their snouts on a plank towards the ship's side, and then vigorously pulling them back by the tail rouses the creature's natural instinct of contradiction only in a right direction, and cheats them into their embarkation. There are men whose diagonal tempers can only be managed by these mathematics to keep them in the line of duty and propriety.

Admitting the hopeful policy of treating every infirmity of temper with all the tenderness and forbearance which, by the blessing of God, so often disarms them, it is worth such

men's consideration how far it promotes their dignity to compel their friends to manœuvre them like swine; and how much better it would serve their own interests, and allay the anxiety and inconvenience of those about them, to cultivate the habit of accommodating themselves to "the things of others also," of granting the possibility of their ways eviting us as well as our own—and if not, at all events looking upon things originated around us with that candour and impartiality with which we reasonably expect to be treated ourselves.

Many a family question of moment to all parties has been burthened with a gratuitous bitterness and annoyance; and many an innocent holiday for the children has been lost, deferred, or spoiled of its hearty relish and hilarity, by some ill-conditioned protest or objection on the part of some big alderman of the occasion, whose whim or prejudice, or previous choice, had accidentally not been consulted; who therefore declined, or consented with an ill-grace almost worse than declining, to a proposal, whose only fault was, it did not emanate from the objector.

(To be continued.)

---

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

---

### "THERE ARE NO TEARS IN HEAVEN."

I MET a child, his feet were bare,  
His weak frame shivered with the cold;  
His youthful brow was knit with care,  
His flashing eye his sorrow told.  
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"  
"My parents both are dead," he said;  
"I have not where to lay my head;  
O, am I lone and friendless now?"  
Not friendless, child: a Friend on high  
For you his precious blood was given;  
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry—  
"There are no tears in heaven."

I saw a man in life's gay noon,  
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;  
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon?"  
As down his cheeks there rolled a tear;  
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!"  
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried,  
"But yesterday my loved one died;  
And shall she be so soon forgot?"  
Forgotten? No! still let her love  
Sustain thy heart with anguish riven;  
Strive thou to meet thy bride above,  
And dry your tears in heaven.

I saw a gentle mother weep,  
As to her throbbing heart she prest  
An infant seemingly asleep,  
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.  
"Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more,"  
Sobbed she, "The idl of my hope  
I now am called to render up:  
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."  
Young mother, yield no more to grief,  
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,  
But find in these sweet words relief,  
"There are no tears in heaven."

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—  
 Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care—  
 There is an arm above can save,  
 Then yield not thou to fell despair.  
 Look upward, mourners! look above!  
 What though the thunders echo loud!  
 The sun shines bright beyond the cloud!  
 Then trust to thy Redeemer's love.  
 Where'er thy lot in life be cast,  
 What'e'er of toil or wo be given—  
 Be firm—remember to the last,  
 "There are no tears in heaven."

— N.

## SUMMER IS COMING.

Summer is coming—God's bounteous hand  
 Scatters his largess across our land;  
 Beauty is visible everywhere,  
 Earth is re-robed in her garment fair,  
 And fields, and hedge-rows, and shady bowers,  
 Breathe the sweet incense of perfumed flowers.

Summer is coming—the air is stirred  
 With the musical notes of the warbling bird,  
 With the gentle laugh of the streamlet's flow,  
 And the forest's whisperings soft and low,  
 With voices of water, and air, and sod,  
 Murmuring ever, "How good is God!"

Summer is coming—life seems all joy;  
 But earth were not earth without some alloy,  
 And perchance with its sunny hours may come,  
 Solemn and sorrowful scenes to some,  
 Who may be, ere the flowers in their beauty fade,  
 Silent and low 'neath the greensward laid.

Summer is coming—and, oh, to be  
 Training for regions more fair, more free,  
 For a dwelling within that glorious clime  
 Where 'tis *ever* one beautiful summer time;  
 So that we may at life's sunset hour,  
 Fade, to re-bloom in the heavenly bower.

Farningham, April 16th.

M. A. HERN.

## SOMETHING TO WONDER AT.

To see millions of heavenly bodies moving with such unerring regularity is a striking proof of divine power acting by laws which itself produced. But it is much more wonderful to see millions of holy beings and millions of restored beings all revolving in the orbits of obedience, under the powerful influence of love.

JOHN COX.

## AN APPEAL TO BRITISH CHRISTIANS ON BEHALF OF THE LORD'S WORK IN GERMANY AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

BY REV. J. G. ONCKEN.

*Pastor of the Baptist Church at Hamburg.*

[We have received, through the medium of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who takes a lively interest in Mr. Oncken's extraordinary and successful labours on 'he Continent, the following appeal, which we hope will meet with a very extended and generous response from our British Churches. EDITOR.]

RESPECTED AND BELOVED BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—The interest evinced by you in our labours, trials, and successes, has been so marked, and so often renewed in acts of fraternal kindness, as to call forth our gratitude to our heavenly Father for such proofs of your

love to our common Lord. Though the pecuniary wants of the mission have been during the last twenty-two years, supplied chiefly by our American brethren, we are not forgetful of the powerful support derived from British Christians, in the deputations sent by churches and societies to our rulers to plead the cause of the oppressed and persecuted—in the pecuniary aid given to the German brethren in seasons of imprisonment, and when spoiled of their goods—as also in the regular contributions of individual Christians and of churches, whereby eight missionaries and six colporteurs have been sustained, and other objects, too numerous to specify, have been promoted.

The remembrance of all these facts emboldens us at the present crisis to lay our wants before you, in the full confidence that our appeal to your Christian liberality will meet with a prompt and generous response.

The resources of the American Baptist Missionary Union have greatly diminished during the last two years, and the Board has consequently adopted the painful expedient of reducing the amount of aid to their various missions to one half. This great reduction in the amount of our income, if not otherwise supplied, would place us under the heart-rending necessity of dismissing twenty of our devoted fellow labourers. We cannot think for a moment that the friends of Christ in this country will permit such a painful event to transpire, and thus hinder the progress of a work that has been so signally blessed.

The Churches gathered by the divine blessing on our labours, have been and are exerting themselves to their utmost ability to meet the necessity of the case. But as the great majority of our members are not blest with this world's goods, they cannot supply the deficiency; and hence the necessity of applying to our more wealthy brethren in Great Britain.

The annual amount required to retain all our brethren in their spheres of labour will be £1000; and when the greatly extended field of our mission is taken into account, and the fact weighed in the light of eternity, that millions of our perishing fellow-men are brought annually in contact with the Gospel by the labours of this mission, it is confidently hoped that the amount specified will be cheerfully contributed.

My object in visiting this country at present is to raise that sum, and I earnestly entreat all who love our Saviour, and who pray for the coming of his kingdom, to render what aid they can.

How much has been already accomplished by the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying our efforts, the following facts will show.

Germany was, at the commencement of our labours, sunk in Rationalism and Scepticism; and it was only here and there that a faithful testimony was given from the pulpits of the land to the divinity of our adorable Redeemer, the efficacy of his blood and righteousness, the personality of the Holy Spirit, or the eternity of future punishment. With such a state of things amongst the clergy, it may well be imagined that the religious condition of the population generally was deplorable in the extreme.

But God had purposes of mercy towards our land; and, in accordance with his general mode of accomplishing these purposes, he employed

also in this instance the feeblest instrumentality. It was towards the close of the year 1823 that the writer commenced his labours at Hamburg. He had just then formed a connexion with the Continental Society as their missionary, and in his journal of January 4th, 1824, he wrote, and transmitted to the secretary, the late Rev. Isaac Saunders, Rector of Blackfriars, as follows:—

"Last Sabbath I held the first meeting; ten persons attended: this evening about eighteen were present. Read the 55th chapter of Isaiah; afterwards spoke a few words from verse 1, on the blessings offered, and the freeness of them. I pray that what is sown in weakness the Lord may raise in power."—*Sixth Report of the Continental Society, 1824.*

The sigh of the then warm-hearted but inexperienced youth has been heard. The seed scattered with a trembling hand has been watered by gracious outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Millions have since heard the glad tidings of salvation, and many thousand sinners have been savingly converted, and rescued from eternal misery.

But the principles of religious liberty were not acknowledged in Germany; and no sooner was the fact known to the clergy, that so-called religious conventicles were held, than the civil authorities were put in motion to stop them. Threats, fines, confiscation of property, imprisonment, and banishment, became the order of the day, and have been experienced, with few exceptions, by our missionaries and colporteurs, and the brethren generally. So that during twenty years I had to preach with locked doors, for fear, not of the Jews, but of the Christians. My missionary tours were usually made at night, to elude the vigilance of the police and *gens d'armes*. It was generally in midnight hours, when the silence of death reigned around, that the converts were examined, and led to some neighbouring stream to be buried with Christ in baptism—and that under the roof of some humble cottage, the church was organized, the Lord's death commemorated, and the bishop, teacher, or deacon ordained. Before break of day I had to be on my way to the frontiers.

The work was however from God, and therefore the combined civil and ecclesiastical powers opposed to it could not retard its progress. In 1834 the church at Hamburg was formed of only seven believers, and now seventy churches—all formed on the model of the first church at Jerusalem, as recorded in Acts ii.—have arisen, not only in Germany, but also in Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and France. Some 20,000 precious souls have experienced the divine power of the Gospel on their hearts, through the labours of these churches. A large number have already joined the saints in light, whilst between 6,000 and 7,000 remain until this day recommending the Gospel by lip and life to the perishing multitudes around them. Among the converts are many from Romanism, and also a few of the descendants of Abraham. In the high mountains of Silesia, one of our churches consists entirely of converted Romanists. Our preaching stations exceed 500. The brethren engaged exclusively in missionary labour and colportage are 80, and a large number of other brethren aid in preaching the word at the stations.

Of the seventy churches, only eight are pro-

vided with chapels, five others have purchased houses or warehouses which have been fitted up as places of worship: while at one place a coach lace manufactory is used for the purpose, and at another, a threshing-floor. In most other cases, private houses are used, a plan, however, which it will be easily seen must be attended with much inconvenience, being neither comfortable nor healthy. When it is further remembered that the Gospel is preached by members of these churches, in all at upwards of 500 stations, it will be evident that the want of meeting houses is grievously felt. It has therefore been suggested that a fund of £2000 be raised for assisting in the erection of plain chapels at places where they are most needed, and Joseph Gurney, Esq., has kindly offered to be one of twenty in attaining the object by a donation of £100. Sir Morton and Lady Peto, and C. B. Robinson, Esq., of Leicester, have also had the kindness to give their names. We earnestly hope that others will be willing to respond to Mr. Gurney's liberal challenge.

The annual sale of the Holy Scriptures (without the Apocrypha, still circulated by the

Continental Societies) varies from 70,000 to 90,000 copies, and the Tract circulation will reach in the present year fully 1,000,000. Of the Scriptures 600,000 copies, and of Evangelical Tracts upwards of 8,000,000 have been issued from the depot at Hamburg since its establishment.

Our prospects are encouraging as to the future, inasmuch as the spirit of persecution is gradually yielding to the conviction that our members rank amongst the most loyal subjects of the different states. New fields of labour are constantly opening before us, and we are thus encouraged to believe that this mission is destined to accomplish far greater things in the general diffusion of the Gospel, and in the conversion of sinners to Christ, than those already achieved.

Having stated these simple facts, I commend the cause once more to the generous support and fervent prayers of all real Christians who may read these lines.

I am, dear brethren,

Yours in the best of bonds,

J. G. ONCKEN.

*Cossey Cottage, Hampstead, London, N.W.*

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be received by Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & Co., 54, Lombard Street; and the Baptist Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street; and by Mr. WILKIN, 136, Long Acre, London, to be placed "to the credit of J. G. Oncken, on behalf of the German Mission."

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### ANNIVERSARIES TO BE HOLDEN.

*Needlingworth, Hunts, May 13*—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach, in the afternoon at two, and evening at six o'clock. Tea will be provided, and collections after each service.

*Orayford, near Brith, Kent.*—The forty-eighth anniversary of the Baptist church in this place will be holden (D.V.) on Tuesday, May 26. The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON will preach in the morning at half past eleven, and evening at six o'clock. Dinner and tea will be provided. Collections after each service.

*Dartford, Zion Chapel.*—On Whit Tuesday, June 2, the anniversary of this cause will (D.V.) be held. The Rev. P. Dickerson, of Little Alie Street, London, will preach morning and evening, and Rev. J. A. Jones, of Brick Lane, London, in the afternoon. Dinner and tea will be provided.

*Eaton Bray, Beds.*—The twenty-second anniversary of the Baptist chapel will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday, May 20, when two sermons will be preached, in the afternoon and evening, by Rev. Samuel Milner, of London. Services to commence at two and six o'clock. Tea will be provided in the chapel. Collections after each service in aid of the cause.

### RE-OPENING SERVICE.

*Hill St., Peckham.*—On Wednesday, April 15, the Baptist chapel in this place was re-opened, having been considerably enlarged. The Rev. Dr. Steane preached in the afternoon a most suitable sermon from Eph. ii 19—22. In the evening a public meeting was held, when

the Rev. H. J. Betts presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. J. Betts, G. Moyle, J. G. Piggs, J. Hopwood, J. Pearse, E. Whimper; and R. Mui, and H. Potter, Esqrs. On Lord's day, April 19, two sermons were preached, that in the morning by the Rev. W. Barker, of Church Street, Blackfriars, and that in the evening by the Rev. Dr. Angus, president of Regent's Park College. In the afternoon a special devotional service was held, the attendance at which, and the earnest spirit manifested, indicated that there are the elements of prosperity among the people. From the report, it appears that the Baptist church here originated about three years ago, with a few Baptist friends holding open communion principles, there being no church of such views in the immediate neighbourhood. In December of last year, the Rev. Thos. J. Cole, late of Paradise Chapel, Chelsea, became the minister, and the congregation having since then considerably increased, it was felt necessary to obtain larger space, and the present structure has been erected to meet that want. This has involved an outlay of nearly £250, of which at present only a small sum has been collected, and the aid of Christian friends is earnestly sought, to relieve the infant cause from the debt incurred.

### PRESENTATION SERVICE.

*London, Regent's Park Chapel, March 31.*—A soiree was held in the boys' school-room in connection with the Bible classes, presided over by the Rev. W. Laudels, to whom a testimonial of grateful esteem was presented, con-

sisting of a choice selection of books in a handsomely carved walnut wood cabinet, tastefully decorated with fret-work, from the design of one of the donors. The present was most appropriately acknowledged by Mr. L., the meeting was also addressed by Messrs. Reid, Ball, and Holman.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

*Preston, Lancashire*, April 10.—Of the Rev. Richard Stanion, as pastor of the Baptist church, Pole Street. A prayer-meeting was held in the morning at 9 o'clock. In the afternoon, introductory prayer and address by the Rev. T. Davis (Ind). Address to the pastor by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, of Rochdale, and to the people by the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool. The services, which were solemn and profitable, closed with a tea-meeting and addresses.

*Errwood, Brecon*, Mar. 24, 25.—Services were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. John Jones, late of the Baptist College, Pontypool, on Tuesday, Mar. 25, at six o'clock. The Revs. W. Harris, M. Morgan, and D. Jerman preached. Two other sermons were preached at the same time in Ramah chapel, by the Revs. T. E. James, and D. B. Edwards. On the following day the Rev. D. B. Edwards preached on the nature of a Christian Church. The usual questions were proposed and recognition prayer offered by the Rev. I. Williams, and the Rev. T. Price, of Aberdare, delivered the charge to the minister, and the Rev. K. Johns addressed the Church.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

*Chipping Sudbury, Gloucestershire*.—Bi-centenary meeting. The Baptist church in this town having been in existence 200 years, commemorative services were held on Thursday, April 2. In the afternoon a powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol (the Rev. N. Haycroft, who was announced to be the preacher, being prevented by illness from fulfilling his engagement). A public tea-meeting was held in the town hall, at which, notwithstanding the very unpropitious state of the weather, there were about 230 persons present. In the evening the Rev. F. H. Rolleston, pastor of the church, gave a brief history of the cause at Sudbury, after which the Rev. E. Probert delivered an animated and impressive address.

*Risca, Monmouthshire*.—On Monday, March 23, a tea party was held in the British school-room, Risca, to aid the fund towards erecting a new English Baptist Chapel. There were about 800 persons assembled, of all ages and denominations. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by G. H. Banks, Esq. Several interesting speeches were delivered, and about £50 realized towards the building fund.

#### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Malton York*.—The Rev. B. Shakespeare, of Kilham, Yorkshire, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place.

*The Rev. J. M. Phillip*.—We are happy to announce the arrival in this country of Mr. Phillip, of Jamaica. Mr. P., who arrived on Friday last, expects to remain in England for some months.

*Bugbrook, Northamptonshire*.—The Rev. Joseph Larwill has resigned the pastorate.

The following students of the Baptist college at Haverfordwest, have accepted invitations to pastorates.

*Groesgoch, Pembrokeshire*.—Mr. D. Phillips.  
*Beumarina, Anglesea*.—Mr. D. Jones.  
*Amlwch, Anglesea*.—Mr. R. Richards.  
*Ebbw Vale, Zion Chapel*.—Mr. W. D. Rees.

#### BAPTISMS.

*Aberdare*, (English), March 8.—After a sermon by Mr. Evans, six by Mr. Price.  
*Aberdare*, (Welsh) March 15.—Nine in the river Cynnon by Mr. Price.  
*Aberavon, near Aberdare*, Feb. 22.—Thirteen in the river Cynnon, in the presence of 6,000 persons, by Mr. Evans.  
*Bacup, Second Church*, April 10.—Six by Mr. Howe.  
*Brough, Cumberland*, March 15.—Three by Mr. Marsball.  
*Cardigan*, Feb. 1.—Eleven by Mr. Davies.  
*Carmarthen (Tabernacle)*, March 1.—Five by Mr. H. W. Jones.  
*Chester, Hamilton Place*, April 16.—One by Mr. Price.  
*Chatham, Zion Chapel*, March 29.—Five by Mr. Coutts.  
*Coate, Oxon*, March 29.—Twenty-four by Mr. B. Arthur.  
*Folkestone, Mar. 30*.—Four by Mr. Jones.  
*Farrington, Berks*. March 9.—Four by Mr. Mijor.  
*Great Sumpford, Essex*, April 1.—Six by Mr. Halifax, North Parade, March 8.—Five, and March 18, five, by Mr. Ingham.  
*Huslingden, Pleasant St.*, Feb. 26.—Six by Mr. Prout.  
*Haverfordwest, Bethesda*, March 1.—After a discourse by Mr. T. Davies, four by Mr. Burdett.  
*Hunslet, Leeds*, March 8.—Two (sisters). W. C. Ellis.  
*London, New Park St.*, March 30.—Thirteen  
*Llandiloec*, March 1.—Two in the river Severn, by Mr. D. Rees, of Llangymdr.  
*Lydney, Gloucestershire*, Feb. 1.—Six by Mr. Jones, of Chepstow.  
*Lydn, March 1*.—Four by Mr. Wigner.  
*Monmouth, Feb. 22*.—Five by Mr. Packer, by Mr. Spurgeon.  
*Oakham, Rutlandshire*, April 5.—Six by Mr. Jenkinson.  
*Oldham*.—Under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Birt. On Jan. 25, Six, Feb. 22, Five, March 29, seven, by Mr. Ashworth, of Honiton College. One particular case of conversion deserves notice. The husband of one who would have been baptized in January refused his sanction, but sovereign grace proved too strong for him, and he was baptised along with her on the last Sabbath in March.  
*Risca, Monmouthshire*, English, April 5.—Eleven by Mr. Reeves.  
*Swansea, York Place*, March 1.—Six by Mr. Hill.  
*Waterbarn, Orchard Hill*, March 29.—One, April 10, three, by Mr. Howe.  
*Whittlesea, Zion Chapel*, April 5.—Four by Mr. D. Ashby.  
*Woolwich, Queen St.*, March 29.—Seven by Mr. Dawson.  
*Walton, Suffolk*, April 5.—Three by Mr. Warren.  
*Welshpool*, Feb. 19.—Two by Mr. Thorns.

## ON PREACHING AND PREACHERS.\*

BY THE REV. JOHN LEIFCHILD, D.D.

Oh! for a powerful ministry—one that should reach to the depths of our nature, and stir up all that is human within us. I would travel miles to listen to a minister who should arouse, enliven, and animate me, by the sentiments he advanced, and his manner of advancing them; entering into them with a sympathy that flooded the whole soul with a tide of emotion. Let us hope that the time will come, when religion will not be denied for its enforcement, the aid of all the powers of body and of mind that man possesses; and with an earnestness that shall break through every barrier up to the very haunts and chambers of the soul.

I can forgive a man almost anything if he have but roused my attention and warmed my heart with emotions and sensibilities of a religious nature. Anything but "still life," cold orthodoxy, arguments to prove what no one present denies, but what the most have need to put in practice. O let men speak to me as if they were alive, and their voice told of their inward feeling.

The day is gone by for a calm and sedate scholastic manner of preaching, with unvarying countenance and voice and immovable body, like a speaking statue; the eye fixed on vacancy, the mind, while the mouth is uttering one sentence, revolving the next that is to follow; fastidious in phraseology, recalling words with a view of substituting better, not always perceived to be an improvement. The pleasure afforded by such preaching is akin to that afforded through the eye by a naked landscape, where there is neither hill nor vale, none of the variations of natural scenery, but a dead level, with nothing indeed to *offend*, but with nothing to charm or inspire us.

The minds of men are too much awake and alive in these stirring times for such preaching to be more than tolerated, if it be not treated with a cold and practical neglect. They want their hearts to be warmed with Divine truth, as well as their understandings irradiated. In natural philosophy, light and heat may be separable; but in the work of spiritual instruction they must ever be in conjunction and in equal proportion. Zeal without knowledge made a Saul of Tarsus, but zeal with knowledge made him Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles.

Rise ye, then, and gird yourselves to this work. Quit ye like men. Think of the nobleness, the grandeur of your calling. "What employment," says Milton, "can be more noble and more worthy of a great spirit than to be the messenger of heavenly truth from God to men? Such an one, by the proclamation of holy doctrine, procreates a number of other faithful souls. He makes a creation like to God who delegates him to it, inspiring others with a spirit of life and love, as God did with him. God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines by him into the hearts of men, and raises upon a state of darkness and barrenness a sweet and fragrant spring of knowledge and good works." And who can conceive of the wonderful issue? The nature of the themes on which he treats, and of the being whom he addresses, leaves all the other occupations of men behind him at an immeasurable distance. "The statesman deals with the concerns of empires; but though they flourish for ages, they will at length participate in the mutability of their founders. The advocate vindicates the claims of earthly clients that are still more transient. But the preacher of the Gospel deals with man in that only aspect of his being in which he is unchangeably sublime. In every other he combines the lofty and the low, is a compound of worth and worthlessness; but he regards him as a being whose birth was the first hour of an endless duration; and this gives a manfulness to the contemplation of him, which is the element of sublimity. He overclouds thus all the brilliancy of wit, and overcomes all the efforts of opposing arguments."

Let there then be wrestlings with God in prayer for a baptism of the *Holy Spirit*, to take possession of the souls of the ministers of truth in all denominations. The spiritual power of a minister over the souls of his hearers is commensurate with the depths of his own personal convictions. Virtue will then go out of him, and health and salvation wait upon his words. What crowds would then flock to every Christian sanctuary, as doves to their windows, in troops that darken the air! What shouts be heard in the congregations of the righteous, "The right hand of the Lord is exalted, the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." These days *will come—must come—are coming*. "The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." Would that they might be antedated! Would that they might come—*now!*

May He who sitteth at the right hand of God, and at the head of all principality and power, so enrich with his most precious gifts his now agitated and dispirited Church, that, under leaders qualified to silence her adversaries and gather multitudes to her ranks, she may soon appear in the promised glory of the latter day! Oh, Christ, hear our prayers! Come speedily among us, and bless us! Clothe thy ministers with righteousness, and let thy people shout aloud for joy! Let the voice of joy and rejoicing be heard in the tabernacle of the righteous! "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!"

\* "From the Inaugural Address delivered October 16, 1856, at the opening of the new Baptist College, Regent's Park, with an Appendix, containing practical remarks on Preaching and Preachers." London: Ward & Co.

No minister of the Gospel ought to be without this very reasonable and invaluable book.



## REMARKS ON MR. SPURGEON'S ORATORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D., AND OTHER LEADING JOURNALISTS.

WE now proceed to fulfil our promise of a few remarks on Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. On this point there has been an abundance of talk among men who have no knowledge in such matters, and who have no right to be heard. Mr. Spurgeon's manner, whatever it be, is his own, and therefore it is sacred. It is enough to say that none are obliged to place themselves at his feet as their instructor. Mr. Spurgeon is, in all respects, an original—a preacher of heaven's own formation—and hence all is nature, and all is life, while that life and that nature are among the millions a power. Is he abrupt, blunt, direct? It is nature. Is he idiomatic, colloquial, playful, dramatic? It is nature. But it is needless to dwell on these subordinate points. "Every man in his own order," whether he there stand as an individual or one of a multitude. Nature is power, artifice impotence. Without nature, no man can please much and please long. Nature responds only to nature; it turns a deaf ear to all that is contrary. Art may captivate the fancy; nature alone can subdue the heart.

The popularity of Mr. Spurgeon is a *fact*; and, however explained, there is no denying it. Whatever the source whence it springs, whatever the instrumentality by which it is realized, there it is, dispute it who can! No living man has the same hold of the masses of this great city. How is this? Has it much or little, everything or nothing to do with manner? If it has, it behoves Mr. Spurgeon to think twice before he cut his locks to suit his critics. It must have to do with manner, for the doctrine which Mr. Spurgeon preaches is the doctrine of the common salvation. It may not, indeed, be everywhere the doctrine which is preached now; but, assuredly, it is the doctrine which was preached by our fathers. He owes nothing to the pomp and circumstance of priesthood. There the youthful preacher stands, in all the simplicity of his unsophisticated character. He owes nothing to relation, or rank, or the accidents of life, which have sometimes contributed to great temporary popularity.

What, then, is the source of this unprecedented attraction? It lies partly, but not merely, in the externals of his eloquence; it is primarily in the *soul of the man*—a soul, large, liberal, and loving—a soul stamped by the characteristics of a little child, while putting forth the powers of one of David's "Mighties." He is one of a favoured class, few in numbers, but great in importance. He belongs to the noble fellowship of the Berridges, the Grimshaws, the Whitfields, the Hills, and the Wilkses. Mr. Spurgeon has much in common with all these men, and sustains to the public of his time substantially the same relation as they did. In the name of justice, then, let Mr. Spurgeon have the benefit of their history. If despised, ridiculed, and calumniated by their contemporaries, men unworthy to live in the same age with them, they have had ample justice done them by succeeding generations, who have acknowledged their greatness, revered their virtues, and have acknowledged slowly, yet frankly, the signal, the unparalleled services they were honoured to render in their day and generation.

Let it be remembered, that none of the worthies above named had, at the same age, and during the first two years of their ministry, ought to show in the way of Evangelical trophies, to be compared with even the ascertained results of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. Nay, it would be no violation of truth if it be affirmed, that all of them united could not have presented, in the shape of ascertained conversions, so much fruit.

Again: There is a further and a kindred fact which deserves notice. Be Mr. Spurgeon's doctrine high or low, be he grave or light, dull or dramatic, refined or vulgar, it is an unquestionable fact that his large edifice, capable of containing some 1,400 people, is from week to week full, often crowded even at a prayer-meeting, where very little passes from the lips of the fascinating orator. Is this fact to go for nothing? Is it not, of its kind, a phenomenon not less marvellous than the popularity of his preaching? How many ordinary weekly prayer-meet-

ings in this metropolis would require to be united to constitute such an assembly? Shall we venture a further suggestion? Having, by a process of addition, formed an aggregate of 1,400 selected from the various churches of the city, how many would remain? It is not meant that there would be no remainder; far from it; but it is meant that this aggregate alone would go a great way to absorb no small portion of the total of the present attendants at meetings for prayer.

Now, we do submit to every reflecting Christian man, that the production and sustentation of such a spirit of devotion is the strongest evidence in behalf of the character of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. Should not all such men bid God-speed to the preacher whose labours, in a season so dead, and a day so carnal, are productive of such results? The multiplication of such preachers and such fruits throughout our entire nation would surely be entitled to rank with the best blessings that heaven could confer.

Since the days of Whitfield, no man has excited so much attention in this metropolis as Mr. Spurgeon; and the result, as in a former age, has been, great diversity of sentiment. In the daily press, the *Morning Advertiser* was the first to give a just, or, perhaps, a generous account of this extraordinary young man. While with much discrimination it set forth his surpassing excellence in his own line, it was not silent upon his defects, but tendered such counsel as the case required, in a spirit calculated to render it palatable. Another daily paper has recently favoured the public with an estimate of Mr. Spurgeon's capabilities, and a portraiture of his performances, displaying more capacity than charity, and a gift fitting rather for the criticism of the theatre than of the house of prayer. Such things, however, would seem, as in the case of Whitfield, only to help him onward. When Foote, of unhappy memory, wrote *The Minor*, bringing Whitfield on the stage in the character of "Dr. Squintum"—for the great orator was marked by that visual peculiarity—he did much further to excite public attention, and confirm Whitfield's hold of the better section of society. Mr. Spurgeon has been the subject of discussion even in the American press,\* where he has been most shamefully caricatured. He has made several appearances in Scotland, where he has been well received, and where a portion of its comparatively pure and upright press has done him justice.

All such opposition and misrepresentation only tend to further the popularity it is sought to check. It operates like air on the furnace, which would languish and die but for the action of the atmosphere. Mr. Spurgeon's popularity is a mystery, both in the church and in the world. The enlightened but unreflecting onlookers in both are at an utter loss to account for it. They seem only attracted to his peculiarities, which, viewed through the medium of taste, are defects to be regretted, and, by others, to be shunned rather than imitated. The secret of his power with the masses consists, however, not in these, but in something hid from the mere vulgar eye. In his mighty effusions, there is a substratum of Christian truth, which he pours forth in an unbroken stream; or, rather it may often be likened to a cataract bearing down every thing before it, and subduing the largest assemblies. Mr. Spurgeon is no negative theologian. Whitfield, in this, as in other respects, had much in common with Spurgeon. The former had vastly more, acting, so called, than the latter, quite as much dry humour, by which congregations are oftentimes excited to laughter; but there was this peculiarity which distinguished him from Spurgeon—that they were as frequently melted into tears.

Essences must not be confounded with accidents. The peculiarities which often distinguish great men have no necessary connection with the truth which they hold and propagate in common. A firm friend of Whitfield has left it on record that, whether he looked grave or gay, it was nature acting in him. His laugh was hearty, his weeping "loud and passionate;" and, while his manner was natural his language was simple—John Bunyan's English. It was, indeed his boast, that he used "market language;" and, as to the looseness of his harangues, his defence

\* It is just just to our transatlantic brethren to acknowledge to Dr. Canfield's sermon on the American press; that Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons have obtained a far greater circulation in the United States than even in this country.

was, "You complain of my rambling; you ramble more than I do, and I must ramble after you." Spurgeon, too, we repeat, is in every thing a child of nature; he is everywhere at home. His air, his accent, whether he rebuke or woo the soul, all is natural; and his illustrations are generally such as, without wounding the taste of the multitudes, come home to their breasts. He is in sympathy with his audience and with mankind. A master of dialogue, he is not less a master of powerful declamation; the two great things for which Whitfield himself was remarkable. What he spoke he felt. Everything found its way to the heart of the assembly. Whitfield's defects, such as they were, were mainly confined to his earlier career; and if it be remembered that he commenced at the age of twenty-one, much allowance is to be made for him. Why not then for Mr. Spurgeon, who had filled the land with his fame long before he had attained to his majority? We say, then, let Mr. Spurgeon have justice. He is working a great work, and let no man hinder him! No other living preacher can command the ear of the millions as he commands it; and we submit it is only fair to bid him God-speed. Time and circumstances will do much to perfect that which needs emendation.

Having now heard Mr. Spurgeon a number of times, we are in circumstances to speak with decision, both as to his matter and his manner; and it is but simple justice to say, that we see very little in either to censure, but in both a great deal to praise and to admire. There are, as may well be supposed, in the case of a richly-endowed mind, allied to a fervent temperament in a youthful bosom, things uttered occasionally which may somewhat grate upon the ear; but we have not heard them, and they are, we presume, only as dust in the balance. Time will rectify all such matters; and, in the meanwhile, they are wholly innocuous.

The foregoing observations are intentionally multifarious and cursory, and therefore not to be viewed as an attempt at analysing the rhetorical powers of Mr. Spurgeon, which would be an interesting exercise, but at present, we cannot afford the necessary space. One thing, however, we may not pass by.—his matchless voice. To this instrumentally he owes more than to anything else external, or than to all other things put together. It is, beyond question, the most valuable voice for pulpit purposes to which we ever listened. It is neither deep nor shrill, but something between, while it possesses marvellous compass, flexibility, and power. It has, to an extent we never met before, a property which may be termed *lashing*. Throughout the average of his speaking, and especially while under strong emotion, it literally lashes the auditory, penetrating every heart, without aught that is in the least degree offensive. It appears to us, from the testimony of the late Rev. Matthew Wilks, that the voice of Whitfield, in this respect, must have borne a very close resemblance. Mr. Wilks defined it as "pealing like a martial trumpet."

But we must stop, and conclude with a passage by which we have been deeply interested, which appeared some days ago, in a letter of a correspondent of the *Sun* newspaper. The following is an extract:—

"If what we heard last Sunday be a specimen of Mr. Spurgeon's usual preaching, there was certainly nothing at all more extravagant than would be heard from most of the Evangelical clergymen and Dissenting preachers in the country. There were no outrageous descriptions of divine anger and future punishment, or any wire-drawn refinements on the theology of repentance. His statements on the latter point were characterized by remarkable common sense; they were forcibly expressed and illustrated, as were his arguments for the necessity of repentance. Indeed, there was little in which preachers of all creeds would not have concurred. His voice is a noble one, filling the whole place with the greatest ease; at the further end of the building we did not miss a syllable. His manner was perfectly unrestrained, but not irreverent. His command of language is very considerable, but does not lead him, for an extempore speaker, into verbosity. His style is unfettered, homely, forcible, and abounds in pointed remarks. There was a total absence of anything humorous or ludicrous, if it has been his habit to indulge in such things. The secret of his popularity, taking last Sunday as a specimen, appeared to us to be something very different.

"It was impossible not to feel that the preacher was absorbed, not in himself, but in his audience. The formal separation of the pulpit did not separate him from his hearers. He conversed with them—he was one of them. He did not lecture them *ex cathedra*, or indulge in disquisitions or topics out of their line of thought, but spoke with them as he would have done on a solemn subject in their own houses. Most of our pulpits 'die of dignity,' but, while there was nothing unbecoming on Sunday, the preacher placed himself on a level with all. Of course a vivid fancy, and considerable powers of expression, aided by a first-rate voice, will account for much; but we think what we have pointed out was the chief reason why, among so many thousands of hearers, we could not, and we looked carefully, detect a single sleeper.

"Our more dignified preachers might study with advantage the phenomenon of this youth's popularity. We can only say, that, for our part, his manner disarmed criticism, and we could think only of his probable usefulness to the thousands present, who, we are confident, by their appearance, are not listeners to our customary pulpit prosaics. Lord Chief Justice Campbell, with his son, was present on the platform, and seemed to take the same view with ourselves; he remarked several times to one of the managers after the service in our hearing, and also to Sir Richard Mayne (Commissioner of Police), who was likewise present, 'He is doing great good, Sir, great good.' London could find room for twenty such preachers; they are just what the populace needs."

Such a testimony, in such a quarter, possesses a special value, and the deliberate language of the Lord Chief Justice of England will be duly estimated wherever it shall be read. There is no living man from whom a ranting, raving enthusiast would have so much to fear. A better judge of teaching, or preaching, or eloquence than Lord Campbell, is nowhere to be found. The friends of Mr. Spurgeon, therefore, may congratulate themselves on having anticipated the decision of this great legal luminary.

Since the above was written the following additional and confirmatory testimonies have been given to the preaching of this distinguished minister of the Gospel. The Editor of "The Evening Star," a first class Penny Journal, says:—

"Other questions from that of the structure of buildings, or the self-protection of startled assemblages, are raised by the Surrey Gardens' calamity. The vocation of the preacher, and the secret of his power, are brought by it within the range of every man's thoughts; and, therefore, of newspaper discussion. The worldly-minded are forced to reflect on the nature of an institution which survives the most sweeping changes, defies alike persecution and rivalry, and is no less conspicuous in this nineteenth century, to which the press and platform are almost peculiar, than in the twelfth or sixteenth, when the altar and the pulpit had no competitors but in the throne. The devout, moreover, who prefer to think of all religious exercises as more or less supernatural, and the result of direct, or indirect inspiration from on high, are compelled to observe the very different operations of the same Divine Spirit working through different human instrumentalities; so that, while a host of good, and perhaps able men, are discoursing from Scripture texts to their few hundreds of hearers each; one, and he a comparatively untrained youth, draws the multitude by ten and fifteen thousand at a time, and is even besought to continue his preaching while the dead and wounded are being carried from the doors of the meeting house.

"We, as secular journalists, have the better right to address ourselves, for once, to this question of pulpit oratory and influence, because we have been so lately appealed to on behalf of what has been called 'the unsuccessful clergy.' When the curates of the Church of England, an institution enjoying by law revenues, variously estimated at from six to ten millions per year, complain of been shamefully underpaid, it is replied that they are comparatively incompetent to their work; that preaching talent is rare among them; and that the effective preacher is very seldom obscure, or ill-rewarded. Our own observation does not exactly

confirm this representation. It very often happens, that a curate's preaching power is an offence to his less-gifted employer, and a cause of his being carefully confined to the mechanical labour of the reading desk, while a fat and wheezy rector drones off the congregation to their usual sleep. It also happens, that when preferment comes to the young Boanerges or Chrysostom, it is in the shape of an appointment to some dreary, rustic parish, where his force and sweetness alike are wasted on half-a-dozen farmers, and twenty helpless retainers. But how different is the lot of even a tolerable gifted preacher in a populous place. His church is soon thronged, his legal income is augmented by the gratitude of his hearers, his family are courted and advanced, his influence is paramount in its sphere, and that sphere is sometimes the whole town in which he dwells; as in the case of Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, just preferred to the deanery of Carlisle. Intellectual men marvel at the power to which they do not submit, and are apt to look scornfully at the large effect produced by influences which they justly estimate as intellectually small. But closer observation dissipates the mystery, if it does not increase respect. Popular preachers, whatever their demerits, have the great merit of adaptation to permanent and almost paramount necessities. They exactly fit the calibre of the minds with whom they come in contact. They are not too profound for the understanding of their hearers, nor too exacting for their consciences. They resolve the doubts of those who crave for belief, and excite the sensibilities that are unaccustomed to other stimulants. They are men of the people, to the people with whom they deal. The really serious and significant fact is, they are very seldom men of the people at large. They belong to, and act upon certain classes, and those for the most part, strictly defined. No one can go into a well filled church, or into the majority of chapels, without being tempted to ask, Where are the poor? Preacher and hearers are alike emphatically of the middle class. The grey-headed, white-neckclothed, and otherwise respectable looking men, in conspicuous seats, are prosperous traders, lawyers, or doctors. The younger fathers of families, are clerks or shopkeepers. A few Sunday school teachers, unmarried shop-men, and clerks, make up the males of the congregation. The female portion greatly preponderate in number, and are almost exclusively connexions of the before mentioned; though here and there is some solitary wife or widowed mother, who has slipped away from a penurious home to snatch consolation from the lips that speak of heaven. But where are the artisan classes? that keen-eyed, strong-minded race, who crowd the floor at political meetings, or cheap concerts, fill the minor theatres, and struggle into the shilling gallery of the Lyceum or Princess's? So very scanty is their attendance upon the most noted preachers, that it is their adhesion to Mr. Spurgeon which has made that gentleman a prodigy and a phenomenon. The first that we heard of him, two or three years since, was that the Bankside labourers went to hear him on Sunday and week nights. The summer before last, we found the artisans of Bethnal Green, a mob more fastidious race, flocking round him in a field at Hackney. And in the list of the killed and wounded at the Music Hall, are journeymen painters, tanners, and milliners' girls. It is worth while to ask the reason why?

"A simple hearing is sufficient to answer the question; supposing that the hearer can also see. There never yet was a popular orator, who did not talk more and better with his arms than with his tongue. Mr. Spurgeon knows this instinctively. When he has read his text, he does not fasten his eyes on a manuscript and his hands to a cushion. As soon as he begins to speak, he begins to act; and that, not as if declaiming on the stage, but as if conversing with you in the street. He seems to shake hands with all round, and put every one at his ease. There is no laboured exordium, making you wonder by what ingenious winding he will get back to his subject; but a trite saying, an apt quotation, a simple allegory, or two or three familiar sentences, making all who hear feel interested and at home. Then there is no philosophical pomp of exposition; but just two or three catchwords, rather to guide than confine attention. Presently comes, by way of illustration, a gleam of humour; perhaps a stroke of downright vulgarity—it may be, a wretched pun. The people are amused, but they are not left at liberty

to laugh. The preacher's comedy does but light up his solemn earnestness. He is painting some scene of death-bed remorse, or of timely repentance; some Magdalene's forgiveness, or some Prodigal's return. His colours are taken from the earth and sky of common human experience and aspiration. He dips his pencil, so to speak, in the veins of the nearest spectator, and makes his work a part of every man's nature. His images are drawn from the homes of the common people, the daily toil for daily bread, the nightly rest of tired labour, the mother's love for a wayward boy, the father's tenderness to a sick daughter. His anecdotes are not far fetched, and have a natural pathos. He tells how some despairing unfortunate, hastening with her last penny to the suicide bridge, was stopped by the sound of psalmody, and turned into *this* chapel; or how some widow's son, running away from his mother's home, was brought back by the recollection of a prayer, and sits now in *that* pew. He does not narrate occurrences, but describes them, with a rough, graphic force and faithfulness. He does not reason out his doctrines, but announces, explains, and applies them. He ventures a political allusion, and it goes right to the democratic heart. In the open air some one may interrupt or interrogate, and the response is a new effect. In short, this man preaches Christianity, his Christianity, at any rate, as Ernest Jones preaches chartism and as Gough preaches temperance. Is it any wonder that he meets with like success? or is he to be either blamed or scorned? Let it first be remembered that Latimer was not less homely when he preached before the king, nor South less humorous when he cowed Rochester—nor Whitfield less declamatory when he moved Hume and Franklin—nor Rowland Hill less vulgar, though brother to a baronet. To us it appears that dullness is the worst fault possible to a man whose first business it is to interest; that the dignity of the pulpit is best consulted by making it attractive, and that the clergy of all denominations might get some frequent hints for the composition of their sermons, from the young Baptist preacher, who never went to college."

"The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," says the *Morning Advertiser*, "yesterday again occupied the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens, when an unusual anxiety appeared to be manifested to hear this increasingly-popular preacher. If anything, the audience was larger than heretofore, probably numbering some 10,000 or 11,000 persons; doubtless owing to the fact of the hall being hired by the month, its being the last of the four Sundays, and the general prevalence of the rumour of the improbability of the renewal, to which the Rev. gentleman afterwards referred. As on previous occasions, from a quarter to ten to half-past, the holders of tickets of "earlier admission"—which are sold for one shilling, and entitle the holder to priority of entrance for four Sundays—were admitted, and these went a long way towards filling the building. At half-past ten the accumulated rush was tremendous, but owing to the admirable police and other general arrangements of Mr. Superintendent Lund, no accident took place. Ten minutes afterwards the building was crammed, and the doors were closed. Among the company were Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, of Alderley, and a number of members of Parliament.

"The discourse was from Proverbs xviii. 24, 'There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' which was marked by his usual characteristics. It was forcible and fluent, powerful and pungent, fertile in imagination, and happy in illustration. He noticed, in the first place, the truth of the assertion, there was a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother;" secondly, the reason why he did so; and closed with a few practical illustrations. Towards the end of his sermon he made an allusion to public men. Referring to the insincerity of friendship, he said there were statesmen who had laboured long and faithfully in their country's cause, and who had spent their time, talents, and energies in promoting its welfare, and who for some small mistake or fault, if such it could be called, were refused that meed of praise and honour to which they were so justly entitled. Let them be assured that all things would work together even for their good. Mr. Spurgeon appeared to have quite regained his wonted strength.

"Carriages and vehicles of every description lined the adjoining streets, very plainly bespeaking the character of the audience. On retiring, Lord John Russell and Lord Stanley of Alderley had a lengthened conversation with Mr. Spurgeon, both of the noble members expressing the most unqualified admiration of the talents of the Rev. gentleman."

Nothing which has hitherto appeared in the public journals has produced a greater sensation among all classes than the following, which appeared a few days since in "The Times" newspaper, in which the talented writer\* suggests that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral should be offered to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as preaching stations.

## PREACHING AND PREACHING.

*To the Editor of the Times.*

Sir,—One Sunday morning about a month ago my wife said, "Let us send the children to St. Margaret's to hear the Archbishop of ——— preach on behalf of the Society for Aged Ecclesiastical Cripples, which is to celebrate to-day its three hundredth anniversary." So the children went, though the parents, for reasons immaterial to mention, could not go with them. "Well, children, how did you like the Archbishop of ———, and what did he say about 'the Aged Ecclesiastical Cripples?'" Here the children—for it was during their dinner—attacked their food with great voracity, but never a word could we get out of their mouths about the spiritual feast of which they had just partaken. No! not even the text could they bring out. The more they were pressed the more they blushed, and hung their heads over their plates, until at last, in a rage, I accused them of having fallen asleep during the service. This charge threw my firstborn on his defence, and he sobbed out the truth, for by this time their eyes were full of tears. "Why, papa! we can't say what the Archbishop of ——— said, because we could not hear a word he said. He is very old, and has got no teeth; and, do you know, I don't think he has got any tongue either, for, though we saw his lips moving, we could not hear a single word." On this I said no more, but I thought a good deal of "the Aged Ecclesiastical Cripples" and their venerable advocate, and being something of a philologist, I indulged in dreamy speculations on the possibility of an alphabet composed entirely of labials; and if my wife had not roused me by some mere matter-of-fact question, I almost think I should have given my reflections to the world in the shape of a small pamphlet entitled "The Language of Labials, or how to preach sermons without the aid of either tongue or teeth: published for the benefit of the Society of Aged Ecclesiastical Cripples, and dedicated, of course by permission, to the Archbishop of ———."

Now listen to another story. A friend of mine, a Scotch Presbyterian, comes up to town and says, "I want to hear Spurgeon; let us go." Now, I am supposed to be a High Churchman, so I answered, "What, go and hear a Calvinist—a Baptist—a man who ought to be ashamed of himself for being so near the Church and yet not within its pale?" "Never mind, come and hear him." Well we went yesterday morning to the Music-hall in the Surrey Gardens. At first I felt a strange sensation of wrong-doing. It was something like going to a morning theatrical performance on Sunday; nor did a terrific gust of wind which sent the Arctic Regions, erected out of laths and pasteboard in a style regardless of expense, flying across the water of the lake, tend to cheer a mind depressed by the novelty of the scene. Fancy a congregation consisting of 10,000 souls, streaming into the ball, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming—a mighty hive of bees eager to secure at first the best places, and at last any place at all. After waiting more than half an hour—for, if you wish to have a seat, you must be there at least that space of time in advance—Mr. Spurgeon ascended the tribune. To the hum and rush and trampling of men succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once like an electric current through the

\* It is now well known that "HABITANS IN SICCO" is none other than the "Jupiter of the Press" himself.

breast of every one present, and by this magnetic chain the preacher held us fast bound for about two hours. It is not my purpose to give a summary of his discourse. It is enough to say of his voice that its power and volume are sufficient to reach every one in that vast assembly; of his language that it is neither high-flown nor homely; of his style, that it is at times familiar, at times declamatory, but always happy and often eloquent; of his doctrine, that neither the Calvinist nor the Baptist appear in the forefront of the battle which is waged by Mr. Spurgeon with relentless animosity and with Gospel weapons against irreligion, cant, hypocrisy, pride, and those secret bosom sins which so easily beset a man in daily life; and, to sum up all in a word, it is enough to say of the man himself that he impresses you with a perfect conviction of his sincerity.

But I have not written so much about my children's want of spiritual food when they listened to the mumbling of the Archbishop of—, and my own banquet at the Surrey Gardens, without a desire to draw a practical conclusion from these two stories, and to point them by a moral. Here is a man not more Calvinistic than many an incumbent of the established Church, who "humbles and mumbles," as old Latimer says, over his liturgy and text. Here is a man who says the complete immersion, or something of the kind, of adults is necessary to baptism. These are his faults of doctrine, but if I were the examining chaplain of the Archbishop of—, I would say, "May it please your Grace, here is a man able to preach eloquently, able to fill the largest Church in England with his voice; and, what is more to the purpose, with people. And may it please your Grace, here are two Churches in this metropolis, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your Grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon, this heretical Calvinist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him, just to try his voice, some Sunday morning, in the nave of either of these Churches? At any rate, I will answer for one thing, that if he preaches in Westminster Abbey, we shall not have a repetition of the disgraceful practice now common in that Church, of having the sermon *before* the anthem, in order that those who would quit the Church when the arid sermon begins, may be forced to stay it out for the sake of the music which follows it."

But I am not, I am sorry to say, examining chaplain of the Archbishop of—; so I can only send you this letter from the devotional desert in which I reside, and sign myself,

*Broad Phylactery, Westminster.*

HABITANS IN SICCO.

In a leader of "The Times" of April 13th, the editor says:—

"It is not surprising that the sudden phenomenon of a monster preacher excites some astonishment, and if our correspondent, 'HABITANS IN SICCO,' regrets that the Church has not the benefit of similar services, it is quite natural to ask why should such demonstrations be confined to Dissent? Why cannot the Church have a monster preacher drawing his crowds?"

"Physically speaking, there can be no reason why the Church should not have, at any rate once or twice in a generation, a natural orator in its clerical ranks endowed with a voice as loud as Mr. SPURGEON'S, and, if she has, there can be no cogent reason why she should not use him. A loud voice is a decided gift, an endowment; it may be thrown away in the prodigality of nature upon a man who has no purpose to turn it to, no thought to utter from that splendid organ; upon a man, in fact, who is a mere pompous STENTOR in a pulpit; but give it to one who has a thought and a purpose, and see the effect. How is it then that the Church never has a monster preacher?"

"The reason is, that a loud voice requires its proper material to exert itself upon. The voice is notoriously the most sympathetic thing in nature. It cannot be loud and soft indiscriminately. Some things are made to be shouted, and others to be whispered. Nobody shouts out an axiom in mathematics; nobody balances probabilities in thunder,—*Nemo consilium cum clamore dat.* There must be a strong sentiment, some bold truth, to make a man shout. In religion there



must be something rather extravagant in the shape of doctrine. The doctrine of conversion or of irresistible grace can be shouted, but if a man tried ever so hard to shout in delivering a moderate and sensible doctrine on freewill, he would find himself talking quietly in spite of himself. A loud voice, then, must have 'loud' doctrine to develop it. But the Church of England has rather a distaste for 'loud' doctrine; her general standard is opposed to it; her basis is a balanced one, mixing opposite truths, and qualifying what she teaches with judicious protests and disclaimers. She preaches Catholicity with a protest against Rome, and Protestantism with a protest against Geneva.

"This is very sensible and very true, but it is not favourable to popular preaching. Of the two parties into which she is divided, one thinks it wrong to shout, as being against the principle of reverence. This school specially contrasts itself in this respect with the 'rude world,' which is supposed to be always shouting and doing everything that is noisy and vulgar, and with heretics who are audacious and immodest; and it plumes itself on its refinement and good taste in the delivery of religious truth, which it thinks ought to be done in a sort of veiled and fragmentary way, so as to reach the sensitive ears of the good, and pass over those of the profane. All this is very excellent and refined, but it is against popular preaching. So much for one party. The other party might speak loud if it liked; it has no theory against it, and its doctrines admit of it, but it does not like the trouble. And besides, this party, though it professedly holds strong doctrine, practically tempers it considerably, and bends to the moderate standard of the Church.

"Thus, what with the fear of criticism, the deference to a recognized standard, idleness, reverence, and a great many other things—what with some thinking it heretical to shout and others thinking it unpolite to be popular—there is no monster preaching in the English Church. It does certainly admit of a question whether in our general policy we are not overcautious, and gain greater theoretical correctness at the cost of much practical efficiency. It admits of a question whether a little extravagance and a little onesidedness might not be tolerated for the sake of a good, substantial, natural, telling appeal to the human heart. We should have no objection, for our part, to an Evangelical clergyman, with a strong voice, doing what Mr. SPURGEON does. The doctrines of the two are in reality much the same, and, that being the case, why should fear of criticism prevent the Evangelical school from making themselves as effective as they can? But such is the influence of a conventional standard, which, like conscience, 'makes cowards of us all.'"

#### SPECIMENS OF MR. SPURGEON'S STYLE OF PREACHING.

The following extracts from Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons—chiefly from the "New Park Street" and "Penny Pulpit," published weekly by Alabaster and Passmore, and J. Paul—have been taken at random, and will convey to the reader a general idea of the character of Mr. Spurgeon's ordinary style of preaching.

#### THE PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

"I have sinned."—LUKE XV. 18.

OH, here is a *blessed confession!* Here is that which proves a man to be a regenerate character—"Father, I have sinned." Let me picture the scene. There is the prodigal; he has run away from a good home and a kind father, and he has spent all his money with harlots, and now he has none left. He goes to his old companions, and asks them for relief. They laugh him to scorn. "Oh," says he, "you have drunk my wine many a day; I have always stood paymaster to you in all our revelries; will you not help me?" "Get you gone," they say; and he is turned out of doors. He goes to all his friends with whom he had associated, but no man gives him anything. At last a certain citizen of the country said—"You want something to do, do you? Well, go and feed my swine." The poor prodigal, the son of a rich landowner, who had had a great fortune of his own, has to go

out to feed swine; and he a Jew, too!—the worst employment (to his mind) to which he could be put. See him there, in squalid rags, feeding swine; and what are his wages? Why, so little that he “would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine eat, but no man gave to him.” Look, there he is, with the fellow commoners of the sty, in all his mire and filthiness. Suddenly a thought, put there by the good Spirit, strikes his mind. “How is it,” says he, “that in my father’s house there is 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.” Off he goes. He begs his way from town to town. Sometimes he gets a lift on a coach perhaps, but at other times he goes trudging his way up barren hills, and down desolate vales all alone. And now at last he comes to the hill outside the village, and sees his father’s house down below. There it is; the old poplar tree against it, and there are the stacks round which he and his brother used to run and play; and at the sight of the old homestead all the feelings and associations of his former life rush upon him, and tears run down his cheeks, and he is almost ready to run away again. He says, “I wonder whether father’s dead. I daresay mother broke her heart when I went away; I always was her favourite. And if they are either of them alive, they will never see me again; they will shut the door in my face. What am I to do? I cannot go back, I am afraid to go forward.” And while he was thus deliberating his father had been walking on the housetop, looking out for his son; and though he could not see his father, his father could see him. Well, the father comes down stairs with all his might, runs up to him, and whilst he is thinking of running away, his father’s arms are round his neck, and he falls to kissing him, like a loving father indeed, and then the son begins—“Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,” and he was going to say, “Make me as one of thy hired servants.” But his father puts his hand on his mouth. “No more of that,” says he; “I forgive you all; you shall not say anything about being a hired servant—I will have none of that. Come along,” says he, “come in, poor prodigal. Ho,” says he to the servants, “bring hither the best robe, and put it on him, and put shoes on his poor bleeding feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.” Oh, what a precious reception for one of the chief of sinners! Good Matthew Henry says, “His father saw him, there were eyes of mercy; he ran to meet him, there were legs of mercy; he put his arms round his neck, there were arms of mercy; he kissed him, there were kisses of mercy; he said to him—there were words of mercy—‘Bring hither the best robe,’ there were deeds of mercy, wonders of mercy—all mercy. Oh, what a God of mercy he is!”

Now, prodigal, you do the same. Has God put it into your heart? There are many who have been running away a long time now. Does God say “return?” Oh, I bid you return, then, for as surely as ever thou dost return he will take thee in. There never was a poor sinner yet who came to Christ, whom Christ turned away. If he turn you away you will be the first. Oh, if you could but try him. “Ah, sir, I am so black, so filthy, so vile.” Well, come along with you—you can’t not be blacker than the prodigal. Come to your Father’s house, and as surely as he is God he will keep his word—“Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”

Oh, if I might hear that some of you had come to Christ this morning, I would indeed bless God. I must tell here, for the honour of God and Christ, one remarkable circumstance, and then I have done. You will remember that one morning I mentioned the case of an infidel who had been a scorner and scoffer, but who, through reading one of my printed sermons, had been brought to God’s house, and then to God’s feet. Well, last Christmas day, the same infidel gathered together all his books, and went into the market-place at Norwich, and there made a public recantation of all his errors, and a profession of Christ, and then taking up all his books which he had written, and had in his house, on evil subjects,

burned them in the sight of the people. I have blessed God for such a wonder of grace as that, and pray that there may be many more such, who, though they be born prodigal, will yet return home, saying, "I have sinned."

### THE BACKSLIDER.

Did you ever see a child of God after he had been washed from a foul sin? He was a changed man. I know such an one, who used to carry a merry countenance, and many were the jokes he made in company; but when I met him after an awful sin, there was a solemnity about his countenance that was unusual to him. He looked, I should say, something like Dante, the poet, of whom the boys said, "There is the man who has been in hell;" because he had written of hell and looked like it—he looked so terrible. And when we spoke of sin there was such a solemnity about him; and when we spoke of going astray the tears ran down his cheeks, as much as to say, "I have been astray too." He seemed like good Christian, after he had been in Giant Despair's castle. Do you not remember, beloved, the guide who took the pilgrims up to the top of a hill called Clear, and he showed them from the top of the hill a lot of men with their eyes put out, groping among the tombs, and Christian asked what it meant. Said the guide, "These are pilgrims that were caught in Giant Despair's castle; the giant had their eyes put out, and they are left to wander among the tombs to die, and their bones are to be left in the court yard." Whereupon John Bunyan very naively says, "I looked, and saw their eyes full of water, for they remembered they might have been there too." Just like the man talked and spoke that I once knew. He seemed to wonder why God had not left him to be an apostate for ever, or the lot of Judas or Demas. He seemed to think it such a startling thing that while many had gone aside altogether from God's way, he should still have had his substance in him, when he had lost his leaves, and that God should still have loved him. There are but few such; for most men will go foully into sin; they will go out from us because they are not of us, for if they had been of us they would doubtless have continued with us. But there have been a few such—great saints, then great backsliding sinners, and then great saints again. Their substance was in them when they had lost their leaves. Oh, you that have gone far astray, sit and weep. You cannot weep too much, though you should cry with Herbert—

"Oh, who will give me tears? Come all ye springs,  
Dwell in my head and eyes; come, clouds and rain!  
My grief hath need of all the wat'ry things,  
That nature hath produced."

You might well say—

"Let every vein  
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,  
My weary weeping eyes; to dry for me,  
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,  
To bear them out, and with my state agree."

But yet remember, "He hath not forsaken his people, neither hath he cut them off;" for still he says—

"Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face."

Return! return! return! Thy Father's bowels still move for thee. He speaks through the written oracles at this moment, saying, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, O Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? My bowels are moved; my repentings are kindled together"; for I will heal their backslidings, I will receive them graciously, I will love them freely, for they are mine still. As the terebinth and as the oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves, even so the holy seed within, the elect and called vessels of mercy, is still the substance thereof.

And now, what have I to say to some of you that live in black sin, and yet excuse yourselves on account of the recorded falls of God's people? Sirs, know this! Inasmuch as you do this, you wrest the Scriptures to your own destruction. If one man has taken poison, and there has been a physician by his side so skillful

that he had saved his life by a heavenly antidote, is that any reason why thou, who hast no physician and no antidote, should yet think that the poison will not kill thee? Why, man, the sin that does not damn a Christian, because Christ washes him in his blood, will damn you. Said Brookes—and I will repeat his words, and have done—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, said the apostle, be his sins never so many; but he that believeth not shall be damned, be his sins never so few." Truly your sins may be little; but you are lost for them without Christ. Your sins may be great; but if Christ shall pardon them, then you shall be saved. The one question, that I have to ask of thee, then, is—Hast thou Christ? For if thou hast not, then thou hast not the holy seed; thou art a dead tree, and in due time thou shalt be tinder for hell. Thou art a rotten-hearted tree, all touch-wood, ready to be broken in pieces; eaten by the worms of lust; and ah! when the fire shall take hold of thee, what a blazing and a burning! Oh! that thou hadst life! Oh! that God would give it to thee! Oh! that thou wouldst now repent! Oh! that thou wouldst cast thyself on Jesus! Oh! that thou wouldst turn to him with full purpose of heart! For, then, remember, thou wouldst be saved—saved now, and saved for ever; for "the holy seed" would be "the substance thereof."

### THE DOOM OF THE IMPENITENT.

Is there such a thing as having a foretaste of hell on earth? Is there anything on earth so like hell, that we may know what hell is? Yes, there is. I do not approve of the way old Ryland taught the boys what hell was. He says, or some one says of him, that when he kept a school he had a post in the playground that he called "hell-fire post;" and when the boys would not obey him, after beating them, he was wont to tie them to the post and burn some brimstone underneath them, and ask them whether they would like to dwell for ever in such a noxious place as that. I don't believe in the old man's brimstone; I don't believe it was anything of a true foretaste. But there are such things as foretastes of hell upon earth. I shall ask no pardon for what I am going to say. Ministers are modest in these times, and they are modest because they are cowards, and dare not speak the truth. A debauched man gets a foretaste of hell in verity and in truth. There is many a hospital in London where you see men that are drinking the first drops of hell, with their cheeks all bloated, and with their eyes almost burnt out of their sockets, with rottenness entered into their bones. They have learned what hell's torment means. There is a ward in the house of sin, called the ward of disease, into which I could not take you this night; but I shall at least just open the door, and shut it quickly. There, sirs, if any of you ever get in there, you will have a foretaste of hell. And thank God if you never have got there! If any of you have gone into sin, bless God if he has snatched you from your lusts, and not allowed you to reap the fruit of your own wickedness! Is there any other way of having a foretaste of hell? Yes; when you have committed a sin secretly, and covered it, you have felt an anxiety lest some one should detect you in it. You have lied one way; you have had to lie in the opposite way to some one else; you have been so anxious lest the covering should not be sufficient. The covering has not been long enough, and you have gone on putting a piece there to it, and a piece there; and when some one has approached you to discover your sin, oh, what anxiety you have had! You have been running about from morning to night. You dreamed, at night, you were found out; you were afraid, in the morning, that the officers of justice would be after you, or that the public would know of your evil deed. You have been ashamed, afraid, wandering here and there—afraid lest you should be discovered. That fear, which would not let you sleep, was the faint foretaste of hell, even as the first drops of the shower tell what is to come. But there are other foretastes. You may have sinned, and not been ashamed of it before men; but how your conscience has pricked you in secret! You were sick a few months ago, and the ghost of your sins walked round your bed, and guilt,

like a grim chamberlain, did draw the curtains. Oh, it was when your head was aching and your heart was broaking on account of your crimes, and when that bony orator, Death, was preaching one of his solemn orations to you—it was then you shook and trembled when you thought you heard hell's drum beating in your ears—when you fancied you could hear the shrieks of the damned—for you were almost there yourself. Then you had a foretaste of hell. We can guess what hell is by the worm within the conscience; we can tell what it is by the pangs and pains of poor, tortured men in body and soul, who have indulged in lust and vice; we can guess how intolerable must be hell—those of us who have stared at the masses of loathsome corruption, and have turned away, for very sickness, at seeing what a desperate state sin will bring men into. We have seen—though we bless God we have been kept from feeling—what the foretaste of hell is. Go on and sin, sinner! Go on and sin! Your master will pay you your wages at the end—he will pay you your wages in fire for ever; but he will give you a little on the road. Go on, if you like the little that you get; go on, and take the little of it at last. No; but you do not like the little you have had, do you? It has not been all pleasure in your sin; your conscience has not been very easy, your troubles have been heavy, your heart has smitten you. “A had paymaster that devil!” Why do you work for him then? His wages at last shall be of the same kind, though a thousand times worse than what you receive now. Strange infatuation! men will not serve God on any account, but the devil they will serve, and be damned for it; and they are not a bit ashamed to walk in his path, though the end is destruction, shame, and eternal misery.

Oh! that God would bless these thoughts to some of you! and may you never have such a foretaste of hell as some that I have known have had! I cannot tell you just now, but I could picture to you the death-scene of one who had been a great sinner and a great despiser. I think I do this very night hear his death-shrieks; these ears shall hear them till I die. I think I see now his face. Oh, it was a human face; but it looked as if the ploughshare of torment had been driven right across it. I think I see his eyes—they were human eyes, but they looked as if they were diamonds of the pit, sparklings of the eternal volcano of Infinite wrath. I think I hear his words, more like the croaking of a raven, or the growling of a bear than the language of a human being, when he cried, “I am lost, I am lost, I am lost! can you do nothing to save me, sir?” “There is no way of salvation, except through the blood of Christ.” “I have scoffed him, sir; I have abhorred him; and I am lost.” Ah, I cannot imitate those tones, nor would I if I could; it would make you faint in your seats, well nigh, for terror. He was having a foretaste of hell; some of you will have it before long. Is it worth while having it? Go out of this place and turn into the gin-shop at the corner;—is it worth while having it? Go out to-night and sin;—is it worth having it? Keep your shutters down on Sundays;—is it worth having it? Go on in your sins; you shall have wages of fire and wrath. Fine wages they are! If you think they are worth having, go on in your sins—go on. But if you think they are not, and if God the Spirit has burdened you and made you feel you must have a new heart—made you think you cannot serve the devil any longer, but you must be pardoned through the blood of Christ, then, poor sinner, though thou be the vilest of the vile, know this, “Christ came into the world to save sinners.” You are a sinner, you know it; he came to save you. Those he came to save he will save; he would not go so far for nothing, nor shed his blood in vain, as certainly as you know yourself to be a sinner; therefore, cast yourself upon him. I wish there were one person in this place who could be brought to say the same as an old sailor did. My father had been preaching once, upon the Redeemer's tears shed over Jerusalem, and when he was closing his discourse, he said, “Are there not some here over whom Jesus Christ would weep, because they live in sin?” Some time afterwards the old sailor came to him and said, “Sir, I found out, when you preached that sermon, that I wanted a new owner, so I struck my colours that day, and I have got a fresh captain and a new owner, and I have got a new freight sir, and now I believe I have got a new port.” And it will be well if it be so with

us. If we get a freight of grace, and the captain, Jesus, and the colours of a Christian profession, then we may say we hope we have got a new port! Hoist your colours up, my friend—you have got a new freight, I believe. I wish you would put your colours up. Come out, and make a profession of religion. You love the Lord Jesus; do not be ashamed of him; and then, through floods and storms, may he bring you at last to the desired haven! It is our prayer, for Jesus' sake.—Amen.

### THE TEST OF LOVE.

“Lovest thou me?” Then one of the best evidences thou canst give is *to feed my lambs*. Have I two or three little children that love and fear my name? If thou wantest to do a deed, which shall show that thou art a true lover, and not a proud pretender; go and feed them. Are there a few little ones whom I have purchased with my blood, in an infant class? Dost thou want to do something which shall evidence that thou art indeed mine? Then sit not down with the elders, dispute not in the temple; I did that myself; but go thou, and sit down with the young orphans, and teach them the way to the kingdom. “Feed my lambs.”

Dear! beloved, I have been of late perplexing myself with one thought: that our church government is not Scriptural. It is Scriptural as far as it goes; but it is not according to the whole of Scripture; neither do we practice many excellent things that ought to be practised in our churches. We have received into our midst a large number of young persons; in the ancient churches there was what was called the catechism class—I believe there ought to be such a class now. The Sabbath school, I believe, is in the Scripture; and I think there ought to be on the Sabbath afternoon, a class of the young people of this church, who are members already, to be taught by some of the elder members. Now-a-days, when we get the lambs, we just turn them adrift in the meadow, and there we leave them. There are more than a hundred young people in this church, who positively, though they are members, ought not to be left alone; but some of our elders, for we have elders, and some who ought to be ordained elders, should make it their business to teach them further, to instruct them in the faith, and so keep them hard and fast by the truth of Jesus Christ. If we had recognized elders, as they had in all the apostolic churches, this might in some degree be attended to. But now the hands of our deacons are full, they do much of the work of the eldership, but they cannot do any more than they are doing, for they are toiling hard already. I would that some here whom God has gifted, and who have time, would spend their afternoons in taking a class of those who live around them, of their younger brethren, asking them to their houses for prayer and pious instruction, that so the lambs of the flock may be fed. By God's help I will take care of the sheep; I will endeavour under God to feed them, as well as I can, and preach the Gospel to them. You that are older in the faith, and stronger in it, need not that careful, cautious feeding which is required by the lambs. But there are many in our midst, good pious souls, who love the Saviour as much as the sheep do: but one of their complaints which I have often heard, is, “Oh! sir, I joined your church, I thought they would be all brothers and sisters to me, and that I could speak to them, and they would teach me and be kind to me. Oh! sir, I came, and nobody spoke to me.” I say, “Why did not you speak to them first?” “Oh! sir, they reply, “I did not like.” Well, they should have liked, I am well aware; but if we had some means of feeding the lambs, it would be a good way of proving to our Saviour, and to the world, that we really do endeavour to follow him. I hope some of my friends will take that hint; and if, in concert with me, my brethren in office will endeavour to do something in that way, I think it will be no mean proof of their love to Christ. “Feed my lambs,” is a great duty; let us try to practise it as we are able.

But, beloved, we cannot do all that; the lambs cannot feed the lambs; the sheep cannot feed the sheep exactly. There must be some appointed to these offices. And therefore, in the Saviour's name, allow me to say to some of you, that there

are different kinds of proof you must give. Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Then preserve that prayer meeting; attend to it; see that it is kept going on, and that it does not fall to the ground. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" See to thy servants; see that they go to the house of God, and instruct them in the faith. There is a sister: Lovest thou Christ? "Yea, Lord." Perhaps it is as much as you can do—perhaps it is as much as you ought to do—to train up your children in the fear of the Lord. It is of no use to trouble yourselves about duties that God never meant you to do, and leave your own vineyard at home to itself. Just take care of your own children; perhaps that is as good a proof as Christ wants of you, that you are feeding his lambs. You have your own office, to which Christ has appointed you: seek not to run away from it, but endeavour to do what you can to serve your Master therein. But, I beseech you, do something to prove your love; do not be sitting down doing nothing. Do not be folding your hands and arms, for such people perplex a minister most, and bring the most ruin on a church—such as do nothing. You are always the readiest to find fault. I have marked it here, that the very people who are quarrelling with everything, are the people that are doing nothing, or are good for nothing. They are sure to quarrel with everything else, because they are doing nothing themselves; and therefore they have time to find fault with other people. Do not, O Christian, say that thou lovest Christ, and yet do nothing for him. Doing is a good sign of living; and he can scarce be alive unto God that does nothing for God. We must let our works evidence the sincerity of our love to our Master. "Oh!" say you, "but we are doing a little." Can you do any more? If you can, then do it. If you cannot do more, then God requires no more of you; doing to the utmost of your ability is your best proof; but if you can do more, inasmuch as ye keep back any part of what ye can do, in that degree ye give cause to yourselves to distrust your love to Christ. Do all that you can to your very utmost; serve him abundantly; ay, and superabundantly; seek to magnify his name; and if ever you do too much for Christ, come and tell me of it; if ever you do too much for Christ, tell the angels of it—but you will never do that. He gave himself for you: give yourselves to him.

---

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

**T**HE ANXIOUS INQUIRER ENCOURAGED, 32mo.,  
enamelled cover, 1d.

**S**ONGS IN THE NIGHT: a Sermon, with a new Portrait of  
Mr. Spurgeon, 2d.

**P**ICTURES OF LIFE (Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on his Birth-  
day), fine Portrait, 2d.

**T**OUCHSTONE OF PIETY: an Open-air Sermon by Mr.  
Spurgeon, 2d.

**B**APTIST MESSENGER (price 1d.) every month contains a  
Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon.

**S**IX SERMONS from ditto, by Mr. Spurgeon, with Portrait,  
cloth back, price 8d.

**E**IGHT SERMONS from ditto, by Mr. Spurgeon, cloth back,  
price 9d.

London: J. PAUL, Chapter House Court; and all Booksellers.

## CHRIST'S CARE OF HIS DISCIPLES.

*A Sacramental Meditation.*

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

"If ye seek me, let these go their way."—JOHN xviii. 8.

WE need but hint at the circumstances under which these words were uttered. Our Saviour was in the garden with his disciples; a multitude commissioned by the high priest came to seize him; he goes boldly before them, and asks them, "Whom seek ye?" They reply, "Jesus of Nazareth." At a breath they fall backward to the ground, and ere they can raise themselves, Jesus exclaims: "If ye seek me, let these go their way."

Now, in a very simple manner, I shall try, first of all, to draw a few thoughts from this occurrence; and then, secondly, to bring out a great truth which I think is foreshadowed in this utterance of our Redeemer.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCE ITSELF. Our Saviour said: "If ye seek me, let these go their way."

1. Now, in this circumstance our Master proved *his own willingness to die*. For this word of his was a mandate so powerful that none of the disciples were seized, much less put to death. There was Peter, who had drawn a sword and cut off the ear of the high priest's servant. We should naturally have expected he would have been seized at once, or smitten to the earth; but so powerful was the command of Christ that not a finger was laid upon this hasty-tempered disciple. Peter and John went into the hall afterwards—as it were, into the very teeth of our Lord's enemies—and, excepting a few jokes and jeers, they were suffered to go on their way. Yea, John did more than that: he went within the range of the spears of the Roman soldiers, and stood at the foot of Christ's cross, and wept; and yet not a finger was laid on him, nor any one of Christ's disciples—not for want of will, for, if you remember, they seized a young man who left his garment and fled naked, supposing him to have been a disciple of Christ. This shows, then, the power of Christ's mandate—that in that hour of darkness not so much as one of his disciples was maltreated, but all were suffered to go their way. If Christ, then, by his simple word, delivered his disciples, how much more could he have delivered himself? And in his not doing so, you cannot fail to see how willing he was to die. One word threw them to the ground; another word would have hurled them into the arms of death. But our Saviour would not speak the word which could save himself, for he came to save others—himself he did not save.

There is something very courageous in the Saviour's saying, "If ye seek me." You know when Adam sinned, God had to seek the culprit; but in this case, when Christ stood as the Surety, instead of being sought he seemed, to seek his executioners. "If ye seek me," said he; and he put in an "if," as if it were not so much their seeking him as his seeking them; for he had come into their very teeth to die. Our blessed Lord was well acquainted with the circumstances of his own death. He sat at the table at the Lord's supper on that memorable evening. Why could he not wait there and be seized? But no; dauntless, the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" steps out into the lists against his enemy. He does not want to be attacked; but goes forth to meet death, to give himself up for us. Scarcely any martyr has done such a deed as this. God has helped them to die, when they have been delivered into the hands of their enemies; but our Saviour goes to his enemies, and says, "Here I am: if ye seek me, I have come; I give you no trouble to search for me; there is no necessity to hunt through the length and breadth of Jerusalem to find me out, here I am; if ye seek me I am willing to die; take me, I have no opposition to make. 'If ye seek me,' all I have to say is, 'Let these go their way;' I am willing enough to die!" Learn, then, Christians, the willingness of thy Master to suffer for thee. He was no unwilling Friend. Thou hast borrowed sometimes money of a friend, and when thou hast taken it of him, it was a grief to take it, for he looked upon thee as a beggar, or even as a robber who had demanded spoil of him. But



when thou takest Christ's favours, there is this sweet consideration with them, that they are all given willingly. That blood thou drinkest, and that flesh thou eatest is no dole of a strained benevolence, but the voluntary gift of the munificent heart of Jesus to thee and to thy brethren. Rejoice, then, in the willingness of Christ to suffer for thee. You must bear with me if I have a number of difficult lessons to give you: and I think they are all in the text, and I wish to bring them out.

2. In the second place, upon the very face of this fact, we read *the care of Christ towards his people*. "If ye seek me, let these go their way." Oh! the agony of the Saviour's heart at that moment. A friend in trouble is frequently forgetful. Expect not a man in his grief to remember you: the heart is then so full of its own bitterness, it hath no time to remember others. I would pardon any man for not knowing me in the street, if he were ill; I would easily forgive any one forgetting anything when loaded with grief and suffering. And surely, beloved, we might have thought it not hard of Jesus if he had forgotten his disciples in this hour of grief. But mark how kind his heart is: "If ye seek me. I say nothing about how ye should treat *me*—but let these!"—Oh! these were the only ones he cared about—"let *these* go their way." Like the mother in the snow-storm, who takes off her own things to wrap around her cold shivering babe. What cares she though the blast should find out her inmost soul, and though her body be frozen like ice, if her babe but lives? And her first thought after she is restored to consciousness, when she has been well-nigh numbed to death, but chafed to life by kindness, is concerning that babe. It was even so with Jesus—"Let these go their way."

"Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget."

They are all recollected, all borne upon his heart, and still cared for. Therefore thou art cared for, thou lamb of the flock; thou art cared for, thou ready-to-halt; thou art remembered, thou desponding one; thou art regarded with the eyes of love, thou timid Mr. Fearing; though thou stumblest at every stone, yet thy Saviour's love stumbleth not; he remembereth thee, for he remembered his disciples in his hour of sorrow.

3. In the next place, learn from this incident *our Saviour's wisdom*. When he said, "Let these go their way," there was wisdom in it. How? Because they were not prepared to suffer, and it would have been unwise to have allowed them to suffer then, if they had been prepared; for if they had suffered then, it would have been thought that at least they shared the honour of our redemption; therefore Christ would have none but thieves upon the mount of doom, lest any should suppose that he had a helper. He did tread the winepress alone, and of the people there were none with him. Besides, they were but infants in grace; they had not received the plenitude of the Spirit; they were not fit to suffer. Therefore Christ said, "If ye seek me, let these go their way." These raw recruits must not yet bear the brunt of the battle; let them pass on, until by a longer experience and by greater grace they shall be made mighty to die, and shall each of them in their turn wear the crown of martyrdom. But not now. Christ spared his people at that moment, since it would have been unwise to have suffered them to die.

4. Learn, Christians, from your Master's example, *the duty of putting yourselves in the way of suffering when you can save your brethren*. Oh! there is something in the spirit Christ manifested in putting himself first. "If ye seek me, let these go their way." It is a spirit we ought all of us to catch—the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice for the church's sake. The mass of professors say, "Let *me* go my way, seek another;" but if we were what we should be, we should say, "If ye seek *me*, let *these* go their way." How many of us would be ready to escape martyrdom, and allow our brethren to be burned? But that were not the spirit of our

Master. How frequently you are ready to allow opprobrium and shame to fall upon the church if you can be screened yourself! How very frequently you will allow a brother to perform a duty with inconvenience which you could do without any trouble to yourself! Now, if you were like your Master, you would say, "'Let these go their way;' if there should be sufficient ground, let me suffer; if there be duty, let me do it; let others escape; let them go off free; lo, I will give myself a willing substitute for them in this matter." Oh! we want everywhere more of this spirit to be able to say to the poor saint, "Poverty is seeking thee, I will in some degree bear the inconvenience that thou mayest be screened. Thou art sick, I will watch thee; thou art naked, I will clothe thee; thou art hungry, I will feed thee; I will stand in thy stead as far as I am able that thou mayest go thy way." "If ye seek me, let these go their way." And now I come to notice,

## II. THE GREAT DOCTRINE WHICH THIS LITTLE INCIDENT SEEMS TO FORESHADOW

Will you please to observe the next verse to the text? "That the saying might be fulfilled, which he spake, Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none." If I had quoted this you would have told me it was a misquotation; you would have said, "Why, my dear sir, that has nothing to do with their going their way or not." Ah, but you do not know; God's Spirit knows how to quote, we do not. Very often we quote a text which we think is exactly adapted and pertinent to the point, when it has nothing to do with the matter; and often the Holy Spirit quotes a text which we think unadapted, the very gist of which bears upon the subject. Why, this was the beginning of Christ's deliverances, which he would through eternity vouchsafe to all his children. Inasmuch as he then said, "Let these go their way," it was the foreshadowing, the picturing, of the great deed of substitution whereby Christ would be able to say, "Let these go their way, if ye seek me."

Now, this is to the point, if we look at how Christ treats his people in providence and at the bar of justice. In providence it has always seemed to me as if Christ had borne the brunt of Providence, so that now all things work together for good. When Christ came into the world, he did, in spirit, say something like this—"Ye wild beasts of the field, ye are against my people; come, now, be against me; and then let these go their way." "I will make a covenant with the beasts of the field that they will be at peace with them." Stones, ye are enemies to my flock; now take me for the Substitute, and be at enmity with me; and then it shall be written, "The stones of the field shall be in league with them." Christ, as it were, said to Providence, "Thy black and bitter face shall look on me; thy quiver, full of fiery darts, shall find their target here in this my bosom; thy dread aspect shall be seen by me;" but "Let these go their way." Now, Providence has inflicted its evils on Christ, and has now only good for God's people. "What! sir, only good?" you say, "Why, I am poor, I am sick!" Yes, but it is only good; for that is good which worketh good. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Saith Christ to kings, "Touch not mine anointed; do my prophets no harm."—"Let these go their way." The kings have been seeking the church; Christ lets them find him, and put him to death; and then he turns round to the kings, and says, "Touch not mine anointed; do my prophets no harm." He speaks to trouble, to trial, to grief, to accident, and to peril, and he says; "Ye have sought me; now let my people go their way." We should never have had the psalm,

"He that hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode"

if Christ had not died. The only way you and I can get a refuge is by Christ's bearing the brunt of our trouble. What if a shield saveth me? Yet it only saveth me by bearing the blows itself. The shield doth, as it were, say to the sword, "If ye seek me, let this warrior go his way." So Christ, our shield and God's anointed, beareth the brunt of Providence, the evil and the woe thereof; and he saith now to the mysterious dispensations of God, "'Let these go their way.' Never, never work ill to them, but only good."

The other thought is, *Christ hath said this of his people in the way of justice*. Before the throne of God, fiery Justice once drew his sword, and went out after sinners to find full many, and to cast them into the pit. Its sword thirsted for the blood of all that had sinned; but there stood a chosen multitude, reserved by love and chosen by grace; and Justice said, "They are sinners; I will have them, I will sheathe this sword in their bowels, for they are sinners, and they must perish." Christ came forward and said, "Whom seek ye?" "Sinners," said Justice. Said he, "They are not sinners; they were once, but they are righteous now, clothed in my righteousness; if you seek the sinner, here am I." What! said Justice, "art thou the sinner?" "Nay, not the sinner, but I am the sinner's substitute; all the sinner's guilt was imputed to me; all his unrighteousness is mine, and all my righteousness is his; I, the Saviour, am the sinner's substitute; take me!" And Justice accepted the substitution; took the Saviour, crucified him, nailed him to that cross whose agonies to night you will commemorate. Then Jesus cried in that hour, "If ye seek me, let these go their way." Who are they that are to go their way? Why, the very men whose way was iniquity, and whose end would have been destruction, if the curse had not been laid upon the head of Jesus. "Let these go their way." Oh! that sentence. I had never known its sweetness till I knew the Lord; but I knew its power. How was that? Why, long before you know the Lord, you have something of the blood of Christ in power on you. How so? Why, don't you know it is a fact that,

"Determined to save he watched o'er our path,  
While Satan's blind slaves we sported with death?"

And so some of the benefits of Christ's blood were ours before we knew Christ and before we loved him; and I think the reason why I was not damned before I knew the Saviour was this: he said, "Let him go his way; I have died for him." You would have been in hell these twenty years, saint, for you were then unregenerate; but God said, "Let him go his way; if ye seek me, sinner though he be, shall go his way;" and now when gloomy fears arise, and dark thoughts roll over our bosoms, let this be our comfort. Sinners we are still guilty and vile; but the same voice says, "Let these go their way." It is the "let" of command; and who can hinder when God letteth? "Let these go their way." You are going up the hill of difficulty. There are the two lions at the top. Christians, remember this, "Let these go their way." You will get into Giant Despair's dungeon; here is a key that will fit the lock—"Let these go their way." You will be tumbling in the Slough of Despond. here is the stone to put your foot on to get out. "Let these go their way." What for? Because they pray? No. Because they serve God? No; the mandate was given before they did either the one or the other. "Let these go their way," because Christ died in their stead. The day is coming, and shall soon be here, when you and I shall stretch our wings unto the land that is very far off. I think I might picture in my imagination the soul when it has left the body. The believer speeds his way up to his native city, Jerusalem, the "Mother of us all." But at the gate one standeth; and he saith, "Hast thou a right to admission here? It is written, 'He that shall dwell on high must be a man who shutteth his ears from hearing of blood, who turneth away his feet from doing evil, whose hands have not been stained with bribes.' Art thou such a one?" "Ah!" saith the soul, "I hope by grace I have been made so; but I cannot claim to have always been so, for 'I the chief of sinners am.'" "Then, how is that thou camest here? This gate hath no admission to those who have sinned." Suppose the angel is thus parleying. I hear a voice crying "Let these go their way;" and forthwith the gates of heaven are opened, and every soul for whom Christ died doth enter into paradise." "If they seek me, let these go their way."

Come, saint, close up this simple meditation by looking yonder. See Christ, with justice, vengeance, wrath, all seeking him. Lo, they have found him; they have slain him; he is buried; he hath risen again. Oh! see them seeking him; and sit down at his table, and think, "When they sought him they let me go my way." And what a sweet way it is! I am allowed to come to

his table. Why? Because they sought *him*. I am allowed to hold fellowship with Jesus. Why? Because they sought *him*. I am allowed to have a good hope through grace; "I know that when this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolved I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Why am I to go that way? Why? Because they sought *him* and found *him*. Else where had I been now? My place might have been on the ale-house bench, or in the harlot's brothel; I had been sitting, perhaps, in the seat of the scorner. And what would have been my prospect? Why, a place might have been mine in hell—a place amongst the damned fiends, and the howling spirits of the lost; but I now tread the paths of righteousness and the ways of grace. Oh, let me remember why I do it. It is because they sought Thee, thou precious Lord of mine. They sought Thee, my dear Redeemer and my Lord; they sought thy heart, and broke it; they sought thy head, and crowned it with thorns; they sought thy hands, and nailed them to the tree; they sought thy feet, and pierced them; they sought thy body, and they buried it. And now, seek me never so much; the roaring lion never can devour me; never can I be rent in pieces; never can I be destroyed, for I carry with me this sweet passport of the King of Heaven.—"Let these go their way." "Oh, child of God! take this with thee for thy passport everywhere. When men travel abroad they carry with them a permit to go to this town and the other. Take this; and when unbelief stops thee, draw this out and say: "He hath said, 'Let these go their way.'" And when Satan stops thee, hold to him this—"Let these go their way." And when death shall stop thee, take out this sweet permit from thy Master—"Let these go their way." And when the throne of judgment shall be set and those standest before it, plead this sentence—plead it before thy Maker—"My Master said, 'Let these go their way.'" Oh, cheering words! I could weep them all out; but I will say no more. I hope you will enjoy them at the Lord's table.

---

### LIGHT FOR A DARK HOUR.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"The Lord trieth the righteous."—PSALM, xi. 5.

