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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER :

AN
Evangelical Treasury

AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1883.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

If the past inspires thankfulness, the future cannot fail of exciting hopefulness ; for He who led us thus far on life's pilgrim-track is an unchanging God, and has promised never to leave, never to forsake, His chosen heritage. From this assurance we may take courage, and enter with confidence upon the duties which confront us at the outset of another year.

Each of us has some special mercy to recall, and each of us has some labour to fulfil. May the Holy Spirit of Grace make us grateful, keep us humble, and incite us to diligence in well-doing.

What is gone of our life cannot be reproduced, but the future may, by Divine help, be turned to good account.

Retrospect is useful, for it serves to reveal shortcomings. Faith is ever needed, that we may be preserved from despondency and learn to endure as seeing the Invisible.

The aim sought in the publication of this Magazine has been steadily kept in view from its commencement. We desire to present our readers with what is enduring, because true, rather than occupy ourselves with the ever-changing hues of human thought and opinion.

Fellowship with God is necessary to the success of all work for God.

We beg to thank every contributor and subscriber for the generous aid accorded in the past ; and in commending them afresh to God and the word of His grace, pray that they, with us, may at last be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, through the merit and intercession of Christ our Redeemer.

Ever yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,
Editor.

The Butts, Brentford, Middlesex,
31st December, 1883.

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THE ANXIOUS INQUIRER—COUNSELS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS TO EARNEST SEEKERS.

A SERMON BY G. H. SPURGEON.

“ 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 the 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 lead him to cast himself on the Saviour.

I may be addressing some who have been brought so far towards heaven as to know that they are undone, unless Christ shall save them ; and 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 knees 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 had 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

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mourner ! I have a sweet message to thee ; and I pray the Lord that thou mayest find Christ now, and rejoice in a pardon bought with blood.

I 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-work, 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 fertilizing 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 realized. 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's 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*. Here 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, 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 come 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 heart 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 the 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 the 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 broadswords 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 ; though it would be degrading my rank and respectability, there would I go to meet my Saviour." Others think they would rather not have Christ, if Christ goes anywhere except to their own church ; they 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 who are brought to know the Lord where they are in the habit of attending. So it may have been in your case. You may 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 of conviction stuck fast within your heart. I know it was so with me : I never thought of going to the place where I was first brought to know the Lord ; but it snowed so hard that I was obliged to go there ; 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 stickling as to going into places, I should not have been here. 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 people 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 the word that is not often mentioned nowadays. 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 as 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 a person 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 receive what God would not have them receive, 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 should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me, as plainly as I can, state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped 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 inquirers as to this essential point of the Gospel plan.

III. And now I aim to give SOME ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SEEKING 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 Bethesda, and there he lay. If Christ were to walk this earth again, and heal the sick, all the sick people would inquire, “Where does Christ walk to-morrow?” and as soon as they found out where He would take His walks abroad, there they would belying 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 Bethesda 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 roadside 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 or think anything of Him. But oh, thou that knowest thyself to be a sinner, depise 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,

however, 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 no 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 you, beloved, say this in your heart? I know there are multitudes who can. Oh, it would give me joy to know that you had been brought to believe and trust in the Saviour ; for then will your souls be saved, and God will be glorified.

But alas ! for such of you as make light of the message of salvation, and say, as the Jews said to Jeremiah, "What matters it to us?" Ah, ye despisers, 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 affect to be very brave on land. Death, my fellow-sinner, 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. "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 the most foolish of all men 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 !

DON'T FRET.

Don't fret, for a fretful Christian is like a prickly pear, bitter within and irritating without. God says, "Cast your care on Me, for I care for you." "No you don't," says the fretting Christian, "and so I'll fret over My cares."

Don't fret, for you are a witness for Christ. What is your testimony worth if your fretting contradicts His words, "My yoke is easy and My burden light?"

Don't fret, though your lot is hard and your troubles many, for your Lord was oppressed and afflicted, yet as a lamb led to the slaughter, "He opened not His mouth."

Don't fret, for fretting, instead of relieving from trouble, will lay on you heavier burdens. As fear slays more people than cholera, so fretting kills more than real care.

Don't fret, for God controls all things that are or will be, and among these are your troubles. Instead of fretting, "count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials," for "tribulation worketh patience ; and patience experience ; and experience hope ; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." Instead of fretting, study that logic, and rejoice in God.