MAN is born to trouble when he is born into the world of nature; and he is born to trouble too, when he is born into the world of grace. Every man has his trouble, but a Christian man has a double share. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," but, blessed be God, it is added, "but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." The best of men have generally been tried most. Look at Jacob among the patriarchs, David among the kings, Jeremiah among the prophets, Daniel among the rich, and Lazarus among the poor. Lift up your eyes, and behold that white robed multitude; how happy they look, how sweetly they sing, how gracefully they walk up the golden streets of the holy city. "Who are these? and whence came they? These are they that came out of great tribulation, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears."

They suffered from hunger, cold, and nakedness; they were tried externally and internally; but now their trials are over, and the days of their mourning are ended. They rest from their sufferings, and they rest from their labours. What they were, we now are; and what they are, we hope soon to be. We are now in the

conflict, but it will soon be ended; we are now in the furnace, but the fire will soon be drawn; and we are being tested, but we shall soon be perfected.

"*The Lord trieth the righteous.*" Men may be instruments, but the Lord is the Agent. They may act wickedly and foolishly in what they do, but the Lord acts righteously and wisely in using them and their actions for the trial and benefit of his people. Let us now notice—

I. THE CHARACTER OF GOD'S TRIED ONES. They are "righteous;" this distinguishes them from others, and proves that they are not in their natural state; for by nature, "There is none righteous, *no not one.*" They are all gone out of the way. There is none upright among men. To make a man righteous is God's work; and it is one of his noblest works. He commences it in his sovereignty; carries it on by his power; and completes it in the day of Christ to his own glory. In making his people righteous, he first *convinces them of the need of righteousness.* He shows them the requirements of his holy law; that he demands supreme love to himself, and perfect love to their fellow men—a perfect, perpetual, uninterrupted obedience; the obedience of the heart, as well as of the life. This they have not rendered. They *see* it. They feel it. They are alarmed about it. They set to work to remedy it. They hope that by prayer, by reformation, and through God's mercy, all will be well. But they are led to see that God must be just as well as merciful. Just before he is merciful. Just in the very act of showing mercy. All their efforts fail. The more they strive, the further off they appear, and at length self despair seizes them. They are now *taught that they cannot produce righteousness.* They cannot cleanse their corrupt and depraved hearts, neither can they regulate their lives by God's precepts. The more they try, the more signally they fail. When they feel willing, they find themselves unable, but frequently they find that they have neither the will nor the power. They see clearly that they can never come up to the requirements of God's law; and yet unless the requirements of God's law are met, they can never be justified. Thus they perceive that they are lost; and the most perplexing question to them is, "How can man be just with God?" All this while they *feel within an ardent desire to be righteous.* Yes, they would give the world to be right. They want to be, and to do all that God requires of them. They do, indeed, hunger and thirst after righteousness. A new heart and a holy life they earnestly long for. They want to pay God all they owe him, and to stand before God just what he requires them to be. Oh, to be just with God! Oh, to be holy as God! These are the desires that rule the soul. At length, they are *shown by the Gospel how they may become righteous.* They see that the Son of God became the Son of man—that he who was above the law was made under the law—that he did all that was required of us, and suffered all that was deserved by us—and that this perfect work of Jesus becomes ours when we believe on his name; that his obedience is placed against our disobedience, and his sufferings and death against our deserts. Thus God can be just, because the law has all it requires; and he can justify the sinner, because his Substitute obeyed and suffered in his stead. Not only so, but that when God places the perfection and work of his beloved Son to our account, in order that we may be honourably acquitted at the bar of Divine justice, he imparts the Spirit of his Son to us, that so we may be sanctified, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. This discovery having been made, the soul *exercises faith in Christ, and so becomes possessed both of the righteousness and Spirit of Christ.* The man's state is now changed; he was condemned, but he is now justified; he was God's enemy, but he is now reconciled to God by the death of his Son; he was a stranger to God, but he is now a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Being interested in Christ, to him there is now no condemnation; and being justified by faith, he has peace with God. He has committed his soul to Jesus, that he may wash it in his blood, clothe it in his righteousness, and sanctify it by his Spirit. He trusts in the work of Christ alone for his acceptance with God; he looks on the word of Christ alone as the warrant of his faith; and he looks to the Spirit of Christ alone as the author of his sanctification. He is just, because Jesus lived and died for him. He is holy,

because Christ dwells within him. He shall be saved, because Jesus still lives for him and pleads his cause with God. Now *he proves that he is righteous by his life.* "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." The good tree brings forth good fruit. Being dead to sin, he cannot live any longer therein. The love of Christ constrains him, the Spirit of Christ impels him, and the word of Christ teaches him to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present evil world. The precepts of Christ are the rule by which he walks; and to be like Christ in spirit, temper, and conduct, is the end at which he aims. Before God, his person is justified by faith in Christ alone; before man, his profession as a righteous man is justified by his works alone. As a sinner before God, he pleads the person and work of Christ only; but as a Christian, before his fellow-men, he says, "By works a man is justified, and not by faith only. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also." Now God deals with every man according to his profession, and tests his profession in a variety of ways. As the gold is put into the crucible to prove if it is genuine, and to remove its dross, so the professed Christian is put into the furnace, and is tried in a variety of ways, to prove the reality of his faith, and to purge away his dross. This leads us to notice,

II. THE TRIALS OF THE RIGHTEOUS. "*The Lord trieth the righteous.*" He doth it himself. He is the Refiner who purifies the sons of Levi. Our trials are sometimes *personal*. The Lord trieth some by sickness of body. They suffer much from pain and weakness. Almost every nerve is an instrument of suffering, and the muscles are the means of torture. As Elihu said to Job, "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out." How much bodily pain some of the Lord's people suffer! Others are tried more with trouble of mind. Harassed with the temptations of Satan, with darkness of soul, and many doubts and fears, they endure little trials. They seldom see their heavenly Father's countenance, or hear his still small voice. At other times our trials are *relative*. Some find their domestic trials the heaviest. The wife is a trial to the husband, or the husband is a trial to the wife; the children are trials to the parents, or the parents are trials to the children; the brother tries the sister, or the sister tries the brother; the servants try the employers, or the employers try the servants; or these relatives mutually try each other. Some are tried most in business. The merchant has heavy losses, the shopkeeper bad debts, the mechanic wants employment, and the master cannot get in his money. Trade fails or fluctuates; competition increases. The population of the neighbourhood decreases. In numerous ways the Lord trieth the righteous in business. Others are tried in the world; persecution for righteousness sake; cold neglect on account of steady adherence to religious principles; or continued attempts to draw them aside from the paths of holiness, try many Christians. Some find their worst trials in the church, especially some of God's ministers. The parsimony of some, the indifference of others; the rashness, the pride, the self-will, the craft, the dishonesty, chicanery, and the obstinacy of professors, are a fruitful source of trial to the man of God. In some instances the deacons try the pastor, in others, the pastor tries the deacons, or the church tries the whole of them. Sometimes the trial is deadness, sometimes division, sometimes all seem asleep, at others all is confusion. Some try us by their tongues, others by their tempers. Some because they will not work, others because they will work by no rule but their own wills. Oh, the trials many find in the church of God! However, if we are not tried personally, we shall be relatively; if we are not tried in our families, we shall be in our souls or our circumstances. "*The Lord trieth the righteous.*"

The Lord's design in trying us varies at different times. Trials are sometimes to *exercise our graces*. If we have faith, God will try it. If we have patience, God will exercise it. Indeed, every grace of the Spirit will be tried to prove both its nature and its strength; and in proportion to the strength of our grace, will be the degree of our trials. They are also to *improve our characters*. Tribulation works

patience and patience experience, and experience hope. The tried Christian is generally the ornamental Christian. The vine must be pruned, if it is to bear much fruit; so the Christian is tried, if he is to be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. The tried man will be the patient man; the humble man, the prudent man. They are also to *teach us to know ourselves*. It is in the furnace that we find ourselves out. Would Job even have known his self-righteousness or impatience; or Jonah his self-will and fretfulness; or David the power of his lust and hypocrisy; or Peter the weakness of his faith and courage, if they had not been tried? Untried Christians are generally conceited, vain, and forward; but when they have been well tried, they become humble, modest, and diffident. They are also to *wean us from the world*. We appear in prosperity to be glued to earth; we cannot bear the thought of leaving it. Heaven has but few attractions, and death appears to be clothed with terrors. If it were not for trials, we should want to live always. But when we have been well disciplined, we say with Job, "I loathe it, I loathe it, I would not live always." Or with Paul, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." They are also to *teach us the value of free grace*. Trials often stir up our corruptions; in the furnace the dross rises to the surface. Then we discover our deep and dreadful depravity—the awfully corrupt state of our natures, and also our more than infantile weakness. So that we see, that if salvation was not by free grace, that invaluable blessing could never be ours. Grace in its freeness appeared precious to us at first; but it appears ten-fold more precious in seasons of deep trial and affliction. They are also to *endear the Saviour*. We daily learn more and more of our need of Christ. But in one hour of deep trial, we often learn more of our need of Christ than in months of ease and prosperity. So also, however precious Christ may appear at other times, he is never so precious as in seasons of adversity and sorrow. We learn more of the value of Christ, and taste more of the sweetness of Christ, in one dark night of trial, than we do by a thousand sermons. They are also to *lead us to make use of the promises*. Promises, in prosperity, are like bank-notes in the hands of a man surrounded by plenty; valuable in themselves, but of very little use to him. But the promises, to a deeply tried soul, are like bank-notes presented to one steeped in poverty and want. Nothing will teach us the value of the promises like a sense of our need of them, and the fulfilment of them in our experience. Nor will anything teach us to make use of them like deep and sore afflictions and trials. Well, then, may it be written, "*The Lord trieth the righteous.*"

To conclude, observe, first *Trials are not to make us righteous*. Of themselves they cannot take away the guilt of sin; or destroy the power of sin. Our sufferings make no atonement for our sins. The blood of Christ alone procures our pardon; the Spirit of Christ alone renews our natures; and the grace of Christ alone teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world. God may work by our trials for the sanctification of our natures, as he generally does; but trials of themselves only detect evil, discover good, or make manifest character. Second: *Trials do not prove us unrighteous*. Satan often suggests to us in affliction, that if we were the Lord's people, if we were accepted in the Beloved, if we were pleasant in God's sight, we should not be tried as we are. Whereas the very opposite of this is true. It is the fruitful vine that the husbandman prunes; and it is the beloved child that the father corrects. Therefore the Psalmist said, "Blessed is the man, whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law." And the Patriarch, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty." Faith in Christ makes us righteous, because it brings us into union with his person, and interests us in his finished work. Being made righteous by union to Christ, we are tried, and taught, and disciplined on earth, that we may be found to the praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Third: *Trials do not flow from wrath, but from love*. One of our mistakes is, that if the Lord loved us, he would not

deal thus with us ; whereas he deals thus with us, because he loves us. Hence Jesus says, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten ; be zealous therefore and repent." And the Apostle, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." If the Lord hated us, or cared not for us, he would leave us to ourselves that we might fill up the measure of our iniquities ; but because the Lord loveth us, he hedges up our way with thorns, and builds a wall that we may not find our paths. Every trial, every trouble, every disappointment, to the Christian, is a proof of his heavenly Father's love. Fourth : *Our trials are limited, both as to time and degree.* For the elects' sake, the days of tribulation were shortened in the days of old ; and the Lord very graciously stayeth the rough wind in the day of the east wind. There is *the day* of trouble—*the hour* of temptation—the *small moment*—during which he is displeased with us. He says, "I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth ; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." And his servant adds, "His anger endureth but for a moment, in his favour is life ; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As the time of trial is short, so the degree of our trial is apportioned to our strength, for he will not lay upon us more than we are able to bear ; but he will, with the temptation or trial, make a way for our escape, that we may be able to bear it. Fifth : *Present trials tell on future glory.* "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, *worketh for us* a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Finally : *If there are no trials, we want one principal evidence of grace.* "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons." All God's children need correction, and they all receive it. All the vessels of mercy need scouring, and they all get it. Where there is most grace, there generally are the most trials ; but where there is no grace, there sometimes are no trials. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than hearts could wish. Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world ; they increase in riches." Who among us would wish for such a lot ? Those who have no changes, fear not God ; but they that are emptied from vessel to vessel, tried by one affliction after another, are led by the sovereign grace of God to glorify God in the fires, and are thus trained up for glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life. Tried soul, remember, in the midst of thy sorest trials, under thy heaviest crosses, and when suffering from the bitterest disappointments, remember, "THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS."

## THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS ; OR, HOPE IN EXTREMITY.

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

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water ; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."—GEN. xxi. 19.

THE reader can refer to this pathetic narrative. It is simply our intention to improve the affecting incident selected to illustrate a fact, to communicate truth, and to enforce a duty.

I. TO ILLUSTRATE A FACT. We are frequently nearer to the objects we need and pursue than we imagine.

*Happiness.* The opinions entertained by men as to the nature of happiness are very diversified, while all agree to seek it ; young and old, rich and poor, all pursue this ; this is the goal they all would reach, the flower they all would pluck, the pearl to obtain which they all plunge into the eddying stream of adventure, pleasure, and intoxication. Some seek it in wealth, some in fame, some in pleasure, the fugitive



colours of which they fain would make *permanent*; but prove the truth of the poet's words, and one who had tasted as deeply of the cup of pleasure as most.

"But pleasure is like poppies spread,  
You pluck the flower, the bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-flakes in the river,  
A moment seen and lost for ever."

Thus all toil, like Hagar in the wilderness, faint and weary, and prove this world to be a dry and barren place. The stream of happiness, in which they fain would bathe their weary limbs, ever appears before them; but like the deceitful mirage, recedes as they approach. Sometimes from their exhaustion, they cast themselves down and exclaim like the prophet of old, "It is enough, let me die;" or rushing forth with the thoughtless multitude in quest of some new thing, pass on, exclaiming as they go, "Who will show us any good?" Poor devotee of pleasure, there is a poet who will answer thee—

"Object of my first desire,  
Jesus crucified for me;  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee."

The source of happiness is near to thee, reader; for in the person of Jesus happiness resides; and He is near, and He speaks to thee, and says, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink;" "and if any man drink of the water I shall give him, it shall be in him a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life." Ob, seek this water, ye who would be happy; it flows at your feet through the words of Jesus and the influence of his Spirit; let this but reach thy heart through faith, and it will make a paradise of bliss within, and thy life fruitful in purity, satisfaction, and peace. Cease, then, thy fruitless toil, and let thy weary heart taste the sublime godlike joy which Jesus gives. Turn from the barren sands of this world's praise; stoop down to pray, and drink at life's own well, the streams of which even now invite thy thirsty lips to drink; and happiness is thine.

*Truth.* Most men seek this in devious mazes lost. What am I? where am I? does leath for ever close the scene? These questions ever and anon burst from the throbbing heart of man, as, wearied with his load of toil and worldly care, he plods his way mid storm and sunshine over the scorching sands of life. I fain would know, he says, and so he turns to poets, orators, philosophers, but finds no running stream of certainty to slake his thirst. Again, he turns to the voluminous pages of polemic strife—the bleak and barren regions of scholastic theology—and, mid curious logic and distinctions, great and small, he toils, but finds the stream of truth so small he cannot drink—'tis dry, he says, very dry! We show thee, reader, a more excellent way. Turn from the carping controversialist; his dreary pages will not yield the fruits of satisfaction or of rest. No dew of heaven will rest upon thy spirit here, or welling-up of joy declare the prize thy own. Come to the words of Jesus; here thou wilt find the springing well of pure, unadulterated truth; thence it springs forth perennial and divine. Put Jesus to the test; his words are nigh thee; believe and obey, and the sweet honey of truth shall drop upon thy parched tongue, and thou shalt eat and live.

*Holiness.* Men seek for this. Oh! how they toil to set this fair mitre upon their sinful brows again; but how repeatedly they fail. To Sinai's burning brow they look, around its bleak and cheerless base they wander, but find it not! They travel far to reach some famous shrine, but disappointment hangs upon their weary steps; they macerate the body, fast, pray, still holiness recedes, the stains of sin appear; they faint, sicken, die. Hast thou thus toiled, reader, and failed? We point thee to a spring of holiness accessible at once; look to the wounded heart of Christ, where it abides; and from that sacred fount it will flow down to reach even thee. Cease from thy own works, and rest upon Christ, and his good Spirit will come and take away thy sins, and dwell within thee, a well-spring of holiness and truth.

*Pardon.* This is the basis of holiness, but men know it not. Holiness first, say they, that we may merit our pardon. It cannot be; for "who can bring a clean

thing out of an unclean?" Pardon, for it I must go to Rome, a distant temple, the priest; I *must* do this—nay, "the word is nigh thee, says the Apostle, even in thy mouth and in thy heart. That is the word of faith which we preach, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved." Pardon is the honey of God's word; wouldst thou know its sweetness, embrace it.

*Refreshment.* Thou art faint, perhaps, Christian; the journey of life has been toilsome. "Excelsior" is written upon thy banner, but the sons of Anak have hard beset thee, both within and without; and thou art ready to say of the water of life, as David once said, after a severe conflict—"Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" The well is near thee, believer, in the promise of thy Lord. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with *everlasting* kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." Here is water for thee that will never fail; and here, resting by faith, thy strength shall be renewed.

*Consolation.* Dost thou say, afflicted saint, "Woe is me, for my wound is grievous, it never can be healed?" Lo! the balm is near thee; what saith thy God, "I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

*Perpetuity.* Men do not like to die, neither do they like to be forgotten. Philosophers cannot reconcile the multitude to death; and men toil on hoping to live and seeking to be remembered after they are gone. Well, reader, thou may'st live, and needest not to be forgotten, for heaven is *near* thee, and the well-spring of life and immortality is now opened up to thee through the Gospel. Thou art pointed from the barren wilderness of time, with its fainting, dying inhabitants; God calls upon thee to look up, to behold a land flowing with milk and honey and fountains of living water; a land where the people shall no more say they are sick, but where robed in garments of light and immortality, they for ever exhibit the high praises of God. This heaven is near to thee, reader, there is but the thin veil of thy flesh between thee and it; should death come and remove it, art thou prepared to gaze upon its glories, to approach its joy?

II. TO COMMUNICATE TRUTH. When God opened the eyes of Hagar she saw the well, not before; and when God opens the eyes of the mind we see the things which make for our peace; they are near to us in the golden cabinet of truth, sparkling and throwing their lustre upon us, but we see them not. Like letters written with invisible ink, they appear not to us until the Spirit of God comes and shines upon the faculty within as well as the page without. "The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple." But how is the entrance effected? The Apostle tells us, "Knowing, brethren, your election of God, for our gospel *came* to you not in word only but also in power and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance." Wilt thou not, therefore, reader, pray with one of old, "Open thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." And observe, reader, that which was essential not only to the happiness of Hagar, but even to life itself, was discovered to her under the most unlikely circumstances; and that which is essential to thy peace and spiritual progress may even now be hidden from thee beneath those very things which make thee mourn, and which thou art so anxious to have removed; and in the wilderness of thy present trouble the springing well of heaven's sweetest mercy may for a time hide itself, waiting but for the word of thy Lord to flow forth to make thy wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Be not therefore hasty in thy conclusions, and say not that thy circumstances are too painful to be permeated with the flowing tide of God's love; for lo! the river may even now be rippling at thy feet, fringed with the sweet flowers of faith, and hope, and love, and meekness, and patience, and filial fear—therefore

"Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on;  
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

No profit can'st thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To him commend thy cause, his car  
Attends the weakest prayer."

III. TO ENFORCE A DUTY. Hagar went to the well and carried her pitcher and gave her to drink. She did as commanded, and saved the life of the lad. And if God has shown us those things which are not seen by others; if he has by his gracious teaching conducted us to the living well of truth, it is not that we may drink simply and live, but that we may carry the life-giving stream to others. Surrounded as we are by numbers in the midst of this dry and thirsty wilderness, who, oppressed by their varied sorrows, are ready to cast themselves down to die, ought we not to pity and help? Mere profession and money will not do; there must be personal effort. Oh, that we may often go to the well of truth with the golden pitchers of faith to drink, and having tasted its sweet waters again and again, may love constrain us to carry the precious treasure to others.

### COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

*A Letter addressed to the Parent of the late Georgiana Rich.*

BY THE REV. W. COLLINGS, OF GLOUCESTER (FORMERLY OF KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—What shall I say? How shall I write to you? I cannot say, "Weep not," this would be asking too much, for nature can but feel, and Christians are not forbidden to mourn? "Jesus wept;" and thus both sanctioned and sanctified tears.

God has seen fit to bereave you. "Your daughter is dead," and you mourn her departure, and know that you shall see her no more in the flesh; and as the fact presses upon you, again your tears flow forth. I know that it can but be so, yet let me speak a word or two to you by pen, as distance prevents my doing so by speech.

Think whose hand has done it. "The Lord's, *your* Lord, and *her* Lord. It is a *Father's* hand that has smitten you, and both wisdom and love guided him in smiting. Seeing that it is *your* Lord who has bereaved you, I trust that you will be enabled to say, "The cup which my *Father* giveth me shall I not drink it? So is it divided right. It is the Lord; yea, *my* Lord; let *him* do what seemeth him good."

It is *her* Lord who has taken your daughter; let *this* thought sustain your mind. It might have been *the* Lord, and *your* Lord, but not *her* Lord who had done it. Had it been so, bitter indeed would have been your tears, for you would have sorrowed as one without hope. But it is not so; Jesus was *her* Lord, she knew him, loved him, and trusted in him. His blood was her sacrifice, his righteousness her confidence, his person and work the grounds of her hope. "He has washed away all my sins," was her dying testimony respecting him.

Seeing then that Jesus was *her's*, remember that your loss is her gain. "Absent from the body she is present with the Lord." What a change! How great and how glorious a one! *Here* she often groaned, being burdened, her earthly tabernacle being shaken and pained with disease. *There* she is, free from disease and pain; she has put off mortality, has quitted her earthly tabernacle, and his now in her Father's house, in the mansion her Saviour had prepared for her. From a world of sickness and death she hath clean escaped for ever, and is in that "better country" where sickness and death can never enter.

*Here* she knew what it was to mourn over a want of greater love to Jesus, and to desire greater conformity to him; *there* her love is full, and her conformity perfected. *Here* she sometimes lamented the absence of Jesus, and confessed her backslidings from him. *There* she is with Jesus, and shall never wander from him, or be absent from his presence. *Here* her cup was a mixed one, of joy and grief, pleasure and pain. *There* she has a fulness of joy, and is where there shall be uninterrupted pleasure for evermore.

Look not then into the grave, with its darkness and death; but rather look up, your daughter is on *high*: only her earthly residence is laid in the tomb, *she* is with Jesus; and even that grave in which she lies is not all gloom; the Gospel throws a light upon it, and tells of deliverance from it; her body rests in hope; it shall rise again. It *must*, for Jesus purchased it on the cross, redeeming by his death both her body and soul. It *must*, for through grace she was united to Jesus, and where He is, there his people shall be also. It *must*, for Christ has risen as the first-fruits of all that sleep in him.

While, then, you mourn your loss, yet rejoice that she is not lost, but only gone before, and through God's grace you are following after. Soon you will be reunited, never again to be parted. Let the prospect cheer you as for a little longer you journey on in the wilderness. Hitherto God has been with you, and he will not leave you. *He* is ever the same. Confide in him, cast all your care upon him. Leave all to him. Let me assure you of my deep sympathy, with you and your's, and of my earnest prayers for you.

I commend you to God; may He graciously sustain and bless you, and with the balsam of a Saviour's love heal the wound which his hand has inflicted.—I am, my dear friend, yours very truly in Jesus,

W. C.  
Gloucester, May, 13, 1857.

## EVENINGTIDE.

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

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide."—GEN. xxii. 63.

THE evening is a suitable time for serious reflection. When the glare of day has subsided, when the fading light has almost vanished, and darkness is fast settling over creation, most persons who think at all, feel disposed to do so then. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and evening thoughts (if persons would examine them) would help to show their true character. No one need want matter for solemn and profitable thought, if only the day just gone is studied aright. Call to mind what has transpired since the morning light, what fulfilment and disappointment of hopes, and how many sudden and unexpected changes have taken place. Many have heard tidings which have filled them with joy, and others have been dismayed by disastrous intelligence; while not a few who little expected it in the morning have changed worlds.

Almidst all these social changes and trials, the processes of nature have been going on in millions of instances with the utmost precision and quietness; and God, the great Fountain of all being, to whom "the darkness and the light are alike," He has remained the same, presiding over and managing both nature and providence, effecting all changes, himself without variability or shadow of turning."

And you who, it may be like Isaac,

have gone out into the field to meditate at eventide; or who, in your room, or shop, or sick chamber, may be reading this paper; you have your own days' history to look back upon. It may not have contained any thing remarkable, but certainly it has been important. You are spared through the day, cared for, fed and tended by your "faithful Creator." How have you spent the day? What have you done, what have you learned, what have you thought? Around what have your affections twined, and how has your tongue been employed? Have you lived by the faith of the Son of God? Have you walked with God? Have you lived to yourself or for others; been a blessing or a curse?

In the evening of the day, we should think of *the evening of life*. It is fast coming with many; it may come suddenly with any one. How desirable to have in the evening of life "a good hope through grace," and a pleasant retrospect. Then is the word fulfilled, "at eventide it shall be light." Nothing can produce this but union to the Living One, who is "THE LIGHT OF LIFE." If the day of life has been mispent, and all is gloom and darkness with the soul, Jesus can yet make all light, if his great atonement is simply rested on. How deeply do all who know themselves feel

their need of him, whether looking back on a whole life, or a single day.

"The sins of one *most righteous day*  
Would plunge us in despair;  
But all the sins of numerous year  
Doth our great Surety clear."

It was at evening that the Jews killed the lamb, and sprinkled the blood; let us contemplate confidently and lovingly the Lamb of God; seek grace to realise that His blood cleanseth us from all sin, and live on Him who died for us.

But the evening of time will come. The long day of sin, sorrow, and death, must end; must be reviewed and reckoned for. Then will come to some "a morning without clouds," and to others a night without a dawn and without a star. Ah, reader, where will be thy portion when the day of time is ended?

There are two special evenings among all the evenings of time to which our thoughts might be profitably directed, and which furnish a striking contrast. These are *the evening after man's fall, and the evening after Christ's resurrection*. Of no two evenings have we more full details given. It would well repay the reader to diligently compare Gen. iii. 8—19 with Luke. xxiv. 13—40, and John. xx. 19—25. In the cool of the day the voice of the Lord was heard in the garden of Eden. The offended One proceeds with mingled dignity and gentleness, and even then mercy is gloriously revealed, before the doom is pronounced and the offenders expelled. In the stillness of the evening hour, a voice is heard many thousand years after, saying, "peace be unto you." "It is the Lord;" the seed of the woman, the son of Abraham, the son of David, the Son of God who speaks. A few hours before he fulfilled the prediction of Eden, and bruised the serpent's head. In the morning he was "declared to be the Son of God with power," and now he proves himself to be the son of man. Lost sinner, here is an infinite salvation.

Weary heart, here is inexpressible sympathy.

Reader, here are two points for you to think upon every evening. The fall of man, and the resurrection of Jesus—the venom of sin, and the virtue of atoning blood—the victory of malice, and the triumph of love. The rebel and the Peace maker may here be contemplated and contrasted. That Eden scene concerns *you*. God himself puts the question "Where art thou?" You are tainted with Adam's sin; you are a sharer of his guilt. Reason not about this, murmur not at it; you cannot deny it, you cannot alter it. Here is another imputation set before you; welcome that and all shall be well. Adam is your head, and he has conveyed to you sin and death; Jesus is a head also to his people, and he will give righteousness and life to all who believe on him. Rom. x. 17. Look from Eden down the stream of time, and see what terrible results follow. Look from Calvary and Joseph's tomb down time into eternity, and expect wonders and blessings corresponding with the sacrifice offered, the dignity of him who presented it; and God's delight in both.

Talk then with yourself and with others every evening about the things which have happened, Luke 24. If you do so in simple dependence on the Holy Spirit's teachings, Jesus himself will join you, as he did the sorrowing disciples on their way to Emmaus. He will open to you the Scriptures; tell you of his sufferings and glory, and make your heart burn within you. Then you will look on your sins with penitence, on his character with delight; on his death and triumph with faith and hope; and on the promise that he will come again with loving desire.

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness thickens: Lord with me abide,  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

### THE UNPAID PHYSICIAN.

IN a darkened room in one of the lovely suburban villas sits a man just turned fifty, whose eyes have been touched with a fatal inflammation, the disease lies in the bottom and back of

the eye, where no man on earth can reach it. Slowly but surely the light is fading from those precious eyes. On a day not very far gone by, his wife, on entering his chamber, found him stand-

ing in the partial light that he could bear, with his large print "Testament and Psalms" in his hand. With emotions that nearly choked his utterance, he said—"I can see enough to make out the passages, knowing as I do most of them in part." Turning over the leaves, he added—"I was thinking what verse I would wish to be the last I should read. They all seem precious." His eyes fell on the passage—"When thou saidst, seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." It was the life-history of the man. Closing the treasured volume, and repeating the words once more, he said—"I know no passage that I would sooner choose to be the last for my eyes to look upon." He looked on the face of his companion and said, "I see you but dimly," evidently not daring to trust himself to say, I shall not be able to see your face at all much longer. Dearly has that man loved his books. If he had an idol in the world, it was his own choice library. In the quiet of the night, in dead winter, he has many times risen to explore undisturbed its valued treasures. But he can never more feast his eyes on those beautiful books. He can with difficulty now discern the familiar titles on their backs. A horror of great darkeness is falling upon him. His prayer, offered every waking minute for months, has been, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." He has no stores of notes, and bonds, and stocks. Satisfied with his books and his studies, he has been willing that the gift of wealth should be conferred on those who were without his incomparable resources. But this high-souled, proud man would go from door to door, and beg thousands of dollars by three cent. pieces and six-pences, if with the money he could buy back sight to his darkening windows. How gladly would he go through pain and hunger, cold and weariness, to be permitted to retain sight enough, not to read his Hebrew Bible and his Greek Testament, but even for so much as would enable him to cut his own food, to find his way about the streets without a guide, and to turn over the sods of his native earth. He wakes in the morning to pain and sorrow, and lies down at night rejoicing "to pitch his tent a day's march nearer home." He counts the

years that he must grope in darkness, and in a confidential hour, bids his wife remove far from his reach every instrument of death. Then, again, in other and better moments, he asks, "What would my Saviour have me learn by this terrible visitation?" and himself replies, "To say, If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." Shall I ever learn the lesson? Will he who sends the chastening, send also the grace needful for bearing it without a murmur? Can he make me sightless and yet happy?"

What would not this man do, where would he not go to find a physician who with a touch and a word could give him back those priceless eyes? At their family devotions a few mornings since, the passage of Scripture in course for reading was the ninth chapter of Matthew. It was not without an effort that the wife was able to read, in a steady voice, the simple and touching narrative of the evangelist—"And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying and saying, Thou son of David, have mercy on us. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him: and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith, be it unto you. And their eyes were opened." When she finished the short and unvarnished tale, the husband said—"If the Saviour were anywhere on this earth, wife, would we not go to him?"

A few rods from the quiet and unobtrusive dwelling of this afflicted scholar, stands a stately pile of stone and brick. It is the residence of a man of health and wealth, with all his senses complete and awake. He is Lord of the green meadow, the fertile field, and the rich woodland. He drives his own horses, reaps his own broad acres, and has men and women who go and come at his nod and beck. Three healthy boys, who walk in the ways of their father and do that which is right in his eyes, are his joy and his pride. One only daughter has this man of wealth and power. The graces of early womanhood have just fallen upon her. She has the neck of a swan, the carriage

of a queen. Her face is fair, her form is perfect. Kind, capable, and affectionate, she is helpful to her mother and attentive to her father. But her ear is closed to the music of common conversation. Her parents have taken her in vain to distinguished aurists and noted infirmaries. They do not weigh that wanting sense with yellow dust. Stocks, and houses, and lands, would they give to the physician who would quicken those dull ears, who would give life to that paralysed nerve, who would restore to their beautiful daughter the quick and ready sense for sweet and easy communion with her friends and companions. Her father would travel to earth's remotest ends, and spend half that he is worth, to make her equal in Nature's gifts to the daughter of his landless neighbour. But all is of no avail. She hears less and less. Her answers fall more and more at random. Were the Son of Man in the heart of Asia, that father would embark to-morrow, and spare no toil, no pains, to bring the deafened ears of that beloved child within reach of the blessed fingers of Him who could say, "Ephphatha, be opened."

A little further removed, and in another direction from the dwelling of the scholarly man first mentioned, in a comfortable two-story house, lives a family that belongs to the middling class of society—"common folks," as they are called. The same room serves for nursery, sitting-room, and kitchen. A group of children, of all ages, give it the air and sound of life. In that family saloon the oldest daughter sits by the window knitting a pair of red and white mittens for that stout boy who is teasing pusey on the rug before the stove. That young girl is between twelve and thirteen years of age. Her forehead is white and ample, her hair is brown and silken, her eyes sparkle like the stars, her Grecian nose and her sweet mouth are patterns for an artist. A face made to order could not be more beautiful. Her ear is quick, her voice is sweet, her features and her words are full of thought and sense. But this dear child is a hopeless cripple. Until she was five years old, her limbs were as supple and active as those of any of her mates. Stealthily and slowly signs of a spinal

difficulty appeared. With occasional intervals, she lay for month and years in pain and agony. Sleep, for weeks together, came only on invitation from narcotics and sedatives. The functions of life almost stopped. The lamp burnt low. All about her pillow expected soon to see her expire, and felt that it would be a blessed relief to her to be released from her convulsed and aching frame. But youth and nature prevailed. Life won the victory over disease. The damsel rose from her bed free from pain, intelligent and elastic in spirit, but with the cords of her legs so drawn up that she could not bring her feet to the floor. She has learned, with the help of her hands, to get about a little in the house upon her knees. Cheerful and happy, she minds her life imprisonment less than do her parents and her acquaintances. A smile for a neighbour, a word of hope for the sorrowing, a look of love, a voice of kindness, and a helping hand for the younger ones in the group, and never a murmur on her lips or a scowl upon her brow. Is she not just one of those little ones whom Christ would love to take in his arms, to bless with his lips, and to sit down on the green earth, able to leap and dance and to praise him for his healing mercy? Gladly would that child's father spend many long months in the mines of Australia, or California digging for gold, if with it he could buy his first-born child a pair of just such limbs as nine-hundred and ninety-nine children out of a thousand possess, without care, or thought, or thanks.

It was just such cases as these that Christ was continually curing without charge and without compensation. For three years he went on foot over the hills and across the valleys of Judea, Galilee, and Perea, dispensing healing mercy as freely as words of wisdom. He gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and feet to the lame, and never once asked or took a fee. The beggar and the magistrate were alike welcome to his attentions. He wrote no prescriptions. He sold no medicine. His advice could not be bought. His great life-work was to bring to men's minds forgotten truths, to unfold God's will more perfectly, and to open more plainly

to their bewildered eyes the road from earth to heaven. The cures he wrought were only incidental to this work, and illustrative of his instructions. Clothed in a body like our own, needing food, raiment, and repose, he could easily have seen reasons for surrounding himself with comforts, elegancies, and luxuries. Yet he had not a foot of ground he could call his own, not a place where to lay his weary head. Hospitable doors were often opened to him, but at times the hill-side was his only closet. He never begged. He never had aught before hand. He never used his wonderful power for supplying his own necessities. Friends who appreciated his wisdom and his goodness furnished his wardrobe. When money was wanted as tribute to an earthly sovereign, he sold no eye salve, no panacea, no elixir vitæ; but he sent to the sea and took a piece of silver from the mouth of a floating fish. His entire life is a perfect exemplification of his own beautiful precept, Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again.

When Christ sent forth his apostles, he conferred on them the same healing gift, but strictly forbade them their selfish divine power. "Freely ye have received, freely give," was his solemn charge at their appointment and at their ordination. They might open blind eyes, unstop deaf ears, cleanse miserable lepers, cast out devils, restore suspended reason, and give strength to the helpless cripple, but, like their Master and like their Father above, they must bestow their favours as

heaven does its rain, its dew, and its snow.

The physician of our day whose name draws around him the blind, the deaf, and the lame, grows richer with every setting sun. His house, furniture, and equipage are emblems of his comfortable condition. He is remunerated for his services, his attention, and his skill. Men laud him to the skies, if he is easy with the poor.

We hear in these days of a class of persons gifted with the healing art, and endowed with a gift of perception very unlike that of ordinary sight. They claim to be able to tell what is going on in the clayey house of our tabernacle, and to set what is wrong right. Yet the ready money is the "sesame" which opens their eyes and loosens their tongues. They enlarge their houses, and dwell at home surrounded by luxuries which their wealth brings them.

The annals of the world are searched in vain for any other physician of unmeasured skill and correspondent fame, to whom crowds have resorted and been healed without money and without price. And this Jesus, so above all regard to pecuniary considerations, was of a race whose name is but another word for avarice and parsimony. A miracle of goodness superadded to a miracle of power! Who but the anointed of God could have wrought such wonderful works? Who but the partaker of a divine nature could have united with this boundless power such disinterested benevolence? EVANGELINE.

## ON MINISTERIAL REMUNERATION.\*

BY THE REV. N. HAYCROFT, A.M., OF BRISTOL.

[Second Notice.]

There exists in some churches a serious misapprehension of Christian duty to their pastors, and the relative importance of the pastorate to other claims. Some advocate what they call the poverty, but what we designate the pauperism of their pastors; they tell us that the sorrows of poverty give them experience (as they phrase it), make them greater comforters of their flock; as though breaking their hearts were the way to fit them for their work. On such minds argument is wasted. These gentlemen believe in the discipline of starvation. On the same principle, they might advocate an occasional scourging, or might send their minister to the tread-mill. This indeed would, with a

vengeance, be "doing evil that good may come," yet only be consistent with their principle. Experience! Verily it does give ministers experience of the heartlessness of churches, when the smallness of the salary is the result of deliberate purpose, or when Christians seek by such special pleading to palliate to themselves, or justify to others, what they know to be wrong. It is, in our opinion, fair for a minister to measure the appreciation of his labours by the endeavours of a congregation to contribute according to its ability to his material comfort, and to place in his hands the means of doing good. Some justify their small share in their pastor's support by the

\* The Cry of the Labourer.



large number of other claims on their benevolence. We do not deny the number of such claims, but we must be permitted to doubt the extent to which such persons meet them. Our experience has been, that those who inadequately support their pastors, are illiberal towards everything else; and that those who most generously estimate their claims, give the readiest response to other appeals. But we deny altogether the superior validity of other claims, until this domestic claim has been reasonably discharged. Justice must precede generosity. The first duty of a church is to support its pastor comfortably, according to its means, and his legitimate need. To keep back from a minister what he ought to have, even though to bestow it in benevolence, is to rob him of his Christian right. To give a large subscription to a benevolent society while the pastor is ill paid, is always a flagrant injustice, and oft a wretched compromise between poverty and pride. We know who hath said, "I hate robbery for burnt-offering." "Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you keep back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

Though there are many methods by which ill-supported ministers might increase their incomes, they are frequently indisposed to resort to them, or, if willing, are unable, from the opposition of deacons and the pride of churches. Some pastors may deem other than ministerial work beneath their dignity. With such we shall not argue. Labour of any kind is honourable. If any deem it a degradation, we should pity their imbecility, if we did not scorn their indolence. If any minister prefer dignity and want to labour and comfort, he must be left to the portion he has chosen. Some ministers, as active and diligent in their work as any, turn to some other expedient, as agriculture, trade, art, literature, or education, to assist their incomes; and we honour them for it. It is, surely, as true of ministers as of their hearers, that "if a man provide not for his own, he hath denied the faith;

he is worse than an infidel." No church has a right to demand a minister's entire labours, unless able adequately to supply his wants. In very many cases, particularly in country districts, ministers, if partly otherwise engaged, would discharge their ministerial functions more efficiently than at present; they would labour with better heart, and greater economy of time. Some ministers are dispirited by their poverty; some refrain from other employment, fearful of impairing their efficiency; others would associate with their duties some secular occupation, but fail to obtain it; thus, from one cause or the other, most of our ministers do nothing to relieve themselves from their pauperised condition. The churches, too, are jealous of their ministers' time and labour; and those who pay them worst are the most exacting in their demands. Other labour might bring a scanty addition to his means; but would imperil the slender pittance from his flock. The churches will not help the ministers, and the ministers dare not help themselves. What begins in injustice, terminates in oppression; the church becomes a tyrant, the minister a slave!

These causes have been aided by that denominational tendency to multiply churches, which proceeds from the sturdy independence of our character, and the theological crotchets to which we give a misplaced importance. The vestriest trifles have sometimes divided old, and originated new churches. In one small town there are sometimes two or three Baptist interests, all weak, and without mutual fellowship. In three or four villages, within a short distance from each other, we see as many congregations and pastors, none of whom are efficiently or adequately sustained. If these churches were united under one pastor, occasionally aided by his deacons, they would obtain a more competent converse, their minister would labour with greater comfort, and a large accession of good might result; whereas at present their efforts are divided, the ministers inefficient, their stipends nominal, their spirits broken, and the cause of religion languid and declining.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, A.M.

### NO. IV.—THE FRET.

Our fourth variety is the Fret.

Whether male or female, the hypochondriac is a curious chimera, whose reality would be deemed fabulous as any gryphon in heraldry, but that we hear its moaning day by day, and that for so many days, and even years, that there is no accounting for its surviving the encyclopedia of disorders which it imputes to itself, except upon the hypothesis that the sufferings are as apocryphal as the maladies. Hypochondria reads books of disease, and fancying in every symptom some counterpart of its own, the volume becomes a kind of pathological Bible—a revelation of the developed, latent, or possible affections of the interior man. It requires a power of imagination, which,

like children's ghost stories, is at once a terror and delight; and thus the physical hallucination gathers strength and spurious confirmation. The infatuation gains no mean auxiliary from the absurd impression that delicacy of constitution and susceptibility of illness is aristocratic—a pallid cheek more countess-like than the dairy-maid flush of rustic health.

Many, in default of more legitimate attractions, and some times even in spite of them, affect the invalid, in the hope of eliciting an interest on that score, which they despaired of otherwise. The worst of it is, though the maladies are imaginary, the attentions required are real. There is no fancy in the trouble, cost, and inconvenience to which their homes are sub-

jected; no romance in the sinapisms for the feet, embrocations for the chest, poultices for the side, and setons for that, cuppings for the neck, croppings of the hair, gargles for the throat, goggles for the eyes, and phials, gallipots, pill-boxes, and wholesale odour of chemistry and surgery everywhere, qualifying all her housemaids for nurses, her children for dispensers, and her unfortunate husband for "a general practitioner," if only to escape the doctor's bills.

Sometimes the sick theory is so long indulged, that the supposed complaint acquires a kind of fact—is fact, to the morbid fancy of the patient; as if disease, indignant at its repeated simulations, at length smote the dissembler with its reality. In other instances, some rough interlude of life has dissipated the illusion. A convalescent lunatic once stole into a ward of bed ridden cases, and acting upon the delirious impulse of the moment, commenced applying the actual cautery of the fire-irons to the foot of the poor patients' beds; when—though the irons were cold enough—instantly, as by a muscular miracle, the halt and the maimed were seen running across the ward to the window, shouting for help, some of whom had imagined themselves cripples for years. How, then, shall we treat the hypochondriac? How reason with a man who has unreasoned himself into such a predicament? I would tell him, "Friend, your peevish, everlasting frettings—your dismal sighs and gratuitous groans—your obstinate adherence to your spurious impressions, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, and the constant contradiction of facts—render you a stumbling-block to all peace and comfort at home, and a laughing-stock abroad. Your neighbours are long ago tired of you; your family, through their respect and pity refrain from saying so, are sick of it, far more than you ever were yourself. Admit your insanity upon this point—that there is a mental, though there be no physical disturbance—or else make a bold stroke at the gross nonsense, and give it up. Be content to be no worse than other people. If you were really dying, as you so often doom yourself, in common consistency you ought to have been dead long ago; but God has spared you in spite of your misgivings. You are living this day to praise him, if he had his due; but instead of thankfulness for so many years—not of maladies, but mercies—you have overlooked his real goodness to you, spiritual and bodily. This is bad Christianity, as well as great folly; and you should rather realise the sin and selfishness of your career, than any longer delude yourself with a series of fancied evils, which are so many libels on the gracious Providence which has dealt with you so differently from all you supposed, and so infinitely better than all you deserved. Now, do not turn away, as the Jews did from the Saviour, complaining, *'This is a hard saying, who can bear it?'*" No one asks you to bear it alone, whether you mean the reproach, or the fault which called for its interference. He who bare our sickness, as well as our reproach, and sins, and sorrows, bare, as I believe, the anguish of the imaginary as well as the real ones. His mental agony,

which *'sweat as it were great drops of blood,'* spared himself no conceivable pang to qualify himself for our perfect sympathiser. Go, cast yourself at his feet, to whose almighty healing the paralysed body or disordered spirit were alike welcome; and in his strength you will by and by shake off every nervous apprehension, and, like the prophet's timid servant, behold the mountain that seemed so belaguered with enemies, *'full of horses and chariots of fire.'*"

#### No. V.—JEALOUSY.

Your fifth sketch is the Jealous Man.

Jealousy is a moral hypochondria—only invested so as to shift its hallucinations from itself, to the object of its suspicions.

The only instance which our great dramatist draws at full length is a case without foundation, probably to intimate such was the general rule. Exceptions, unhappily, there are; but jealousy, for the most part, is a gratuitous passion; and thus the animosities which it engenders might all be obviated, were there no peculiarity of temper to insist upon its self-torture. The facility with which passing incidents are converted into apparent evidence of delinquency, when the suspicion is rather brought to bear upon the incidents than their natural bearing fairly weighed with the suspicion, is a familiar source of self-deception. It is recognised in the shape of a theological dogma, collated with the Scriptures, not to be corrected by them, but to group their evidence around it. Divine inspiration, instead of being enthroned in its supremacy as the judge, being irreverently called up as a witness, and by the ingenuity of distortion wrested to a testimony it never intended. As heresy thus misinterprets the truths of Scripture in support of its ligments, so jealousy extorts from facts the most irrelevant conclusions, and "sees all things yellow with its jaundiced eye."

The commonest act of courtesy—the most innocent interchange of kindness or hospitality—the unconscious expression of a word or look—the likeliest occurrence of parties meeting at some place of common resort—the fortuitous coincidence of opinion or taste, though on an ordinary point, where diversity was the least probable—or the recurrence, by any accidental cause of frequency, of any such-like trivial grounds of misconception, has plunged a jealous temper into paroxysms of rage, and the vindictive breach has never more been healed between friends for life. It has entailed a mutual mistrust and misery between man and wife, which her sense of outraged innocence has too scornfully resented, and from which he, on the other hand, derives additional evidence of his wretched convictions. She not unnaturally resents his jealousy as an insult to her honour: he imputes the matronly resentment to the alienation of her affections. Both are mistaken. Some grievous misunderstanding, each of the other's weak point, has generally aggravated the outset, and every subsequent occurrence exacerbates their dissuasion. Where is the godly and discreet friend of influence enough with both to warrant the undertaking and love

enough for both to bear awhile with their mistakes, and sustain the brunt of mutual animosity, which a long-cherished feud usually wreaks upon its daysman, as if the glory of the peacemaker was not to be had without some self-sacrifice to officiate as its atonement, and thus every mediator in his degree must symbolize the Messiah, in becoming a victim too! Is there among their kinsfolk or acquaintance no true disciple of the religion of self-denial, who will descend into the breach of this delicate and difficult arbitrament, and addressing both in the spirit of Him who in his own person taught us, he loveth best who forgiveth most, and whose imperative charities excommunicate the implacable from his altar by the canon, "*Leave thee thy gift; go first, be reconciled to thy brother, and then (but not till then) come and offer.*" Is there no moral bravery that is brave enough, nor brotherly kindness that is kind enough, to tell them both their sins against each other, and against the God whose holy ordinance made of them twain one, and bade them be evermore as one flesh, "*for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death (not wrath nor jealousy) them doth part?*" To charge them to abate somewhat on either side to meet the other, each consenting to the sacrifice, if such it can be, compared with the blessed result under God to be achieved by it: the one to believe his testimony who "*knew what was in man,*" that it is "*out of the heart proceeds the evil thought,*" and not necessarily from the outward act; and the other to treat more tenderly the natural infirmity of that heart, and rather pity than provoke or scorn it. Let each admit the injustice done the other, and the want of love and confidence in both. Whether they will or no, insist upon the truth of these views of their mutual estrangement; stand high upon them—hold hard upon them—press them upon their reluctant assent—compel them, at least, to meet together in your presence; and when you have them face to face, in spite of the averted eyes of reciprocal disdain, and the aggravated ill-will of a long congeries of affronts, culminating to a crisis, which this interview must disperse or fix in deadlier hate than ever, ply them with the Christian plea: at least that cannot be controverted, whatever comes of other pleas. You will have gained no ordinary step to silence them upon any

thing much more on the highest and holiest one. Their silence there is a consent, at least so far: and oh, do not lose an inch of that holy ground, nor fritter it away in inferior adjuncts, which are open to discussion. Take your stand there solemnly, yet, tenderly; throw in before they can pretest against it just a hint or two of those mutual concessions, which sound as if each had commissioned you to say so for the other, and you tacitly took it for granted on either part so delicately and gently, that the pride of neither is alarmed, nor their own view impugned nor compromised. But their obduracy is just a trifle conscious of some watery sensation that feels like melting, and the faintest impression dawns upon them that they have held out long enough, and each one steals a look to see how the other took it, and if he or she thought so too, that neither might be the first to make the acknowledgment, nor bend a jot too soon. Oh, at that soft moment to let fall, like dew upon the grass, a word or two of old times, and old friends, and better feelings, and younger hopes; perhaps the name of their only little one they lost that went to heaven, and look from its tiny shrine in glory, for both of them to join her there! And mighty grace, working upon the intrinsic sympathies of nature, turns her which way it will; the old quarrel is smitten under the fifth rib—it bleeds—faints from loss of blood—falls heavily to the ground; one last heaving of the chest, and all is over—hush, it is dead! And the tears of them twain let out each other's secret after all; the wife is where she should be—in her husband's arms.

Do not let either of them spoil their mutual victory by ill-timed stipulations of future good behaviour, as if they required bail, and could not trust each other to keep the peace. Let it be, as it is, a surrender on both sides, without a condition, except to "*pile their arms*"—not a hollow capitulation, which implied that very mistrust of each other which occasioned the late campaign. Come home to each other's hearts, you two, without another thought, except of renewed confidence in one another's love, and honour, and gratitude to Him who "*maketh men to be of one mind in a house,*" and whose "*banner over them is love.*"

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### DEVOTION TO GOD.

Lord, I am come alone with Thee,  
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see,  
And feel Thy presence near.  
It is not fancy's lovely dream,  
Though wondrous e'en to faith it seem,  
That Thou dost wait me here.

A moment from this outward life,  
Its service, self-denial, strife,  
I joyfully retreat;  
My soul, through intercourse with Thee,  
Strengthened, refreshed, and calm'd shall be,  
Its scenes again to meet.

How can it be that one so mean,  
A sinner, selfish, dark, unclean,  
Thus in the holiest stands?  
And in that light divinely pure,  
Which may no stain of sin endure,  
Lifts up rejoicing hands.

Jesus, the answer Thou hast given!  
Thy death, Thy life, have open'd heaven  
And all its joys to me.  
Washed in Thy blood, O wondrous grace!  
I'm holy as the holy place  
In which I worship Thee.

How sweet, how solemn, thus to lie  
 And feel Jehovah's searching eye  
 On me well pleased can rest ;  
 Because with his beloved Son  
 The Father's grace hath made me *one*,  
 I must be always blest.

The secret pangs I could not tell  
 To dearest friends, Thou knowest well,  
 They claim Thy gracious heart.  
 Thou dost remove with tender care,  
 Or sweetly teach me how to bear  
 The sanctifying smart.

Thy presence has a wondrous power,  
 The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,  
 And breathes a sweet perfume ;

Whate'er seem'd dark or sad before,  
 With happy light shines silver'd o'er,  
 There's no such thing as gloom !

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear—  
 The needful stroke thou dost not spare,  
 To keep me near Thy side ;  
 But when I see the chastening rod  
 In thy kind hand, my Lord, my God,  
 I feel so satisfied.

Now, while I tell Thee how within  
 I oft indulge my bosom sin,  
 How faithless oft I prove ;  
 No cold repulse, no frown I meet,  
 But tender, soul-subduing, sweet,  
 Is the rebuke of love. ANNIE.

HINDER ME NOT.

"Hinder me not!" I'm pressing on,  
 With earnest heart, to reach the shore  
 Of my eternal home.

Across my way,  
 Place not the thorns of earthly cares  
 To wound my feet: or, unawares,  
 Turn me astray.

"Hinder me not!" Too long I've been  
 Seeking the fading flowers that grow  
 In the broad way of sin.  
 Though when I've sought  
 To pluck the fairest, ever found,  
 They grew on Death's enchanted ground,  
 With poison fraught.

"Hinder me not!" The syren song  
 Of pleasure's voice, with music sweet,  
 I've listened to, full long.

But now, mine ear  
 Hath caught the strains the ransomed sing,  
 As round the great white throne they bring  
 The crown they wear.

"Hinder me not!" The storm-clouds lower,  
 The night is dark—I fear to meet  
 With fierce temptation's power,  
 But look! afar

Above the clouds, a calm clear light  
 Shines on thy way—faint heart—a bright  
 And morning star.

"Hinder me not!" That glorious ray  
 With heavenly beams, is chasing clouds,  
 The night itself, away.  
 And now, as near

I come to Jordan's stream, it throws  
 A golden light the waves across,  
 My soul to cheer.

"Hinder me not!" I fear no ill;  
 "Since Christ is mine and I am his,"  
 I'll bravely do his will.

The smile, the frown  
 Of man, must now be nought to me,  
 But *this*, henceforth, my watchword be,  
 "No cross, no crown." A. S. M.

A SILLY HOAX.

We have received the following communication from the Rev. John Spooner, of Soham :—

Soham, Cambs., May 9, 1857.

Sir,—I trust you will excuse me for troubling you with the enclosed. Our Town Crier received a parcel of the enclosed printed Bill yesterday morning, with the accompanying letter, and so did the Town Crier of Ely. I travelled to Ely, and telegraphed to the address. My answer I send you. I have no doubt hundreds will be drawn to the spot to-morrow, and all deceived. Will you notice it in your next MESSENGER, 25 copies of which I circulate monthly among my poor people?—Yours very respectfully,

JOHN SPOONER, Baptist Minister.

"SOHAM.—The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON has been invited to preach on the Horseshoe on Sunday next. Service to commence at three o'clock.—London, May 7, 1857.—J. Souldem, Printer, Park-street, London."

"The Society for the Diffusion of the Gospel, 28, Park-street, London,  
 " May 7th, 1857.

"Sir,—I have sent you some Bills, which please to stick up to-day at Soham, Fordham, and Wicken. I enclose 3s. to pay for sticking them up.—I am sir, your obedient servant,  
 "The Town Crier, Soham." "JAMES SMITHSON, Secretary."

We need scarcely inform our readers that no such Society exists, or that, on telegraphing to the address above given, Mr. Spooner received a message from the Telegraph Office, stating that no such person or address could be found.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Liverpool, Soho-street Baptist Chapel.*—The Rev. William Stokes, of Manchester, has engaged to supply the above place of worship for three months. The Rev. Joseph Harvey, having been compelled to resign on account of ill-health.

*Redruth, Cornwall.*—The Rev. Samuel Barton Brown, B.A., late of Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church in this place to become their pastor, and entered upon his labours on Sunday, May 3.

*Stepney, "Cave Adullam."*—The Rev. C. Shinwar has resigned the pastorate, and is open to invitation.

*Buckingham.*—The Rev. E. Johnson has announced his intention of resigning the pastoral oversight of the church at Buckingham at the close of the present quarter.

*Luton.*—Rev. J. S. Stanion has resigned his connection with the Wellington-street church.

*Evesham, Worcestershire.*—The Rev. J. Hockin, pastor of the first Baptist church, Cowl-street, for upwards of nineteen years, intends to resign the pastorate at Michaelmas next.

*Northampton, Grey-friars-street.*—Mr. E. Dennett, senior student of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation to fill the pastoral office for twelve months, and is expected to commence his labours on the first Sunday in June.

*Heyworth, York-street, Lancashire.*—The Rev. F. Briteliffe has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this place.

*Bampton, Devon.*—The Rev. William Walton, pastor of the Baptist Church, will close his ministerial labours in this town the first Lord's day in July next.

*Neatishead, Norfolk.*—Mr. James Hasler, of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate.

*Padiham, Lancashire.*—Mr. R. Brown, of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted the pastorate.

*Collingham, Notts.*—Mr. James Morton, of Horton College, Bradford, has accepted the pastorate.

*Modbury, Devonshire.*—The Rev. J. Light has resigned his charge at this place, and accepted that of the church at Fenuel and Llangwm, Monmouthshire.

*Inskip, Lancashire.*—The Rev. J. Marriott, of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate.

*Dawley-bank, Salop.*—The Rev. T. Skemp of Chawbent, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church, and enters upon his labours there the first Sabbath in August.

*March, Isle of Ely.*—The Rev. J. Garritt has terminated his engagement with the Baptist Church in this place and is open to invitation. His present residence is 2, Thomas-street, Islington.

## SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

*"Cave Adullam" Chapel, Old-road, Stepney.*—A tea and public meeting will be held in the above place of worship on Wednesday, the 17th of June, upon the occasion of the Rev. C. Shipway resigning the pastorate of the church, the meeting will be addressed by several ministering brethren. Tea on tables at five o'clock; public meeting at half-past six.

*Kingston-on-Thames.*—The Anniversary of the Baptist chapel will be holden (D.V.) on Tuesday, June 9, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of New Park-street, will preach two sermons in the Independent chapel (kindly lent for the occasion). Services to commence, afternoon three o'clock, evening seven o'clock. Tea will be provided. Trains leaving Waterloo-station for Kingston all day.

*Shouldham-street Chapel, Bryanston-square.*—On Thursday morning, the 11th of June, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach at half-past twelve.

*Bexley-Heath Anniversary* will be held on Tuesday, June 16, when two sermons will be preached; that in the afternoon by the Rev. H. Hanks, of Woolwich, and that in the evening by the Rev. J. George, of Walworth. Tea will be provided.

*Monkthorp, Lincolnshire.*—The Anniversary of the above place will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday, June 17, when the Rev. John Foreman, of London, will preach in the afternoon at two, and in the evening at six. Tea will be provided.

*Burgh, Lincolnshire.*—The Anniversary of the above place will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, June 18, when the Rev. J. Foreman, of London, will preach in the afternoon at two, and in the evening at six.

*Barley, Herts.*—The Anniversary will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, June 18, when three sermons will be preached. Morning and evening by Rev. G. Murrell, of St. Neot's, afternoon by Rev. S. Marks, of Cambridge. Services at eleven, half-past two, and six. Dinner and tea provided.

*Ashampstead, near Reading, Berks.*—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel in this place will be holden (D.V.) on Friday, June 19th, when two sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of New Park-street Chapel, Southwark. Services at half-past two, and six o'clock. Tea will be provided.

## OPENING OF CHAPELS, &amp;c.

*Llanelly.*—The Bethel Baptist Chapel in this town, which had been undergoing extensive alterations and improvements for several months past, was opened on Lord's day, March 22. Sermons were preached by the Revs. E. Thomas, Tredegar, and D. Jones, Tongwynlas. The collections and subscriptions obtained in connection with the opening amounted to the large sum of £318 2s. The whole cost of the alterations and the building of a large and commodious

room for the Sabbath-school amounted to something more than £700.

**Cirencester, Cornwall-street Chapel.**—This ancient place of worship, having been taken down and re-built, was re-opened on Tuesday, April 7th. The services of the opening commenced with a prayer-meeting at six o'clock, a.m., at which the Rev. Joseph Stratford, pastor of the Independent church, delivered an address. In the forenoon, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, preached, the Revs. J. Frise, of Fairford, T. Brooks, of Bourton-on-the-Water, and J. T. Collier, of Downton, taking part in the service. In the evening, a sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Katterns, of Hackney, the Revs. G. W. Humphries, B.A., of Arlington, T. King, of Semley, and others, conducting the devotional exercises. On the following Lord's day, two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. F. Newman, of Shortwood. The cost of this re-erection will be about £2,000, towards which there is already paid or promised £1,300.

**Bradford.**—A new Baptist chapel, capable of accommodating 1,000 persons, and erected at a cost of £4,000, was opened at Bradford, on Thursday May 14.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**Broughton, Hampshire.**—On Tuesday, May 5, 1857, the members of the Baptist Church took tea together in the vestry, when a handsome pulpit Bible was presented to the pastor, Rev. C. H. Vernon, by the superintendent on behalf of the teachers of the Sunday-school, after which a very interesting service was held, when the esteemed minister and several friends delivered appropriate addresses.

**Yelling, Hunts.**—On Wednesday, the 8th instant, a tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel in this village, to bid farewell to their highly-respected and greatly-beloved minister, the Rev. H. Bottle, who has preached the Gospel to them for twenty-five years. About 120 persons took tea. The Rev. S. Fordham, of Caxton, presided. Mr. Stanford, senior deacon of the church, in a very kind manner, presented a purse of gold, containing farewell offerings of an affectionate people to their beloved pastor; after which Mr. Bottle replied with great emotion; referred in a brief yet lucid manner to the leadings of Providence that brought him there, and his growing infirmities, which induced him to resign his pastorate into their hands, and earnestly prayed that his beloved brother (Mr. Barnett, of Oxford), who would now take his place, might be eminently blessed to them in his work of faith and labour of love. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Barnett and Mr. John Howlett.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**Manchester.**—The Rev. F. Tucker, lato pastor of the church meeting in Union Chapel, has commenced his ministry in Camden-road Chapel, London. Previously to his leaving Manchester, on Tuesday, April 14, a valedictory service was held at Union Chapel to take leave of him. After tea, which was provided in the school-room, the tables were removed, in order to admit the numbers who were unable to find room pre-

viously. An affectionate address was presented to Mr. Tucker, by Neil Bannatyne, Esq., on the part of the congregation. Interesting speeches were then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Munro, Rev. Dr. Halley, Rev. Messrs. Scott, Chenery, Thompson, and others, after which Mr. Tucker gave his parting address with much emotion, and the meeting was closed with prayer.

**Liverpool.**—A tea-meeting was held on the 20th of April, in the school-room of the Baptist Chapel, Soho-street, Liverpool, at which about two hundred sat down. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Wm. Stokes, and the meeting was addressed by the Chairman, the Revs. J. Harvey, and T. Dawson, and Messrs. R. N. Smith, of America, Mr. Miller, the late Superintendent of the Sabbath-schools, and Mr. W. H. Lockhart, the present Superintendent. These schools have been carried on for the past four years by a staff of teachers belonging to the Myrtle-street Baptist Chapel, on account of the cause at Soho having declined; but the church at Soho has made an effort, and taken the schools under their own management. This tea-meeting was got up with the view of publicly thanking the old teachers for the manner in which they had conducted the school while under their management, and to wish them God speed in their new sphere of labour. The meeting was highly satisfactory in its results, and it is expected, and earnestly prayed for, that it is the beginning of better things for God's cause at Soho.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**Chatham, Zion Chapel, April 23.**—Of the Rev. James Coutts (formerly of Regent's-park College). The proceedings commenced with a social tea-meeting, at which 200 persons were present, followed by a public meeting. The Rev. J. S. Hall, Chatham, (Ind) commenced the service with reading and prayer. Mr. W. Ashby, one of the deacons, then stated the reasons which had induced the church to invite the Rev. J. Coutts to become their pastor, after which the Rev. Dr. Angus (president of Regent's-Park College), delivered a deeply impressive discourse to the pastor. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Bayswater, addressed the church and congregation. The Rev. T. Roffe (formerly of Smarden), offered the concluding prayer.

**Devonport, Morice-square, May 12.**—A tea-meeting was held in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute, for the purpose of welcoming their new minister, the Rev. J. Stock. The hall was well filled, and presented an animated appearance from the hundreds of happy faces forming the social gathering. After the tea, Peter Adams, Esq., of Plymouth, was called to the chair. The choir then sang an anthem, and the Rev. Mr. Cloke, of Calstock, prayed. The chairman expressed his happy reminiscences of early life in Devonport, and hoped to be allowed the pleasure of rendering assistance to the friends at Morice-square, whenever assistance should be required; he then introduced the Rev. J. Stock, who gave a most interesting account of his history. Addresses were then given by the Rev. Messrs. Slater, of Stonehouse; and Short, of Plymouth; and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Brown.

## BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Rev. Dr. Angus, president of the college in the Regent's-park, invited the ministers now in London attending the annual meetings of the Baptist societies, together with other ministers and friends of the Baptist Missionary Society, to meet on Saturday evening, April 25th, Mr. Underhill, the Secretary of that institution, who has just returned from India. About 250 accepted the invitation, and after enjoying the hospitalities provided, and enjoying much pleasing intercourse, gathering together in one of the spacious rooms in the college, where the chair was taken by the Rev. Dr. Steane. Prayer was offered by the Rev. B. W. Noel, and the Rev. Mr. Philippo, who has laboured for many years at Spanish Town, Jamaica, and has just arrived in England, gave a sketch of his position and treatment when he first visited that island, and the estimation in which Christian ministers were now held. The Rev. Mr. Deudy, from Jamaica, was also invited to speak, but declined, in order to make way for Mr. Underhill, who spoke of the vastness of the field for Christian effort presented in British India, adverted to the hold which the superstitions of India had maintained for so many centuries, as a proof that they contained something congenial with the human intellect, and urged the importance of a more careful study of them, in order to arrive at the best mode of destroying their influence. We noticed among the company the Earl of Shaftesbury, who took the chair at the annual meeting; Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., and Lady Peto; Mr. and Mrs. Kelsall, of Rochdale; Rev. John Graham, of Craven Chapel; as well as very many of the leading ministers of the denomination, both in town and country.

## BAPTISMS.

*Beaulieu Bails, Hants*, April 5.—Four by Mr. Kurt.  
*Birchcliff, Fork*, April 5.—Sixteen by Mr. Lockwood.  
*Birmingham, Bond-street*, April 5.—Six by Mr. New.  
*Hope-street*, March 29.—Four.  
*Bou*, May 17.—Five by Mr. Balfern.  
*Bramley, near Leeds*, March 1.—Nine by Mr. Compston.  
*Bristol, Counterslip*, May 3.—Thirteen by Mr. Winter.  
*Brough, Westmoreland*, March 29.—Two by Mr. Marshall.  
*Bury, Lancashire*, April 10.—Five by Mr. Ashworth.  
*Cardiff*, March 29.—Four by Mr. Howe.  
*Castle Acre, Norfolk*, March 29.—Two by Mr. Stutterd.  
*Cradley, Worcestershire*, March 24.—Seventeen by Mr. Jeavens.  
*Devonport, Hope Chapel*.—Four in March, four in April, and five in May by Mr. Horton.  
*Enon, Sandy Haven, Pembrokeshire*, May 10.—Three by Mr. H. Evans.  
*Horeb, Pope-hill, Pembrokeshire*, March 22.—One, April 19, one; March 17, one, making 68 baptized in two years by Mr. H. Evans.  
*Hounslow*, April 10.—Six.

*Kingston-on-Thames*, April 29.—Six by Mr. Medhurst.  
*Lebanon, Camrose*, March 8.—One, and April 26, one by Mr. H. Evans.  
*Leominster*, March 29.—Three by Mr. Nash.  
*Liverpool, Great Cross, Hall-street*, March 29.—Two by Mr. Thomas.  
*London, Spencer-place, Goswell-road*, May 5.—Nine by Mr. Cooke, after preaching from Eccles. viii. 2.  
*New Park-street*, April 30.—Twenty by Mr. Spurgeon.  
*Cross-street, Islington*, May 15.—Two by Mr. Thomas. The daughters of the late Rev. John Branch.  
*Hill-street, Peckham*, April 30.—Six by Mr. Cole. This was the first baptizing in connection with this rising interest. Others are waiting to follow the Lord in the same ordinance.  
*Shouldham-street*, March 21.—Three from an Independent Church by Mr. Whimper. April 29.—One by Mr. Blake.  
*Long Crendon, Bucks*, May 14.—Four by Mr. Allen.  
*Louth, Walker Gate, Lincolnshire* (no date sent).—Eight by Mr. Kiddall, five of whom are teachers in the Sunday-school.  
*Manchester, York-street*, April 12.—Five.  
*Newark*, March 22.—Six by Mr. Bayly.  
*Newtown, Montgomeryshire*, April 5.—Eight by Mr. Evans.  
*Paisley, Storie-street*, March 15.—One by Mr. Wallace.  
*Rugby*, March 29.—Two by Mr. Angus.  
*Stroud, Gloucestershire*, April 30.—Six by Mr. Yates, after a powerful address from the words "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it."  
*Sudbury, Suffolk*, March 1.—Two; April, nine by the pastor.  
*Sutton-on-Trent, Nottinghamshire*, April 12.—Three by Mr. Bayly.  
*Torquay, Union-street*, February 26.—Two; April 26, eight by Mr. Kings.  
*Yarmouth, Isle of Wight*, April 12.—Four by Mr. Whimper, of London.

## DEATHS.

*Holgate, Alice*, relict of the late William Holgate, Yeoman of Long-Preston, Yorkshire, departed to be with Christ, March 15th, 1857, aged 79 years. She had been for 60 years a consistent and humble follower of Christ. Her attachment to her Saviour was evinced by her implicit obedience to his righteous will. She died experiencing the truth of the lines which she had frequently repeated,

"Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long,  
 And then, Oh how pleasant,  
 The conqueror's song!"

*Rich, Georgiana*, member of the Baptist Church, Kingston-on-Thames. For some time past she had been suffering from a swelling in the throat, which so increased in late as to baffle all that medical skill could do to relieve her, until at length worn out not only by disease, but by starvation (the passage of the throat being stopped), she bid adieu to the sufferings of time, and entered upon the joys of eternity, May 4th.

## THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

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

"Then ye shall appoint your cities to be cities of refuge for you; that the slayer may flee thither, which killeth any person at unawares."—Numbers xxxv. 11.

YOU are aware that the principle of blood revenge is a deep-seated one in the Eastern mind. From the oldest ages it was always the custom with the Orientals, when a man was murdered or slain by chance-medley, for the nearest relative, his heir or any person related to him, to take revenge for him upon the person who, either intentionally or unintentionally, was the means of his death. This revenge was a very choice and special thing to the Oriental mind. The revenger of blood would hunt his victim for forty years—ay, until he died, if he was not able to reach him before—and would be at his heels all his life, that he might slay him. It was not necessary that the man-slayer should have any trial before a judge; the man was dead, and if who killed him was not put to death, it was reckoned among some tribes to be legitimate to kill his father, or indeed any relative of his tribe; and until some relative of that tribe was put to death, as a revenge for the man who was slain, by accident or otherwise, a deadly feud existed between the two clans, which never could be quenched except by blood. Now, when God gave this law unto the Jews, he found all this deep-rooted love towards the system of the vengeance of blood by the nearest relative; and God acted wisely in this, as he has done in all things. There are two things mentioned in Scripture which I do not believe God ever approved, but which, finding they were deep-seated, he did not forbid to the Jews. One was polygamy; the practice of marrying many wives had become so established, that though God abhorred the thing himself, yet he allowed and permitted it to his people, the Jews; because he foresaw they would inevitably have broken the commandment, even if he had made a command that they should have but one wife. It was even so with this matter of blood vengeance. It was so deeply seated in the mind, that God, instead of refusing to the Jews what they regarded as the privilege of taking vengeance, passed a commandment which rendered it impossible almost that a man should be killed, unless he were really a murderer; for he appointed six cities, at convenient distances, so that when one man killed another by chance-medley and committed homicide, he might at once flee to one of these cities; and though he must live there all his life, yet the avenger of blood could never touch him, if he were innocent. He must have a fair trial; but even if he were found innocent he must stay within the city, into which the avenger of blood could not by any possibility come. If he went out of the city the avenger might kill him; he was therefore to suffer perpetual banishment, even for causing death accidentally, in order that it might be seen how much God regarded the rights of blood, and how fearful a thing it is to put a man to death in any way. And we see that this prevented the likelihood of any one being killed who was not guilty; for as soon as one man struck another to the ground by accident, by a stone, or any other means, he fled to the city of refuge. He had a start of the pursuer; and if he arrived there, he was secure and safe.

Now, I wish to use this custom of the Jews as a metaphor and type, to set forth the salvation of men through Jesus Christ our Lord. I shall give you first an explanation, and then an exhortation.

I. WE SHALL ATTEMPT AN EXPLANATION OF THIS TYPE.

1. Note, *The person for whom the city of refuge was provided.* It was not provided for the wilful murderer; if he fled there, he must be dragged out of it, and given up to the avenger after a fair trial, and the avenger of death was to kill him, and so have blood for blood, and life for life. But in case of accident, when one man had slain another, without malice or forethought, and had only committed homicide, then the man fleeing there was perfectly safe. Here, however, the type of Christ is not in keeping; Christ is not a city of refuge provided for men that are innocent, but a city provided for men that are guilty—not for men who have accidentally



transgressed, but for men who have wilfully gone astray. Our Saviour has come into the world to save not those who have by mistake and error committed sin, but those who have fearfully transgressed against his known commandments, and have gone astray of their own free-will, their own perversity leading them to rebel against God.

2. *The avenger of blood.* In explaining this, I must, of course, take every part of the figure. The avenger of blood, I have said, was usually next of kin, but I believe any one of the family was held to be competent. If, for instance, my brother had been killed, it would have been my duty, as the first of the family, to avenge his blood, if possible, there and then; to go after the murderer, or the man who had caused death accidentally, and put him to death at once; and if I could not do that, it would be my business, and that of my father, and, indeed, of every male of the family, to hunt and pursue that man, until God should deliver him into our hand, so that we might put him to death. I mean not that it is our duty now, but it would have been under the old Jewish dispensation. It was allowed by the Jewish law, that those who were of the kith and kin of the man killed, should be the avengers of his blood. We find the type of this, then, for the sinner, in the law of God. Sinner, the law of God is the blood avenger against you; you have wilfully transgressed, you have killed God's commandments, you have trampled them under foot; the law is the avenger of blood, that is, after you, and it will have you; condemnation is hanging over your head now, and ere long it shall overtake you; though it reach you not in this life, yet, in the world to come, the avenger of blood, the Moses, the law shall have its vengeance upon you, and you shall be utterly destroyed.

3. But there was a city of refuge provided under the law; and let me tell you a few things concerning this city. You will remember there were six cities of refuge, in order that one of them might be at a convenient distance from any part of the country. Now, there are not six Christs; there is but one; but then there is a Christ everywhere. "The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, in thy heart; if thou wilt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart, thou shalt be saved." The city of refuge was a priestly city—a city of the Levites, and it afforded protection to the man-slayer for life. He might never go out of it, till the death of the then reigning high priest; after which he might go free, without being touched by the avenger of blood at all. But during the time of his sojourn there, he was housed and fed gratuitously; everything was provided for him, and he was kept entirely safe. And I would have you mark that he was safe in this city, not because of the bolts or bars of the city, but simply because it was of divine appointment. Do you see the man running from the avenger? The avenger is after him, fast and furious; the man has just reached the borders of the city; in a moment the avenger halts; he knows it is of no use going any farther after him, not because the city walls are strong, nor because the gates are barred, nor because an army standeth without to resist, but because God hath said the man shall be safe as soon as he has crossed the border, and has come into the suburbs of the city. Divine appointment was the only thing which made the city of refuge secure. Now, beloved, Jesus Christ is the divinely appointed way of salvation; whosoever amongst us shall make haste from our sins, and fly to Christ, being convinced of our guilt, and helped by God's Spirit to pursue the road, we shall, without doubt, find security; the course of the law shall not touch us, Satan shall not harm us, vengeance shall not reach us, for the divine appointment, stronger than gates of iron or brass, shieldeth every one of us who have "fled for refuge to the hope set before us in the Gospel."

This city of refuge, I must have you note, too, had round it suburbs of a very great extent. Two thousand cubits were allowed for grazing land for the cattle of the priests, and a thousand cubits within these for fields and vineyards. Now, no sooner did the man reach the outside of the city, the suburbs, than he was safe; it was not necessary for him to get within the walls, but the suburbs themselves were sufficient protection. Learn, hence, that if ye do but touch the horn of Christ's

garment, ye shall be made whole; if ye do but lay hold of him with "faith as a grain of mustard seed," with faith which is scarcely a believing, but is truly a believing, you are safe.

"A little genuine grace ensures  
The death of all our sins."

Get within the borders; lay hold of the hem of Christ's garment, and thou art secure.

We have some interesting particulars, also, with regard to the distance of these cities from the habitations of men in Judea. It is said, that wherever a homicide might occur, any man might get to a city of refuge within half a day. And, verily beloved, it is no great distance to the breast of Christ; it is but a simple renunciation of our own powers, and a laying hold of Christ, to be our all in all, that is required, in order to our being found in the city of refuge. And with regard to the roads to the city, we are told that they were strictly preserved. Every river was bridged; as far as possible, the road was made level, and every obstruction removed, so that the man who fled might find an easy passage to the city. Once a year the elders of the city went along the roads to keep them in order, so that nothing might occur, through the breaking down of bridges, or the stopping up of the highway, to impede the flight of any one, and cause him to be overtaken and killed. And wherever there were bye-roads and turnings, there were fixed up hand-posts, with this word upon them "*Mechlek*" — "refuge"—pointing out the way in which the man should fly, if he wished to reach the city. And there were two people always kept on the road; so that in case the avenger of blood should overtake a man, they might come in the way and entreat the avenger to stay his hand, until the man had reached the city, lest haply innocent blood should be shed, without a fair trial, and so the avenger should be proved guilty of murder; for the risk, of course, was upon the head of the avenger, if he put one to death that did not deserve to die. Now, beloved, I think this is a picture of the road to Christ Jesus. It is no round-about road of the law; it is no obeying this, that, and the other; it is a straight road; "Believe, and live." It is a road so hard, that no self-righteous man can ever tread it; but it is a road so easy, that every sinner, who knows himself to be a sinner, might by it find his way to Christ, and his way to heaven. And lest they should be mistaken, God has set me and my brethren in the ministry, to be like hand-posts in the way, to point poor sinners to Jesus; and we desire ever to have on our lips, the cry "Refuge, refuge, refuge!" Sinner, that is the way; walk thou therein and be thou saved.

I think I have thus given the explanation. Christ is the city of refuge, who preserves all those that flee to him for mercy; he does that because he is the divinely appointed Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him.

## II. WE HAVE AN EXHORTATION TO GIVE.

You must allow me to picture a scene. You see that man in the field. He has been at work; he has taken an ox-goad in his hand, to use it in some part of his husbandry. Unfortunately, instead of doing what he desires to do, he strikes a companion of his to the heart, and he falls down dead! You see the poor man with horror in his face; he is a guiltless man; but, oh! what misery he feels when he sees the corpse lying at his feet! A pang shoots through his heart, such as you and I have never felt—horror, dread, desolation! Yes, some of us have felt something akin to it; we will not allude to the when and the wherefore; but who can describe the horror of a man at seeing his companion fall at his feet? Words are incapable of expressing the anguish of his spirit; he looks upon him, he takes him up—he ascertains that he is really dead. What next! Do you not see him? In a moment he flies out of the field where he was at labour, and runs along the road with all his might; he has many miles before him, six long hours of hard running, and just as he passes the gate, he turns his head, and there is the man's brother! He has just come into the

field, and seen his brother lying dead. Oh! can you conceive how the man's heart palpitates with fear? He has a little start upon the road. He just sees the other, with red face, hot and fiery, rushing out of the field, with the ox-goad in his hand, and running after him, the way lies through the village where the man's father lives; how he rushes through the streets! He does not even stop to bid good bye to his wife, nor kiss his children! But on, on he flies for his very life. The relative calls his father, and his other friends, and they all rush after him. Now, there is a troop on the road; the man is still flying a-head, no rest for him. Though one of his pursuers rest, the others still track him. There is a horse in the village; they take it, and pursue him. If they can find any animal that can assist their swiftness, they will take it. Can you not conceive him crying, "Oh, that I had wings that I might fly?" See how he spurns the earth beneath his feet! What to him the green fields on either hand; what the brooks; he stops not even so much as to wet his mouth. The sun is scorching him; but it is still on, on, on! He casts aside one garment after another; still he rushes on, and the pursuers are behind him. He feels like the poor stag pursued by the hounds; he knows they are eager for his blood, and that if they do but once overtake him it will be a word, a blow—dead! See how he speeds his way! Now, do you see him? A city is rising into sight; he can see the towers of the city of refuge: his weary feet almost refuse to carry him farther; the veins are standing out on his brow, like whipcords; the blood spurts from his nostrils; he is straining to the utmost, as he rushes on, and faster he would go if he were master of more strength. The pursuers are after him—they have almost reached him; but see, and rejoice! He has just got to the outskirts of the city; there is the line of demarcation; he leaps it, and falls senseless to the ground; and there is joy in his heart. The pursuers come and look at him; but they dare not slay him. The knife is in their hand, and the stones too, to stone him or draw his blood; but they dare not touch him. He is safe, he is secure; his running has been just fast enough; he has just managed to leap into the kingdom of life, and avoid death.

Sinner, that picture I have given thee is a picture of thyself, in all but the man's guiltlessness, for thou art a guilty man. Oh! if thou didst but know that the avenger of blood is after thee! Oh! that God would give thee grace that thou couldst have a sense of thy danger to-night! thou wouldst not then stop a solitary instant without flying to Christ. Thou wouldst say, even while sitting in thy pew, "Let me away, away, away, where mercy is to be found," and thou wouldst give neither sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids, till thou hadst in Christ found a refuge for thy spirit. I am come, then, to exhort thee to-night. Let me pick out one of you, to be a case for all the rest; there is a young man here who is guilty; the proofs of his guilt lie at his feet to-night. He knows himself to be a great transgressor; he has foully offended against God's law. Young man, young man, certainly, as you are guilty, the avenger of blood is after you! Oh! he is a horrid thing, that avenger—God's fiery law; did you ever see it? It speaketh words of flame; it hath eyes like lamps of fire. If you could once see the law of God, and mark the dread keenness of its horrible sword, you might, as you sat in your pew, quiver to death itself in horror at your doom. Sinner, bethink thee, if this avenger get hold of thee, it will not be temporal death merely; it will be death eternally. Sinner, remember, if the law doth get its hand on thee, thou art damned; and dost thou know what damnation means? Say, canst thou tell what are the billows of eternal wrath, and what the worm that never dies; what the lake of fire, what the pit that is bottomless? No, thou canst not know how dreadful these things are. Surely, if thou couldst, man, thou wouldst be up on thy feet, and off for life, eternal life. Thou wouldst be like that man in Bunyan's "Progress," who put his fingers in his ears, and ran away; and when his neighbours ran after him, he cried, "Eternal life, eternal life!" O, stolid stupidity—O, sottish ignorance—O, worse than brutal ignorance, that makes men sit down in their sins,

and rest content. The drunkard quaffeth still his bowl; he knoweth not that in its dregs there lieth wrath. The swearer still indulgeth in his blasphemy; he knoweth not that one day his oath should return upon his own head. You will go your way, and eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and live merrily and happily; but, ah! poor souls, if ye knew that the avenger of blood was after you, you would not act so foolishly! Would you suppose that the man, after he had killed his neighbour, and when he saw the avenger coming, would coolly take his seat, and wait, when there was a city of refuge provided? No; such folly was reserved for such as you are; God has left that folly to be the topstone of the folly of the human race, to be the most glittering jewel in the crown of free will, to be consummate folly—the dress wherein free will doth robe itself. Oh! you will not fly to Christ, you will stop where you are, you will rest contented, and one day the law will seize you, and then wrath, eternal wrath, will lay hold upon you! How foolish is the man who wastes his time, and carelessly loiters, when the city of refuge is before him, and when the avenger of blood is after him!

Suppose, now, I take another case. I have a young man here who says, "Why, sir, it is no use my trying to be saved; I shall not think of prayer, or faith, or anything of that sort, because there is no city of refuge for me." Why, suppose that poor man who had killed his neighbour had said that; suppose he had sat still, and folded his arms, and said, "There is no city of refuge for me." You do not mean what you say. If you thought there was no city of refuge for you, I know what you would do; you would shriek, and cry, and groan. There is a kind of despair that some people have, which is a sham despair. I have met with many who say, "I do not believe I ever could be saved," and they seem not to care whether they are saved or not. Why, man, how foolish would he be, who would sit still, because he fancied there was no entrance for him into the city, and let the avenger slay him! But your folly is just as great and worse, if you sit still, and say, "He will never have mercy on me." He is as much a suicide who refuses the medicine, because he thinks it will not cure him, as the man who takes the dirk, and stabs himself to the heart. You have no right, sir, to let your despair triumph over the promise of God. He hath said it, and he means it: "whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved." If he has shown you your guilt, depend upon it, there is a city of refuge for you; haste thee to it, haste thee to it, may God help you to betake yourselves to it now! Ay, if men knew how dreadful is the wrath to come, and how terrible is judgment, how swiftly would they fly! There is not a hearer of mine here that would delay an hour to fly to Christ, if he did but know how fearful is his condition out of Christ. When God the Spirit once convinces us of our sin, there is no halting then; the Spirit says "To day, if you will hear his voice," and we say, "To day, Lord, to day, hear our voice!" There is no halting then; there is no pausing then; it is on, on, on, for our very life, and I beseech you, men brethren, you, who have sinned against God, and know it; you that want to be delivered from the wrath to come, I beseech you, by him that liveth and was dead, flee to Christ; but take this exhortation, take heed, it is Christ you flee to; for if the man who had slain his neighbour, had fled to another city, it would have been of no avail; had he fled to a city that was not an ordained city of refuge, he might have sped on with all the impetuosity of desire, and yet have been slain within the city gates. So, ye self-righteous ones, ye may fly on to your good works, ye may practise your baptism, and your confirmation, and your church-going, and your chapel-going; ye may be all that is good and excellent, but ye are flying to the wrong city, and the avenger of blood will find you, after all. Poor soul! remember Christ Jesus is the only refuge for a guilty sinner: his blood, his wounds, his agonies, his sufferings, his death, these, then, are the gates and walls of the city of salvation. But if we trust not in these, without a doubt, trust where we may, our hope shall be as a broken reed, and we shall perish after all.

I may have one here who is just awakened, just led to see his sin, as if it were a murdered corpse beneath his feet; it seems to me that God has sent me to that one man in particular. Now, God has shown you your guilt; he sent me to-night to

tell you that there is a refuge for you; though you are guilty, he is good; though you have revolted and rebelled, he will have mercy on those that repent; and trust in the merits of his Son. And now he has bidden me say to you, "Fly, fly, fly!" in God's name, I say to you, fly to Christ. He has bidden me warn you to-night against delays; he has bidden me remind you that death surprises men when least they expect it; he has bidden me to warn you that the avenger will not spare, neither will his eye pity. His sword was forged for vengeance, and vengeance it will have. And he has bidden me exhort you by the terrors of the law, by the day of judgment, by the wrath to come, by the uncertainty of life, and by the nearness of death, this night to fly to Christ.

"Haste, traveller, haste, the night comes on;  
And thou far off from rest and home,  
Haste, traveller, haste!"

But, oh! how much more earnest is our cry, when we say, "Haste, sinner, haste!" Not only doth the night come on; but, lo! the blood avenger is behind. Already he has slain his thousands! Let the shrieks of souls, already damned, come up in your ears. Already the avenger has done wonders of wrath; let the howlings of Gehenna startle you; let the torments of hell amaze you. What! will you stop with such a sword behind you? will you pause with such an avenger in swift pursuit? What! young man, will you stop this night? God has convinced you of your sin; will you go to your rest this night without a prayer? Will you live another day without fleeing to Christ? No; I think I see the Spirit of God in you to-night, and I think I hear what he makes you say. He makes you say, "No, God helping me, I give myself to Christ now; and if he will not now shed abroad his love in my heart, yet this is my one resolve; no slumber to my eyes will I afford till Christ shall look on me, and seal my pardon with his Spirit—the pardon bought with blood." But if thou sittest still, young man, and thou wilt do so, left to thy own free will, I can do no more for thee than this, I must weep for thee in secret. Alas! for thee, my hearer; alas! for thee; the ox led to the slaughter is more wise than thou; the sheep that goeth to its death is not so foolish as thou art. Alas! for thee, my hearer, that thy pulse should beat a march to hell. Alas! that yonder clock, like the muffled drum, should be the music of the funeral march of thy soul. Alas! alas! that thou shouldst fold thine arms in pleasure, when the knife is at thy heart. Alas! alas! for thee, that thou shouldst sing, and make merriment, when the rope is about thy neck, and the drop is tottering under thee! Alas! for thee, that thou shouldst go thy way, and live merrily and happily, and yet be lost! Thou remindest me of the silly moth that dances round about the flame, singeing itself for a while, and then at last plunging to its death. Such art thou! Young woman, with thy butterfly-clothing, thou art leaping round the flame that shall destroy thee! Young man, light and frothy in thy conversation, gay in thy life, thou art dancing to hell; thou art singing thy way to damnation, and promenading the road to destruction. Alas! alas! that ye should be spinning your own winding sheets; that ye should every day by your sins be building your own gallows; that by your transgressions ye should be digging your own graves, and working hard to pile the faggots for your own eternal burning. Oh! that ye were wise, that ye understood this, that ye would consider your latter end. Oh! that ye would flee from the wrath to come! Oh! my hearers, the wrath to come, the wrath to come! Oh, God! how terrible! these lips dare not venture to describe, this heart filleth in agony; and, my hearers, are there not some of you that will soon be in the wrath to come? Yes, yes! there are some of you, who, if you were now to drop dead in your pews, must be damned. Ah! ye know it; ye know it; ye dare not deny it; I see you know, as you hang down your heads, you seem to say it is true; I have no Christ to trust to, no robe of righteousness to wear, no heaven to hope for! My hearer, give me thine hand; never did father plead with son with more impassioned earnestness than I would plead with thee. Why wouldst thou sit still, when hell is burning in thy face! "Why will ye die, O, house of Israel?" Oh! God, must I preach to these people in

their place in hell; and must I continue to preach to them, and be "a savour of death unto death to them," and not "a savour of life unto life?" And must I, must I, help to make their hell more intolerable? Must it be so? Must the people who now listen to us, like the people of Chorazin and Bethsaida, have a more terrible doom than the people of Sodom? Ah! yes, the Lord hath said it, and we believe it! Oh! ye that are left to your own free will, to choose the way to hell, as all men do when left alone—let these eyes run down with tears for ye, because you will not weep for yourself. Strange! strange! that I should feel more for some of your souls than you do for yourselves! My God knoweth, there is not a stone that I would leave unturned to save each one of you; there is nought that human strength could do, or human study could learn, which I would not seek after, if I might but be the instrument of saving you from hell; and yet you act as though it concerned you not, whom it should concern the most; it is my business, but it is far more yours. Sir, if ye be lost, remember, it is yourselves that will be lost; if you perish, you perish; I am clean of your blood. If ye flee not from the wrath to come, I have warned you; I could not bear to have the blood upon my head which some, even of those who like sound doctrine, I fear, will have at the last day of account. I tremble for some I know, that preach God's Gospel, in some sense fully, but who never warn sinners. A member of my church said to me lately, "I heard such a one preach; a sound doctrine man he is called. I heard him preach for nine years, attending the theatre all the time. I could curse, I could swear, I could sin, and I never had a warning from that man's lips the whole nine years. Ah! my God, my God, let this world hiss me; let me wear the coat that sparkleth, and the cap that garnisheth a fool. Let earth condemn me, and let the fools of the universe spurn me; but free me from the blood of my hearers! By God's grace, again I register the vow, God helping me; the only thing I seek in this world is to be faithful to my hearers' souls. If you are damned, it is not for want of preaching to, nor for want of earnest warning. Young men and maidens, old men with gray heads, merchants and tradesmen, servants, fathers, mothers, children, I have warned you this night, you are in danger of hell, and as God liveth, before whom I stand, you will be there soon, unless you flee from the wrath to come. Remember, none but Jesus can save you. But if God shall enable you to see your danger, and fly to Christ, he will have mercy upon you for ever, and the avenger of blood shall never find you out. No, not even when the red lightnings shall be flashing from the hand of God in the day of judgment. That city of refuge shall shelter you, and in the heart of Jesus, triumphant, blessed, secure, you shall sing the righteousness and the blood of Christ who shelters sinners from the wrath to come.

---

### CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"Our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus."—Gal. ii. 1.

No man by nature is free; he may boast of the freedom of his will, but it is biased by evil principles which rule in his heart. He may talk loudly of his independence, but he is the slave of habit, custom, and depraved passions. The Jews were in bondage under the law, and the Gentiles were in bondage without the law. Man had liberty once, but he lost it, he wilfully sinned it away; and now sin and Satan have dominion over the whole human race. Freedom there is not, freedom there cannot be, without Divine interference. No man can free himself, and what is most surprising, no one naturally desires to do so. Men talk of liberty, but only the Christian understands and enjoys it. Jesus came "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound;" and he has given us the comforting assurance, that if the Son shall make us free, we shall be free, indeed. Satan is the great enemy of liberty; he tries, by all means, to keep souls in bondage, and to entangle again those who have been

set free. Now, as it is the privilege of the Lord's people to enjoy freedom, and as many of them do walk at liberty, let us consider briefly the Apostle's words, "OUR LIBERTY WHICH WE HAVE IN CHRIST JESUS."

First. THE CONNECTION. We *were* in Adam by nature; we *are* in Christ by grace. Once afar off, we are now made nigh. Once without Christ, we are now in union with him. Jesus has a kingdom in which he presides, over which he reigns, and we are subjects of that kingdom. For God, in the marvellous displays of his grace, hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son; so that we are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens of the saints, and of the household of God. Jesus rules in us by his Spirit, over us by his precepts, and for us by his providence. Jesus is a Master, and we are his servants. We are not only subjects in his kingdom, but servants in his employment. He has hired us, and we have consented to serve him. We feed at his table, reside in his house, and labour in his vineyard. He supplies us now, finds us work for the whole day, and will settle with us in the evening. Not only so, but Jesus has a family, and we are members of his household. We are his children; he loves us with paternal love; cares for us with paternal care; and provides for us with paternal kindness. Jesus is a head, and we are the members of his body. Our union with him is vital, close, and eternal; for we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. The arm in nature is not more one with the head, than we are one with Christ. As the vine and the branches form one tree, as the members and the head form one natural body, so Christ and his people are one spiritual body, the object of Jehovah's highest love. Yes, as believers in Jesus, we are all one in him, alike united to him, alike beloved by him, and alike designed to glorify him.

As one with Christ, *we own him*: publicly acknowledging our faith in him, love to him, and dependence upon him. *We obey him*, taking his word for our rule; we do his will from the heart. *We love him*, not as we would, for if we loved up to the full extent of our ability, we should wish for larger powers and more vigorous affections, that we might love him more. *We receive from him*, out of his fulness flows all our supplies; and from him we receive grace to do, to suffer, and to glorify God. We profess his name, observe his precepts, love his person, and live upon his fulness. Being in Christ Jesus, we have—

Secondly. A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE. "*Our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus.*" Our liberty differs from all other liberty. Some boast of liberty, while they themselves are the servants of corruption; but we being made free from sin, become the servants of righteousness, and have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. Our liberty comprises a freedom from sin, as a *charge* which may be preferred and substantiated against us to condemn us, for there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus;—as a *tyrant*, which once held us in its grasp, and ruled us with an iron rod;—as an *object of love*, which once attracted, allured, and ensnared us. So that we are freed from sin, that is, justified before God, liberated from the ruling power of corruption, and have our hearts set against sin, as that horrible thing which God hates. It is freedom from Satan, as a *cruel Lord*, who once claimed us, possessed, and influenced us. But his yoke is broken, his authority over us is taken away, and we overcome him by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony. It is also a freedom from the world, as it is *made up of evil*. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and pride of life, once fascinated, charmed, and controlled us. We walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. We once swam with the stream, and was carried along by it; now we swim against it, and overcome it; and "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Our liberty comprehends an *acquittal, by the Judge of all*. Once we were criminals, now we are just men. Once we were under guilt, now we are guiltless. Once we were condemned, but now we are justified. For us all the claims of the law are met, all the demands of justice are paid, and we are pronounced righteous

in open court. *We are liberated by the stern jailor.* Once, like the jailor at Philippi, he thrust us into the inner prison, and made our feet fast in the stocks. He felt sure of us, and exulted over us; but a voice sounded in the prison, "Loose him and let him go," and our fetters were knocked off; the door of the prison was thrown wide open, and we walked forth to enjoy freedom and peace. No officer of the crown will touch us now. No jailor will be allowed to lay hands on us again. Our debts are paid, the price given for our ransom is accepted, the warrants for our liberation have been received, and we were bidden to go free. *We are emancipated by the slaveholder.* He has lost his right to us; he has been deprived of his power over us; he was obliged to consent to let us go free. "Slaves to Satan, heretofore, we shall now be slaves no more." The Judge acquits us, the jailor liberates us, and the cruel slaveholder bids us go free.

The liberty which we have in Christ Jesus is the liberty to approach God. We may now come before the Lord without fear. We can draw nigh to God without a human medium. We come not to God through Mary, or Peter, or pope, or priests, but through Christ alone; and by him we have boldness and access with confidence. We may approach God at any time, in any place, under any circumstances. We may ask him for all we want, yea, for all we desire. Prayer is never out of season. Every place is consecrated for this holy exercise. "I will," said the Apostle, "that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." Let us, therefore, draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. *We have liberty to appropriate the promises of God*—made to different persons, and at different times; they are now all gathered into Christ, and as they are found in him they may be appropriated by us. What a glorious heritage! What immense wealth! "All the promises of God are in him, yea, and in him, amen, to the glory of God by us." Being in Jesus, married to Jesus, all the wealth of Jesus becomes ours. We, being one with him, come into possession of exceeding great and precious promises, that by them we may be made partakers of the Divine nature. All the promises of grace, and the promise of eternal glory; all the promises of spiritual blessings, and the promise that no temporal good thing shall be withheld from us, may be appropriated by us. We may claim them all, plead them all, and expect them to be fulfilled in our happy experience. *We have liberty to enjoy all Gospel privileges.* Baptism and the Lord's Supper are ours. Union with the church, and the communion of saints, are ours. Peace with God, and the hope of glory, are ours. Fellowship with the Father and his Son, with the communion of the Holy Spirit, are ours. There is no privilege, however great or lofty, however grand or glorious, but we have liberty to claim it, and seek the enjoyment of it. *We have liberty also to anticipate glory.* We may by faith ascend, mount Clear, look across the river of death, see the bright green fields, the glorious city, with its walls of jasper, and streets of gold, and anticipate our entrance into it, and possession of it. Glory! what is comprehended by that one word—glory? All God has provided and prepared for his saints. All Jesus has procured and promised to his disciples. Grace here, and glory hereafter, constitute our portion. They are ours, because we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. The liberty we have in Christ is a *holy* liberty. Not a liberty to sin, but a freedom from sin. Liberty to walk with God, work for God, and aspire to the likeness of God. It is holy in its nature, and holy in its tendency. A man may have the notion of liberty in his head, and yet live in sin, but he cannot have the grace of liberty in his heart, and be the servant of corruption. It is an *honourable* liberty; honourable to him who procured it at such tremendous cost, to him who conferred it so freely and lovingly upon us, and honourable to him who enjoys it. What a disgrace to be the slave of passion, lust, and Satan! What an honour to be free from these, and to walk at liberty, walk with God, and walk in prospect of eternal glory! It is *perfect* liberty; perfect in its kind, though not perfect at present in its degree. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed." It is not freedom only in promise but in fact. We are free, and are exhorted to "stand fast in



the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage." But we should be careful not to abuse our liberty, as the Apostle exhorts: "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

Reader, *are you in Christ Jesus?* This is a most important inquiry. If in Christ, you are blessed with all spiritual blessings; but if you are not in Christ, you have no proof that one blessing belongs to you. If you are in Christ, you are a new creature, as the Apostle says: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; all things are passed away, and behold all things become new." If you are in Christ, you are free from condemnation, and are saved from wrath through him. "For there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." If you are without Christ you are yet in your sins, and the wrath of God abideth on you. How solemn, how important, then, is the question, *am I in Christ?* Have I been cut out of the olive tree, which is wild by nature, and am I grafted, contrary to nature, into the good olive tree, that I may partake of the sap and fatness thereof? Doth Christ live in me? Is the life that I live in the flesh, a life of faith on the Son of God? O, the blessedness of being in Christ, tongue cannot speak it, nature cannot illustrate it, the heart of man can form no adequate conception of it. Holy Spirit help me to examine and decide this solemn question, "*Am I in Christ?*"

*Do you enjoy the liberty which we have in Christ Jesus?* Many of the Lord's little ones are entitled to liberty, but for want of clearer views or stronger faith, they do not enjoy it. It is their's by right, but not their's in possession. The child should not be willing to wear the servant's yoke. When the prodigal was about to ask his father to make him as one of his hired servants, bad as he had been, he would not hear one word about it, but called to his servants to bring forth the best robe and put it on him, to put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. The fatted calf was killed, music and dancing followed, and all were merry. He took the son's place, wore the son's robe and ornaments, and enjoyed perfect liberty. Brethren, this is our privilege, let us not stop short of it, but seek grace that we may daily enjoy it. It is not our Father's wish that we should be gloomy and sad, nor that we should follow him in chains, but rather that we should rejoice in him, and sing aloud to his praise.

*Are you sighing for the full perfection of your freedom?* While here, we shall always have some burden to carry, some cross to bear, some conflict to endure. Even the Apostle sighed and said, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." And again, not only does the whole creation groan and sigh, in consequence of sin, "but we ourselves, also, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves do groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." The primitive saints were looking for, and anticipating the coming of the Master, when the creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Then, "there shall be no more curse, neither sorrow nor crying; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads; and there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." O, glorious fact! O, happy state! O, joyful consummation! Then, there's our liberty, which we have in Christ Jesus, will be perfected, and our happy state will be fixed for ever.

Sinner, the jubilee trumpet is now blown, and *you may go free*. The glorious Gospel proclaims liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Believe in Jesus, and your debts are all paid. Believe in Jesus, and your prison door will fly open. Believe in Jesus, and your fetters will all fall off. Believe in Jesus, and Satan the infernal jailor will flee from you. Believe in Jesus, and justice will declare you free. Believe in Jesus, and you are justified, sanctified, and saved. Believe in Jesus, and life, eternal life, with all its glorious accompaniments, is yours. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound

they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; in thy name shall they rejoice all the day long; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

"Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell  
And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return ye ransomed sinners home."

## BIBLE APOLOGUES AND ALLEGORIES.

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

No. VII.—"The Instructive Emblem, or Help for the Hesitating."—Judges vi. 36—40.

"AND what shall I more say for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon," &c. Heb. xi. 32. Such was the exulting exclamation of the apostle, as he contemplated the long roll of his countrymen, who had honoured God and served their own generation, by the exercise of faith under various circumstances of trial and perplexity. It is pleasing to find among a people who, on the whole, were remarkable for their unbelief and disobedience, such instances of strong faith, and of readiness to follow God's call, as the Apostle here narrates. The unbelief of the nation, and the faith of individuals, are both recorded for our warning and encouragement. From the first we should learn to "take heed," Heb. iv.; 1 Cor. x.; and by the second we should be incited to take courage "to run the race set before us with patience." Heb. xii. 1, 2.

Gideon occupies rather a large space in the Book of Judges, and his history is full of instruction. While a young man, living in his native village of Ophrah, he was called of God to lead the hosts of Israel against the Midianites, who, at that time, grievously oppressed the land. This was a just punishment from God for the idolatry of the people, who had generally adicted themselves to the worship of Baal. Gideon obeyed the call, not without hesitation and self-distrust; but he was much encouraged and emboldened by the Divine Messenger who appeared unto him. Gideon built an altar to the Lord, and called it Jeho-

vah-Shalom," which means "Jehovah send Peace;" thus expressing his faith and hope in God, and his determination to worship him alone. The same night the Lord commanded him to throw down the altar of Baal, where his family worshipped, and to sacrifice one of his father's bullocks on an altar built to Jehovah. This Gideon did; and God disposed his father's heart to defend his act. Thus Gideon's name became known among the people, and he was prepared for his future hard service.

That service was soon required. The Midianites and Amalekites came over in great numbers, and pitched in the valley of Jezreel. Then the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon; he blew a trumpet, and numbers of the people of Israel flocked to his standard. The circumstance to which we invite particular attention now occurred: "And Gideon said unto God, if thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said, behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor; and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said. And it was so: for he rose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water. And Gideon said unto God, let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece,

and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night: for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground."—Judges vi. 36—40.

This request of Gideon seems to show some weakness in his faith; seeing that it required this to be re-assured, after all the proofs which he had received of his mission being from God. But what condescension and kindness is here manifested on God's part; and what encouragement does it afford to us! As one observes, "we may learn from this the value of prayer. Though Gideon was to blame in not believing at once God's promises; and though he expressed himself somewhat wrongly in his prayer, yet he was heard and answered. God loves to hear prayer, and especially the prayers of those who come to ask him what they ought to do."

These incidents of "the fleece and the dew," which were simply *signs* to Gideon, though very significant ones, may be considered as an allegory for us. I shall not attempt any fanciful exposition; nor seek to find out things in Providence or grace, answering to "the fleece, the ground, and the dew;" but just deduce from the whole one practical lesson of an important character, to all obvious, viz., GOD'S GOODNESS, AS SEEN IN THE REPEATED ENCOURAGEMENTS WHICH HE GIVES TO FAITH. Surely, the impression on Gideon's mind must have been after such answers to his prayers, and such food for his faith, so freely given; "how good is the Lord thus to encourage me, to bear with my falterings, and condescend to my weakness." The Lord intended to put his servant on some hard service, and he dealt most liberally with him. Nor was this all. When Gideon's army, by God's directions, was reduced to three hundred men, before he sent him against the enemy to battle, he directed him to go down to the host and listen to a dream related by one of the soldiers to his fellow, respecting a barley cake overturning a tent, which another interpreted as prophetic of Gideon's victory. Judges vii. 9—14. This was enough; Gideon went forward in the strength which God's repeated encouragements afforded him, and gained a glorious victory.

It would be easy to show from the history of the saints that this is not the only instance in which God has thus acted. Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, and many others, would furnish similar illustrations. But I wish to show that thus hath God dealt with us. I feel the greatest confidence in affirming that whatever may be our case and circumstances, God has in great mercy and kindness given us *repeated encouragements* to believe his testimony, and act upon it. I shall not be able to introduce every possible case; but will mention four of a more prominent and general character.

1. *The repeated encouragements given to sinners to believe in God's mercy through Christ, and to return to him.* Had God said but *once* in his Word, that he was merciful, and would welcome back wandering sinners to his heart and to his house, it ought to be enough. If the *only* invitation in the Bible was "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool," ought not every sinner who hears, at once to cling to this precious declaration, and say, "This is enough; God has said it, and he will do as he hath said?" How do men lay hold of the least gleam of hope, and make the most of it as regards deliverance or supply from their fellow-men. How did the servants of Benhadad, when they pleaded for his life with Ahab, "diligently observe whether anything would come from him, and hastily catch it." 1 Kings, xx. 33. How would a condemned criminal seize on any word which a friendly visitor dropped, which indicated the least hope that his terrible sentence would be averted. But how slow are men to believe God's words of mercy, though repeated a thousand times over; and though thousands and millions of the worst sinners who ever lived can stand forth to attest their truth. Why is this? In many it is carelessness, and false security; they do not see their need of this mercy, and wonder so much to do is made about forgiveness. But, "oh, that God would speak" and show such *what they are, and who he is.* Then

would fear and anguish take hold on them, and they would see that it must be infinite mercy indeed to reach their case. Some whom God has thus convicted, go to the opposite extreme, and conclude that nothing in all God's word meets their case, and deem it reasonable in them to put God's free invitations away despondingly. But distrust and despair are of all things most unreasonable in sinners to whom God addresses such manifold words of mercy.

It is a blessed fact, one that ought to overwhelm us with astonishment, annihilate unbelief and despair, and bring hearts back to God in simple dependence; that he who cannot lie has multiplied words to express his readiness to forgive; his delight is in pardoning the worst of transgressors; and also to assure us that he is glorified when he casts all our sins behind his back. O, it is a most wondrous and encouraging thought, that if all the invitations addressed to sinners to return to God, the promises made to them, and the revelations of God's character as a pardoning God, were gathered from the sacred oracles, we should have a considerable volume on this subject alone. Gideon had three encouragements to venture for God, but who can count the encouragements the sinner has to venture to God. From Sinai's awful hill we hear the precious declaration, "Jehovah, Jehovah, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin." Isaiah proclaims "that the Lord will abundantly pardon" Micah "that he delighteth in mercy," while the Son of David, as he exhibits God "running to meet the returning prodigal," proves to demonstration that David sang truly "Thou Lord art good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon thee."

2. *The repeated encouragements given to saints in distressing straits and deep sorrows, to trust and hope in God, and to cast all their care on him.* "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart." "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell

in the land, and verily thou shall be fed." "Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." "Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you." "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause, who doeth great things, and unsearchable, marvellous things without number." Such are a few out of the many exceeding great and precious promises made by "the Father of mercies and God of all comfort." Surely "he hath given us everlasting consolation;" and it is his will that the heirs of promise should have strong consolation. He hath surrounded them with blessings; he hath "laid up goodness for them;" "the God of their mercies hath prevented them;" provided stores and magazines of spiritual blessings all along the trying road which he knows they will have to travel. Consider, tried child of God, all these gracious words are your own; as much yours as if spoken to you by name. Do not wonder if you are brought into circumstances of grief and perplexity; this is necessary, that you may see your need of these promises, realise their preciousness, and prove how faithful the Lord is to make them all good, just as you need to have them fulfilled. He hath assured and reassured you, and confirmed his reassurance by an oath. Surely he means what he says; his resources are infinite, his power Almighty, and he proposes to get honour to his name by your believing hopeful connection with his own often-repeated words.

If we consider the history of his people, we see the truth of our remark demonstrated. Consider Abraham the father of the faithful. How often did the Lord appear to him, and always with words of comfort and encouragement, "I will bless thee, and thou shall be a blessing." "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." "I am God Almighty; walk before me and be thou perfect." "Surely blessing, I will bless thee," &c., &c. Abraham fed on these words, and was strengthened. He staggered not at the promise; he wearied not in watching. His heavenly food made his eye single and clear, Heb. xi. 13, 16; his step firm, and

his heart strong. God delighted in his clinging faith; and owned the man who thus hung upon his words as "*Abraham, my friend.*" To David also how often did God speak. In the quiet field, the busy camp, the crowded court, the desert wilderness, as well as in his own home and the house of the Lord; he heard the voice of God. His language was "God hath spoken, I will rejoice." When his life was in peril he sang, "God is the strength of my life." When all turned against him he encouraged himself in the Lord his God," 1 Samuel xxx. 6. Thus, God's words were not lost on him; his trustful heart responded to the faithful promises, and he set those promises to the sweetest music, even when there was no human probability of their being fulfilled. Let us who have more words to encourage us than Abraham or David had, seek grace to be "followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

3. *The repeated encouragements given to labourers to persevere in the Lord's work.* As we are prone to depend in sorrow, so we are prone to faint amidst deferrings and discouragements. Nothing but having to do with God's words will keep us from being "weary in well-doing." We should study God's descriptions of our service, and his declarations as regards results. Before the Saviour left his disciples he forewarned them of many difficulties and trials, and those who seek to serve the Lord would do well to study these descriptions. They are not out of date, though our circumstances are different. "The field is the world," and "the whole world lieth in the wicked one." The human heart is what it ever was; there is the same pride of intellect in some, the same debased habits in others, and the same cold indifference in almost all. The state of the professing Church also answers to the parables and predictions of Christ. The seed is sown, but much of it falls by the way-side, on the rocky ground, and amidst thorns. Tares still spring up with the wheat; and the Gospel net gathers bad as well as good. But he who described all these things beforehand, that his servants should not be stumbled, hath said amidst "many

like words;" "Freely ye have received, freely give." "A cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not lose its reward." "I am with you always." "Your labour shall not be in vain." "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Let us labour on, listening to such sayings as these. If our fervent desire be to spread the truth of God, to save souls, to edify the saints, to bless our household, and, in all, to glorify the Lord, we shall not be left without a blessing. If opposition appear very strong—if results are small—if we are uncheered and almost unobserved by man, we shall need much grace still to labour on. Let us be deaf to Satan's suggestions, careless of mere human judgment; and ever keep an open ear for God's words to enter; so shall his repeated encouragements animate us, as they did Gideon to go forth "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

4. *Consider the repeated encouragements given to backsliders to return to God, and to rest in his unchanging love.* Such need the dew, both on the fleece and the ground, to assure them that God will be merciful to their unrighteousness. But with Psalm xxxii. and li.; Jer. iii. 1, 13, 14; Jer. xxxi. 18—20; Hosea xiv. 3, 5, the case of Peter restored and honoured, with the Lord's yearning words over Ephesus, Sardis, and Laodicea, with such passages as Rom. v. 10; Heb. vii. 25; 1 John, i. 9; and ii. 1, 2, before us; who need despair; who should not hope? If the most guilty and unworthy will study such passages, then though their sins are as scarlet, their language will be, "come and let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn and he will heal us; he hath smitten and he will bind us up," Hosea vi. 1. Praying thus with an eye alone on the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, the joyful song shall soon be heard, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Surely these and similar points demonstrate that Jehovah loves faith, and

delights to be trusted. It does not signify, dear reader, how sad or apparently desperate your case or circumstances may appear to be; the great point is, has God described your case in his Word, and made provision for it? if so, rest on these faithful words, do not make your case an exception, rather say "thus hath God spoken to sinners and sufferers, I need all this grace and mercy; I will trust and not be afraid;" then you shall soon have to sing, "thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedest me." Let us ever bear in mind that while God *owns* the weakest faith, it is strong faith that he *commends*, and is most glorified by. The Lord Jesus helped the petitioner to whom he said, "Except you see signs and wonders ye will not believe;" but how does he delight in that believer, concerning whom he could say, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Let us seek grace "to be strong in faith, giving glory to God."

Some, to whom God has given repeated tokens of his mercy and power, have yet failed in a measure afterwards. Moses, who had seen so many proofs of God's presence and power, honoured him not before the people, Numb. xx. 12; and as a punishment he was not permitted to enter Canaan. Solomon's sin was aggravated by the consideration that "God had appeared unto him twice," I Kings, xi, 9; let us beware; for Satan's aim is to lead us into temptation, just after we have received some special mercies from God, or been honoured to render some service to his cause. Thus it was with Gideon, after all his faith, his answers to prayer, his victories, and

service for Israel, he did that which "became a snare unto Gideon and to his house," Judg. viii. 27. Let us take warning, for not in vain are the words written, "wherefore, dearly beloved, flee from idolatry," and, "little children, keep yourselves from idols."

There is one other lesson we should learn from Gideon. When we have proved the Lord, let us proceed earnestly and devotedly in his service. Immediately after Gideon had obtained his two-fold sign he arose and went forth to the conflict (see Judg. vii. 1); strong in faith he put to flight the armies of the aliens. "He knew his God, and he did exploits." When God reveals himself to us, and makes good his word in our experience, it is that we may lay out the strength we obtain, in his service, and for his glory. The joy of the Lord is our strength; we must be heedful not to let this joy evaporate in mere excitement, or empty words; but lay it out in loving service, and earnest conflict. This joy will be fed and increased by frequent meditations on God's goodness, as manifested in his repeated words of consolation and encouragement. Who, that knows their value, can look them over without saying of him who spoke them, "Oh! how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee, before the Sons of Men!"

"Firm are the words his prophets give,  
Sweet words on which his children live;  
Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spake and spread the skies abroad.

O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith;  
To embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven his own."

### I'LL TELL MY FATHER.

WHAT a peculiar charm is in the name, father! How happy they who are blessed with a wise and judicious parent, who, blending the fear of God with long cultivated, natural affection, is ever ready to smile on their innocent pleasures, to assist them by his counsel, and, when the case requires, wisely to admonish or gently to restrain!

No wonder that we so often hear the

words, "I will tell my father." "I will ask my father," on the lips of children. For to whom could they so properly tell their griefs as to their kind and natural protector? From whom have they so much encouragement to hope for the gratification of their desires (if reasonable) as from their father? And so strong is the confidence in the minds of some children of their father's willing-

ness to help them in any difficulty, that we hear them say, "I'll get father to help me," &c.

And such should be the constant habit of the children of God, for no earthly father ever had such tender sympathy with his children as our heavenly Father has with his adopted family. They need not be careful for anything, if in all things they would make known their request to God with thanksgiving. Yet, in times of trial and sorrow, the child of God is found looking for sympathy to this sister or that brother, instead of going direct to his Father, who has so often spoken peace to his broken heart, and poured oil on his wounded spirit. Oh, why should the Christian lie down in dependency when he has such a Father!

There are many things which a child loves to tell a parent. If joyous and happy, he hastens with bounding steps and leaping heart to pour the superabundance of his ecstasy into the paternal ear; or if sorrow swells his bosom, well he knows the ear that will be open to his tale of woe is that of his father. And if he suffers wrong from any one, will he not commit the case to the same beloved guide of his youth? This, also, is the Christian's privilege. If rejoicing in the bright prospect opened up to him in the Gospel, it is his unspeakable privilege to tell his joys to Him who is the source of them; or if comforted by any temporal good, he may also go and bless the Hand that bestowed it—acknowledging the fulfilled promise, "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

There is sometimes a difficulty felt in going to God with burdens that press heavily; and the children of God, at such times, are like the children of earthly parents who consult each other, instead of going to their father; and too often the case is made worse by it; for if the wound thus exposed does not get deepened, yet it frequently becomes

two, if the too confiding party is not made to bleed at every pore. This, however, is not always the case, for in the family of God there are some loving spirits ever willing to obey the kind injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Still, "I'll go and tell my Father" is a good resolution, because He is already acquainted with the true state of the case, be it ever so complicated: so that He can sympathise. If He reprove, it will not be from "the hearing of the ear," but with equity; neither will He bring any unjust charges, nor misjudge motives, for the Lord weigheth actions and motives impartially in a just balance. Should the child of God be called to duties which to him are difficult, he may say, "I'll ask Father to help me;" and if he has long proved his Father's willingness to help and instruct him, he may even say "I will get Father to help me," His past aid and His promise (Matt. vii. 7—11) being the guaranty. Perhaps some of the youthful branches of the family may ask, "What shall I tell my Father? what shall I ask Him to help me in?" Tell Him you want to be imitators of God as dear children, and to walk in love. Ask Him to shed abroad His love in your hearts. Tell Him of the difficult lessons you have to learn in the school of Christ, not because He is a hard master, but because you are so slow to learn; and get Him to help you. Tell Him your troubles in the shop, the school-room, the family, the church, and the world; tell Him your internal and external troubles; tell Him of Satan's malice, and your remaining corruptions. Say, "Father, help me, teach me, lead me," and to this end put your hand in His, which is so kindly outstretched for your support.

"God pities all our griefs;  
He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way."

Riverhead, June 4.

E. Y.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, A.M.

### NO. VI.—THE CHOLERIC.

Our sixth portrait is the Choleric Man.

His temper differs from the Sulk, as a sharp shower soon over differs from the

dull mist that turns the whole day into twilight, and makes you welcome the night-fall as the more natural of the two. We are no apologists for either temper; though it is

far easier for the one than for the other :—  
*"let not the sun go down upon its wrath."*

Society extenuates "the storming party," as if his temper were "a forlorn hope," which could not be reduced by any milder means : nay, its proverbial suggestions almost clothe the irascible man in an undercoat of amiableness and generosity. Thus "his bark is worse than his bite;" "he doesn't mean it;" "he bears no malice;" "it's out and over with him." Fortunately for the Choleric Man there are these offsets, or he would be simply intolerable. But if his ebullitions have no better plea than that they are untrue to the man's sober feelings, as they are unworthy of any right ones—that they misrepresent his intentions as grievously as they discredit his powers of self-government—that he does not storm for ever, which, as he *could not*, is no thanks to him—and that he forgets it all as soon as it is over; it is only happy for him if his victims have equally short memories, and are as content, as of course he is, to obliterate a passage which the interests of neither party can recall with satisfaction. We are not here to pander to false sentiment, however popular, and therefore do not hesitate to tell the Choleric Man, "Your choler is the besetting sin which spoils your every other sacrifice, until by the grace of God you sacrifice *that*. It is no atonement for the social, much less its moral guilt, to fling a guinea at the poor supplicant's head whom you first hurt and degraded by an indecent torrent of abuse. It is almost a mean indemnity on both your parts, to grant in a cooler moment what you just now refused with insult, enhancing not the value but the cost of your compliance by the bitter price of his humiliation with your own in its acceptance. To be as prompt in apology as quick in offence, negatives the character, without excusing the conduct, which involves such alternations. Nay, you cannot make amends in every instance, even if society consented to the ridiculous contract. Your ungovernable temper disqualifies you for the discharge of many important duties of your station, with which you cannot be entrusted; and for these shortcomings you have no compensation to offer. Besides your apologies can scarcely be more painful to yourself to make, than they are to those who are annoyed by the necessity of accepting them, or else of incurring the uncharitableness implied in their refusal. Look at it in what light you may, the outburst of passion is a mental abdication in favour of an interregnum of the animal.

The weakness of the strong it sometimes is—a nervous infirmity almost mechanical, oddly contradicted by a depth of tenderness and generosity that seemed incompatible, we have also known it; but in every case it is a sin, a mischief, a mistake, and a misfortune—a blot upon the moral escutcheon—a radical defect, demanding vigilance, self-denial, wrestling, and earnest prayer for its mastery—a possession, while it lasts, like the foul spirit's in the Gospel, that "tears a man, and casts him down to its wallowing and foaming;" and we know of no other effectual antidote to match it, except that lovely and subduing influence in the inner man, which brought its once furious abject,

"whom no man could tame," to "the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."

The silly exculpations of this temper on the part of society almost preclude its reproach, from the dread of provoking a fault which the delinquent has been encouraged to ignore. But a gallant Christian will hazard the duty, though his personal interests were included in the risk.

#### NO. VII.—THE VINDICTIVE.

The seventh is a brief outline of the Vindictive temper.

Revenge has been defined as "a wild kind of justice," which retaliates upon its assailant the injury of the assault. Most men, apart from the dictates of religion, account themselves "not righted" until avenged of a wrong. Christianity would not have taught so prominently "*Avenge not yourselves*," if the thing prohibited were not the natural rule. The spirit of the law of God and the philosophy of human law is to transfer the vindication of a wrong from the hands of the interested individual to a higher and independent tribunal. Personal revenge is the infraction of this economy, and if it became general, would preclude the function of law.

The highest style of conformity to Him whose sole re-entment was "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*," is when, like him, the accuser melts into the advocate, and the sin is only mentioned to indicate the subject of the intercession. Such was the proto-martyr's echo of his Master,—"*Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!*" But the natural man thinks "*not so with God*." He reckons himself degraded by that foregoing of reprisals, which God declares "*the glory of a man*."

Common sense, on her humbler grounds, coincides with religion. Men often sacrifice a real friend to their resentment of an imaginary affront. If the offence be just, an exorbitant redress shifts the balance on the side of the aggressor. Nay, the interests trespassed against are oftener more damaged by a retort upon their trespasser, who, like a boar in your garden, does less mischief the quieter you let him out. The right may be on your side; but if the might or the opportunity be on his, like the contest of the earthen pots with the brazen ones in the fable, you suffer more by resisting than by evading the encounter. Resenting an injury not only makes it more injurious by your becoming an accomplice in the guilt of its retaliation, and your abuse of an occasion of self-denial and exemplification of the power of religion and the glory of its blessed Author, but you lose the righteous sympathy which would have sustained you in the nobler course, and forfeit the compensation which the subsequent reflection of your opponent might have awarded, had you not taken it out of his hand.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," especially where not merited, and often when justly incurred. Endurance of an injury makes it harder to repeat it, as submission to punishment not unfrequently suspends an infliction whose purpose is found half accomplished. Saul could not hurl a second javelin when David showed him his



skirt. Ahab's self-abasement stayed the hand of descending judgment.

A poor half-witted lad, the son and sore trial of a pious Wesleyan minister, had somehow learned one lesson, though most others failed. His father taught him he should "do nothing without first asking a blessing on it." It was a simple rule, designed to check a love of mischief, which gave his friends much trouble. After several threats of punishment, some usually wilful act of mischief determined his father, who was a strict disciplinarian, to give him a flogging. Sternly ordering him to the vestry hard by for that purpose, the good man, more in sorrow than in anger, followed with the whip, and setting the culprit to commence its painful office, the poor wittol quaintly looked up into his face and said, "*Father, we must ask a blessing first.*" The whip dropped like a tear from the good man's hand; and in the conflict between smile and tear, in which perhaps

neither got the better of the other, the poor simpleton escaped between them.

Is there no hint to be had from the incident? Insubordination to punishment is that subtle shape of indirect resentment of coercion which doubly violates the law, its precept by the transgression, and its sanction by the effort at impunity. An entire absence of that stubborn insubjection to discipline which resists the penalty of its trespass, exempted the poor wittol from a punishment incurred by his fault, but averted by his submission. Wiser heads often act with less wisdom. At all events, the simple rule to "ask God's blessing first," which helped him out of his difficulty, would prevent us all from falling into many a worse, much more into the constructive sacrifice of usurping His divine prerogative, who saith "*Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.*" Who, except Louis XI., could ask a blessing on his revenge?

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### "MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

Father, I know that all my life	...	2 Cor. vi. 18.
Is portioned out for me,	...	Ps. xxxi. 15.
And the changes that will surely come,	...	Job xiv. 1.
I do not fear to see;	...	Prov. xiv. 26.
But I ask Thee for a present mind	...	Deut. v. 29.
Intent on pleasing Thee.	...	Ps. cxix. 33.
I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,	...	Ps. cxvi. 1.
Through constant watching, wise—	...	1 Thes. 5, 6.
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,	...	Rom. xii. 15.
And to wipe the weeping eyes:	...	1 Cor. xii. 28.
And a heart at leisure from itself	...	1 Cor. xiii. 5.
To soothe and sympathise.	...	Job xxix. 11—16.
I would not have the restless will	...	Isa. lvii. 20.
That hurries to and fro,	...	Prov. xix. 2.
Seeking for some great thing to do	...	Rom. xii. 16.
Or secret thing to know:	...	Deut. xxix. 29.
I would be treated as a child,	...	Ps. cxxxi. 2.
And guided where to go.	...	Ps. lxxiii. 24.
Wherever in the world I am,	...	Ps. xxxvii. 23.
In whatsoever estate,	...	Phil. iv. 12.
I have a fellowship with hearts	...	1 John i. 7.
To keep and cultivate;	...	Eph. iv. 3.
And a work of lowly love to do,	...	2 Cor. v. 14, 15.
For the Lord on whom I wait.	...	Ps. xxv. 5.
So I ask Thee for the daily strength—	...	Deut. xxxiii. 2
To none that ask denied,	...	Matt. vii. 7, 8.
And a mind to blend with outward life,	...	John xvii. 15.
While keeping at Thy side;	...	Ps. xxxvii. 34.
Content to fill a little space,	...	Ps. lxxxiv. 10.
If Thou be glorified.	...	John xv. 8.
And if some things I do not ask,	...	Eph. iii. 20.
In my cup of blessing be;	...	Ps. xxiii. 5.
I would have my spirit filled the more,	...	Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.
With grateful love to Thee;	...	Ps. ciii. 2.
And careful—less to serve Thee much,	...	Micah vi. 7, 8.
Than to please Thee perfectly.	...	Col. i. 10.
There are briars besetting every path,	...	Job v. 7.
Which call for patient care;	...	Heb. x. 36.
There is a cross in every lot,	...	Eccles. vii. 14.
And an earnest need for prayer;	...	2 Sam. xxii. 7.
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,	...	Cant. viii. 5.
Is happy anywhere.	...	Isa. xxvi. 2.

In a service which Thy love appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me;  
 For my secret heart is taught "the truth,"  
 That makes Thy children "free;"  
 And a life of self-renouncing love,  
 Is a life of liberty!  
 June 2nd, 1857.

Rom. xii. 1.  
 2 Cor. iii. 17.  
 John xiv. 17.  
 John viii. 32-33.  
 Matt. xvi. 24.  
 Gal. v. 1.

A. C. M. JELlicoe.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

*Rushden Old Meeting.*—The Rev. R. E. Bradfield, of Cambridge, has accepted a cordial invitation from the church in this place, to become their pastor, and enters upon his pastoral duties the third Sunday in July.—[*Isalm* cxvii. 7-8.—*Ed. B. M.*]

*Burgh, Lincolnshire.*—Mr W. Thomsett, of Somersham, having accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate, from the Baptist Church in this place, will commence his stated labours here on the second Lord's-day in July.

*Burslem.*—The Rev. J. W. Kirton has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, and is open for an engagement.

*Rickmansworth.*—The Rev. R. Tubbs, having received a second requisition from the Baptist church in this place, urging him to continue his ministry amongst them, has yielded to their request.

*Heywood, Lancashire.*—Rev. T. Britcliffe has resigned the pastorate.

*Hirwain, near Aberdare.*—The Rev. E. Watkins, from Morriston, has accepted the pastorate.

### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

*London, Cumberland-street, Curtain-road, Shoreditch.*—The church and congregation meeting in the above place will remove to Ebenezer Chapel, Buttesland-street, East-road, on Lord's-day, June 23th, when three sermons will be preached; that in the morning by Mr. S. Green, who has accepted the pastoral office, that in the afternoon by Mr. Foreman, and that in the evening by Mr. Moyle. A sermon will be preached on the following Wednesday, July 1st, at seven in the evening, by Mr. Haselton, of Chadwell-street.

*Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire.*—The anniversary of the Sabbath-school, July 19th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston will preach three sermons.

*Dartford, Kent, Zion Chapel.*—On Lord's-day, July 19th, Sabbath-school services will (D.V.) be held. Mr. H. Hall will preach morning and evening; and in the afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, a public examination of the children will be held; and on the Monday following, the children will have their annual treat on Dartford-heath. On Monday, August 31, Mr. Foreman, of London, will preach two sermons on behalf of the school—afternoon at three o'clock, and evening at six o'clock.

*Basilden Chapel, near Reading.*—(Anniversary).—Wednesday, July 15th, 1857, when two sermons will be preached by Mr. Ward, of Tring, Herts. Services at half-

past two and six o'clock; tea will be provided and collections after each service.

*Hoxton Tabernacle.—Baptist Chapel, High-street, Hoxton.*—The eighth anniversary of the formation of the church will be held (D.V.) on Lord's-day, August 2nd, when the pastor will preach in the morning at eleven, and the Rev. A. J. Baxter, in the evening, at half-past six o'clock. Also a tea-meeting on Monday, August 3, at five o'clock, after which the Rev. A. J. Baxter will preach at seven o'clock. Collections after the tea-meeting.

### OPENING OF CHAPELS, &c.

*Lockwood, near Huddersfield.*—The Baptist chapel at this place having been closed for two months for repairs, was re-opened on Thursday, the 11th inst., when two services were preached by the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool. On the Sabbath following the services were continued by the Rev. B. Evans, of Scarborough. The chapel was well filled, and the whole cost, about £340 was realised by subscriptions and collections at the opening service.

*Abercarn, Monmouthshire.*—On Easter Sunday and Monday we held the opening services of our new chapel, which, with hard struggling, we have succeeded in erecting, though a debt of upwards of £400 is still standing on it. We collected, in the two days, £65, which, considering the greater part of our congregation is composed of hard-working colliers, we esteemed very good. The ministers who preached on the occasion were Sunday morning, Rev. J. Evars, Abercarn, Welsh; Rev. Joseph Jenkins, late of Penzance, Cornwall, English; afternoon, Rev. E. Roberts, Basillisk, English; Rev. J. Evans, Welsh; the same two in the evening again. Monday morning—Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, in English; Rev. John Emlyn Jones, M.A., of Ebbw Vale, Welsh. Afternoon—Rev. W. Aitchison, of Newport, English; Rev. Evan Thomas, Tredegar, Welsh. Evening—Rev. David Evans, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, English; and Rev. Evan Thomas, Tredegar, Welsh. The congregations were good, and we have reason to believe much good was done.—E. E.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

*Bi-Centenary Services at Friar-lane Chapel.*—The ancient Baptist church, Friar-lane, Leicester, celebrated the two hundredth year of its existence, and the thirty-sixth of the ministry of its present pastor, with more than ordinary demonstrations of joy. The chapel and school-room were most tastefully decorated with appropriate

devices. On Lord's-day morning last, the services commenced with a prayer meeting, at six o'clock, which was attended with a goodly number of the friends, while all present experienced it to be a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At half-past ten public worship commenced, when the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London, preached an interesting and appropriate sermon from Eccles. vii. 10. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the Sabbath-school children were appropriately addressed by Mr. Winks, who also presented to twenty of the senior scholars handsomely bound Bibles. Dr. Burns again preached in the evening to a crowded and deeply attentive congregation, a most eloquent discourse; Deut. i. 11. On Monday morning at six o'clock, the friends again assembled for social prayer, and at eleven the Rev. H. Hunter, of Nottingham, preached an impressive sermon, from Numb. xxiii. 23. In the afternoon a public tea-meeting was held, the tops of the pews being floored to make room for the accommodation of the numbers who attended, some 500 or more being present. The public meeting commenced at six o'clock, R. Harris, Esq., in the chair. As soon as the chairman had opened the meeting, by singing and prayer, he called upon Dr. Burns to deliver the first address. Just as the Doctor was commencing, the pastor, who had been laid aside by affliction, made his appearance on the platform, and was received with great demonstrations of joy by the delighted assembly. This expression of kindly feeling subsiding, the Rev. Doctor proceeded to read the address prepared for the occasion, after which he presented the pastor with a testimonial, to which several esteemed friends of other denominations kindly contributed, among whom were the members for the borough, and his worship the mayor, consisting of an elegant and richly finished silver tea-pot, with a silver salver, on which was engraved the following inscription:—

To the

Rev. S. WIGG,

The firm and zealous supporter  
of Civil and Religious Liberty,  
and the promulgator of the great  
and sublime truths of Christianity;  
this piece of Plate is presented

By the Members and Congregation of the  
General Baptist Church, Friar-lane,  
in connection with several of the generous  
and philanthropic

Ladies and Gentlemen of Leicester,  
as a small tribute of respect to his  
high Christian character,  
and his untiring exertions in  
diffusing around the Divine  
Principles of the Gospel,  
for 36 years in that place.

ANNO DOMINI, 1857.

In addition to the above he also presented an elegant purse, containing twenty sovereigns, also a beautifully bound Bible and Hymn-book, from the teachers of the Sabbath-schools; then, turning to the pastor's wife, he presented to her a purse of six guineas. The Doctor resumed his seat, and the pastor immediately rose, labouring under great weakness, and evidently deeply

affected, not having had any previous knowledge that such an exhibition of Christian feeling would be manifested towards him, he, in a brief but feeling address, returned his grateful thanks, with those of his wife, for this unexpected expression of Christian sympathy and affection. The meeting then proceeded by the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., reading a brief history of the church, compiled by the pastor, after which the assembly was eloquently and effectively addressed by the Revs. W. Chapman, Lougford, S. C. Sarjant, B.A. (Dorby), W. R. Stevenson, M.A., J. P. Mursell, E. W. McCall, J. F. Winks, J. Bloodworth, and T. D. Dyson, Esq., the chairman closing the meeting with an affectionate address. Thus ended the services of this delightful anniversary.

*Halifax.*—On June 1st., the teachers and scholars of Pellon-laue, Sunday-school, Halifax, presented to their minister, the Rev. Samuel Whitewood, his portrait in oil-painting, set in an elaborately carved gilt frame, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to the Rev. Samuel Whitewood, in token of affectionate regard, by the teachers and scholars of Pellon-lane Sunday-school, Halifax, June 1st, 1857." The testimonial was presented by Mr. John Clay, the superintendent of the school, and the meeting was addressed by several teachers and friends.

*Helston, Cornwall.*—Whit-Tuesday, June 2nd, a special service was held, at which the young persons of the Baptist church and congregation presented their minister, the Rev. Charles Wilson, with a token of their Christian love, esteem, and gratitude: Keach's "Key to open Scripture Metaphors," and "Exposition of the Parables." Mr. Wilson very feelingly acknowledged their kindness. It was a most delightful meeting.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

*Jubilee of the Baptist College, Pontypool.*—On Wednesday and Thursday, May 29th and 31st inst., the friends and supporters of this institution met to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. The college having been enlarged and otherwise improved during the past year, and efforts having been put forth for the accumulation of a jubilee fund of £1,500 for the defrayal of expenses already incurred, and the future support of an increased number of students, the interest manifested in this year's meeting was considerably in advance of any former anniversary. The visitors inspected the result of the efforts of the building committee, and expressed their entire satisfaction with the plan, execution, and cost of the improvements. The examination of the students in theology and classics was ably conducted, on Wednesday morning, by the Revs. Evan Thomas, of Tredegar, and C. Short, M.A., Swansea. In the evening of this day a Welsh service was held in Crane-street Chapel. The devotional part having been conducted by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Llanrhaidr, Mr. T. Reeves, student, read an admirably essay on the "Morality of the Bible," and the Rev. S. Williams, of Nantyglo, delivered a discourse founded on 1 Tim. iv. 10. On Thurs-

day morning the public English service was introduced by the Rev. J. O. Butterworth, M.A., of Abergavenny, after which Mr. Thomas James, senior student, read an excellent essay on "Liberty of Conscience," and the Rev. Rees Griffiths, of Ponthir, preached a faithful and affecting sermon from Col. i. 28. The public meeting for the transaction of business was held at the college in the afternoon. W. Phillips, Esq., having taken the chair, the report was read by Dr. Thomas, after which matters relating to the enlargement of the house, the expense incurred, the rules of the college, and a number of other questions, were freely discussed. Resolutions, congratulatory and animating, were passed by the meeting. It was gratifying to find that out of the desired £1,500 nearly £1,100 had been promised, of which sum about £800 had been paid into the treasurer's hands. The meetings were closed by a service held in the evening in the Presidents chapel, when the Rev. S. R. Young read and prayed, and the Rev. J. W. Todd, of Sydenham, preached.

*Horton College, Bradford.*—The usual yearly examinations, preparatory to the closing of the session, have been held, partly on the Thursday preceding Easter, but chiefly during the last and the previous week. The Greek New Testament and higher classical examinations were conducted with consummate ability, by the venerable Dr. Godwin, both *visu voce* and by means of copious written papers, the whole extending over four days. The Revs. H. Dowson, of Bradford, B. Evans, of Scarborough, and C. Larom, of Sheffield, gave, as heretofore, their very efficient aid in the theological examination, and the Rev. R. Brewer, of Leeds, devoted a day to the Syriac and Hebrew, with the junior classes. Mr. Brewer, also, in conjunction with John Child, Esq., of Bradford, ably conducted the mathematical examination, which was wholly by written papers.

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*—The Jubilee services, in celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Tuthill-stairs Sunday-school (formed May, 1807), commenced on Lord's-day week, by the Rev. Richard Pengilly, of Penzance, founder of the school and pastor of the Tuthill-stairs church for nearly forty years, preaching in the morning in Bewick-street chapel, from Exodus ii. 9. In the afternoon, a juvenile meeting was held, when the children connected with the schools met in Bewick-street chapel, and short addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Pengilly, Rev. T. Pottenger, and others. An emblematic memorial card, in commemoration of the Jubilee, was presented to every scholar attending the schools at Bewick-street, Newcastle, and Garden-street, Gateshead. In the evening the Rev. Thomas Pottenger preached from Acts xiv. 7. The collections after these sermons amounted to £19. On Monday evening there was a special prayer-meeting on behalf of the schools, presided over by the Rev. T. Pottenger, at which there was a large attendance, and brethren Maxwell, Wilkinson, Buckley (of Croyden), Bell, and the pastor, engaged. On Tuesday evening a public tea-meeting, in conclusion of the services,

was held in the school-room under the chapel. After tea, in the absence of Mr. Pottenger, through indisposition, the Rev. Richard Pengilly was called on to preside. The Rev. J. W. Lauce, minister of Newcourt chapel, having supplicated the Divine blessing, the esteemed chairman, in a telling and impressive manner, introduced the business, narrating the formation and many of the incidents connected with the progress of the Tuthill-stairs schools. The following afterwards addressed the meeting; Messrs. J. L. Angas, J. Fenwick, R. Wylie, Councillor Angas, J. Maxwell, H. A. Wilkinson, J. Potts, and others. It is stated that out of 610 members of the church, 240 have been teachers, or more than one-third; seventy-five of these were scholars; and of the ministers now living, formerly scholars and teachers in these schools, were Dr. Angas, and the Rev. William Howson, London; Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, Tewkesbury; and Rev. Henry Angus, Rugby.

*Beadley, Worcestershire.*—On Whit-Monday the Sabbath-schools connected with the Baptist church in this town were invited by their teachers to a tea-party on the Round Hill, on the estate of Charles Sturge, Esq. At three o'clock in the afternoon the children walked in procession; preceded by their minister, carrying banners with appropriate mottoes, &c. The Rev. J. Bailey delivered an address, after which each child was supplied with cake, books, &c.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

*Holywell, North Wales, March 31st.*—The Baptist church at Holywell held its annual meeting, when the Rev. Mr. Roberts was publicly recognised as pastor. The Revs. William Morgan, Hugh Jones, and other ministers, officiated on the occasion.

*Carmel, Tvedyrhin.*—Special meetings were held in this place, on the 7th and 8th inst., at which Mr. William Jenkins, late of Haverfordwest College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church. On the Sunday evening at six o'clock, the service having been introduced by Mr. W. Davis, a sermon was delivered to a crowded congregation by the Rev. T. Jones, of Zoar, Rhymney. On Monday morning at ten, the meeting was commenced by the Rev. T. Jones, of Rhymney; afterwards the Rev. T. Jones, of Zion Chapel, Merthyr, delivered an address on the nature of the Christian Church; he also proposed the usual questions, and offered the recognition prayer. The Revs. T. Davies, President of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, and J. Evans of Abercainrad, preached impressive sermons, the former to the minister, and the latter to the church. At two in the afternoon, after prayer, by the Rev. H. Thomas, of Rhymney, several brethren were set apart to the office of deacon. Afterwards the Rev. E. Evans preached a good sermon, on the nature of this office and the qualifications necessary to fulfil it. The Rev. R. Roberts, Tabernacle, Merthyr also delivered a discourse. At six in the evening, the Rev. T. Davis, of Cwmlfelyn, introduced the service, and the Revs. J. Jones, and H. Thomas, of Rhymney, preached to a very large congregation.

## ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

The *Essex Baptist Association* held its annual meeting at Romford. The ministers and delegates—or, as the lay brethren are termed, "Messengers"—assembled on Monday, and separated on Tuesday night. The meetings were all held in Salem Chapel. On the first day, the letters from the churches of the association were read; and from these it appears that the year has been one of more than usual spiritual prosperity with most of the fellowships. These documents having been submitted, an able and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. W. C. Ellis, of Sampford. In the evening, a public service was again held, when two addresses, which must have given unmixed satisfaction to all present, were delivered, on "The Claims of the Sanctuary," by the Rev. J. Butcher, of Thorpe; and "The Claims of the Age," by the Rev. A. Anderson, of Bures. On Tuesday morning, at half-past six, a prayer-meeting commenced the day, when, after a devotional address by the Rev. W. Wiley, of Burnham, the circular letter on education was read by the Rev. S. Pearce, the pastor of Salem Chapel. This closed the business of the association proper, but, on the same day, the tenth anniversary of the chapel, in which the meetings were held, was celebrated, and the ministers and brethren remained. Two sermons were preached—that in the morning, by Mr. Bailhache, a Stepney student, in the room of the Rev. W. Laudels, who could not be present on account of illness, and that in the evening, by the Rev. W. Bowes, of Blandford-street, London, the Rev. Mr. Gilson, of Saffron Waldron, conducting the devotions. In the interval of the services, a cold collation was provided in the school-room; and after it had been partaken of, about three-quarters of an hour were spent in friendly speeches, by the Rev. Messrs. Brawn, Denham, from Serenipore, A. Anderson, Morrison (Independent), and Law, who was introduced to the meeting by Mr. Pearce, the chairman, as "a dry Baptist." At half-past three o'clock, the company adjourned to the British School-room, where an interesting lecture to children and parents, upon the general subject of education, was delivered by the Rev. John Ross, of the Congregational Board. All the services were felt to be exceedingly interesting and profitable, notwithstanding that rather less than the usual number of ministers and messengers assembled; but those who did come together received a very fraternal welcome from Mr. Pearce and his friends.

*Worcestershire Baptist Association.*—The annual meetings of this association were held at the Baptist chapel, Pershore, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of June. On Tuesday evening three excellent addresses were delivered on the following subjects: The Rev. S. Dunn, of Atch Lench, on "The necessity of consistency in professors of religion in order to its success." The Rev. T. Michael, of Evsham, on "The duty of Christians to seek the conversion of sinners." The Rev. J. Phillips, of Astwood, on "The importance of the Spirit of prayer to the prosperity of the soul, and the revival of religion in the church." On

Thursday morning a prayer-meeting was held at half-past six o'clock; at eleven o'clock, the Rev. W. Crowe, of Worcester, preached the "Association Sermon," which was a very impressive discourse, from Psalm cxviii. 25, "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." In the afternoon the letters from the associated churches were read, when there was a large attendance of ministers, messengers, and friends, from the various churches in the association; and an able and practical address, which will long be remembered by those who heard it, was delivered by the Rev. J. Green, of Upton-on-Severn. In the evening the Rev. C. Vioce, of Birmingham, preached to a crowded audience, from Luke, xxiii. 33-45. The whole of the services were well attended, and, from the harmony and Christian feeling that prevailed throughout, we augur well for the future.

*Berks and West-Middlesex Association.*—The annual meetings of this association assembled at Reading on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 2nd and 3rd of June. The Rev. John Aldis, acted as moderator. After singing and prayer, the letters from the churches were read, which were, on the whole, of an encouraging character. Addresses on the state of the churches were delivered by the Rev. B. Aikenhead, of Wantage, and the Rev. J. Gibson, of West-Drayton. In the evening, the Rev. R. Aikenhead read the Scriptures, and prayed, after which the association sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Bullock, of Wallingford, on "Final Perseverance." At seven o'clock, on Wednesday morning, a prayer-meeting took place. At half-past ten o'clock the ministers and messengers assembled for business. In the evening a public meeting assembled in the chapel. The Rev. H. Fuller, of Ashampstead, read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Lillyport, of Windsor; Drew, of Newbury, and Edger, of Abingdon. This was the best attended of all the public services, and was felt by many to be a profitable season.

*Lancashire and Cheshire Association.*—The annual services of this association were held in the chapel at Waterbarn, at the instance of the second church in Bacup, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 3rd and 4th of June. The Rev. W. F. Burchell preached the introductory discourse, on Wednesday morning from Colossians i. 5-8. The letters from the churches were read in the afternoon; after which the Rev. H. S. Brown read the circular letter which he had prepared, on "The claims of infirm and aged ministers upon the sympathy and support of the associated churches, and the desirableness of providing for the widows and orphans of those deceased." In the evening the County Home Mission held its public meeting. H. Kelsall, Esq., in the chair; when the interests of the society were advocated by the Revs. F. Hugby, S. H. Bonth, R. Evans, L. B. Brown, C. M. Birrell, J. Kightlay, and H. S. Brown. The services of Thursday were introduced by an early prayer-meeting. At ten o'clock public worship was renewed, when the Rev. C.

Williams preached from Matthew, xxiv. 28.; and the Rev. H. S. Brown, from 1 Peter ii. 11, 12. The business of the association was transacted in the afternoon, and in the evening, the Rev. J. Harbottle preached from 1 Cor. xv. 58. The total increase during the year amounts to 513—namely, by baptism, 392; by letter, 103; by profession, 84; by restoration, 33. The total decrease is 509—namely, by death, 97; by letter, 105; by excommunication, 109; by withdrawal, 34; and by exclusion, 64; leaving a clear increase of 124. The number of churches is 48, and of members, 4,967.

*Gloucestershire Association.*—The meetings of this association were held this year, at Stroud, on the 2nd and 3rd of June. On Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, there was a meeting for prayer, when the Rev. T. Jones, of Chepstow, gave an address. At half-past ten, a.m., the Rev. E. E. Elliott, read and prayed; the Rev. T. F. Newman, of Shortwood, preached on "Church Prosperity greatly Dependent upon the Individual Efforts of Private Christians." A strong wish was expressed that the very able sermon might be speedily published. The Rev. H. Whitlock closed with prayer. At a quarter before three, p.m., the letters from the several churches were read, and were, in almost every instance, more favourable than they had been for some years. In 18 churches reporting, 146 had been baptised; and only three had received none by baptism. The clear increase in 21 churches amounted to 65, after deducting, in two instances, large numbers on a revision of church books. The Rev. T. Wilkinson gave an address, and the Rev. S. Walker prayed. At half-past six, p.m., the Rev. W. D. Elliston read and prayed. The Rev. J. Wall gave an address to the young, and the Rev. W. Collings on "Christian Consistency." The Rev. E. W. Davies closed. On Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held. The rest of the day, till evening, was devoted to business. T. Nicholson Esq., was re-appointed treasurer, and the Rev. John Penny, secretary. The church at Cambray, Cheltenham, withdrew from the Association; that at Blakeney was admitted. The meetings are to be held next year at Ledbury, the Rev. P. G. Scorey or the Rev. H. Whitlock to preach, and the Rev. W. Collings or the Rev. B. Grace to write the circular letter. The circular letter for this year on "Home Claims" was read by the Rev. T. Wilkinson and adopted. In the evening, at six o'clock, the Rev. S. Walker read and prayed; the Rev. John Penny preached on "The Glorious Issues of the Redeemer's Sufferings," and the Rev. W. Yates concluded the services with prayer.

*Northamptonshire Association.*—The annual meetings in connection with this association were held at Clipston, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 2nd and 3rd inst., the Rev. E. L. Foster, of Stony Stratford, being the moderator. The number of ministers and messengers present was large. At half-past ten o'clock, the chapel being well filled, the Rev. J. Jenkinson, of Oakham, read the Scriptures and prayed; the Rev. J. Jones, of Towcester, and the Rev. J. Murrell, of Kettering, preached. The Rev. J.

Cubitt, of Thrapston, concluded with prayer. After the morning service upwards of 120 ministers, messengers, and friends, dined together in a spacious marquee, erected for the occasion. The letters from the respective churches were encouraging, but they showed on the whole, that while the gross number added to the 42 communities was 167 during the year, the losses by death, during the same period, amounted to 143, leaving a nett increase of 19 only. The evening services were conducted by the Rev. H. Toller, of Market Harborough, the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, who delivered an eloquent sermon, and the Rev. W. Dennett, of Greyfriars-street, Northampton.

*Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Association.*—The annual meeting of this association was held at Derby, on Tuesday, 2nd June, 1857. The morning service commenced at half-past ten o'clock, when, after reading the Scriptures, and prayer by the Rev. J. Waller, of Southwall, the Rev. G. Taylor, minister of the place, was chosen moderator. The letters from the several churches were then read; also the circular letter on "The Duties of Church Members towards each other," prepared by the Rev. R. Bayly, of Newark. In the afternoon the ministers and messengers re-assembled for the transaction of business. The evening service was commenced by reading and prayer, by the Rev. J. Edwards, after which the association sermon was preached by the Rev. W. J. Stuart, of Loscoe, from James ii. 13. The other devotional services of the day were conducted by the Revs. J. Morton, S. Ward, G. Taylor, R. Bayly, and W. J. Stuart.

*Herts and Beds Association.*—The meetings of this association were held at Toddington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of June. The first day was devoted to business and devotional exercises, at which only the representatives of the churches met. Five churches were received. The public services were held on Wednesday. In the morning a sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Baker, B.A., of Ridgmont, from 1 Cor. iii. 9, "We are labourers together with God." In the afternoon, the letters from the churches were read. The additions fell considerably short of last year, that being in several instances one of unusual increase. In the evening the Lord's Supper was celebrated, the Rev. D. Gould presiding. The Rev. W. Upton addressed the communicants, the Rev. S. Cowdy the spectators. While this service was proceeding in the chapel, the Revs. Barker and Bird addressed a congregation on the village green.

*Yorkshire Association.*—The annual services of this association were held at Shipley, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of June. The letters from the churches—numbering sixty-eight, with 7,006 members, schools containing 12,535 scholars, and 5,737 teachers—were more than usually encouraging, the clear increase to the number of members during the year being 328. The sermons were felt to be appropriate and powerful. The preachers were the Rev. D. M. N. Thomp-

son, of Hull, from Isaiah liii. 11.; the Rev. J. Barker, of Lockwood, from Hebrews ii. 11; the Rev. T. Bennett, of Barnoldswick, from 1 John iv. 8; and the Rev. C. Bailhache, of Leeds, from Acts i. 8. The circular letter was written by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., on "The relation of the Sabbath-school to the Church."

*Suffolk and Norfolk Home Missionary Union.*—The annual meeting of this Union was held at Hamsden, on Thursday May 28th. The attendance was larger than on any former occasion. The morning was occupied in devotional exercises, and reading the letters from the aforesaid churches. In the afternoon, in the open air, a sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Hoddy, of Horham, from Romans v. 2. In the evening addresses were delivered in the following order:—1. On the State of Man by Nature; by the Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Diss. 2. On Redemption by Jesus Christ; by the Rev. W. Lloyd, of Eye. 3. On Regeneration by the Holy Spirit; by the Rev. I. Lord, of Ipswich. 4. On the State of the Redeemed in Heaven; by the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury.

*Southern Association.*—On Tuesday and Wednesday, June 2nd and 3rd, the Baptist Southern Association held its meetings at Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea, Portsmouth. On Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, the Rev. A. McLaren read and prayed, the Rev. J. B. Birt preached, and the Rev. T. Morris closed by prayer. On Wednesday evening the Rev. J. H. Osborne read and prayed, the Rev. W. A. Hopley preached, and the Rev. J. Davy closed by prayer.

#### BAPTISMS.

*Aldreth, Isle of Ely, June 14.*—Seven by Mr. King, after an impressive address by Mr. Ayrton, of Waterbeach.

*Amersham Old Meeting, May 26.*—Ten by Mr. J. Jeffery.

*Abercarn, Monmouth, May 31.*—A little girl of 12 years of age, by Mr. Tim. Thomas, of Bassillisk.

*Aberdare in The Etwer Cynmon, May 10.*—Nine by Mr. Price.

*Bogill, Flintshire, May 3.*—Two by Mr. Owens.

*Barnoldswick, Yorkshire, May 17.*—Two; May 27, three; June 7, five, by Mr. Bennett, making a clear average of seventy members during Mr. B.'s ministry in this place.

*Bildeston, Suffolk, April 26.*—Six by Mr. Thompson.

*Birmingham, Lombard-street, May 3.*—Two. *Blaenffoes, Pembrokehire, May 10.*—Seven by Mr. Price.

*Cardiff, Bethany, April 5.*—One; April 26, two, by Mr. Tilly.

*Catshill, near Bromsgrove, May 17.*—Four by Mr. Davis.

*Chatham, Zion, May 31.*—Seven by Mr. Coutta.

*Cheltenham, Cambay Chapel, May 24.*—Five by Mr. Smith.

*Coventry, Cow-lane, May 3.*—Twelve by Mr. MacMaster.

*Cradley, Worcestershire, May 24.*—Seven by Mr. Jeavons.

*Creech, near Taunton, April 20.*—Two (teachers) by Mr. Medway.

*Dartford, Kent, Zion Chapel, May 24.*—Three, in a newly-erected Baptistry, by Mr. H. Hall—the first baptising ever known in this town.

*Exeter, South-street.*—During April, May and June, nineteen by Mr. Williamson.

*Great Sampford, Essex, April 1.*—Six; May 27, six, by Mr. W. C. Ellis.

*Holywell, North Wales, June 7.*—One by Mr. Roberts.

*Kenninghall, Norfolk, June 7.*—Five by Mr. Sage.

*Kingston-upon-Thames, May 25.*—Five by Mr. Medhurst.

*Kington.*—As I always look into the *Messenger* monthly to see what progress our churches are making, and to know how many have been added, the thought has occurred to me, why not send a statement as others? So I mean to begin at once. Our minister, the Rev. G. Cousins, came here in Jan. 1853, and since then there have been twenty-seven added.—I am yours, &c., R. SHORT, Deacon.

*Leicester, Millstone-lane, May 26.*—Nine by Mr. Chew, in Charles-street chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. †

*Liverpool, Stanhope-street, May 17.*—Five by Mr. Hughes.

*Llanely, Carmarthenshire, May 3.*—Fourteen by Mr. Hughes.

*Ledbury, April 19.*—Three; May 17, four by Mr. Wall.

*London, New Park-street, June.*—Twenty-six by Mr. Spurgeon.

*Hoxton Tabernacle, May 31.*—Four by Mr. J. P. Searle.

*Newark, May 31.*—Seven. One of the candidates, aged 70, and his wife 65.—I now circulate 50 copies of the *Baptist Messenger* monthly. [May many of our friends go and do likewise.]

*Pattishall and Eastcote, Northamptonshire, May 4.*—Two by Mr. Chamberlain.

*Pill, near Bristol, May 10.*—Nine by Mr. Lea.

*Rothley, near Leicester, May 10.*—Six by Mr. Riley.

*Sheffield, Eyre-street, May 24.*—Eighteen by Mr. Ashbery.

*Sunnyside, Lancashire, May 10.*—One by Mr. Nichols.

*Tyddn Shon, Carmarthenshire, April 26.*—Seven by Mr. W. Roberts.

*Uzbridge, May 25.*—Four by Mr. G. Rouse Lowden.

*Warrington, May 31.*—Seven by Mr. Rowson.

*Whitebrook, near Monmouth, May 30.*—Three young men by Mr. Howells.

## THE DUMB SINGING.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.”—ISAIAH XXXV. 5, 6.

WHAT a difference grace makes, wherever it enters the heart! We find here the blind spoken of; but they are not blind when once grace has touched their eyes; then “the eyes of the blind are opened.” We read also of the deaf; but they are not deaf after grace has operated upon them: “the ears of the deaf are unstopped.” Here are men who have been lame before; but when once the omnipotent influence of divine grace has come upon them, they leap like a hart. And those who were dumb once, so far from being dumb any longer, have experienced a change that must be radical, for its effects are surprising. The tongue of the dumb not simply speaks, but it sings.

Grace makes a great difference in a man, when it enters into him. How vain, then, are the boasts and professions of some persons, who assert themselves to be the children of God, and yet live in sin! There is no perceivable difference in their conduct; they are just what they used to be before their pretended conversion; they are not changed in their acts, even in the least degree, and yet they do most positively affirm that they are the called and living children of God, although they are entirely unchanged. Let such know that their pretensions are lies, and that falsehood is the only groundwork that they have for their hopes; for, wherever the grace of God is, it makes men to differ. A graceless man is not like a gracious man; and a gracious man is not like a graceless one. We are “new creatures in Christ Jesus.” When God looks upon us with the eye of love, in conversion and regeneration, He makes us as opposite from what we were before as light is from darkness, as even heaven itself is from hell. God changes man: He works in him a change so great, that no reformation can even so much as thoroughly imitate it; it is an entire change—a change of the will, of the being, of the desires, of the hates, of the dislikings, and of the likings. In every respect the man becomes new when divine grace enters into his heart. And yet thou sayest of thyself, “I am converted,” and remain what thou wast! I tell thee once again to thy face, that thou sayest an empty thing; thou hast no ground for saying it. If grace permits thee to sin as thou wast wont to do, then that grace is no grace at all. That grace were not worth the having which permits a man to be, after he receives it, what he was before. No, we must ever hold and teach the great doctrine of sanctification. Where God really justifies He really sanctifies too; and where there is the remission of sin, there is also the forsaking of it. Where God hath blotted out transgression, He also removeth our love of it, and maketh us seek after holiness, and walk in the ways of the Lord. I think we may fairly infer this from the text, as a prelude to the observations we have to make concerning it.

And now I shall want you, first of all, to notice, *the sort of people whom God has chosen to sing His praises, and to sing them eternally.* Then, in the second place, I shall enter into a *more full description of the dumb people here described.* Then, thirdly, I shall try to notice *certain special times and seasons when those dumb people sing more sweetly than at others.*

I. First, then, **THE PERSONS WHOM GOD HATH CHOSEN TO SING HIS SONGS FOR EVER.** “The tongue of the *dumb* shall sing.” We make this the first point. There is no difference, by nature, between the elect and others; those who are now glorified in heaven, and who walk the golden streets clad in robes of purity, were by nature as unholy and defiled, and as far from original righteousness, as those who, by their own rejection of Christ, and by their love of sin, have brought themselves into the pit of eternal torment, as a punishment for their iniquities. The only reason why there is a difference between those who are in heaven and those who are in hell, rests with divine grace, and with divine grace alone. Those in heaven must inevitably have been cast away, had not everlasting mercy stretched out its hand and redeemed them. They were by nature not one whit superior to others. They would as certainly have rejected Christ, and have trodden under foot the blood of Jesus, as did those who were cast away, if grace, free grace, had not prevented them from committing this sin. The reason why they are Christians is not because they did naturally will to be



so, nor because they did by nature desire to know Christ, or to be found of Him ; but they are now saints simply because God made them so. He gave them the desire to be saved ; He put into them the will to seek after Him ; He helped them in their seekings, and afterwards brought them to feel that peace which is the fruit of justification. But by nature they were just the same as others ; and if there is any difference, we are obliged to say that the difference does not lie in their favour. In very many cases, we who now "rejoice in hope of the glory of God" were the very worst of men. There are multitudes that now bless God for their redemption, who once cursed Him ; who implored, as frequently as they dared to do, with oaths and swearing, that the curse of God might rest upon their fellows and upon themselves. Many of the Lord's anointed were once the very castaways of Satan, the sweepings of society, the refuse of the earth, those whom no man cared for, who were called outcasts, but whom God hath now called desired ones, seeing He hath loved them.

I am led to these thoughts from the fact, that we are told here that those who sing were dumb by nature. Their singing does not come naturally from themselves ; they were not born songsters ; no, they were dumb ones those whom God would have to sing His praises. It does not say the tongue of the stammerer, or the tongue of him that blasphemed, or the tongue of him that misused his tongue, but "the tongue of the dumb," of those who have gone furthest from any thought of singing, of those who have no power of will to sing—the tongue of such as these shall yet be made to sing God's praises. Strange choice that God has made ! Strange, for its graciousness ! strangely manifesting the sovereignty of His will ! God would build for Himself a palace in Heaven of living stones : Where did He get them ? Did He go to the quarries of Paros ? Hath He brought forth the richest and the purest marble from the quarries of perfection ? No, ye saints, look to "the hole of the pit whence ye were digged, and to the rock whence ye were hewn !" Ye were full of sin : so far from being stones that were white with purity, ye were black with defilement, seemingly utterly unfit to be stones in the spiritual temple, which should be the dwelling-place of the Most High. And yet He chose you to be trophies of His grace, and of His power to save. When Solomon built for himself a palace, he built it of cedar ; but when God would build for Himself a dwelling for ever, He cut not down the goodly cedars, but He dwelt in a bush, and hath preserved it as His memorial for ever, "The God that dwelt in the bush." Goldsmiths make exquisite forms from precious material ; they fashion the bracelet and the ring from gold :—God maketh His precious things out of base material ; and from the black pebbles of the defiling brooks He hath taken up stones, which He hath set in the golden ring of His immutable love, to make them gems to sparkle on his finger for ever. He hath not selected the best, but apparently the worst of men, to be the monuments of His grace ; and when He would have a choir in heaven that should with tongues harmonious sing His praises—a chorus that should for ever chant hallelujahs louder than the noise of many waters, and like great thunders, He did not send Mercy down to seek earth's songsters, and cull from us those who have the sweetest voices : He said, "Go, Mercy, and find out the dumb, and touch their lips, and make them sing. The virgin tongues that never sang My praise before, that have been silent till now, shall break forth in rhapsodies sublime, and they shall lead the song ; even angels shall but attend behind, and catch the notes from the lips of those who once were dumb." "The tongue of the dumb shall sing" God's praises hereafter in heaven.

Oh ! what a fountain of consolation this opens for you and for me ! Ay, beloved, if God did not choose the base things of this world, He would never have chosen us ; if He had respect unto the countenances of men, if He were a respecter of persons, where had you and I been this day ? We had never been instances of His love and mercy. No, as we look upon ourselves now, and remember what we once were, we are often obliged to say :—

"Depths of mercy, can there be,  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

How many times we have sung at the Lord's table,—at the sacramental supper of our Master—

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

And we have joined too in singing—

“’Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.”

Grace is always grace, but it never seems so gracious as when we see it brought to our unworthy selves. Ay, my friends, you may be Arminians in your doctrine, but you never can be Arminians in your feelings; you are obliged to confess that it is all of grace, and cast away the thought that it was of your foreseen faith or of your foreseen good works that the Lord chose you. We are obliged to come to this, to feel and know that it must have been of mercy, free mercy, and of that alone; that we were not capable of doing good works without His grace preventing us before good works, and without His grace also in good works, enabling us to do them; and, therefore, they never could have been the motive to Divine love, nor the reason why it flowed towards us. Oh! ye unworthy ones, ye saints that feel your deep natural depravity, and mourn over your ruin by the fall of Adam, lift up your hearts to God! He hath delivered you from all the impediments which Adam cast upon you; your tongue is loosed, it is loose now; Adam made it dumb, but God hath loosed it; your eyes that were blinded by Adam's Fall are opened now; He hath lifted you from the miry clay. What Adam lost for us, Christ hath regained for us; He hath plucked us out of the pit, and “set us upon a rock, and established our goings, and hath put a new song into our mouth, even praise for evermore.” Yes, “the tongue of the dumb shall sing.”

And then just another hint here, before I leave this point. How this ought to give you encouragement in seeking to do good to others! Why, my brethren, I can never think any man too far gone for Divine mercy, since I know that God saved me. Whenever I have felt desponding about any of my hearers, who have for a long time persevered in guilt, I have only had to reach down my own biography from the shelves of my memory, and just think what I too was, till grace redeemed me, and brought me to my Saviour's feet; and then I have said, “It will be no wonder if that man is saved; after what He hath done for me, I can believe anything of my Master. If He hath blotted out my transgressions, if He hath clean melted away my sin, then I can never despair of any of my fellow-creatures; I may of myself, but I cannot of them. Remember, they may be dumb now, but He can make them sing. Your son John is a sad reprobate; keep on praying for him, mother; God can change his heart. Your daughter's heart seems hard as adamant; He who makes the dumb sing can make rocks melt. Believe in God for your children, as well as for yourselves: trust Him; take their cases before His throne; rely upon him that He can save them, and believe that in answer to earnest prayer, He also will do it. And if you have neighbours that are full of the pestilence of sin, whose vices come up before you as a stench in your nostrils, yet fear not to carry the Gospel to them; though they be harlots, drunkards, swearers, be not afraid to tell them of the Saviour's dying love. He makes the dumb sing; He does not ask even a voice of them to begin with; they are dumb, and He does not ask of them even the power of speech, but He gives them the power. Oh! if you have neighbours who are haters of the Sabbath, haters of God, unwilling to come to the house of God, despising Christ; if you find them as far gone as you can find them, recollect, He maketh the dumb to sing, and, therefore, He can make them live. He wants no goodness in them to begin with; all He wants is just the rough, raw material, unhewn, uncut, unpolished. And He does not want even good material; bad as the material may be, He can make it into something inestimably precious, something that is worthy of the Saviour's blood. Go on; fear not! If the dumb can sing, then surely you can never say that any man need be cast away.

II. I am now to enter into *some rather more lucid description of these dumb people.* Who are they?

Well, sometimes I get a good thought out of old Master Cruden's Concordance. I believe that is the best commentary to the Bible, and I like to study it. I opened it lately at this passage, and I found Master Cruden describing different kinds of dumb people. He says there are four or five different sorts; but I shall name only four of them. The first sort of dumb people he mentions are those that cannot speak;

the second sort are those that won't speak ; the third sort are those that dare not speak ; and the fourth sort are those that have got nothing to say, and, therefore, they are dumb.

1. The first sort of people who shall sing are *those who cannot speak*. That is the usual acceptation of the word dumb : the others are, of course, only figurative applications of the term. We call a man dumb when he cannot speak. Now, spiritually, the man who is still in his trespasses and sins is dumb ; and I will prove that. He is dead ; and there is none so dumb as a dead man. We used to hear in our childhood that they buried none but deaf and dumb persons in certain churchyards. It was intended to tickle our childish fancies, and mislead us little ; but the meaning was, that none but dead people were buried there ; none are so dumb as those who are dead. " Shall the dead arise and praise Thee ? Shall Thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave, or Thy faithfulness in destruction ? " The word of God assures us that unregenerate men are spiritually dead ; it follows, then, that they must be spiritually dumb. They cannot sing God's praises, they know Him not, and, therefore, they cannot exalt His glorious name. They cannot confess their sins ; they can utter the mere words of confession, but they cannot really confess, for they do not know the evil of sin, nor have they been taught to feel what a bitter thing it is, and to know themselves as sinners. But " no man can call Jesus Lord, except by the Holy Ghost ; " and these people cannot do so truly. Perhaps, it may be, they can talk well of the doctrines ; but they cannot speak them out of the fulness of their hearts, as living and vital principles which they know in themselves. They cannot join in the songs, nor can they take part in the conversation of a Christian. If they sit down with the saints, perhaps they have culled a few phrases from the garden of the Lord, which they use and apply to certain things which they do not know anything about. They talk a language the meaning of which they do not comprehend—like Milton's daughters reading a language to their father which they did not understand. Still, so far as the essence of the matter is concerned, they are dumb. But, hail to sovereign grace ! " The tongue of the dumb shall sing ! " God will have His darlings made what they should be. They are dumb by nature, but He will not leave them so ; they cannot now sing His praises, but they shall do it ; they do not now confess their sins, but He will bring them on their knees yet, and make them pour out their hearts before Him. They cannot now talk the brogue of Canaan, and speak the language of Sion, but they shall do it soon. Grace, omnipotent grace, will have its way with them. They shall be taught to pray ; their eyes shall be made to flow with tears of penitence ; and then, after that, their lips shall sing to the praise of sovereign grace.

I need not dwell upon this point, because I have many here that were dumb once, who can bless God that they can now sing. And does it not sometimes seem to you, beloved, a very strange thing, that you are what you are ? I should think it must be the strangest thing in the world for a dumb man to speak, because he has no idea how a man feels when he is speaking : he has no notion of the thing at all. Like a man blind from his birth, he has no idea what kind of a thing sight can be. We have heard of a blind man, who supposed that the colour scarlet must be very much like the sound of a trumpet : he had no other way of comparing it. So the dumb man has no notion of the way to talk. Do you not think it is a strange thing that you are what you are ? You said once, " I will never be one of the canting Methodists. Do you think I shall ever make a profession of religion ? What ! I attend a prayer-meeting ? No." And you went along the streets in all your gaiety of mirth, and said, " What ! I become a little child, and give up my mind to simple faith, and not reason at all ? What ! am I to give up all argument about things, and simply take them for granted, because God has said them ? Nay, that never can be." I will be bound to say, it will be a wonder to you as long as you are here, that you are the children of God ; and even in heaven itself your greatest wonder will be that you were ever brought to know the Saviour.

But there is a sort of dumb people that *will not speak*. They are mentioned by Isaiah. He said of preachers in his day, they were dumb dogs that would not bark. I bless God we are not now quite so much inundated by this kind of dumb people as we used to be. God has raised up, especially in the Church of England, of late, a large number of thoroughly evangelical men, who are not afraid to preach the whole counsel of God. There are many such faithful preachers of the Gospel to be

found ; and although we used to say we were the only evangelicals that preached the gospel, the time has come when " she that was barren keeps house, and has become the joyful mother of children." There is no reason why the Church of England should not be thoroughly evangelical ; if it keeps to its articles, it ought to be. It is the most inconsistent church in all the world, if it is not a Calvinistic one. It must be inconsistent, unless it keeps to those grand fundamental truths which are indeed a code of faith to be received by all believers—the truths which are written in its articles.

But, oh ! there are a great many among us dissenters, and in the Church of England, too, that are dumb dogs. There are still plenty who do not know anything about the Gospel, who preach a vast deal about a great many things, but nothing about Jesus Christ ; who buy their sermons cheap, and preach them at their ease ; who ask God to tell them what to say, and then pull their manuscripts out of their pockets. We have had to mourn, especially in years gone by, that we could look from parish to parish, and find nobody but a dumb dog in the church, and in the pulpits of dissenters too. And some men who, might have spoken with a little earnestness, if they liked, let the people slumber under them, instead of preaching the word with true fidelity, as if they would not have to give account to God at the last. My aged grandfather tells a story, that I believe he himself could verify, of a person who once resided near him, and called himself a preacher of the Gospel. He was visited by a poor woman, who asked him what was the meaning of the new birth ! He replied, " My good woman, what do you come to me about that for ? Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, did not know ; he was a wise man, and did not know, and how do you think I should ?" So she had to go away with only that answer. Time was, when such an answer might have been given by a great many who were reckoned to be the authorized teachers of religion, but knew nothing really about the matter. They understood a great deal more about fox-hunting than about preaching, and more about farming their land than about the spiritual husbandry of God's church. But we bless God that there are not so many of that sort now ; and we pray that the race may become thoroughly extinct ; that every pulpit, and every place of worship may be filled with a man who has got a tongue of fire and a heart of flame, and shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, neither seeking the smile of men nor dreading their frown. We have a promise that it shall be so. " The tongue of the dumb shall sing." And, ah ! they do sing well, too, when God makes them sing.

You remember Rowland Hill's story in " The Village Dialogues," about Mr. Merriman. Mr. Merriman was a sad scapegrace of a preacher ; he was to be seen at every fair and revel, and used seldom to be found in his pulpit when he should have been ; but when he was converted, he began to preach with tears running down his face,—and how the church began to be crowded ! The squire would not go and hear any of that stuff, and locked up his pew ; and Mr. Merriman had a little ladder made outside the door, as he did not wish to break the door open ; and the people used to sit on the steps, up one side and down the other, so that it made twice as much room as there was before.

No people make such good preachers as those who were dumb once. If the Lord opens their mouths, they will think they cannot preach often enough, and earnestly enough, to make up for the mischief they did before. Chalmers himself might never have been so eloquent a preacher, had he not been for a long time a dumb dog. He preached morality, he said, till he made all the people in his parish immoral ; he kept on urging them to keep God's law, till he made them break it ; but when he turned round, and began to preach God's Gospel, then the dumb began to sing. Oh ! may God bring this about in every one of us ! If we are dumb as professed ministers, may He open our mouths, and force us to speak forth His word, lest at the last day the blood of our hearers' souls should be found upon our skirts, and we should be cast away as unfaithful stewards of the Gospel of Christ !