Don't fret, for God's providence governs all things. Consider the hairs of your head, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field. Thus stay your heart on God, and you shall be kept in perfect peace.—*Selected.*

ROCK AND SAND.—On the morning that I set my eyes on the island of Corsica, where Napoleon the First was born, and on the island of Elba, on which he was confined as a discomfited prisoner, the coming shadows of Waterloo hung over his bleak exile. The next day I saw the spot where another famous prisoner landed on his way to Rome, and "he thanked God and took courage." Napoleon's "rock" of imperial power proved to be but a fog-bank. What a contrast between the defeated and disappointed exile of Elba, and the glorious old prisoner of Cæsar, who sang triumphantly in his cell—"I have fought a good fight ! Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day !"

The French emperor's crown was a lost bauble ; the apostle's diadem will blaze through all eternity. There is no sharper contrast in all history between the wisdom of building on the rock and the fatal folly of building on the quicksand.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER I.—THE TEACHER AND HIS CLASS.

“WE want fact. You know, Mr. Rock, this is an age that demands fact!”

The speaker was a young man of about twenty-one years of age, who sat in Mr. Rock's Bible Class. He was surrounded by about fifty more young men, all of whom appeared to be deeply interested in some Biblical subject. It was apparent to an observer that most of these young men were fairly educated, and that they occupied positions that called for mental rather than manual labour. At least a score of them were clerks in solicitors' offices, in merchants' counting-houses, in mills, at railway stations, or in some commercial establishment. A dozen or more were connected with the best shops in the town, either as sons, who were being brought up to their fathers' businesses, or else as apprentices, for whom a heavy premium had been paid. The remainder belonged to the working classes; but this was indicated by the ruddy and healthful appearance of their broad faces, and their well hardened hands, rather than by their dress, or their manners. It was, taking it altogether, a very select class of young men that gathered every Sunday afternoon in the lecture room of Granport Baptist Chapel; and there were very few teachers besides Mr. Rock, who cared, even for one Sunday, to take the responsibility of conducting it.

But Mr. Rock was thoroughly at home in the work. It might, indeed, be said that he loved it, and that it gave him pain when ill-health

or some necessary cause compelled him for a few Sabbaths to relinquish it. For seven years he had presided over it, and under his tuition, it was confessed to be the best class of the kind belonging to any place of worship in the town. From six members at the commencement, it had grown until there was an average attendance, as on this afternoon, of fifty; and the number on the roll was over seventy. But for obvious reasons all could not attend every Lord's day, and this they regretted. Those who were free to do so, from never having to engage in Sunday labour, were reckoned to be fortunately situated by their less lucky companions, for they all realized it to be a weekly treat to be permitted to discuss the various subjects that were handled without a break.

Such then was the class, but who was the teacher? Was he some noted lawyer? Was he a wealthy educated merchant? Was he an independent scientific gentleman? Was he some renowned college student who had taken up his degree of Master of Arts or Bachelor of Divinity? Surely he must have been one or other of these learned instructors! But surely he was not. We hope the reader will not be shocked when we make the revelation—clever teacher though Mr. Abel Rock was, he was after all nothing but a tailor! True, he was a master tailor, but as in his busiest seasons he rarely employed more than two men and the same number of boys, it could not be said that in that elevated position he was specially honoured. The fact was he lived with his wife and daughter

in a private house in a quiet neighbourhood; and in that house he did sufficient business to keep himself and small family with a degree of respectability, and also to secure both for himself and partner a moderate provision for sickness and old age. Thus provided for, both as regards the present and the future, he used to say that he did not envy even the millionaire; for while the man of wealth might be burdened with his gold, he, himself, had attained to Agur's happy medium of having "neither poverty nor riches," and, being "fed with convenient food," he had the best of what this world could give, coupled at the same time with the joyous prospect of inheriting another world that was still better.

Tall in stature, with a broad high forehead and cheerful countenance, cool and collected in debate, even when those around him were prone to grow excited, with piercing eyes that seemed to go through his auditor when putting a question, and possessing a strong voice and a firm will, Mr. Rock was pre-eminently fitted to act as a leader. From his boyhood he had always been a great reader, and it was his constant habit when sitting cross-legged on his board to have some literary work laid before him, which he from time to time slightly glanced at and then mentally digested; and the works selected were almost invariably chosen for their adaptability to aid in the elucidation of questions that had been laid down for the subsequent Sabbath's discussion. In this way he stored his mind with needful information, and was seldom at a loss when required to answer questions which his inquisitive and intelligent inquirers were ever ready to put, when by doing so they thought they could either make their own

side good or secure further instruction.