3. I now introduce you to a third sort of dumb people. They are dumb, because *they dare not speak* ; and they are good people, blessed souls. Here is one of them : " I was dumb with silence ; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Ah ! it is blessed to be dumb in that fashion. The Lord's servant will often have to be dumb under trial and troubles. When Satan tempts him to repine, He will put his finger to his lip, and say, " Hush murmuring heart, be still !" " Wherefore doth a living man

complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" Even the child of God will do like Job, who sat down for seven days and nights, and said not a word, for he felt that his trouble was heavy, and he could say nothing. It would have been as well if Job had kept his mouth shut all the next few days; he would not have said so much amiss as he did in some things that he uttered. It would have been well if he could always have kept silence. Oh! there are times when you and I, beloved, are obliged to keep the bridle on our tongues, lest we should murmur against God. We are in evil company; perhaps our spirits are hot within us, and we want to take vengeance for the Lord; we are like the friends of David, who wanted to take away the head of Shimei. "Let us take off this dead dog's head," we say; and then our Jesus tells us to put our sword into its scabbard, for the "servant of the Lord must not strive." How often have we thus been dumb! And sometimes when there have been slanders against our character, and men have calumniated us, oh! how our fingers have itched to be at them! We have wanted to be at them at once, and let them see who was the strongest of the two. But we have said, "No; our Master did not answer, and He left us an example that we should follow his steps." The chief priests accused him of many things, but he "answered them not a word." But we have found it hard sometimes to be dumb, like the sheep when it is brought to the shearer, or the lamb when it is in the slaughter-house. We could scarcely keep quiet. When we have been upon our beds in sickness, we have tried to quench every murmuring word; we have not let a sentence escape our lips, when we could possibly avoid it; but notwithstanding all that, we have found it hard work to keep dumb, though it is blessed work when we are enabled to do it. Now, ye who have been dumb under great weights of sorrow; ye whose songs have been suspended, because ye durst not open your lips, lest sighs should usurp the place of praise, come, listen to this promise, "The tongue of the dumb shall sing." Yes, though you are in the deepest trouble now, and are obliged to be silent, you shall sing yet. Though, like Jonah, you are in the whale's belly, carried down, as he called it, to the lowest hell; though the earth with her bars is about you for ever, and the weeds are wrapped about your head, yet you "shall look again towards His holy temple." Though you have hung your harp upon the willows, bless God you have not broken it; you will have use for it by-and-by: you shall take it down from its resting place, and

"Loud to the praise of sovereign grace,  
Bid every string awake."

If you have no songs in the night, yet He shall compass you about with songs of deliverance: if you cannot sing His praises now, you shall do so by-and-by, when greater grace shall have come into your heart, or when delivering mercy shall be the subject of your song, in better days that are yet to come. But, blessed be God, we are not always to be silent in affliction; we are bound to sing. And I think we ought to sing even when we ought to be dumb; though we are dumb as to murmuring, we ought to sing God's praises. An old Puritan said, "God's people are like birds; they sing best in cages." He said, "God's people often sing the best when they are in the deepest trouble." Said old Master Brooks, "The deeper the flood was, the higher the ark went up to heaven." So it is with the child of God: the deeper his troubles, the nearer to heaven he goes, if he lives close to his Master. Troubles are called weights, and weights, you know, generally clog us and keep us down to the earth; but there are ways, by the use of the laws of mechanics, by which you can make a weight lift you; and so it is possible to make your troubles lift you nearer heaven, instead of letting them sink you. Ah! we thank our God, He has sometimes opened our mouth when we were dumb; when we were ungrateful and did not praise Him, he has opened our mouth by a trial, and though when we had a thousand mercies we did not praise him, when He sent a sharp affliction, then we began to do so. He has thus made the tongue of the dumb to sing.

4. We will mention one more kind of dumb people, and then we shall have done. There are *those who have nothing to say*, and, therefore, they are dumb. I will give you an instance: Solomon says in the Proverbs—"Open thy mouth for the dumb;" and he shows by the context that he means those who in the court of judgment have nothing to plead for themselves, and have to stand dumb before the bar. Like that man of old, who, when the king came in to see the guests, had not on a wedding garment, and when the king said, "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" stood

speechless, not because he could not speak, but because he had nothing to say. Have not you and I been dumb, and are we not now, when we stand on law terms with God, when we forget that Jesus Christ and his blood and righteousness were our full acquittal? Are we not obliged to be dumb when the commandments are laid bare before us, and when the law of God is brought home to our conscience? There was a time with each of us, and not long ago with some here present, when we stood before Moses's seat, and heard the commandments read; and when we were asked, "Sinner, canst thou claim to have kept those commandments?" we were dumb. Then we were asked—"Sinner, canst thou give any atonement for the breach of those commandments?" and we were dumb. We were asked, "Sinner, canst thou, by a future obedience, wipe out thy past sin?" We knew it was impossible, and we were dumb. Then we were asked, "Canst thou endure the penalty; canst thou bear to welter for ever in the flames of hell? Canst thou suffer everlasting torments from the red right hand of an angry God? Canst thou dwell with everlasting burnings, and abide with eternal fires?" and we were dumb. And then we were asked the question, "Prisoner at the bar, hast thou any reason to plead why thou shouldst not be condemned?" and we were dumb. And we were asked, "Prisoner, hast thou any helper? hast thou any one that can deliver thee?" and we stood dumb, for we had nothing to say. Ay, but blessed be God, the tongue of the dumb can now sing. And shall I tell you what we can sing? Why, we can sing this: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Not God, for He has justified. "Who is he that condemneth?" Not Christ, for "He hath died, yea, rather hath risen again, who is also at the right hand of God, and maketh intercession for us." We who had who had not a word to say for ourselves, can now say everything. We can say,—

"Bold shall I stand at that great day,  
For who aught to my charge can lay?  
Fully absolved by Christ I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

Yes, the dumb ones can sing. So shall you, poor dumb one; if God has made you dumb by taking away all the names of Baali out of your mouth,—if He has taken away all your self-righteousness and all your trust in yourself, as truly as ever He has shut your mouth He will open it. If God has killed your self-righteousness, He will give you a better; if He has knocked down all your refuges of lies, He will build you up a good refuge. He has not come to destroy you; He has shut your mouth to fill it with His praise. Be of good cheer; look to Jesus; cast thine eye to the cross; put thy confidence in Him; and even thou, who thinkest thyself a castaway, even thou, poor, weeping Mary, even thou shalt yet sing of redeeming love.

IV. And now I have to conclude by just noticing *the occasions when the tongue of these dumb people sings the best.*

When does the tongue of the dumb sing? Why, I think it sings always, little or much. It is always singing. If it is once set at liberty, it will never leave off. There are some of you people who say this world is a howling wilderness; well, you are the howlers—you make all the howling. If you choose to howl, I cannot help it: I prefer the promise of my text—"Then shall the tongue of the dumb," not howl, but "sing." Yes, they do sing always, little or much; sometimes it is in a low hush-note; sometimes they have to go rather deep in the bass; but there are other times, when they can mount to the highest notes of all. They have *special times of singing* When they lose their burden at the foot of the cross, that is the time when they begin to sing. Never did a harp of heaven sound so sweetly as when touched by the finger of some returning prodigal, not even the songs of the angels seem to me to be so sweet as that first song of rapture which rushes forth from the inmost soul of the forgiven child of God. You know how John Bunyan describes it. He says, when poor Pilgrim lost his burden at the cross, he gave three great leaps, and went on his way singing. We have not forgotten those three great leaps; they were great leaps—leaps of praise. We have leaped many times since then with joy and gratitude; but we think we never leaped so high as we did at the time when we saw our many sins all gone, and our transgressions covered up in the tomb of the Saviour. By the way, let me tell you a little story about that matter of John Bunyan. I am a great lover of John Bunyan, but I do not believe him infallible; for I met with a story the other day

which I think a very good one. There was a young man in Edinburgh who wished to be a missionary. He was a wise young man; he thought—"Well, if I am to be a missionary, there is no need for me to transport myself far away from home; I may as well be a missionary in Edinburgh." There's a hint to some of you ladies, who give away tracts in your district, and never give your servant Mary one. Well, this young man started, and determined to speak to the first person he met. He met one of those old fishwives; and those of us who have seen them can never forget them; they are extraordinary women indeed. So stepping up to her he said, "Here you are, coming with your burden on your back; let me ask you if you have got another burden, a spiritual burden!" "What!" she said; "Do you mean that burden in John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress! Because if you do, young man, I have got rid of that many years ago, before you were born. But I went a better way to work than the Pilgrim did. The evangelist that John Bunyan talks about was one of your parsons that do not preach the Gospel; for he said, "Keep that light in thine eye and run to the wicket-gate." Why, man alive! that was not the place for him to run to. He should have said, 'Do you see that cross! Run there at once! But instead of that, he sent the poor Pilgrim to the wicket-gate first; and much good he got by going there! He got tumbling into the slough, and was like to have been killed by it." "But did not you," he asked, "go through any Slough of Despond?" "Yes, young man, I did; but I found it a great deal easier going through with my burden off than with it on my back." The old woman was quite right. John Bunyan put the getting rid of the burden too far off from the commencement of the Pilgrimage. If he meant to show what usually happens, he was right; but if he meant to show what ought to have happened, he is wrong. We must not say to the sinner, "Now, sinner, if thou wilt be saved go to the baptismal pool; go to the wicket-gate; go to the church; do this or that." No, the cross should be right in front of the wicket-gate; and we should say to the sinner, "Throw thyself there, and thou art safe; but thou art not safe till thou canst cast off thy burden, and lie at the foot of the cross, and find peace in Jesus. Well, that is a time when we can sing.

And after that do God's people sing? Yes, they have sweet singing times in their hours of communion. Oh! the music of that word "communion," when it is heard in the soul—communion with Jesus, fellowship with Jesus, whether in His sufferings, or in His glories! These are singing times when the heart is lifted up to feel its oneness to Christ, and its vital union with Him, and is enabled to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," through communion with the Saviour.

Have not you had some precious singing times at the Lord's table? Ah! when the bread has been broken, and the wine poured out, how often has it been to me a time of song when the people have all joined in singing—

"Gethsemane, can I forget,  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?

"When to the cross I turn my eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
Oh! Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember thee."

I am in the house of God, I think, every day. I believe that David could not not have prayed for more than I have got, when he prayed that he might dwell in the house of the Lord for ever; for I spend more of my time in the house of God than I do anywhere else. But my best moments are at the Lord's table. I do rejoice then, when I have no thought of what I have to say to others, but simply to sit down amongst the Lord's family, and taste my morsel of bread, and have my sip of the wine. Oh! it is then the soul finds its Saviour precious. I look forward for every month to come, when I may once more sit at the table of my Master, and spiritually eat his flesh and drink his blood, and feel that I have indeed life in Him, because I have got union with Him. Ah! these are singing times to the family of God. And so, some times are preaching times and some times hearing times. Prayer meetings are often special singing times; in fact, the means of grace will very frequently be blessed of God to be to us the occasions of song.

But lastly, my dear friends, for I cannot stop to mention all these singing times,

the best we shall have will be when you and I come to die. Ah! there are some of you that are like what is fabled of the swan. The ancients said the swan never sang in his life-time, but always sang just when he died. Now, there are many of God's desponding children, who seem to go all their life under a cloud; but they get a swan's song before they die. The river of their life comes running down, perhaps black and miry with troubles, and when it begins to touch the white foam of the sea there comes a little glistening in its waters. So, beloved, though we may have been very much dispirited by reason of the burden of the way, when we get to the end we shall have sweet songs. Are you afraid of dying? Oh! never be afraid of that; be afraid of living. Living is the only thing which can do any mischief; dying never can hurt a Christian. Afraid of the grave? It is like the bath of Esther, in which she lay for a time, to purify herself with spices, that she might be fit for her lord. The grave fits the body for heaven. There it lieth: and corruption, earth, and worms, do but refine and purify our flesh. Be not afraid of dying; it does not take any time at all. All that death is, is emancipation, deliverance, heaven's bliss to a child of God. Never fear it; it will be a singing time. You are afraid of dying, you say, because of the pains of death. Nay, they are the pains of life—of life struggling to continue. Death has no pain; death itself is but one gentle sigh—the fetter is broken, and the spirit fled. 'The best moment of a Christian's life is his last one, because it is the one that is nearest heaven; and then it is that he begins to strike the key-note of the song which he shall sing to all eternity. Oh! what a song will that be! It is a poor noise we make now; when we join the song perhaps we are almost ashamed to sing; but up there our voices shall be clear and good; and there—

"Loudest of the crowd we'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace."

The thought struck me the other day, that the Lord will have in heaven some of those very big sinners that have gone further astray than anybody that ever lived—the most extraordinary extravaganzas of vice—just to make the melody complete by singing some of those alto notes we sometimes hear, which you and I, because we have not gone so far astray, will never be able to utter. I wonder whether one has stepped into this chapel this morning, whom God has selected to take some of those alto notes in the scale of praise. Perhaps there is one such here. Oh! how will such a one sing, if grace, free grace, shall have mercy upon him!

And now, farewell, with just this solitary word: My brethren, the members of this church, strive together in your prayers, that God may bless you. Be not content with what you are, however prosperous you may be; but seek to increase more and more. Pray that you and your children may be added to the church of Christ here, and may live to see others added too. Keep prayer going; 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 well. Come up to prayer meetings. 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 is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will your answers be!

## FORETASTES OF THE HEAVENLY LIFE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And they took of the fruit of the land in their hands, and brought it down unto us, and brought us word again, and said, It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us."—DEUT. i. 25.

You remember the occasion concerning which these words were written. The children of Israel sent twelve men as spies into the land of Canaan, who brought back with them the fruit of the land, amongst the rest a bunch of grapes from Eshcol too heavy to be borne by one man, and which, therefore, two of them carried on a staff between them. But I shall not remark upon the figure, only just say that



as they learned of Canaan by the fruit of the land brought to them by the spies, so you and I, even whilst we are on earth, if we be the Lord's beloved, may learn something of what heaven is—a state to which we are to attain hereafter—by certain blessings which are brought to us on earth.

They were sure that the land of Israel was a *fertile land* when they saw the fruits which it produced, brought by their brethren, and when they ate thereof. Perhaps there was but little for so many, and yet those who did eat were made at once to understand that it must have been a goodly soil that produced such fruit. Now, then, beloved, we who love the Lord Jesus Christ have had clusters of the grapes of Eshcol. We have had some fruits of heaven even since we have been on earth, and by them we are able to judge of the richness of the soil of Paradise which bringeth forth such rare and choice fruits.

I shall, therefore, present to you some views of heaven in order to give you some idea how it is that the Christian on earth enjoys a foretaste of them.

Possibly, there are scarce two Christians who have the same views of heaven; though they all expect the same heaven, yet the most prominent feature in it is different to each different mind according to its constitution. Now, I will confess what is to me the most prominent feature of heaven, judging at the present moment. At another time, I may love heaven better for another thing: but just lately I have learned to love heaven as a *place of security*. We have seen high professors turning from their profession, ay, and we have seen some of the Lord's own beloved committing grievous faults and slips, which have brought disgrace upon their character, and injury to their souls. Now I have learned to look to heaven lately as a place where we shall never, never sin,—where our feet shall be fixed firmly upon the rock,—where there is neither tripping and sliding,—where faults shall be unknown,—where we should have no need to keep watch against an indefatigable enemy, because there is no foe that shall annoy us,—where we shall not be on our guard day and night watching against the incursion of foes, for there “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” I have looked upon it as the land of complete security, where the garment shall be always white, where the face shall be always anointed with fresh oil, where there is no fear of slipping or turning away, but where we shall stand fast for ever. And I ask you, if that be a true view of heaven—and I am sure it is one feature of it—do not the saints even on earth enjoy some fruits of Paradise, even in this sense? Do we not even in these huts and villages below sometimes taste the joys of blissful security? The doctrine of God's word is, that all who are in union with the Lamb are safe, that all believers must hold on their way, that those who have committed their souls to the keeping of Christ shall find him a faithful and immutable keeper. On such a doctrine we can enjoy security even on earth; not that high and glorious security which renders us free for every slip and trip, but nevertheless a security well nigh as great, because it secures us against ultimate ruin, and renders us certain that we shall attain to eternal felicity. And, beloved, have you never sat down and reflected on the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints? I trow you have. God has brought home to you a sense of your security in the person of Christ. He has told you that your name is graven on his hand; he has whispered in your ear the promise, “Fear not, I am with thee.” You have been led to look upon him, the great Surety of the covenant, as faithful and true, and, therefore, bound and engaged to present you, the weakest of the family, with all the chosen race, before the throne of God; and in such a sweet contemplation I am sure you have been drinking some of the juice of his spiced pomegranates; you have had some of the dainty fruits of Paradise; you have had some of the enjoyments which the perfect saints have above in a sense of security.

Oh, how I love that doctrine of the perseverance of the saints! I renounce the pulpit when I cannot preach it, for the gospel seems to be a blank desert and a howling wilderness,—a gospel as unworthy of God as it would be beneath even my acceptance, frail worm as I am,—a gospel which saves me to-day and rejects me to-morrow,—a gospel which puts me in Christ's family one hour, and makes me a child of the devil the next,—a gospel which justifies and then condemns me,—a gospel which pardons me, and afterwards casts me to hell. Such a gospel is abhorrent to reason itself, much more to the God of the whole earth. But on the other ground of faith, that—

"He to the end must endure  
As sure as the earnest is given."

We do enjoy a sense of perfect security even as we dwell in this land of wars and fightings. As the spies brought their brethren bunches of the grapes, so in the security we enjoy, we have a foretaste and earnest of the joy of Paradise.

In the next place, most probably the greater part of you love to think of heaven under another aspect: as a *place of perfect rest*. You sons of toil, you love the sanctuary because it is there you sit to hear God's word and rest your wearied limbs. When you have wiped the hot sweat from your burning brow, you have often thought of heaven where your labours shall be over; you have sung with sweet emphasis—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest."

Rest, rest, rest,—this is what you want. And to me this idea of heaven is exceedingly beautiful. Rest I know I never shall have beneath this sky, while Christ's church is as barbarous as it is; for the most barbarous of masters is the church of Christ. I have served it, and am well-nigh hounded to my grave by Christian ministers perpetually requiring me to do impossibilities that they know no mortal strength can accomplish. Willing I am to labour till I drop, but more I cannot do; yet I am perpetually assailed on this side and the other, till, go where I may, there seems no rest for me till I slumber in my grave; and I do look forward to heaven with some degree of happiness. There I shall rest from labours constant and perpetual, though much loved. And you too, who have been toiling long to gain an object you have sought after,—you have said if you could get it you would lay down and rest, you have toiled after a certain amount of riches, you have said if you could once gain a competence you would then make yourself at ease. Or, you have been labouring long to gain a certain point of character, and then you have said you would lay down your arms and rest. Ay, but you have not reached it yet; and you love heaven because heaven is the goal to the racer, the target of the arrow of existence; you love heaven because it will be the couch of time, ay, an eternal rest for the poor weary struggler upon earth. You love it as a place of rest; and do we never enjoy a foretaste of heaven upon earth in that sense? Oh, yes, beloved! blessed be God, "we who have believed do enter into rest." Our peace is like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea. God may give to his people rest: even the rest that remaineth for the people of God. We have stormy trials and bitter troubles in the world; but we have learned to say, "Return unto thy rest, oh, my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Did you never, in times of great distress, climb up to your closet, and there on your knees pour out your heart before God? Did you never feel after you had so done that you had bathed yourself in rest, so that—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,"

You cared not one whit for them! For you had found a shield in Christ; you had looked upon the face of God's anointed. Ah, Christian, that rest without a billow of disturbance, that rest so placid and serene, which in your deepest troubles you have been enabled to enjoy in the bosom of Christ, is to you a bunch of the mighty vintage of heaven, one grape of the heavenly cluster which you shall soon partake of in the land of the hereafter. Here, again, you see we can have a foretaste of heaven, and realise what it is even while here upon earth.

But that idea of rest will suit some indolent professors, and, therefore, let me just give the very opposite of it. I do think that one of the worst sins a man can be guilty of in this world is to be idle. I can almost forgive a drunkard, but a lazy man I do think there is very little pardon for. I think a man who is idle has as good a reason to be a penitent before God as David had when he was an adulterer, for the most abominable thing in the world is for a man to let the grass grow up to his ankles and do nothing. God never sent a man into the world to be idle. And there are some who make a tolerably fair profession, but who do nothing from one year's end to the other.

The next idea of heaven is, that it is a *place of uninterrupted service*. It is a place where they serve God day and night in his temple, and never know weariness, and never require to slumber. Do you know what is the deliciousness of work! For although we must complain when people expect impossibilities of us, it is the highest enjoyment of life to be busily engaged for Christ. Tell me the day I do not preach, I will tell you the day in which I am not happy; but the day in which it is my privilege to preach the gospel, and labour for God, is generally the day of my peaceful and quiet enjoyment after all. Service is delight. Praising God is pleasure. Labouring for him is the highest delight a mortal can know. Oh, how sweet it must be to sing his praises, and never feel that the throat is dry! Oh, how blessed to flap the wing for ever and never feel it flag! Oh, what sweet enjoyment to run upon his errands, evermore to circle round the throne of God in heaven while eternity shall last, and never once lay the head on the pillow, never once feel the throbbing of fatigue, never once the pangs that admonish us that we need to cease, but to keep on for ever like eternity's own self—a broad river rolling on with perpetual floods of labour! Oh, that must be enjoyment! That must be, indeed, a heaven, to serve God day and night in his temple! But you have served God on earth, and have had foretastes of that. I wish some of you knew the sweets of labour a little more, for although labour breedeth sweat, it breedeth sweets too,—more especially labour for Christ. There is a satisfaction before the work; there is a satisfaction in the work; there is a satisfaction after the work; and there is a satisfaction in looking for the fruits of the work; and a great satisfaction when we get the fruits. Labour for Christ is, indeed, the robing-room of heaven; if it be not heaven itself, it is one of the most blissful foretastes of it. Thank God, Christian, if you can do anything for your Master. Thank him if it is your privilege to do the least thing for him, for remember in so doing he is giving you a taste of the grapes of Eshcol. But you indolent people, you do not get the grapes of Eshcol, because you are too lazy to carry that big bunch. You would like it to come into your mouths without the trouble of gathering it; but you do not care to go forth and serve God. You sit still and look after yourselves, but what do you do for other people? You go to your place of worship; you talk about your Sunday school and sick society, and so on. You never teach in the Sunday school, and you never visit a sick person, and yet you take a great deal of credit to yourself while you do nothing at all. You will never know much of the enjoyments of heavenly glory until you know a little of the work of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Now, let us proceed to some other points. Another view of heaven is, that it is a *place of complete victory and glorious triumph*. This is the battle-field; there is the triumphal procession. This is the land of the sword and the spear; that is the land of the wreath and the crown. This is the land of the garment rolled in blood and of the dust of the fight; that is the land of the trumpet's joyful sound—that is the place of the white robe and of the shout of conquest. Oh, what a thrill of joy shall shoot through the hearts of all the blessed when their conquests shall be complete in heaven, when death itself, the last of foes, shall be slain,—when Satan shall be dragged captive at the chariot wheels of Christ,—when he shall have overthrown sin and trampled corruption as the mire of the streets,—when the great shout of universal victory shall rise from the hearts of all the redeemed! What a moment of pleasure shall that be! Oh, dear brethren, you and I have foretastes of even that. We know what conquests, what souls' battles we have even here. Did you never struggle against an evil heart, and at last overcome it? Oh, with what joy did you lift your eyes to heaven, the tears flowing down your cheeks, and say, "Lord, I bless thee that I have been able to overcome that sin." Did you ever have a strong temptation, and did you wrestle hard with it, and know what it was to sing with great joy, "My feet slipped; but thy mercy held me up?" Have you, like Bunyan's Christian, fought with old Apollyon, and have you seen him flap his dragon-wings and fly away? There you had a foretaste of heaven; you had just a guess of what the ultimate victory will be. In the death of that one Philistine you had the destruction of the whole army. That Goliath who fell beneath your sling and stone was but one out of the multitude who must yield their bodies to the fowls of heaven. God

gives you partial triumphs that they may be the earnest of ultimate and complete victory. Go on and conquer, and let each conquest, though a harder one and more strenuously contested, be to you as a grape of Eshcol, a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Furthermore, without doubt one of the best views we can ever give of heaven is, that it is a *state of complete acceptance with God*, recognised and felt in the conscience. I suppose that a great part of the joy of the blessed saints consists in a knowledge that there is nothing in them to which God is hostile; that their peace with God has not anything to mar it; that they are so completely in union with the principles and thoughts of the most High; that his love is set on them; that their love is set on him; that they are one with God in every respect. Well, beloved, and have we not enjoyed a sense of acceptance here below? Blotted and blurred by many doubts and fears, yet there have been moments when we have known ourselves as well accepted as we shall know ourselves to be even when we stand before the throne. There have been bright days with some of us, when we could "set to our seal" that God was true; and, when afterwards, feeling that the Lord knoweth them that are his, we could say, "And I know that I am his too." There have been moments when, with an unflinching lip, we could say—

"Now, I can call my Jesus mine;  
Now, I can all my joys resign;  
Can tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good and great;"

—when we had such a view of the perfection of Christ's righteousness that we felt that God had accepted us, and could not do otherwise; we had such a sense of the efficacy of the blood of Christ, we felt sure that our sins were all pardoned, and that they never could be mentioned unto us in mercy for ever. And, beloved, though I have spoken of other joys, let me say, this is the cream of all of them, to know ourselves accepted in God's sight. Oh, to feel that I, a guilty worm, am now received in my Father's bosom; that I, a lost prodigal, am now feasting at his table with delight; that I, who once heard the voice of his anger, now listen to the notes of his love. This is joy—this is joy worth worlds. What more can they know up there than that? And were it not that our sense of it were so imperfect, we might bring heaven down to earth, and might at least dwell in the suburbs of the celestial city, if we could not be privileged to go within the gates. So you see, again, we can have bunches of the grapes of Eshcol in that sense. Seeing that heaven is a state of acceptance, we, too, can know and feel that acceptance, and rejoice in it.

And, again, heaven is a *state of great and glorious manifestations*. You look forward to heaven as the place where you shall—

"See, and hear, and know,  
All you desire and wish below."

You are now looking at it darkly through a glass; there you shall see, face to face. Christ looks down on the Bible, and the Bible is his looking-glass. You look into it, and see the face of Christ as in a mirror darkly; but soon you shall look upon him himself, and see him face to face. You expect heaven as a place of peculiar manifestations. You believe that there he will unveil his face to you; that—

"Millions of years your wondering eyes  
Shall o'er your Saviour's beauties rove."

You are expecting to see his face, and never, never sin. You are longing to know the secrets of his heart. You believe that in that day you shall see him as he is, and shall be like him in the world of spirits. Well, beloved, though Christ does not manifest himself to us as he does to the bright ones there, have not you and I had manifestations even while we have been in this vale of tears? Speak, beloved; let your heart speak; hast thou not had visions of Calvary? hast not thy Master sometimes touched thy eyes with eye-salve, and let thee see Him on his cross? Hast thou not said—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing  
Mercy stream in streams of blood!  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God."

Have you not wept for joy and grief when you saw him bleeding out his life from his heart for you, and behold him nailed to the tree for your sakes? Oh, yes! I know you have had such manifestations of him. And have you not seen him in his risen glories? Have you not beheld him there exalted on his throne? Have you not by faith beheld him as the Judge of the quick and the dead, and as the Prince of the kings of the earth? Have you not looked through the dim future, and seen him with the crown of all kingdoms on his head, with the diadems of all monarchies beneath his feet, and the sceptres of all thrones in his hand? Have you not anticipated the moment of his most glorious triumphs, when he—

“ Shall reign from pole to pole with illimitable sway ? ”

Yes, you have, and therein you have had foretastes of heaven. When Christ has thus revealed himself to you, you have looked within the veil, and, therefore, you have seen what is there; you have had some glimpses of Jesus while here: those glimpses of Jesus are but the beginning of what shall never end. Those joyous melodies of praise and thanksgiving are but the preludes of the notes of Paradise.

And now, lastly, the highest idea of heaven, perhaps, is the *idea of most hallowed and blissful communion*. I have not given you near half that I might have given you of the various characteristics of heaven, as described in God's word, but communion is the best. Communion! that word so little spoken of, so seldom understood. That word, communion! Dearly beloved, you hear us say, “ And the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all ; ” but there are many of you that do not know the meaning of that sweet heaven in a word. Communion! It is the flower of language; it is the honeycomb of words. Communion! You like to talk of corruption best, do you not? Well, if you like that filthy word, you are very willing to meditate upon it. I do so when I am forced to do it; but communion seems to me to be a sweeter word than that. You like to talk a great deal about affliction, don't you? Well, if you love the black word—ah! you have reason to love it; but if you love to be happy upon it, you may do so; but give me for my constant text and for my constant joy, communion. And I will not choose which kind of communion it shall be. Sweet Master, if thou givest me communion with thee in thy sufferings, if I have to bear reproach and shame for thy name's sake, I will thank thee; if I may have fellowship with thee in it, and if thou wilt give me to suffer for thy sake, I will call it honour, that so I can be a partaker of thy sufferings; and if thou givest me sweet enjoyments, if thou dost raise me up and make me to sit together in heavenly places in Christ, I will bless thee. I will bless thee for ascension-communion—communion with Christ in his glories. Do you not say the same? And for communion with Christ in death. Have you died unto the world, as Christ did die unto himself? And then have you had communion with him in resurrection? Have you felt that you are raised to newness of life, even as was he? And have you had communion with him in ascension, so that you could know yourself to be an heir to a throne in Paradise? If so, you have had the best earnest you can receive of the joys of Paradise. To be in heaven is to lean one's head upon the breast of Jesus. You have done it on earth? Then you know what heaven is. To be in heaven is to talk with Jesus, to sit at his feet, to let our heart beat against his heart. If you have had that on earth, you have had some of the grapes of heaven.

Cherish, then, these foretastes, of whatever kind they may have been in your individual case. Differently constituted, you will all look at heaven in a different light. Keep your foretaste just as God has given it to you. He has given each of you some one; if you love it, it is most suitable to your own condition. Treasure it up; think much of it. Think more of your Master. For, remember, it is “ Christ in you the hope of glory,” after all, that is your only foretaste of heaven; and the more fully prepared shall you be for the bliss of the joyous ones in the land of the happy.

THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER:  
AN  
Evangelical Treasury  
AND  
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FROM  
AUGUST TO DECEMBER,  
1857.

TOGETHER WITH  
THE BAPTIST YEAR BOOK  
FOR 1858.

LONDON:  
JAMES PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE COURT,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

*Bound in Cloth Back, Ninepence.*

# INDEX.

<p>A Father of the Fatherless is God . 37</p> <p>An Eloquent Negro Preacher ..... 57</p> <p>An Inconsistency ..... 39</p> <p>Association Services ..... 117</p> <p>Backbiting ..... 42</p> <p>BALFERN, REV. W. P.—</p> <p>    True Prosperity, a Fragment ... 80</p> <p>    Christmas; or, Christian's Mass 107</p> <p>Baptisms, 24, 48, 70, 90, 118.</p> <p>COX, REV. J.—</p> <p>    A Short Letter, containing Four</p> <p>        Portraits ..... 66</p> <p>    The Race of the Rain Drops... 84</p> <p>    Bible Apologues and Allegories.</p> <p>        VIII. .... 115</p> <p>    Christ in Us ..... 41</p> <p>Deaths, 24, 90, 118.</p> <p>Follen, Mrs.—The Three Birds, an</p> <p>    Allegory for the Young ..... 42</p> <p>    Friends in Heaven ..... 38</p> <p>    God's Chest, from the German..... 40</p> <p>    God's Love..... 115</p> <p>Hinton, Rev. J. — Importance of</p> <p>    Evangelical Doctrine in the Pub-</p> <p>    lic Ministry ..... 11</p> <p>Illustrations of Temper—</p> <p>    No. 8: The Despotic..... 20</p> <p>Inflections, by an Old Correspondent 34</p> <p>I will never Forgive ..... 41</p> <p>Ministerial Changes, 47, 117.</p> <p>ORIGINAL POETRY—</p> <p>    Exhortation to Prayer ..... 21</p> <p>    Cast Down, but not Destroyed... 22</p> <p>    The Heart's Cure ..... 22</p> <p>    A Storm at Sea ..... 67</p> <p>    Never Despair ..... 68</p> <p>    Trust ..... 87</p> <p>    Not to Myself Alone..... 87</p> <p>    Loose the Cable..... 44</p> <p>    Lounging for Jesus..... 45</p>	<p>POETRY continued:—</p> <p>    The Meeting Place ..... 45</p> <p>    Death ..... 45</p> <p>    India ..... 116</p> <p>    Fulness of Christ ..... 116</p> <p>    We all do Fade as a Leaf ..... 114</p> <p>    Old Times ..... 113</p> <p>    Opening of Chapels, 23, 47, 88,</p> <p>    Our Colonial Churches ..... 46</p> <p>    Our Prayer-Meetings ..... 16</p> <p>Presentation Services, 69, 117.</p> <p>Pulpit Supplies ..... 46</p> <p>Rank Calvinism..... 41</p> <p>Recognition Services, 23, 47, 69, 90, 118</p> <p>Religion the Source of True Hap-</p> <p>    piness ..... 38</p> <p>Services to be Holden, 23, 48, 88, 117</p> <p>SMITH, REV. JAMES—</p> <p>    The Matter Cleared up..... 9</p> <p>    Gratitude and Praise..... 31</p> <p>    Probability..... 55</p> <p>    Divine Chastening..... 78</p> <p>    Is it a Duty? ..... 106</p> <p>Special Services, 69, 89, 117.</p> <p>SPURGEON, REV. C. H.—</p> <p>    God's Work in Man ..... 1</p> <p>    Jesus Only, a Sacramental Medi-</p> <p>        tation ..... 25</p> <p>    Our Heavenly Father's Pity..... 49</p> <p>    The Flight to Zoar ..... 71</p> <p>    The Preparation Necessary for</p> <p>        Receiving the Lord's Supper 91</p> <p>    The Christian's Service and</p> <p>        Honour ..... 96</p> <p>The Grace of God Exemplified in</p> <p>    the Conversion of a Socialist..... 18</p> <p>Twenty-six Directions for the Right</p> <p>    Use of Temporal and Spiritual</p> <p>    Blessings ..... 36</p> <p>Walker, Rev. S.—Heart's Trouble</p> <p>    Relieved..... 63</p> <p>Watch ..... 33</p>
---	--

THE

# BAPTIST MESSENGER,

AND

## CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

---

### GOD'S WORK IN MAN.

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

"And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, *that* thou shalt call me Ishi; and shalt call me no more Baali. For I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by their name."—Hosea ii. 16 17.

WITHOUT any preface or prelude, we shall draw from these words three or four lessons.

I. The first lesson from the text is this, that GOD SPEAKS CONCERNING HIS PURPOSES OF GRACE IN MAN, WITHOUT NOTICING EITHER HIS WILLINGNESS OR UNWILLINGNESS, AND WITHOUT ALLOWING HIS PURPOSE TO BE CHANGED BY THE ONE OR BY THE OTHER. According to the free-will plan of salvation, it would be absolutely necessary for God to put it thus: "At that day, saith the Lord, if ye are willing, you shall call me Ishi, and shall no longer call me Baali; and if you will believe and repent, if ye will be willing, I will take away the names of Baalim out of your mouth; and if ye be willing, they shall no more be remembered by their names." But note here, that God put in no "ifs," at all, but talks about men as if they had just nothing to do in the matter, and if He himself did it all. One might object, "But how if they be unwilling to forget the name of Baalim? Ah! says God, "but I have their will in my hands; I have the key of man's will; I can open it, and no man can shut it; I can shut it, and no man can open it." But suppose they should be hard-hearted, and will not repent. "Ay," saith the Lord, "but I have the hammer that can break the heart in pieces, and make it fly in shivers." "But suppose they should be stout-hearted, and will not melt." "Nay," saith the Lord, "but I have a fire that will melt the most adamant rock that was ever known; yea, that can consume the rock out of the heart, and burn it utterly away." Therefore, speaking concerning the Israelites, who were serving Baalim, who were drunken with sin, who were desperately set on mischief, who had gone far away from God, he puts in no "if," but distinctly says concerning them, "I will take away the names of Baalim out of their mouth, and they shall no more be remembered by their name."

Have you ever noticed throughout Scripture, how determinately God speaks with regard to his acts of salvation in men? "He *shall* call upon me, and I *will* answer him." "All that the Father giveth me *shall* come unto me." "Him that cometh unto me, I *will* in no wise cast out." "He *shall* see of the travail of his soul, and *shall* be abundantly satisfied." The free-willer might rise up and say, but, how if their wills are not right? How, if the people are not willing to be saved? Will God save them against their wills? To this we reply, there is nothing said about their will at all; it is only referred to God's will. It is evident that God hath such a power over men, that he can in their hearts work just what he pleaseth, apart from their willingness or unwillingness; so that when I come into this pulpit to preach, if God the Spirit should so please, though ye all should gnash your teeth in anger, yet could he under the sound of the word convert you all—though ye should set your hearts desperately against God's word, and enter his house with a curse, yet he could ere ye left the place change you to another mind; and though you should have come here with all levity of spirit, hardened in heart, despising God and his gospel, yet he hath such strength that he could, by one word



of his lips, by the breath of his Spirit, transform ye into living children of God, who should do the very reverse of what you are now doing. It is in vain, then, for an infidel man to say he never could be converted. God could convert him. It is in vain for a man to say, God never will bend my knee in prayer. God knows how to make your knee bend, be it never so stiff. "I never will, like a craven, cry for mercy," saith one. But God knows how to breed cries in your heart, and how to make them struggle for utterance, too. He hath you in his hand; and desperately set as you may be against him, yet he can turn you—he hath the bit even in your mouth. He who bindeth Leviathan and cutteth the dragon in twain will not be stopped by a poor puny mortal like you. But if he has purposes of grace towards you, he will work those purposes out. If he be determined to save, he will himself lure you into the wilderness, and give you a new heart and a right spirit; and if so he hath decreed it, struggle though you may against him, the hour shall come, when with one blow from the hammer of his word your heart shall be broken in pieces; and with one word from the book of cordials, your soul shall rejoice in pardon bought with blood. This is a great doctrine of the Gospel—the doctrine of the power of grace—the doctrine that God saveth whom he will—that "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." "Ah!" says one, "if I am willing to be saved, will not God save me?" Sir, he has saved you. If you are willing to be saved, God has made you willing, and therein he has given you the very germ of salvation. For your willingness to be saved in God's way is the very essence of being saved in God's way. "But," says one, "if I am unwilling to be saved, will he save me." No, sir, not as you are unwilling, but, if he so pleases, he will make you willing, and then will he manifest in you his power to save. God saves no man against his will; and yet it is against his will. Ralph Erskine puts it thus: he says, "I was saved with full consent against my will." He means to say "against my old will, that always willed to do evil, but yet with the full consent of all my powers, they being renewed, created anew in Christ Jesus, and, therefore, at once willing to submit to everything that God laid down."

Oh! how I rejoice to preach a gospel that does not borrow its strength from me, but gets its strength from God! What a consolation that, go where we may to preach. God's word, if God wills it, that word shall be rendered effectual amongst the very worst of men—amongst mockers, scoffers, and despisers. Why is it that men go not to preach the word amongst the Romanists of Ireland? Because they say they will not hear them; yes, but they would; and we should free ourselves from their blood, if we did but stand up and testify the word; and God, however unwilling, they might be, could yet, by his abundant grace, change their minds. "It is of no use," said one, "to go to the Bechuan in his kraal; he cannot be saved; he never would be willing to give up his old habits." But you do not ask his will at all; you go, and God gives him a new will, and the thing is done. All you have to do is to preach the word. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." For with the word of God there goeth forth his Holy Spirit, which changes men, renews their characters and hearts, and makes them what they never were before. Oh! I bless God's name, that though all the world should lift their hands against the Most High, and declare they never would be saved, yet God could, in an instant, if so it pleased him, make the whole world bend their knee and cry for the mercy they once rejected, and seek the Saviour whom once they despised. Here lieth the power of the Gospel, in that it getteth the mastery over man's evil will, and without his consent changes his nature, and then gets his consent fully, after his nature hath been changed. That is the first doctrine, I think, we may fairly get from the text.

II. NOW FOR THE SECOND; THAT GOD WILL MAKE THOROUGH WORK OF IT, WHEN HE SANCTIFIES A MAN. For just note here, these Jews were idolaters. Says God. "I will not only make them leave off their idolatries, but I will do more, I will take away the names of Baalim out of their memories, too; for they shall no more be remembered by their name." God's sanctifying work either is or will be a com-

plete one. I said either is or will be, for it is complete in yon bright spirits before the throne; and for the rest of us, if God has begun the good work, he will carry it on to ultimate perfection, until the very name of sin shall be clean taken out of our mouth, and the remembrance of it purged from the conscience and the memory. It is a remarkable thing that this promise has had a literal fulfilment in the case of the Jews. The Jews have many sins, but there is one sin that they have not—except spiritually—that is, they are not idolaters. Before the time of their captivity, they were constantly worshipping one God or another; it was the hardest thing in the world to keep them from bowing down before blocks of wood and stone. But now, go where you may, you cannot find a Jew who is an idolater. Here and there, one or two of them have joined the Romish church, and so have become idolaters by bowing down before the images and saints relics, cast clouts and rotten bones, and such things. But, taking the Jews as a class, they are the last people in the world to become actual idolaters, “O, Israel, the Lord thy God is one God,” seems to be burnt in them; you cannot get it out of them—the one God, the Elohim, before whom they bow; neither will they acknowledge any form of faith, that seems to deny the unity of the Godhead, or implies that worship is to be given to any, save the incomprehensible and mysterious being whom they, as well as we, worship as Jehovah. The name of Baalim has been taken clean out of their mouths; they do not remember it, neither do they call it to mind. And it is also a very notable thing, which we have seen, that sometimes men, when they are converted, become the cleanest of the very sin with which they were once the most defiled. You will note that a man who has been before his conversion a great drunkard, will, in some instances, become exceedingly sober afterwards, and carry his views, if possible, to an extreme. He will be so desperately set against everything that once injured him, that he will even look with suspicion on others who in moderation indulge themselves. You will find it is so with the man who has been an habitual Sabbath-breaker; so sure as he is converted, he will become the most precise Sabbath-keeper you ever knew. The sin that hurt him will be the sin that he will kill, if possible. The burnt child dreads the fire; and it is just so with the man who has been burnt by sin. He does not like to touch it again; he must keep clean away from it, turn from it, pass by it, and utterly refuse it. So with the Jews, Baalim had been their favourite sin; the name Baalim is to be taken out of their mouth, and is to be no more re-called to mind. But, my brethren, what noble beings you and I will be, when not only has our sin been purged, when not only have our daily corruption been kept under, but when all our sinful nature has been utterly removed! Well, said the Apostle, “It doth not yet appear what we shall be.” No, brethren, we can scarcely guess what we shall be; but we can for a moment contemplate it. What a noble being man must be, when he is thoroughly refined—when all his sin is gone—when there is not an evil passion left—when there is not a lust left in a snug corner—but when his soul has become thoroughly pure, and his heart entirely renewed. Oh! what a noble creature, and just remember this, poor, weak and worthless though we are, that faith which we have in us will ultimately purify us completely, and we shall be noble, like yon bright spirits before the throne. What a grand man he would be, who had got no sin in him. Suppose him to come into this world, he would most likely lead a life exactly like Jesus Christ—and he was the grandest of all men. It is marvellous to consider the different attributes of his character, as they look out in his life; just think, then, that we, too, shall be like him, when we see him as he is. We shall be as pure as Adam in the garden, in this addition, that our purity shall be not merely spotless, but shall be so white that it shall be white beyond the possibility of ever being spotted. Our nature shall be not merely pure, but so pure that it never can be impure. God will stamp it so indelibly in the impress of purity, that it will be pure throughout eternity, when myriads of ages have run their round. Oh! what a blessed thought; the name of Baalim out of my mouth, the evil out of my heart, the lustful glance from the eye, the evil things from the imagination, all gone! Oh, will we not praise him then, in the bright moment, when we wake up in his likeness, when our crystal

spirit shall be white as driven snow, in the glad companionship of the immaculate, the pure, the perfect. Oh, what joyous shouts we shall make then! what choral symphonies, what bursts of song, what hallelujahs of gratitude! Verily, words fail to express the feelings of which we then shall be partakers, when, pure and holy, clean and purged, we shall be presented "without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing," before the throne of God. "I will take the name of Baalim out of her mouth; they shall not be remembered by their name." I do think the first day in heaven will be a day all of surprise; we shall not know what to make of it; never will there have been a day before in our lives, when we had not some trouble, or some sin. The first day we are there when we shall have no devil to tempt us, and no sin to pain us, and no trouble to grieve us, when we find ourselves all pure, I think we shall scarcely know what to do, we shall be so surprised. The hymn has just hit the thought—

"I'll sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies."

We shall be almost like poor Caspar Hauser, who was kept for many years—in fact, from his childhood—in a dark dungeon, where a ray of light could scarcely enter, and was afterwards taken out by his keeper, to see the light of the sun, and to mingle amongst men, whom he had never seen before, and hear their voices, when there was scarcely an intelligible sound he had been taught to utter. Oh, what a delightful thing it would have been for him if he had been uninjured by his confinement! But you and I, uninjured by our confinement in the cavern below, shall be at once snatched from the earth, set down in the streets of Paradise, and find ourselves pure. The surprise of a beggar, who should wake up and find himself a king, would not be one-half so great as the surprise of a saint, when he shall wake up in Christ's likeness, and find himself transformed into the pure image of God. Let us contemplate this with joy and gladness; and, amidst all our daily conflicts, let us count upon the victory; let us anticipate the conquest by faith, and already let us seize the palm-branch, and put the crown upon our heads, with the ecstasy of hope, with the full assurance of faith; for if we fight we shall reign—if we suffer we shall triumph—if we endure we shall obtain the "crown of life that fadeth not away." Christ will make clean work of it, wherever he has begun.

III. And now I bring you to a third doctrine. THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE NOT BAD IN THEMSELVES THAT A CHRISTIAN MUST HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH, BECAUSE THEY HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH BAD THINGS.

To explain—"Thou shalt call me Ishi; and shalt call me no more Baali." Why? Was Baali a bad name? Not at all; God call's himself Baali in two or three places in Scripture. You remember that blessed passage, "Thy Maker is thy Husband?" It is thus, "Thy Maker is thy Baali." And there are several other instances where the word husband is used in application to God, which might have been left untranslated, and they would have stood like this, "Thy Maker is thy Baali." Why, then, is God not to be called Baali? The Jews did call him so; they did pray to him under that title. Why not continue to do so? Because the heathen made a wrong use of it—they called their God Baali; and therefore, God said, "Do not use the title, because they have used it for the false gods; I desire you never to use it to me again." I can suppose some Jew, like some young men in these times, saying; "Now, no man is going to step between me and my conscience. I believe the name Baali is a very good one; I have always used it, and many good men have used it; I use it very sincerely in prayer, and it is nothing to me that other people make a bad use of it. I can't help that. I know it expresses my thought; it means husband, lordly husband; and I cannot be quite so cynical as the prophet Hosea—I must keep on using it. That is how many argue in these days. Says one, "I am a Christian; I intend to serve God; but there are certain pleasures that just stand on the boundary line between the allowable and the unallowable." "I intend," says one young man, "to follow them, because

I do not see that there is any harm in them. I confess they are of great hurt to others, but they are no hurt to me; I used to practice them when I was in the world, but they are no hurt to me; you cannot bring anything in Scripture to prove they are wrong. There is that place; I sometimes really worship God there. I may be mistaken, truly; but I cannot see why I should not do such and such a thing, because I see nothing exactly wrong in it, though I admit it has a connection in wrong, and others are thereby injured." That is just it. You are not to use Baali, not because it is a bad name, but because others have used it for a bad purpose. So, Christian, there are many things you are not to do, and many places you are not to frequent, not because they are absolutely wrong, but because they have a connection with wrong, and if you tolerate them you cannot be separated from sharing in the sin which is committed by them. And, moreover, whether you know it or not, your going there is but the little and the little of which it is spoken, "Ye shall fall by little and by little." So that the best way is, to stand out against the littles; to be rather too strict than loose; and in so doing God will give you a reward, for he will make it become a greater happiness to you to renounce the fleshly pleasures than it would have been to have partaken of them. "Thou shalt call me no more Baali," because, though it may be very well in itself, the thing is bad, because others have misused it. I can never look upon dice except with abhorrence. You ask me why; I reply, because the soldiers at the foot of the cross rattled dice for my Saviour's garment, and I have never heard the rattling of dice, but I have conjured up the dreadful scene of Christ upon his cross, and gamblers at the foot of it, with their dice bespattered with his blood. I do not hesitate to say, that, of all scenes, there is none that more surely damn men, and, worse than that, makes them the devil's helps to damn others, than gambling. And yet many say, "Well, I only play for the fun of it. You know there is nothing in it. I only do this, that, and the other. Of course there is nothing in it, but look at the connection of it. My lord so and so, thinks it a very nice thing for him to go and see a horse-race. He says that I cannot prove it is wrong. Oh, no, my friend, it is quite right you should go and shake hands with Palmer; a nice fellow he is! and take Cook in your carriage with you, if you like! very nice company they are! they don't speak very well for the thing. Another says, "I can do this, that, and the other; it does not hurt me." I dare say you can, but look at the connection of the thing. You are to eschew the thing, not merely from the moral wrong of it, or the injury is to you, but because it allows others in their sins, and patronises others in their guilt. A good pious Jew kneels down to pray, and cries to God, "Baali, hear me!" Well, there is a poor idolater by his side, he says, "that good, venerable-looking man just now prayed to Baali; so may I." "Quite a mistake, my dear fellow; I did not pray to Baali; I was praying to God Almighty, not to your Baal." "But you said Baal, my dear sir." "No, my friend, you do not understand me; I was praying to the God of heaven and earth, and not to that poor, paltry thing you call Baal." But the poor heathen thought he was. We are to take care that we do not do what appears wrong in the sight of others, so as to lead them astray. We are not to be judged by other men's consciences, but at the same time we are not to lead others to offend. As far as we can possibly do it, we must seek to cut off those things that are likely to do injury to others. If I were to hear of any of my hearers going to a theatre, I think I should go after them; but they would never go again. I might perhaps do as Rowland Hill did. He took a box-ticket, and saw some of his hearers there. "There you are," he said; "I never would believe it from hear-say." And then he walked away, and turned them out of the church immediately. It may be that I may have the misery of looking after some of you who make a profession of religion, and do not carry it out. I am not now speaking to you worldly men, who choose these places. But I have some-

thing to say to you who profess religion. Put away even the name. It may be allowable; we will not discuss that. But your business is not to talk of its being allowable, but to put it away, because others make a bad use of it. You may say "Baal," perhaps, without any very great sin, but by doing it you encourage others in sin. A man who makes a profession of religion ought to be something more than other people. He who talks about being saved by grace, and washed in blood; he who thinks to live up yonder and wear the white robe, and sing the hymns of the Eternal before the throne, he must be more than others. The things which another might do, he must not dare to do. Another may do them with impunity, but not he. A native of India might live in a jungle, and not die; but we, who are not natives of the country, might very soon die of the jungle fever. And so the man that is no Christian may peradventure go into many amusements, and yet not become any the worse for them; but a Christian must not go there, because he is not a native of that land. It is not his native air, it is not his place; and he knows it is not. Therefore, his business is to go as far away from it as he can. I have read of a lady who wanted a coachman. She advertised for one; three presented themselves. She called them in one by one. She said to the first, "My good man, you want a coachman's place, do you?"—"Yes, m'm." "Well, there is one question I want to ask you—how near to danger could you drive me?"—"Well, m'm, I think I could drive within a yard." "You won't do for me," said she. A second one was brought in, and she said to him, after asking other questions, "How near to danger could *you* drive?"—"Well m'm, for the matter of that, I could drive you within a hairs' breadth." "You won't do for me," she said, "you are not the sort of driver I want." The third was introduced; he was a careful soul, and when the question was put to him, "How near could you drive to danger?" he said, "If you please, m'm, I never tried that; I always drive as far off as ever I can." Said she, "you will do very well; you are just the coachman I want!" I would recommend you all to imitate that coachman: not to try how near you can drive to danger, but to say, "My business is to drive as far off as I can;" not to try how much you can endure of that which is not right, but how much you can avoid it, pass by it, and not mingle with it.

IV. Now we come to the last doctrine. GOD HAS PRECIOUS TITLES TO BE USED ONLY BY BELIEVERS. "It shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi; and shalt call me no more Baali." I left this to the last, because I am not positive and sure that what I am about to say, having all the weight that some would attach to it. There is a difference between the words Ishi and Baali. The word Ishi means "my husband;" so does the word Baali; but the word Ishi is the word that the wife would use to the husband as a fondling expression, expressive of her love. The word Baali is the word she would use to him as an humble expression, expressive of those very rare occasions in which she feels herself to be subject to him for a moment. It is expressive of her humility. It is the kind of word Sarah used, when, rather out of the ordinary way, she did reverence to her husband, "calling him lord." The word Ishi is the word she would have used when she called him simply by the loving epithet of "my own dear husband;" her man, her beloved. She would most likely have used the word Baali when her husband had spoken a little sharply to her, and claimed a little of the headship that the husband has. But when they sat down together, in their softer moments, she would not call him Baali any longer, but it would be Ishi my much loved—not feared, but much loved husband. "Now," says God to his church, "thou shalt no more call me Baali—my master, my lord, my haughty husband; and yet after all, having all the right attributes of a husband, too; but thou shalt call me Ishi—my loving husband." Mark, there is nothing wrong in the word Baali, as I said before, because it is applied to God in that very passage, "Thy Maker is thy husband;" and there it has a kind aspect, as well as the aspect of superiority. But still, the word Ishi is the fonder title of the two, and is by far the best, which we would always wish to use towards God. If

we are his people, he does not wish us to come crouching and cringing before him ; he does not wish us even to come in a sense of his infinite superiority, as the prominent characteristic of our address to him. He does not wish us to come and cry "Baali;" but he wants us to come to him as to a loving friend and father, with the sweet word "Ishi" upon our lip. He wishes us to come, speaking of Christ as Emmanuel Ishi—"God with us;" and not as Emmanuel Baali—"God our Ruler." He wishes us to speak of him as "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh;" our man, our husband; and not as our man, our lord. There is a very blessed distinction here; I think the Christian can perceive it, though the worldling cannot. When a sinner is in his sin, he sometimes attempts to serve God. Conviction of sin works in him some kind of legal repentance. He tries to be better; but the sinner always tries to be better with Baali on his lips. Oh, Lord, I must do right, else I shall be punished for it; I must mend my ways, or hell stares me in the face; I must grow better, or else I shall die, and share eternal torment. And so he tries to do better through fear. Not so the Christian. He tries to serve his God, but he puts Baali right away. "O, my blessed God," he says, "thou hast done so much for me; I love thee so; I must love thee, I will serve thee; I will live for thee; I will die for thee; it is a pleasure to serve thee; if heaven were quenched and hell blotted out, I would still serve thee, for thou art my Ishi, my loved one, whom with all my heart I serve." So it is with the poor sinner, when he first seeks mercy. He kneels down and prays to God to have mercy upon him, but all the while it is Baali; he can never spell Ishi, while he is under conviction of sin. It is, "O, Lord, I the chief of sinners am;" "I am not worthy to be called thy son." That is all Baali. But so soon as the Lord has appeared to him, and told him, "I have put away thy sin," there is no such prayer as he had before. He comes with boldness, "Lord, I am thy child; for Jesus' sake give me these things," and he prays out his heart with a fulness of confidence; for it is Ishi now, not Baali. It was the same God before, but under a different aspect. He was a kind God before, but he was the Baali God. Now he is a kind God; but, he is a kinder still—He is the Ishi God to all believers.

O, beloved brethren and sisters, I would ye could all keep this word Ishi on your lips. It is a Hebrew word; I bless God for having kept a few Hebrew words in the Bible to make us remember the Jews. But, besides this, there is something so sweet in these old terms, Ishi—my man, my husband! Go home, beloved, sit down and think of this title. God bids thee to-night to come to him boldly, and call him Ishi. Sit down, and begin to think of the Son of God, who became man. When you see him in his cradle, call him Ishi, and fondle the infant to your breast. When you see him a man grown, go up to him, and by faith clasp him in your arms, and call him, whilst he preaches to you the sermon on the Mount, Ishi. Find him out in the garden; stand and look at him, not as some marvellous man, far above you, your superior, a Baali to you; but come and kneel by his side, and as you kneel see the bloody sweat, in contemplation still streaming from his brow; bend over him, and say, "O, Ishi, thou art my man, my husband—paying the costly price for me by this awful sweat of blood." Then follow him along the pavement, see his back all gory with the lash of Pilate's whip, and call him Ishi then; and when you see him on the cross, oh! it is there that Ishi is spelt more clearly than ever. When his heart is opened, when his veins are bleeding, then you can see written in his blood that name Ishi—man with you, your husband. And then see him in his grave, and call him Ishi there. Track him up to heaven in his ascension, and call him Ishi as he leads captivity captive. See him bleeding before the throne of God with outstretched arms. Look on his breast-plate, read your own name, and call him Ishi. And then, look forward, see him as he comes in the clouds of heaven, and call him Ishi then. See him when he and all his people shall be gathered home to glory. He shall be your Ishi then—not your Baali your Lord, your superior, but your Ishi, your man, your husband, to be embraced and loved, to be held communion with, to be your acquaintance, your friend, your fellow, as he has been blessedly pleased to call you.

And, Christian, when thou goest forth to labour to-morrow, take care not to do it as a slave.

"We would no longer lie,  
Like slaves beneath his throne,  
Our faith would "Ishi, Jesus," cry,  
And thou the kindred own."

Go forth to your work, serving him in love and joy and gladness.

"Tis love that makes our willing feet  
In swift obedience move."

Practice this "Ishi" out every day. Do not serve God, because you dare not do other than serve him; do not serve him, because you are afraid not to serve him; do not do it from fear; do not work like a negro slave, under his master's lash; but go out and serve him, your Master, from pure delight, because he is your man, your Ishi, your husband.

And now, in conclusion, my friends, there are many here that cannot spell Ishi. Christ is not Ishi to them; Baali is the only word they can use to God. What shall we do for them, dear friends, those who know the Lord here? What shall we do for these? We have a little sister; what shall we do for her, against the day that she shall be spoken for unto the King? Oh, we will build upon her, if she be a wall, with many prayers; we will build upon her with prayers precious as silver. If she be a door, we will inlay her with the cedar of our supplication; we will day and night pray for these poor souls who are not yet brought in, but many of whom must be brought in, that there may be one Fold and one Shepherd. Poor sinner, I will preach the Gospel to thee before I send thee away. Art thou trembling and shivering, crouching and cowering before God? Art thou afraid of him? Dost thou think his sword is out of his scabbard, hunting after thee? Dost thou see the thirsty knife of vengeance, athirst for blood, and winged to slay? Dost thou see the law of God after thee? Then thou hast got as far as Baali? Ah, soul, if thou knowest what sin is in all its blackness, and if thou dost weep on account of it, and if thou desirest to be pardoned, if thou art willing to abjure all sin and all self-righteousness, here is the way of salvation; Ishi bids me tell it to thee, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." "Let me out, sir; let me go home and pray." No, sir; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Let me go out of this chapel, and I will go home and read a chapter." No, Sir; as you are standing there, if you know your need of a Saviour, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." "Oh, but I must not believe yet." "Look at the jailor." He had put the feet of Paul and Silas in the stocks, and shut them in the inner prison, like a brute as he was. But when there came the earthquake that shook the prison, he said, "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," said Paul. He did believe, and was baptised ten minutes afterwards, and became a child of God, walking in the fear of Jesus. I believe conversion is very often gradual; but there is no reason why it should be so. If God has put you now in such a condition that you know yourself to be lost and ruined, you have every reason to believe that Christ died for you, and to cast yourself upon him, just as you are, without one plea, but that Jesus died for you. Are you under conviction of sin? Do you feel that God would be just, if he were to destroy you? Do you say, "Can it be possible that all my sins could be blotted out in a moment?" Possible, sir! It is certain that they may be; it is certain that they will be; it is certain that they are, if you now believe in Christ. It was no fiction that we sang just now—

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

A lady called upon me last Monday, with this trouble upon her. She said she had not heard me preach, but she had been reading my sermons, and God had been

pleased to bless them to her, not only for her conviction, but for her conversion. She went to the clergyman of the parish, full of great joy at having found the Saviour. She began to tell him of her joy, and how she rejoiced that all her sins were blotted out. He stopped her, and said, "My good woman, that is all a delusion. You have no right to believe that your sins are pardoned, till you have led several years of piety and devotion." She went away sad. She came to ask me if that was true; and when I quoted those words—"The moment a sinner believes"—"Oh!" she said, "I see now;" and when I went on quoting, how many who believed in Christ had been black sinners one moment, and white as snow the next; had cast themselves simply on Christ, and had instantly found peace; she could not but take to her heart the precious promises of Christ, and, believing in Christ, being justified by faith, she had the peace of God that passeth all understanding. I pray the Lord to give it to you now. As many of you as shall now look to Christ; as many of you as shall send your hearts up to him; as many of you as God has ordained to eternal life, or who, therefore, will believe; so many of you shall go out of this house, like the publican of old, "justified rather than the other," triumphing that you who came in here to confess your guilt—"Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner"—can go out calling Jesus Ishi, and clasping him in your arms, as the death of sin, and as the death of deaths; as your Redeemer, your Saviour, and your all. May the Lord give you such faith, for Jesus' sake!

---

### THE MATTER CLEARED UP.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.

I HAD been passing through a series of trials—had been exercised with bitter disappointments, and was plied with powerful temptations. Gloom rested on the spirit, discontent was working in the mind, and the whole physical system was in a very irritable state. Everything looked dreary, and the spirit was crying out, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Oh, how sweet the thought of rest—how desirable repose appeared. Heaven itself was longed for *now*, principally, as a place of rest—as the Sabbath of the soul. Sore weariness and painful languor were felt, and a disposition to fret began to appear. The way was rough, the soul was discouraged, and the design of the Lord was not perceivable. Just at this moment, when under these circumstances, the word of the Lord came home, and three words were enough to produce an entire change; they were—"TO HUMBLE THEE." Deut. viii. 2. Ah! then I saw what the Lord was about. I understood the design of the dispensation. I bowed the head in reverence, and exclaimed, "*Be it unto me according to Thy word.*"

All my heavenly Father intended, by allowing me to be tried as I was, was to humble me. The design of my most gracious God was holy, just, and good. Yes, yes, I need humbling. The low place alone is the safe place for me. The lower the safer—the lower the happier. It is when I have very low views of myself that I have high and exalted views of Jesus. It is when I feel that I am viler than the earth that free grace sparkles before mine eyes. O, I have found it sweet to feel as Jacob felt, and to exclaim as Jacob exclaimed, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies." But our proud nature loveth not this low place. It is always aspiring and seeking to be something. Therefore it is that our heavenly Father has to use such painful discipline, and to lead us by such a rough path. The old man must be crucified—the flesh must be abused—the members must be mortified—the body of sin must be subdued and brought under. Tried believer, dost thou ask, "Why am I thus?—why is my path so thorny, my trials so numerous, and my disappointments so painful and so frequent?" It is "TO HUMBLE THEE."

Do not complain, my brother, for we must be humbled, or we shall be undone. We pray for humility, and this is how the Lord produces it. Poverty, sickness,



pain, opposition, inward darkness, the discovery of hidden corruptions, and the apparent want of success in the Lord's work—all are employed to humble us. And God humbles us in mercy—for, "before honour is humility." We must lie in the dust before we shall sit on the throne. We must feel that we are less than the least of all God's mercies, before we shall be crowned with glory. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off."

"But what does the Lord want of me?" *He wants you to submit to him.* To allow him to be God, and do as he will; to be King, and exercise his Sovereignty; to be Father, and choose your lot; to be your Lord, and rule you at his pleasure. You have professed all this, but you have not carried out your profession. You acknowledge it to be right in your judgment, but you do not conform to it in your practice. If God did not love you, he might allow you to go on; but he loves you too well to ruin you. If God had given you up, you might escape the trials you complain of—but as the Lord careth for you, he will cross your will, hedge up your way with thorns, and by very painful discipline humble you. *He wants you to depend on him.* To depend on him always, and to depend on him for all. He has all you want, and he intends to glorify himself by supplying all you need. Now you feel at times, as if you need not depend on the Lord for all. You fancy you can do, or manage some things yourself. You are not a mere child now. You have judgment and experience, and grace; and, therefore, you can manage this, or you can do that. As you do not feel that you are absolutely dependent on the Lord, you do not seek his aid as you did; then the Lord leaves you to yourself, and you soon turn to folly, run into difficulties, and are overwhelmed with disappointments. Ah! it is "TO HUMBLE THEE," and bring thee to feel thy dependance on the Lord afresh. *He wishes you to look for everything to him.* He would never leave his children dependant on any one but himself. Therefore, when we seek aid from creatures, depend on creatures, and expect to receive from creatures, he says, "Well, go and try what they can do for you." And what do they but prove themselves to be broken cisterns, empty wells, and brooks that dry up? Nor is it until, like Hagar, we have given up all hope in the creatures, and laid our most valued comforts down under the shrubs to die, that we honestly and heartily say, "I will look unto the Lord—I will wait for the God of my salvation." If our eyes are taken from the Lord and fixed upon the creature—if we consult men when we should consult God—if we expect help from men, when we should expect it from God, we stir up his jealousy; and painful experiences are sure to follow, to humble us, and break us down, and shew us our sin. *He wishes us, as we receive all good from him, to ascribe all glory to him.* He has a right to be worshipped as God, to be obeyed as King, to be trusted and treated as a Father; it is his glory to be so; and he says, "I will not give my glory to another." If, therefore, we honour the creature rather than the Creator—if we obey the subject rather than the Sovereign—if we trust our fellow-men, and treat them with more confidence than our heavenly Father—and if we ascribe to ourselves, or to others, what God has wrought in us, or wrought by us—then we shall be chastened; and when we fret, complain, or are surprised at the Lord's dealings, and ask, "Why is this?" the answer is ready—"TO HUMBLE THEE." If we were but humble, and honestly rendered to man only the things that belong to man, and rendered to God the things that belonged to God, it would often be very different with us to what it is. O, for that genuine humility which lies prostrate before God, looks to God, trusts in God, expects from God, approves of all that is done by God, and surrenders every thing to the will and disposal of God! And when in deep trials, or sore conflicts, or distressing troubles, may I accept the punishment of my iniquity, kiss the rod, and fervently pray, "O Lord, correct me, but with judgment, not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing." "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty."

## IMPORTANCE OF EVANGELICAL DOCTRINE IN THE PUBLIC MINISTRY.\*

BY THE REV. JOHN HOWARD HINTON A.M.

In selecting a topic on which I may not unprofitably engage your thoughts, dear brethren, for a few moments on this occasion, I choose one, certainly not unimportant in itself, nor wholly unsuitable to the aspect of the times in which we live. It is the indispensable importance in the public ministry of evangelical doctrine.

The subject I have thus announced divides itself naturally into two parts; the first of them relating to doctrine itself, and the second to its evangelical character.

I. It may seem strangely unnecessary to insist on the importance of a doctrinal element in the ministry of the Gospel; for, if it be not the teaching of doctrine, what is it? Ah! yes: we are assured there is something else which pre-eminently constitutes it. Christianity—such is the maxim now laid down on high authority, and repeated by many mouths—Christianity is not a creed, but a life. Let us briefly examine this assertion.

Christianity, it is affirmed, is not a creed, but a life. On the latter part of this proposition I hold no controversy. Undoubtedly Christianity is a life; and I wish to say this once for all, with so much distinctness and force, that I may have no occasion to say it again. That part of the proposition to which I demur is, that Christianity is not a creed.

1. On this assertion I may observe, in the first place, that the presumption is against it. The manner in which it has been formed is patent. It is evidently the mere revulsion of an opposite opinion, which has been carried too far. Because some persons have held Christianity to be a creed only, and have not assigned to doctrinal truth its just practical influence, therefore others, in their laudable zeal for Christian living, deny altogether the importance of doctrinal truth. As an intellectual phenomenon, this is frequent and familiar enough to be easily understood. It is the mere recoil of the human mind, like that of an elastic spring after too severe a pressure. Or it may be compared to the oscillation of a pendulum, which swings from one extreme to the other of its range, and knows not how to rest in the centre. It would be absurd to allow ourselves to become the victims of such a piece of human weakness. A wise man may well rectify an extravagance on one side, without being betrayed into an abandonment of truth on the other.

To this it may be added, that the opinion in question has, to a great extent, a bias in its favour. It is to the doctrines of the Gospel that the corrupt heart of man especially objects. Men will accept, or profess to accept, its morals, who will not receive its doctrinal statements; and they find at once a plea and a justification for their cherished unbelief, in the idea that doctrine is no essential part of Christianity. The favour which such an opinion finds with a corrupt heart, however, constitutes no recommendation of it. On this ground suspicion rather attaches to it, and a presumption lies against its truth.

2. I go on to observe, in the second place, that the arguments by which this opinion is sustained have no sufficient weight.

From the terms in which it is expressed, it would appear that an antagonism is assumed between the two principal terms of the proposition. Christianity, we are told, is not a creed, but a life; as if it were intended to say that Christianity cannot be a creed because it is a life. This is clearly the species of argument called by logicians a *non sequitur*; since no reason arises from the admitted fact that Christianity is a life, tending to prove that it cannot be a creed also. It is not necessarily of the nature of a creed to stifle and suppress activity, but rather the contrary. The argument, indeed, is not only illogical—it is suicidal, so far from

\* The introductory Discourse, delivered at the Annual Session of the Baptist Union, held in George-street chapel, Nottingham, July 1, 1857.

its being true that Christianity cannot be a creed, because it is a life; the very opposite may rather be laid down as an axiom, namely, that because Christianity is a life, it is, and must be, a creed, the speculative being, according to the nature of man, one true and necessary source of the practical. As, however, I shall have occasion to advert to this topic more fully hereafter, I pass lightly over it now. I shall only add here, that the argument we are considering flies in the face of notorious facts. Christianity as a creed has been, at least in some cases, too manifestly connected with a characteristic life for its power or efficacy to be doubted. It is not only that, in a large number of instances, professing Christians have been virtuous and holy men, leading a life which moral principles of a worldly kind would never have been able to sustain; but some of them have been specifically Christian men and women, maintaining a cause of action and of suffering which nothing short of the great doctrines of Christianity can for a moment be supposed capable of having originated or upheld. Witness the devotedness of the missionary, the patience and fortitude of the martyr. In some cases at least, Christianity has borne fruits demonstrative of its practical power.

It has been alleged, however, that, whatever power doctrine may have to produce religious activity, an activity truly religious may exist apart from doctrine. We are gravely told that there is a sanctity in common things, and that religion consists in fulfilling the duties and relations of life. *Laborare est orare*, said one of the old writers, perhaps in rebuke of the prevalent monastic sloth; an apothegm to which Mr. Carlyle has given a pointed translation in his pregnant saying, "Work is worship." And there is undoubtedly a measure of truth in the statement. Far would I be from depreciating the common duties of life, and from denying the nobility and the holiness which may be found even in the world's drudgeries. Assuredly there *may be* sanctity in common things, and the work *may be* worship. But it is not necessarily so. In this respect, everything depends, not so much on that which is done, as in the spirit in which it is done. Even acts externally religious, not performed in a religious spirit, are not religious, but profane; and, by the same rule, the activities of common life not performed in a religious spirit cannot constitute religion. It is enough to admit that they are so perfectly in harmony with religion as to be capable of being animated with its spirit, and transmuted, as it were, into its substance; and nothing more than this can be conceded. It may be religion to work, whether in the household, the manufactory, or the field, if you work in the fear of God, and for his glory—that is, under the influence of Christian doctrinal truth; but to work for self and for the world, in whatever fascinating colours such a course may be exhibited, has in it at least, no sanctity.

"And yet see," it is reiterated, "in what unimportant manner the great bulk of religionists have ever held the creed which you boast to be so powerful!" Alas! we are compelled to admit the fact on which this cutting retort is founded. We ask, however, what is proved by it? That Christianity is not a creed? Assuredly not; but only that some who had professed to hold it had held it unworthily. We all know that there are unimportant modes of holding, or of professing to hold, even the most exciting opinions. Christianity as a creed may be held speculatively, or may be accepted formally, or may be professed hypocritically; in neither of which cases will it produce its appropriate effects. How largely the general profession of Christianity has been impregnated by infusions of this kind history abundantly testifies; and by these at least Christianity itself is not to be judged.

3. But now, in the third place, let the opinion we are examining be subjected to the pressure of positive evidence, and let us see whether it can abide this test. I will endeavour to prove that Christianity is a creed.

In proof of this position, it would be neither unnatural nor unfair to appeal at once to the documentary records of Christianity itself, in which there is abundant evidence that doctrines are to be found. I will not avail myself of this facility, however; I will rather construct an argument on ground furnished by the adversary, and prove my point by means of the very concession he makes

to me. Christianity is a life, says he. I might, indeed, object to this as an unsatisfactory view of internal, or subjective Christianity, which I shall hereafter show to involve something more than is here ascribed to it; but, for the present, I will content myself with this definition, and I say, that, since Christianity is a life, it must be a creed.

Not in any mode does life exist of itself. All life has some originating and sustaining cause. Human life in its simplest form is instinctive, the product of impulses supplied by nature itself. Advancing beyond this, it is a response made to the appeals of external objects, which, by many attractive aspects, stimulate our active powers. It is so with commercial life, with scientific life, with political life; and it is not less so with religious life. In all these cases there is something known and believed—a creed—from which knowledge and belief the corresponding activity springs. To internal or subjective Christianity, consequently, there must stand related an external, or objective Christianity, a characteristic object of knowledge and belief; a Christianity as a creed, without which Christianity as a life could not exist. To imagine a Christian life without a Christian creed were, indeed, to imagine an effect without a cause.

It is but common justice that is thus required to be done to Christianity. No peculiar favour is asked for it. In no other case is it called in question, whether a religious life supposes a religious creed, or whether a religious creed produces a religious life. There was a life of ancient paganism and this was the image of its creed. The life of the Moslem is the image of his creed. The life of the Romanist is the image of his creed. And if every kind of life, ordinary and religious, has its creed, why not Christianity? Or will those with whom we are arguing maintain that since Christianity, being a life is no creed, so, amidst all the forms of human life which the world has seen, no creed has ever existed?

But let us now, in relation to this admitted life, look at Christianity itself, and see what preparation is made for it in its documentary record, the Bible.

A strenuous effort is made to separate the Bible into two portions—the doctrinal and the preceptive—in order to applaud and adopt the preceptive, while the doctrinal is repudiated. Now I do not complain of any one for applauding the preceptive portion of the Bible, which is undoubtedly worthy of the highest admiration and the completest fulfilment. All I have to say is, that the preceptive part of the Bible alone will be found insufficient for the purpose for which it is adopted. Precepts are not adequate to originate and sustain a life of any kind. It is their business to regulate a life, not to originate it, and their applicability always supposes life to be previously existing. Were the moral precepts all the Christianity of the Bible, no life could possibly be originated by it.

It may be observed, further, that this is not the method by which Christianity proposes to originate and sustain the life at which it aims. On the contrary, it exhibits for this purpose a number of heart-stirring facts of extraordinary character, for the purpose of supplying, and unquestionably adequate to supply, a motive power. These facts are of two kinds. The first kind are historical facts, such as are comprehended in the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ; the second kind are revealed facts, or facts not manifest on the face of the history, but added to it, and interpreting it. Of the latter kind, or revealed facts John iii. 24, may be cited as a familiar example: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." These two classes of facts, thus grouped together, constitute Christianity as it is external to ourselves, or as presented to our active powers, and intended to become the source of Christian life. It is a body of truth to be believed, and as truth believed it is to operate upon us. It is thus, by a fair latitude of expression, called a belief, or faith; or, to use a different word, a creed.

Without any misgiving of the strength and sufficiency of this argument, I now revert to an observation I made a little while ago, namely, that internal, or

subjective Christianity, is not adequately represented when it is said to be a life. It is a life, but it is more than a life; it is also a cure. External, objective Christianity finds man with a guilty conscience, and a corrupt heart; its office is to provide peace for the one and purity for the other, and thus to heal the moral malady. Now, manifestly, precepts cannot do this; a purpose, indeed, to which they have no adaptation, and for which they have no power. For this end it is indispensable that Christianity should exhibit the facts, historical and revealed, of which I have already spoken, for these alone possess any adaptation to it; and for this end, if Christianity be not a creed, it is not only nothing, but worse than nothing—it is a delusion and a snare.

The conclusion to which I come is this; that the proposition that Christianity is not a creed but a life is far from expressing the truth. Even regarding Christianity as only a life, in order to be a life it must be a creed, and it makes itself a creed in order to become so; while it is in truth (what the proposition entirely overlooks) much more than a life—a process of spiritual cure, for which, except as a creed, it has no adaptation whatever. I cannot but express my conviction, therefore, of the serious mistake of those who would employ the pulpit exclusively on practical topics, and supersede the sermon by the homily. Let me not, however, be mistaken. I do not wish that preaching should be wholly doctrinal, and that practical discourses should be excluded from the pulpit—far from it; but I do think that Christian character has its proper nourishment in Christian truth, and that the doctrines of the Gospel constitute the moving power of a holy life.

II. I now come to the second part of my subject; and, having shown the indispensable importance of doctrine generally, I shall proceed to insist on the equal importance of evangelical doctrine.

The general ground on which this may be maintained is sufficiently obvious: The doctrinal views entertained of Christianity are not simple and uniform. Under a common name, they are of considerable variety; and assuredly not all of them are of a similar tendency. It is the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, which is the power of God to salvation. Nor can everything be accepted as the Gospel which comes under this name. Even in the earliest age of the church, Paul detected a scheme which he described as “another Gospel which is not another,” and a similar discrimination is necessary still. Without I hope, rendering myself liable to the charge of bigotry on the one hand, or of latitudinarianism on the other, I must express my own conviction that the preaching of the Gospel is, briefly, the preaching of Christ, as a Saviour for sinners guilty of breaking the law of God, and condemned by his justice; that salvation being effected by Christ’s obedience unto death as an offering of expiation for sin, and embraced by faith in his name. Without this doctrine I acknowledge no Gospel; with it, I own a substantial fraternity.

Under this head, I shall perhaps best explain my views further, by adverting to three points in which a failure in this respect may be observable.

First, the doctrine brought into the pulpit may be *defective in quality*. I will explain myself here by an example.

We are told, that God is a father; and in accordance with this general conception, the fatherly character is made to represent his entire relation to the world. In support of this view is cited the declaration of the Apostle, that “God is love,”—love only, love infinite, love inexhaustible; and to believe in the love of God to mankind is the great attainment of piety. Such is a scheme of the Gospel now in some circles prevalent—it may be said perhaps, fashionable. Now I am not insensible to the beauty of this conception, or to the touching eloquence with which it is sometimes discoursed upon. Nor do I deny its partial truth. The fault I find with it is, that its truth is but partial, and that it uses a part to represent, and consequently, to misrepresent, the whole. That God is to the human race merely a father, is to me a conception utterly discordant with Holy Scripture, and subversive of the Gospel of Christ. When it is made the basis of a system, the system which is founded

upon it precludes all notion of law, of condemnation, of expiation for sin; these and kindred elements forming a group which assuredly cannot be incorporated into a domestic administration. They belong to a judicial system, and require the fundamental conception of God as a moral governor, and a righteous judge.

Secondly, the doctrine promulgated in the pulpit may be *indistinct*. A scriptural phraseology may be employed without its conveying, or being intended to convey, scriptural ideas. In this manner the cardinal doctrine of expiation for sin by the obedience unto death of the Son of God, is at this moment unsatisfactorily treated. Use being made of the word *atonement*, which is capable of being employed in two senses, although commonly employed in only one, the radical idea is completely altered, and a totally different one insinuated under the same phraseology. To test the orthodoxy of a professed brother, you ask, "Do you believe in the atonement?" "O yes!" exclaims your friend, "I believe in the atonement, *subjectively*." If I understand this, it means that your friend believes in the atonement not as that which has taken place out of himself, by the death of Christ upon the cross, but as something which takes place within himself, by the reconciliation of his heart to God. And then he tells you—or is ready to tell you—in justification of his jugglery, that this is really the meaning of the word atonement; that to atone is to *set at one*, and that atonement is accordingly *at-one-ment*, or reconciliation. All this learning you may find in Johnson's Dictionary; but you find there likewise that the word *atonement* is used also in the sense of expiation for sin. So it is used in the Bible, and so it is currently used in theological discourse; but if its capability of a double meaning is to become an instrument for expelling the true scriptural notion of a propitiatory sacrifice, and for substituting in its place reconciliation to God, or the sacrifice of self, as it is called, it can no longer be safely employed. What needs to be proclaimed to the world, is not a subjective, but an objective, atonement; the great fact of an expiatory sacrifice for sin offered by our Lord Jesus Christ, when he bore our sins in his own body on the tree—the only fact by which the love of God is adequately manifested to us, or by which our hearts can ever be truly reconciled to God.

Thirdly, the doctrine promulgated in the pulpit may be *unstable*. According to some, even truth itself is undergoing a process of perpetual change. That is, true to every generation which every generation believes; but the world is always making progress, and each new generation may fairly expect to become wiser than the last. Accordingly, some preachers make to their congregation an announcement something like this: "I tell you what I believe to-day, but I am not at all sure that I shall believe it to-morrow. I am but an inquirer after truth, and I invite you to join in the search." Now, whatever real scope may exist for the exercise of so philosophical a spirit, I must claim to exempt from its operation the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. Truth absolute and unchangeable is assuredly here. "For this end was I born," said our divine Lord, "and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto **THE TRUTH**" (John xviii. 37). And in accordance with this testimony, before Pilate, was his prayer to his Father—"Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth" (John xvii. 17). The faith, says Jude, has been "once for all delivered to the saints," and as it was delivered it is for us to hold it fast, even to the end of the world. Piteable condition indeed, amidst such awful liabilities as ours, "to be ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth!"

To these illustrations I may add, that evangelical truth, when not wholly absent, may be introduced into the pulpit in *defective quantity*. I am far from advocating a restricted conception of Gospel preaching, or from requiring that the preacher of the Gospel should be perpetually reiterating the one great truth, or even the few great truths, which lie at the basis, or burn at the heart of it. The preaching of the Apostles as exemplified in the Book of Acts had assuredly a large scope, and in imitation of them, a preacher now may fairly take the widest range that the Bible will afford them, without being liable to rebuke. It is, indeed, incumbent upon him that he should do so, in order to give continual freshness to

a course of pulpit ministrations. In perfect consistency with this object, however, he will find it possible, I think—and he should make it possible if he does not find it so—to keep the cross of Christ continually in view, and to exhibit under every form of instruction its quickening and consoling power. It may not be always so. It is possible that, although the leading truths of the Gospel may be heard sometimes, they may be heard unfrequently; as though they were intended rather to constitute vouchers for the orthodoxy of the preacher, than supplies of nourishment and consolation for the hearer. It cannot be said that such a preacher is not orthodox, for on one Sunday he preached on the atonement, on another on election, on another on the work of the Holy Spirit; and who more scripturally? But these discourses may have been delivered at such long intervals, and the spirit of them may have been so utterly absent from the many which have intervened, that the general character of his ministry may be frigid and powerless.

So, my beloved brethren, may it be given to us to preach, and in common with us to all the ministers of our adorable Lord, that we may proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus, at once in its simplicity, its fullness, and its power! May our discourses be instinct with doctrine, as the animal frame is with life; and may that doctrine be at once full in quantity, ripe in quality, distinct in utterance, and unflinching in tone! So shall the sword we employ in the Holy War be at least of the right temper: and the Lord guide it to victory!

---

### OUR PRAYER MEETINGS.

*To the Editor of the Baptist Messenger.*

THAT the church of Christ occupies the most sacred and dignified position in the world, is evident enough from the testimony of God's Word.

It is separated from the world. It is, therefore, not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world. It derives all its sanctity and dignity from Christ its Head. Its union to Him is vital and permanent. Its supplies from Him are suitable and inexhaustible. The means for maintaining its honourable and exclusive character are always at its command, and available. Its allegiance to its Divine Lawgiver is manifested by its obedience to His positive commands, any deviation from which is positive sin. That the influence of the world is not congenial to the church's spirituality and heavenly pursuits, is also as evident from the prayer of Christ: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." The warning voice implied in this prayer is not more apparent than is the ground of security.

Nor can it be denied that the duty of watchfulness and prayer, with humble dependence upon the Lord, are not as fully taught.

Here, then, is to be perceived a safeguard from worldliness, carnality, and indifference. But does the church avail itself of it?

The lamentation and sorrow of many, in consequence of the want of spirituality and prosperity in the church, and of its worldly conformity, which has shorn it of its strength, answers no. It is asserted by some, to combat this degrading and disgraceful state of things, that the ministers of Christ, generally, preach the Gospel of the grace of God as fully and faithfully now as did their forefathers, and are as devoted to their high and holy calling as were those to whom Christ has said—"Well done, good and faithful servants, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But few, perhaps, would deny the truthfulness of this statement; and yet if the soundness of it is admitted, will that prove that the lamentations and sorrow of the many are without just cause?

That there are sections of the church amongst us, whose state is spiritual, lively, and prosperous, none will attempt to dispute; but is not this the exception, and not the rule?

Now, if there are some in this de-

sirable and happy state, how is it that the entire body is not so—is there not a cause?

Should it be replied, if the Lord were to pour out the Spirit from on high upon the church, "The wilderness and the solitary place would be glad, and the desert would rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It would blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." But why is not the Spirit poured out from on high? It was poured out on the primitive church according to the Lord's promise. What influence had that promise upon the church? It produced ardent expectation—the assembling of the entire body in one place—the united prayers and supplications of all; and the Lord fulfilled His Word, on which the church rested its hope.

Is the Holy Spirit, in His gracious influence and power, needed now, to render the means of grace efficient for the church's spirituality, prosperity, and increase? Let but the same means be resorted to that were employed by the primitive church, and results no less certain and glorious will accrue. For One has said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

We are aware that the church has its meetings now. But for what purpose are they convened? To attend to its temporalities—to examine candidates for its fellowship—to exercise discipline upon the disobedient, and not infrequently to afford an opportunity to those who are swift to speak, and slow to hear, and who are ever ready to pervert the order of Divine authority, to indulge a propensity that is as annoying as it is destructive to peace and order. We are not amongst those who would discontinue these gatherings of the church. They are important. But they are not popular. How many of the most spiritual, peaceful, useful and honourable of its communion look upon these meetings with dread, and would absent themselves if their sense of propriety and duty would allow it? Now, if the church, the whole church, every member of the church, were to follow the

example of the first church, and meet for prayer and supplication, the spiritual, peaceful, useful, and honourable members would hail it with pleasure. But who ever hears of such meetings as these? The idea is as novel as the prayer-meetings at New Park-street chapel are a lesson that may be studied by all Christians with advantage.

It may, however, be remarked, we have our prayer-meetings. Well, be it so. And what is the average number of attendants? From ten to fifty. Should the number exceed fifty, it is regarded with surprise, and considered an unusually good token of the prosperous condition of the church, inasmuch as these meetings are generally considered to be the index by which the judgment is to be guided in this matter.