It will, however, be necessary to show how it came to pass that Mr. Rock undertook this responsible leadership. The tale is a painful one to tell, and he himself rarely referred to it. He had had one son, and the boy grew up to youthful manhood. Intelligent, like his father, open-hearted, generous, and full of life and activity, he was a favourite at school, and in the workshop. His trade was that of a joiner; but six months before the lad was out of his time his employer was reluctantly compelled to pass through the bankruptcy court, and this threw Tom Rock out of employment. It so happened, however, that he had a cousin in Australia in the same line of business, who was doing well, and who had written one or two pressing letters urging him to come when out of his time, and join him with a view to partnership. As trade was slack at home, and the young man had an ardent desire to see more of the world, with much persuasion his parents were induced to give their consent for him to take the voyage, on condition that after the lapse of five years, if not before, he would return home to see them. The parting was a sorrowful one, for his father had a forboding that, cheerful though his dear boy was, they might never behold him again on earth. And that foreboding was unhappily realised. The young man had scarcely been gone two months when his father had a fearful dream. He fancied that he saw him struggling in the waters and battling with the waves. He then heard him gurgle as he sank beneath the surface. The sound was horrible, and in the act of stretching out his hand to save him he awoke in terror. From that

hour he could have no rest. He tried in vain to shake off what he thought might after all be nothing but a superstitious impression. But in spite of all that he could do, the fear would haunt him that his dream might prove a sad reality. Telegraphic news, however, came at last. A day or two before he had had his dream, the vessel had been signalled as she was rounding a dangerous cape. So far then he hoped that all was safe. Anxiously other telegrams were now looked for. But weeks and months rolled on and none ever came. This was the last that was ever heard of the deeply laden vessel and her crew, and then it was universally believed that in some sudden storm, or through striking on some hidden rock, she had gone down with all hands on board. It was some time before Abel Rock and his family could give up all hope, but at last they were compelled to do so; and then they came to the sorrowful conclusion that the hour in which the loved one found a watery grave was that one in which his father had that terrible dream. But, whether that was so or not, Abel Rock knew that the future world alone would reveal.

And now what had become of the poor lad's soul? Was that saved or lost? Regarding his soul's safety, blessed be God, Abel Rock had no doubt. From the boy's earliest years he had loved to read and study God's Holy Word. He was known to retire secretly to pray. He shunned any place of amusement that had in it the appearance of evil. He also regularly attended the senior Bible Class held in the Sunday School up to the last. But there was once, it was true, cause for deep anxiety respecting his spiritual welfare. A year

before he left home a sceptical young man was engaged in the workshop. He was an atheist and secularist, and boldly avowed the tenets of his creed. Tom Rock was at first shocked, but after a while he began to listen with some degree of interest to the professedly scientific statements made, all of which he was assured tended to overthrow the Bible. Not until this insidious process of atheistic training had gone on for some time did Abel Rock have any idea of the poison that was being thus secretly instilled into his son's mind. But a carelessly uttered anti-biblical sentiment on the part of the lad made his father start. This led to inquiry, and the truth came out. Was his lad a sceptic? No, not quite that; but his mind was evidently unsettled to a certain extent. What was to be done? His father wisely urged him to open his mind to him, and let him know his difficulties. Tom Rock did so, and his father fairly met them. He also purchased books for him, and procured the loan of others, bearing upon the points in dispute. And the result was most satisfactory. The lad ultimately confessed that by specious argument he had been grievously misled. From that time he became a decided Christian. He was baptized and joined the church; and two of the first young men who afterwards became members of his father's class declared that they were induced to do so and to give themselves to Christ through the conversation of his son, whose memory therefore they should always love and cherish.

It was this painful bereavement, and the remembrance of his son's sceptical conflict, that served to deepen and intensify the interest that Abel Rock had always felt in the moral and spiritual welfare of

young men. He observed the atheistic and sceptical tendencies of the age, and saw how readily too many young men fell into the snares set for them by various kinds of infidel associates and leaders. When, therefore, a call was made for some competent person to hold such a class as the one in which we find him engaged, he could not resist the overtures made to him by the officers of the church to become its leader. He cheerfully consented to make the trial; and as years passed on, scores of young men were led to thank God that, through his instrumentality, they had not only been saved from ruin, but had been led to walk in the way of life, which they found to be the way of usefulness, happiness, and peace.

One of the most interesting young men in the class was Frank Powell, the son of a respectable chemist. This young man invariably took a leading part in the debates, and was the one who made the emphatic

declaration that "this was an age that demanded fact." He was also a frequent visitor to Mr. Rock's house; but it was shrewdly suspected that he did not go there to visit the father so much as to pay his respects to the daughter. Whether this, however, was a "fact" or not, time had not yet clearly revealed; but one thing was certain, that when his chaffing companions challenged him with it, he was observed never to deny it. As Miss Rock was also a teacher in the Sunday School, and it was by no means an unusual thing for him to escort her home in wet weather, on the plea that one umbrella would do duty for two, what else could those who took an interest in such matters conclude than that it was understood by them both, if not actually settled, that at some future time, either near or distant, Mary Rock was destined to become Mary Powell?