But how many of the members attend?—how many of the deacons? More than half, and frequently more than three-fourths of the attendants here give no scriptural proof that they are savingly converted to Christ. It is pleasing to see them there, but they are not spiritual worshippers of God. By far the larger proportion of the church and the deacons seem to adopt in this matter the conduct of the Roman Catholic laity, who delegate their spiritual concerns to their priests; they act as if they thought it enough for the few to meet for prayer—that it is a matter with which they can dispense. Are they really prepared to have their character placed in this fearful jeopardy—to place before their brethren an example so dangerous—to discourage the feeble by such laxity of Christian duty, and to enfeeble and distress their pastor's heart?

If all the prayer-meetings were discontinued forthwith, in what respect would it affect thousands of the members, and hundreds of the deacons of the church? They would be ignorant of what had occurred but by report. They could not feel pained at heart that the church had given up one of her most sacred privileges—one of the most valuable means of grace; and should any of them, upon hearing the report, express regret, and appear sad, they would be considered hypocrites.

It would be as much a matter of



astonishment, if not even more, were some of the members and deacons of the church to appear at a prayer-meeting, than for those who are now always in their places to be absent. If the church is determined that the few shall pray for the many, they must be satisfied with living in a state of cold and heartless apathy for the glory of the Lord and the good of the church.

When the church returns to this primitive order, in this important branch of Christian duty, the Lord, who is waiting to be gracious, will appear on its behalf.

The appointed time to favour Zion is the praying time.

To emulate to prayer, the Lord says,

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

The means of the church's revival and prosperity, we repeat, are placed in its own hands, and at its own disposal; therefore, to complain of its degraded state, and yet neglect to employ those very means that are designed of God to produce all that can be desired, is awfully wicked.

We believe that all the disciples of Jesus will unite with us in praying, that the church, the entire church, may be aroused to a sense of her spiritual duty, and blest with power from on High.  
H.

### THE GRACE OF GOD EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONVERSION OF A "SOCIALIST."

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not."—Isaiah xlii. 16.

WHILE there is much that is discouraging in the general aspect of religious affairs, the work of the Lord does yet go on, and his awakening grace is not unfrequently manifested amidst the most unpromising circumstances, and in such a way as to remind us at once of his own sovereignty, and of our duty to use, more believingly and perseveringly, the means He has himself been pleased to appoint.

It was the privilege of the writer of these lines at a meeting, a few days ago, of the Baptist church, of which he is a member, to hear from the lips of one who long rejected Divine revelation altogether, some account of the way in which the Lord had led him from that state of rebellion to bow before the cross. Of this simple narrative, which filled the hearts of those who listened to it with gratitude and joy, a brief outline is subjoined, that, by its being more widely known, the great and blessed God may be glorified, and his people encouraged.

Mr. — (who is now of middle age) is an intelligent working man. In his childhood he was in a Sabbath-school (not in our denomination), and thus gained some religious knowledge, which was afterwards of value to him. But he states that the teaching of the in-

dividuals, under whom he was placed, was of a routine character, and there was no attempt to deepen, by individual appeal, the transitory impressions which the declarations of Scripture sometimes made upon him. When, at the age of about seventeen, he left that school, no one took any interest in his spiritual welfare, and he became entirely negligent about religious truth. As he grew older, he began to pay attention to public affairs; and, while reading on other subjects, met with some infidel publications. The pernicious theories they inculcated found, in the natural depravity of his heart, a congenial soil; and what he had once learned to regard as truth, he was now induced to look upon as a delusion—treating the Bible itself as a fabulous book. At this period the brutish notion—revived from the darkness of former ages—that man has no higher destiny than the present life, was being actively propagated; its natural repulsiveness being somewhat veiled by Owen's fanciful picture of a "New Moral World." The young man joined the followers of that blind leader of the blind, and for a long time co-operated with them. Denunciations of the various bodies of Christians, and particularly of the church of which the writer

is a member, and of its then pastor (a formidable opponent of "Socialism"), formed a prominent theme at their meetings, which were held near the chapel. At length the young man was annoyed by the indications which appeared among them of that selfishness which they so especially attributed to the religious denominations; and the utter failure of the "community" tried in Hampshire, led him to abandon them. But though he had detected their economic fallacies, he did not, therefore, get free from their infidel principles. His spirit was essentially that of a "Secularist," and he determined to keep apart from all forms of religion, and to pass through life, as he expressed it, doing the best he could for himself. In this state of mind, living "without God in the world," he continued for a number of years.

At length this state of spiritual torpor was broken in upon. His usual resort on Sabbath-evenings was the ale-house. On one of these occasions he passed a crowded place of worship, and a companion remarked, "There must be something in religion, after all, to draw people in that way." This observation of his fellow-unbeliever the Holy Spirit seems to have been pleased to employ for his good, for he could not get rid of it. The thought haunted him that there *was* something in religion, and he was no longer so easy as before. A period of transition had commenced. As he thought on these things, portions of Scripture, which he had read at the Sabbath-school, recurred to him, and his mind was particularly directed to the history of the Jews. He knew, from other sources, that the prophecies respecting them were of ancient date; he saw, as matter of fact, how remarkably those prophecies had been fulfilled. When he met a Jew, he was reminded that, at least, some part of the Bible was true; and he began to think that the rest might be so. Thus was his mind gradually prepared, by an unseen influence, for the reception of the truth.

He had children in one of the Sabbath-schools connected with the Baptist church to which the writer belongs, and their absence, some time ago, led

one of the superintendents to call. That subject having been disposed of, the superintendent, as he was going away, let fall "a word in season," with reference to religion. The father evinced gladness, for he desired information and needed sympathy. The superintendent rejoiced at so ready a reception of the seed apparently cast "by the wayside;" and an interesting conversation ensued. Again and again they met, and the inquirer obtained increasing light. He was invited to attend a Sabbath-evening service in the school-room, and gladly went. Convinced of the truth of the Scriptures, he desired to obey the Divine commandments; but a sense of guilt weighed increasingly upon his soul. These evening services are conducted by one of the deacons of the church, who faithfully warns sinners, and delights emphatically to set forth Christ crucified in all the essentiality and efficacy of his redeeming work. One evening his text was—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee;" and the heavy-laden inquirer was enabled to exercise faith in the divine Saviour, and his burden was removed. He had commenced this interesting narration, by declaring the impossibility of expressing his deep gratitude to God; and he ended it in the same spirit, by avowing his determination, in reliance on Divine strength, to devote all his energies, for the rest of his days, to his Master's cause.

But there is something to add. On opening his mind to his wife, he found, to his great joy, that she also had undergone a change—and their daughter made a similar avowal. They were all received into the church; were on Sunday-week baptised together—and last Sabbath-day sat down at the table of the Lord.

This narrative suggests various practical lessons; but, for the sake of brevity, their application is left to the reader. May Almighty God bring many of the bold adversaries of his truth to bow at his footstool, to "the praise of the glory of his grace." And may he, of his infinite mercy, shield his professing churches from a far greater danger than open hostility; from that ten-

dency to obscure his sovereignty, to lower his claims, and to smooth down the great distinctive truths of the Gospel, which (in the vain and utterly unscriptural hope of conciliating the pride of human reason, and the deep aversion

of the human heart) is in some quarters but too apparent; and which, preparing the way for the inroads of infidelity itself, seems to be one of the greatest perils of the present day. H. A. C.  
July 7, 1857.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF TEMPER.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, A.M.

### No. VIII.—THE DESPOTIC.

The closing portrait of the series is the Despot, whose symbol is the Sphinx, a concrete pagan monster composed of parts of the dog, the bird, the serpent, and the lion, finished off with a human head.

It proposed a riddle which turned out to be man himself, failing to solve which, its victims were devoured, but being at last unravelled, the propounder dashed itself to pieces. The myth is not without its moral. Its antitype is alike the perverseness and the penal y of the despot, whose cruel ravages eventually add himself to the series of his victims. The elements of his temper, in its sundry and divers moods, combine the Sulk and Simpleton, Cynic and Pret, Jealousy, Wrath, and Revenge in their turns.

A hypocrite to himself as well as others, he plays the fair part when it suits him as well or better than the foul. So bullying at home, so bland abroad—such a savage to his dependants, such a saint to his superiors—such a lion here, such a lamb there—the man may be a bachelor, but he is not “a single man;” or he may be married, but his wife is not his “better half,” for he is all himself, though two people; he is no normal individual, but an unnatural quality—he is a couple that is neither one nor two, yet a “man besides himself,” always reserving the worse party of the pair for the ill-starred portion of his home. There, unlimited abuse, without a jot of justice in it, except the reckless impartiality which gave them all their share. Uniform ill-humour, which no tenderness could charm, nor attention deprecate, and therefore “past all surgery.” Jealous of the most trivial incidents, he resents them as the plots which his conscious tyranny might well suspect. With no relief to its execrable monotony beyond the rise and fall of a daily malediction, which, like the tide, varied as to ebb and flow, but not a day passed without high-water. Occasionally a coward blow, too, indicating a brute with no manlier sense of gallantry than to smite where it could not be smitten again, gratified a tyranny which, like some hideous lust that fain would shift its pain and misery from the perpetrator to its victims, but cannot, made his home a hell, and himself, the Beelzebub, “the chief of devils” there!” No miracle, if all his household hate the man who takes such pains to make them. His departure in the morning is the passing of a storm which

no man asks to stay; his return at eventide less welcome than the nightfall, as it brought all the gloom and darkness but without the rest and peace.

There is no tyrant more contemptible than he who desecrates the helpless shrine of home; no despotism more intolerable than the selfish monopoly of every will into its own, usurping all other rights, as if there were none except of its conceding, and these only “during pleasure.”

None, however, who saw the Turcoman at home, would recognise his courteous migration into the other man abroad. The gentle undertone, that scarcely ventures above a whisper, lest its articulation should belie its willingness to retract a syllable that should sound offensive—the flattery that hardly dared to flatter itself that its humble homage would be accepted—the genial humour that seemed too pleased with everything to trouble you to take anything out of its way, or put anything else in—“pray don’t;” the invariable complacency which struck you as so invulnerable, that you were tempted to some friendly test of temper by which to detect if, like Achilles, there was a point at which he might be “down at heel;”—this was the company-man, who indemnified the trouble of acting abroad what he was not, by the unrestrained ruffianly indulgence at home of the thing he was. He mistook himself in both characters. Neither were supportable in the long run; because neither one was true to the other, nor to himself, nor to any body.

It is hard for a man to be himself at all times, but it is harder still to be some one else. One honest part in life is easier to play than any of the false ones. In the one we have the sense of upright purpose, godly fellowship, and Divine grace on our side; in the other we are all alone, except with what is all against us, “the hand against every man,” with, of course, “every man’s hand against him.”

We must be true to others if we would have them true to us. An individual is more in the power of others than they in his. Our nature is so constituted that whatever we are to others, whether we see it or not, that we are to ourselves. The tyrant to others is, in the end a worse one to himself—hard hearts break, like the sea stones, by their own storms. The rule is absolute, —“With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.”

Is there an impracticable despot among our readers? for his own sake, for the

sake of his family, for the sake of our common Christianity, let him embrace the first occasion to return to a better spirit; nor let his friends despair if they try to find him out. Watch the next symptom of the old distemper, and hit upon some scheme to help his struggle with it. Give him time—give him your sympathy and hearty prayers—let there be no resistance to him except himself, that the over-coming, under God, may be all his own, content, on your part, to share the spoils of victory.

"That's how I caught him!" said a fine lad, only lately risen to the rank of trousers, and proud of buttoning on and off the boy's first uniform with manhood. "Father was in his tempers, you know, mother" (and too well mother did know), "and beat me in the streets; and so my nose bled, and so the harder I cried the more he beat me!" And here the boy sobbed as if in sympathy with his late sores, and looked up to see if his mother thought so too: and the mother learned that a gentleman passing interfered, and collared his father, indignantly calling him "a brute and coward," when the boy leaped upon the stranger, crying, "No he ain't—don't hurt my father!" and at the same moment, a street organ playing "Home, sweet home!"—perhaps the tune chimed in with the man's softening feelings—he casts a look of remorse at the brave, filial lad, threw his arms around him, and kissed him!

"That's how I caught him!" said he. Ah, sirs, and that is the way to catch him! "*Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good.*"

Grouping our several characters together, we have one parting word with them before we part. We warn them one and all, that no temper gets the mastery without first making the man its slave. The passions, like the elements, are the best servants, but the worst masters. Under moral controul, they are the wave that floats, or the wind that wafts, the good ship on, which, without steerage, is turned adrift at their mercy.

Then let the Sulk admit the folly of brooding over a grievance, which only becomes one by keeping it to himself, or, if a reality, is best got rid of, like a secret, which ceases to be one by being told. Let the Simpleton give more thought than utterance to what others tell him, and spare himself the ridicule and his friends the pain of being a mere repeater, set going by whoever chooses to wind him up. Let the Cynic learn charity for others from the study of his own ugly failing, and remember, that in the fallible society of his fellow-man it is easier to censure a fault than to exemplify

a virtue; and in the main, men and things are often better than they seem, and, at all events, to paint them worse is not the way to mend them. And thou, O peevish Hypochondriac, be thankful your case is hypochondria, and nothing worse, though no thanks to *you* it is not so. You have done your best to contradict your health; let the fancy take a truer turn this time, and imagine yourself just what you are.—"Pretty well I thank you; how are *you*?" Let jealousy be ashamed of its paltry premises, fling away the doubts which have given all the trouble, without a jot of conviction either way, and let both sides be themselves again. Cholera will be more choleric for our repudiation of his popular claim to a set-off of bluff generosity, though the extravagance of his atonements betrays his real estimate of the sin. It will cost him much less every way to subdue the infirmity than continue subject to the recurrence of his own and other people's mortifications. The Vindictive find it hard to forgive, but, in the end, revenge is harder still. It hardens its own heart as well as its adversary's, setting, up no gentler altar than their "two stones" between them.

Lastly, the Despot, whose several untowardness is an aggregate of all that is vile in every temper, without the redeeming point in any, is always on the eve of something worse than any bad deed he has done already. With no controul within him or about him, trembling for the possible catastrophe looming in that man's future, we leave him—if he will not relent where he has abandoned himself, to the mercy of his own bad heart, and malignant life.

Nevertheless, neither he nor any of them are beyond the magnanimous pale of Christian hope, if only the heart took the work in hand, and all of them looked up for a strength above their own to bring it to pass.

Have you always failed in the attempt at subduing temper? Perhaps only self was in the struggle with self, and "*Satan does not cast out Satan.*" Try again under better auspices. How often the disciples dragged Gennesareth that night without a solitary fish to reward their patience!—but they drew in a motive at last strong enough to make them try again. The despair of repeated failure brightened out into the better hope which survived their personal disappointment, already sanctified by the confession.—"Master, *we* have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at *thy* word we will let down the net!" Brave resolution, and just such as becomes us all if we would be what their Master made of them, "fishers of men!"—"fishers of men?"

## ORIGINAL POETRY:

## EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Nor on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,  
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;  
For they alone are blessed  
With balmy sleep,  
Whom angels keep;

Nor, though by care oppressed,  
Or anxious sorrow,  
Or thought in many a coil perplexed  
For coming morrow,  
Lay not thy head  
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall  
close,  
That earthly cares and woes  
To thee may e'er return?  
Arouse my soul,  
Slumber control,  
And let thy lamp burn brightly;  
So shall thine eyes discern  
Things pure and sightly;  
Taught by the Spirit, learn  
Never on thoughtless bed  
To lay thy unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,  
That calls for holy prayer?  
Has thy day been so bright  
That in its flight  
There is no trace of sorrow?  
And art thou sure to-morrow  
Will be like this, and more  
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,  
And still make plans for more?  
Thou fool! this very night  
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,  
That ploughs the ocean deep,  
And when storms sweep  
The wintry, lowering sky,  
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?  
Oh! when thy pangs are deepest,  
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer,  
For He that slumbereth not is there;  
His ear is open to thy cry;  
Oh! then, on prayerless bed  
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slum-  
ber,  
Till in communion blessed,  
With the elect ye rest,  
Those souls of countless number;  
And with them raise  
The note of praise,  
Reaching from earth to heaven,  
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;  
So lay thy happy head,  
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

N. Y. I.

## THE HEART'S CURE.

"HEART, heart, lie still!  
Life is fleeting fast,  
Stiff will soon be past."  
"I cannot lie still,  
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!  
Joy's but joy, and pain's but pain;  
Either little loss or gain."  
"I cannot lie still,  
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!  
Heaven is over all,  
Rules this earthly ball."  
"I cannot lie still,  
Beat strong I will."

"Heart, heart, lie still!  
Heaven's sweet grace alone  
Can keep in peace its own."  
"Let that me fill,  
And I am still."

N. Y. I.

## CAST DOWN, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

WHY, tempted thus with doubts and fears,  
In anguish do I pine?  
Why hid'st thou from me, O, my Lord!  
If I am truly thine?

When, crushed with penitence for sin,  
Low at thy feet I lay,  
Did I not seek thee, O, my Lord!  
In thine appointed way!

And when the light broke on my soul,  
Which made the earth as dress;  
Came not that glory, O, my Lord!  
From thine insulted cross?

When I acknowledged thee with joy,  
The Life, the Light, the Way,  
Did I not love thee, O, my Lord!  
Resolve my doubts and say?

And when before thee I shall stand  
In my appointed place,  
Wilt thou not own me, O, my Lord!  
Before my Father's face?

PHOEBE CARY.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

LEICESTER.—Ebenezer Chapel, St. Peter's Lane.—Sermons for the Sunday School will (D.V.) be preached on Lord's Day, August 9, 1857, by Rev. John Foreman, of London. Services at 10½, 2, and 6. The Baptist Church Meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, St. Peter's lane, have given to Mr. Charles Smith, late of Shoreditch London, an unanimous invitation to become their pastor, which he has accepted and commenced his labours.

LUTON, Beds.—Old Meeting.—The Rev. J. J. Davies, has resigned the pastorate after a temporary cessation from public labours. Mr. D. hopes to be able to resume his ministerial work.

BAMPTON, Yorkshire.—The Rev. W. Walton has relinquished his connection with

the Baptist Church in that place. His present address is Shipley, Yorkshire.

MASHAM, Yorkshire.—The Rev. J. Burroughs having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, is open to invitation.

FALMOUTH.—The Rev. John Walcott, from Sutton, Yorkshire, has accepted the cordial invitation of this church to the pastorate.

GLASGOW.—The Rev. F. Johnstone, of Cambridge, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Blackfriars-street.

A Baptist Minister, the Rev. Walton Atkinson, M.A., late pastor of St. Georges, N.B., is open to invitation from Baptist Churches, or to preach occasionally. His present address is 5, Albert-grove, Rye-lane, Peckham.

**WEM, Salop.**—The Rev. W. Osborne has given notice to the church that his connection with it will terminate the first Sabbath in September.

**BRADFORD, Yorkshire.**—The Rev. H. J. Betts, pastor of the Baptist Church, Trinity-street, Southwark, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of the new Baptist Chapel, Horton-road, with a view to the pastorate as soon as a church is formed. Mr. Betts labours in connection with his present charge have been eminently useful, but the insufficiency of the accommodation afforded by his chapel led him to desire a more extensive sphere of labour. Mr. Betts enters upon his stated labours at Bradford, on the third Sabbath in August.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**BISHOPS' STORTFORD.**—(Anniversary).—On Friday, August the 7th, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of London, will preach at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past six in the evening.

**GRAVESEND.**—Zoar Chapel, Peacock Street.—The anniversary of the above place will be held in Zion Chapel, Windmill-street (kindly lent for the occasion), Monday, August 17; Mr. Wells to preach in the morning and evening, and Mr. Foreman in the afternoon.

**HOXTON, TABERNACLE, High Street.**—The eighth anniversary of the formation of this Church. The Rev. A. J. Baxter will preach two sermons: on Sunday, August 2, at half-past six, and on Monday evening, August 3, at seven o'clock. The tea meeting will also be held in the chapel on Monday, August 3, at five o'clock.

**DARTFORD Zion Chapel.**—On Monday August 31st, Mr. John Foreman of London, will preach here; in the afternoon at three o'clock, and evening at six o'clock. Tea will be provided.

#### OPENING OF CHAPELS, &c.

**BOTON, Wiltshire.**—A preaching station, in connection with the church assembling in Brown-street chapel, Salisbury, was opened here on Sabbath-day, July the 8th, by Mr. Atkins, of Salisbury, who preached three sermons to a numerous and most attentive audience, consisting almost exclusively of the labouring class. The sum of £2 was collected at the doors, of which 9s. was in pence, thus showing unmistakably the sympathy of the poor in the movement. A greater interest attaches itself to this cause from the fact that the Baptist church, now existing in Salisbury, was first formed in this village in the year 1655, the infamous "five-mile act" being then in force.

**PRESTON, Lancashire.**—The foundation-stone of the new Baptist chapel for the use of the church under the care of the Rev. F. Bugby, was laid on Thursday week, by the pastor, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

**LYNN, Norfolk.**—The Baptist chapel, school-room, and the small chapel at West Lynn, having undergone repairs and painting, and various improvements, the services of Mr. Spurgeon were secured for their reopening; the use of the large Corn-hall was

kindly granted by the Town Council. Provision for the accommodation of 2,500 was secured. The clergy of the establishment lent the seats of all their schools for the occasion. Admission to the hall was by ticket, of which there were issued 2,600 for the afternoon. In the evening, there were full 3,000 persons present. A platform for the use of the preacher was erected about 20 feet from the end of the hall, which is 180 feet long, and his voice was distinctly heard by those at the other end of it. A considerable number of the clergy and aristocracy of the town and neighbourhood were present at both services. The expense of painting and repairs of the chapel, &c., were about £150, towards which, including the profits of the tea, £110 were realised by the services.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—Mount Zion Chapel.—On Tuesday, July 7th, a tea meeting, numerously attended, was held in the school-room of this chapel, on the occasion of the Rev. Ed. Dennett's (lately a student at the Bristol Baptist College) acceptance of the pastoral office. Before the tea was concluded, the Rev. T. Thomas, of Wellingborough, gave a short, but most animated and cordial address. At six o'clock, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when, after prayer had been offered by the Rev. Mr. Lichfield, of Kingsthorpe, J. E. Ryland, Esq., the editor of "The Eclectic Review," was unanimously called to the chair. The chairman opened the proceedings of the evening by alluding to the prospects of the church: he mentioned as a highly favourable omen the unanimity of the invitation to Mr. Dennett, and thanked the ministers of the town and neighbourhood for their readiness to aid the church, by occupying the pulpit in the absence of a stated minister. Speeches, full of cordiality and good-will, both to the church and their newly-elected pastor, and containing many valuable remarks, were then delivered by the Rev. John Bennett, of Castle-hill; the Rev. J. Haddy, of Ravensthorpe; the Rev. E. T. Prust, of Commercial-street; the Rev. G. Nicholson, of King-street; and the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Collegestreet; after which Mr. Dennett briefly responded. Original hymns, kindly communicated for the occasion (by John Sheppard, Esq., of Frome, and another friend in the neighbourhood), and one or two anthems were sung between the speeches by the choir.

**SARRATT, near Rickmansworth, Herts.**—On Monday afternoon, June 22, 1857, Mr. G. Warn was recognised as pastor of the Baptist church meeting at the above village. The Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of London, read the Scriptures, and offered prayer. The Rev. R. Ware, of Potters Bar, stated the nature of a Christian church, and addressed the members. The Rev. W. A. Blake, of Shoullham-street, delivered an address to the minister. At the close of the afternoon service upwards of 150 friends took tea in an orchard opposite the chapel, where, after tea, a social meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. A.

Blake, R. Gamble, G. Warn, W. Atkins, J. Swift, and other friends.

**GROESGOCH, Pembrokeshire.**—On the 30th of June and the 1st of July, services were held in order to recognise Mr. D. Phillips, student of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, as pastor over the church meeting in the above place of worship. On Tuesday evening, the Rev. W. Lewis, Middle Mill, and the Rev. T. Davies, president, Haverfordwest, preached. On Wednesday morning, the Rev. T. E. Thomas, Blaenllyn, spoke on the nature of the Christian Church; the Rev. W. Reynolds, Middle Mill, offered the recognition prayer; the Rev. T. Davies, president, addressed the youthful minister; and the Rev. T. Williams, Llangloffan, preached to the church. In the evening, at six, the Rev. T. Williams, Llangloffan, and the Rev. T. E. Thomas, preached at Trevin. At Groesgoch, at the same time, the Revs. B. Thomas, J. Jones, Haverfordwest College, and William Lewis, Middle Mill, preached.

**BIDEFORD, Devon.**—The Rev. J. Wilshire, having accepted the invitation to become pastor of the Baptist church in this town, commenced his stated labours on Sunday, November 9, 1856, which, under Gods blessing, have proved very successful. Recognition services were held on Tuesday, the 7th inst. The introductory discourse was delivered by the Rev. David Thompson, of Great Torrington; the usual questions were proposed and prayer offered by the Rev. Samuel Newman, of Barnstable, and the charge delivered by the Rev. Thomas Winter, of Bristol. The devotional parts of the service were conducted by the Rev.—Davison (Wesleyan), and the Rev. E. Hands, of Appledore. In the evening, after partaking of tea refreshments, a public meeting was held, S. Shoebridge, Esq., in the chair. The Rev. J. Whiting (Independent) offered prayer, and very impressive addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Little, of Southmolton; E. Hands, of Appledore; T. Winter, of Bristol; S. Williamson, of Exeter; and J. Blackmore. The meeting closed with prayer by the Rev.—Harrison (Independent), of Southmolton.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ACCRINGTON, Blackburn-road, June 14.**—Five by Mr. Williams.

**ABERDARE, June 7.**—Three by Mr. Evans, of Swansea, in the absence of Mr. Price, making 57 during the year.

**BEAULIEU RAILS, Hants, June 7.**—Four by Mr. Burt.

**BIDEFORD, Devon, July 5.**—Four by Mr. Wilshire.

**BISHOPS' STORTFORD, July 5.**—Five by Mr. Hodgkins.

**BLUNHAM, Beds, July 12.**—Two by Mr. Abbott.

**CARDIFF, Bethany, May 31.**—Three, after a sermon by Mr. Williams, from Agra, by Mr. Tilley.

**CHEPSTOW, June 3.**—Three by Mr. Jones.

**COATE, Oxon, May 31.**—Nine by Mr. Arthur. **COTTENHAM, Cambridgeshire, July 13.**—After a sermon by Rev. J. Foreman, eighteen by Mr. Edwards.

**COVENTRY, Whitefriars, April 20.**—Thirteen by Mr. Goadby.

**DARTFORD, Kent, June 23.**—Two by Mr. Hall.

**DUNKERTON, near Bath, May 31.**—Two. **EXETER, South-street, July 9.**—Five by Mr. Williamson.

**FLEET, Lincolnshire, June 7.**—Four.

**GRETTON, Northamptonshire, May 26.**—Three by Mr. Hardwick.

**HATHERLEIGH, Devon, May 31.**—Six by Mr. W. Norman.

**HAVERFORDWEST, Bethesda, May 17.**—Five by Mr. Davies.

**HOLYWELL, June 7.**—Twelve by Mr. Roberts, after a sermon by Mr. Thomas.

**HUNSLLET, Leeds, June 7.**—Four by Mr. Bowden.

**ISLE ABBOTTS, Somerset, June 7.**—Three by Mr. Chappel.

**LLANIDLOES, May 24.**—Nine by Mr. Evans.

**LLANELLY, Carmarthenshire, May 31.**—Ten by Mr. Hughes.

**LONDON, New Park-street, July 2.**—Fourteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

**LONDON, Spencer-place, Goswell-road, July 7.**—Five by Mr. Cooke.

**LONGFORD, Union-place, June 21.**—Three by Mr. Veals—one the son of a former minister.

**PADIHAM, Lancashire, June 21.**—Nine by Mr. R. Brown.

**MADELY, Salop, May 24.**—Four by Mr. Jenkins, after a sermon by Mr. Morgan.

**NORTEALLERTON, Yorkshire, June 7.**—One by Mr. Stubbings.

**PENTREHOE, Brecknockshire, May 31.**—Two by Mr. Richards.

**PLYMOUTH, George-street, July 15.**—Nine by Mr. G. Short, B.A.

**RISCA (English Baptist), June 7.**—Four by Mr. Reeves; and July 5, two by Mr. Thos. R. Evans.

**STROUD, Gloucestershire, July 2.**—After an impressive sermon by Mr. Scorey, sixteen by Mr. Yates, two of that number being his youngest sons (twin brothers). I circulate 19 *Messengers* monthly—more are circulated in this place by others.

**THAXTED, Essex, May 31.**—Five by Mr. Vernon.

**UXBRIDGE, June 16.**—Three by Mr. G. E. Lowden.

**WEST BROMWICH, Bethel, May 24.**—Five by Mr. Sneath.

**WESTBURY, Wilts, Providence, April 26.**—Eight, in the open air, by Mr. Hurlstone.

#### DEATHS.

**HARRIS, JANE,** daughter of John and Mary Harris, of Long Crendon, Bucks, June 21, aged 19.

**LIGHTFOOT, ANN,** May 5, aged 23, at Blunham, Beds, "Looking unto Jesus."

## JESUS ONLY.—A SACRAMENTAL MEDITATION.

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

“Jesus only.”—Mark ix. 8.

THIS was the last sight the disciples had upon the mountain, and it seems to me to have been the best. “They saw Jesus only.” Jesus was often with His people; He was usually with His disciples; but they did not often notice Him as “Jesus only;” and only in this case, because he had been attended by two great and notable personages, who, on a sudden, withdrew themselves; and then “they saw no man, save Jesus only.” The disciples had seen their Lord transfigured, and attended by Moses and Elias, representatives of the law and the prophets. Suddenly Moses and Elias vanished from their sight, and then “they saw no man, save Jesus only.”

Beloved, we shall never see “Jesus only,” till, like the disciples, we have seen Moses and Elias, too. Never was there an eye which saw Jesus only, until it had seen Moses. We must first pass under the rigours of Sinai, and the terrors of the law; we must first look upon the awful countenance of that dread Lawgiver, whose words are thunder, and whose speech is fire; we must be made to tremble beneath the denunciations of the divine law, and stand abashed, astonished, and amazed—whilst the thunders of the wrath of God roll over our heads. We must see Moses first, or else we shall never see Jesus only. We shall be trusting in our own self-righteousness, putting something with Christ—making it Christ and self, until Moses comes in and breaks self-righteousness into shivers, and stains self with the filthiness and the mire of the streets. We must have the breaking down of Moses, the smashing hand, the terrible strife that the law brings in the conscience, or else we shall never know the sweetness of relying wholly upon Jesus, and casting our confidence upon Him.

And mark ye, beloved, in another sense, we shall never see Jesus only till we understand something about the prophets. We must see Elias, or else we shall not see Jesus only. There are some men that have not seen Elias yet. They do not understand the prophecies. They are seeing in the future a great progress of civilization, and they expect to see the spread of the Gospel; they expect to hear of great agencies employed, of multitudes of ministers going forth to preach the Word, and of a gradual conversion of the world to the religion of Christ; but he who understands the prophets, and has seen Elias, believes not in the immediate conversion of the world, nor in universal peace; he believes in Jesus only; he expects that Jesus will first come; and to him the great hope of the future is the coming of the Son of Man. “I know,” saith he, “That He shall overturn, overturn, overturn, until He shall come whose right it is.” I know that empires shall totter to their bases, and that the world shall reel to and fro in terror and alarm, until He shall appear whose name is Melchisedec, the King of Righteousness, and the King of Peace—who shall set His hand upon the floods, and His empire upon the rivers, and shall “reign from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth.” We shall not see Jesus only, as the world’s Great Deliverer, as earth’s Great Redeemer, as the world’s bright Sun, as well as her Morning Star, until we have studied the prophecies, and seen how they all speak concerning Jesus, even of Him that is yet to come. We shall see Moses and Elias first; and when we have seen them, their united testimony will lead us to see Jesus only.

And now, beloved child of God, we are about to approach the Lord’s Table. I shall only utter a few thoughts which may help you in your meditations there. When we come to the table we are to think of Jesus only. Ye have no business with anything else to-night, at all—with anything except Jesus. Ye have just got to forget that ye have a wife and children, that ye have got a house or a barn; that ye have got fields or a shop; ye are not to recollect anything about these; but to say, as far as you can—

“Vain world begone!  
Let my religious hours alone;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.”



By God's grace, to-night, ye have got nothing else to do with any other sect of people under heaven. You are coming to God's table simply as God's saints. Remember, there are many religious controversies which shake the world; ye have nothing to do with them, to-night. When ye come to the Lord's table, ye have nothing to do with the question, whether baptism is by immersion or by sprinkling. Nothing to do with the question about church government, whether it should be Episcopal or Presbyterian. Ye have nothing to do with what anybody else in the whole world believes. Men may be Arminians; ye may combat their errors in other places, but not here. Ye have nothing to think of to-night, except these two things,—you, a sinner, loved by a gracious Saviour. Try, if ye can, to fix your thoughts here: "I am lost, perishing, and ruined, through my own sins; but glory be to God, the all-sufficient atonement of the sweet Lord Jesus hath set me free, and made me an heir of heaven." Oh! make Jesus only your thought and your trust; and just at this table cast aside everything, and come just as you are to Him, and it will be a precious Lord's Supper to you, indeed.

And, now, we will just pass over another thought or two. "*Jesus only.*" Oh! it must be "*Jesus only*" for your justification; it must be "*Jesus only*" for your sanctification; it must be "*Jesus only*" for your object in life; and it must be "*Jesus only*" for your hope of heaven!

#### I. IT MUST BE JESUS ONLY FOR YOUR JUSTIFICATION.

Oh! we were born fools, and we shall continue fools till we get to heaven; and one of the foolish things that will always be sprouting out in us, is our wanting to put something else with Christ in the matter of justification. You tell me you never do that. I am sure you do. You may be the most enlightened and intelligent saint; but, unconsciously to yourself, you will be very often joining something to Christ, and setting up an Anti-Christ in your spirits. How often does even the most sound preacher give utterance to sentiments which seem to militate against the great truth that Christ Jesus is our only justifying righteousness! It is a hard thing to stick fast by this great fundamental truth—Jesus only the rock and pillar of our salvation. Remember, Christian, that the meritorious cause of your salvation is not in the least degree dependent upon yourself; it is dependent on Jesus only. Your responsibility is now merged in the divine responsibility of Christ on your behalf. The Lord Jesus has covenanted for you that—

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

Oh! remember to hang your confidence where it must hang—on Jesus only; and when you find yourself full of sin and wickedness, grieve over it, but do not think that the ground of your hope is one whit the less firm for all that. When sin prevails and guilt rises, remember that as your righteousness cannot make Christ's righteousness any better, so your sin cannot make it any worse; and clothed in His righteousness, though black with sin, you may, with deep repentance, yet cry with holy faith—

"Bold shall I stand 'n that great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay,  
While through Christ's blood absolved I am,  
From sin's tremendous curse and shame!"

And, then, will you please to recollect, that *all your good works do not make you any the safer*? If you were to die the moment you believed, and never did a good work, you would be as sure of heaven as you would be if you lived to love and serve your Maker with all your soul and all your might. Remember, that the saint who lives from day to day, devoting all to Christ, spending and being spent in his Master's service, has more happiness than the saint who is not so full of love; but he is not a whit more secure. Remember to keep your parcels separate. Do not break the strings to bind up two different things. Be active, and you will be happy; but do not be active in order to be safe. The heir of heaven is no more

secure when he is abundant in good works, and diligent in the service of God, so far as his ultimate salvation is concerned, than when he is suffered to backslide, and become faint and weak in the cause of God. For our security lieth not in anything that we do, or do not do; it lieth only in the covenant of free and sovereign grace; and the only basis and pillar of our salvation is; that Christ hath died for us—"yeo, rather, hath risen again, and sitteth at the right hand of God, to make intercession for us."

And I want you to recollect, again; *that all your sufferings do not make you any the safer.* They make you better under God's grace; but they do not make you any more sure of heaven. They are not meritorious afflictions. Persons often misjudge; they will so think of their troubles as that they are punishments for sin. Let the child of God remember, that God never punishes his children for sin; He chastises them for it, but never with the penal punishment of a lawgiver; God's people were punished once for all, in the person of their scape goat and surety Jesus Christ, and God will never punish twice for the same offence. The chastisements of God's providence, are the fatherly acts of His love; they are not the wrathful acts of His justice. As judge, God cannot punish either you or me, if we are believers; as holding the sceptre He cannot unsheath the sword against a believer. He has punished the Lord Jesus; the whole vials of his wrath were emptied on Christ's head, and they cannot come on your's or mine, but as a father God uses the rod; as a loving and tender father He uses chastisements, and as a kind physician He gives us bitter medicines to take.

But for your own sake and for Christ's sake, dear brethren and sisters, do not get mingling your own sufferings with the Saviour's. Remember, if you suffered ever so much, all your sufferings would not be any atonement for your sins, nor even a punishment for them; except you are one of those who are not redeemed, and therefore bear your own sin, and perish everlastingly. But as a child of God, as a redeemed and elect vessel of mercy, your sufferings are not penal, and, suffer or not suffer, the atonement of Christ is enough for you, and you must say, "Jesus only, I will rest there, and nowhere else."

But now I will ask you, beloved, do you not frequently find, when you have had a very good frame, when you have been prying well at the prayer-meeting, and helping the poor a bit, when the minister has patted you on the back, and said what a good fellow you were, and the deacons have looked lovingly at you, and said you are a very useful man, and when you have got on well at the Sunday-school, and have had a letter from Mary James, telling you that she was converted through your teaching, do you not find that you have gone home, and you do not know how it was, but in a day or two you got so dull and low, you did not know what was the matter with you? Have you never thought of it? You have lost all your hope and confidence, and you have been obliged to come as a guilty sinner to the footstool of Christ's mercy, and take his love and blood to be your only trust? Do you know why it was you were so low? It was this. Unconsciously to yourself, you had been leaning a little on your own good works, you had begun to say—"Well, now, I really begin to think I am sure of heaven; see, now, are not these things the fruits of the Spirit? Oh! may I not rejoice with confidence? Am I not secure now? Surely, now I am safe! How I prided the other day! What a blessed season I had in the closet the other evening! Now I know I can trust Christ. Stop a bit; you ought to say, "I know I can trust in myself now; for that is the English of it." And then you get into a heavy dull frame for a long time afterwards, only to make you spell out those two words "Jesus only;" and He will make you spell them out, until you are bound to say every day, by a constraint upon your heart and conscience, that it must be there, and there alone, that you can put your confidence and trust. That is the first point; Jesus only for our righteousness.

II. Next, JESUS ONLY TO SANCTIFY US. Some professors will not say so. We are justified by God, they say, but we have to sanctify ourselves. They believe in what they call progression sanctification. "Is that scriptural or not?" Say some, well, I have always thought that sanctification is con-

tinual, but I am not sure that it is progressive. Hundreds and thousands of divines have always written it down as a settled truth, that God's people are sanctified progressively, and that the longer they are here, the more and more sanctified they get. Did any of them ever stop and ask an old companion whether he found it so? I have asked many; and I have heard an old saint say, whose hairs are silvered o'er with grey, "I think my heart is as bad now as ever it was, and I am sure if it is not so, I think it is, and it plagues me more and more than ever it did." It has been the custom to pray God to keep young men in the slippery paths of youth. Why, the paths of old age are quite as slippery; they are all slippery paths, all the way to heaven. The heart is as bad as the devil when we are converted, it will be as bad as the devil till we die. There will be the old nature in us, unchanged, and unchangeable; and there will have to be a fight between the new nature and the old nature, until at last the house of David shall overcome, and we shall get clean free from sin. Beloved, do not be looking, with regard to sanctification, then, for any great progress. Expect it to be continual every day, but do not expect that your old nature will get holier every day; and in your sanctification take this for your motto—"Jesus only."

If thou canst not see Christ in thy prayers and in thy good works, away with them! Thy good works are sins, unless Christ Jesus lieth in them. Unless through Him, and for Him, and by Him, thou performest thy works thy best works are bad works. Remember, it is not the outward fashion of the work, it is the inward spirit of it that makes it good; and, therefore, it is not a mere outward morality of sanctification it is the inward spirit of it that makes true sanctification. Pant thou, then, if thou pantest after sanctification, not after the virtues of a Paul, or after the glories of an evangelist, or the magnificent excellencies of some of God's saints; but pant thou, first and last, after the character of Jesus, in all its sublimity and perfection; and pant thou after the spirit of Jesus to sanctify thee; for Jesus only is enough in sanctification, as the pattern to which thou art to attain, and as the spirit which shall make thee conformable thereunto.

Keep thine eye on thy Saviour, as much in thy good works as in thy bad ones. After thy prayers look to the cross, as well as after thy sins; after the Lord's supper look to the cross, as well as after a fall. Look to the Saviour as much in alms giving, as much in Bible reading, as much in preaching, as much as ever thou dost in looking to him for thy justification; for, unless thou dost so, thy sins will unman thee yet, and bring thee down again with some sad fall, to make thee learn the truth of this—"Jesus only."

III. And now, dear friends, once more, JESUS ONLY AS THE OBJECT OF OUR LIVES.

It was my privilege this morning to address a congregation, most of you being present, from the text, "My soul, wait thou only upon God." Now, just, if you please, extract the marrow out of the morning's discourse and put that in the third head. Let Jesus only be the object of your life. Oh! I pray the spirit so to enter into our hearts, and minds, and consciences, and judgments, and affections, that every idolatrous love, every fornication of affection towards everything but Christ, may be cast out of all the Lord's family, and that they may be brought to set Jesus upon the throne of their hearts and crush every rival. Oh! brethren, after all we do not love Jesus Christ much! Oh! if we saw the love of Christ's heart running towards us, and the little streamlet of our love running towards Him, what a shocking contrast it would be on our part! There is His love: I cannot see across it; it is a sea without a shore. There is His love: I cannot fathom it; the plumb line faileth; the wings of imagination flag with fatigue, before they can cross that shoreless sea. But oh! there is our love: it is a little stream that is almost dry; the heat of worldly joys will sometimes absorb it, till the stones stand in the bed of its little brook, unwashed and dry. Oh! it is so small that sometimes it takes

an hour to scoop up so much as a cupful of it to give to the Lord's poor family ; it will take us sometimes a week to get even a consciousness that we do love Christ, and we will be singing for hours together.

" It is a point I long to know ;  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love the Lord or no ?  
Am I His or am I not ?

It is because we have got so little love, or we should know whether we did or not. If we loved him more, there would be no doubt about it ; but we love him so shockingly little, that we have reason to cry, O Thou Jesus, fill our hearts with thy love ; come and enter our souls, and reign there evermore. I beseech you, dear friends, do not be content with the poor little paltry love you have got ; ask him who gave you that little which you have, to give you a thousand times more. Do not sing that hymn—

" Had I a thousand thousand tongues,  
Not one should silent be."

Do not ask for so many tongues. Do not say—

" Had I a thousand thousand heart,  
I'd give them all to Thee."

Try and give the one you have got first, and that will trouble you. Ask that your whole heart may be offered on the altar, that your whole tongue may be dedicated to God, and that your whole body may be a whole-burnt offering, holy, and acceptable unto God, presented to him as your reasonable service. " Jesus only." Put that on your banner, and go on fighting for Jesus only. Strive not for sect and party. Strive not for self or family. Strive not for thine own aggrandisement or wealth, but sanctify all thou doest, sacred or secular, with this motto, " I do it for Jesus only."

IV. And then, beloved, to conclude : THIS IS OUR ONLY HOPE, JESUS ONLY.

What do I hope to have when I die ? I may answer, in the words of my text, " Jesus only." " Whom have I in heaven but Thee ? And there is none upon earth that I desire but Thee." Be not beguiled with the poet's visionary heaven : He tells you of a heaven of the intellect, of a heaven of imagination. Be not so beguiled. Be not carried away like children, by any such fictitious paradise. The heaven of your heart, and the only heaven that can content it, is Jesus only. To lie in His embrace, to be pressed to His heart, to feel the kisses of His lips, to drink the wine of His eternal love, to be for ever steeped in the ocean of His grace, to know His heart, to behold His countenance, to admire His beauties, and to be swallowed up in His person, is the highest panting of the believer. There is nothing in heaven that is equal to Christ ; there is no flower in all the gardens of paradise that blooms so sweetly as the Rose of Sharon. There is not a gem with which the crowns of the glorified are now bedighted that glistens one half so gloriously as the eye of Christ. There is not a splendour in the realms of paradise, however God-like and divine, that is one half so majestic as that head of His, the locks whereof are bushy and black as a raven's.

" When shall I see His lovely face,  
Without a veil between ?"

And—

" When O, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend ?"

Oh ! when shall I behold the Saviour, and wrapt in his embrace be for ever blest ? " Jesus only !"

Now, poor Christian, you have got this, haven't you ? I was wondering how a man would feel, if he could say that he had nothing in the world but Jesus only ? Here, now, you do not know, nor I do not know. You have got a pretty good income now ; you are tolerably well off, and you have got pretty strong limbs. You can work and earn your own living. But now suppose a case. Suppose there to be a man somewhere in the world that can say, there now, I have not a rag nor a crust ; I have not in the whole world so much as would fetch a solitary half farthing, I have no-health, I am as sickly as can be ; I have no fame,

slanders have blasted my character. I have no friends; I have buried the last of my family. I have no earthly hopes, no prospects. All that I have is "Jesus only!" Now, I can imagine, nay, I can express my firm belief, that a consciousness of the possession of Jesus would have such an overcoming effect upon the heart of this poor beggar, that he would forget his poverty, and forget his nakedness, and forget his kindred, and forget his hopelessness. This one thought, would swallow up all his misery—"I have Christ, how can I be poor, when I have Christ?"

But, now, there is another case which you need not suppose. Perhaps it is here, to-night. You have got a fortune; you have money enough; you have got a wife and children; you have got houses, and lands, and name, and honour, and reputation. You have got everything. What haven't you got? I go into your larder—it is well-stored; I go into your parlour—it is well-furnished; I go into your treasury, and see your coffers; there is abundance; your business yards and warehouses are filled with goods. The whole house is busy from the highest room to the lowest, and a stream of wealth is pouring in upon you every day. You have everything that a heart can wish, except Christ. Now, I cannot, by any stretch of imagination, think of you as a happy man. I did not need to stretch my thoughts to think of that poor peniless beggar as being happy, after all; but I cannot imagine that, if you know what it is to be without Christ, you can be a happy man. Just think. You will die, and your soul be driven into hell, as sure as you are living. Within a little while, your riches will "take to themselves wings and fly away;" your family may die, or if they die not, you will die; you cannot take your money with you. If you are buried in a gold coffin, the worms will have you; all your lands must belong to another; somebody else's eyes must see your fair acres; somebody else's hands shall pluck the fruits from your trees. Think of this; and then think that all this while you will be in hell—in torments! I cannot think of you as a happy man. Go home and take your wine, and see damnation in its dregs; go home and walk over your farm, and see death in its clods, and damnation in its meadows; go home to your house, and climb its topmost story, and look abroad upon your estates, and see the autumn coming on; and remember that "we all do fade as a leaf," and that if not in Christ, "our transgressions, like the wind, shall carry us away." Go home, and let the thoughts of eternal fire mix up with all you have. You have all things but Christ. Go, then, and stir up in your most joyous pleasures the prospect of eternal wrath; and if you can be happy after that, you cannot be men; you must be brute beasts. But if you can say "Jesus," do not be afraid to say "Jesus only." If you have got a prospect of losing all, give it up for Christ. If you are afraid you should not have enough—there, now, just be sure of this, that if you have got Jesus, you have got enough; and remember, if the worst should ever come to the worst, and you were locked up in prison, without a bed to lie on, or a crust to eat, if you had Jesus with you, you might be happy as an angel in your prison; but if you had all the wealth of India, you might be a devil, if you had not Christ with you,—a devil, I mean, for unhappiness, as well as for sin. "Jesus only." Oh treasure that up.

And you, poor souls, who are panting to know the way to heaven, remember, there is only one ladder that can ever take you there. The rounds of it are made of sovereign grace. That ladder is called Jesus; the foot rests on earth, in His humanity; the top leans in heaven, on His Godhead. Poor sinner, run up the staves! Do you think you are so heavy that you will break the rounds? Oh, no! There have been some stout old sinners up that ladder before now. Many a sinner has run up it, with enough weight of sin upon his back to have crushed the heavens into hell, if God had put their sin there; but the rounds have never been shaken yet, never! Run up with thee. If thy feet are never so black, they will not soil the ladder. Run up with all thy sins, and care and woe! Come to the Lord Jesus, and He will not cast thee away, for He has said—"Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out,"

## GRATITUDE AND PRAISE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH OF OHLTENHAM.

I WISH to be grateful, for I am sure it becomes me, and God requires it of me. But, alas! I have a most ungrateful heart, and I find it difficult to preserve a thankful frame. I feel at this moment, that nothing would become me like thankfulness, and that I ought to praise the Lord. All things considered, few can have greater cause. What was I by nature? What am I by grace? What shall I be in glory? What enquiries are these? Surely, if followed out, they would awaken gratitude even in such a heart as mine. Yet, they do not exactly fall in with the train of thought that is now occupying my mind.

I am thinking of God's distinguishing goodness to me, as a creature. I look around me, and I see one lame, another blind, another deaf, others insane, and others deformed; but I have the use of all my senses, I am not deformed, nor has reason been dethroned. I might have been a drivelling idiot, or a blind beggar, or unable to take a step without pain. Small as my talents are, how many have smaller! Humble as my station is, how many are beneath me! Deficient as my education was, how many have had less! If I am tempted to complain, then, I will look around me, and see how many have more reason. Rather, I will look around, and see how few, how very few, have such reason to be thankful. I am what my merciful Creator made me. I have what a gracious God has conferred upon me. I am placed, on the very spot which my wise and loving Father selected for me. Whom should I envy? With whom would I exchange lots? What place would suit me better, or in what circumstances could I be happier! O, my soul, praise the Lord; and all that is in me, bless His holy name!

But I may look down to hell, and when I see its terrible torments, I may say, *that is my desert*. When I gaze upon its agonised inhabitants, I may say, *if God had not showed me mercy, I should now be with you*. Yes, my conduct deserved everlasting punishment. My doom, naturally, was the lake of fire—to dwell with everlasting burnings. There are, doubtless, many in hell now, who were no worse than me; they did not sin more than me; yet they are punished and I am spared. What wondrous, what distinguishing grace! I must love and admire divine sovereignty, for to nothing else can I ascribe it, that I am not in hell. I was a rebel, a traitor, a daring transgressor; and if God had dealt with me after my sins, or rewarded me according to my transgressions, I must now have been shut up in hell, suffering all the agonies of black despair. If I deserved hell, and am not in it, and if I can only trace the cause to the free and sovereign grace of God, ought I not to be grateful, and daily praise the Lord with joyful lips. O my God, I will praise Thee, and bless Thy holy name for evermore!

If I look up to heaven, and think of the glorified company there, of their pure joys, varied pleasures, perfect holiness, and endless bliss, I am privileged to say, *I believe I shall be one of them soon*. What, a sinner like me go to heaven! What, a poor creature like me, share in all the honours, pleasures, and employments of heaven! Yes. How can it be? By grace I am saved, through faith. Of grace, God planned my salvation, provided for my preservation, regeneration, justification, sanctification, and glorification. Of grace, he wrought faith in my heart, applied the truth to my soul, sprinkled the atoning blood on my conscience, gave me a foretaste of heaven, and a title to that glorious inheritance. Heaven is my Father's gift, conferred on a poor sinner, without anything in me to induce him to do so, but simply and alone of His own grace. Yes, it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. Did He look for nothing in us, as a reason why He should confer such a favour on us? Nothing. Was He not moved by our misery? No, for others were as miserable, who are now in hell. Was He not moved by our prayers, tears, and cries? No, for we never prayed to Him, or wept before Him, or cried for mercy, until He put His Holy Spirit within us. If then I have a good hope through grace, of entering into endless rest, of enjoying the pleasures that are at God's right hand, and of being for ever with the Lord, ought

I not to bless, praise, and adore His holy name? Should not my life be marked by deep and abiding gratitude? O, my good and gracious God, add to all Thy other favours, a truly grateful heart, that I may begin on earth the employment of the heavenly world.

But precious as my temporal comforts are, wondrous as my deliverance from hell may be, and exciting as the prospect of eternal glory is, there is something more surprising still. I take my Bible, and by its aid I go to Calvary, the little hill without the gates of Jerusalem; it is the place of public execution, strewed with bones and ghastly skulls. There, nailed to a cross, I see a sufferer. His bones are out of joint. His face is marred with blood, dust, and the traces of intense suffering. As He hangs before me naked, I see that He is worn almost to a skeleton; you could tell all his bones. He is writhing with agony, oppressed with a load of sorrow, His sufferings are intense. I ask, *Who is that?* I am told, that it is God, the Creator of the ends of the earth—God, by whom all things were made—God, by whom all things are sustained—God, who has become Incarnate, who has taken upon him our nature, and has thus become one of us. I ask, *Why is He there?* The reply is, to make an atonement for thy sins. To satisfy the law which thou hast broken, and meet the requirements of that justice, which would else punish thee. Again, I ask, *What is He suffering?* I am informed, the due desert of thy sins. He personates thee. He is punished for thee. He suffers instead of thee. He dies that you may never die. Once more, I ask, *Who nailed Him there?* The answer is, thy representatives. Men influenced by the passions that rule thy nature; inspired by the enmity that revels in thy heart; carrying out the rooted purposes of thy soul. What! and is it possible that my God became man for me; that He was punished with a shameful and painful death for me; that He thus made an atonement for my sins; that He was nailed to the cross and left to languish in agony and distress, until he died by me: and all this, that I might be saved from hell; entitled to heaven, and have innumerable blessings showered down upon me, now! Yes, it is even so. My soul, canst thou realise this? Canst thou grasp this wondrous thought? God, thy insulted Creator, became a man of sorrows for thee! God in thy nature, treated as the vilest malefactor! God on earth, fulfilling the requirements of His own law, and paying the tremendous penalty of thy sins for thee! God, personating thee, and bearing thy sins in His own body on the tree; dying the just for the unjust, that He might bring thee to heaven. God, the ruler of the universe, having all power in heaven and in earth, allowing thee to reek thy rage upon Him; strip him, and, as if he were the vilest malefactor, nail him to the cursed tree! Canst thou believe this? Believe this, and not love Him, praise Him, bless Him; and after this, not expect any thing, every thing from Him! What is any thing He can do now, compared with what He has done? What is even the gift of heaven with all its glories, compared with the gift of Himself, to be thy substitute and sacrifice? For such love, such undying love—such unparalleled love—I would praise my Saviour, and with every thought of my heart, every word of my mouth, and every action of my life, glorify His most blessed name!

How is it I am not grateful? Always grateful? How is it that I do not praise the Lord, praise Him every day, and all the day long! How is it? The reason is, I do not believe, or at least, I do not realise the weight of obligation that lays upon me. To the grace of my God, to the obedience and death of my Saviour, I am indebted for every temporal blessing, for every spiritual privilege; for every moment's freedom from pain, for every comfort I enjoy; for everything that makes life desirable, for everything short of hell. O, the evils prevented? O, the blessings conferred! O, the deliverance granted! O, the prospect unfolded! And why? For what reason? Simply, and only, because God is love—God is gracious—God is a Sovereign, and in the exercise of His adorable Sovereignty, He prevents my ruin, and works my salvation. In my nature is a fountain of evil, sufficient to pollute the universe, in my life, I have committed enough sin, to justify God in the condemnation of millions—I had not one good thought until God suggested it,

nor one good desire, until God produced it; nor did I ever speak a good word, but as God by His grace prompted it—nor should I ever have been different to all eternity, except that I should have grown worse and worse, if God had not wrought a change in me by His Holy and ever blessed Spirit. Surely, surely then, if I give unto God the honour due unto His name, I shall ascribe unto Him all that is good in me, or that flows from me; I shall for ever love Him, adore Him, and praise Him, as only one raised from such depths of misery, converted from such awful wickedness, saved from such a dreadful hell, and raised to such a glorious heaven, can! Surely the praises of *angels* will be poor and cold compared to mine.

---

WATCH.

“And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”—Mark xiii. 37.

THIS is the Master's injunction. The scenes we move in, the perils that beset us, the contingencies which hang over us, combine to enforce the exercise. That event men so much dread, so sure in its coming, so uncertain in its time, makes it suitable to watch:—an event which, while it hangs so tremulously, is yet pregnant with the weightiest interests, with eternal consequences. In any stage of life, in any condition of health, or boast of unbroken strength, or long immunity from sickness, it may fall. All conjecture is nugatory. That tough and steady frame sinks before the quick and fatal mastery of disease, while that feeble one, near by, whom all looked to see die, lives to walk upon the grave of the strong and confident one. “In such an hour as ye think not,” is the philosophy of the Book Divine; and it is the stern reality, in the experience of the race. Strange, that the not expecting, should be the sign of the hour as near, for the mortal striking. Yet so it is, that people are wont to die when they think the least of it; when, indeed, they have put the grim encounter off into a comfortable remoteness: having made it out to their own satisfaction that many years will be theirs. But God's thought in the matter turns out to be not like theirs. In that smooth, blank space, when they thought not, it fell suddenly upon them.

Here are we all under sentence, and marching on to the execution; one after another; in a confounding promiscuousness, are we putting our heads beneath the fatal engine, as though a tyrant took us from the Bastille to the block.

Such is man's state; the conditions of it; the hazards of it; the tremendous issues of it. It is something to induce seriousness,—manly and productive thoughtfulness; and action befitting and betimes. It is one of the monstrous facts in the course of men; highly monstrous, though the common fact, that there is very little thought in this direction. It is as though death were not a reality:—just as gay and heedless, unprospective in all desire and endeavour, as if they were to disappear like the summer insect. Christ counselled differently, and well, when he said, Watch. Meaning by it, not so much an action of the powers, as a state of the character. Certainly it is not a specialty for particular times, for panics; but rather a perpetuity; a posture unceasing to the end. It is not something that can be done by proxy, as is true often in the literal watch. Each one is set to do it for himself; each to stand in the responsibility of his own great interest; enough of work to watch for one. The very word tells what it is. It is to keep awake; to the look out, and the look around, and forward; alert and strong;—a mind with a purpose;—“a mind in arms, a military discipline of thought.” It supposes a mind roused from the sleep of sin;—a soul arisen from the death of sin.

What does he who watches? He keeps himself in order; quells the utilities of his own spirit; nourishes and gives strength to whatever is pure or lovely or of good report; with struggle unceasing, brings under the wrong, and arranges and leads forth the right. Then, he questions whatever proposes an intimacy or a contact. “This companionship, this form and tone of society, will it harm me,—impose its clog and its taint?” The very instincts of his earnest soul give a quick and true answer. If so, then he separates from it decisively; not another hour there.



Again : This business which offers, or which I am trying : if questionable or even **suspectable** in its morality, not another stroke or adventure in it. No matter **how rapid** the gains; let them go after the swine into the sea. If it proves a **business**, absorbing and enticing, drawing into itself all the best part of the man,—**all the cordage and sinew** of his soul, leaving but the cut and refuse ends for **religion** and for God; if it cannot be moderated and subordinated, he moves straight **out of that firm**, or that species of traffic;—pushes his bark away from that perilous **sweep and fury** of current. Whatever is hostile, whatever brings a snare, or a taint, or a cloud, his vigilant eye and instinct perceives it, and at once he puts it away. Thus does he, if he is one who watches.

The propriety of acting with this unparleying rigidity, lies just here. It is **that** the unfriendly forces act decisively; especially that they are marshalled and headed by one who understands the economy of despatch;—whose success lies in doing quickly;—his strength and success ever in the suddenness of his tactics. **Vigilance**, decisive promptness, must be his who would stand against the wiles of the devil. These qualities are demanded also by the greatness of the treasure **pending**,—a treasure unmatched by the aggregate of all the world can gather and **show**; every one has it in charge. If saved, it is to be by an effort, vigilant and **unceasing**, in the name and by the grace of God. Whoever holds otherwise, who **says** he has no responsible concern in the preservation of his own soul, that he is **only** to look out for what now is, and leave to God what is to be; that salvation is surely coming to all from God's vast and indiscriminate scoop, deceiveth **his own soul**. And are there such beings with brains? Can there be such in a scene like this, where nothing is got but by the intense and sweating toil? Where, over every path, it is written, Watch;—and from above proclaimed, and from every hill-side echoed, Watch? The easy, uncaring, supine ones may **succeed** to brush away this pungent monosyllable, and take to the pillow of the **alotful** and self-indulgent, and there sleep on. We beg to be excused from belonging **to the company**. We pray to be delivered from the blight of so desperate an **infatuation**. A.

## INFLICTIONS.

BY AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

**How** many thoughts sometimes spring up out of a *word*; and this is because that word has so many *associations*. Peculiar circumstances sometimes bring a word under consideration in connexion with *one* thing, and then many other thoughts grow up in the mind. It is not necessary to inform our readers, what it was that first suggested a train of thought, in connexion with the word "*infliction*." We will at once lay some of these thoughts before the reader. The *body*, the *mind*, the *feelings*, the *character* and *influence*, were all found to be associated with it, or rather that with them. What wounds have been inflicted upon the body by the cruel hand of war, originated in the caprice or ambition of some self-willed tyrant. How many thousands have been maimed, and mutilated, and their whole lives made full of pain or discomfort, besides the myriads on whom the stroke of

death has been inflicted. How many more, in dark prison rooms, and torture-chambers, have been racked with fiendish ingenuity by the agents of tyranny and superstition? How many, who might have been reclaimed by kindness, have been hardened in crime by the cruel lash wielded by the strong arm of merciless laws; and it may be for a *first* offence.

But leaving the precincts of battle-fields, palaces, gaols, and inquisitions, for the comparatively quiet circle of social life—parents and teachers, a word with you. We are not going to propose the total abolition of the rod. We hold that the rod of correction may, and must, be brought out in *extreme cases*; but we think only in such instances. It is much easier for *some* parent to *inflict* a severe beating on his child, in the heat of his temper, than to exercise patience, govern his own pas-

sions, and rule by kindness. To inflict strokes on the body is, after all, a sort of brutish affair; even a monkey *could* do it. It is an act which should be very afflictive to a parent's mind, and which nothing but dire necessity should drive him to resort to. Some sensitive minds are fearfully injured by such indiscriminate and constant beating. It destroys the peace of the young heart, and makes the season of youth, which should be joyous and light-hearted, one of fear and foreboding. A poor child, whose father was one of the stern sort, was sent to bed one night, with a threat of a severe whipping in the morning. "Father," said he, as he heard his parent coming up stairs, "please give me the whipping to night, I cannot sleep for thinking about it." It is very easy to laugh at such a speech, but the feeling which prompted it was no laughing matter.

In years gone by, schoolmasters and teachers were verily guilty of undue severity. If putting themselves in a towering passion, looking fierce, and dealing heavy blows on shrinking, shrieking, children, could have made good scholars, they would have been very successful teachers, and some now living very learned. There may be a few of this class still left, but, doubtless, we have much improved in this respect. If our children knew what some of their fathers have passed through, they would be very grateful for the change.

But we will leave the body and come to the mind and the feelings. Who can recount or describe the wounds inflicted by the tongue? The feelings have been lacerated, character blasted, peace destroyed, strife engendered, and influence weakened by thoughtless, trifling, insinuating, malicious, talking. A question asked in a *peculiar* tone, a sly innuendo thrown out, which, of course, "meant no harm," and was intended "to go no farther," what harm have such words done; what a distance have they travelled? The words are gone forth, they cannot be recalled, the wound is inflicted, and perhaps can never be healed. Truly, "life and death are in the power of the tongue, and they who love it shall eat the fruit thereof." "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; it setteth on fire the

course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." It is compared to "a sharp razor," to "a devouring sword." Let us beware how we use this weapon, and above all seek a heart right with God, out of the abundance of which the mouth may speak rightly. Then our speech will be as a healing balm, even as it is written, "a wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit."

A word may damp the ardent soul,  
And crush the high endeavour,  
May bid the scorching tear to roll,  
And quench bright hopes for ever.

A word may cause impassioned youth  
Virtue or vice pursue;  
O, then, let each one feel the truth,  
How much a word may do!

It should also be remembered that, by our *influence and example*, much injury may be inflicted on others. We are all educating and moulding those who are placed around and beneath us. Education has been defined to be "habit derived from example." The influence of each one must have some weight, and if thrown into the wrong side there is no telling where it will end, and what scars we may inflict even on succeeding generations.

Another train of thought springs up in the mind in connexion with this word. There are inflictions which come from unseen worlds. Arrows and fiery darts are discharged from beneath, against which we need to "take the shield of faith," or else dangerous wounds will be inflicted, which will inflame the soul, and lead to serious consequences. Sometimes, also, the invisible hand of Divine Providence inflicts heavy blows and deep wounds on those whom God loves best, "for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not." But those are the wounds of a faithful friend, and those who receive them may meekly sing,

"For every wound there's healing balm,  
For every storm an after calm,  
A gracious God supplies;  
To wearied limbs restoring sleep,  
And when his stricken children weep,  
He wipes their streaming eyes."

Let us learn to be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live. We may have had many blows and wounds from the hand of man, which we think were undeserved by us, but our best

Friend has never given us an unkind, nor an unnecessary stroke. When He inflicts the deepest wound, He says, in sweetest tones of tenderness, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent." He bids us bring our wounded spirits, which we cannot bear to Him; and gives us to prove that He can "heal the broken in heart," "seeing that the Lord hath appointed Him for His ministry of mercy" (Isaiah lxi. 1).

Lastly, let all God's loved and chastened ones be most careful not to inflict any wound upon His cause or people. The Rev. W. Knibb thus describes his mother's parting with him:—"We had hidden each other farewell, and I was passing down the street, when she put her head out of the window, and called after me, 'William, William, mind, William, I had rather hear that you

had perished in the sea, than that you had dishonoured the society you go to serve.'" He adds, "I never forgot these words, they were written on my heart."

It has been said, "that Christ is more tender of his body mystical, than he was of his body natural." "He gave his back to the smiters, and His cheeks to those that plucked off His hair;" and yet "opened not His mouth;" but He cried out from heaven, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Let us then, be tender of whatever is dear to Him, and rather suffer unjustly than stumble any by inconsistency and hastiness. It is better to be wounded than to wound. The former may turn to our benefit; the latter may produce years of sorrowful reflection. Say not, "I will recompense evil, but wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee."

**TWENTY-SIX DIRECTIONS FOR THE RIGHT USE OF TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.**

**OF TEMPORAL GIFTS.**

"Using this world, as not abusing it."—1 Cor. vii. 31.

Wish for	} Them	cautiously.
Ask		submissively.
Want		contentedly.
Obtain		honestly.
Accept		humbly.
Manage		prudently.
Employ		lawfully.
Impart		liberally.
Esteem		moderately.
Increase		virtuously.
Use		subserviently.
Forego		easily.
Resign		willingly.

**OF SPIRITUAL GIFTS.**

"Set your affections on things above."—Col. iii. 2.

Prize	} Them	inestimably.
Covet		earnestly.
Seek for		diligently.
Ponder		frequently.
Wait for		patiently.
Expect		hopefully.
Receive		joyfully.
Enjoy		thankfully.
Improve		carefully.
Retain		watchfully.
Plead for		manfully.
Hold		dependently.
Grasp		eternally.

To observe the above will lessen the troubles of the way, and although believers are particularly addressed, they will find they can only act out as God the Holy Spirit works in them. But then, if we are Christians in reality, these things must exist. These evidences are the indispensable proofs that we are living, and not dead professors. "For faith without works is dead being alone."

Works are not for our justification before God, but before all men.

1. For OUR BENEFIT AND COMFORT, as so many evidences of our salvation. "For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Pet. i. 8.

2. FOR GOD'S GLORY. "Let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works will glorify your Father that is in heaven." O for the spirit and power of prayer to God Most High, that so we may live and act as that these results may follow!

Reader, I would suggest that, as a means of doing you good, that you hang a

copy of these directions in your bedroom. Read them frequently. Read them with prayer, that the Lord may enable you to receive them into your heart, and to copy them in your life.

Somersham, August 18, 1857.

J. FLORY.

### A FATHER OF THE FATHERLESS IS GOD.

Some years since, while passing the Sabbath in a retired village, I made the acquaintance of a poor orphan boy. Kind friends had provided him with a home and the substantial comforts of life; but all the gentle ministries of human kindness could not chaso away the clouds of grief that seemed ever to darken his spirit. His whole demeanor betokened the stern discipline of sorrow. There was no elasticity in his step, his eye was joyless, and he mingled in the employments of life as one who felt that his home was far away. He rarely wore a smile or mingled in the sports of his school-fellows. A tender sympathy for one so lonely prompted me to institute some delicate inquiries into his sad history, and if possible to improve it to his spiritual profit. The services of the sanctuary were over, and after the congregation had dispersed, I observed my young friend standing alone, and gazing mournfully towards the spot where his parents lay buried. It was not difficult to conjecture the tenor of his thoughts, and, without abruptness, I asked him concerning his lonely condition. "You have no father, John?"

"No sir," he replied.

"Nor mother?"

"No sir; nor brother, nor sister," and the tears began to course down his cheeks.

"Did you ever think, John," I inquired, "how kind a Father is God to the orphan, and what a Friend Jesus is to those who are friendless?" I found that he was not ignorant of these precious truths; he could remember how tenderly his dying mother had whispered them in his ear, when he was but a little child. "John," said I, "do you know any one who has more need than you have of God for a Father and Christ for a Friend?"

"No sir," he replied, "I *do* need such a Friend."

"And have you never yet," I continued, asked God to make up for the loss of father and mother by giving you Himself?"

"I have prayed to God every day," he answered; "my mother taught me to pray, but I fear I have never prayed aright."

His voice trembled with emotion, he gazed earnestly into my face; it seemed to me that the Spirit was hovering over his heart. He willingly accepted the invitation to accompany me to my room. In a few brief words I recalled to his mind the promise of God to every returning and penitent sinner. He listened to every sentence with deep attention; he was evidently anxious to be saved.

"Do you think, sir," he inquired doubtfully, "that I can become a Christian *now*?"

"No doubt of it," I replied; "you have God's own word for it, '*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.'" Turning

to the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, I read its invitations to mercy: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." His eye kindled with hope, and with great earnestness he asked,

"Do you think, sir, that God means that for me?"

"He means it for you, John," I replied, "if you are 'thirsty.' The invitation is addressed to *every one* who wants to be saved." At his request I offered prayer that God would show him the path of life. When I had concluded, both of us remained upon our knees, still lingering for a blessing. "You must pray for yourself, John," I said.

Bursting into a flood of tears, he replied, "I can't pray, sir, I'm too great a sinner."

"Then you are just the one whose prayer God will love to hear. Do you not remember the prayer of the publican?" He paused a moment, and then (his voice choking with sobs), he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

In a few moments the family assembled for evening worship. Being called upon to conduct the exercises, I selected the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and as I turned my eye from the sacred page, I could almost read the emotions of John's heart in his countenance. His whole aspect was one of serene peace; there was nothing that indicated a sense of orphanage and friendlessness; and I dared to hope that his tossed heart had found a refuge in God. I was not mistaken. Ever after that hour his whole life was changed. It was his delight to talk of Christ and his love to sinners. He seemed to have forgotten that he had ever been sad and lonely. Though naturally diffident and retiring in the extreme, he was bold and fearless in admonishing his young companions both in public and private; so that there was not a boy in the school but had heard some word of faithful counsel from his lips.

But his work for Christ on earth was brief. From early childhood it had been too manifest that his frail form could not continue long to resist the sure decay of inherited disease. Slowly the destroyer came to blight that fair blossom; and, as week after week rolled on, the tottering step, the hectic flush, and the wasting cheek, admonished the young disciple of the approaching hour of his departure. It was two years since he had found peace in God, and John lay upon

his dying-bed, with weeping friends gently ministering to his wants. "Do not weep," he said, feebly, "I shall soon be with Jesus,

and then how happy I shall be!" The voice was still, the eye was dim, and the lonely orphan had found a Father in Heaven. C.

### RELIGION THE SOURCE OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

Believe no individual on earth who tells you that religion is a gloomy thing, and that its possession tends to melancholy. Should you look at a pious person, and notice a tinge of gloom upon his countenance, think not that it is religion that darkens the aspect of the features; it sobers the mind, but does not sour it. Religion enlightens the soul, consequently cannot obscure the light which should always beam in the Christian's eye. It checks the wild mirth of fools, which, in Scripture, is compared to the "crackling of thorns under a pot; but it confers a cheerfulness to the heart which will cause the face to shine. It gives a mildness, a complacency to the feelings, which occasions gentle, cheerful manners. It creates simplicity of character, so beautiful, so attractive in youth, and produces that open frank-heartedness and benevolent friendliness of demeanour so lovely in all ages. We must recollect that divine grace, although it renews the heart and sweetens the temper, does not change the constitution of our physical being, from defects in which melancholy and gloom

in religious characters frequently arise, and if indulged darkness will be produced; but religion makes every sin hateful to the soul. Be assured, in every trial and vicissitude of life, that it is religion only that can make you happy, and that can give you cheerfulness of heart. Happiness is a sober feeling of the mind. We should never, then, permit an idea to arise that the great God is a severe gloomy Being, who delights in misery; but habitually think of Him as the kindest friend we have, who admits us to converse with Him. Yes, the Great Jehovah delights to listen to the prayers of all His children; even from the mouths of "babes and sucklings" he can perfect praise. He attends to all our wants. Let us, then, go to Him with humble confidence, and pray that He would be the guide of our youth, the strength of our manhood, and the hope of our old age; and that He would give us that wisdom which alone comes from above, and which is, of itself, sufficient to make us "wise unto salvation."

T. M.

### FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

He must be an unhappy man, indeed, who has not a single friend. There must be a sad admixture of churlishness or malice in his composition—something crooked or crabbed in his very make. On the other hand, he is a rich man who is rich in honest friends. They make up a great estate. He who can fill his house, or fill his heart, with those who shall be to him as David was to Jonathan, or as Newton was to his brother poet, Cowper—he is the social Cæsus. The beautiful and sympathetic intercourse of large, refined, loving, godly minds, is one of the truest joys to come. It is the commencement of a friendship that shall be perfected beside the crystal waters and under the

shadows of the twelve fruit-bearing tree. In the "many mansions" what intimacies shall spring up! What communings of the soul! What conversations! What reunions of Christ's veterans from earth's spiritual battle-fields! What narratives they will relate to each other!

It is a stirring sight to see two pensioners telling over the campaigns they fought through—to hear them recall their common conflicts and their common triumphs; how they leaped together into the deadly breach; how they bore on together against the enemy's iron sleet and hail of musket-balls; how they came down like death upon the foe; how they huzzaed together from the ramparts when the victory was

won. There will be in heaven an abundance of thrilling narrative, from soul to soul, of what God has wrought through them and for them. Friends here who are *in Christ* will, no doubt, be friends in heaven. The genial intimacies begun below will be perfected there. The separations at the grave's mouth will be followed by the rapturous reunions before the throne of the Lamb. Apostles who parted at the stake of martyrdom will meet to congratulate each other on wearing the martyr's crown. God's heroes, who shouted farewell in the amphitheatre of the lions, or amid the smothering flames, will tell over their great "fight of afflictions," all passed away for ever. Saints of different ages and centuries will meet Paul with Abraham—the disciple who leaned on Jesus' breast with that "man after God's own heart!" Luther will hold high converse with Augustine; the Wilberforces of modern reform with the Josiahs, Ezras, and other reformers of ancient days. "When I get to heaven," said the dying Emmons, "I shall hope to see Isaiah and David, and talk with them about a thousand things; but among them all, I am most anxious to see and talk with the Apostle Paul." That was a most natural wish from the expiring man of God. Who does not long and hope for that very interview when he shall reach the better world? What a pleasure there will be around that chiefest of God's Apostles—once the very chief of sinners! How will we love to embalm with thankfulness his priceless services to us and to the whole church of the Redeemer!

The meetings in heaven will be endless—amazing—affording ever new surprises, and ever fresh delights. Long sundered households will come together. The husband will stand beside the wife in the white bridal array of the saints in light, and the wedlock of earth will become the everlasting union of Paradise. The praying mother will embrace the child of her early vows and prayerful consecrations. Faithful pastors will walk amid their flocks, as the shepherd Psalmist did amid his father's fleecy charge on the hills of Bethlehem. The teacher will re-assemble the groups of his Sabbath school; and in the train of such glorified souls as Robert Raikes and Isabella Graham, we may look to see great troops of rejoicing children.

Those friendships awakened in heaven from a common fellowship with Christ will know no end. Here friendships are proverbially frail and brittle. They break too often like the pipeclay. But no alienation shall ever separate those who dwell in the same palace of the Great King. No enmities will disturb the universal and unending harmony. All will be as one, for all will "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," and He "will lead them to living fountains of waters." Together shall they roam beside the "woody brink" of celestial streams; together shall they lift the anthems of their celestial worship; together shall they sit down at the marriage supper of Immanuel. Reader, will you be among them?

T. L. C.

### AN INCONSISTENCY.

A writer, some little time since, remarked that there was nothing said in the New Testament against building costly houses of worship. He seemed to think it was right, possibly it might be a duty, for wealthy men to build and dwell in costly houses, but if not their duty, they certainly were at liberty to do so, if they chose.

I have never studied my Bible to see how nearly I could conform to the rule and fashion of this world, and be justified in the sight of God, but rather

to learn to be content with my humble lot, and to teach others to be humble also. I find the lust of the eye, and the pride of life far too strong in my own heart, and so far as I can see, in the hearts of others, to be allowed what seems to be innocent indulgence, and it is these costly-built and richly-adorned houses, and the corresponding inmates, that makes it a far harder struggle for me to take up my cross and follow Him who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the

Son of Man had not where to lay His head." Who that has had the lesson to teach a family of children in humble circumstances in life, that they must not love the world, or be conformed to its frivolities and glittering vanities, does not know how hard it is to do this, with the examples of fashionable professors before their eyes; worldly splendor covered with a smooth, religious mantle. How apparently without meaning does it make such commands as these seem to them. "Let him that hath two coats impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat go and do likewise." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." "Let not your adorning be that of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart."

These are cross-bearing commands, and to keep them we should be under the necessity of hearing the Gospel preached sometimes, perhaps, in such places as those in which Christ and His Apostles preached it; on the Mount, perhaps, or in the highways and hedges.

And if we should get so much of the Gospel into our hearts as to make us

feel that nothing which we possessed was our own, and should give to every man as he had need, we might find ourselves preaching from house to house. And if any would follow the commands of Christ, they would, probably, now and then sometimes find a prison to preach in.

Thanks be to Him whose ways are not as our ways, there are a few such preachers now; if there were not, many would never hear the sound of the Gospel. But the Gospel must be preached to the poor, for from this class Christ will have a bride. A cross is provided for the rich if they will take it up. Where? In the command to "Go and sell all that they have and give it to the poor." I can find no command in the New Testament to build costly houses of worship, or expensive houses in which to live. But if the plain commands are obeyed, methinks there can be no funds for such, and if they are built, there must, as a consequence, be some poor Lazarus lying at their gates.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy might, with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself."

LYDIA.

## VARIETIES.

### GOD'S CHEST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE once lived a wealthy and respected man, whose name was Benedictus, that is to say, rich in blessing. He was justly entitled to this name, for God had richly blessed him with goods, and all the world blessed him also. Therefore he sought to do good to all men, to the stranger as well as to the neighbour, but especially to the poor and suffering. He did as follows:—

As often as he had passed a pleasant day with his friends, he would enter his secret chamber and say to himself, "There are many who can rejoice over no such day, and what would it have been to me if I had invited double the number to my table?" Accordingly he took from his purse as much money as the banquet had cost him, and placed it in a chest, which he called God's chest

So also, when he heard of a fire anywhere, he gave liberally his share toward the assistance of the sufferers. He would then gaze at his own house, and entering his chamber, say, "All here stands fast and uninjured;" and then, as before, he would place money in the chest. Likewise, also, when costly viands and rich furniture were offered him, he bought thereof, yet moderately, that he might adorn his house and cheer his friends, and then entering his chamber, he would say, "Thou hast been able to purchase all these things, and increase thy store," and then again he would lay money in the chest. Besides, he gladly sent of his costly purchases to any one of whom he heard as sick and in need of assistance.

Thus he did all the days of his life. And when he was about to die, the poor, the widows, and the orphan wept

and lamented, and said, "Who will have compassion upon us when Benedictus is no more."

But he said, "A good and thoughtful Father so manages that, whenever he is from home, his children want for nothing; therefore take from God's chest all that is therein. It belongs to the poor, to the widow, and to the orphan. Distribute from it, and prove good and faithful stewards." With these words he died, and it came to pass as he said.

And the contents of the chest endured for many years for the consolation of the needy. And the memory of that man long continued to be blessed.

Mrs. ST. SIMON.

### CHRIST IN US.

Have you ever heard that pretty fable told by the Persian Saadi moralist? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it,—“Oh, clay, whence hast thou thy perfume?” And the clay said, “I was once a piece of common clay, but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay.” Believer, thou too art nothing but a piece of common clay, but if thou liest with the Rose of Sharon—if thou hast Jesus in thy company, thou wilt be a piece of scented clay, and where'er thou goest, thou wilt smell of him. I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices, thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the aloes. I will not believe thee a child of God, unless thou hast the lineaments of thy Father, nor will I think that thou hast been with Jesus, unless I can perceive that thou hast learned of him. O! if you would reform yourselves, and amend your lives; if you would curb sin, and restrain the hot-mouthed steeds of your lust—if you would overcome your iniquities, and persevere in holiness, here are the means: “Behold the man;” look you there at Christ Jesus,—*Spurgeon*.

### “I WILL NEVER FORGIVE.”

Never forgive! Do I hear aright? What! never forgive? What, irrep-

arable injury has been done thee? what black crime has been committed against thee, by thine erring brother, that thou canst never pardon him? Never forgive! Dost thou never offend, never injure? Art thou then so exempt from human frailties that thou never need'st forgiveness? Never forgive! Hast thou forgotten our Saviour's words, “If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses!” Never forgive! There spoke an unregenerate heart, a heart hard as the nether millstone, a heart deeply dyed with sin, a heart unwashed, unpurified, unsanctified. Ah, hadst thou ever seen thine own infirmities, hadst thou ever been borne down to the very dust with the burden of thy guilt, hadst thou ever prostrated thyself in an agony of tears and supplications, at the foot of the cross, and found salvation through the blood of a crucified Redeemer, thou wouldst freely forgive all of the little transgression of thy fellow-creatures. Never forgive! Dost thou never think of the innumerable sins which thou committest, in thought, word, and deed, daily, hourly, and momentarily, against thy Heavenly Father, against him in whom thou livest and movest, and hast thy being? Didst thou think of this, ah, how differently wouldst thou feel! With thy hand upon thy mouth, thou wouldst humble thyself in the dust, and feeling thine own utter unworthiness, thine own great need of forgiveness, thou wouldst freely accord it to others. Never forgive! Look! what see'st thou? A little stricken band, a jeering multitude, a cross, a dying, agonized sufferer. Hark! what hearest thou? “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, praying for his murderers! What a sight! Ah! how canst thou say, “I never will forgive?”—*EVANGELINE*.

### “RANK CALVINISM.”

We clip the following from the [American] *Christian Advocate and Journal*:

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.—Our brother editor of the *Methodist Protestant* calls us to account for not condemning Calvinism, in our late notice of Mr. Spurgeon's



sermons. It might have been desirable for us to refer distinctly to that defect of the book; we spoke only of its general character; it may be well, however, to remind the reader that Mr. Spurgeon is a rank Calvinist, and those who read his publications will find the rankest Geneva theology in them.

On the above passage the *Presbyterian of the West* comments as follows:

It would be a great misfortune if any of the readers of that paper should mistake the doctrines of *grace*, found in Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, for Arminianism. We think we can see a great deal of *grace*, and, if it were not tautology, we might, in Methodist phrase, say even "*free-grace*," in those sermons. We have not seen that Mr. Spurgeon has done anything worse than simply ascribing to God "*mercies*," and to man "*confusion of face*." And if the great Geneva Reformer happened to do so first, we cannot see how it is Mr. Spurgeon's fault, or why his writings should be stigmatised or proscribed on that account. Neither the one nor the other is entitled to the credit of originality in this matter, and if they claimed it, we should not be slow to apprise our readers of the plagiarism. Paul, long before either of them was born, speaking as he was moved by the Holy Ghost,

proclaimed the doctrine, "Not of works, lest any man should boast." And on another occasion he very significantly asked, "Who maketh thee to differ, or what hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

#### BACKBITING.

If Christians would generally conform to the following rules, drawn up by the shrewd and pious Charles Simeon, for the government of his own conduct, much mischief might be saved in churches and communities. The influence of many excellent people is undermined, and the reputation of ministers often sacrificed by idle habits of gossip, without any intention of doing harm:

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

### THE THREE BIRDS; AN ALLEGORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. POLLEN.

Once upon a time there were three little birds, two brothers and a sister, living together in the same tree. Their mother had taught them to fly, and how to get their own living, and then she and their father had left them to take care of themselves. The beautiful tree in which they lived was as pretty and comfortable a house as any little birds could desire. The branches were so thick that, when it rained, they could all cuddle down together under the leaves, and not a drop could touch them. Indeed they enjoyed a storm; for, as they went to sleep, they loved to be rocked to and fro by the winds, and to hear the big drops pattering on the leaves.

The two brothers loved their sister as much as brothers can and ought to love a good sister. They were never quite happy without her. When they went to roost for the night, they would insist upon having her between them; and there she always loved to be.

One of the little birds was called Thoughtful, the other Careless, and the sister's name was Peace.

How happy these birds were! Careless was a merry fellow. He loved to get upon the very topmost branch of a tree, and clasp his little claws round the smallest stem he could find, and swing backward and forward, and sing as if he would split his throat; then he would fly after Thoughtful, who would be perched quietly on a beautiful sweet-briar below, and insist upon a chase with him; and Thoughtful was so kind that he almost always humoured his brother, and frolicked with him.

Peace would follow after her brothers in her quiet way, like a gentle spirit as she was, and would share all their gambols; and after they had done playing, and the pleasant day was at an end, she would take the lead in their evening song, and her sweet voice was the last as well as the first you heard both evening and morning.

Sometimes, however, these little birds would be foolish enough to quarrel with each other. This disturbed their sister greatly, and she would always speak kindly to them, and sing some sweet song to quiet them.

Thoughtful would always listen to her, and then he would not mind anything that Careless said; and, as it takes two to make a quarrel, all went well, and Peace was contented, and placed herself again happily and proudly between her two brothers, whom she loved dearly. If they did not listen to her, she flew away and left them, and did not come back again till they were friends.

While the birds were very small, their quarrels were so short that before Peace had flown far away they were friends again, and, in a moment, she was by their side. But as these little birds grew older, their passions grew stronger; and one day, they quarrelled so badly that their poor sister could not stay with them, and she flew frightened far, far away from her unhappy brothers. Night came, and there was no sweet Peace to nestle down softly between them. Poor Thoughtful, how unhappy he was! But Careless said he did not care, and pretended to go to sleep; but in his heart he mourned at his dear sister's absence.

Early in the morning, at the first streak of light, just as the glorious morning star began to veil his beautiful face at the sight of the rising sun, Thoughtful went in search of his dear sister, Peace. He still felt a little angry with his brother, so he could not find Peace. He flew hither and thither, he went everywhere—he could not find her.

At last, wearied and spent, he stopped by the way to see a cousin of his, of whom his mother had told them before she left them, and advised them, if ever they were in trouble, to go to her. She was a retired melancholy bird; her plumage was of a very dull colour, but her eye was bright and beautiful. Her note was mournful till she was near the end of her song, and then she made such a delicious trill that it penetrated your heart to hear her.

Thoughtful addressed her in these words:—"Dear cousin, our sister, Peace, has left us, and I am very unhappy. All day long I have sought her, and I cannot find her. Have you seen her? Can you tell me where she is? My wings are weary, and my heart is heavy."

"I can lead you to her, and I alone," said the serious bird; "but you must first do as I bid you."

"I will do anything," said Thoughtful, "to find my dear sister again."

"Go find your brother; tell him you have done wrong; be very patient with him when he speaks unkindly to you; and do not leave him till you bring him to me, to his cousin, who, you can tell him, is called Penitence, and who lives in the cypress tree that leans over the brook of tears, which flows into the river of gladness! You will find him at my foolish sister Self-love's, where he in vain seeks for his lost sister, Peace."

Swift as an arrow away flew Thoughtful, to find his brother. As Penitence had informed him, he was with his cousin, Self-love. There they were, cooing and billing, and making much of each other. But Thoughtful was determined to be patient with him.

"Dear Careless," said he, "if you will come with me, we can find our sister, Peace. I have found some one who says she can

tell us where she is, and lead us to her. Come with me, dear brother, and forgive me for the pain I have caused you. I was very wrong. Come, Careless, come quickly."

"Who is this person that knows so much?" said Careless.

"It is our cousin, Penitence, who lives in the cypress tree, that leans over the brook of tears, that flows into the river of gladness. She alone, she says, can lead us to our sister."

"I don't like her name," said Careless, "nor the tree she lives in, nor that mournful brook, that goes gargle, gurgle, gurgle, from morning till night, and all night long; and as for the river of gladness, my gay cousin and I know more of that than she does, tell her. Besides this, I think our sister, Peace, has too good taste to leave us long for such a grumbling croak as cousin Penitence, who sits singing the tune that the old cow died of for ever."

"Dear brother," said Thoughtful, "you are very, very wrong. You are unjust to our cousin. At first, she does seem a little disagreeable, I confess; but, after you have looked in her face for a while, there is something heavenly in its expression, and a part of her song is so beautiful that I mean to learn it by heart."

"This is it," said Careless, and he sang a long, doleful, ridiculous note that made Self-love laugh, but Thoughtful was only sorry.

"Shall I leave you," said he, "and tell our cousin Penitence that you do not want her aid in searching for our sister Peace?"

"Tell her," said Careless, "that her sister Self-love, whom she so entirely neglects, has promised me that she will show me our foolish sister's hiding-place, and help to bring her back."

"Stay quietly here," said his cousin, "and leave your brother to himself. He will come at last to find you and his sister Peace, even though he should be forced to seek you in my solemn, and, as he thinks, gloomy retreat."

Poor Careless! Before the day was over he got wearied of Self-love; she was so vain, so fickle, and kept up such a perpetual simper. He detected her in rubbing paint upon her feathers, and she was always running to every little bit of water to look at herself in it. This disgusted him. But, more than all, he found that she had deceived him, when she said she would show him where his sister had hidden herself; for Self-love was obliged at last to confess to him that she knew nothing of Peace.

Careless, however, accepted his cousin's invitation to roost that night in her tree, which was a large hawthorn-bush. But what a night the poor fellow passed! Self-love could never go to sleep. She was flying from one part of the bush to the other; and then, as she moved in the dark, the thorns would scratch her, and she would scream, and poor Careless, who had taken his place in the top branch under a bunch of leaves, could get no sleep; he was tired and really vexed with her.

In the morning, she began again her tiresome song, which, he now noticed had but just one note in it. This was too much for

Careless, who had been in the habit of listening to the varied sweetness of the morning song of Thoughtful and Peace. He stretched out his wings and flew far away, and left Self-love to fidget by herself.

"I will," he sang as he flew, "I will go and seek my brother Thoughtful, and I will not rest till I have found my sweet sister Peace."

Thoughtful had not slept. He was grieved for his brother, and, early in the morning, he began to sing the song he knew Careless loved, as loud as he could, hoping Careless might hear him.

Careless did hear it, as he was soaring high up in the air, looking down for the home of his cousin, Penitence, for there he knew was his brother Thoughtful. He saw the cypress

tree and the little brook of tears, and he heard his brother's well-known voice.

In a moment, he closed his wings, and flew down, softly as a flake of snow, close by his brother's side, and nestled up to him. How happy they both were now! In a moment they heard from a neighbouring tree their sister's gentle voice, singing softly and sweetly; and, in another moment, she was again between them, nestling her head on their bosoms.

The brook made pleasant music now. Even Careless liked its gurgle, gurgle, and they followed its windings, and found what Penitence said was true, that it flowed into the river of gladness.

Penitence went part way home with them, and when they separated, she gave them her blessing.

## POETRY.

### LOOSE THE CABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Lord, the waves are breaking o'er me and around;  
Oft of coming Tempest I hear the moaning sound;  
Here, there is no safety, rocks on either hand;  
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land.  
Wherefore should I linger? others gone before  
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore;  
Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow—  
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark;  
How shall I encounter its watches, long and dark?  
Sorely worn and shattered by many a billow past,  
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast?  
Ah! the promised haven I never may attain,  
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main;  
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,  
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee, where Thou art—  
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis "bette: to depart,"  
There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee more,  
With thy ransomed people to worship and adore.  
Ever to Thy presence Thou dost call thine own—  
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone?  
O! to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to know,  
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,  
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar;  
Long beloved voices calling me I hear—  
O! how sweet their summons fall upon my ear!  
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold,  
There is fond affection, sweetly proved of old!  
Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?  
Loose the cable, let me go!

Hark, the solemn answer! hark, the promise sure!  
"Blessed are the servants who to the end endure!"  
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on—  
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one!  
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love,  
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness to prove;  
Then the sailing orders the captain shall bestow—  
"Loose the cable, let him go!"

A VOYAGER.

## LONGING FOR JESUS.

O Watchman, will the night of sin  
Be never past?  
O Watchman, tell me, doth the day begin  
To dawn upon thy straining sight at last?  
Will it dispel  
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?  
Now all the earth is bright and glad  
With the fresh morn;  
But all my heart is cold and dark and sad.  
Sun of the soul, let me behold thy dawn!  
Come, Jesus, Lord!  
O quickly come, according to thy word!  
Do we not live in those blest days  
So long foretold,  
When thou shouldst come to bring us light  
and grace?  
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,  
Pining to see  
Thy glory; but thou still art far from me.  
Long since thou cam'st to be the Light  
Of all men here;  
And yet in me is nought but blackest night.  
Wilt thou not then to me, thine own, appear?  
Shine forth and bless  
My soul with visions of thy righteousness!  
If thus in darkness ever left,  
Can I fulfil,  
The works of light, while all of light bereft?  
How shall I learn in love and meekness still  
To follow thee,  
And all the sinful works of darkness flee?  
The light of reason cannot give  
Life to my soul;  
Jesus alone can make me truly live;  
One glance of His can make my spirit whole,  
Arise and shine  
On this poor longing, waiting heart of mine.  
Single and clear, not weak or blind,  
The eye must be,  
To which thy glory shall an entrance find;  
For if the chosen ones would gaze on thee,  
No earthly scene  
Between their souls and thee must intervene.  
Jesus do thou mine eyes unseal,  
And let them grow  
Quick to discern whate'er thou dost reveal;  
So shall I be delivered from that woe,  
Blindly to stray,  
Through hopeless night, while all around is  
day.

A PILGRIM.

## HE MEETING PLACE.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return  
and come to Zion with songs and everlasting  
joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH xxx. 10.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—  
Freshen never more to fade;  
Where the faded sky shall brighten—  
Brighten never more to shade;  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,  
Where the star-beams cease to chill;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;

Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong,  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song;—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more;  
Where the bond is never severed,  
Partings, claspings, sobs and moans,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noon-tide—all are done;  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child;  
Where dear families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild;  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,  
Where the blighted life reblooms,  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes;  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
In an ever spring-bright clime;  
Where we find the joy of loving  
As we never loved before,—  
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,  
Loving once and evermore:  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a softer, gentler sunshine  
Sheds its healing splendour there;  
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
Putting on her robe of green,  
And a purer, fairer Eden  
Be where only wastes have been;  
Where a King in Kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the holy crown,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

H. BONAR.

## DEATH.

"Oh, death, where is thy sting?"  
Insatiate death! thou dost not spare  
The dearest things of human care;  
The good, the great, the young, the fair,  
Fall at thy blow.

Mysterious death! it cannot be  
That the same Lord created thee  
And them, to stamp mere mockery,  
On all below.

No baffled power, when thickest spread,  
Thy "night of darkness" and of dread,  
Around thy willing victim's head,  
He laid thee low.

Thy bond is burst, thy stroke is vain,  
The loved, the lost, shall meet again,  
To live and come when thou art slain,  
The last great foe.

August, 14, 1857. A. C. M. GELLICOR.

## PULPIT SUPPLIES.

Much has been said by the religious press, within the last few years, of the inadequate support of pastors; and it is a gratification to know that a step is being taken, in this direction; but I have seen and heard nothing from the press on the shamefully meagre compensation which our supply-preachers, as a general thing, receive from Baptist churches. As one of the results of frequent changes in the pastorate, there are, probably, on an average, one hundred churches in this country at all times destitute of pastors, and about an equal number *afoot* in a transition state, acting as supplies, and looking for flocks to whom they may in future break the bread of eternal life. But what do these good men receive for their services and travelling expenses? Some few churches are magnanimous in their remuneration of pulpit supplies; but I am sure I express but a painful fact when I say the general rule is to pay the supply less than one-half of what is necessary to sustain themselves and families. The pay in the country churches, I think, will not average over fifteen shillings per Sabbath, and many offer as low as ten shillings who are known to be able to support a pastor liberally. If we take fifteen shillings as the average—and this is high—and allow five shillings for travelling, we have, as the compensation, ten shillings per week!! And is this what Baptist churches offer to their preachers, for the support of themselves and families for a week? Would the gentleman, in office, who award such compensation to their preachers, be willing to take fifteen shillings for their services? Would they dare offer the physician, surveyor, the carpenter or mason, or even the lowest Irish labourer, *such a price* as compensation for a week's labour?

Do you say that what is paid for the ministerial supply is not for a week's but for a day's service? This is not true. The preacher generally leaves home on Saturday, and returns on Monday, spending about two days from home on each trip; but what he receives is for the week. In many instances he has no other business. He has, in good faith, consecrated himself to the work of the ministry. When he is not on the road, in his pulpit, or going from house to house, he is in his study, beating out oil for the altar of the sanctuary. What he receives, then, is not for one or two days, but for the labours of seven days.

Now, is there not something wrong—something baneful in this mode of treating the ambassadors of Christ? It is known that our ministers profess to be called of God to this work, and that they do not go into the work as a mere profession, and *preach for money*, and that most of our preachers feel that they cannot chaffer for a certain price, like hirelings; and this renders it all the *meaner* to take advantage of their conscientious modesty on that point, to withhold from them and their families a comfortable support. Some of our churches, to my certain knowledge, carry this Ananias and Sapphira economy so far as to make their pastor's situation uncomfortable that he may be induced to leave his post, and they

resort to supplies, in order to save enough to pay off their floating debts! Did you ever hear of any thing more disgraceful than this? The debt is paid, but how? Not by the magnanimous subscriptions of the actual debtors, but by putting a few poor Baptist preachers on half-allowance for a while, until enough is spunged out of the Lord's poor servants to pay other folks' debts!

I, for one, must confess that I am amazed at these things. I cannot understand how it is that men, Christian, common-sense, and even business men—for they are the ones who generally manage these affairs in the churches—who know all about the high price of living, can look a man of God in the face, and offer him fifteen shillings for his travel and week's labor! There must be a want, a total want of consideration about it. The old beaten track is pursued without thought, without asking *how* these brethren are to support their families with such a meagre compensation.

A reform is needed in this department of our denominational interests and operations.

PITLO.

## OUR COLONIAL CHURCHES.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH, NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of the Baptist Messenger,

DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine, once a fellow-member with me of a Baptist church, a few miles south of London, writing from Nelson, a few months back, says, "It has been a matter of surprise to the Baptists here, that the churches in England do not appear acquainted with the fact that there exists a Baptist church in this colony. Persons coming here. If they are members at home, bring no letters of dismission with them, and this is said to be accounted for by their ignorance of the existence of any religious community of our denomination in these parts," and the writer goes on to say, "Our pastor says, he has written to the Baptist Magazine, and other periodicals that we have amongst us, but either the communications have not reached home, or something has happened to prevent their being inserted. The subject was discussed at one of our meetings, and we could not help expressing our feelings of regret that our friends at home should know so little of what is going on at the Antipodes."

We infer that, by some mischance, those letters did not reach their destination, as we cannot, for a moment, imagine, that the editors of any of our own denominational magazines would object to insert a simple statement of facts that would, doubtless, be interesting to many of their readers.

We will leave the "brief extract" from our friend's letter to plead for itself. In the meanwhile, it has struck me that, if occasionally brief accounts of the history of some of our Colonial churches be inserted in your magazine, it would tend much to increase our knowledge and excite our sympathy on their behalf. I have papers in my possession, from which I could compile a short account of the rise and progress of this one church, and doubtless there are friends in

other parts of the country who would cheerfully follow the example, we should thus be able to gather, in course of time, a mass of valuable and interesting information respecting the more important of the churches,

and, I have no doubt, it would be received with interest by the mass of English Baptists—I am, sir, yours truly,

J. E. KNIGHT.

30, Cannon-street West.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**LYMINGTON.**—The Rev. W. A. Popley resigns the pastorate of the Baptist church here at Michaelmas next.

**MIDDLETON TERESA DALE.**—Mr. William John Wilson, of Whitehaven, has received a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastoral charge of the church in this place.

**BLACKHEATH.**—Douro-park Chapel.—Mr. J. Bosar, formerly of Ely, and late of Queen's-square, Brighton, having accepted from the church meeting as above, a twelve months invitation with a view to the pastorate, will (D.V.) enter on his labours the first Lord's day in September.

### NEW CHAPELS.

**NEATSBHEAD, Norfolk.**—The services connected with the re-opening of the Baptist chapel in this village, were held on Tuesday, July 23th. In the morning the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, preached from Psalm cxxvii, 1. In the afternoon the Rev. James Cubitt, of Thrapston, preached from Psalm lxxxix, 15. In the evening a public meeting took place, which was presided over by R. Cooke, Esq., of Stalham and addressed by the chairman, the Rev. J. Ventmore, of Ingham, T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, W. A. Courtenay, of North Walsham, James Cubitt, of Thrapston, J. Hassler, minister of the church, and J. H. Lummis, of Horton College. This enlargement will accommodate about an additional 200 persons. The contributions towards defraying the expenses incurred have been liberal.

**VELLY, near Corsham, Wilts.**—The foundation stone of a new chapel, in this village, was laid on Tuesday, July 23th, by Mr. Goold, of Corsham. After the stone was laid, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. J. Joplin, of Chippenham, and a short address was delivered by the Rev. J. Smith, of Cheltenham. After the service, the congregation adjourned to a large tent, erected for the occasion, and Mr. Smith preached two sermons, to large congregations. A tea-meeting was held between the afternoon and evening services, and a large number sat down to tea. A liberal collection also was made.

**KINGSTON-UPON-TEAMES, Surrey.**—The Baptist chapel having proved inadequate to accommodate the numbers who were anxious to attend, an enlargement was agreed upon, which has been ably carried out; all the money required being collected in three months, and the chapel re-opened on Lord's day, July 20th, on which occasion the Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached two sermons to large and attentive congregations.

**SHEPTON-MALLET, Somersetshire.**—On Tuesday, July 23th, a place of worship for the use of the Baptist denomination was opened in this place. Hitherto there had been no chapel, and the friends have been

obliged to hold their services in a cottage, but the number of attendants increasing, and the necessities of the case becoming apparent, some property was obtained, consisting of a house and garden, the freehold of which was purchased for £70, and it has since been vested in trustees for the use of the Baptist denomination; the total cost of the purchase and the necessary alterations being £135. Towards this, the friends at Wells, Shepton-Mallet, and the neighbourhood, have subscribed £65, leaving a debt on the place of £70. The opening services were held with hopeful prospects of success. In the afternoon, a prayer-meeting was held, and an eloquent address delivered by the Rev. G. McMichael, B.A. of Bridgwater, after which a tea-meeting was held, when about 130 friends sat down, and in the evening an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Winter, of Bristol. The other brethren taking part in the services were the Revs. T. Davies, of Paulton, G. Pulling, of Crosscombe, and Benjamin Davies, of Wells.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**BUILTH.**—Ebenezer Baptist Chapel.—On Thursday morning, July 16th, the Rev. G. Straffen, of Presteign, was publicly recognised as pastor over the church in this place. The service was opened by the Rev. D. C. Davies, of Alpha chapel, the Rev. D. Jarman Newbridge, of Wye, proposed the usual questions, and offered the designation prayer, after which he delivered an address on the nature of a Christian Church, and the Rev. Enoch Price, late of Maesbyrthillan, addressed the pastor on the nature and duties of the Christian ministry, and concluded the service by prayer. The afternoon service was introduced by the Rev. E. Lloyd Abercromby, and the Rev. D. P. Davies, of Horeb chapel, preached an excellent sermon. The evening service was opened by the Rev. E. Price, and the Rev. — Griffiths of Aberdare preached in Welsh, and the Rev. D. C. Davies in English. The services were well attended, and a good feeling prevailed through the day.

**CAMDEN-ROAD CHAPEL, Upper Holloway.**—On the 21st inst., a large and very interesting public meeting was held for the recognition of the Rev. F. Tucker, late of Manchester, as the pastor of the newly-formed church, at which Dr. Steane presided, and delivered a very appropriate introductory address. A number of ministers, both Independents and Baptists, were present, and took part in the devotional engagements of the evening. Amongst those present were the Rev. Messrs. Brook, Harrison, Snelman, Reed, Marten, Fenning, White, Gittens, Salter, and Hatch. George Hadfield, Esq., M.P. for Sheffield, was also present, and addressed the meeting on one

of Mr. Tucker's Manchester friends, bearing testimony to the high estimation in which he was held by all who knew him at Manchester, and the great grief which his removal had caused. A statement was then given by Mr. Cartwright on behalf of the committee of management, as to the origin and progress of the chapel and the cause with their present position and prospects. Mr. Tucker then addressed the meeting at some length. The introductory services of singing, reading, and prayer were severally conducted by the Messrs. R. H. Marten, E. White, and J. Leechman. After Mr. Tucker's address, the Rev. J. C. Harrison offered prayer, the Rev. Andrew Reed gave out a hymn, and the Rev. W. Gittens offered the concluding prayer; and after a few words from Dr. Steane, this interesting meeting was closed with prayer.

## BAPTISMS.

- ABERGAVENNY**, Lion-street, July 12.—Two by Mr. Sidney Young.  
 — Frogmore-street, June 23.—Four by Mr. Butterworth.
- ABERDALE**, July 5.—Eight in the river Cynnon by Mr. Price.
- ARNSBY**, near Leicester, July 5.—Four by Mr. Evans.
- BEDFORD**, Bunyan Meeting, July 1.—Ten by Mr. T. T. Gough of Clipstone.
- BILDSTON**, Suffolk, June 21.—Three by Mr. Thompson, making sixteen during the last ten months, and more than had been added during the previous sixteen years.
- BIRMINGHAM**, New Hall-street, May 31.—Seven by Mr. O'Neil.
- BOLTON**, July 5.—One by Mr. Walker, of Pembroke.
- BLACKWATER**, June 21.—Two by Mr. Sale.
- BRADFORD**, Yorkshire (General Baptist), July 7.—Thirteen by Mr. Wood.  
 — Infirmary-street, May 30.—Eighteen by Mr. G. Dunn.
- CARDIFF**, Bethany, June 23.—Three by Mr. Tilley (see Baptist Reporter).
- CHELtenham**, Cambray Chapel, July 19.—Six by Mr. Smith.
- CHESTER**, Hamilton-place, Aug. 23.—One by Mr. Price.
- CLARE**, Suffolk, August 2.—Seven by Mr. Pells.
- CRADLEY**, Worcestershire, July 9.—Three; and July 16, Two by Mr. Jeavons.
- EAST DERHAM**, Norfolk, July 19.—Seven by Mr. Williams.
- ENFIELD**, Highway, July 29.—Five by Mr. J. Beaver.
- GORELEY**, near Ross, June 21.—Four by Mr. Hall.
- GREAT ELLINGHAM**, Norfolk, May 23.—Four by Mr. Williams.
- HASLINGDEN**, June 1.—Six by Mr. Prout.
- HAVEFORDWEST**, June 21.—Two by Mr. Burditt, after a sermon by Mr. Davies; also, July 12, Five by Mr. Burditt.
- HOLYWELL**, July 26.—Six by Mr. Roberts.
- KINGSTON-ON-THAMES**, Surrey.—July 29th, Mr. T. W. Medhurst immersed six believers in the name of the Triune Jehovah, one of the candidates being the last of a household.
- KIRTON LINDSEY**, Lincolnshire, June 7.—One by Mr. Stapleton.
- LEBBURY**, July 1.—Five by Mr. Wall.
- LEEDS**, South Parade Chapel, August 2.—Nine by Mr. Town—one of the deacons. One was his own daughter; and the Rev. Dr. Acworth, at the Lord's table, referred with pleasure to his having baptised Mrs. Town, during his own pastorate of that church, 27 years before. One was a person residing at a distance, who had been a Methodist, and had been convinced of the Scripturalness of believers' baptism. The other seven (like three out of the four candidates baptised in July, and, indeed, most of those baptised for a considerable time past) were the fruits of the Divine blessing on the instructions given in the York-road branch Sabbath-schools, and the preaching of the Cross by Mr. Town in the same place.
- LINCOLN**, Mint-lane, June 23.—Five.
- LIVERPOOL**, Stanhope-street, June 23.—Two by Mr. Hughes.  
 — Byron-street, June 23.—Three by Mr. Dawson.  
 — Great Crosshall-street, July 12.—Two by Mr. Thomas, town missionary.
- LLANDIDLOES**, Short-bridge, June 21.—One, a Sunday-school teacher, by Mr. Evans.
- LONDON**, New Park-street, Aug. 24.—Twenty-six by Mr. Spurgeon.  
 — Edon-street, Moorfields, June 23.—Two by Mr. J. D. Williams, Welsh missionary.  
 — Romney-street, Westminster, June 30.—Two, one an Independent minister, by Mr. J. D. Williams.  
 — Stoke Newington, July 30, at Wellington-road Chapel.—Six by Mr. Dovey; four of whom for the Church at Salem Chapel, and two for the Church at Wellington-road Chapel.  
 — Church-street, Blackfriars, June 23, Four; July 26, Two, by Mr. Barker.
- MANCHESTER**, York-street, June 24.—One by Mr. Chenery.
- NANTYGLO**, August 4.—Fourteen by Mr. Williams. Almost all the candidates are Sunday scholars.
- PADIHAM**, Lancashire, July 26.—Three by Mr. R. Brown.
- POPLAR**, August.—Five by Mr. Preece.
- SANDY HAVEN**, Pembroke-shire, July 5.—One by Mr. Davies.
- ST. IVES**, Hunts, July 19.—Eloven by Mr. Harcourt, in the river Ouse, in the presence of 2,000 persons.
- SWANSEA**, July 5.—Five by Mr. Hill.
- UXBRIDGE**, July 26.—One by Mr. Lowdon.
- WARMINSTER**, Wilts, July 6.—Four by Mr. Price.
- WHITTLESEA**, August 2.—Three by Mr. D. Ashby.
- WREXHAM**, June 7.—Two by Mr. Griffiths.

## SERVICE TO BE HOLDEN.

Harvest Thanksgiving and Anniversary Services will be conducted in the Baptist Chapel, Eynsford, Kent, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, September 29, at half-past two and six o'clock. Tea refreshments will be provided in the British School-rooms.

## OUR HEAVENLY FATHER'S PITY.

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

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."—  
PSALM ciii. 13.

WHAT a blow this is for our pride! Then God's children are pitiable objects, notwithstanding that He hath "crowned them with glory and honour;" hath given them perfection in Christ Jesus; hath breathed into them the breath of spiritual life; hath "set their feet upon a rock, and established their goings;" yet they are, and they ever will be, so long as they are here below, pitiable objects. It is like tolling the death knell of all our pride, to talk about pitying. Why, my brethren, we shed our pity profusely upon the ungodly; we are often pitying the wicked, the profane, the blasphemous, and Sabbath-breaker; but here we find God pitying us. Even David, the mighty Psalmist, is pitied; a prophet, a priest, a king, each of these shall have pity from God, for He "pitieth them that fear Him," and finds reason for pitying them, however high their station, however holy their character, or however happy their position. We are pitiable beings. Oh! boast not, believer; be not thou too loud in praise of thyself; put thy finger on thy lips, and be silent when thou hearest that God pities thee. Next time carnal security would creep in, or fleshly conceit would get the upperhand of thee, remember this, that God, whilst thou art boasting, is pitying; and whilst thou art triumphing, He is looking down upon thee with a pitying eye of compassion, for he findeth reason for compassion, when thou canst only see cause for glorying.

Our subject then, beloved, will be a review; a review of our lives, if we be the Lord's children, and fear Him. I hope it will be profitable to us; but certainly it will not be profitable to us through the newness of the thoughts—but rather by "stirring up your pure minds by way of remembrance," to look back upon all the way whereby the Lord your God hath led you. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." First of all, notice the displays of this pity; then the spirit of this pity; and then, lastly, note the objects of this pity.

I. THE DISPLAYS OF THIS PITY: "Like as a father," &c. When does a father display his pity towards his child? We answer, on divers and many occasions.

Sometimes the father's pity is bestowed upon the *child's ignorance*. He himself knoweth a thing, which to his child is a profound mystery; he himself knoweth a certain truth, which is to him an axiom and an element of his knowledge; but to his child it seemeth like the apex of the pyramid of knowledge—he wondereth how he can ever attain to so high a pitch of learning. And, oh, how foolish are the child's surmises! How long is he guessing after truth; and how mistaken are the axioms which he founds upon his mistakes of thought! And how the father pities the child if it falls among bad companions, who teach it errors; who, instead of filling its mind with truth, fill it with falsehood! When it cometh to the father with all those strange stories, with which wicked men have filled its little ears, the father pities it, that it should be so ignorant as to be carried away by every wind of tattling; that it should receive every talker into its confidence, and believe everything because man hath said it; taking every man's opinion, and believing what every man declares to be right! And when, in the plenitude of our wisdom, we think ourselves infallible, God looketh down on our wisdom as being childish folly; when, in the glory of our wondrous eloquence, we talk great things, God looketh down upon us as upon the prattler, who talketh fast, but talketh foolishly. And often when we come before our fellows, and spread before them wondrous discoveries that we have made, He that sitteth in the heavens doth not laugh in derision, but he smyleth in compassion, that we should think ourselves so wise in having discovered nothing, and so supremely learned in having found out untruths. And how God must pity his dear family when he finds them led astray by false doctrine and error! How many there are of God's people, who go up to houses of prayer—so called—where, instead of hearing the sound



truths of the kingdom of heaven, they are taught all kinds of strange things, where they hear "another Gospel, which is not another, but there be some that trouble you;" where all the isms and fancies of man are preached, instead of the truth of God, in all its discrimination, in all its power, in all its constancy and its everlastingness, and its application to the soul by the Spirit of God. How God pities some of his children, who are thus led astray! They, perhaps, say of their minister, "Is he not intellectual? Is he not a blessed minister? Though he said nothing of Jesus Christ to-day, yet it was such a clever discourse! It is true, he said nothing about God's Gospel; but then see how beautifully he cleared up that point of metaphysics! It is quite certain that he did not lead me to hold more fellowship with my Redeemer; but then how marvellously excellent was that distinction between those two terms which he employed! I never heard a man so clever as my own minister! Oh! I cannot go and hear any of those vulgar preachers that just talk to their hearers in a way that servant girls and mechanics like to hear! I like to hear my minister, for he is so profoundly wise, that I do not believe there are many people in the chapel besides myself who can appreciate him! I will go and hear him, sweet, dear man; for he does so puzzle me sometimes that I do not know what on earth he is after; and when he has finished his discourse, it has been such a blessed one, that I have lost my way, and said, dear me, the time is all gone, and I wonder what it has all been about! God pities his children when they are in this position. He does not pity them when they hear the truth, however roughly the morsels may be hewn, and however they may be served up on the coarsest platter that human speech can give. He pities them not, when they get such things as these; but he does pity them when they are misled and misguided; when they are carried away by "philosophy, falsely so called;" being misled by the seeming wisdom of man, which, after all, is but folly, having nought of wisdom in it; the highest wisdom being that of believing what God has said; receiving God's truth simply as God's truth, and asking no questions about it. God pities his children, however, in all their ignorance; he is not angry with them, nor doth he speak sharply to them; but he leadeth them on by His Spirit, until they understand His truth, and receive His word.

It were well, however, if there were nothing else but ignorance to bear with. But the parent hath worse than that to endure, he hath to endure the *frowardness and waywardness* of human nature. There is the continual uprising of the evil passions; the perpetual proneness to disobedience; the frequent wandering from the path of righteousness; and oftentimes the father has to pass that by with, perhaps, just a little admonition, but without a frown, without a sharp word, without a blow; he has to say, "My child, it is all forgiven you;" and, though oftentimes his temper may be wearied, yet he hath to have patience with his child; for he pities the child's frowardness; he knoweth that he, too, was once a child himself, and then he did the same; and, therefore, doth he have patience with his child, and pity him. My brethren, what pity has the Lord had with you and with me, in all the frowardness of our wanderings! How often have we gone astray; and yet, compared with our wanderings, how seldom have we been chastised! How frequently have we broken his commandments, and rebelled against his covenant; and yet how light have been the strokes of chastisement, compared with the weight of our guilt! and how seldom hath he afflicted us, compared with the tremendous frequency of our transgressions! How hath he had patience with all our shortcomings, and hath bidden his hand be still, when, if it had been like ours, it would have risen in hot anger to smite us to the dust! Truly, he hath pitied us, "Like as a father pitieth his children," only with a greater patience. Even as He is greater than earthly fathers, so hath His pity been more continuous, more perpetual, and more long-suffering, than the pity of any parent that has ever breathed.

And as a father pitieth his child, not only in all its frowardness, but in all its *actual transgressions*, and downright sin, when it grows from the mere passion up to the crime—like as a father still pitieth his child, even when his follies have ripened into the worst of guilt, so hath God pitied us, my brethren and sisters,

when we have actually gone into gross sin before conversion; ay, and some of us after it. When we have gone astray like lost sheep, have broken the hedges of His commands, and have gone rambling over the dark hills of transgression; still hath He had pity upon us! It is amazing how far a father's pity will go towards a child, if it transgress never so much. There are some who have shut the door in thold children's face, and bidden them never pass their house again, nor come near them, nor speak of them; for they have determined they would never take their name on their lips anymore, nor consider them their children. But such fathers, I trust, are but few in number; it is rarely that we meet with such. A father usually endureth much, and endureth long. After he hath had his peace destroyed, and his gray hairs almost brought with sorrow to the tomb; after his family has been made a wreck, and he has lost almost everything he had, by the profligacy of his son—still his love, tenacious to the last, holdeth to his son, and will not let him go. And when others speak harshly of him, the old man palliates his son's guilt, perhaps a little too foolishly; but if he can find an excuse for him he does; he will not have it that his son is worse than others; and he will allow no man to make his son's guilt greater than it is; but will, as far as he can, try to make it less. Ah! our Father is not foolishly pitiful; but He is pitiful just as much as if He were foolishly so. Ay, and He is better than that; He is wisely pitiful over the most erring of His children. Our God is no Arminian god; the Arminian's god is a pitiless god to his children. He is pitiful enough to all the world, but pitiless to his own children; for when they sin he cuts them out of the covenant; and if they transgress, he bundles them out of doors, and no mistake; tells them they are not his children any longer; and because of their transgressions, he un-Christ's them, and will have it they are none of his, and shall be damned at last, despite the fact that Christ has died for them, that the Holy Spirit has regenerated them, and they have been justified. He casts them away from his presence, and they are to be lost for ever. He is a pitiless god. But the god of these people is no relation to our God. We do not believe in their god, nor do we fear him, nor bow before him. Ours is a God constant in His affection, not merciless towards His children; and when they go astray, He pities all their guilt and sin. It is true He takes the rod into His hand, and sometimes causes them to weep and cry by reason of the soreness of His chastisement; He applyeth the rod to their very soul, and bringeth the iron into their inmost spirit; He maketh them smart and cry, and groan and sigh; but all He doth is in pity, because He would save them. He will not let them go unpunished, because He pities them. Just as the physician will not let the man go without his medicine, because he pities him in his disease; so God will not let His children go without His chastisement, because He pities them in their sin. And mark, too, even that chastisement is one of pity; there is not one stroke over, not one twig too many, not one drop of gall too much, and that drop none too bitter; the affliction is all measured out, and weighed in balances and scales, all given as it should be—no more than there is a needs-be for. God pitieth His children in all their chastisement, and pitieth them in all their guilt and wanderings, and He will not let them go, nor will He suffer them to perish, for He pities them still.

And God pities His children *in sickness*; that is a time when a father pities his children very much. It does not say—"Like as a mother pitieth her children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and I think the reason is this: not because a mother's pity is less intense, and less affectionate—for it is more so, by far—but because it is sometimes less effectual. A mother may pity her child, and she may not be able to preserve it from an enemy. The mother may pity her child when it is sick, but she may be alone in the house, and she may not be able to travel far enough to find a physician; and, therefore, God has put in, not merely the affection, but the strength of pity—"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." On the bed of sickness, the strength of pity breaks out of Christ, towards God's people. He does not stand, as the mother would, to weep over the child, but He doth more than that; He doth give true compassion; He

doth sympathise; but, more than that, He heals! He makes the wounded spirit whole; removes the aching pain from the conscience, blinds up the broken spirit, makes the weak strong, and the faint one rejoice! He gives us strength of pity; and some of us can remember that strength of pity, when, in our sickness, we lay tossing in our beds, without strength left so much as to pray; when we said our heart and our flesh had failed us, and we must die; when our brain was racked with discordant thoughts, and reason seemed to have left its throne, and black thoughts held carnival within our brain—which, for a while, was under the dominion of the Lord of Misrule—and revelry was kept there perpetually. It was then, when we could do nothing, that he came to us, not merely with the faint whispers of compassion, but with the strong voice of healing, and bid our fears be still, and comforted our aching heart, and then made our flesh leap for joy, because our spirit, its twin sister, had been broken on the wheel, and now it had been delivered, and made whole. Thus the Lord pities his children; he hath pitied us in all our sicknesses.

And, my brethren, your Heavenly Father pities His children under all their manifold trials, of whatever kind, and from whatever quarter; as, when persecuted, you have had His pity; when the jeer and taunt have been spent upon you; and when worse than that has been attempted against your person. You have had to bear the brunt of poverty; you have had God's pity shed upon you, and you have had a pity, too, that was not barely that of words; you have had the pity of help; He has given you your bread in your extremity, and made your water sure when the brook was dry. Ye who have lost your friends, and have had to weep over numerous bereavements; ye who have well-nigh filled a cemetery with your family, who have been swept away one after another; not once have you been bereaved without the pity of your God; never once has the clay fallen on the coffin lid, with "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," without the pity of your God falling on your heart, like gentle dew from heaven. He hath ever pitied thee in thy low estate; hath been ever with thee in all thy varied troubles, and hath never left thee, amidst scenes of confusion, and the greatest complaints; He hath kept by thy side, and led thee all thy journey through; and here thou canst raise thine Ebenezer, and write these words of our text upon it—"Like as a father pitieth his children," so the Lord hath pitied me up to this hour.

Yet, once more, sometimes God's people have wrongs, and a father pities his children, if they have wrongs that are unrevenged. I know a father, who sometimes says, "If you strike me, you may strike me again, and I will turn you yet again the cheek, and you may smite me as long as you please. But," says that good man and he is a peace man too; like myself, a thorough peace man, though a little inconsistent—"Strike my children, and I will knock you down, if I can! I will not have you meddle with them. If you strike me, I will not resist you; you may do what you please with me; if you strike my children, that I never can endure; I love them so, that I should break through every principle to resent it; so strong is my natural affection for them, that though I might conceive myself to be wrong in all I did, I should be sure to do it, most certainly." Depend upon this, there is nothing brings a man's metal up like touching his children; and it is true of God. You may curse Him, and he will not be so wrath with you as if you touch His children. "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye." If any of you want to know the shortest road to damnation, I will tell it to you—despise God's little ones; treat God's people ill, and you will damn yourself by express. "He that toucheth one of these little ones and offendeth them, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the sea."

There never was a wrong done to one of God's people that God did not avenge; there has never been an ill deed done towards them yet but He hath punished the enemy for it. Though he suffered Assyria to break Israel in pieces, yet let Assyria speak when she riseth from her tomb, and tell how terribly God hath shivered her with a rod of iron, because she vaunted herself

against the people of the Most High. Let old Rome testify; on her is the blood of the martyrs. And behold, our God hath broken her empire in pieces; the Roman emperor has ceased to exist, and his gaudy pomp is gone; ay, and modern Rome, too, hath a fearful doom to come; she, above all other cities, hath a fearful future before her; she, that is wrapt in scarlet, and sitteth on the seven hills, the whore of Babylon, drunk with the blood of the saints, she, yet shall have her doom. Lo! God hath said it. She shall be rent in pieces, the nations shall eat her flesh, and she shall be burnt with fire and utterly consumed. God might have forgiven her all, if it had not been for the blood of the martyrs; the blood of His children crieth out against old Rome, and the blast of God goeth forth against her. The church of Rome never can be put again in the ranks of Christian churches; God hath forgiven other churches their sins, and despite errors in their doctrine and their practice, He hath kept them among the living churches; but of that church he hath said, "She hath made her garments red with the gore of my children; she hath stained her hands with the blood of the saints; she shall be cut off, root and branch, she that dealeth with her shall with her be cast away. Come out of Babylon, my people, lest ye be partakers of her plagues, and share with her in her fearful doom!" God pitieth his children; no martyr hath died unpitied, nor shall any martyr die unavenged; the ghosts of the martyrs, springing from their graves, do cry, "Revenge, revenge, upon the church of Rome." And it shall be had. Lo! the souls of the saints beneath the altar, cry, "How long, how long? Not long shall it be; the sword is made in heaven; 'tis furbished, and the God that pitieth them that fear Him, shall not let His hand spare, nor His eye pity, when He comes to avenge himself upon the demon church that hath dyed its garments with the blood of God's elect.

II. And now, dear friends, leaving that for a moment, I want you to note for a second or two, **THE SPIRIT OF GOD'S PITY.**

There are different sorts of pity. Some I would not have at any price whatever. Did you ever see the pity of contempt? Have you not very often seen a gentleman; he sees some poor man doing something or other, and he says, "Poor man, I do pity you? Have you never seen a very respectable aristocrat, who has never heard anything but the most orthodox speaking, turn his heel, and go out of a chapel door, and say, "Well, I do pity people who can hear such stuff as that?" The pity of contempt, we have often seen that. But that is not God's pity; He never pities his people in the way of contempt. A father never so pities his children. Sometimes, when a boy is writing a copy, a stranger, perhaps, goes through the school and says, "Well, he is an ignoramus;" and he pities him, perhaps. But then, there is a sneer with his pity, when he pities the poor lad. But the father comes into the room; the boy has just got into pot-hooks and hangers, and the father thinks he does it very well for such a little boy. He pities him, perhaps, that he does not do it better, but there is no contempt with his pity. Nor is there any contempt with God's pity; He sees what we are and pities us, but there is not a solitary grain of contempt in His pity to any of His people.

Other people's pity is a pity of inaction. "Oh, I pity your case very much," says a person to a sick woman. "Yes, your husband is dead, your children have to be supported, and you have to work hard. Well, my good woman, I pity you very much; but I cannot afford to give you anything; I have so many calls upon me." How much pity there is of that kind in the world! Why you can get pity, my friends, of that kind, in abundance. If you take the knocker of the first door you come to, you will get that; pity is the cheapest thing in the world, if that is all. But God's pity is not pity of that sort; it is not the pity of mere pity. It is not the pity of inaction; but when His heart moves, His hand moves too, and He relieveth all their wants.

And let me say, again, it is not the pity of sensitiveness. Said a gentleman, the other day, in my hearing, talking of accidents—"I saw a boy running down a lane, when a cab was coming at a very rapid rate; I saw that the boy must come under the horse's foot, and under the wheels; I stood for a moment thunder-

struck; I saw him leap up for a second, and then I saw him crushed to pieces under the wheels! I ran down the next street in a moment; I was so sensitive, I could not bear the sight." Instead of seeing what help he could give, he ran away. "Yet," he said, "I did not do that from any want of sympathy, or any want of pity; and when I stopped myself, I thought it useless to go back, for I am so sensitive that I naturally avoid every sight of misery." That is not God's way of showing pity; His pity is not the pity of the stranger who ran away. If that had been his own boy, he would have stopped and seen what was the matter, and tried to render assistance. But God's pity is the pity of the father; it is not the pity of the mere sensation of the moment, but the pity which desires to do something.

Then, tried believer, take your case before your God to-night in prayer. He is a God of pity, and not a God of mere pity. Go to him now if you are poor; tell him all your care, and try if he will not help you. Go and tell him that your spirit is depressed, and see if he will not cheer you; tell him that your way is hedged up, and that you cannot find your path, and see if he will not direct you. Tell him you are ignorant, and know nothing; and see if he will not teach you; tell him you have fallen, and see if he will not set you on your feet, take you by the arm, and teach you to go; tell him you are black by reason of your falls, and see if he will not wash and cleanse you; tell him you have cut yourself against a stone when you fell, and see if he will not bathe your sores; tell him you are distressed because you have sinned, and see if he will not kiss you with the kisses of his love, and tell you he has forgiven you. Go and try him, for his pity is a heavenly pity; it is the very mind of Paradise, that healeth sores effectually. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

III.—And now I close up, by noticing THE PEOPLE WHOM GOD PITIEH. Some of you He does not pity at all; you that do not fear Him, but trifle with Him—you that hate Him—you that despise Him—you that are careless about Him—you that never think of Him—you have none of His pity. When you are sick, He looks upon your sickness as a thing that you deserve; when you go astray, He looks upon your wandering as a more matter of course of your guilty nature; He is angry with you—wrathful with you. Your afflictions are not strokes of His rod—they are cuts of His sword; your sins are not things that He overlooks; but if you die as you now are, guilty and unsaved, you will have this to remember, that even when you are cast away by God, justice shall look upon you with a tearless eye, and say of you, "Ye knew your duty; but you did it not." And the stern voice of God, without so much as the quivering of pity; shall, because you have been desperately guilty, cast you from His presence for ever. Think not that this text will afford you any consolation in this life, or in that which is to come. Ye shall not have it, even for a drop of water for your tongues in hell; no pity shall be shed upon you there. If you could have pity bestowed upon you in the regions of your punishment, it might fall like a shower of gentle rain upon your tongues. But God bestoweth no pity upon you that love Him not, and fear Him not, and turn not from the error of your ways. Oh! that you would but fear Him! Would to God that He would make you fear Him now! Oh! that ye would tremble at His presence! and, then, oh! that ye could know yourselves to be His children, and fear Him as children do their parents! Oh! that ye did reverence His name, and reverence his Sabbaths! Oh! that ye did obey His commandments, and have His fear ever before before your eyes; then should your peace be like a river, and your righteousness be like the waves of the sea! Oh! that you were wise to bow yourselves before Him, wise to confess your guiltiness! Oh! that ye would come "just as you are, without one plea," to Jesus Christ! Oh! that you were stripped of everything; then might ye take Christ to be yours, and ye might come to Him, and rejoice in this, that henceforth He would pity you in all your sicknesses, and pity you in all your wanderings; pity you here, and at last lead you up where pity shall be unneeded, in the land of the blessed, in the home of the hereafter, where

the wroth rest, and the wicked cease from troubling, but do not cease from trouble; where they are troubled without pity, and pained without compassion, scourged without any leniency, and damned without an iota of mercy; being left to stern justice, and inflexible severity. Seeing that they would not turn at His reproach, but would have none of His warnings, and cast His truth behind their back; seeing that, being often reproved, they hardened their necks, and, therefore, were "suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy;" seeing that they have destroyed themselves; seeing that they have rejected every sign, and every preaching, and every word of the Gospel; seeing that they have despised the Son of God; seeing that they have loved their own righteousness better than Christ's—preferred sin to heaven, the penalties of iniquity to the reward of the righteous; therefore, without pity, they shall be shut away, for ever, from the regions of happiness, and banished from His presence. The Lord do otherwise with us, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

### PROBABILITY.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"It may be the Lord will work for us."—1 Sam. xiv. 6.

ISRAEL was in distress, for the Philistines were oppressing them. Jonathan was looking to the Lord, and expecting deliverance. He had no positive promise, he could see no way. Yet he was hoping in God. Alone with his armour-bearer, the thought struck him, "God will appear." "Let us," he said, "discover ourselves to the Philistines; it may be the Lord will work for us, for there is no restraint to the Lord, to save by many or by few." God is Omnipotent, and all things are easy to Omnipotence. Let us trust in God, and venture. He prescribed the signs, they acted in faith; God honoured them; deliverance was wrought, and a glorious victory was gained. This history was written for our admonition, it is intended to encourage faith, excite hope, and lead to effort. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. Few things are impossible to a believer. Let us realise a present God, keep the facts recorded in Scripture history in mind, attempt great things in God's name, and expect great things to be wrought for us by God's power. "*It may be the Lord will work for us.*"

WHAT DO WE WANT HIM TO DO? Each one of us has some special work for God to do. Work which only God can do. Work which we should put into God's hands to be done. Work which it will glorify God to do, because no one else can; and, therefore, work which we should expect God to do. If we employ the Lord, we shall never repent of it. If we employ Him in faith, we shall have cause to praise Him. Here is a parent, he has a child, who has withstood all his prayers, tears, and intreaties. The Gospel only seems to harden him. He sins more and more. He has stifled powerful convictions. He has conquered deep impressions. He can speak reproachfully of God's people, and trifle with God's day. Thousands of prayers, accompanied with strong crying and tears, have been offered for him—but all seems in vain. Satan suggests, "It is no use praying; give over." Hope deferred has made the heart sick, and bitter disappointment, oft repeated, has produced languor at the Throne of Grace. The troubled spirit cries out, "I am afraid the case is desperate, that neither prayer or effort will be of any use. I must give up." Give up, friend, did you say? Give up! Never. Persevere; pray more fervently, strive more earnestly, grasp the promise more firmly, and say with Jonathan—"It may be the Lord will work for us." Yes; the Lord will work in His own time, and in His own way. Prayer can never be lost. It must bring down blessings. The Lord never said, "Seek ye My face in vain." Go, go, and go again to Jesus, and say, as the poor man in the Gospel did, "Master, I have brought unto Thee my son." Or, as the poor woman did, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David, for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." Jesus healed the son, and delivered the daughter, and it may be that He will yet deliver yours. However, never give over until death prevents perseverance.

Here is a Christian, or it may be a minister of Christ, and he is connected with a church that is dull, or worldly, or declining; he has prayed and preached, and used all likely means to revive it, but it is nothing bettered, but rather grows worse. What is to be done? Is it to be given up, as if the case was hopeless? Shall the Christian withdraw from its fellowship, or the minister resign his office? Perhaps both would do wrong if they did. Let us ask, has every means been tried? Has God shut up His loving-kindness in displeasure? First, let us look into ourselves, is all right there? Then let us look into our lives, is all right there? Then let us look into our doctrine, style of preaching, and motives, is all right there? If not, let us get rid of the evil, and obtain grace to set us right. Then let us begin afresh to labour for Christ, to wrestle with God, and set our hearts upon a revival of religion. Let us go to work in good earnest, and say with Jonathan—"It may be the Lord will work for us." But we have something more than a "may be," here, for the Lord will work. If not in the way we wish, or mark out, He will work. He may try our faith, prove our sincerity, exercise our patience, and make us wait. But He will work. Satan will try, by all means, to hinder, or discourage us. Our own hearts may misgive, and yield for a time to unbelief. But if our hearts are set upon obtaining the blessing—if, like Jacob, we cannot, will not go without it, we shall have it. God will open the windows of heaven, and pour it out. He will pour water upon His thirsty ones, and floods upon the dry ground; He will pour His Spirit upon our seed, and His blessing upon our offspring. He will comfort all our waste places, and He will make our wilderness like Eden, and our desert like the Garden of the Lord. Instead of the thorn, will come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier will come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name—for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off. Discouraged Christian, tried servant of God, toil on, hope on, pray on, and let this be the burden of thy prayer, "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee." And let this encourage your hope, "It may be the Lord will work for us."

Here is a believer in pecuniary difficulties, brought on, not by rash speculations, or extravagance, or idleness; but he is in difficulty, and knows not which way to turn. What is he to do? Do! Look to the Lord, for the silver and gold are the Lord's, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He can make a way for your escape. He can supply all your needs. He has made many precious promises to the poor, and to those who are in temporal difficulties. Pray earnestly, act honestly, labour diligently, and believe heartily, so shalt thou be delivered. Earnest prayer, honest action, persevering labour, and steady faith, will bring a man through any difficulty, and make him more than a conqueror. It is no use to sit down and sigh, or wander about, and tell thy troubles to men. Down upon thy knees and pray. Take up thy Bible and read. Let thy conduct be transparent. Diligently engage in any employment that offers. So doing, God will clear thy path; God will chase away the clouds, and thy efforts shall be crowned with success. Lay firm hold of that precious promise, "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High; and call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." A church may be in pecuniary difficulties, a heavy debt on the house of prayer, and the depression of trade, or other causes may throw a people into perplexity. What is to be done? Done! Let all unite in prayer, and pray as earnestly for money as they would for grace—let all combine to do their utmost to meet the case, and they must conquer. Our motto may encourage them. What were Jonathan and his armour-bearer against the host of the Philistines? But Jonathan said, "Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised; it may be the Lord will work for us." And the Lord did work for them, and the Philistines were subdued under them. Just so now—whatever difficulty is thrown in our way—whether temporal or spiritual—whether personal or relative—let us face it in God's strength, and let us expect God to work for our deliverance. He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and in Him we should trust for our present deliverance. Difficulties we may meet with—impossibilities never. Here is a Christian, sur-

rounded by foes, they may be human or infernal, visible or invisible, outward or inward. His weakness is great, his fears are strong, his doubts are many. His heart sinks within him, and something whispers, that he will surely perish by the hand of Saul. But the Saul has never been created yet, who can crush the Christian who has faith in God's Word, who pleads at God's throne, and stands in God's strength. He may look upon all that oppose him, and though the case may appear improbable to nature, as it was that Jonathan and his armour-bearer should vanquish the host of the Philistines, yet as it was in their case, so it shall be in his. Christian, put on thy sword-proof helmet, gird on thy spear-proof breastplate, take thy shot-proof shield, and grasp thy two-edged sword; now go forth against thy foes, saying to thy fellows, "*Come on, it may be that the Lord will work for us.*" Aye, He will work for thee, and there will soon be a great shaking among the hosts of thy enemies, for a trampling will seize them, and they will flee before thee—"One of you shall chase a thousand; and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

Believer, let nothing discourage thee, for the Lord of Hosts is with thee, and the God of Jacob is thy refuge. The Lord will work for thee, and He will work in thee, both to will and to do of His good pleasure. Yea, He will fulfil in thee all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power. Whatever difficulty you meet with—whatever trouble comes upon you—whatever duty devolves on you, go forward as Jonathan did, saying to thy fellows, "*Come on, it may be the Lord will work for us.*" Sinner, see the privilege of the believer, and contrast thy own sad state with his. Thou hast no God to work for thee—no promise to comfort thee—no good hope to animate thee. Thou art in a pitiable state, and thou art going on from bad to worse. Thou hast enough to bear up under now; but what will you do on a bed of sickness, on thy dying pillow, and at the judgment seat of Christ? What will comfort you when heart and flesh are failing? Who will speak for you at the dread tribunal at the last day? Ah, you will be speechless then!—you will be hopeless then! Stripped of every false covering, your naked soul must meet the heart-searching gaze of a sin-hating God; and with all your secret sins placed in the light of God's countenance, you will be required to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Then you must say why you sinned—why you refused to repent of sin—why you refused to be saved by the Lord Jesus Christ—why you preferred being God's enemy, when He besought you to be reconciled. What account will you be able to give? How will you stand the scrutiny? How will you escape an eternal hell? Repent of sin. Believe in Jesus, and God will work for you—yes, for YOU.

### AN ELOQUENT NEGRO PREACHER.

Our readers may not have heard of Mr. Carper, of America, the eloquent Negro preacher, who is producing an immense sensation amongst people of his own colour wherever he appears; but we are sure they will read with deep interest a sketch of one of his characteristic sermons. The subject is—

#### THE "RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE."

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—REV. xxii. 1.

Brederen, we all knows what a ribber am. It am a mighty pretty ting, an' always looks to me like a ribbin danglin' from de bosom ob old moder earth. Dere be White Ribber, an' dero be Black Ribber; de Mississippi Ribber, an' de Ohio Ribber; Tennessee an' old Tombigbee, which we used to see way down in old Alabama. How of'on hab we stood on de banks ob some ob dese here ribbers, an' seed dere blue or creamy waters move along dotted an' 'dented wid eddies an' ripples, like de great dent corn ob de big bottoms; an' dese eddies, whirling an' gauboling, an' den molting out into each oder, like de smile ob welcome on de face ob a friend, afore he do you a favour, an' seemin' to say ob de ribbers, whose waters dey adorn, We flow for all, an' flow on, on, for eber. What would we do in dis world



widout ribbers? Dey be de servants ob de sea, an' as dat great water press itself up fru de earth, an' as de sun an' de cloud, as de larnt men tell us, lift its waters up fru de air, to descend in sparklin' showers on de hill an' de vale, de corn, de cotton, tobacco, fillin' men's hearts wid joy and gladness; an' dese ribbers gadder de sea-born springs an' de cloud-born rains, an' return dem again to dere home in de sea, to repeat dere mission ob mercy to man! De waters, brederen, are like oroult-riders, gwine all de while round an' round, doin' goud. O, how we lub our preacher! when he come round here to dis 'pointment, an' preach once a day to us, poor black people, telling us how Jesus died for us, an' how dat we shall be as white as any ob dem in hebbin, an' sweep de gold-paved streets ob de new Jerusalem wid our muslin robes ob linen, white an' clean, which be de righteousness ob de saints. Sister, instead dere ob leanin' ober de cotton-hill in de hot day, wid de great drops ob sweat drippin' down on de hoe-handle, an' castin' a wishful eye now an' den at your shortenin' shadder, which an your watch to tell you when it is noon; instead ob wishin', in your weariness, dat de row was hoed out, de hoe-cake dun, an' dat de horn would blow, you shall bent wid an angel form ober de harp ob Judea, an' wake its strings to dose notes—[here the old man's voice became very tremulous, and a big tear trembled in his eye]—which has sounded down de ages so sweet in de ears ob all de sints, an' which notes in hebbin are as much sweeter in dere music den dey eber can be on earth, as de notes ob a fiddle ober yer gourd banjoes.—[Here a loud shout of hallelujahs was raised, and the sable audience seemed to perfectly appreciate the illustration.]

But I'se speakin' ob ribbers. Dey are God's great turnpike-roads from de Nort to de Sout, from de East to de West, an' de big steam-boats jus' walk'in dem, not like de giants fore de flood to do no good, but to bear our cotton, an' rice, an' sugar to de market, an' make de hearts ob our masses laugh. Dey also float de "broad horn" [flat-bottom boat] from de upper country, bringin' down de pig, de beans, de bacon, an' de chick'ns, widout which our mous' at de sugar-house, in de cotton fields, de rice swamp, an' tobacco field, would seldom be blessed wid greasy victuals, which poor slave like as much as old Isaac like de savory meat ob de deceivin' Jacob. When we get to hebbin, brederen, we shall hunger an' thirst no more. We shall lib just as well dere, in de quarters; as massa an' missus in de mansion. Dere be no quarters in hebbin; all be mansions. We read ob many mansions, but ob no quarters; ob saints an' angels, so many dat no man can number dem, an' yet ob no white folks nor black folks.—[Here a volley of "Amen's" and "Glories" momentarily drowned the voice of the speaker.]—Ribbers begin wid leetle creeks, which a leetle kiltten might wade, an' swell to a greatness on which de commerce ob de nations may trabel. Dey come widenin' an' widenin', an' growin' an' bilin', from old Chimborazo, de Mountains ob de Moon, de Rocky Mountains, or some oder region unknown to yer speaker's geography. Dere distant trabel, an' mighty grof, takin' de leetle streams an' lesser ribbers in dere bosom as dey flow, as a hen gaddereth her chick'ns under her wings, am one ob de tings which I like to tink about, as dey makes me tink ob Him who makes all tings bery good, an' who did not consider de garden ob Eden as finished till He had made a ribber to water it. De tree ob life, in de garden, no doubt, soaked its roots in de water ob dis ribber.

But de tex speak ob de ribber ob life. Dis, brederen, be de ribber ob salvation. De world be had off widout de great an' mighty ribbers which encircle it, like girdles ob silver and purity, but much wuss off widout dis one great ribber ob life, proceedin' out ob de throne ob God an' de Lamb. In dis tex, salvation be compared to waters, an' its course in de world to a flowing ribber. Let us notice de Inst' fust, trace de fountain head ob dis ribber, an' take a trip down in de old ship Zion.

Dis ribber flow out ob de throne ob God; dat is; it flow out ob God himself. God can hab no throne, an' when de Bible speaks ob Him sitting on de throne like a king, it only speaks in de language ob figure to help our ideas. God an too great to hab a throne; He fill everywhar Himself. Larnt men tell us dat dis earth be mighty big, eight thousand miles fru it, an' ten thousand miles around it; an' 'stronomers tell us dat dere be millions ob worlds all 'bout us, dancin' in nuffin'ness, many huu-

dred times greater den dis, an' yet if dese worlds were put togadder to make a seat for God to sit upon; dey would'n't answer de purpose any more den a pin's head would hab done for Jacob's pillar, at Bethel, when he seen de angels comin' down an' going up agin to hebban, as it were on a ladder. Sister, don't you nebber tink dat yer léntlo child, who die in yer arms, a long time ago, down in old Alabama, does not come down here in de night seasons, an' in de form ob an angel, and spread its wing ober yer pillar, or nestle in yer busam! O! when I lost my sweet, darlin' boy, dat bein' to Judge Noble, way down in Georgia, de third night after I buried him under de yellow clay, it seem as dough I seen him in de quarters, a lookin' right at me, an' pointin' away up in de sky, sayin', "Daddy, I lib up yender!" [Here a large fat sister fetched a scream, and commenced jumping towards heaven, with streaming eyes, exclaiming, "Dere's my home and portion fair," &c. But after this temporary episode and agreeable interruption, the speaker slowly and obliquely proceeded.] God am great, too great to sit down, too great to stand up; too great to take form; he be widout body or parts. God am a spirit, an' dis ribber ob life head is dis infinite fountain. It am de Spirit dat quickeneth our dead souls; it be de Spirit dat beget us anew in Christ Jesus; it be de Spirit dat make us happy. When we be filled wid de Spirit, we be filled wid de new wine ob de kingdom. De Holy Ghost, be one ob de daughters ob salvation. Den dere be de Lamb. O! de precious, bleedin', Calvary Lamb! God, trone, Lamb! Dis, brederen, teach de doctrine ob de Holy Trinity. As de ribber dat watered Paradise, so de ribber ob salvation, dat water de world, rise in tree springs, an' yet are dese springs but one. Dere be tree dat bear record in hebban, but dese tree are one.

But now ob de ribber. An' fust, like all de ribbers, it begin in a little spring branch. Dere be what I call de ribber ob promise. When Adam fell, an' de debbel tought he had outdone God, an' was about to run away wid de world, God appeared amid de glories ob him shameful victory, an' promised to bruise him head wid de seed ob de bery woman he had deceived. Dis, brederen, must hab humbled, 'stonished, an' alarmed de debbel, terrribly, as we s'pose he know what war comin'. His hell was bery hot before, but he had now creased it by an attempt to 'stingish de flames, dat tortured him. Adam an' Eve, sorry for what dey had done, an' fully believin' dis promise ob de Lord, hung up dere blasted hopes on dis golden chain let down from hebban, an' waterin' it wid de tears ob dere penitence, it soon bloomed agin like de orange blossoms on de coast in de spring ob de year. Here war de beginin' ob dis ribber. It flowed out ob Eden, an' our fust parents were compelled to follow its course, an' to find drinkin' ob its waters were dere only consolation. Abel drin'ked ob dem as he lifted up his bleedin' lamb upon his altar. Enoch always dwelt near de brink ob its waters. An' by invitation ob de angels one day, who were guidin' its infant channel, he went home wid dem to hebban. He war not, for God took him; took to show in de 'ginnin' ob de world's history, dat body as well as soul war to go up to hebban. De tree ob life, which would hab kep' us from bein' sick or dyin', Adam war removed from, so dat now our souls an' bodies mus' be seprated by death; but dey are to be put togadder agin in de resurrection. Oder patriarchs, Noah an' him sons, seated upon de bank ob dis ribber, drank ob its waters, an' lib for eber. After de flood, Abraham war called from Ur ob de Chaldees to settle upon its widenin' banks an' teach his children after him de efficacy ob its waters. But time would fail us to speak ob Melchizedek, ob Isaac, ob Jacob, ob Joseph an' Moses, ob Aaron an' Dabid, ob de law-gibbers, priests an' kings, all who libed along on de banks ob dis ribber, like de beautiful houses dat peep from orange groves, from behind de loves, along de mighty Mississippi. All dese libbed on de ribber ob promise. Dey dere were prophets, who declared dat de ribber war flowin' on; and dat it would break for in a mighty flood, and spread ober de whole earth; dat reeds an' rushes should spring up mid rocks an' sands; an' dat harvests should wave, an' beauty should blush whar total barrenness had reigned soboroign for 6,000 years. Here old Isaiah, who tuned his harp by holdin' his ear up to hebban, an' catchin' de key-note ob dis new an'

strange moosic, which de angels invented 'mid dere rapturous 'stoniahment, when dere war silence up dar for de space of half-an-hour. "De wilderness an' de solitary place shall be glad for dem, an' de desert shall rejoice an' blossom as de rose. It shall blossom 'bundantly, an' de glory ob Lebanon, ob Carmel, an' ob Sharon, shall be gib'n it. De parched ground shall become a pool, an' de thirsty lands springs ob water; an' de hab'tation ob dragons, whar each lay, shall become green an' grassy, wid reeds an' rushes. A 'ighway shall be dere;" dat be dis ribber. [Amen.] "It shall be called de way ob holiness; dat be dis ribber, [Amen.] "de nuclean spirit shall not pass ober it, [Glory,] but it shall be for dose"—us poor unlarnt people ob color—"de wayfarin' men, dough fools, shall not erredein!" [Glory, Halleluah!] O, brederen, how sweet to float down dis ribber! Ofn, when I hab floated down de Mississippi, on one ob massa's boats, an' set down on de deck in de ebenin', when all be still, an' de pale silbery moon show oberlyng in de lazy, mellow light; an' I'd hear de boathorn from afar, 'bove us, fillin' de whole air wid sweet, sad music, secwin' to say, We are comin', wid de voice ob song, an' like you, hastenin' down de ribber to obtain de treasures: of'n, den, hab I tought ob dis ribber ob salvation; an' I tink ob dis fact, now, when I hear Isaiah's windin' horn away up de ribber ob life in tones ob joy an' gladness. But de stream ob ages, floatin' down de waters ob dis ribber ob promise an' ob prolycey, break forth into de ribber ob redemption an' fulfillment, when, instead ob prophet's harps, or smokin' types, a light is seen upon de plains ob Bethlehem, which smote plow shepherds to de ground, followed by a multitude ob de hebbenly host, singin' togedder in de midnight sky, old Adam himself, p'raps, pourin' out his voico in bass, "Glory to God in de highest, on earth peace an' good will to man." Ob de 'istory, ob de birt ob Jesus, ob His miracles an' mercy, ob His death on Calvary, His resurrection de third day, an' ob His gwine up into hebben, we hab no time now to speak. But O! how sweet de story, an' what a mighty rise hero in dis ribber ob salvation! It has been risin' ebber since; ebery shower cause it to overflow its banks, widin which do old Jews always tought dey would keep it—de banks ob de law, brederen, dat is, de law ob carnal ordinances, which neider we nor our faders were able to hear.

De fust great shower dat produced de fust great freshet in dis ribber, came to pass on de day ob Pentecost. Tree thousand here drunked ob its waters, an' eber after took passage in the ole ship Zion. Dey be 'rived safely on t'ohor shore. But de shower dat turn away dis ancient ribber for eber from its ole channel, an' send it forth to water de earth wherebber it was thirsty, took place at de house ob Cornelius the Gentile. He war dry, and knew not what to drink. His alms an' prayers went up to God, bnt Christ come not into his heart, de hope ob glory. To be good, an' to do good, brederen, is not to hab religion. Yet dem that hab religion will always be good, an' do good. An angel reliebed Cornelius, an' might hab pointed his thirsty soul to de exhaustless waters ob de ribber ob life. But angels may sing ebbery time far off Omnipotence make a new world to break de blank ob emptiness; dey may chen be jurymen, an' help to judge de world in de day ob judgment; but dey shall not fill de exalted office ob preachin' to man. Dis office has been reserved for frail flesh, an' eben poor, despised "nigger" an permitted to fill dis princely station. Dis be to show de honor which God put upon our flesh when He came down to dis earth. Dis show, too, dat dis frail body, which crawlin' worms will consume, has been tak'n into de keepin' ob God, an' dat He will keep it, dough the lightning's may sport wid it, de alligators chaw it up, as dey did my broder, or de plow turn up our bones to bleach in de cotton-fields, as it has some ob our people 'fore us. For I be persuaded dat Ho will keep dat which I hab committed unto Him against dat day.

An' now, brederen, a word about de waters ob salvation. Dey be pure, clear as crystal. Dis be intended to show de word ob God, or de truth ob God, in which dere be no mixture ob error. Just tink how clear an' nothin' like, and yet it be somefin'! De pure waters gurgle up in your spring-house, so dat you can see do bottom ob de spring just as easy as if nothin' war dere. An' yet, when do day an

hot, an' you be dry, how you lub to take de gourd dat hang up dere, an' lit to yer lip dat puro substance, which, when you hab drunk, you feel strong agin, an' good all ober. Now, brederon, it be so wld do truth ob God to dat weepin', penitent, despairin' sinner. When he drink ob dese pure waters, clear as crystal, dey make bof soul an' body happy. O, sinner, come to dis slowin' ribber! its waters are yer feet; its billors kneel besech'n'ly to you, cryin', "Ho, ebbery one dat tirsts, come yo to de waters, an' him dat hab no money; come ye, buy wine an' milk, widout money an' widout price." Yes, tank God, dis ribber be water, or milk, or wine to us; 'cordin' to our faith; a continual feast to de poor, as well as to de rich. Halleluia! bless God that Ho ebber let loose dis ribber! How rapidly we glide to-day upon its movin' waters! It will open in de ocean ob eternity, right at de entrance of which am an island, called de land of Beulah, where dere am always light, life, an' love, an' whar de ransomed ob de Lord shall be near Him, an' go 'way from Him into sin an' sorrow no more, for eber an' eber. May we land safely dere, is de prayer ob yer unworthy speaker.

## COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Yes, who? There it lies—hard, cold, inexorable; the stone of silence—the stone of utter hopeless separation. Since the beginning of the world there it has been—no tears have melted it—no prayers have pierced it—the children of men, surging and complaining in their anguish of bereavement, have dashed against it, only to melt hopelessly backward as a wave fails and goes back into the ocean!

Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead inflexible *silence*. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased. There is always something left unsaid even when death has come deliberately and given full warning. How much more when it has fallen like the lightning, and the beloved has been wrenched from life without a parting look or word!

Walter Scott, after the death of his wife, wrote, "What shall I do with that portion of my thoughts that I have always been in the habit of telling only to her?" And after death, for many and many a weary day, the heart throbs and aches with things unsaid—and which can be said to no other—for each friend takes away a portion of ourselves. There was some part of our being related to him as to no other, and we had things to say to him which no other would understand or appreciate. A portion of our thoughts has become useless and burdensome—and again and again, with involuntary yearning, we turn to the stone at the door of the sepulchre. We lean against the cold, silent marble—but there is no answer—no voice—neither any that regardeth.

There are those who would have us think that, in our day, this doom is reversed—that there are means which have the power to restore us the communion of our lost ones. How many a heart, wrung and tortured with the anguish of this fearful silence, has throbbled with strange, vague hopes at the suggestion! When we hear, sometimes, of persons of the strongest and clearest minds becoming credulous votaries of certain spiritualistic circles, let us not wonder. If we inquire we shall almost always find that the belief has followed some stroke of death—it is only an indication of the desperation of that heart-hunger which in part it appeases.

Ah, were it true! were it, indeed, so that the wall between the spiritual and material is growing thin, and a new dispensation germinating, in which communion with the departed blest shall be among the privileges and possibilities

of this our mortal state! Ah, were it so that, when we go forth weeping in the grey dawn, bearing spices and odours which we long to pour forth for the beloved dead, we should, indeed, find the stone rolled away, and an angel sitting on it!

But for us the stone must be rolled away by an unquestionable angel, whose countenance is as the lightning, who executes no doubtful juggle, by pale moonlight or starlight, but rolls back the stone himself, open morning, and sits on it. Then we could bless God for His mighty gift, and with love and awe and reverence take up that blessed fellowship with another life, and weave it reverently and trustfully into the web of our daily course.

But no such angel have we seen. No such sublime, unquestionable, glorious manifestation. And when we look at what is offered to us, ah, who that had a friend in heaven could wish them to return in such wise as this? The very instinct of a sacred sorrow seems to forbid that our beautiful, our glorified ones should stoop lower than even to the medium of their cast-off bodies, to juggle, and rap, and squeak, and perform mountebank tricks with tables and chairs, to recite over in weary sameness harmless truisms which we were wise enough to say for ourselves to trifle and banter and jest, or to lead us through endless moonshiny mazes—sadly and soberly we say, that if this be communion with the dead, we had rather be without it. We want something a little in advance of our present life, and not below it. We have read, with some attention, weary pages of spiritual communication, professing to come from Bacon, Swedenborg, and others, and long accounts from divers spirits of things seen in the spirit-land, and we can conceive of no more appalling prospect than to have them true.

If the future life is so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, as we might infer from these readings, one would have reason to deplore an immortality from which no suicide could give an outlet. To be condemned to such eternal prosing would be worse than annihilation.

Is there then no satisfaction for this craving of the soul? There is one who says, "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of hell and of death;" and this same Being said once before, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." This is a promise direct and personal; not confined to the first Apostles, but stated in the most general way, as attainable by any one who loves and does the will of Jesus. It seems given to us as some comfort for the unavoidable heart-breaking separations of death; that there should be in that dread unknown One all-powerful Friend, with whom it is possible to commune, and from whose Spirit there may come a response to us. "Our Elder Brother, the partaker of our nature, is not only in the spirit-land, but is all-powerful there. It is He that shutteth and no man openeth, and openeth and no man shutteth. He whom we have seen in the flesh weeping over the grave of Lazarus, is He who has the keys of hell and of death. If we cannot commune with our friends, we can at least commune with Him to whom they are present, who is intimately with them, as with us. He is the true bond of union between the spirit-world and our souls; and one best hour of prayer, when we draw near to Him, and feel the breadth and length and depth and height of that love of His, that passeth knowledge, is better than all those incoherent, vain, dreamy glimpses with which longing hearts are cheated.

They who have disbelieved all spiritual truth, who have been Sadducee doubters of either angel or spirit, may find in modern spiritualism a great advance. But can one who has ever really had communion with Christ, who has said with John, "Truly, our fellowship is with the Father and the Son,"—can such an one be satisfied with what is found in the modern circle?

For Christians who have strayed into these enclosures, we cannot but recommend the homely but apt quotation of old John Newton;—

"What think ye of Christ? is the test  
To try both your state and your scheme."

In all these so-called revelations, have there come any echoes of the *new song*

which no man, save the redeemed from earth could learn,—any unfoldings of the love that passeth knowledge,—anything, in short, such as spirits might utter to whom was unveiled that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered the heart of man to conceive? We must confess that all the spirits that yet have spoken appear to be living in quite another sphere from John or Paul.

Let us then, who long for communion with spirits, seek nearness to Him who has promised to speak and commune, leaving for ever this word to His church:—"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

### HEART TROUBLE RELIEVED.

BY THE REV. S. WALKER, RYEFORD.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."—JOHN xiv. 1.

The Bible abounds with beautiful, striking, and encouraging descriptions of the Great God whom it is our duty and privilege to serve; and amongst the many consolatory representations given of Him, this is not the least precious—"The Comforter of all them that are cast down." What amazing condescension and sympathy does this representation involve! It is surpassingly wonderful that He, who is seated amidst the grandeur and glory of the heaven of heavens, should bestow a single thought on the insignificant and sinful creatures dwelling in this distant and stray planet of His boundless universe. But this is not all. He feels the greatest interest in our welfare, present and eternal. Those who touch His people touch the apple of His eye, so sensitive is He to their safety and comfort. He sees them when they droop, and quickly applies a cheering cordial to their fainting spirits. He beholds their flowing tears, and the soft hand of His loving kindness and tender compassion wipes those tears from their eyes, and their sorrow is turned into joy; and whatever distresses they may be called to experience in their Christian pilgrimage, or their connection with this world of sorrow, they are enabled to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of their salvation.

"The Comforter of all them that are cast down." Delightful words! And they apply to the Lord Jesus Christ as well as to the Divine Father; for while He sojourned in this sin-stricken and blighted world, He proved His right to this title. He was incessant in His labours of love, unwearied in His journeys of benevolence, and always ready to sympathise with and relieve those who were cast down. There were no distresses which He did not remove from those who applied to Him; and not unfrequently did He anticipate the wants which the unbelief or ignorance of his followers made them unable to express. On the occasion to which the words at the head of this paper refer, He had been making known to his disciples the things which were speedily to be accomplished, and the sufferings and shame he was about to endure in working out the plan of God's eternal counsel and sovereign love. The cross stood before Him with its intense agony and dark obloquy; but He flinched not. Prompted by the noblest impulse to the performance of the most self-denying deed, he pressed forward to the consummation of his redemption work; but in doing this he was about to "leave those who had left all for him," and "sorrow filled their hearts." With gloomy looks and tearful eyes they surrounded their great and good Master, feeling painfully the intimations he had given them of his departure from them. But they were not to be left comfortless. He addressed to them words replete with holy wisdom and tender affection. "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you." And with many other kind and loving words did our sympathising High Priest solace their drooping minds. He is still the same. What he said to his first disciples he says to all. Let us, therefore, with the hope of speaking a word in season to some of the readers of the MESSENGER, dwell a little upon the subject of *faith in Jesus, as the best antidote to heart trouble*; and in doing so we may

### 1. *Say a few words about HEART TROUBLE.*

The word *troubled* denotes any very *strong* excitement of the feelings of the mind—as fear, grief, anxiety, despondency, and whatever ruffles and agitates the human breast. The minds of the disciples of our Lord were in a perturbed, agitated and sorrowful state, because their Master was to die upon a cross of ignominy, whereas they had been expecting him to erect his throne of regal grandeur, and they had cherished the fond anticipation of sitting in dignity on his right hand and his left, in his earthly kingdom. But this was not all; their hearts were pierced with sorrow because they were to be deprived of the *personal* presence of their gracious Lord and loving Master. They would, doubtless, look upon such a loss as an irreparable one. In losing him they would feel that they were being bereft of a wise counsellor, an able instructor, an Almighty protector, and a faithful friend; and they saw arrayed before them the hostility of earth and hell. The storms of persecution were gathering; the bigotry of a deluded people was rising up against them, and the rulers were brooding over their awful purpose of vengeance on the humble Nazarene and his harmless followers. No wonder that, with such a darkening and portentous horizon before them, they shuddered and felt afraid.

We have not precisely the same troubles as they had. We are not grieved that our Lord Jesus Christ is gone to His Father; but we are glad on that account—for, as our Great High Priest, He has entered the holy place not made with hands; and there He stands before the throne as our intercessor, pleading our cause at God's right hand, and pleading successfully, too; for "Him the Father hearth always." But if we are not troubled because he is gone away, yet we are not without our sorrows. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and who has not felt bitterness of heart. Have you been called to sorrow on account of the loss of relatives or friends? Has cruel death entered your dwellings, and torn away those in whose life yours was bound up? The dart that strikes down those we sincerely love pierces our own hearts also. Have you met with opposition in the path of duty, and felt sometimes that your way was hedged up, and your mind began to droop, and your "soul was much discouraged because of the way?" These are heart troubles common to God's chosen people. The "third part" must be "brought through the fire." How many a parent has had the greatest sadness on account of the waywardness, prodigality, or profligacy of a son, and has keenly felt—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child."

But the greatest heart-trouble to those who are taught by the Spirit of God, is the sinfulness of the heart. What can inflict a sharper pang than the conviction of sin? and what can so dreadfully darken the prospects and overspread the mind with gloomy apprehensions, as the consciousness of our unfaithfulness to God? But "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." How compassionate is the Saviour! How kindly he speaks to all who are in trouble! He saw the distress of his disciples, and sympathised with them. He regarded them with the feelings of the greatest tenderness, and he well knew how to stanch their bleeding wounds and comfort their sorrowful spirit. The Lord God had given him the tongue of the learned, and he knew how to speak a word in season to him that is weary; and such a word we have next to consider.

(To be continued.)

### CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.

If our heavenly Father had seen it to be better for us that we should be exempt, in a great measure, from the trials now incident to life, He could, doubtless, as easily have so provided for us. Aside from His declaration, and the recorded testimony of good men, we see in what way the afflictions of God's people yield, in rich clusters, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," has been the sincere conviction of thousands who have uttered their

groanings, as well as their gratitude, in the language of the singer of Israel. The bruised grape bleeds with its rich price. A heart ripened under gracious influences knows not what that grace has done for it until pressure from without has come upon it. What brings forth wrath and bitterness from un sanctified hearts, is pretty certain to move the sweet fountains of a Christian's soul. Trial is a better test than prosperity. If we find our trials to issue in continued and ungrateful murmurings—if we find that they result in enmity to God and man—if they alienate us from the work of doing good—if they seal us up in iciness, then may we know or fear that we are not born of God. For so it is with the unsubdued heart.

We have sometimes seen those whom we thought among the most afflicted of all beings not only resigned but buoyant. An almost irrepressible elevation of spirits was maintained. Their every prospect seemed to us gloomy and dispiriting, and yet the heart glowed and poured out a stream of joyous emotions. We could not understand it once, but we have since learned. It is not in the nature of affliction, but it is in the nature of Christian submission, and faith and love. It is an anomaly presented in every true Christian experience. Faith, love, triumph. The heart struggles against the lessons, and is not "apt" to learn them. It seems called upon to exercise a different temper; it shows fight in some way, against God, or fate, or man. But if the heart is right, the bitter cup will be taken, and it will be turned to sweetness ere it is drained. "Cast down, but not destroyed." No, the irrepressible nature of religion causes the heart to triumph. It is stronger when cast down than it was before: strong in blessed, firm, peaceful consciousness before God; strong in a beautiful, burning, clear love for man, whose flame licketh not with the varying currents of human conduct. Knowing and feeling, to the bottom, its own faith, it has faith in others. Virtue, purity, goodness, exist in spite of the wrongs that many commit. The Psalmist complained to God that he had left his *soul among lions*, yet did he still know that God had made man a little lower than the angels. Precious is that love for God which comes from the heart which He hath broken; abiding is that Christian love for man, and strong that faith in Him which lives and rules notwithstanding wrong and outrage. Christian, shrink not from affliction,

"———He doth but design  
Thy dross to consume, thy gold to refine."

In uninterrupted prosperity we are strangers to some of the sweetest, most purifying feelings of the heart. They come not through prosperity. The rainbow emerges from the storm. The voice of God is on the waters, "They shall not overflow thee." We may not choose the shape in which trial may come. We cannot tell the lessons which we may need, the virtues to be wrought out, by which God will glorify himself through us. They will probably come in the way which we little expect, for we may most need the virtues correlative to the events which we think far from us. Sometimes a dear friend will be taken to loosen us from earth, and create in us more interest in heaven, to know how blessed it is. Sometimes one is stripped of property, that he may altogether make the Most High his habitation, and feel what a refuge He is to His people. Sometimes enemies arise whose hatefulness is more than the slime of the serpent, and even then the heart triumphs in wishing them no evil. There are always wicked men in the world, and sometimes it is unavoidable to come in contact and collision with them. They obtain the victory when they can either overwhelm or anger. But they have given it to the Christian, in the last sense, when, while loathing their conduct, he can still pray for his enemies. In every place of trial, O Christian, think not that any strange thing hath happened unto you! Nor be disheartened. There is a principle within you which cannot be crushed. You shall smile while the waves spread their living force. God is your protector. "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" "My soul, hope then in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." "Cast down, but



not destroyed." Others may not understand this philosophy, but the Christian does. In prosperity we have been weak as an aspen—in affliction, strong as steel. And when circumstances seemed most adverse and trying, then we have been most buoyant and exultant; when night gathered around, with cold and dewy wings, then our songs arose, and we waited for the dawning of a glorious morning. With those who trust in themselves, in their schemes and wickedness, it is not so. Their counsels come to nought, and they are snared in their own nets. O God! blessed are they who trust in thee, for they shall not be disappointed. \* \* \*

## A SHORT LETTER CONTAINING FOUR PORTRAITS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,  
Author of "Our Great High Priest."

In the present day almost all sorts of things are sent by post. Among the rest portraits and pictures are frequently transmitted, and nearly every town has sketches of buildings and landscapes engraved on letter-paper, which are sent to distant friends.

Long before the Post-office was established, in our own or any other country, there was a letter sent by a first-rate artist, containing four beautifully drawn portraits. Each one is comprised in a few strokes, but these are from the hand of a master. Three of these sketches are very attractive, one is shockingly repulsive, but all are truly instructive.

This letter is the third Epistle of John, and the likenesses are those of "Gaius," "Diotrephes," "Demetrius" and "John" himself. Let us take a glimpse of them.

First is *gracious Gaius*. "The elder unto the well-beloved Gaius, whom I love in the truth. Beloved I wish, above all things, that thou mayst prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth. For I rejoiced greatly, when the brethren came and testified of the truth that is in thee, even as thou walkest in the truth. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren and to strangers; which have borne witness to thy charity before the church; whom if thou bring forward on their journey after a godly sort, "thou shalt do well." 3 John i. 1-6.

Looking at the lines of this beautiful picture we think we see a Christian man with a weakly body, but a healthy soul. A man schooled in affliction, but in whom the truth abides as a living prin-

ciple. A loving, lovely, and justly beloved Christian, a fair transcript of his Master whose name he bears. One whose heart and whose house were alike open to receive the truth, its friends and heralds. One "who did good to all men, especially to them who were of the household of faith." One in whom depths of personal piety, breadth of love to the church, and zeal for its extension, were harmoniously blended. We cannot look at such a portrait without loving the original, and longing to be more like him. No wonder Gaius was such a favourite with honest John Bunyan.

In contrast with gracious Gaius we next have *Despotic Diotrephes*. A few touches portray him to the life. Let us remember the Holy Spirit guided the artist's hand. "I wrote unto the church: but Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not. Wherefore, if I come, I will remember his deeds which he doeth, prating against us with malicious words; and not content therewith, neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and casteth them out of the church." 3 John i. 9, 10.

How coarse are his features, how repulsive his whole bearing, yet how he intrudes himself upon you? How strange that a man, who rejected loving John, shut his doors against the brethren, and induced others to do the same, should be a member of a church—and not only a member of the Church, but a *great* man in it, having much influence over others; a man whose word was law with some weak minds; and who succeeded in expelling some of the best members; honest-hearted

people, who obeyed truth and conscience rather than himself. The root of all this evil, was *lust of power*. "He loveth to have the pre-eminence." The engine of evil was a busy tongue, with a bag of malice at the end of it. "Prating against us with malicious words." No doubt they were *specious* words, and perhaps some thought them true, but God calls them "malicious." Alas, there are persons still living who might have sat for this portrait, as many ministers and churches know to their sorrow.

It is a relief to turn away from this monstrous caricature of Christianity, to look at *Demetrius*, and to read what is written under his portrait. "Demetrius hath good report of all men, and of the truth itself; yea, and we also bear record; and ye know that our record is true." 3 John, i. 12. Here I expect we have a Christian, the very antipodes of Diotrephes; *one who said little and did much*; one who loved service better than rule; but who sought no human reward or praise for what he did. He honestly served the church, and devoted himself to the interest of truth, and real fame, "a good report" has followed him. Perhaps many a heathen round about

said, "When I look at Demetrius I am almost persuaded to be a Christian;" but when I listen to Diotrephes, I am repelled again, and think there can be nothing divine in a religion which such a man at once patronises and disgraces.

The last portrait is that of *John*. Unwittingly he portrays himself, as indeed he does in all his writings. In speaking to Gaius, we see the firmness and tenderness of his friendship, and behold a noble mind, pervaded by Christianity; we see also his complacency in holiness, his zeal for truth, his admiration of the devoted service of others. In adverting to Diotrephes we see his intense hatred of shams, his keen sense of indignities offered to God's truth, his hatred of pride, carnality and despotism. In a word, we see his faithfulness in reproving, and his fearlessness in rebuking; in what he says of Demetrius we trace his freedom from envy, his pleasure in contemplating God's workmanship in his people, and his desire that real saints should think highly of each other.

Surely he was the disciple whom Jesus loved. Let us learn where he rested, and the same beautiful image shall become more and more apparent in us.

## P O E T R Y .

### A S T O R M A T S E A .

St. John vi. 15—22,

The sun has gone down, but all lurid and red,  
The last of his rays on the water was shed;  
Night closes around, and the sea rises fast,  
How dismal the morn of the gathering blast!

Pale, pale, is the moon, and her watery beams,  
Are lost in the flashes when the lightning gleams,  
And the mariners, watchful, have shorten'd their sail,  
And they anxiously wait for the "rush of the gale."

More swift, o'er the moon, scud the grey storm clouds,  
More hoarsely the wind rushes now thro' the shrouds;  
They lash down the helm, and the storm-sail is spread,  
And the deep-rolling ship meets the wave with her head.

She bounds to the billow!—but hark—what a crash,  
How swiftly the thunder-clap follow'd the flash!  
The wind shifts about, and the hurricane's sweep  
Roars awfully o'er the face of the deep!

Now wave against wave in confusion is hurl'd,  
And white-foaming breakers high o'er them are curl'd,  
And tempest meets tempest, and frequent and far,  
Red lightnings illumine the elements' war.

Among the dark billows the vessel sinks down—  
Now she rides through the spray, as a crest on their crown,  
While mountain-like seas, on the tempest-toss'd wreck,  
Dash rudely, and stream o'er her quivering deck.

O, who, when the tempest and hurricane rave,  
Walks o'er the foam upon Galilee's wave?  
" 'Tis a spirit," the terror-struck mariners cry,  
" Be cheerful and fear not," He said, " It is I."  
The tempest is hushed at His mighty command;  
And gently the vessel is wafted to land;  
With wonder they witness the power of His word,  
And they worship the Saviour, Christ Jesus our Lord.  
Omnipotent Father! wherever we be,  
May the "eye of our faith" be directed to Thee;  
When we wander in doubt, may Thy word be our guide,  
May we feel that our Saviour still walks by our side.  
When dangers surround us, by sea or by land,  
May we know that Thy Providence still is at hand.  
In joy, or in sorrow, in life, or in death,  
May we look to our Maker who gave us our breath.  
If Thy voice through the tempest proclaims in our ear,  
That our souls are requir'd, and Thy coming is near,  
May we welcome our Saviour, who beckons us home,  
And exclaim, " even so, Holy Jesus, O come."  
Support us, O Lord, when with terror we sink;  
Be with us, O Lord, on eternity's brink:  
And oh! when our day of mortality's past,  
May we rest with our Saviour in heaven at last!