(To be continued.)

ONE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he "accomplished so much in his life." "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word—*now*.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

CHRIST'S NAME FOR EVER SHALL ENDURE.

A NEW YEAR'S HOMILY FOR 1883.

By T. W. MEDHURST, PORTSMOUTH.

"His Name shall endure for ever: His Name shall be continued as long as the sun: and *men* shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed."—Psalm lxxii. 17.

I do not stay to prove that the statements of this text refer to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They can by no possibility refer to any besides Him. This is a description of the glory of Christ, and of the blessedness of all those who put their trust in Him. He shall have an everlasting name, a numerous seed, a perpetual throne, a large and an extensive kingdom. Our text contains a promise of the eternal Father concerning His Son, that His name shall be perpetuated in the earth from generation to generation, till time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

The name of Christ is the only name *worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance*. The names of very many of the world's greatest men only deserve to rot, and to be buried in eternal oblivion. All attempts made to preserve their fame are only so many efforts to cause their infamy to be remembered, and merely serve to disgrace those who hold such vile characters in estimation. But the name of Christ only is excellent, and His glory is above all the earth and heaven. His name is *Himself*, as made known and revealed to us in His Word and by His works. Many empty titles have

been assumed by men, such as "Honourables," and "Right Honourables," "Reverends," and "Right Reverends," "Fathers," and "Defenders of the Faith," but these names have been merely a contrast to their true character. The name of Christ reveals what He really is: it is a real description of His nature and perfections, and of His several offices as Prophet, Priest and King. His name is called, because *He truly is*, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. Well may we sing:

"Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear."

And again—

"Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

The name of Jesus the Son is *very dear to the Eternal Father*, therefore, He will cause it to "endure for ever." The various names and titles of Christ are so many revelations of the loving heart of the Father. Hence He has given Him a Name which is above every name, that "at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord," to the glory of God the Father. We cannot exalt the Redeemer's Name too highly: for God will have all men to honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. They who would take from Christ His Deity rob Jehovah of His glory.

Is it not sad that, precious as the Name of Jesus is in itself, and dear as it is to the heart of the Father, yet *there is danger of its being forgotten by men on the earth?* Even God's people are liable to forget the God of their salvation, and to be unmindful of the Rock of their strength. It is only *on earth* that Christ's Name can be forgotten. It can never pass from the memory of the hosts of *heaven*. It will be their unceasing employment throughout eternity to show forth the honour of His Name, and to make His praise glorious. The never-ending song of the ransomed, glorified throng will be, "To Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen." The Name of Christ can never be forgotten in *hell*. Its inhabitants will never forget the day wherein Christ bruised the head of the old serpent, the Devil, when He spoiled powers and principalities, when He made a show of them openly, and triumphed over them on His cross. How base and how heinous then, and what dire ingratitude is it, for sinners on earth to forget the Name of the Redeemer! Yet is it not a melancholy truth, that, even in the professing Church, there are those who have perverted their way, and who have forgotten the Lord their God? Yea, and what is still more astonishing, even the true children of God are often chargeable with much criminal forgetfulness of the glorious Name and person of Him to whom they owe all that they either possess or hope for, both in time and through all eternity. Does not God complain, "My people have forgotten Me days without number?" Ah! brethren, do not our daily experience and observation prove us guilty of this wicked forgetfulness?

How little of the savour of Christ is there upon our spirits! how little mention of the Name of Christ is there in our conversation! how much heartless despondency is there even in our religious devotions! and how little concern do we manifest to have the knowledge of His Name spread abroad through the nations of the earth!