September 6th, 1857.

A. C. M. JELlicos.

## NEVER DESPAIR.

"The Lord is with thee."—Judges vi. 12.  
"I will not leave thee."—Gen. xviii. 15.

Desponding soul,  
Thy grief controul,  
One true Friend is near thee;  
Thy heart may ache,  
Yet comfort take,  
Jesus will not leave thee.

He knows thy fears—  
He counts thy tears—  
"He riseth at thy sigh;"  
And from above  
His look of love  
Meets thine uplifted eye.

Oakham.

Thy sorrows great  
He will abate;  
Not long does He contend:  
Let patient faith  
Rest where He saith,  
"There surely is an end,"  
"The Lord with you,"  
Thy foes pursue,  
"Go forth in this thy might:"  
Thy own strength small,  
Yet they shall fall,  
Or make a speedy flight.

Now grasp thy shield,  
And never yield,  
Thou wounded, weary saint;  
God cannot lie—  
O to Him fly,  
And thou shalt never faint.

H. W.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**BOLTON, MOOR-LANE.**—Rev. J. M. Ryland, of Earby, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church assembling in this place, to assume the pastorate.

**BECKINGTON, SOMERSET.**—The Rev. W. Cloake, of Calstock, Cornwall, has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist church.

**LUTON.**—The Rev. P. H. Cornford, of Earlstreet, London-road, Southwark, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church assembling in Wellington-street chapel, Luton, Beds.

**SALENDINE NOOK, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD, YORKSHIRE.**—The Rev. D. Crumpton, of Oswestry, Salop, has received and accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation of the particular Baptist church, to the pastorate over them.

**OLDHAM.**—The Rev. John W. Ashworth, of Horton College, has accepted a unanimous invitation of this Baptist church to the pas-

torate, in conjunction with the Rev. John Birt, and intends commencing his labours there towards the close of the year.

**BEWDLEY.**—The Rev. G. James, of Llanfihange, Cruorney, Monmouthshire, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, and intends commencing his stated labours there, Oct. 4th.

**BRETTEL-LANE, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The Rev. J. Bailey, of Bewdley, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, and intends commencing his stated labours there, Oct. 4th.

**BEWDLEY.**—The Rev. G. James, from Llanfihange, Cruorney, Monmouthshire.

**BRETTEL-LANE, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The Rev. J. Bailey, from Bewdley.

## OPENING OF CHURCHES.

**BIDEFORD, DEVON.**—The re-opening of the Baptist chapel in this town, which had

been closed for a short time, for the purpose of making alterations, took place on Sunday, August 30. Three sermons were preached; in the morning and evening by the Rev. Benjamin Arthur, of Coate, Oxen; in the afternoon, by the Rev. Joseph Wilshiro, minister of the place. On the Monday following, a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. Wilshiro in the chair, when suitable addresses were delivered by the Rev. H. Arthur, the Rev. J. Whiting (Independent), Mr. H. Lee, of Bristol, and Mr. W. Cadd.

**MADELEY, SALOP.**—On Tuesday, the 25th of August, the foundation stone of a new building, designed for the use of the church and congregation in connection with the Rev. E. Jenkins's ministry in this place, was laid in the presence of a large assembly. At half-past two, p.m., the service was commenced by singing, after which the Rev. T. How, of Shrewsbury, read and prayed. Mr. Jenkins then delivered a short introductory address; after which Mr. E. M. Mitton handed a silver trowel, neatly inscribed, to J. B. Hopkins, Esq., of Birmingham, with which he proceeded to lay the stone. Mr. Hopkins then delivered an address; after which the Rev. C. T. Keen, of Bridgenorth, spoke, and the Rev. J. Judson, of Wellington, concluded the service. A great number of friends then walked down to the county court-room, where tea had been provided, and, at the close of the tea, Mr. Jenkins, having taken the chair, called upon Mr. Morgan to present, on behalf of the church, the foundation trowel to Mr. Hopkins, which was duly acknowledged. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. T. How. At seven, p.m., the Court-room was filled with an attentive audience, and two excellent sermons were preached—the one by the Rev. C. T. Keen, and the other by the Rev. T. How. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. T. Skeup (Dawley Bank), the Rev. J. Morgan, and the Rev. E. Jenkins. Mr. W. Dawes, of Coalbrook Dale, supplied the design of the projected chapel, and it is both neat and inexpensive. The total cost of the building, irrespective of land, is £360.

**BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.**—FORMATION OF THE CHURCH AT TRINITY CHAPEL.—A deeply-interesting service was held at the new Baptist chapel, Horton-lane, on the evening of Sep. 16th. The Rev. H. Dowson took the chair. After singing and reading the Scriptures, the Rev. C. Daniel, of Horton College, engaged in prayer. A letter, dismissing 41 members from the Parent church, at Westgate, was read; and these, together with three others from Trinity chapel, Southwark, received the right hand of fellowship, and were formed into a Christian church. The chairman gave an affectionate address, expressing his gratitude to God for being permitted to witness the realisation of his hopes in the establishment of this new cause. A resolution, inviting the Rev. H. J. Betts to the pastorate, was then moved, seconded, and unanimously carried by the members of the newly-formed church. Mr. Betts having signified his cordial acceptance of the invitation, the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., of Horton College commended the church and its

pastor to the blessing of the Almighty. Mr. Betts then addressed the assembly, and suggested as an appropriate motto for the church—"Christ is all, and in all." The service was concluded by the administration of the Lord's Supper. The number of communicants from the "Westgate" and "Sion" churches was upwards of 400. This engagement will long be remembered with holy satisfaction by those who united in it.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**MILNSBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.**—On Wednesday, Rev. Mr. E. Parker was publicly set apart as the pastor of the Baptist church, at Milnsbridge, near Huddersfield. The services commenced at eleven o'clock, a.m. The introductory devotions were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Crompton, pastor elect of the church at Salendine Nook. The Rev. Thomas Dawson, of Liverpool, then gave a brief statement of the nature of a Christian church. The questions to the minister and to the church were proposed by the Rev. E. Franklin, of Golcar. Mr. Wm. Taylor, the senior deacon, declared, on behalf of the church, that they had united by calling Mr. Parker to be their pastor. This declaration was then corroborated by the members, who were seated in the body of the church, each holding up the right hand. The ordination prayer was offered with much feeling by the Rev. J. Barker, of Lockwood. The Rev. Thomas Dawson, then gave the charge to the minister, founded on Acts xi. 24. In the afternoon, the service commenced at half-past two, when the Rev. Mr. Betts, of Trinity church, Bradford, preached an eloquent sermon from Neh. iv. 6, addressed to the members of the church. The Rev. W. Stokes, of Manchester, preached in the evening, and directed his discourse more particularly to the members of the congregation not connected with the church. The Revs. H. W. Holmes, of Polo Moor, T. Thomas, of Melt-ham, and George Barker, of Leighton Buzzard, also took part in the services of the day. A cold collation after the morning service, and tea after the afternoon service, were provided in the schoolroom under the chapel. The day being fine, the attendance at all the services was encouraging. Mr. Parker has studied for the ministry under the Rev. Thomas Dawson.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**THURLASTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The General Baptists, at this place, held their anniversary on Sep. 13, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. M. Shore, of Earl Shilton. On the following day a large and respectable tea-meeting was held in the chapel, after which addresses were delivered by Messrs. Smith, Hawley, and Shore. The object of these services was the removal of the debt remaining upon the burial ground, which was effected.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**SUTTON-IN-THE-ELMS.**—On Tuesday, Sep. 1, public recognition services were held in the Baptist chapel, Sutton-in-the-Elms, Leicestershire, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. Bull, B.A., as pastor of the Baptist church at the above place. The meetings were interesting and numerously attended, and will be long re-

membered by those present. The Rev. T. Lomas, of Leicester, read the Scriptures, and offered the introductory prayer; after which an eloquent and impressive charge was addressed to the minister by the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. This was followed by an able and cogent address to the church and congregation, by the Rev. W. Pechley, M.A., of Loughborough. A goodly number sat down to tea in the school-room and chapel-yard. In the evening a social meeting was held, over which C. Bassett, Esq., of Countesthorpe, presided, when Mr. S. Knight, one of the deacons, read a brief history of the church, from which it appears that this is one of the oldest Nonconformist churches in the country, and that before 1650, the date of its formation, a scattered people of the Baptist persuasion met for worship under the shelter of the elm trees, which formerly abounded in the district, as the troublous character of the time rendered secrecy necessary. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Barnett, of Blaby; T. Lomas, S. J. Chew, and J. P. Mursell, of Leicester; A. Mursell, of Mauchester; W. C. Fifield, student, and the pastor.

## BAPTISMS.

**BARNSELY**, August 2.—Five by Mr. Hainsworth, of Horton College.

**BATH** (Ebenezer), Sept. 13.—Six in the river Avon, by Mr. Pearce, of Bradford, Wilts, after a suitable address by Mr. Rogers, of Trowbridge—three of the candidates Sunday scholars.

**BIRMINGHAM**, Heeneage-street, August 2.—Twenty-three by Mr. Burton.

**BRISTOL**, King-street, Sept. 3.—Ten by Mr. Bosworth: five of these are connected with the Sabbath-school.

**BROSELEY**, Old Chapel, July 26.—Four by Mr. Gale.

**BURGH**, Lincolnshire, Sept. 6.—Six by Mr. Thornsett.

**CARDIFF**, Bethany, July 26.—Three by Mr. Tilly.

**CHELtenham**, Cambray Chapel, Sept. 20.—Seven by Mr. Smith.

**CHIPPING SODDURY**, July 23.—Two by Mr. Rollston.

**CHATHAM**, Zion, August 30.—Ten by Mr. Coutts.

**COVENTRY**, Cow-lane, Aug. 2.—Eighteen by Mr. McMaster.

**FROME**, August 30.—Four in the river, in the presence of a large assembly, by Mr. Rogers, assisted by Mr. Case, of Turley.

**GLASGOW**, Trades Hall, August 9.—Five by Mr. Williams.

**HATHERLEIGH**, Devon, Aug. 2.—Three by Mr. Norman.

**HOLYWELL**, July 26.—Six by Mr. Roberts.

**KINGTON-UPON-THAMES**, Aug. 10, two, and Aug. 31, four, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

**LEICESTER**, Millstone-lane, Aug. 26.—Nine persons were baptised by Mr. Chew, in Harvey-lane Chapel. The baptistry and chapel were cheerfully lent by the Reformed Methodists, and their usual Wednesday evening service was blended with this. Mr. Woods, the minister of the chapel, took part in the devotional exercises, and Mr. Chew preached. This is an instance of brotherly feeling on the part of those who differ as to the mode of baptism, which one could wish were more pre-

valent than it is. For several years this chapel has been rented of the Helvoirstreet church by the Methodist Reformers, and was a while ago the place in which was heard the eloquence of Robert Hall.

**LONDON**, Spencer-place, Goswell-road, Sept. 8.—Nine by Mr. J. H. Cooke, two of whom being preachers, gave addresses on the occasion.

—, Unicorn-yard, Tooley-street, Sept. 18.—Twelve by Mr. C. W. Banks.

—, East-street, Walworth, July 30.—Five by Mr. Chislett.

**MONMOUTH**, July 15.—A young woman was baptised, and on Aug. 30th, four more, one of them an intelligent young man, who has for some years been a preacher among the Wesleyans. Previous to his baptism, he delivered an effective address, at the same time stating his reasons for changing his sentiments.

**NEATISHEAD**, Norfolk, Sept. 6.—Three by Mr. Haslar.

**NWTON**, Montgomeryshire, Sept. 6.—Seven by Mr. D. Evans. During two years and a half, Mr. Evans has received into the church 212 members.

**NORTH BRADLEY**, Wilts, Aug. 9.—After an address by Mr. Probert, of Bristol—Nine by Mr. Rodway.

**NUMBATON**, July 5, nineteen, and August 9, five.

**READING**, King's-road, July 20—Two, and July 26, eleven by Mr. Aldis.

**ROTHLEY**, near Leicester, August 2.—Seven by Mr. Riley.

**RUSHDEN**, Succoth Chapel, Aug. 30.—Thirteen by Mr. C. Drawbridge.

**SAFFRON WALDEN**, June 28.—Three by Mr. Gillson, after an address by Mr. Manthorpe, a Pædo-baptist minister.

**SEVENOAKS**, Aug. 30.—Two by Mr. Moutford.

**SHARNBROOK**, Bethlehem Chapel, Beds, Sep. 13.—Four by Mr. T. Corby.

**STROUD**, August 27.—Six by Mr. Yates.—[The lost account I sent you I stated that I circulated nineteen of your valuable BAPTIST MESSENGER monthly in our church, I am glad to find that another brother circulates enough to raise the number circulated in the whole to about sixty. If you think proper to insert this notice for to encourage others to endeavour to extend the sale of your valuable Messenger in our different churches, you will oblige your humble servant, WILLIAM WEBB.]

**SUNNYSIDE**, July 6.—One by Mr. Nicholls.

**SWAFFHAM**, March 22—Five, and August 9, seven, one of whom is the son of a Pædo-baptist minister, who after a candid and prayerful examination of the principles, which he had previously advocated with great zeal, was convinced of the unscripturalness of infant sprinkling, and followed the Saviour in his appointed way.—H. M. H.

**THURLASTON**, August 1—Four; August 29, two.

**TROWBRIDGE**, Bethesda, Sept. 6.—Six by Mr. Webster. One of these was reclaimed from the Mormon heresy, and two are from the Sunday-school.

**WATCHETT**, Somerset, Sept. 20.—Seven by Mr. Priske.

## THE FLIGHT TO ZOAR.

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

"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar."—Genesis xix, 27.

The destruction of Sodom was, undoubtedly, a literal fact; and the record of it in Genesis is as true a piece of history as any event that is recorded by Tacitus or Josephus. But it was also intended to be a great parabolical lesson to us—a lesson in the shape of a parable, by which we might receive great instruction and even blessing. The Old Testament is a great Book of texts, and the New Testament contains the sermons upon them. Now, Lot's wife was in the Old Testament as a text; in the New Testament we have got the sermon upon it—"Remember Lot's Wife." And wherever, my brethren, I find Jesus Christ or any of the Apostles, referring to an incident in the Old Testament, I always think it is our business to look at that event to which they refer. In the writings of the old Puritans, which I delight to read, I find in the margin a hand pointing to some particular place, which it is requisite the reader should particularly remark, and read with care; and when I see the hand put there by some old Puritan, who, in days of yore, read the Book, I generally turn to it with some eagerness, to see what is the gem pointed at by the finger. Now, I think, when our Saviour said—"Remember Lot's wife," he did, as it were, put a hand on the margin of the Bible, pointing to the whole incident, describing the destruction of Sodom; and He did, in effect, say mark that, look at it—there is more in it than there seems to be." And as there is something in Lot's wife becoming a pillar of salt, there is something in every other step of Lot's journey, and in every incident connected with it. And if it be so, I shall not be regarded as being whimsical and fanciful, in taking this text, if I assert that I believe there is much instruction in the simple incident recorded here:—"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar." I will soon map out the sermon. Lot was in the dark till he got to Zoar; that is the first head. Secondly, the sun was risen upon the earth as soon as Lot was in Zoar. Thirdly, the same moment which saw the sun rise on Lot, saw the fiery hail fall on Sodom. We have got here three facts that we think will be three pictures, and set out three great truths with regard to the sinner's experience.

I. First, then, **LOT WAS NEARLY IN THE DARK ALL THE ROAD HE RAN, TILL HE GOT TO ZOAR.**—Mark, when he first started, the Scripture tells us in the 15th verse, that the morning arose; there was the first grey dawn, when the angels hastened him out. But in the east there is not much of a twilight. It was just the breaking of the day. And it is said that, as soon as ever Lot got into Zoar, the sun was thoroughly risen—but not till then. He had to find his way through shadows, and run, to a great degree, in the dark. Ah, my friends, that was a solemn moment when those notable guests turned their host out of doors; and did it all out of love and kindness, too. When the two angels took Lot and his daughters, and his wife, by their shoulders, and thrust them forth, and bade them run; oh! it was a solemn moment, when the heavens were heavy with God's wrath, and only waited until Lot was housed to burst in impetuous torrents upon the devoted city. Do you not see them, or rather do you not think you see their black figures in the gloom of the twilight? You scarcely understand what it can be; there are two men pushing forth a family into the streets; you see them next grasping their hands, and with loving sadness wanting to drive them forward. You now hear a voice something more than earthly, speaking in the celestial tongue—it cries—"Escape for thy life!" And now do you mark the man, and his daughters, and his wife, fleeing away—fleeing from their own house—fleeing from their own kinsmen and acquaintances! A wife leaving her own sons-in-law, and wives leaving their own husbands, to perish in the city! Mark their flight! See them as they flee across the plain; they stumble full-often, and they see not at what they stumble. The way, of course, is not clear before them; they little

know where they are going. They only see the dark shadow of the mountain looming in the distance, set off by the early rays of the sun, and they run thither with all their might in the darkness.

Now, Lot running in the dark is just a picture of a poor sinner, when he comes out of Sodom. You must not expect, you who have just been awakened and convinced of sin, that you will have the sunlight of God's favour at once. There must first come the angel of conviction in your house, to thrust you out of your scene and abode of ruin. After you have run awhile you will then have sunlight and joy, and peace. But in your running, whilst you are seeking the Saviour, expect to run in the darkness, and if you expect it you will not be disappointed. Oh, how dark it is to a poor sinner, when he is first brought to know his state by nature, before the blessed remedy has been applied by the Holy Spirit. See him; tears follow each other down his cheeks in one perpetual race; he weeps all day and all night; and if he resteth for awhile for very sorrow, his dreams disturb him; he is ever miserable; men call him mad, for he is as one demented. He talks to himself about doleful things, and as he goes about his business, he moans and sighs—"Oh, that!" and "Ah!" and "Would that!" monosyllables that no man else understandeth, but which are well known in their inward meaning, both to God and to his own heart. He has no ray of hope, he believes he is shut out from God for ever; and he thinks that God is just in having shut out the light of His countenance from him. He doth not murmur against the Most High; but never man was so near to murmuring as he. He is ready to lay violent hands on himself, for he says he cannot bear his existence. "I am weary with my sighing; all the night make I my bed to swim, for day and night Thine hand is heavy upon me." He turns to Job, and he reads Job's doleful cries, and declares that he could say the same; and all the solemn words of David or of Jeremiah he applies to himself. "I am like the sparrow upon the house-top," saith he; "I am like the plaintive pelican of the wilderness; I am like the dreary owl of the desert; I have no comfort, no peace, no joy; His mercy is clean gone for ever, He will be mindful no more!"

Now, will you please to recollect that, to a greater or less degree, that always is, and always must be, the condition of a sinner when he is seeking the Saviour. Oh, thou that art in the dark, remember thou art but where thousands have been. Think it not a strange thing that thou art subject to this eclipse; others have been eclipsed, too; and all those who have found the Son of Righteousness have had to run through the dark to get at Him. There must be a dark tunnel before we can get at Christ; and we must grope through worse than Egyptian night before we behold the face of God with joy.

Perhaps I may be asked what it is that makes it so dark to a poor sinner whilst he is seeking Christ. I think I may tell you, very briefly, it is partly his own ignorance. Poor soul, he does not know enough about the Saviour, nor enough about the way of salvation to cheer him. Very likely he has never heard the way of salvation preached in all his life. That may be true, and yet he may attend a chapel—as chapels go in these times—for many a year. He does not understand the simple "A, B, C," of the Gospel, the sinner's sinnership, the only argument to prove that he has an interest in Christ's salvation. He does not understand Atonement; he cannot make it out how God can be just, and yet pardon such a wretch as he is! All this ignorance necessarily causes darkness. And mark ye, that mistakes concerning the Gospel are never little things; they are always dangerous, they are always painful. Sinners have more griefs than they need have, because they have less knowledge than they should have. Sometimes, too, this arises altogether from a mistake concerning the Gospel. There is not so much ignorance as there is heresy with regard to it—by which word, I mean, not a mistake wilfully committed, but a mistake ignorantly committed; and yet not exactly ignorance. I know some who know the theory of salvation well, but still they have a mistaken idea as to its application; or else, perhaps, they read it the wrong way upwards. I know many who can read the book of the Gospel

well, but they will begin reading about election and predestination, before they know anything of conviction. Often the darkness of the sinner arises from misapprehension. Many a time, too, the poor soul is running after Christ in the dark, because he has got legal ideas in his head. That Mr. Legality is the ruin of many; and after all we can do and say to him, he still lives on. You know Martin Luther said he preached justification by faith every day, because he found the people forgot it every day. And he says, in one of his quaint sermons—"I feel as if I could take my book and beat it into your heads, because you will never recollect this doctrine, that you are not saved by your own good works, but by the righteousness of Christ." Now, a sinner may be told as plainly as possible, that all he can do is less than nothing; that salvation is all of grace from first to last; but that crafty old devil will not let him believe. He will always lead him to think that he must do something, or be something, or feel something, before he can take Jesus Christ to be his all in all. And so legality, like a black dragon, spreads its wings between the soul and God's light, and shuts out every ray of comfort from the poor desponding spirit.

Moreover, this darkness is caused principally by conscience and by Satan. It is a singular thing; but sometimes conscience and the devil will strike hands. When conscience is blowing his dreadful trumpet and startling the sleepy sinner, he is doing good service; but sometimes, after the sinner is thoroughly roused, the devil comes in and slightly whispers to Mr. Conscience, and in such a voice that conscience does not know but what it is an angel that said it—"Blow on, Mr. Conscience—blow a more dreadful blast still, and I will help you." And the devil comes in, and with his awful yellings he makes a thousand times worse noise than even conscience does; and the poor soul is bewildered, terror-stricken, and well-nigh driven mad. "Oh," cries Satan, "you have been a sinner beyond the reach of Christ's mercy!" "Yes," says conscience, "that you have!" "Oh," says the devil, "you have committed every crime that flesh can commit!" "Yes," says conscience, "that's true!" and echoes every word that the devil says. In comes the devil, and says, "You have committed the unpardonable sin!" "No doubt," says conscience, "I always told you so!" "And now," says Satan, "there is no hope for you; you must be cast away for ever!" "Yes," says conscience, "you must be cast away for ever; there is no way of escape for such a wretch as you are!" And when conscience and the devil get blowing the same trumpet, it is a dreadful noise, indeed; and there is no soul in the world that can endure its life, or bear its existence, when both Satan and conscience are making such a furious noise. No wonder, my dear friends, it should be dark with the sinner when he is running on the road to heaven. No wonder that, before he finds the Saviour, there should be a doleful cry in the heart, if Satan and conscience are both alive. I know I do not like my conscience to be against me, even without the devil. Conscience, when he is noisy, is not a very comfortable housemate; certainly we would rather have him still and quiet than always thundering in our ears. But when hell and conscience go together, I say again, there is no soul that could long bear its existence, except God in sovereign mercy either support the soul or put a speedy stop to the noise.

But you ask me, why does not the poor sinner look to Jesus? Ah, that is just it; he does not look to Jesus, because he does not think that Jesus Christ died for such a wretch as he is. You know, it is one thing for you to talk about a sinner looking to Jesus when he is in the dark, and another thing to do it when you are in the dark yourself. Oh, it is a blessed thing when the Lord enables a poor sinner to turn his eyes to Calvary, and see the brightness of Jesus; but there are long days and long nights before the sinner learns his own sinfulness, and is enabled to look to the Saviour. "But," says one, "why does he not hear a good minister preach? Sure that would get him out. My dear friends, we try to preach the Gospel as plainly as we can; but it does seem that we only rivet the chains of some people. There is a poor soul in this place; I have seen her many times, and I know her condition; and I have often shaped my dis-



course to meet her case; many times I thought the Lord had given me some sweet word that would break the gates of brass and set the soul at liberty. It has taken a little of the pride out of me, and shown me how impossible it is for man, when he labours the hardest, to bring a soul out of bondage, before the Lord's promised hour of redemption comes. No, no; they cannot lay hold on the promise. "But," says one, "why not turn to the Bible, and lay hold on some precious truth there? I do so, and find comfort." Yes, my dear friends, and they do turn to the Bible just as you do, and they find no comfort. I know, when I was for many a month in bondage, I used to read the Bible through, and the threatenings were all printed in capitals, but the promises were in such small type I could not for a long time make them out; and when I did make them out, I did not believe they were mine; but the threatenings were all my own. "There," said I, when it says, "He that believeth not shall be damned," "that means me!" When it says, "He is able to save to the uttermost," then I thought I was shut out. When I read, "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears;" "Ah," thought I, "that is me again." And when I read, "That which bringeth forth thorns is nigh unto cursing;" "Ah," I said, "that describes me to the last iota." And when I heard the Master say, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" "Ah," thought I, "that is my text; he will have me down before very long, and not let me cumber the ground any more." But when I read, "Ho! every one that thirsteth;" I said, "That does not belong to me, I am sure." And when I read, "Ye that are weary and heavy laden, come to me;" "No," I said, "that belongs to my brother, to my sister," or those I knew round about me; for they were all "weary and heavy laden," I thought, but I was not; and though, God knoweth, I would weep, and cry, and lament till my heart was breaking within me, if any man had asked me whether I sorrowed for sin? I should have told them, "No, I never had any true sorrow for sin." "Well, do you not feel the burden of sin?" "No!" "But you really are a convinced sinner?" "No," I should have said, "I am not." Is it not strange that poor sinners, when they are coming to Christ, are so much in the dark that they cannot see their own hands? They are so much in the dark that they cannot see themselves; and though God has been pleased to work the good work in them, and give them godly fear and a tender conscience, they will stand up and declare that they have not got any of them, and that in them there is not any good thing, and that God has not looked on them nor loved them. But, strange as this is, this is how souls go to Christ; they are like Lot going to Zoar; they are all in the dark, and can see nothing until they come to the Saviour.

II. Now comes the second fact. NO SOONER WAS LOT IN ZOAR THAN THE SUN WAS UP. Once inside the gate of that little city, and the sun shone forth in all its brightness. I dare say Lot thought, "Well, I wish it had shone a little earlier. Oh, how pleased I should have been if I had had a little of that light whilst running across the plain." So, when we are brought to the Lord Jesus, we often say, "I wish I had had a little of this peace when I was in bondage. Oh, if I had had but one cupful of this river of joy I am drinking now, when I was so thirsty, what a blessing it would have been!" But God knows best. Depend upon it, my brethren, if one ray of sunlight more had been good for Lot, he would have had it; and if one gleam of comfort more than you have got, poor tried sinner, would be good for you, God would not deny it to you. But he keeps you in the dark for your good, as he shall ultimately bring you into the light for your good.

Lot, when he got to Zoar, had the sunlight; and when the sinner gets to Christ, then he gets sunlight too. When the poor soul is widowed of all its hopes, and bereaved of all its trust; when it is full of beggary, and reduced to a penniless condition; when it has all its feet cut from under it, and all its hands shot away; when it has nothing left to call its own, but is reduced to death's door, in the hour of its extremity, then is God's gracious opportunity; then, when the spirit casts itself wholly, without reserve, upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus, and puts implicit trust in Him, that lived and died, to work, and weave, and spin, and dye a righteousness for poor sinners—I say then, for the first moment, the sinner gets

joy in his heart. Do not expect, my dear hearers, that you will ever get any comfort whilst you are running anywhere except running after Christ. Expect the comfort only when you get to him. You may have just a gleam or two of light beforehand, as Lot did, but you will not have much more. And remember, it is no use your running anywhere except to Christ; for though you run ever so fast, you will only run into deeper darkness unless you run to Him.

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

In that moment his burden rolls from off his shoulders, his chains fall to the earth, and he is free; in that moment his sores are all healed, his wounds are all bound up, and his flowing blood is staunched for ever. Hast thou ever felt that instantaneous change, which works such joy as this? If thou hast, then I am not uttering a strange thing when I say, the sun has risen upon thee. Oh, that moment, when the sinner first starts up, clean rid of guilt on his conscience. I thought I could have leaped from earth to heaven at one spring, the moment when I first saw my sins drowned in the Redeemer's blood. You know what John Bunyan says—to repeat an oft quoted tale—"I wanted," said he, "to tell the crows in the ploughed land by the wayside, what God had done for my soul!" Did you ever notice a poor simple convert? As soon as he knows the Lord, he runs home and calls his neighbours together, and says, "Do you know I have found the Lord Jesus!" Ten to one they will set to laughing at him; but he cannot understand what there is to laugh at, for he says, "My Master is such a precious Master, he has taken all my sins away." And he will go on telling the simple story till, mayhap, some of them are melted, though the rest may scoff. The joy, the gladness, the rhapsody, the exultation, the young heaven begun in the heart of the new born convert, is the nearest thing to paradise that earth ever saw. On the day that our sins are pardoned God sets all the bells of heaven ringing, and then the bells of our heart chime in melody. On the day when God is pleased to blot out our sins, he hangs every lane and every alley of the city of man's soul with splendid flags and colours, and gilded lamps, and bright jewels; then he bids sweet music play in every part of our spirit, and then he makes the fountains run with wine, and he gives hogsheads of the precious liquid for poor souls to drink of, that have been faint and dying, and athirst before! Oh, that marriage day, when the soul is affianced to Christ; that day, when, for the first time, it rides in the chariot of mercy, and sits in the same seat with its well-beloved! Oh, that first hour, when Jesus puts the ring of his eternal love on the finger of our experience, and whispers, "Thou art mine;" and our heart says to Jesus, "I am thine!" Oh! that moment—I say that heaven itself is not happier than that. All the difference between that and heaven is, that heaven is a great piece of tapestry, and that was one thread that made it what it is. We think we have spun out this thought long enough. "The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered Zoar;" and the sun of God's countenance rises upon poor sinners when they come to Jesus.

III. And now we have got a dreary thought. GOD CAN DO TWO THINGS AT A TIME; with His right hand He wheeled the sun up the steeps of heaven, and bade Him shine upon Lot—with the other He did undo the fiery batteries of heaven, that they might rain forth their burning fire and brimstone upon Sodom. Let us remember that God's two hands are always at work in that way; from the very beginning that is always what He has done. With one hand He shuts Noah in the Ark, and with the other He sent forth the floods of the everlasting cisterns, and let the fountains of the great deeps burst upon the earth! With one hand He smote the Red Sea, and bade Israel walk through it dryshod, and with the other He cast the waters down into their place, and drowned Pharaoh therein! And now see Him—with one hand He lights the sun, and with the other hand He darkens Sodom with the smoke of the devouring flames. Ah, friends, and remember that shall be done all the story through! A day is coming, when we who

like poor Lot, have been running to heaven in the dark, with many clouds of fear, much darkness and sorrow, will come to the river of death. And when the Christian comes to die, God the mighty Saviour is pleased to take the dark film from his eyes; and when he is upon the couch of weakness, God enables him to look and see the angels; He opens wide his eye, and bids him behold the city that is settled on the hill of ages, and bids him look to those shining ones that perpetually traverse its streets; He opens his ear and bids him listen to the hallelujahs of the blessed. And then sometimes He catches away his spirit, and before he dies seems to waft it almost over Jordan, till it says, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say, God only knoweth, but I have been caught up to the third heaven, and have seen things which mortal cannot utter!" Oh, who can describe the raptures of the dying saint; the glories of that precious moment, when God is pleased to cut the fetters that bind us to our clay, and give us leave to soar into his presence.

But whilst God is doing that with His right hand, what is He doing with His left? He is smoothing the path of His children into the grave; what is He doing to the wicked? He is not smoothing their path. Upon the wicked God shall rain snares and fire, and a horrible tempest; when they are dying, He is drawing no curtain around them, except they be the black curtains of doom! When they are expiring, no angels attend their death-bed; on the other hand, grim friends are laughing there? The left hand of God is scattering curses across the brow of the wicked man, and as he is entering into the world of Spirit, God is bathing him in the prelude of hell! He is scalding his flesh with fiery wrath, even before he has reached the world that is to come! His right hand wheels the sun to give light to the Christian, and bids him look to heaven; His left hand rains down a tempest on the wicked, and bids him dread to die!

And now follow the two spirits out of this world. The vital spark of the Christian hath fled!

"In vain the fancy tries to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saint,  
In rendering up his breath."

The right hand of God is under the saint, and His left hand doth embrace him; God is lifting His child through the floods; He whispers—"I am with thee, Israel, passing through the stream; be not afraid, underneath thee are the everlasting arms!" Hark to the shouts of victory; mark the calm composure of the countenance, and see the joy flashing in the eye! This is what God's right hand is doing to the righteous, and what His left hand is doing to the wicked.

Oh, my dear brethren, I dare not attempt to paint the wicked as he dies; and when he is dead, it were too awful for me to suppose how the sinner feels the moment he is out of his body! Oh, what a strange sensation that must be when the first pang of hell shoots through the soul! My imagination can just mount to it; but I cannot go further: that strange novelty, damnation! The man that did blaspheme, how must he feel, when he confronts the God whom he blasphemed, and stands before the burning eyes of his incensed Creator? Can you imagine that solitary moment—for I should suppose there is but one such—although eternity be horrible, there can scarce be but one moment so new with horror, so dolefully novel with torment—when the soul is launched upon that everlasting sea, the waves of which are fire, and the depths of which are hell! I cannot tell it. Only this we know, beware ye that forget God, "lest He tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver!" This is what his left hand is doing.

And now comes the awful day! The world is standing before His bar. See what God is doing with his right hand; He is beckoning the righteous to glory, He is crowning their heads with crowns that excel the sun in brightness; He is girding their loins with snow-white robes of immaculate purity; He is touching their lips, and making them sing like Cherubim, He is setting their hearts on fire with heaven, and kindling their spirits with everlasting glory; He is lifting them up!

and making them sit together with Christ, far above all principalities and powers and every name that is named! See how the sun is risen upon them! Describe if ye can, or imagine if ye dare, the brightness of the sunlight of glory, when it shall dawn upon redeemed man in the day of the final account! See, it is a sunshine without a cloud; it is a sun without an eclipse! See, see, their happy faces! Hark, hark, to their joyous songs!

"No groans do mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues."

Words fail me, to depict the bright sunlight of the Saviour's love, as it streams on every happy saint! Thought cannot let me tell the brightness of the glory that shall stream from the brow of the eternal Father, when he shall smile upon his well-beloved children! And who can tell the brightness of the Sacred Spirit, when in all the riches of his fulness he shall beam in the eye and heart of every blood-bought soul! No brethren, and this is what God is doing with his right hand—leading all his saints to heaven, and setting them upon thrones for ever and ever.

And what is he doing with his left? Nay, pardon me, pardon me, and excuse me from the task. I might perhaps say things that would be horrible, terrible, and doleful; but my speech would be flat and barren, and fall infinitely short of the terrible reality! What is He doing to the wicked? He is unloosing the loins of the mighty, and breaking the iron sinews of their necks! What is He doing to the wicked? He is affrighting them with terror, and driving them mad with despair! See them, see them, as they fly; hark to them as they shriek! There, there they go, downward, downward, downward, to the gulf of everlasting woe! What is He doing with his left hand? He is hurling fire upon them; He is launching thunder bolts; He is speaking lightnings, and flashing them from both his eyes! What is He doing? O, earth, I see thee shaking; O, stars, I see ye vanishing from the vault of night! Sun, thou art quenched; moon, thou art a clot of blood! I see the heavens bereaven of their light, the battlements of glory swathed in flames! I see the glorious seated Son on His snow white throne; and I see sinners trembling at their everlasting doom, and fiends pursuing them with whips of burning wire! I see them bite their tongues, that, like fire-brands scorch their mouths! I see them dying, but not dead; damned, but not annihilated; damned yet again, but not ceasing to be; for ever crushed beneath the foot of vengeance, and yet never crushed out of existence! Oh, my God! no mortal tongue can tell this dreary tale! Had I been dead, and passed the burning lake, and smelt the sulphurous flame, then, perhaps, I might have spoken; but to-night I cannot speak. Take your Bibles, and read them:—read of the fire that cannot be quenched, of the worm that dieth not, of the pit that is bottomless; and remember this is what God is doing with his left hand. The sun had risen upon Zoar, and the fire was falling upon Sodom. Ah, sinner, will it not be an awful thing to see the contrast between you and the righteous? If you perish ungodly, it will make your hell more hellish, when you see the righteous exalted in heaven! Nothing makes the hungry man more hungry than to see others feasting when he has nought himself. O, young man, to see your mother there in heaven, and yourself cast out. O, young woman, to see your companion glorified with Jesus, and yourself cast away with devils! O, husband, to find yourself crying, with Dives, for a drop of water, and your wife lying in the bosom of Jesus! Ah, son, to see thy parents glorified, and thyself cast out! Set the two in contrast; look on this picture and on that! God give thee grace to "bow the knee, and kiss the Son;" and if He hath taught thee thy need of a Saviour, may He give thee grace to accept the hearty invitation I would tender thee. Come, and welcome, sinner, come to Jesus.

"Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

## DIVINE CHASTENING.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee."—Deut. viii. 5.

PUNISHMENT flows from justice—chastening flows from love. The former is inflicted by the judge, the latter is administered by the parent. Believers in Jesus are often chastened, but they are never punished; because they are not under the law, but under grace. Being united to Jesus, being justified by the faith of Him, to them there is no condemnation; for God no longer treateth them as criminals, but dealeth with them as sons. From His infinite wisdom, from His tender love, and from His inviolable faithfulness, all their corrections flow. He rests in His love to them, and His love regulateth all His dealings with them. The words of Moses to Israel are sweet words, and they are equally applicable to us—"Consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee." God is the Father, thou art the child, *and but a child*; therefore, to form thy character, to correct thy errors, and to show His love, He correcteth thee.

FOR WHAT DOES THE LORD CORRECT THEE? For thy *wilfulness*. He wishes thee to let Him rule thee, arrange thy affairs for thee, and make all His goodness pass before thee. But you want your own way, to indulge your own fancies, and to gratify your own passions and lusts. You will not submit. You will not leave yourself and your affairs in His hands, and rest all your burdens, and all your cares on Him. This folly calls for strokes, and our Heavenly Father never spares the rod, to the spoiling of the child. For thy *negligence*. How many privileges you slight, and how many duties you neglect. While you attend to the trifling, you neglect the important. While you give the heart to the temporal, you pay little attention to the spiritual and eternal. You neglect the end of your election, the design of God in your salvation, even the glorifying of His great name. Your vocation is, to honour Jesus, to do His will, to magnify His grace, to spread abroad His glorious truth. You neglect your own heart, which should be kept with all diligence. You neglect your closet, where God waits to meet you and bless you. You neglect your Bible, in which God speaks to you. You neglect, at times, the Lord's ordinances, through which He communicates strength, comfort, and grace to you. For these things thy Father corrects thee, nor will His soul spare for thy crying. For thy *inattention*. Thou art inattentive to thy books, He bids thee read His wonders in His works of nature, His operations in the dispensations of His providence, and the clear revelation of His will, in the Holy Bible. The book of conscience should be daily attended to and balanced, and the book of remembrance should be looked over and improved. How inattentive we are to the monitions, promptings, and whispers of the Holy Spirit, and to the voice of God speaking by His servants and his Son. For this inattention, in order to make us wise scholars, and to teach us to profit, He corrects us. Not for His pleasure, but to make us partakers of His holiness. For thy *rebellions*. "Ye have been," said Moses, "a rebellious people, since the day I knew you;" and this testimony is as true of us, as of them. We have rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit. We have manifested our rebellion by hard thoughts, perverse words, and ungodly acts. We have obstinately refused, at times, to bow to His authority, to do His will, or walk in his ways. We have tried to slip the yoke from our shoulders, our hearts have been wayward, and our tongues have muttered perverseness. We have wanted licentiousness, instead of liberty—lawlessness, instead of freedom, and our own way, in preference to God's way. This folly is bound up in the heart of the child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him. For thy *worldliness*. Duty said, "Be not conformed to this world." Privilege said, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Profession

scrid, "I am a stranger, and a pilgrim on the earth, as all my fathers were." But conduct said, the world is good, I admire it, I must be like it, I will enjoy it. Thus God's Word was rejected, God's honour was disregarded, and the Saviour was wounded in the house of His friends. Judgments are prepared for such scorers, and stripes for the back of such fools. For God hath said, "I will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes." Then, "love not the world, nor the things that are in the world, for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Seek not the smile, the favour, or the friendship of the world; for if any man will be the friend of the world, he is the enemy of God. In one word, for thy sins. Nothing grieves God but our sins. Nothing brings down the rod of God upon us but our sins; for "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Either to correct for sin, or to prevent our falling into sin, God uses His rod. Our secret sins, which only God knoweth; those heart sins, or our open sins, which others witness, and from which others suffer, causeth God to chasten us. Did He not love us, He might allow us to go on in sin. If we were not His children, He might let us go on, and so be punished at the judgment. But, because He has loved us with an everlasting love, because we are His dear children, therefore as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God, chasteneth us.

HOW DOES THE LORD CHASTEN US? Sometimes by *frowning upon the soul*, which produces darkness, perplexity, and distress. Then we cannot read our evidences, we cannot claim or appropriate the promises, we cannot enjoy the public ordinances, we have no access with confidence to God in private. Then our graces wither, our comforts die, and our hopes decline. There is no peace of conscience, no joy in God, no rejoicing in salvation. We cannot see our way, trace out the work of God on our souls, or anticipate the coming of Jesus with any pleasure. We feel shut up, straitened, and filled with confusion. Then there is no life in prayer, no zeal for God, but the mind dwells on gloomy, sad, and depressing subjects. Sometimes by *refusing to answer prayer*; then the duty becomes wearisome, the heart hardens, and we draw rash and wrong conclusions. "When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." Now, but for conscience, or the fear of the Lord, which is deeply imbedded in the soul, prayer would be quite given up, and the form of religion thrown off. But, as we dare not do this, we go to duty as the criminal to the correction of the stocks, or the idle schoolboy to his difficult task. The heart has little sympathy with the lip, but is cold, hard, and gloomy. Now, we write bitter things against ourselves, listen to the suggestions of Satan, and full of self-love, grieve over our hard lot. Sometimes by *leaving us to ourselves in ordinances*. Then they become tedious, unsavoury, and unprofitable. We attend them, but not meeting with God in them, we soon get weary of them, and perhaps begin to neglect them. Ordinances without God, are like wells without water, tables without food, and bodies without life. If we come to them hungry, we go away dissatisfied, or if we come expecting comfort, we depart disappointed. Ordinances without God, can never satisfy a living soul. Sometimes by the *dispensations of Providence*. Then we have losses, crosses, and afflictions. Every thing seems to go wrong with us. Everybody appears to succeed better than we do. Sickness, perhaps, seizes on the body, and we have strong pains, or great weakness, or nervous depression; or trade declines, business falls off, bad debts are made, unexpected demands are made upon us, or the fluctuations of the markets try us. By various means, and in various ways, the Lord chastens His children; for, when He intends to correct, He is never at a loss for a rod; and the rod He selects, always appears to pain us most; for when God strikes, He intends that we should feel.

OUR CHASTENING IS FROM THE LORD HIMSELF. He never puts His children out to be flogged, nor keeps a drill-sergeant to do it. He chastens every son. He selects the instrument. He does not take up a rod that may chance to lay before Him, because it comes first to hand. No, no. He goes to the wood, and chooses the most suitable rod to correct us. Nature always fancies that God has chosen the

wrong rod, or strikes on the wrong place, or corrects at the wrong time. But depend upon it, it is all right. If He strike the body, or seize the property, or remove the relative, or alienate the friend, or afflict the soul, it is in infinite wisdom, and perfect love. *He numbers the strokes.* Not one too many, nor one too few, but just the right number is appointed. Less would not humble the proud heart, bend the stubborn will, or turn back the wandering feet. More would unduly depress, give Satan an occasion against us, or harden our hearts from His fear. Believer, thou shalt never have one more stroke than thy Heavenly Father has appointed; nor will He appoint one more than is necessary. *He marks the effects.* He watches to see the effect produced by every stroke. If we fall at His feet, humble ourselves before Him, confess our sins, and appeal to His mercy, we take hold of His strength, chastisement soon ceases. When the tear of penitence is seen in the eye, the rod soon drops from His hand. Or, if the discipline is continued, such comfort, peace, and meekness, flow into the soul, that we call it "sweet affliction," and bless His dear name for it. Nor can we then pray for its removal, but only for its deeper sanctification. We creep close to His feet, look up in His paternal face, catch His loving eye, and almost swoon with pleasure, humility, and love. *He makes it salutary.* He corrects us, not for His pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness. He uses the rod to convince us of our folly, to keep us sensible of His authority, to make us smart for our inconsistencies, to bring us to repentance, and to make us cautious, tender, and humble. Whatever end He fixes upon is salutary, and whatever end he fixes upon He will bring to pass. So that we may well say, even when smarting under the rod, "we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God; to them that are the called, according to His purpose."

Reader, are you suffering under the rod of God? Remember it is an evidence of sonship, and a proof of love. Thy heavenly Father will chasten, but He will not disinherit thee. He will correct, but He will not destroy thee. He chastens thee as His son now, and He will make thee full of joy with His countenance by-and-by. Receive his correction with meekness, bow before him in humility, confess thy sins with sorrow, seek the sanctification of thy troubles, and so return unto the Lord, from whom thou hast so deeply revolted. Sinner, God does not chasten thee. Perhaps thy health is good, thy circumstances easy, thy trade prosperous, and thy soul at ease—you fancy all is well. But in truth all is ill. For without faith in Jesus, without repentance towards God, thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. Like the ox, fattening in the good pasture, or sheep feeding in the fold, thou art preparing for the day of visitation, and the righteous judgment of God. Faith in Jesus is the great thing you need, for we are all the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus. Receive the Saviour, as presented to you in the everlasting Gospel, and remember that "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God; even to them that believed on His name." To an unbeliever, even his very blessings are cursed. To an unbeliever, even the Gospel is a source of death unto death. To an unbeliever, everything wears a frowning face. Believe, then, in the Lord Jesus Christ, for "he that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned."

---

### TRUE PROSPERITY: A FRAGMENT.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "GLIMPSES OF JESUS."

"Oh Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity."—PSALM, cxviii. 25.

PROSPERITY is considered by most people very desirable, and great efforts are made by many to overtake it—and though they witness the failure of numbers, who with them make temporal good the goal of life, they are not discouraged, but still press on. And to reach this much desired competency, they deem no sacrifice too great; they will leave their native country, home with all its endearments, and face storm

and tempest, sickness, and dangers innumerable. And in the spirit and zeal which the toiling devotees of wealth and temporal good manifest, what an example are they to the Church of Christ; and, in contrasting the conduct of such with their own in the pursuit of spiritual good, how frequently do the most spiritual stand condemned. As, however, we are liable to make mistakes as to what constitutes real prosperity, more especially in reference to the Church, let us endeavour to describe it; and, in pursuance of this design, we will first state what it is not.

We observe, then, that the prosperity of the Church does not depend upon numbers. A Church may be numerically strong, and spiritually weak;—a tree may spread its branches when it yields no fruit. It is not the possession of a great number of coins, which constitutes a man rich, but the character of the coins. It is not how many members has the Church, but of what *kind* are they, which is to be the index of its prosperity. When the ministry is filled with the imaginative element, and makes its appeals chiefly to it; when much dramatic power is possessed and exhibited, numbers will be gathered; for men like genius and eloquence, and love to be excited. The eloquence of words pleases many who care but little for things; and the tinsel and gaudy attire thrown around truth, will draw men towards her, who have no perception of her native beauty, or knowledge of her intrinsic worth. The novelty of a preacher's manner will often gather many who neither love nor care for his Master. Some public teachers appear to have so strong a passion for the ludicrous, that—like a celebrated artist, when engaged in painting a beautiful family, under the influence of a strong affection for a favourite monkey which had recently died—introduced its face in the very centre of his picture; so they constantly introduce their monkey drolleries; but which, as they please men more than the truths surrounding them, a crowd is brought together, but which is, after all, but a poor evidence of prosperity. Yet, from the conduct of some, we are almost tempted to judge, that, aptitude in a preacher to accomplish this, is viewed by them as the criterion of his suitability to fill a public position. The great verities of the Gospel, if well dramatised, will gather the multitude; a multitude, however, which can seldom give any other history of its formation, than the fact that it pleased. The Apostle Paul preached some years in his own hired house at Rome, and it was large enough; yet, in this hired house, he, doubtless, accomplished more work for eternity than many have in the midst of crowded temples. Wood, bay, and stubble, lay around him in profusion, no doubt; and if he had been anxious to have availed himself of such-like materials he knew how it was to be accomplished; but, being anxious to build a temple for God and not for himself, he selected the silver, gold, and precious stones, making use of great *plainness of speech* to reach them. These remarks may seem to be severe, but have we never met with some, even seniors in the Church, who watch more to observe the influence of the truth proclaimed upon the crowd, than upon their own conscience; and appear more concerned for numbers, than for the prosperity of their own souls. Accustomed to think and speak themselves, under the influence of a professional habit of mind and thought, they seem scarcely conscious of how their remarks wound those who are actuated by other motives, and moved by other influences.

Neither is increased wealth and respectability, a proof of the church's prosperity. As an individual may grow in wealth and lose his spirituality, so may the Church; and as the possession of wealth frequently induces in individuals a soft complying temporising spirit in reference to the world and things which should be utterly repudiated by the man of God, so also is it with the Church; and hence, very frequently, in proportion to her increase of temporal substance, has been her loss of spiritual power and influence. Money will place a silver or gold lamp in her hand, but it will not purchase the oil which feeds the light, and makes her existence of real importance to the benighted travellers who surround her path.

Nor can we view the contribution of large sums of money to spiritual purposes as a sign of great prosperity in the Church, for it may be easier for many to give money than personal effort to the cause of God. And many are willing to buy off from the cross which stands connected with a public and practical identification with the Gospel.



Nor is mere growth in knowledge, or great zeal in the propagation of certain truths a sign of spiritual prosperity; for men may grow in knowledge and not in grace; and be zealous to diffuse the truth, not for the truth's sake, but simply as their opinions.

But let us endeavour to state wherein the Church's prosperity really consists. Of the prosperous Christian it is said, he shall be "like a tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots by the divisions of waters;" and that which may be viewed as a symbol of individual prosperity, may also be used as illustrative of the prosperity of the body composed of such individuals. Now, a tree planted by the waters will be a prosperous tree; and such a tree will take root downward as well as branch upwards; there will be growth in that which is secret as well as in that which is public; and, were this not the case, the tree would speedily be destroyed by its overgrowth. And when the Church grows in that which is secret as well as that which is public—when its members live with God in secret as well as work for him in public—when just the same as the tree spreads out its roots by the waters, the members of the Church spread out their secret prayers and ardent strong desires not simply by a clear creed, an eloquent sermon, or even correct principles; but before God himself, exclaiming "As the heart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after God." When the river of divine influence is known and felt, and the ministrations of the Divine Comforter are prized and sought; when the graces of the Spirit, faith, hope, and love, cover the spreading branches of external effort, these branches being but the outward expression of healthy, vigorous, spiritual life, and the medium through which it pours itself forth for the benefit of others; when the roots of saving and experimental acquaintance with the truth is deepened, and the Gospel is held with so firm a grasp that the storms of temptation and error cannot loosen it; when the fruits of deadness to the world, and separation from its spirit and pleasures appear; when zeal displays itself in keeping the commandments of Christ, and self-denying labours, to promote his glory in the salvation of men—then there are, we think, evidences that the Church is in a prosperous condition.

And while dwelling upon these features of the Church's prosperity, let us not forget that the prosperity of a body is made up of the prosperity of its members. If we, therefore, sincerely desire the Church's prosperity of which we form a part, let us examine ourselves and ascertain if we have done all in our power to increase our own personal religion, as the most effective, and, indeed, the only way of increasing the Church's fruitfulness; remembering that this cannot be accomplished by the minister alone, and some few others with him, but must be the work of all; as the Apostle declares, "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head even Christ.

From whom the whole body joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

---

## HEART TROUBLE RELIEVED. .

BY THE REV. S. WALKER, RYEFORD.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."—JOHN XIV. 1.

(Continued from page 64.)

We now proceed to consider,

II. THE BEST RELIEF FOR HEART TROUBLE. The Saviour, who came into our fallen and sorrowful world to "heal the broken-hearted," pointed out to his disciples, when just about to leave them, the best and the only efficient remedy for their distresses: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." They believed in the eternal Father, the true and living God, that made heaven and earth; they had faith in His existence, His supremacy, His ruling over all, His benevolence in supplying the wants of His creatures, and in His power shielding with an impenetrable defence

those who put their trust in Him. Such a faith is *necessary*, for "He that cometh to God *must* believe that He is, and that He is the *rewarder* of them that diligently seek Him." But this is not *all* that is necessary for our eternal salvation, nor even for our *present* comfort; for Christ says, "believe also in Me." We can hardly see how any thoughtful or intelligent person can have a Scriptural faith in the eternal Father without believing in His *Divine* Son. On every page of the precious Oracles of truth the glories of Immanuel beam forth with a splendour sufficient to dazzle all eyes, except those which are blinded by the god of this world.

"*Believe in Me,*" said our compassionate Lord to His sorrowing disciples. "Though I may not be *personally* present with you—My humanity may be removed far from you; but believe in My *spiritual* presence, for 'lo—I am with you always even unto the end of the world.'" You must go forth as harmless sheep in the midst of ravening wolves, but my power extends through all space, and I can control the fury of the elements and the rage of men. Your bodily lives and your immortal interests are all safe in My hands; and if you can realise by faith My presence, power, love, and faithfulness, you will find it impossible to despond; your doubts and fears will be scattered to the winds, and peace and comfort will dwell as delightful guests in your bosoms; the perturbed spirit will enjoy sweet rest and refreshment, and the sore and afflicted mind will find great relief and abiding consolation.

"*Believe in Me*" as a sympathising friend. Our Lord and Master had always sought to promote the welfare of His highly favoured disciples who accompanied Him in the days of His flesh. He had manifested His concern for them in calling them, in teaching them, in bearing with their infirmities; and as the *greatest* proof he could give them of the *intensity* of His love, He was now pressing forward to the cruel and ignominious cross; and though that dark and hideous object stood before Him, surrounded by all its unparalleled and deepening horrors, He seemed forgetful of His *own* sufferings, in His anxiety to solace *them*. He desired above everything else to relieve their minds. He was quite aware of all the fearful and tremendous sufferings that were rushing with an overwhelming tide upon Himself; but He felt such a deep interest in the anxieties, perplexities, and sorrows of His disciples, as if He Himself had not been a sufferer; and how wisely and tenderly does he address them; and was it *likely* that he would *ever* forget them, when dwelling amid heavenly glories; on the contrary, he told them he was going to "the better land," that he might prepare mansions for them; and that while they lingered in this vale of tears, they should have the "Comforter" to abide with them, to assuage their griefs, and supply his absence. He would still sympathise with them in their afflictions, and regard everything done unto them, as done unto himself; and that even a cup of cold water, given to any one of them in the name of a disciple should not lose its reward.

"*Believe also in Me*"—'repose in the all-sufficiency of My grace—the perfection of My atoning sacrifice, and the prevalence of My intercession.' They would have fears that their resolutions would fail—that they should prove recreant to the cause of their Lord, and that they should be ashamed of His cross, and blush to own His name; covered as it was with such clouds of obloquy and scorn. They would have to encounter fierce temptations, and fiery trials; they would be exposed to terrible assaults from wicked men, and the crafty powers of darkness; and, in looking at their own resources for such battles as they expected, they might well be discouraged; but here is relief for them; by faith in Christ they may obtain plenty of ammunition. He who is the Conqueror of the world, sin, death, and hell, can make the weakest saint victorious—strengthen the feeblest hands, and encourage the faintest heart.

"*Believe also in Me*"—'and let the prospect of that glorious reward which I have promised to all my faithful servants, remove the sorrows of your hearts, and fill you with the joys of hope while travelling life's rugged pilgrimage.' Be of good cheer, your toils will soon be over, and then you will rest for ever. The last echoes of the din of conflict will soon cease to be heard, your arms will be laid aside, and

the verdant palm of victory will be waved amid the glad throng that surround the throne. Far, far, away beyond the reach of persecuting men and tempting devils you will sit with me on My throne, and share the glory I have had with the Father before the world began; and will not such dignity and happiness be an abundant compensation for all your sufferings in this world. These were subjects on which the Saviour had often conversed with His disciples, and by giving Him credit for the accomplishment of His promises, they would be enabled to dismiss their fears, and rejoice in hope of immortal glory.

Dear reader, are you a child of sorrow? What is it that wounds—that afflicts you? Is it *heart* trouble on account of *heart sin*? To you I would say, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for He saves His people from their sins. The only cure for a sin-sick soul is the precious blood that cleanses from all sin. Swartz, a Danish missionary, relates an incident which illustrates the preciousness of faith in Christ as the great relief for a troubled heart. He says a Hindoo, who resided on the Malabar coast, had inquired of various priests how he could make an atonement for his transgressions, and at last he was directed to drive iron spikes through his sandals, and then walk the distance of 480 miles; he undertook the distant pilgrimage, but he gained no relief. While he rested beneath the shadow of a rock, a missionary came and preached from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The man rose up, tore off his torturing sandals, which he threw into the air, repeating the words, "The blood of Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" he cried this is what I want, and he became a living witness of the truth which had such a consolatory effect on his mind. We may well exclaim, in the words of the poet:—

—————"The cross,  
There, and there only is the power to save.  
There no delusive hope invites despair,  
No mockery meets you, no deception there;  
The spells and charms that blinded you before,  
All vanish there, and fascinate no more."

Thus faith in the cross of Jesus Christ, is the best remedy for the heart troubled by the conviction of its sinfulness.

Are you filled with sorrow on account of earthly troubles, trials, or difficulties, and distressed, and discouraged, by reason of adverse providences; the antidote for the trouble of heart that arises from such sources is faith in Christ; for He has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shall know hereafter." Is it not comforting when we feel *confidence* in Him as overruling everything for the *best*.

Are you afraid you will perish by the hand of your enemies—faith in Christ is the antidote to this trouble. If you are weak, He is strong; if your foes are *mighty*, He is *Almighty*; your sufficiency is of *Him*. The supplies of His Spirit are exhaustless, you may have a "thorn in the flesh, the messenger of satan to buffet you," but your Divine Lord says to you, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Is your bosom torn with the sorrow of bereavement? Has cruel death wrenched from your fond embrace the dearest object of earthly affection? The best relief for you is faith in Christ. Whatever our friends have been to us they were only just what He made them and no more. Their wisdom was but a ray from Him who is the light of the world. Their kindness but a tiny *rill* from the *Fountain* of love. If that ray be quenched, or if it gladdens you no more, the Sun of Righteousness has lost none of His brightness. If that little rill be dried up or directed into another channel, the Great Fountain from which it flowed is as full as ever. If that dearest earthly Friend has been severed from you, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." O, how great is His tenderness! How consolatory the words He breathed over the grave of Lazarus His friend, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." It may be distressing and painful beyond expression to commit the loved one to the loathsome grave where the vilest reptiles will prey on that form which had won our most devoted attachment. But when we believe

in Christ as "The resurrection and the life," the repulsiveness of the grave passes away, and it becomes radiant with the glow and bloom of the resurrection morn, when sundered friends shall reunite in the spirit land, and their renewed intercourse will there be holy as heaven and abiding as eternity.

Once more I remark that faith in Christ, as the Judge and Rewarder of His people, should cheer the Christian in the midst of the sorrows, toils, or afflictions of this life. He who ascended from Mount Olivet and left His disciples behind Him in this dreary world of persecution and sin, will come again, and will assemble around Him His faithful followers, and crown them with immortal life and everlasting glory. He will say "Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." To conclude—

Perhaps the eye of an unconverted person may trace the lines I have written with the view of leading the troubled ones to the true source of comfort. If so, I entreat you to contrast the saints present consolations and future prospects, with the present misery and future punishment of the finally impenitent. Where is it said, in God's Blessed Book, to unbelievers, "Let not your heart be troubled." No such sentence can be found from Genesis to Revelation. The promises and comforts are all for those who repent of sin and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

## THE RACE OF THE RAIN-DROPS.

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

ON awaking, one morning in November, from refreshing sleep, I found, to my surprise, that there had been a considerable fall of snow during the night, though the previous evening had been beautifully starlight. The snow had ceased, but a drizzling rain had set in. I had to walk two miles through it. Having accomplished this, I took my seat in a railway-carriage; the whistle sounded, and we started. Whenever the train stopped, I could hear the rain pattering down on the top of the carriage. On the window near to which I sat, a number of large drops were collected. I fell into a musing mood, and sought to gather some useful instruction from these rain-drops.

First, I thought *how varied and how beautiful are the operations of nature!* Whether a world is formed by the breath of the Almighty, or a drop of water is moulded by His own laws, we may well say how beautiful. "Hath the rain a father?" Yes, God is its Parent; and as He sends it on the just and unjust, He is seen to be "the Father of mercies." A drop of water evidences a Divine hand. The substances it is composed of—the blessings it may help to scatter—all attest the working of God's mighty

power. I looked on the drops before me, and thought of evaporation, condensation, distillation, and gravitation, together with the operations of electricity, until I was filled with astonishment at God's works and ways. I thought, also, that only a few hours ago these drops formed part of the great ocean. A few minutes ago, and they were suspended some furlongs up in the air. And what will they be *next*? Where will they travel? What will they effect in coming years and ages? How many plants and animals help to nourish? How many rainbows help to form? How many thirsty, fainting human beings help to cheer? Each single drop, as much as the great ocean, is in the hollow of God's hand; each drop fulfils his pleasure. May I, like them, yield obedience to Divine laws, and fulfil some mission of kindness and usefulness in the world.

Next, I thought *of the similarities and contrasts of natural objects.* Though the same Power formed oceans and drops, and the same hand which shaped weighty worlds moulds the dew gem, yet how different the substance and the size of natural objects. In yon drop I find the same material as in the largest river;

and in the movements of these drops the same law that rolls Niagara's vast torrent onward. Just at this point of my cogitations I wiped the pane inside, and soon saw that I need not have gone so far as the stars, or even as North America, for similarities and contrasts. Old ocean was close at hand, and rolled up his noble waves within a few yards of the railroad. Ah! I thought how different that world of waters from these few drops! I next thought of the sea as setting forth mankind in the aggregate; a surging world of existence, heaving with various passions and emotions, and in many places casting up mire and dirt. I found comfort in the thought that "the Lord on High is mightier than the noise of many waters," and that soon the deluge of sin shall be baled out, and the earth be filled with a holy population, who shall all know the Lord.

Then I looked again at my instructors—the drops on the pane—and thought of *individuality*. If all mankind are represented by the ocean, each human being is a *drop*. That great sea may be all divided into *drops*. I am one drop of being—a separate existence—different and distinct from all others. "Who am I? What am I, O Lord?" Oh! the terribleness of *individuality* when sin is felt, judgment believed in, and eternity realized! I am one alone!—a being responsible to God; no other one can answer for me. All united, cannot aid me. What, *no one*? Yes, ONE can; and He will, if I seek unto Him. In Him I would, as regards my standing before God, *be merged and lost*. In Him I would have my will and wishes swallowed up.

"Thou art my sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circle where my passions move—  
The centre of my soul!"

A very holy man once observed, "when I consider myself *alone*, I am but a drop of muddy water dying in the sun of temptation; but when I look at myself in Christ, I am that drop of water swallowed up in a fathomless ocean of purity and blessedness."

But though united to Christ, and, in one sense, swallowed up in Him, I am still "a *drop*." Union to Him does

not destroy my individuality, nor do away with responsibility. I have my *own* work to do—a personal influence to put forth—a separate account to give—and (if accounted faithful) a distinct reward to receive. A voice here seemed to say, "*so run, that you may obtain.*" And just then, I noticed that many of the drops before me were in motion, and some of them seemed running a race with each other. It was curious to watch them. I could almost fancy them endowed with sense. One, or more, would get larger and larger—shake itself a little—seem inclined to make a start—then stop—go an inch or so—stop again—seem to try to maintain its hold—and at last go down very reluctantly. Another would set off at a dashing rate, and go down at once, as if fearless of nothing. Sometimes two drops would start together, as if to run a race. It brought to my mind a story of two gamblers, who watching, on a wet day, a similar sight to mine, on the impulse of the moment laid a heavy wager which of two drops would get down first. The suspense was longer than usual. And just before the goal was gained, the two drops ran into one. Of course, the bet was withdrawn. This ought to have been a rebuke to such folly. Peter says, "that the dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, rebuked the madness of the prophet;" and, surely, in this case, the silent drops seemed to say "we will be no party to your foolish pursuits." In how many ways does nature utter her protest against man's folly?

"*Silent drops*," they descend; you see them, but you *hear* them not. One hangs trembling a little longer than another, but in an hour or two, *all* on which I now look, will be gone. But gone to exist in other places, and under other forms. And as no particle of matter is annihilated, so no human being sinks into nothingness. The drops of humanity fall into the ocean of death, but each rises again *a drop still*—a dew-drop on the tree of life, or a dark drop on the rock of despair, with sin for ever inherent in it. The course evidences the character, and determines the end. The headlong, worldly, or careless racer, cannot gain the holy goal; nor can he, who starts from the Cross, who loves

holiness, who invokes heavenly aid, and aims at God's glory, miss of it.

Let us seek grace, to learn lessons from the rain-drops; and pray earnestly to be made like them—*blessings from God*. Is it not written of one whom we are called to trust and imitate:—"He shall come down as rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth?" And ought we not to wish to be like *Him*? If we are blessed, let us seek to become blessings. The proud are like an iceberg, freezing all who come near them. The sensual are like a volcano, spreading desolation all around.

The passionate are like a bitter-biting east wind, or rather like a whirlwind, which withers, or tears up, many pleasant plants. The devotees of error are like a dense fog, in which persons lose themselves, and wander into mischief. The lovers and heralds of truth—the friends of the soul—the followers of Jesus—are like the refreshing dew, the cheering sun, the fruitful shower. May each of us aspire to be a *dew-drop*—"a *blessing from the Lord*;" to help to nourish some sinking spirit, and thus train it for the Paradise of God.

## P O E T R Y .

## TRUST.

My times are in thy hands,  
Though I am dust;  
This mortal building stands,  
And stand it must  
Until thy word, thy righteous word,  
Commands my flesh to die,  
My spirit to her rest; her Lord,  
Her crown, her prize on high.

What though there's toil and care?  
'Tis part of life;

The wind and storm, the air,  
Cleanse, in their strife;  
So troubles purify the soul  
And blast its growing pride;  
And oft I find, when tempests roll,  
Some noxious thing has died.

God gives the floating cloud  
Of fleecy form;  
And sends the piles that crowd  
To nurse the storm;  
They blow the pestilence away,  
And cheer the needy soil,  
Force man to rest perchance a day,  
From too much sweat and toil.

Though in a path of gloom,  
The Lord is near;  
Though sinking in the tomb,  
His voice I hear;  
He leaves me not, he makes me lie,  
In hope, upon my pillow;  
And he will keep my soul to try  
Its barge on death's dark billow.

My times are in thy hands,  
Eternal One:  
Whate'er thou dost command,  
I'll say, "well done,"  
For thou canst all my future see,  
And every good supply;  
Thy word is good to me,  
I'll trust thee till I die.

Thou mad'st the sun to shine;—  
It never pales;  
The star of eve is thine,—  
It never fails;

Thou biddest Spring each time appear,  
And all its beauties bring;  
Thou ripenest the ear  
O'er which the reapers sing.

O Lord, thou ne'er canst fail,  
Therefore I trust,  
Though I am poor, and frail,  
As dust in dust,  
But Thou wilt make my soul rejoice,  
Even so saith thy word;  
Therefore my heart within, and voice,  
Say "I can trust the Lord." G.

## "NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The little opening flower transported cries,  
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.

The bee comes sipping every eventide  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,

"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate;  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,  
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower,  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come;  
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil  
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,  
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling  
tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,  
And God adore;  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret  
gay.

I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My glad-ome tune;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone,"—  
O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored  
priest,  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its  
heart,—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain *thy* part!  
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,  
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native  
cloud,  
And *self* disown;  
Live to thy neighbour; live unto thy God;  
Not to thyself alone!

B. W. R.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## HAMBURG.

The fourth triennial Conference, of the Union of Continental Baptist Churches, has just been held at Hamburg. A report of the three past years was read, by which it appeared that 3,601 believers had been baptised during that time—the clear increase being 2,215—and twenty-one new Churches had been formed. The number of members in all the Churches, on the 1st of January, 1857, was 6,833. Great increase had taken place in the Church at Templin, Prussia, and most encouraging success had been experienced in Sweden. Mr. Oncken was chosen president, and Dr. Hoby, and Messrs. Hinton, of London, and Huuter, of Nottingham, as well as several other English friends, were then introduced, and a letter from the Baptist Union was read, expressing the interest taken by that body in the German mission. Various matters of faith and practice were earnestly discussed by the conference.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

BRAUNSTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Rev. G. Veals, from Longford.

PONTESBURY.—The Rev. James Dove, from Longtown, Herefordshire.

CAMBRIDGE (ZION).—The Rev. J. Keed, from Chatteris.

TRURO.—The Rev. J. Lawrence will resign the pastorate at the end of the year.

SHARNBROOK, BEDS, BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.—The Rev. T. Corby, of Eaton, has received an unanimous invitation to the pastorate, and will (D.V.) enter upon his labours on the first sabbath in the New Year.

## SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

New Park-street chapel, Mission Hall, Guildford-street, Southwark.—Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Kingston-on-Thames, will (D. V.) deliver two lectures in the above place: Wednesday evening, November 4th.—"Religion—past, present, and future." Mr. Higgs in the chair. Wednesday evening, November 18th, "the Bible." Mr. G. Moore in the chair. Chair taken each evening punctually at 8 o'clock; admission free.

## OPENING OF NEW CHAPELS.

ZION CHAPEL, HEREFORD.—Public services were held in this place on Thursday, October 8th, and following Sunday, in connection with the re-opening of the chapel after repairs, and the opening of new school-rooms, and the public recognition of the Rev. W. Bontems as pastor of the Church. On Thursday morning a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Smith, of Cheltenham, who preached at the opening of the chapel twenty years ago. In the afternoon between 200 and 300 people sat down to tea in the new rooms, and were afterwards suitably addressed by several friends. In the evening a recognition service was held, when T. Nicholson, Esq., of Lydney, presided, and opened the proceedings with an appropriate address on the object of the meeting. The Rev. James Smith gave a very useful and pointed address to the Church: the Rev. W. Collings, of Gloucester, gave fraternal counsels to the minister; and the Rev. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury, urged upon the members of the congregation their duties and responsibilities. On Sunday, the 11th, the Rev. T. Wilkinson preached morning and evening, and thus concluded the interesting services connected with the commencement of labours in Zion Chapel. The cost of building and repairs is about £200, which has been advanced by a friend on terms which allow the payment by specified instalments to extend over two years without interest. About one-third of the sum required has been collected or promised, and the friends of the cause at Zion hope to be assisted by the Christian public in raising the remainder. All who know the circumstances of the Church at Hereford will testify to the need of such assistance.

COLEFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—On Wednesday, October 7, Thomas Batten, Esq., surgeon, of Coleford, laid the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel, which was witnessed by a vast concourse of people, notwithstanding several unpropitious circumstances connected with the movement; still the entire proceedings were of a most successful character. In taking down an old building one man was killed, leaving a

widow and several little children. After the day had been fixed on, bills out, ministers invited and engaged to be present, it was found a national fast had been decided on for the same day, in consequence of which the ministers could not be present. The weather was very unpropitious, and Mr. Pennv, pastor of the Baptist Church at Coleford, was unable, through indisposition, to be present at only part of the meeting; yet at the public tea, immediately after the stone was laid, 850 persons sat down, at one shilling each. Tea was over about seven, and a most interesting meeting held, Thomas Batten, Esq., presiding, and, with the pastor of the Church, the Rev. J. Penny, Rev. T. F. Newman (of Shortwood), T. Nicholson, Esq. (of Lydney), and several others, well sustained the interest of the meeting. As a proof of this, about £1,200 were pledged by friends almost immediately connected with Coleford, and over £300 paid down. A more united, warm-hearted, generous spirit could not be manifested. The new chapel is to seat 800 persons and to cost, when complete, £2,000. The Baptist Church at Coleford numbers near 300 members, and the Sabbath-school contains 500 scholars.

**OLD BUCKENHAM, NORFOLK.**—The new Baptist chapel, in this populous village, was open for divine worship on Tuesday, September 15th, when three sermons were preached—those in the morning and evening, by the Reverend C. Elveu, of Bury St. Edmund's, and that in the afternoon, by the Reverend T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich. The dedicatory prayer was offered by the Reverend J. P. Lewis, of Diss. The congregations in the afternoon and evening were very large. These services were preceded by a meeting for prayer on the Monday evening, and succeeded by another for the same purpose on the Wednesday evening. The opening services were continued on Sunday, September 20th, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Green, of Yarmouth, who also received seven persons into the fellowship of the Church, and administered the Lord's supper. The old chapel, which was private property, was erected in 1831, and measured thirty feet by sixteen. The new one is placed in trust for the denomination, and measures forty feet by thirty, and is sufficiently high for the erection of galleries. The prospects of usefulness are of the most cheering character. A debt, however, remains at present of more than £150.

**MARTHAM, NORFOLK.**—Two years ago the congregation at the Baptist chapel, in this large village, had sunk to an average of about thirty persons, but under the divine blessing upon the labours of a so-called "layman," a member of the Church at Yarmouth, it has so increased that more space became requisite for its accommodation. A large room has, therefore, been erected alongside of the chapel, and so arranged as to answer a threefold purpose, for vestries, for teaching the Sabbath-school, and for sittings for the scholars during divine service. On Lord's day, September 13th, it was opened for use, when two ser-

mons were preached by the Rev. J. Green, of Yarmouth. On the following day a bazaar, for the sale of useful and fancy articles, was held in the room, and tea was provided in the chapel, which was succeeded in the evening by a crowded public meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, J. Venimore, of Ingham, and other friends. We are happy to be able to state that this most desirable erection is now free from debt.

**BUTE DOCKS, CARDIFF.**—The foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel, Bute Docks, for the Church and congregation connected with the ministry of the Rev. George Howe, was laid on Thursday, October 1st, by George Sully, Esq., of Gorphwysfa House, Llandaff. The Rev. George Howe gave out a hymn, composed for the occasion, and read suitable portions of Scripture; after which the Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol, offered prayer. An admirable address was delivered, setting forth the objects for which the erection was about to take place, by the Rev. N. Haycroft, M.A. The Rev. W. Aitchison, of Newport, concluded the interesting service with prayer. In the evening more than 700 persons met together to take tea in the new school-room and in a tent adjoining; after which a public meeting was held, presided over by S. D. Jenkins, Esq., Mayor of the town. The Revs. W. Aitchison, N. Haycroft, E. Probert, A. Tilly, W. Owen, R. T. Venell, S. Young, together with R. Cory, J. Davies, and — Foster, Esqrs. delivered addresses on the occasion.

#### SPECIAL SERVICES.

**BIRMINGHAM.—THE REV. ISAAC NEW.**—On Sunday evening, September 27, the Rev. I. New, of Bond-street chapel, preached his farewell sermon to his people. Though the weather was unfavourable, yet the chapel was crowded in every part. Mr. New took for his text, 1 John, iv. 11, and preached a sermon on the importance of "mutual fraternal Christian love," which produced a deep impression on his audience. On the Monday evening a highly interesting meeting was held in the same chapel, when the members of the Church and congregation, and other friends and admirers, availed themselves of the occasion to testify, in a substantial and very handsome manner, their appreciation of his virtues and talents, by presenting him with a purse of 100 sovereigns, together with a rich tea and coffee service, and accompanying salver; also, an elegant inkstand and gold pencil case. The articles for presentation were conspicuously exhibited on the front of the platform, and formed a feature of considerable attraction. Between 300 and 400 persons sat down to tea; after which the chapel was filled with a numerous and very respectable congregation. Addresses were delivered by several ministers and gentlemen.

**CHESHAM.**—A farewell tea-meeting was held on Tuesday, September 15, 1857, in the General Baptist Chapel, Chesham, on the removal of the Rev. W. Underwood, prior to his entering upon his duties as theological tutor at the General Baptist Academy,



Nottingham. After tea, a numerously attended meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. Andrews, one of the deacons, presided, and read an address to Mr. Underwood, which was briefly replied to by Mr. U. and, at a later period of the evening, delivered a lengthened address, referring to his unexpected appointment to the office of tutor, and expressing his deep regret at the separation now about to occur. The meeting was also suitably addressed by E. West, Esq., and the Rev. W. S. Chapman, B.A., of Amersham; Rev. W. Payne, of Chesham; and Rev. T. Skemp, of Missenden.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**BOLTON, LANCASHIRE.**—On Wednesday, the 7th inst., the Church and congregation meeting in the Baptist chapel, Moor-lane, held a tea-meeting to welcome the Rev. J. M. Ryland to the pastorate of the Church. Upwards of 150 partook of tea together; afterwards the meeting was crowded. The Rev. J. M. Ryland was introduced to the meeting by the deacons. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Messrs. T. Taylor, John Kay, Alexander Skinner, Joseph Bradshaw, W. Taylor, W. Heaton, J. Ashcroft, J. Skinner, F. Williams, &c. The various speakers congratulated the pastor elect on the union thus effected, and expressed desires that it might be mutually beneficial.

**ROTHERHAM.**—On Tuesday, the 29th Sept., 1857, the Rev. J. Ashmead was recognised as the pastor of the Baptist Church, Rotherham. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the charge was given by Dr. Acworth, of Horton College. In the evening, at half-past five, a public tea-meeting was held in the chapel, when upwards of 250 persons partook of tea, and at seven o'clock, a public meeting was held, which was well attended. The chair was taken by James Yates, Esq. Speeches were delivered by the Revs. J. Ashbery, C. Larom, and J. E. Giles, of Sheffield; also by Rev. Professor Falding, of Rotherham College, and the Rev. T. Pearson, Wesleyan.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE,** Welbeck-street, Oct. 18.—Six by the Rev. D. Marsh, after a sermon from Ps. cxix, 60. Mr. W. K. Armstrong, B.A. of Quebec, formerly pastor of the church, also gave an address.

**AUDLEM,** Cheshire, Aug. 13.—One by Mr. Stenson.

**BISHOPS' STOETFORD,** Oct. 1.—Two by Mr. Hodgkins.

**BRADFORD,** Yorkshire, Westgate-street, Oct. 4.—Thirteen by Mr. Dowson, after a powerful sermon, from Eph. iv. 21.

**BURY (Ebenezer),** Oct. 6.—Two by Mr. Ashworth.

**BIRMINGHAM,** Newhall-street, Aug. 30.—Three by Mr. O'Neill.

—Cannon-street, Sept. 13.—Eight by Mr. S. March, after a sermon by Mr. Manning, late of Frome.

**BOSTON (Salem),** Aug. 30.—Three at Cowbridge by Mr. Ruff.

**BRAYFORD,** Devon, Aug. 2.—One.

**BRIDGEEND,** Hope Chapel, Sep. 2.—Three by Mr. Cole.

**CASTLE ACRE,** Norfolk, Sep. 13.—One by Mr. Stutterd.

**CARDIFF,** Bethany, Aug. 30.—Three by Mr. Tilly.

**DENBIGH,** Aug. 2.—One by Mr. Pritchard.

**GORSLEY,** near Ross, July 19.—Four; Aug. 10, six; Aug. 30, three; by Mr. Hall.

**HILLHOUSE,** near Huddersfield, Sep. 24.—Four by Mr. Barker, of Lockwood.

**HOLYWELL,** Sep. 27.—Five by Mr. Roberts.

**HUSBANDS BOSWORTH,** Leicestershire, Aug. 2.—Three by Mr. Ibberson.

**IBSTOCK,** Leicestershire, Aug. 2.—Five.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES,** Sept. 28.—Two by Mr. Medhurst.

**LIVERPOOL,** Byrom-street Oct. 18.—Two by Mr. Dawson.

**LLANDUDNO,** N. W. Aug 30.—One in the sea by Mr. Griffiths, after an address by Mr. Jones.

**LONDON,** New Park-street, Oct. 1.—Twenty-six by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Spencer-place, Goswell-street, Oct 7.—Eight by Mr. Cooke.

—Church-street, Blackfriars, Sept. 27.—Four by Mr. Barker.

—Borough-road, Aug 30.—Eighteen by Mr. Harcourt.

**LOWTH,** Lincolnshire, Oct 18.—Two by Mr. Kiddall.

**PADIHAM,** Lancashire, Sept. 27.—Four, by Mr. R. Brown.

**RED HILL,** Surrey, Oct. 11.—Six at Mr. Miller's Chapel, at Horley.

**RISCA,** Monmouthshire (English), river Ebbw, Oct. 11.—Six by Mr. Reeves.

\* \* I am happy to say that we circulate 50 Messengers monthly in Risca.

**SNAILBEACH,** Salop, Oct. 4.—Two by Mr. Evans.

**SHARNBROOK,** Beds, Oct. 4.—One by Mr. Corby.

**TAUNTON,** Silver-street, Oct. 30.—Five by Mr. Green.

**UXBRIDGE,** Oct. 12.—Two by Mr. G. R. Lowden, after a Sermon from Isa. xxxiii. 17.

**WARMINSTER,** Sept. 6.—Three by Mr. Price.

**WARRINGTON,** Golborn-street.—Four, three of whom are Sunday scholars; by Mr. R. Rowson.

**WOLSTON,** near Coventry, Aug. 30.—Eight after a Sermon by Mr. Gee.

**WREXHAM,** Sept. 6.—Three by Mr. Griffiths, after an address by Mr. Jones, of Regent's Park College.

#### DEATH.

Barberry, Mr. John, at Liverpool, August 25, 1857, aged 41, member of the Sobo Baptist Church. For the last few years he was a great sufferer, but it was his privilege to realise the comforting assurance—"as thy day, so shall thy strength be;" and "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

## THE PREPARATION NECESSARY FOR RECEIVING THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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

"Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup."  
I Corinthians, xi. 28.

WE do not hold it right to admit all persons indiscriminately to the Lord's table we believe the Lord's table is the place of communion, and we would have none there with whom we cannot commune. We can commune with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ, however different may be their views upon some points of doctrine. So long as we find it possible to commune, we believe it to be our duty to admit and receive them to the Supper of our Lord. When, through unholiness of life, lack of piety, or unsoundness in the fundamental truths of the Gospel, we feel that we cannot commune, we hold it to be our bounden duty, as God hath given us authority in his Church, to prevent any from drawing nigh unto the table who would but commune unworthily, and so eat and drink unto themselves judgment as the word should be translated. Among our Churches, fashioned, we trust, somewhat nearer to the Scriptural order than certain others we wot of, and which we would mention if we had any wish for controversy—which we have not now—among our Churches, we say, we do exercise somewhat of discipline; we require from those who are members of the Church, and from that membership entitled to commune, that they should at their reception give us what we consider satisfactory proofs of their conversion, and we do require of them afterwards that their conduct should be consistent with the Christian law; otherwise, we should not in the first place receive them, or having received them, we should not be long before by speedy excommunication, we should remove from our midst those members whose lives and conversation were not in accordance with the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But, my brethren, do what we may—though we fence the table with the utmost diligence, and though we continually warn you not to deceive us, and not to deceive yourselves, seeing you cannot deceive God—yet are we perfectly aware that the greater part of the guarding of the table must rest with yourselves. We believe it to be our bounden duty, as God shall give us grace, to take care, so far as we know, that unworthy persons are not wittingly received at the Lord's table. Yet man is mortal, man is fallible and erring; we cannot judge ye, we must leave the greater part of your self-examination, before you come to the sacred table of the Master, with yourselves. Remember, that no recognition by the minister, no reception by the deacons or elders of a Church will excuse you for coming to the Master's table, if when you come you are not a really converted person. It is true you cannot come there unless the Church itself consents thereto, but the Church takes none of the responsibility upon itself; it says to you, "you may come, but if you have deceived us, on your own head be the sin; and if you are not what you profess to be—true believers in Christianity—your reception of that ordinance must be accounted for amongst the rest of your transgressions at the last great day." And I do now most solemnly and earnestly, as the pastor of this Church, in the name and in the behalf of this Church, warn all men and all women now about to draw nigh unto this table, that if they be not God's children, and have no faith in Christ, they do stop before they with sacrilegious hands touch the elements of this marvellous Supper. We would have them know it can be of no service to them, but will increase their guilt and add to their transgressions if they do, after such a warning as this, come to the Master's table not having examined themselves, and not being thoroughly persuaded in their hearts that they have been born of God. Let that thought pass round, let it be used and exercised, and if some such even withdraw from the table as the result of such a fencing of it as that, I should but rejoice that they had had the honesty to carry out what they ought to have done.

And now, beloved, turning from that point for a moment, I would remind you that there is A PREPARATION NECESSARY FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER. In certain

Churches, amongst over-religious persons—by whom I mean, superstitious persons, it has been customary to set apart a whole week of preparation; and you remember Mr. Rowland Hill rather wittingly taunts those who did it, by reminding them of Mistress Toogood, who, after spending a whole week in preparation for the Lord's Supper, found it was not to be administered till the next Sabbath day; whereupon she fell into a great passion, and cursed and swore, because she had wasted a week. Now, I doubt not there have been some who have made a kind of hypocritical preparation which would best have been let alone. I do not exhort you to do any such thing; but if a right thing be abused, it is no reason why we ought not to use it. Every one of us, before we come to the Supper of the Lord, ought to have prepared our hearts, under the help of the Holy Spirit, for a right participation therein. We are not to rush to our Master's table as a horse into the battle, not knowing whereunto it rusheth; we are not to come to this sacred place as we go into our own houses; we are not to stumble into the pews for participation of the sacred emblems of the body and blood of Christ, as we would enter our doors when we sit down at our common tables to eat and drink. We are to come here with a devout solemnity and sacred preparation; nor must we expect to receive a blessing in the reception of the Supper, unless we have in some way or other prepared ourselves for the reception thereof before we come hither. Alas! this is too much forgotten; and men think they may draw nigh to God without making any preparation whatever. Not so the ancient saints. When Jacob builded an altar for the Lord at Bethel, and was about to sacrifice, he felt it needful to make a preparation, and he bade his family put away all their strange gods from among them. When God was about to appear on Sinai, he commanded the people for three days to wash and purify themselves, because he was coming near unto them; and not only was it so in olden times, but it should be so now. We should not draw nigh unto God with a hasty step; we must "keep our feet when we come into the house of God," lest we "offer unto him the sacrifice of fools." If Moses put his shoes from off his feet, because the place whereon he stood was holy ground, how ought we, my brethren, to put off all carnal thoughts and all worldly things when we approach into this most sacred circle—a circle more hallowed than that which surrounded the burning bush, for this surrounds the cross of Calvary, the death-place of our Lord and Master.

And now let me just press upon your consideration two or three thoughts with regard to what is necessary for a proper preparation for the Lord's Supper.

I. I think, BEFORE COMING TO THE LORD'S TABLE, EVERY PROFESSING CHRISTIAN SHOULD OCCUPY HIMSELF IN SOME MEASURE, IN CONTEMPLATION AND MEDITATION. We ought not to come here without consideration of what we are about to do; we ought to consider, in the first place, that we are coming into the more immediate presence of God. It is true that, during divine service in the House of God, we are then more especially, in the presence of the Most High; but on this occasion, when at eventide we eat and drink the Supper of the Master, we get nearer and closer to him than we do in any of our exercises, with the solitary exception of baptism. This service hath about it something so pathetic, so tender, so full of fellowship, bringing us so near to Christ, while Christ is so near to us, that we ought not to come to it without feeling that we are coming into the immediate courts of the Most High; and surely, if the contemplation of God makes the angels veil their faces with their wings, it should make us come to this table, with great reverence of spirit.

II. We ought in the next place, before we come here, to CONTEMPLATE THE AUTHORITY WITH WHICH WE CELEBRATE THIS ORDINANCE. If any of you come to this table because I administer the ordinance, or because your parents partake of it, or because according to the old orthodox doctrine of the Baptist churches, this is regarded as being a divine ordinance, you have made a mistake. It is your business even in the reception of the Lord's Supper, or of baptism, to consider the authority by which you do it, and to be certain that in coming here, you are doing God's will; that you are performing that which God has commanded you. If you come not

to it as to a divine ordinance, ye come not to it aright; if ye merely take it as a matter of form, instead of seeing God as the commander of the form, and his Son Jesus embodied in it, ye have not the preparation which ye ought to have in coming hither:

III.—Again, coming here, IT BEHOVES YOU TO CONSIDER THE GREAT DISTANCE THERE IS BETWIXT YOU AND GOD. Even though you now hold close communion with Jesus, remember that in this Supper there is a memorial of your guilt. It is true that here you see how your sins were taken away by the broken body and by the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; but let the very bath in which your sins were cleansed remind you of your sinfulness. And when you sit here, oh my brethren, let us speak to ourselves; when we sit here let us not eat and drink ostentatiously, as if we were doing some eminent act; but let us do it as if we felt we were not fit to sit on the lowest bench of the church. Oh, God grant this may be a time when we may humble ourselves, and cast ourselves in the dust before Him! We might, instead of being at the table of the Lord, have been sitting on the old bench; we might have been drinking the cup of devils, and holding communion with Belial. But grace, free grace has brought us here. Let us be abased in the presence of God; let us humble ourselves in His hands; and, whilst we feed on our Master's body, let us feel as if our own proud flesh were cut away and humbled by the very communion we hold with Christ the Redeemer.

IV.—And then, Christian, this should be a subject of contemplation before thou comest hither. THOU SHOULDEST HAVE A RIGHT IDEA OF THE SAVIOUR, WHOSE BODY AND BLOOD ARE HERE REVEALED TO THEE. I think we should not come to this ordinance unless we have devoutly considered, for some time at least, the body, the blood, the sufferings, the agonies, the death, and the resurrection of Jesus. I would have us all, before we sit at this table, remember whose body it is we commemorate. We should view the Saviour as the Son of God, and then as the Son of Man, born of the Virgin Mary; we should view Him as He walks along His way of sorrows; we should seek, by Divine contemplation, to view Him prostrate in the garden, to see Him plough with bloody furrows in Gabbatha, and to behold Him dying with exquisite tortures upon the hill of Calvary. Unless, my brethren, we have done this, or are enabled by God's Spirit in a special manner to do this now, we must not expect to derive any benefit from the mere eating of the bread and drinking of the wine. Ye might eat your bread and drink your wine at home; ye might eat your meals at your ordinary suppers; ye might break your crusts and drink your cups in your own houses; but of what avail were they? They were no Lord's Suppers for all that; neither shall this be any Lord's Supper to you, unless your hearts be occupied with a devout contemplation of the presence of God, of your own nothingness before Him, and of the glorious sacrifice and atonement of Jesus Christ "here excellently set forth before you."

V.—In the next place, NOT ONLY CONTEMPLATION BUT SUPPLICATION SHOULD MAKE A PART OF OUR PREPARATION FOR THIS SUPPER. If we acted aright, we should never come even to the hearing of a sermon without a prayer; were our hearts in a spiritual frame of mind, we should never leave our houses to go to the hearing of a sermon, without first supplicating God to help the minister and to help us. We should never leave the tents of Jacob without asking that the pillar of cloud might be manifestly seen sitting upon the tabernacle of Israel. We should, when we come up to God's house, breathe a prayer the moment we enter it, crying out for the Holy spirit to rest upon us during the day. And, certainly, if ever we neglect prayer before holy duties, it should never be neglected before this sacred Supper. Oh, my brethren, I fear that many of us have lost the sweetness of this ordinance because we have forgotten to pray. It was but this very day, I found myself preparing to come to this place, without having first of all sought fellowship with Jesus; and I grieved and felt vexed within my spirit that I should have been so guilty as to have forgotten the solemnities to which I was about to attend. And then did I seek to spend some time in silent meditation and prayer to God; so should every church member do. Oh, what blessed Lord's suppers should we then

have! we should not go away from the table barren and cold, as we often have done, blaming the minister because we think he has not spoken with sufficiently affecting words, and has not distributed the sacred elements in sufficient grace—whereas the fault has been in ourselves, and not in the minister; and we have been eating and drinking unworthily, and have met, as the judgment upon that, with a barren Lord's table, instead of finding it a banquetting-house and a feast of fat things.

VI. And now, beloved, I close up these remarks upon preparation, by noticing that MY TEXT GIVES US THE BEST PART OF PREPARATION, WHICH IS SELF-EXAMINATION.

“Let a man examine himself, and let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.” Self-examination is the best part of preparation for the reception of the Lord's Supper. How many of us have examined ourselves? I fear we have, many of us, come here without any self-examination whatever. Well, let us begin at once: let us now examine ourselves, and during the little interval between this service and the time of the administration of the Supper, perhaps it might not be amiss, if some of you were to read over the 473rd hymn, the fifth part of the Selection; and then you would see what are the questions which it is incumbent upon you to ask yourselves in self-examination. They are something like these:—

“The sacred word declares them such,  
Whose hearts are changed by sovereign grace,  
Who place their confidence and hope  
In Jesus' blood and righteousness.  
Who know the truth, and in the ways  
Of holiness direct their feet;  
Who love communion with the saints,  
And shun the place where scorners meet.  
With past attainments not content,  
Increasing purity they seek;  
By whom uprightness is maintained  
In all they do, and all they speak.  
These are the men whom God invites,  
For them the Church sets wide her door,  
Whate'er their birth or rank may be,  
The bond, the free, the rich, the poor.”

I think this hymn suggests some solemn questions which none of us ought to have ventured here without having answered; I think we can easily answer them too, many of us. My brethren, have we not been changed by sovereign grace? Can we not say “By the grace of God I am what I am; and I am now what I was not once?” Can we not, if we be not awfully deceived, say, with an unflinching lip, “We know whom we have believed,” and are persuaded that we have been born again? If we cannot say so—oh, my friends, if any one of you cannot say so, I charge you before God, before Jesus Christ and the elect angels, if ye cannot say that you believe and know that ye have been born again, do not come and profane this table of the Master by daring to sit with the saints, whilst you yourselves are unrenewed and not begotten again into a lively hope. Can you not answer the next question, “Who place their confidence and hope in Jesus' blood and righteousness?” Yes, verily by God's grace, it is so with us. No other hope have I, no rock no refuge for my weary spirit, but the sacred atonement of Jesus. You can say so too, I trust, my dear friends. But if you cannot, if you are resting anywhere else but in Jesus, if you have any dependence upon rites or ceremonies or good works, again I adjure you, by the Judge of the quick and the dead, venture not into this place to receive this Supper; for in so doing, you would but eat and drink unworthily, not having faith in Jesus, and confidence in his blood. Can you say, again, that you know the truth, and that in the ways of holiness you desire to direct your feet? I doubt not that we must all confess that we cannot say this as we would desire. Let us, however, still make it a point of examination. Come, soul, it is now a month since the last time thou didst sit down at this table; what hast thou done during this month? how have thy steps been ordered? how hast thy speech been

PREFARATION FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

sustained? what about thine acts towards God and towards man? Make this a time of the turning over the pages of the last month. Come brethren and sisters, "let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of this bread and drink of this cup;" It cannot be an unprofitable exercise which is here commanded. Do it, then. Let us now question ourselves. Are we truly the Lord's? If it be said, "one of you shall betray me;" may we not ask the question now, "Lord, is it I? Have we like Judas been plotting against the Master? Have we been robbing the Lord's treasury, depriving the Master of our vows, not giving him the time and service which we had solemnly pledged to give him? Let us look back; have we not broken the sacred communion of the saints during the last month? Have we not, by anger and wrath and bitterness, somewhat damped our spirituality when we have been talking with the children of God? Have we not felt that we have broken the sacred link which united us with them? Say, have we washed the saints feet this month? Have we not rather bemired and befouled them by going astray ourselves and leading them astray too? Have we been humbled during the past month? Have we taken the towel and girded ourselves, like Jesus, to do menial work for the Church? Has there not been too much pride creeping into all our services? Has it not marred all our deeds and spoiled our best endeavours? And now about prayer? Have we not been sadly negligent of that? And with regard to love to our Master, have not our hearts been too cold towards him, who had his heart broached for us, that all the blood therein might be spilt in one divine torrent? Oh! friends, I cannot suggest all the questions that you have need to ask. You will begin from the Monday after the last Sacramental evening, and go through the Sabbaths and through the Mondays, and Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and all through the week, and surely both you and I shall have work enough to do, during the next hour to examine ourselves. Ah! we ought to have done it before, that now we might be able to apply ourselves more solemnly to communion, rather than to self-examination. But now I entreat you once again, as I am bound to do, to be faithful to my God. If ye be lovers of Jesus Christ, if ye be faithful to the truth, if ye have been really converted, if ye have partaken of the Holy Spirit, I invite you to the Master's table, and may the Spirit of God rest on you! But as an honest minister, I do warn you from coming to this table, who are not what you should be. Oh! if any of you have been mere professors and hypocrites, I charge you not to come here; as in your dying day you shall remember your deeds of formality and hypocrisy, I beseech you, dare not to touch that bread with unhallowed lip, nor sip that wine; touch it not unless you feel you have God's Spirit within you, and are really united to the Lamb. I fear there are some of you who have for many a month received these emblems, who might this night, for the first time, leave them off; if ye were really to know yourselves. I have some in this church, I grieve to say, with whom I can hold but very little fellowship, by reason of the hard speeches they sometimes utter against certain of us for a little difference of opinion; and there are many others with whom we can hold none, because their lives are so unholy, and their conduct is so un-Christian like, that, though they be sound enough in the faith, we can but wonder that they know so much of the truth, and yet have so little of Christ in them! Ah, dear friends, it is not all gold that glistens, and not all professors are possessors. There be some in Christ's church everywhere—and God forbid I should flatter this church—and there be some even here, who are enough to rend churches in twain by bitterness and wrath and evil speaking! There are others who are enough to bring down God's rod upon us for their unholy living, in that they do not walk near to God. Yea, and the very best of us, the Johns and the Enochs, have they not cause to humble themselves on account of their manifold short-comings and misdoings! Let all professors of His name thus examine themselves, lest they have been deceiving themselves, and have deceived others—have trusted in themselves that they were righteous, when they had not passed from death unto life!

Ah, friends, I cannot speak with the solemnity I would desire to command on

such an occasion as this. I cannot bar this table, God forbid I should, from any one of you; come, come and welcome, all ye to love the Lord Jesus. But although I cannot force any of you back who are not converted; though I cannot thrust you away if you have the right to come, as members of this Church or of any other, I do, as far as human power can do it, solemnly warn you not to come unless you be converted. I would rather have six members in my Church who are living souls in Zion, than 600 empty professors. O Lord God, sift and fan this Church again; if any be chaff, fan them out of it, or do thou make them thy wheat, that they may be housed in thy barn, and not burned up with unquenchable fire! Oh, Lord, make us each sincere; impress upon our minds the solemnity of this act, and when we draw nigh unto this table may it be specially under thy smile, and with thy benediction, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, be Glory for ever and ever. Amen.

### THE CHRISTIAN'S SERVICE AND HONOUR.

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

“If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour.”—John xii. 26.

FEW men love service. Man prefers to be his own master, to do as he pleases, according to his own “sweet will,” and, like the winds, to be under no controul whatever; but he who spurns the counsel of God, despises his law, and tramples on his commands, commits an act of suicide to his own liberty. Those who act thus, whilst they seek to be free, become the veriest slaves; for when they give a loose to their lusts, they find them like wild horses dragging them irresistibly along. Passions indulged turn into habits, and those habits hold them fast in their iron gripe, and they cease to be free any longer. He is the freeman who serves God, and not the man who scorns the yoke of Jesus. He is the freeman whose shoulders bear the yoke of Christ; but he who refuses to serve is a slave. He who will not obey Jesus, obeys a tyrant master called Satan, or worse still himself; for, after all, the greatest tyrant to a man is his own sinful self. There is no despotism more hard to endure than the despotism of evil habits when they have grown strong upon a man, and set their foot upon his neck. The service of Jesus is perfect liberty. Those who wear the collar of Jesus find it to be a royal badge, which makes them far more honourable than would the Order of the Garter, or the Bath. There is nothing that can so exalt a man as to make him a servant of Jesus; and the man who bends his neck willingly to serve Him, manifests the greatest wisdom.

What is it to serve Jesus? The text says—“If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour.” Well, we think we can serve Him, in the faith that we hold, in the sufferings we endure, and very much in the acts we perform.

First.—We can serve Him *in the faith that we hold*. This is true service. I believe certain doctrines because God says they are true; and the only authority I have for their truth is the Word of God. I receive such and such doctrines, not because I can prove them to be compatible with reason, not because my judgment accepts them, but because God says they are true. Now this is one of the best services we can perform to God—to submit ourselves to Him in our belief of what He has revealed, and ask of him to fix his truths in our hearts, and make us to obey them. There are some who have an idea that doctrinal belief is nothing; but I tell you again, one of the highest services we can perform to God is a full belief in the doctrines of his word. So far from doctrinal error being a thing of no moment, it is a sin, because the word of God is plain; and he who does not by searching discover the truth sins against God in the proportion in which he errs from his word; but he who manfully proclaims the whole truth, and he who heartily receives it, alike obey God, and perform one of the highest services that can be rendered.

Secondly.—We honour Him also *when we suffer for his name's sake*. When

with patience we bear the fires of persecution, when, with calmness and resignation, we listen to the lies and calumnies that fly abroad, when we continue in well-doing though all manner of evil is said against us, on account of our devotion to Jesus, then we serve Him and God is honoured thereby. He bids us in that day rejoice and leap for joy, for great is our reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets. But, moreover, when our suffering does not spring from enemies, but when God Himself puts us on the bed of affliction, we honour Him, when, worn with pain and tossed from side to side, if we be calm and patient under the sickness, if we bear His righteous will and say—

Father, I wait thy daily will,  
Thou shalt divide my portion still :  
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best  
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

The bearing of poverty is a service to God, endurance of pain is honouring the Father, submission to His will in all the proceedings of His providence, is the very essence of devotion.

Thirdly.—*We can serve God in the outward acts we perform*, and that is the highest degree of all. If we do not serve God thus, we do not serve Him at all. "If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour," In proportion as a Christian man, serves God in his outward life and conversation, shall he receive honour of God. There are two or three ways of doing that in your life. Some may serve God by the performance of *ecclesiastical duties* as they are called, others by the more *private duties* of religion; but others, and more frequently, by the *acts of daily life*. Those who preach the Gospel from love to God, and for His glory, serve God and shall be honoured in their labour. The deacon who toils for the church of God is serving Him, and shall be blessed in what he does. The Sunday-school teacher serves God; and each of you who have been preaching in the open air, or have in smaller places of worship been testifying to the truth, and now have come here to take the rest which all tired soldiers need, each of you who have been engaged in humbler work, teaching a little class, or giving away a tract, you have each and all, in some measure, served God. But if you have not served God in this way to-day, you can serve God to-morrow; you can serve Him in your shop, or in your family. The servant can honour God, even when she sets the things out for the daily meal, and when she takes them away. The nurse can serve God, when with tender hands she binds up the wounds of the distressed and suffering; and the merchant also, when he makes rectitude, the law of his dealings, and afterwards with a liberal hand dispenses some of his goods to feed the poor. Do not think it is necessary to be a clergyman and wear a gown, in order to serve God; you may serve Him behind the counter, at the plough, or driving your horses; whatever your hand findeth to do may be done to the glory of God. Common actions reveal the essence of true piety. Those things which we call common, God does not think so; when they are done with a right motive, and in a right spirit, they become greater than the sermons of the minister who preaches to the largest audience; and I take it, that there will be people before the throne, who for acts which they have done in private, are stationed nearer the Saviour than those who occupied very high positions in the Church; who stood foremost in the day of battle, and received applause from men; and yet, God wot, they were not one-half so faithful to their Saviour as the poorest cottager, or the meanest peasant who for the good of souls, and the glory of God, bent their knees before the throne in earnest and believing supplication.

I cannot enlarge upon these points; you must think over them when you get home. You may serve God in the belief of his doctrines, in suffering the dispensations of his providence, and in obeying all his commandments—even the commandment of baptism, and all commandments whatsoever that God has written. Now I come to the subject:—"If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour."

I.—God will honour him in this world.

II.—In the future and intermediate state.



III.—At the day of judgment, and

IV.—Throughout eternity.

I.—*God the Father will honour the man who serves the Saviour even in this world.* You look at me with astonishment, and are ready to say—"That is not true, God does not as a rule, honour his servants in this world; it is a notorious fact, that those who serve God best receive the most dishonour in this world; that those who are the most valiant for the truth are called upon to endure the largest share of ignominy; instead of the greatest honour; they have the most of the world's hisses, derision; and scorn." Yes, I know that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God;" and that if any man will be a friend of God, he will generally be an enemy to this world. But yet, for all that, the servants of Christ do receive respect and reverence even in this time's state.

We may observe, that Christ's servants receive honour in *the midst of the church.* Any man who serves God faithfully will be sure to be honoured by God's own servants. Let him preach the truth faithfully, fearlessly, fully, earnestly, and heartily, and he need not be afraid that he shall not be honoured by his brethren of the Church, for the good will assuredly rally around him, and not be deficient in showing respect to him. Nor if he toils in the Sunday-school shall he be without honour; nor will he lack it if he be but a humble member of the Church, if he is only seeking to glorify his Lord. Just in proportion as each one serves God will he be honoured. I dispute the statement which is made sometimes, that honour is not given to those members of Churches who do not happen to occupy what is called a respectable position in society. I believe that if an examination were to be made into the conduct of the affairs of this Church, for example—that the greatest honour is given to those who work most for God—there are, I am sure, some of our members whom we all look up to with respect and reverence, who are not men of station or wealth; but they have something more, and something better, they have the love of God in their hearts, and manifest the effect of that love in their lives, and that makes them honourable. And putting this Church as the representative of all Christian Churches in this matter, I may say, that the poor man in his efforts to do good will be honoured equally with the rich. No distinction is made by God on account of rank or estate; but each one is honoured according as he loves and serves the Saviour. If respect is shewn to the rich as well as to the poor—and why should the poor be honoured and the rich despised?—it is not because of his worldly wealth, but because he is also rich in faith. A rich man's soul is as good as the poor man's, and the poor man's soul is as good as that of the rich; and when the poor man labours for Jesus as well as the rich man, they will receive honour alike. We believe it is so amongst us here, and trust that it ever will be in all time to come. At any rate, as long as this arm can strike a blow against the spirit of social bigotry, it shall be driven from our midst. We do not admit of caste, rank, and order amongst us; and I am constrained to believe that the general practice in all our Churches is to reverence men according to their usefulness. Do not imagine then that you are debarr'd from any place in the Church, or from any of the honours of your brethren, because you do not happen to be rich. The Church will honour those who serve the Lord, and so will God Himself; for it is written—"If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour."

2. But those who serve God will receive honour from the *world* also. The world itself honours the Christian. What you say "How can that be?" I am the subject of the laugh, the jeer, and the jibe, from morning to night. I am called a 'Canting Methodist,' or something of that sort; and I can't think, therefore, that I am honoured by the world; I feel rather that I am dishonoured." Very well; but you are honoured after all, though it may be you do not know it; you are honoured in the consciences of those very men who thus speak ill of you. Whatever they may say, in their hearts they reverence you. They may call you ill names, but they know they do not belong to you. They may call you a dog, but they believe you an angel. They may call you black, but they believe you white.

Here is a proof of it—if they were to see you fall into sin, they would say—"He is one of your meatings," directly. And why? Because they really expect you to be holy and consistent; and it is not till they have proof of the fact that you are not so, that they can deny the respect and honour of their own consciences. An ungodly man is not to be found whose conscience would not force him inwardly to do you honour. Even Satan himself was obliged to admit the majesty of holiness, if, as Milton tells us:—

"Abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is."

Goodness is an awful thing to a wicked man. He sees you bear with patience what he says against you; it surprises him that you forgive injuries, and it vexes his heart; but he cannot understand it. There is a power about Christianity which makes the enemy quail, and a majesty in righteousness before which he must tremble. You need not so much concern yourselves to take care of your own character before the eyes of men; but take care of it before the eyes of God; and if you serve God, He will honour you.

Again—the most wicked men will honour the Christian when they come to die. I have known some few hardened wretches who passed out of the world, as they had lived, in open-handed rebellion against God, and who to the last, therefore, despised religion; but generally I have found that the scoffer changes his tone when he approaches the grave. Send for some one to visit me, are his words then. Who shall it be. Shall we send for John, the swearer? Oh, no! send for John, the praying man. I should like him to pray a prayer over me. Or send for the Minister. But why don't you send for your old companions? They were the jolliest fellows; they were the merriest men. You know there is no such place as heaven and hell, for you often said so when in their company. Many a glass you have quaffed with them; why not have another before you die? These will not do now; and the fact proves the honour which such a man, at last, puts upon the Christian. His language then is—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." They scorn their own society, and come to our camp then; they think there is something in religion when they come to die. The voice of the last enemy speaks with a tongue of iron, and a voice of thunder, and makes even the most hardened conscience honour the Christian.

Once more. The Christian man is honoured *after he is dead*. If you want to be thought very well of, and spoken of with high honour, you must die. All of us who are alive must be meddled with, and criticised; but when we have been a while in our graves, it may be we shall be in our turn the masters. Many men are stars to the world now who were but glow-worms when alive. While playing their part among men they were run down, scoffed at, and spoken of as everything that is bad; but they descended to the grave, a few years passed away, and looked at from a distance, they bear a very different aspect to the general eye. Looking upon them now is like gazing at the sun—you see their brightness far more than their spots. The world misses the Christian when he is gone. Perhaps one member of a family is godly, and the rest are not, and they say—"Oh, we don't care for him, he is too religious for us." But they will feel a sad chasm when he is lost, and such as they will not be able to fill. The neighbourhood, too, in which he lived, will miss him, because his words of kindness, and deeds of mercy, will be seen no more. They will say—"Well, after all, he was a good fellow." How often have I heard that—"Ah, well, he was not so bad after all; there are not many left so good as he." You don't know why this change has been wrought in people's minds; but so it is. Death embalms the poorest Christian, and lays him in the sepulchre of the kings. He who was but a common Christian becomes a brilliant light when God hangs him like a lamp with a silver chain to glitter from the skies.

II.—But next: God will honour him *in the intermediate state*. When a Christian dies, his soul at once ascends to heaven. Not so his body; that continues in the grave until the resurrection morning; and sometimes we are anxious to know what will becom

lot whilst our souls are separate from our bodies. Let me say then, for a certainty, according to God's word, that before our bodies rise we shall be in paradise; for Jesus said to the thief, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise. There is no *limbus* into which souls are dragged in order to be prepared and made fit for heaven. But although they go to the heaven of God, and rest in his bosom, it is not the full consummation of bliss. They will not be satisfied till they wake up in the likeness of Christ, when body and soul will be re-united. But what are the honours which the pure spirits will receive when, freed from this tabernacle of clay, it comes before its God? Will not the Almighty then say, "I see my son, or, I behold my daughter. Thy spirit I loved with an everlasting love; thy name I wrote in the covenant of election; I sent my Son to die for thee; I called thee by my grace; I led thee all the desert through; I fed thee by my hand; I guided thee through dangers and snares into the right way, and I will keep thee for ever; thrice-honoured servant, thou hast done well, enter and take your place amongst the spirits of the redeemed." Angels, too, are ready to attend upon the saints. A saint in heaven will receive all the service which an angel can perform. If the angel Michael himself could do the meanest service for a child of God, he would consider himself thrice honoured. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." We cannot tell what glory the saint has even now while his body is yet in the house of death; and under the cold slab, yet we know that their souls are more glorious than the angels, and more honoured than the cherubin, that sing incessantly before the throne of Jehovah.

III.—If any man serve the Lord Jesus Christ, he shall be honoured *in the great day of judgment*. The day is approaching. I will not attempt to describe the scene which shall be witnessed when the heavens and the earth shall flee away, and when the quick and dead, the righteous and the ungodly shall stand before God. In the day of judgment God will honour his servants from the mouth of the wicked, from the mouths of devils, from the lips of angels, and from his own lips.

At the day of judgment, God will honour the righteous *before even the wicked themselves*. Ye proud monarchs, who put to death the servant of God, sending him in a fiery chariot to heaven, how confounded will ye be when the lowly martyr on whom you wreaked your vengeance, shall stand before you and say, "Tyrant, I suffered for the truth sake, and at thy hands." And what shall the lordly cardinal and the wicked priest say then, who put to death, when they had the power, the men who would not forsake the truth of God, and do violence to their consciences, even though fire and torture had to be endured in consequence of their obedience to their Saviour? And how will the ungodly look the righteous in the face? How will the hardened *sinners* feel when he has to confront that man of God whom he stretched upon the rack? how will *he* tremble who was the unjust judge who signed his *mittimus*? The Christian will then be able to point out his persecutors, and the entire universe will regard them with disdain. "That is the man," he will say, "who stretched me on the rack, that is the man who cast me into prison; you wretched man chained me to the stake, and that man brought forth the fire and fagots which consumed me. But how honoured is the martyr now. He is arrayed in robes more glorious, though not more white, than others can wear—garments more studded with jewels, though not more the workmanship of the Saviour—and on his head is a crown heavy with brilliants; while the monarch who persecuted him, and all who aided him, shall be cowed into silence, and shrink away in despair, calling upon the mountains and the hills to cover them. How will the prophets be honoured? I think I see Jeremiah standing before those kings who laughed at his predictions, and with his fellow heroes exclaiming, in triumph, "O, king, was it not accomplished? Is not Babylon cast down? Is not Nineveh become as a heap? Where is Petra, the city of Edom? where the houses of Babel, and the temples of the gods? Are they not fallen, fallen, fallen, even as I prophesied." How great will be the triumphs of those grand old prophets when they stand before those who scoffed and ridiculed them, who then shall be obliged to confess that not one of their words have failed, but that every one has been fulfilled that came from the mouth of God.

But methinks there will also be great honour put upon the ministers of the Gospel, the men whom God has himself chosen; the men who, by a sacred instinct within, were forced to speak—not the man-made minister, made so by the imposition of the hands of the bishop, or of the presbyters—who shall then be confronted with those who despised his message. Unto such will Jehovah say, in the presence of the men whom He chose to proclaim his Gospel, “Inasmuch as ye scoffed at the words of these my servants, ye did it unto me; it were better for you that a millstone had been hanged about your neck, and that you had been cast into the midst of the sea. Depart, ye cursed into everlasting fire.”

So shall every member of the Church receive honour in that day. I am sometimes doubtful whether the sins of the elect will be read out before the world: but if so, I am certain it will not be for the purpose of casting upon them reproach, but only to make the judgment an impartial one; but of this I am sure, that their *righteous* acts will be read. This man was called a liar, and he shall be proved to be truthful; another was styled a hypocrite, but it shall be found that he was perfectly sincere, and false accusers shall be confounded. The biographies of the saints, written with the pen of God, shall be read out from the lips of the Eternal, that the universe may confer honour upon them. And, oh, wicked men, whatsoever you have done in darkness, shall be declared in the light; your midnight sins shall be exposed before the sun; your most private acts shall be exhibited to the gaze of the entire universe; and all your petty acts of cheating and fraud shall be read out to the world, so that “men and angels hear;” and while you are dishonoured, the righteous shall be honoured, even from your lips. They shall be honoured by words that shall be forced from you in that day, when God shall make his people stand forth clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

Again, the saints shall be honoured, even from the *devil* himself. Do you not know that the saints are to judge the world. Nor man alone, the great foe of God and man himself, shall lift his brazen front with thunder scarred, receive his sentence, and begin his hell anew? I think I hear God asking his saints—“Will ye ratify the sentence that I have pronounced upon Satan?” I hear one loud amen proceed from the entire host of the redeemed; and if I am there, I will say amen with all the voice I have, in favour of his condemnation. Full often have I fought with him, and sometimes he has seemed as if about to triumph over me, and grasping the sword, he has cried, “Now I will make a full end of you.” But again and again have I been able to return to the attack, and exclaim, “Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, for though I fall I shall rise again.” In that day the Lord shall allow his saints to put their feet upon the neck of this Agag; and I think I see the feeblest saint—little faith himself—putting his feet upon the neck of the devil: and if I may but once get my foot upon him, he shall not receive a heartier crush from none than from me. I owe him no thanks I can assure you. Full often has he cast me down, but then I will drive him from the field; that will be a day of triumph, indeed, when the old dragon shall be laid prostrate, to be assaulted by every child of God, and shall be the scoff and jeer of the universe; and thus:—

“The weakest saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.”

So that the saints shall be honoured by the wicked and even by the old serpent himself. But, angels also will mention your names in their songs. Angels are the poets of heaven; and do you think that the heroes of earth shall have their names sung in this world, and that your deeds will not be sung in glory. There are names more celebrated in the battle odes of the angels, than Alexander, or Hannibal, and poems more melodious and seraphic than were ever uttered in honour of the names of Blenheim, and of Waterloo. No praise shall be so great as that which angels shall give to the saints, except that which they ascribe to their Saviour.

The poor Church herself shall be honoured then. Many a time has she had to sit as an outcast, and clothed with the dishonour of the world, amid the ruins of the temple, with locks unbound and tears trickling down her cheeks. With a voice of lamentation we have heard her cry, my Lord is gone, and she rends her garments in grief and woe. But the heart of the Church is still towards her Lord, whom, seeing not, she loves; and at times, notwithstanding her desolation, she is the possessor of joy unspeakable, and full of glory. As the proud ones of the earth pass her by they call her hypocrite, and laugh at her pretensions to be the Bride of King Jesus, saying her husband has cast her off, and will not acknowledge her. Is she not a woman despised? Thus the poor Church sits exclaiming, "Behold all ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." But then comes the day of judgment. Jesus steps from his throne, and like Ahasuerus of old, stretches out the sceptre and says, "My queen, my spouse, touch this emblem of mercy and live." Leading her up the steps of his high throne, he places her beside him, and shows her to the assembled world as the Bride, the Lamb's wife. Then he will take the crown, and Himself will place it upon his own head, none other being worthy of the honour; while another regal diadem shall by Him be placed on the head of his elect queen. Then, turning to the Church, he will say, "I have loved thee with everlasting love, and therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Her mourning is then turned into songs, and she is clothed with the garments of praise, instead of the spirit of heaviness; while all her enemies shall be covered with confusion of face, and be ashamed: "If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour."

IV.—But lastly. God will *honour the righteous throughout eternity*. The honours of the godly are not fleeting things; not the gewgaws of an hour that shall pass away. I saw last Thursday, when I was at Windsor Castle, a man who was painting up the escutcheon of the last new made knight, which was being added to a long series of similar emblems, which had their places in the hall. I said to the man, are the escutcheons of all the knights here? and I think he replied that they could be traced back to the very origin of the order. I thought fine honour this to have conferred upon one, a few stripes and stars, representations of rampant lions, griffins, tigers with two heads, and such like. Wonderfully glorious these things make a man to be sure! But a little paint does it, and the painter's brush can again efface it; and yet there are men who will face death upon the battle field to be honoured thus, or cut in stone and placed upon a pedestal for men to gaze at. Wonderful glory is it not for a man to die for! It is such an honour, I imagine, as very few of us would care for, for this sort of glory will pass away. But the honour, which the Christian shall receive will never fade. When a million years shall have elapsed it shall be as fresh as ever, for it shall always be "I will honour." Christian, thine honour is coming, when thy name shall be pronounced by the great Judge and Arbiter, amongst the followers of the Lamb; you shall receive more enduring honours than the men of earth can bestow; you may not receive the reward of an earthly coronet, but you shall be a priest and a king unto God, and shall reign for ever. Blush not therefore Christian to look the world in the face, for in God's sight you are a king. Walk therefore with humility before God, and wait patiently till the Master shall remove you to your kingdom; there you shall be clothed with glory, and become the possessors of everything which the heart can wish; honour, wealth, happiness, dignity, and joy unspeakable, shall be thine, and that for ever. "If any man serve Me, him will my Father honour."

Now, what shall I say in conclusion to those who serve not God? Well, I have but little to say to you to-night. I have found that, when preaching on these subjects, I have said little to the sinner, God has said a great deal more than I have; for all that has been spoken respecting the righteous has set them wishing it were their lot. It is not unfrequently the case that sermons which seem to be more especially adapted to comfort saints, prove specially powerful to the conversion of sinners, because they have been led to say to themselves—all these promises are not intended for me. Let me ask you, then, my brother and my sister,

when shall it be that you can appropriate these things to yourself? I have told you that the righteous shall be honoured. Now, what were the righteous more than you are? You are ungodly, but the righteous would have continued the same had not divine grace interposed. You are a great sinner; but such were some of us. Whatever may have been the form of your iniquity, there are those now among the family of God who were as bad as yourselves.

I will ask you a question here, Can you find anywhere in the Bible the declaration that you cannot be saved? Is it anywhere stated that it is possible for the man who comes to Jesus Christ to be lost. If you find that, then you may despair, but till then you never need. But, perhaps you say, I know not how to come aright; I will tell you, *coming at all is coming aright*; "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out." It matters whether a man comes running, halting, or creeping—so long as he is there, he has come right. You must not say I am too bad to be saved. Recollect that in the hymn we sung we are taught that nothing so much grieves the heart of Jesus,

"As that unkind, injurious thought,  
That He's unwilling to forgive."

I do think, poor sinner, He would forgive thee anything sooner than this. If Christ were on earth again, and could suffer again in the flesh as he did eighteen hundred years ago, I believe that you might spit upon him, buffet him, and crucify him again, and would not get a single frown from him; but when you stand up and say, I do not believe that Christ has love enough to forgive me; I do not think He is willing to pardon my sins: I see the heart of the blessed Lord almost broken with such words. What, poor sinner, not love enough to remove your guilt, when I purchased you with my blood; look at my hands and my feet, and see the wounds which were inflicted for thee. I think I see him looking you in the face, and saying with words of the utmost tenderness and compassion, Poor soul, say not so, nothing grieves my heart like that; not to be trusted by one I love is the most harrowing thing I can experience. I could almost as soon drink some drops of that cup of bitterness which I tasted in the garden, as to hear you say, I cannot forgive you. *I can, I WILL, I DO*; this night I say unto thee, "I, even I, am He that bloteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake;" recollect *that not for your sake*; not to glorify you, but to honour himself—"and will not remember thy sins." Take heart, therefore, poor soul, if thou wilt go to him there is grace for thee, and thou shalt be saved. But, know ye Pharisees, He came not to call the righteous; sinners, only, Jesus came to save.

And now saints of God, let me urge you to despise the scorn or the contempt of men; think of the glories you shall soon inherit, and the honours that your flesh and body shall receive in the Judgment Day. By reposing our minds upon the glories of heaven, the Word of God, the blessings that are eternal and full of glory, the love of Jesus, and the mercies of Jehovah, we shall be graciously strengthened, and enabled to conquer in the fight, and keep the road to heaven. In the strength of the Lord we cry, *nil desperandum*, we still believe that Christ is our shield, and Christ our sun, and doubt not that we shall hear it said at last: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## IS IT A DUTY?

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTHENHAM.

"Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, so do ye. Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by Him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." 1 Cor. xvii. 2.

THE obligations of the believer are infinite. He owes every thing to Jesus. In his baptism he professed to consecrate himself, and all he had to Jesus. He said, "I am the Lord's. For the Lord I wish to live, to labour, to suffer, and to die. I wish to be wholly the Lord's, and for ever the Lord's." He is Christ's servant as well as God's child; Christ's steward, as well as Christ's spouse. He holds

everything for Christ, and he should use everything for Christ; as he receives everything from Christ, he should dedicate everything to Christ, and use everything for Christ. But, alas! how many of us live to ourselves, and use our property as if it was absolutely our own! How few seem to have Scriptural views upon this subject, or to be influenced by Scriptural principles! Let us for a little while dwell upon it, as it is presented to us by the Apostle, or rather by the Holy Spirit, in this passage of Holy Writ.

First: THE SUBJECT. The setting apart of a portion of our property for Christ, or for religious purposes, to assist the cause of God. The text refers to one case, but it contains a general principle, that ought to be applied to all. Paul is pleading for *the poor saints*, and asking for a weekly contribution to supply their wants. Not the poor saints at Corinth, but at Jerusalem, for the church of Christ is one, and each distinct church should care for its fellow, as each distinct member should sympathise with the whole church. The Lord has left his poor among us to represent himself; and what is done to them, he takes as done to Himself. All the Apostles at Jerusalem required of Paul was, that he should "remember the poor." Are our poor cared for, and supplied as they should be? Then there is *the house of God* where His people meet, His worship is conducted; and His Gospel is preached. Debts on God's house should be paid, and they may, if every member felt it to be his debt, and each contributed according to his ability towards it. It should be comfortable; and if each one felt an interest in making it comfortable, it would be so. *The expenses attending on the worship of God, and the spread of the Gospel* in our lanes and alleys, villages and hamlets, islands and continents, is also committed to the church; and last, but not least, *the support of the ministry*. It is ordained by God, that they who preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel; and if we communicate our spiritual things, every believer who receives them, is bound to contribute of his carnal things. How differently would ministers be supported if every Christian in the church and congregation felt it to be a duty and a pleasure to assist in comfortably supplying all the pastor's wants as the servant of Christ! If the Lord's poor are to be provided for—if the house of God is to be worthy of the name—if the worship of God is to be properly conducted, and the Gospel regularly preached—if the nations are to be taught, and our home population evangelised—and if the servants of Christ are to be supported, and supported as they ought to be—then there must be collections, then all who profess Christ should be prepared to contribute to the wants of the cause of Christ. And this is required; no one can read the New Testament, without prejudice, but must see that the Lord has cast the temporal support of his cause on the love and zeal of his professed followers. It should therefore be attended to—not as a matter that is indifferent, or that may be neglected without sin—but a duty that cannot be shifted off without transgression. Let us now notice,

Secondly: THE DIRECTION. But an inquiry may be started, "*Is this direction binding on us?*" Is anything in the epistle binding on us? Did not the Apostle direct his epistle to "all that in every place call on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ?" and do we not call on his name? Are we bound by what he says of the Lord's Supper in the eleventh chapter? or, to do all to the glory of God, as directed in the sixth and tenth chapters? We may not be bound to act to the *very letter of the text*, but we are bound to carry out *the spirit of it*. It always looks bad when persons ask if they may not evade the precepts of the New Testament, or neglect any of the duties of the better covenant. The heart is not right; selfishness, in some form, is working; and, in this case, I should fear that covetousness was not subdued. But, to the *direction*. The Holy Spirit says: 1. That all are to give. "Let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him." The rich and the poor, the master and the servant, are included—every one that has increase. What, the labourer? Yes. "Let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him

that needeth." Even the poor widow, when she cast in her two mites, is commended, and hold up to admiration. Our Lord did not say, as some would, "It is not for such as her to give. She should think of tomorrow's wants, and lay by what little she has against a rainy day." No, but he praised her noble deed as superior to all that the rich and honourable had done. 2. All are to give "*as God prospers them.*" Some rise by the providence of God, but their contributions to God's cause do not rise in proportion. Some give as much when they are journey-men as they do when they are masters; and some were even more liberal when they could scarcely meet their bills than they are now when they have property invested. Our giving should be *systematic*—as God prospers. We can do nothing well without system. We should give *regularly*, lay by weekly, or periodically, just in proportion as God prospers. We should *give constantly*, not occasionally, or by fits and starts, but week by week—as God gives to us, we should give back a part to Him. Giving is God's ordinance, as much so as Baptism, or the Lord's Supper, and should be observed as sacredly. We should consider that God has a right to ours as well as to us; and as He only asks for a portion, and leaves us to decide how much, we ought to give, not as if we were conferring a favour, but only rendering to God His due. It should be done *as to the Lord*. We should give for God's glory, just to honour Him, to express our gratitude to Him, and to please Him. We should give as an expression of our love to Jesus, produced by His love to us. What did His love cost Him? How has He expressed His love to us? How much has He in love given us? Now, how much does my love to Christ cost me? How do I express my love to Him? How much does my love prompt me to give weekly, monthly, or annually to Him, for the carrying on of His cause? 3. *All the churches should act according to this direction.* Paul had given orders to the churches of Galatia, and he now directs the church at Corinth to do the same. The precept is binding on the poor churches as well as the rich; and we find the poor church at Macedonia outstripped the richer churches in that day, 2 Cor. viii. 4. 4. *All the churches observed the first day of the week as the Lord's-day*, and that is selected as the most suitable on which to make the weekly contribution to the Lord's cause. The churches then considered liberality as sacred as worship, and so should we.

See, then—1. *God's rule of giving*—God's own plan. Our voluntary actions are to be ruled by God's word. We are not threatened with pains and penalties, but we are supposed to find a sufficient motive in love. Each Christian is to judge for himself as to what he ought to give; but, then, he is to consider what God gives him, or how God prospers him, and to bear in mind that God expects him to reflect his own liberality; and if God gives him bountifully in a way of business through the week, he is to give to His cause liberally on the Lord's-day. 2. See *how a portion of the Lord's-day may be lawfully employed*. In deciding as to the proportion of our property that is to be devoted to God's service. Such conduct may bring us as near to God, lead us into as close fellowship with God, and bring down upon us as rich blessings from God, as services thought by some to be much more sacred. 3. See *the way to avoid complaints about giving*. Some professors hate the name of a collection, and some even absent themselves when collections are made. Can such conduct please God? They may call collections carnal, and object to money being talked about on the Lord's-day, but it is they that are carnal. If God's Holy Spirit inspired men to write upon this subject, who shall dare say it is carnal? Now, the way to avoid all uncomfortable feelings, and all unpleasant remarks about money, as connected with the cause of God, is for every one to act on principle, and to lay by weekly for God's service, just in proportion as God prospers him. 4. See *how all the wants of the church may be met*. If every member contributed his part systematically, regularly, and constantly, to the church's funds, just as God prospers, there would be no wants, nor ground of complaint. The church would support her ministers, her missions, and her poor, and would be able, honourably and promptly, to meet all the claims that are made upon her. 5. See *how believers may expect to prosper*. In the Old Testament we



have the first-fruits and promise thus—"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Is not this parallel with the text? Give the Lord the first and the best, and He will bless and increase the rest. But too many, instead of giving the first-fruits, only give the tail corn, and not much of that—everyone must be served before the Lord—every claim must be met before the claims of God are thought of, and then a mite or two is eked out, and given as if it was clear loss. In the New Testament we read—"This I say, he that soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." That is, God pledges His word to carry out that principle of His government. "Them that honour Me, I will honour; and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." 6. See *how the selfish principle in us is to be counteracted*. By regularly, conscientiously, and frequently setting apart a portion of our property for the use and service of His church. Covetousness is a powerful evil. The love of money is the root of all evil; and it is very remarkable that the love of money is especially the sin of those advanced in life. It grows upon us, and from principle, as in God's sight, realizing that, we must give an account of our stewardship, we counteract it, it will conquer us. What a complaint was that of Paul—"All seek their own, and not the things that are Jesus Christ's!" What a corrective is that which he furnishes—"Let no man seek his own, but every man another's welfare." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." 7. Finally, *see how trouble and expense may be saved*. We should want no popular ministers at our anniversaries, nor deputations at our missionary meetings, in order to raise funds, if God's rule was carried out. There would be enough, if not to spare. A great part of the costly machinery now in use might be laid aside, and the cause would be carried on, as Christ's cause ought to be, without any appeals to the world, or to those not decided for God.

To conclude, let us review the past, at the close of the year, and ask, Have I acted consistently this year in reference to this subject? Have I given to His cause as God has prospered me? Have I felt it to be my duty, sacredly, to dedicate a given portion of my property to the Lord? Have I given from principle or from impulse? Have I given systematically and regularly, or at random, and only occasionally? Does my conscience acquit me of withholding from the cause of God more than is meet? Have I given to God in any degree proportioned to what I have laid by, or invested, or laid out upon myself? Why, some professors spend more in tobacco than they give to God's cause! And how many, Oh, how many, spend more in wine, spirits, and other strong drinks, than they consecrate to the Lord's service! Many a boy kept to black shoes, and run on errands, costs some Christians double, treble, more than is subscribed for the support of the minister who feeds his soul, and ministers to his spiritual edification. Many a female, who professes Christ, spends more in ribbons, flowers, feathers, and other ornaments, than they give to the Saviour. Yea, they give so little to Him because they spend so much on these. Do we write thus in anger? No, in grief. Is it for ourselves we thus speak? No, but for the Saviour, and for your own welfare. How will things appear, think you, when viewed from a death-bed, or when you look back upon them from the judgment-seat of Christ? Use your property now, or you will wish you had used it then. Have you kept back from God? Refund it if you can. Make restitution. The sin of Ananias and Sapphira was occasioned by the love of money, a desire to withhold unjustly, from God; and then lying to conceal the sin, in the presence of the Holy Ghost. A new year will soon open upon us; let us commence afresh then. If we have acted selfishly, if we have spent upon our pleasures, our fancies, our appetites, or our lusts, what we ought to have dedicated to God, let us do so no more. But let us carefully consider the claims of Christ upon us, the commands of God to us, the wants of the world and the church around us, and the rewards promised to the liberal and self-denying; and let us lay by in store as God

prosper us, that so His poor may be supplied, His ministers supported, His house be freed from debt, His worship be decently conducted, His Gospel spread abroad, and the abodes of ignorance, indifference, and crime, visited through our instrumentality. Oh, Christian, what has God given thee?—His only begotten Son. What has Jesus done for thee?—"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich." What has the Holy Spirit done for you? Has he not quickened, converted, taught, comforted, and revealed Jesus to you? What, then, ought you to give to God? What ought you to do for Jesus? What respect should you pay to the word of the Holy Spirit? What have the ministers of Christ given and done for you? Have they not given their time, their talents, and their labour to you? Have they not travailed in birth for you until Christ was formed in you? What is the Church to you but your mother? What poor believers, but your brethren, the members of Christ's mystical body, and identified with Himself? How, then, should you feel, act, and communicate to them of what God has given you, perhaps, for the very purpose?

---

## CHRISTMAS; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S MASS.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN.

"For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—HEB. X., 12.

There is something very delightful in the contemplation of perfection—a finished thing is generally loved. For this reason the smallest expression of Divine power has more charms for us than the most choice productions of men. We look upon a little flower made by God, as it hides its head in the grass, with more pleasure in this particular than the most classic book, ornate temple, or ingenious instrument. And we love in thought to ascend far above all worlds to the contemplation of the Great Eternal, and far away from all sin and imperfection to lay ourselves down at his feet to muse over the absolutely perfect, in the hope that, at some future period, through the mediation of Christ, we shall lose all our imperfections in the beams of His ineffable glory.

Now we have to contemplate a perfect work—the one offering of Jesus with the result of that perfection—"He hath by His one offering for ever perfected the sanctified." We pity the man who does not understand this language; whatever he may know of other things, being ignorant of this, his learning will be of little service to him. We are surrounded with the expressions of the physical power of God, minute and diversified, and perfection is written upon them all; but here we have a medium through which his moral attributes display themselves in all their unsullied majesty and glory. The sun and the moon and the stars are but so many shining letters in the name of God, but could we put them all together, pile them up into one vast pyramid, blazing and burning with a light above the brightness of the sun, still it would not spell out to us so much of God's character as may be seen written upon the one offering of Christ. God by one act brought this vast world into existence by Him who offered Himself up upon its surface, and by a series of touches chastened and subdued, beautified and ultimately subordinated it to man; and as we gaze upon this finished temple, and think of the one act which bade it spring forth out of nothing, and the repeated strokes which fluted its columns, carpeted the floor, and painted the ceiling, we wonder and adore. But when we contemplate the one offering of Christ, what it embodies and what it has accomplished, our wonder and adoration is enhanced a thousand fold. That which the many offerings of the law could not accomplish, Jesus accomplishes by one. The creature offered up by the creature could not reach the ultimate design of God, but *Himself* presented through the creature, accomplished at once and for ever the work. This last act of Jesus was but the climax of a series by which the spirituality of the law was brought out and satisfied, for Christ worked out the spirituality of the law as well by deeds as by words, and the perfection of the church ensured. To reach this grand consummation to which all the types and

sacrifices of the law pointed, Jesus became Incarnate—God and the creature became *one*. The glory which the heavens of heavens could not contain is for a time veiled in a temple of clay—"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." From the womb of a virgin comes forth a child whom the angels worship, while the earth recognises the footprints of its adorable Creator. Well might the angelic throng touch their harps afresh, and the shepherds of Bethlehem join in their song when the Son of God stepped from His throne into a manger, and the Ancient of days appeared in an infant of time. From the moment of His birth does His work commence fully—conformed to the law from the breasts of His mother to the grave. He assumed the nature that had sinned, though not a sinful nature, that He might reach its sin, and for ever put it away. This He accomplished by bearing its penalty. Say some he could not have endured the precise penalty due to sin, for eternity enters into the sufferings of the lost; true, but does eternity enter into the essence of punishment, or belong rather to the inability of the creature who is not strong enough to bear the whole *at once*—say some the humanity of Christ suffered only, and therefore it was impossible that it could have borne *all* the curse, suffering, and misery due to the myriads redeemed. Who shall say what the humanity *could* bear as sustained by the Divine. Upheld by Almighty power we believe it *did* bear a tornado of wrath which must have sought to expend itself upon a guilty church for ever, but in vain. "You talk mysteries;" yes, sacred to a believing heart. The precise penalty—impossible! what wrath, anger, remorse, despair? Do these belong to the essence of punishment, or arise out of the sinners consciousness that he never can meet the requisitions of justice. If Christ did not bear the precise penalty threatened, what relation have His sufferings to the law? If he bore but part, then to that extent must judgment go by default. In the theory of perfect equivalent men may find difficulties, but does not its denial involve greater? We find it easier to believe even *it* than those which, while they aim to destroy it, put nothing implicitly and fairly in its place, but leave us to search in vain for what it is in the "one offering" of Christ, of such ineffable—such unutterable value, that those who are embraced by it are eternally perfected. Penitent sinner, dost thou ask what it is? It is the SATISFACTION which Christ gave, *really* gave to the justice of God for thy sins. That justice simply demanded that which was *right*. Christ yielded that, neither more nor less;—standing in thy room and place, a surety for thee, by the purpose of God made *one* with thee, He bore all the wrath, curse, and suffering due to thy sins that thou mightest escape. Thou canst never understand what it cost Him,—what He suffered. The depths of those waters of sorrow in which He was baptized will never be fathomed by thee, and when thou dost approach them let it be with holy awe; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Let not speculation place her cold hand upon thy heart, and avoid the mere metaphysician when thou dost approach the cross of Christ. The eye of the former may be keen, but you look in vain for a tear; while the latter, counting the stripes of Jesus, says, they fell upon a creature's back, and that so many and no more could be endured before death seized its victim. They take the *fact* you see that Jesus died; shake hands, say they, over this. O no, says faith, 'tis its *significance* that constitutes its worth, that saves my soul, that sanctifies my heart, and lifts me upwards towards the throne of God; superficial views of the justice of God lead to superficial views of the sufferings of Christ, and superficial views of the sufferings of Christ lead to similar views of the nature of sin. I see no mystery in the cross of Christ, says reason, and putting her fingers into his bleeding wounds, she says they are not deep. Says faith they are deep enough to hide all the sins of the Church, for He has by His one offering for ever perfected them that are sanctified, and—

"Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood,  
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God."

For ever perfected the sanctified—perfected—how? by the removal of sin, the procuring of pardon, justification, sanctification. In relation to what?—the law of God, the lawgiver—God Himself if you please;—the act of justification which passed upon the

Head when He arose from the dead, embraced the members. In the blood of Jesus the church lost at once and for ever all her guilt. The huge burden of her sins He left in His sepulchre never to be seen again; and now in the eyes of absolute purity she stands without a spot. The law with its ten eyes looks at her both within and without, and declares her faultless. Holiness smiles upon her, and placing her arms around her, lifts her to the very bosom of God. Amid the streaming effulgence of heaven her robes are white, and in beauty and brightness outvie the clothing of cherubin and seraphim before the throne. Here we have a perfection not built upon the creature's excellence or work, but the perfections and toil of the son of God. Here we behold the soul again restored to its rightful Lord, and more than paradise regained. We see it clothed in a beauty more glorious than even that which sin took away, and imperishable as the life of God. A perfection built upon the finished work of Christ—secured and embraced by all the attributes of Deity—destined to display itself in the undying bliss of myriads through the countless ages of eternity. O glorious bridegroom! O transcendent bride! O wondrous sacrifice which thus consummates a union pregnant with such divine results. O my soul, amid the many things which the passing pageant of this world constantly presents to Thy view, and by which it would distract thy attention from heavenly things, let the one offering of Jesus never be overlooked. Let this be the central object of all thy meditations as it is the procuring cause of all thy bliss. See thou but one offering in the book of God, and amid all the varied offerings of the law. See this world reared but as an altar for its presentation to God. Behold it as the central point of time, the pivot of Providence, and destined to exert an infallible and holy influence over the present and eternal destiny of myriads yet unborn. To this great offering come, and on it present thy offerings that they may be perfumed and accepted by the great I AM. Art thou anxious to know if the one offering of Jesus embraces thee? He has by His *one* offering perfected them that are sanctified. Those who were set apart by the Father's love, chosen in Jesus, for whom He stood surety—whom he received as a precious gift from his Father's hand—ah, but who are they say you? Those who believe in and love Jesus; those who obey and follow Jesus; those who hunger and thirst after Jesus; who not only desire to be saved by Jesus, but to be conformed to Him; these are the sanctified. But while seeking to be sanctified believer, look not to *it* but to Jesus; look not at the perfection thou hast reached as the basis of thy hope, or it will be hidden from thy eyes; but look to the perfection of Jesus,—to His one offering; here while labouring to glorify thy God thou wilt find a perfection which will never fail thee, but in the midst of all thy conscious sins and infirmities will ever remain the same, and will still support thy hope amid all the billows of temptation, the trials of life, and the dark waves of death:—

"Jesus thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

From these imperfect observations, the reader, it is hoped, will perceive that there is an indissoluble connection between the finished work of Christ, and the ultimate salvation of all who are embraced by it. If the Atonement, therefore, of Christ embraces all men, then all men are perfected by it, and who can perish. Ah! but faith is needed. True, but faith creates nothing, but simply apprehends what is. From this stand point, too, of eternal truth, we see the sin of the Catholic priest, who declares that he constantly offers up the Son of God afresh in the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass, and by thus *acting* as constantly impeaches and denies the perfection of the sacrifice of Christ. Upon this huge, monstrous, Christ-denying lie the entire system of Rome is built; take this away and the vast, voluptuous temple of superstition falls. Let us aim to take it away, not by using her weapons, by emulating her spirit, or by thundering forth anathemas, but by making known the truth. The death of Christ, which is her weakness, is our strength; by her many offerings she shall die, by the one offering of Christ we shall live. This is the knife by which only we can kill the pride and enmity of man; the lever in the hand of faith by which all false systems shall ultimately be overturned.

Upon the one offering of Jesus, as the most grand and sublime *reality* which God Himself ever presented to the faith and affections of an intelligent being, may we, therefore, in simple and childlike faith, live, and thus fed and sustained, may we labour, and having accomplished all the work assigned us, through the same blessed medium, may we enter into that rest the enjoyment of which it has procured and ensured to the perfected just.

Christmas, by England's sons esteemed, a time  
Of joy and jubilee. But to a mind  
By grace subdued, it well might bring far other  
Thoughts than those of feasting or of mirth.  
Methinks that as the Christian's eye by light  
Divine illumed, surveys the countless host  
O'er which, in ages past, dark superstition  
Threw her gloomy pall, his heart might well be sad,  
And holy sorrow bid his eyes to weep.  
Christmas! thy name to some might be, but as  
A passport into brighter lands, and men's  
At thy magic spell would wake, and joyful  
Lead to scenes of home and pleasures long since  
Passed; or kindle up anticipation  
Keen of joys to come, in many a youthful  
Breast: but, to the mind of one, who views thy  
Name connected with the rite from whence it  
Sprang, far different thoughts arise. Led on  
By ignorance and her sister pride, a  
Gloomy train he views; in sable garb arrayed;  
Of every rank composed. Here old and young,  
Peasant and prince, rich and poor, the ignorant  
And the wise, unite; bound by one cord which  
Superstition weaves, they travel on; one  
Bond of union on each forehead seen, the  
"Image of the beast." No sound of life is  
Heard, but silently they move, with slow and  
Solemn step: like some dark stream, the eye  
Pursues through various scenes, 'till lost, it sinks  
Into some vast abyss. And now the mind  
Runs back to trace the spot whence issued forth  
This mighty train, nor stays her course, 'till mid  
The gorgeous temples, and rich vaulted fanes,  
Of papal Rome, beholds a scene, at which  
Faith weeps,—a scene of blasphemy and lies.  
There sits the scarlet whore, from whose embrace  
One half of Christendom, so called, when struck  
By death have fallen, and that to rise no more,  
There see the golden cup, still full of that  
Dread wine, to drink of which earth's princes, kings,  
And potentates, have laid their crowns beneath  
Her feet, and sold their souls to an eternal  
Hell. There stand her priests in costly vestments,  
Sumptuously arrayed, who, mid the roll of  
Music and soft plaintive sounds, and air with  
Aromatic sweets perfumed, and gestures  
Various, prepare,—to what? to offer up  
The Son of God! O awful mockery!  
O delusive cheat! ye sons of Belial  
Dismally deceived. O list ye gaping  
Crowds, see, and behold in Christ the only  
Mass that e'er can save the soul! His precious  
And atoning blood once spilt; for ever cleansed  
And purified the Church. He is alone,  
The Altar, Sacrifice, and Priest: yea ALL  
A sinner needs, to cleanse and save the soul;  
Nor monkish rites, nor angels, men, nor mass  
Can ever add a single virtue to  
His precious blood. This, viewed by faith, and this  
Alone, can heal and save the soul by sin  
Condemned and lost. This, is the Christian's mass;  
A dying, risen, and exalted Christ,  
Whose agonizing cry upon the cross,  
Proclaimed his work complete, his Father's law  
Extolled, and church beloved, for ever saved  
And blest. No other offering now the Father

Needs, nor will, nor can, approve. Yea, he, who  
 Comes with any other name, or blood, or plea,  
 Than this, treads on the sacrifice which God  
 Accepts, spurns 'neath his feet the precious blood  
 Of Christ, and stands condemned before his throne,  
 Whose word declares, the scoffers' portion hell.  
 O then, how foolish and how vain, for man,  
 Poor sinful man, to think that he, by his  
 Best deeds, by sin defiled, can ever make  
 More perfect and complete the work of God.  
 As soon might mortal man blot out the sun,  
 Or with his puny hand eclipse his beams,  
 As he could add a grain of merit to  
 The death of Christ. Could all the obedience  
 That shall ever spring from sovereign love  
 In ransomed souls revealed, with that which troops  
 Angelic gladly yield to his loved mandates,  
 Whose good will confirmed, and mighty grasp still  
 Kept them firm 'mid reeling seraphs, heaven's  
 Apostate sons; these, both combined, could never  
 Save a soul, or make a Saviour's work more  
 Perfect and secure. Ye thoughtless crowds,  
 Who, on a broken cake build all your hopes  
 Of heaven, behold in Christ, the smitten rock  
 Of safety and defence; the only way  
 Of life and peace with God. All other refuges  
 Save this, will fail, yea, melt before the fire  
 Of heavens' most righteous wrath, and leave the  
 Soul all naked and exposed to endless  
 Torments, an undying worm, and living death.

W. P. B.

## BIBLE APOLOGUES AND ALLEGORIES.

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

No. VIII.—"Mercy triumphing over Misery."—2 Sam. xiv.

This chapter brings us again into connection with the history of David, and like every other part of that wonderful man's career, it is full of instruction. In him we see the words of a later prophet fulfilled, "thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore, and understand, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to depart from the living God." His chief sins were found in a violation of the laws of family relationship, and from his own family his chastisements came. I need not refer again to the sad story of Amnon Tamar, and Absalom, or to the deep wounds inflicted on David's heart by the conduct of his two sons. One of them slept the sleep of death, slain in his sins by a brother's hand, in order to avenge the wrongs of a much injured sister. The treacherous fratricide still lived, hiding beneath the fairest exterior, the foulest purposes; he lived awhile to be the rod in God's hand for correcting an erring father. Thus God in his righteous sovereignty, uses wicked instruments to work out

his designs of judgment on his enemies, and chastisement of his own people.

Absalom, after the murder of his brother, had fled to Geshur, and remained there for three years, "and the soul of David longed to go forth unto Absalom." As a father David was willing to forgive him, but, as a sovereign, he felt it would be dangerous for him to do so, for others would be encouraged to commit similar crimes, thinking that he who forgave the murderer of his own son, could not well punish them.

The keen, clever, brave, but unprincipled Joab soon perceived that the king's heart was towards Absalom, and set himself to bring them once more together. It mattered not to him what principles were sacrificed, or wrong precedents established, so that the object on which he set his heart was accomplished. He therefore employed a female who had a reputation for cleverness to go unto the king and state the case of David and Absalom in a parabolic form, as if it all referred to herself.

Being in the king's presence, she cried:—"Help, O king. And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, I am indeed a widow woman, and mine husband is dead. And thy handmaid had two sons, and they two strove together in the field, and there was none to part them, but the one smote the other and slew him. And, behold, the whole family is risen against thine handmaid, and they said, Deliver him that smote his brother, that we may kill him, for the life of his brother whom he slew; and we will destroy the heir also: and so they shall quench my coal which is left, and shall not leave to my husband neither name nor remainder upon the earth." The king gave her repeated assurances that both she and her son should be protected, and seemed to wish to get rid of her suit. He closes by saying:—"As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of thy son fall to the earth."

This "wise woman," as she is called, now makes almost as plain and direct an application of her feigned cause to the king, as Nathan had before done:—"Then the woman said, Let thine handmaid, I pray thee, speak one word unto my lord the king. And he said, Say on. And the woman said, Wherefore then hast thou thought such a thing against the people of God? for the king doth speak this thing as one which is faulty, in that the king doth not fetch home again his banished. For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means, that his banished be not expelled from him."

We must not pursue the narrative any farther than to observe that David traced this contrivance to its author, Joab, and that he had an interview with his scheming general, which resulted in Absalom being brought back to Jerusalem, without being permitted to see the king's face.

Different estimates have been formed of the "wise woman" who figures in this transaction. Some give her credit for much wisdom and sagacity; others think that as far as this case proves, she

has not much claim to the title of the "wise woman of Tekoah." Mr. Jay observes:—"She seems very little deserving of the appellation 'wise,' unless she displayed more wisdom on former occasions than she does in the present instance. For there is scarcely one article in the whole of her long wordy address that pertinently and justly bears on the subject. Joab, indeed, furnished her with the leading part of her story—for it does not deserve the name of reasoning. But he had an unjustifiable measure to accomplish, and therefore he did as well as he could to make the worse appear the better cause." This may be the reason for the wise woman's failure, if such we deem it. What a mercy it is that there is one pleading before the King of Heaven for transgressors who does it righteously and successfully. "Justice and judgment are the habitation (or basis) of God's throne;" even the principles on which His moral government is conducted; yet he can restore, pardon, and bless the most guilty, without the least worthiness on their part, yea in the face of all demerit; and not only secure His throne from dishonour, but surround it with the brightest glory. This is because we have a wise Advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous. His words are full of perfect wisdom; Him the father heareth always; and to Him let us commit our otherwise desperate cause.

Let us muse a little longer on the 14th verse; and in the light of the Gospel we may discern greater wonders in these words than the wisest in ancient days had any idea of. While we cannot approve of the application of this sentiment to Absalom's case, we may yet rejoice with exceeding joy "that God doth devise means that his banished be not expelled from him." But first, and in order to see the glory of the divine provision, we must look at the former part of the verse—"we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person." The whole verse suggests the following points:—*Man's desert*—*God's design*—*the believer's destiny*—*and the saint's duty.*

**Man's desert is to die.** This is the sentence pronounced on our natural head, and on us in him. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." When this this event takes place man becomes "as spilled water which cannot be gathered up again." Man's breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish." His schemes come to nothing; his intentions are all frustrated. The man of business all at once drops away from the crowded mart; the fire of genius at which so many were gazing flickers and expires. As regards this world "the place which knew them knows no more." In this affair "no one's person is regarded." The voice from the grave says:—

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head;  
Must lay as low as ours."

A still more solemn voice says, "It is appointed unto all men once to die; but after this the judgment." God gathers up the spilled the wasted life, its every moment, its every art, word, and thought; and preserves all for judgment. This is *all* that *man as man* can look for, even DEATH and JUDGMENT; death in sin, the judgment of condemnation. I say *man as man*, that is, man as *fallen*, or alienated from God. Therefore "woe unto him that is alone when he falleth." Woe unto him that dies merely as a man, a sinful man; who having lived without God, enters eternity a solitary stranger, with no one to welcome him, no one to befriend him. Look at the four following words—SIN, DEATH, JUDGMENT, WRATH. Sin loved; death inflicted; judgment in righteousness; wrath through eternity—terrible order! who shall alter it? This is the deserved doom of *all*. Yet does God devise means to set all this aside. Let us turn aside and see this great sight.

How sweet to think on God's designs in connection with our desert. Mark the *contrast*—"Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them who look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." "What a change! instead of the gloomy grave, the fiery throne, the burning

gulf; we have the wondrous cross, the glorious appearing, the finished salvation, even an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Thus means have been devised to bring the banished ones back. The sinner is a banished one. In himself he is justly excluded from God's favour, presence and blessing, and he is self banished from all those. He does not prize God's favour, he desires not his presence; seeks not his blessing. Thus God's justice and his own inclination, shuts him out from all that is really good; and in this condition he must for ever have remained if "means had not been devised." Herein God hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence. His thoughts are deep, precious, wonderful; as high above ours as the heavens are above the earth. The provisions are complete, all things are ready. The eternal purpose hath provided a sin-removing, death-destroying, Saviour; and a life-giving, holiness producing Spirit. All is free for the most guilty and needy. "All things are of God who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. To wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," but imputing righteousness to every one that believeth; "Righteousness delivereth from death." Righteousness brings *with* it abundance of grace, the heirship of eternal life; and *after* it an eternal nearness to the throne of God and the Lamb. Glorious *destiny*.

"Not expelled from Him," but "a people near unto Him," the friends, the family, the household of God; the members, the bride, the fulness of Christ; the possessors, the temple, the instruments of the Holy Spirit. As no thought of ours can tell what the distance was, so we can have no adequate idea of what the nearness will be. But this we know, "made nigh by the blood of Christ;" this is our privilege *now*. "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God;" this will be our *position* eternally. We learn somewhat both of the distance and the nearness, by the mighty means devised to lift us from



our banishment, and bring us to our blessed home.

And now what should be the aim and object of those who are partakers of this grace, and expectants of this glory? Surely such should lay low before God when they consider their deserts. We are but dust and ashes; we have merited nothing but expulsion from God. We wandered as far as we could. It was our determination to remain there. It was grace that sought us, and taught us to say, "we will arise and go to our father." And now we have felt His embrace, enjoyed His pardon, and received His unspeakable gift; we should rejoice in Him who hath received us graciously, and loved us so freely, and this joy should be our strength for God's service. We should make known the good news everywhere, and seek to be God's instruments of carrying out His gracious purposes of love. We have no need to concoct any round-about tale of our own; but just

repeat the wondrous "story of grace," ever labouring to make manifest the savour of Christ's name; to "declare the testimony of God," if by any means we may save some.

It is an honour to be the instrument of reconciling offended brethren; "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," but still greater is the honour of being the means of bringing sinners to God. The woman of Tekoah only very partially succeeded. Absalom was made to keep his distance, his heart remained unchanged; and he died a rebel; but our God pardons without reserve, and blesses without any limitation. "What shall we then say to these things. "If God be for us, who can be against us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ." "So we shall even be with the Lord." "Wherefore let us comfort one another with these words."

#### OLD TIMES.

How often do we hear the expression, "This looks like 'old times,'" when a friend whom we have not seen for years, it may be, seats himself to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul!" Or, as we wander with the companion of our childhood or youth, through some haunt of early years, how frequently, and with what a thrill of pleasure, will the exclamation rise to the lips of each one, "This is like 'old times!'"

The epithet is almost always connected with pleasurable associations. With what pleasing anticipation do we look forward to an interview with a friend with whom we may chat respecting "old times." The allusion in the use of this phrase is commonly to merely worldly matters, and things of temporal interest, but it need not be confined to them. The Christian also can derive benefit from looking back upon "old times." Before it pleased God to renew his heart, he sees himself striving against His spirit, rejecting His offered mercy, and ridiculing the servants of the Most High. Again, he beholds

himself, in "old times," snatched as a "brand from the burning;" he reviews mentally the several stages by which he was brought to a knowledge of Scripture truth; he remembers the agony of his mind before he found One "exalted to give repentance and forgiveness of sins;" and the recollection of his ingratitude in "old times" may well stimulate him to greater energy in the cause of God. How must the remembrance of Saul, the persecutor in "old times," have fired the zeal and increased the vigilance of "Paul the aged" for the glory of his Redeemer! When the Christian, looking back upon "old times," dwells upon the recollection of the sweet intercourse he once held with some bosom friend, from whom he is now widely separated, the aspirations of his heart will be quickened for the coming of that time when their intercourse shall never be suspended. To him, too, the "old times" of affliction are sources of thankfulness. He can assign to each trial its proper effect, and say, "In this trial I gained a deeper insight into my deceitful heart;

in that affliction I learned patience and forbearance; in that adversity to practice self-denial. *‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’*” And when reviewing, as life ebbs away, the scenes of the past, with sorrow for his own transgressions, and frequent want of zeal in his Master’s service, will be mingled deep thankfulness for the “way the Lord his God has led him all these years” in “this great wilderness.”

But the man who has not set God before his eyes in his walk through life, who has seen the usefulness of religion as a *moral agent* in the well-being of society, but who has not experienced its necessity to every man as a *principle of action*, can he, under similar circumstances, look back with equal calmness

to “old times?” will they not rather fix still deeper in his soul the keen stings of remorse, as each recollection of them conjures up some waste of precious time, some scene of unhallowed festivity, some conviction stifled, some “fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness?” To him there can arise no solid pleasure from the contemplation of “old times.”

Reader, if, when the things of time are fading away, and the awful scenes of eternity open upon you, you would look back with pleasure upon things past,—oh, delay not to make your way, amidst the rocks and shoals of life, to that Rock which is higher than you. That, be assured, is the only point from which you can, with *undisturbed serenity*, look back upon “old times.” T. M.

### GOD'S LOVE.

“Mother, do you think God could love you, and yet let the baby die?”

“Yes, my dear, I know he loves me.”

Thus spake a sorrowing mother, and her prattling child, who had climbed upon her knee, attracted by the sight of tears on those cheeks she loved so well.

“I shouldn’t think He’d like to see you cry, and have us all feel so lonesome. I thought you said the way to show love was to make others happy.”

“So I say still, my child.”

“And yet God loves you, and makes you feel so bad.”

“Suppose, my dear Nelly, that you should leave me, to go and live with aunt Lucy for a year or two, after which time you expected to return, and live at home again all your life, and perhaps for ever. Suppose I had a beautiful home, with everything to delight you, which I had filled with birds, and flowers, and toys, such as I know you love, where dear little girls and boys of your own age waited to welcome you, and where you could always sport in innocence under your mother’s eye. Don’t you think I would look forward with pleasure to the thought of welcoming you to all our joys, when your visit to aunt Lucy’s ended?”

“Yes, indeed, dear mother.”

“Suppose you could not see me all

this time, and could only hear from me through your aunt, and that I found you had entirely forgotten my face, and had ceased to think about your future home, or sent any messages in aunt Lucy’s letters, and that even the thought of going home made you sad, instead of glad, and yet I knew you could only stay at aunt Lucy’s a year; don’t you think it would make me unhappy?”

“Yes, indeed, dear mother, it almost makes me cry to think of it,” said Nelly, kissing her mother, and clinging closely around her neck.

“Suppose you had at aunt Mary’s a dear little cousin, that loved you just as your angel sister did, when here with us, and that you loved with all your heart; that slept in the same bed with you, and was by your side all day, till she seemed a part of yourself, and you could not bear to leave her a moment. Then suppose you had among your playthings a large doll, with eyes to open and shut, like the one we saw the other day.

“Well, darling, if I, loving you so much, and longing to see you, should send for your doll, and keep it in my home, thinking to make you want to come to it, and so turn you to think more of me; and then, finding that had no effect, should send for your little pet

cousin, and keep her happy and safe in my arms, in your beautiful home, till you were ready to come to her and me, would you think, because I made you shed a few tears in parting with her, I did not love you? And then if you found your love for me and your future home revived, and was stronger than ever, and that you longed for the visit at aunt Lucy's to end, that you might fly to my arms, would you not think I had given you a few moments of sorrow for a life-time of happiness?"

"Yes, indeed, dear mother. I should love you better always for making me love you when I was forgetting my dear home."

"Well, dear Nelly, that is something like what my heavenly Father has done, only, instead of toys, and flowers, and such things, there are greater joys than we can understand in that bright, glorious home which our Saviour has gone to prepare, and to which He has removed my darling ones."

## POETRY.

## SONNET.—INDIA.

Land of the gloomy creed and glowing sky!  
 For thee the past records no patriot theme  
 To break, by Memory's spell, thy death-like dream:  
 Yet Hope still wakes, and westward turns her eye;  
 For, lo! with "better life" thy soil to plant,  
 The clime of Freedom sends thee Freedom's seed;  
 And, oh! may He whose will can bless and speed  
 Time's future harvest, his choice influence grant.  
 So shall a tree soon flourish wide and fair,  
 Knowledge and Truth, twin-fibres at its root,  
 "Pure Faith" and "Heavenly Love" its deathless fruit;  
 And the new year, whose dawn our wish and prayer  
 Hail as a nation's hour of promise, be  
 To thy "regenerate sons" their jubilee.

November 11th, 1857.

A. C. M. JELlicoe.

## FULNESS OF CHRIST.

What the heart is at the birth,  
 What the soul is to the earth,  
 What the gem is to the mine,  
 What the grape is to the vine,  
 What the bloom is to the tree,  
*That* is Jesus Christ to me.  
 What the string is to the lute,  
 What the breath is to the flute,  
 What the spring is to the watch,  
 What the nerve is to the touch,  
 What the breeze is to the sea,  
*That* is Jesus Christ to me.  
 What the estate is to the heir,  
 What the autumn's to the year,  
 What the seed is to the farm,  
 What the sunbeam's to the corn,  
 What the flower is to the bee,  
*That* is Jesus Christ to me.  
 What the light is to the eye,  
 What the sun is to the sky,  
 What the sea is to the river,  
 What the hand is to the giver,  
 What a friend is to the plea,  
*That* is Jesus Christ to me.  
 What culture is unto the waste,  
 What honey is unto the taste,  
 What fragrance is unto the smell,  
 Or springs of water to a well,  
 What beauty is in all I see,  
 All this and more is Christ to me.

## "WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

SUGGESTED BY AN OBSERVATION OF THE  
 REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

We all like leaves do pass away,  
 And flutter to the earth beneath,  
 And the cold winter of decay,  
 Scatters our glories in a breath.  
 Though some escaped from the throng,  
 In silence sink upon the grass,  
 And some in sweetness glide along  
 Dispensing odours as they pass.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Oh! might I, as a rose-leaf, prest  
 Within the books that holds his name,  
 As in God's presence sinks to rest,  
 And sleeping still, his love proclaim.  
 Haply some friend that knew me here  
 Might linger, on that leaf to gaze,  
 And drop the tribute of a tear  
 To one he knew in early days.  
 And thus within the word of truth,  
 That leaf might long retain its bloom,  
 And redolent of endless youth,  
 Dispense a blessing from the tomb.

## DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**NEWDURY, BERKS.**—After a pastorate of between twelve and thirteen years, the Rev. Joseph Drew has resigned the charge of the Baptist Church. Active measures are, however, being adopted by the friends with a view to induce him to alter his purpose and to continue his labours.

**HITCHIN.**—The Rev. John Broad has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church worshipping in Salem Chapel, at the close of the present year. This resolution has been taken in consequence of Mr. Broad's health absolutely requiring his removal to a warmer climate, and with the prospect of perfect unanimity on the part of the church in the choice of a successor to the vacant pastorate.

**BISHOP BURTON.**—Mr. John Dawson, Baptist minister, late of Bingley, has entered upon the pastorate over the Baptist Church in this place.

**WICKHAM LANE, KENT.**—Mr. Joseph Winfield, of Bexley Heath, has engaged to supply the pulpit in the above place for three months.

## SERVICE TO BE HOLDEN.

**HOXTON TABERNACLE, High-street, Hoxton.**—The Rev. A. J. Baxter has kindly consented to preach as above, D.V., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th, at seven o'clock. There will be a collection as a token of sympathy for the pastor, in consequence of the grievous afflictions and bereavements which have desolated his home.

## ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

**MONMOUTHSHIRE ASSOCIATION OF ENGLISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.**—On Wednesday last a meeting to inaugurate the first session of this Association was held in Crane-street Chapel, Pontypool. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, President of Pontypool College, was chosen moderator; the Rev. W. Aitchison, of Newport, the mission secretary, the Rev. S. Young, of Abergavenny, association secretary, and W. W. Phillips, Esq., of Pontypool, treasurer. The business was commenced at half-past two by the Rev. S. Packer, of Monmouth, offering prayer. The services were closed with a sermon from the Rev. W. Aitchison.

## SPECIAL SERVICES.

**EVESHAM.**—On Tuesday, Oct. 27, services were held in celebration of the union of the two Baptist churches here, after about 70 years' separation. Eloquent sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. John Aldis, of Reading; and in the evening by the Rev. J. J. Brown, of Birmingham. At the close of the morning service the friends dined together, after which the Rev. Thos. Michael gave a brief statement of the past history and present position of the church, and the Revs. T. Wilkinson, J. Green, M. Philip, F. Overbury, J. Wassall, J. J. Brown and J. Aldis addressed the assembly. After the evening service, the friends took supper together, and the very interesting services were brought to a close by speeches from several gentlemen. The public services are held in Cowl-street Chapel, and Mill-street Chapel is occupied by the Sunday-schools.

## OPENING OF NEW CHAPELS.

**GAMLINGAY, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—Ser-

vices were held at this place on Thursday, Nov. 5th, on the occasion of re-opening the Baptist chapel after enlargement. It is a very pleasing fact that it is the third enlargement within forty years. The present addition consists of a large lecture-room and gallery opening into the chapel, and affording accommodation for 300 persons. This additional gallery, being designed for the Sunday-school, leaves that formerly occupied by them for the use of the congregation in general. The accommodation supplied by this place of worship is very considerable, and we are happy to say that the whole is occupied. The Rev. E. Manning, the pastor, has laboured amongst his affectionate people upwards of forty years. The services last week were conducted by the Rev. W. Landels and the Rev. C. J. Middleditch, whose sermons were remarkably appropriate and excellent. The whole cost of the enlargement was £270, towards which, including the collections on the day of re-opening, the sum of £220 has been raised, leaving a deficiency of £50, which, it is believed, will be soon met.

**BIRCHINGTON, NEAR MARGATE.**—A new chapel, built of galvanised iron, has been erected in this village for the use of the Baptist denomination, and was opened for public worship on the 29th ult., when an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Jones, M.A., of Folkestone, and in the evening a public meeting was held, when the Revs. J. Crofts, J. Brook, T. Moore, W. B. Davis, and D. Jones, addressed the meeting.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE.**—TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. FRANCIS BRITCLIFFE.—A tea-meeting was held in the Baptist Sabbath school-room on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., when a testimonial of respect was presented to the Rev. Francis Britcliffe, by Mr. James Rothwell, one of the deacons, on behalf of the church and Sabbath-school, of a splendidly-bound copy of "Bagster's Comprehensive edition of the Holy Scriptures," bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. F. Britcliffe, as a token of high esteem and respect for his past services and labours in connection with the Baptist church and Sabbath-school, Heywood, 4th November, 1857, with a sincere wish that he may be blessed in his future sphere of labour." The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. Britcliffe, Mr. Edward Howard, Mr. William Butterworth, and others. Mr. Britcliffe commences his labours at Doncaster, to which place he has removed, with every prospect of success.

**RAYLEIGH, ESSEX.**—On Sunday last, the church and congregation assembling for worship in the Baptist Chapel, Rayleigh, Essex, presented twenty volumes of books, including Dr. Kitchin's Pictorial Bible, in 4 vols., Dwight's Theology, in 5 vols., Leighton on Peter, in 2 vols., Dr. Angus's Bible Handbook, Dr. Angus's edition of Butler's Analogy and Sermons, Eadie's Cyclopaedia, &c., to Mr. John Edwards, as a feeble expression of their approbation of his ministry, and especially of their gratitude to him for his indefatigable efforts and unremitting zeal in connection with the cause of Christ at Rayleigh.

**HARLOW, ESSEX.**—The Rev. Thomas Finch, who has been for forty years the minister of the Dissenting chapel in this place, has just retired from the duties of the pastoral office. At a public meeting lately held in the town, Charles Barnard, Esq., in the name of the congregation and other neighbouring friends, presented the rev. gentleman with an "address of sympathy and congratulation," together with an elegantly-worked purse of gold. After a career of forty years unblemished reputation, Mr. Finch retires with the love and respect of all who know him.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, HERTS.**—On Wednesday, October 23th, services were held at the Baptist Chapel to recognise the Rev. William Emery as pastor. In the afternoon the Rev. J. P. Hewlett delivered a most impressive discourse to the congregation from Malachi iii. 10. The friends then adjourned to the Assembly-room, which was very tastefully decorated, and nearly 700 sat down to tea: after which a public meeting was held, the Rev. William Upton in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Upton, W. Payne, J. P. Hewlett, and W. Emery.

**FALMOUTH.**—On Wednesday, the 14th instant, the Rev. John Walcot, late of Sutton, Yorkshire, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church, Falmouth. The service was unusually interesting;—John Freeman, Esq., deacon of the church, presided. The proceedings commenced by singing and prayer. The chairman then made a few pithy observations, and called upon Mr. Gutteridge, a brother deacon, to state the circumstances which had induced the church to seek Mr. Walcot's ministerial services. This statement was followed by a similar interesting account from Mr. Walcot. Mr. Walcot was followed by the Revs. John Stock, of Devonport; Mr. Haswell, Wesleyan minister, of Falmouth; J. P. Barnett, of Penzance; and H. Lawrence, of Truro.

**BURTON-ON-TRENT, STAFFORDSHIRE, SALEM CHAPEL.**—On Tuesday, the 20th inst., a social meeting was held to recognise the settlement of the Rev. J. R. Jenkins as their pastor. After tea, a very pleasant evening was enjoyed, when the Rev. gentleman gave an address, referring to the circumstances which had separated his former pastoral connections at Tenby and Penzance, reading a letter from the latter church expressive of their deep sympathy, and regret that, through the sudden prostration of his health, should thus suddenly be severed their mutual union. He then gave an interesting account of his travels through various countries of the East. Mr. Douglas, deacon of the church, and several members briefly addressed the meeting, all cordially welcoming the minister to his new sphere of labour, and their anxious desire for his successful labours.

#### BAPTISMS.

**BEAULA, Monmouth,** Aug. 2—Three in the river Ebbw. Sep. 27—Two by Mr. James. **BIRMINGHAM, Henage-street,** October 4—Eleven by Mr. Burton. **BRADFORD, Sion Chapel,** Nov. 1—Ten by Mr. J. P. Chown.

**BRADFORD, Trinity Chapel,** Nov. 1—Eight by Mr. H. J. Betts. This was the first baptism in the new chapel. Thirteen were added to the church in the afternoon.

**CARDIFF, Bethany,** Oct. 4—Seven by Mr. Tilly.

**CARMARTHEN, Tabernacle,** October 11—One by Mr. Jones.

**CLARE, Suffolk,** Nov. 1—Eight by Mr. Pells. Four Sabbath-school teachers, and a father and son.

**CRADLEY HEATH, near Stourbridge,** Sep. 6—Five by Mr. Miles, after a sermon by Mr. Amos; Oct. 11—Three by Mr. Amos.

**COATE, Oxon,** Nov. 1—Eight by Mr. Arthur.

**DOLTON, Devon,** September 27—Five by Mr. Brooks.

**EVESHAM, Oct. 4**—Two by Mr. Michael.

**GREAT ELLINGHAM, Norfolk,** Sep. 27—Three by Mr. Williams.

**GREENWICH, Ebenezer Chapel,** Oct. 27—Four by Mr. Count. One at the age of 81.

**HADDENHAM, Cambs., Oct. 4**—One by Mr. Mostyn.

**HARROW-ON-THE-HILL,** Oct. 18—Four by Mr. J. Smith. A crowded house, a heavenly breeze, inquiries started, and many anxious.

**HAVERFORDWEST, Oct. 4**—Thirteen by Mr. Davis, after an address by Mr. Burditt.

**HOLYHEAD,** October 23—Thirteen by Mr. Morgan.

**HUNMANBY, Oct. 18**—One by Mr. Morris.

**KENNINGHALL, Norfolk,** Nov. 1—Three by Mr. Page.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Oct. 28**—Five by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

**LONDON, Mount Zion, Hill-street,** Oct. 25—Eighteen by Mr. J. Foreman.

— New Park-street, Nov. 26—Fourteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

— Spencer-place, Goswell-road, Nov. 8—Four by Mr. Cooke.

— Cross-street, Islington, Oct. 23—Six by Mr. Thomas.

— Shouldham-street, Bryanston-square, Sept. 27—Eight by Mr. W. Blake.

**MARLOES, Pembrokeshire,** Sep. 20—Two, a man and his wife.

**NETHERTON, near Dudley,** Oct. 4—Two by Mr. D. Davies, of Birmingham.

**ROTHLEY, near Leicester,** Sep. 6—Four by Mr. Riley.

**RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire,** Nov. 1—Five by Mr. Bradfield. [Philippians i. 8.—Ed. B. M.]

**SUDBURY, Suffolk,** Oct. 2—Five by Mr. Bentley.

**SWANSEA, Mount Pleasant,** Sep. 6—Ten by Mr. Short.

— Bethesda, Sep. 6—Seven; Sep. 27, six by Mr. Jones.

**TOBQUAY, Devon, Union-st.,** Oct. 25—Six by Mr. Kings.

**WAINSGATE, Nov. 1**—Four by Mr. Bamber.

**WALWORTH, East-street,** Oct. 1—Four by Mr. Chislett.

**WALLINGFORD, Berks,** Oct. 29—One by Mr. J. Foreman.

**WHITTLESEA, Nov. 1**—Three by Mr. Ashby.

#### DEATH.

**BONNEL, FANNY HARDING,** at Oxford, November 4th, of scarlatina, aged six years, the firstborn of Rev. W. H. Bonner. A bud of great promise,