Herein, brethren, is our glory, however careless men may be concerning the interests of Christ's kingdom, however they may oppose its glory, and however guilty we may be in forgetting His wonderful works, yet the Father's decree concerning His Son has gone forth, and cannot be revoked, "His Name SHALL endure for ever; His Name SHALL be continued as long as the sun; and men SHALL be blessed in Him; all nations SHALL call Him blessed." Yes, race unto race shall praise Him, and show His mighty deeds. The names of the world's heroes, poets, philosophers, statesmen, and mightiest ones shall at length be buried in perpetual oblivion; but the Name of Jesus is an everlasting Name, it shall be remembered in all the generations of time and eternity, its glory shall be perpetual, it shall endure for ever, it shall be adored and revered for ever and ever. *God Himself* will secure that the Name of Christ shall endure for ever; this shall be His glorious and sovereign prerogative. He has promised to His beloved Son, "I will make Thy Name to be remembered in all generations." He will use instruments in the accomplishment of His purpose, but the work is His alone, no matter what instrumentality He may employ. His is not a work to be entrusted to men or angels; had it been entrusted to them, the work of Satan and his emissaries to bury the glory of Christ

in the dust had long ago been victorious. But Omnipotence is engaged, and Omnipotence only can accomplish it, that the Name of Christ shall endure for ever. All the opposition of earth and hell to the glory of Christ shall be defeated, and the Name of Christ alone shall be exalted throughout the ages of eternity.

This promise that Christ's Name shall endure for ever is a gloriously *inclusive promise*. Not alone His Name, but His *essential and Divine glory* shall endure for ever. Jesus is the Most High God, immense and immutable, eternal and omnipotent, the sovereign Lord of angels and of men, the object of all Divine worship, and possessing every Divine perfection; He is God over all for ever blessed. The faith in His Godhead, notwithstanding all the attacks of infidels, shall never be abandoned out of His Church. His Name could not endure for ever, if faith in His essential Deity could by any possibility be lost. He is the true God, and eternal life is in a manner the very first letter in His Name, and it is such a letter as spreads a lustre over every other thing belonging to it. His Name is the Mighty God, the Father of eternity. The *personal glory* of Christ shall endure for ever: it shall last long, yea, longer than the sun. The Name of Christ not only declares Him to be God equal with the Father, and the Eternal Spirit, but also to be a Person entirely distinct from both, possessing a glory peculiar to Himself. This is the glory of His distinct personality as the Son, the Divine Logos, the Word of God. The full meaning of these distinctive characters we are not able to declare, but under both these characters is Christ revealed in the Old, and, still more clearly, in the New Testament Scriptures.

The period shall never come when it shall not be known that in the unity of the Divine essence there are Three Divine Persons, one of whom is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person, the image of the invisible God, the Creator and Sustainer of all worlds. The echo of the Father's voice, proclaiming Jesus from heaven as the Beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased, shall reverberate as long as the earth endures, and after time has ceased to exist. The centurion's cry, that "Truly this was the Son of God," was demonstrated and attested by the resurrection of Christ from the dead, by which He was declared to be the Son of God with power, and this His Divine Name shall endure for ever. It shall be remembered by the Church through all the ages of eternity, that He who is the King of Glory is also the Son of God, and that He who is the Son of the Highest is also the Personal Word of God. Not only the personal glory, but also the *official glory* of Christ as the anointed and sent of God for our salvation, shall endure for ever. His Name shall thus endure because in Him all the nations of the earth shall be blessed, as He is the head of the New Covenant. He shall engage the confidence of the sons of men, and fill their mouth with His praises. "Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed." He is the only Mediator between God and men, who has made peace by the blood of His Cross. He is the Surety of the New Testament, who has both subscribed the death-bond of His people, and who has actually paid all that debt which they owed to the law and justice of Jehovah. He is the Christ of God, anointed as Prophet,

Priest, and King, to be the Saviour of lost sinners, able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. He is the Shepherd and Bishop of His redeemed people, the Ransomer of captive sinners, having paid their ransom price with His own precious blood. He is the Captain of their salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings, that He might bring many sons unto glory. Never while the world lasts, or eternity endures, shall saints be without abundant springs of consolation in Him, who is Jesus Christ the Saviour, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. His official glory shall be had in eternal remembrance.

Christ's *fame and renown* shall endure for ever, they shall be spread abroad, and handed down from father to son, throughout all generations.

“Men shall be bless'd in Him, and
bless'd

All nations shall Him call.”

The fame and renown of our Lord Jesus Christ are great. He is renowned for wisdom and knowledge, for power and courage, for glorious and wonderful achievements, for His stedfastness and fidelity to all His engagements, for His mercy and compassion, for the greatness of His love, and for the astonishing methods of its manifestations. Each and every excellence unite and meet in Him in the highest possible degree. One generation shall praise His works to another, and declare His mighty acts; they shall abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness, and sing of His righteousness; they shall speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power, to make known to the sons of men His mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of His king-

dom. No lapse of time shall ever diminish the lofty reputation of our Immanuel. His Name shall be reverentially regarded, and implicitly trusted for ever. His believing followers shall fear Him as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations. They shall worship in His Name as Mediator for ever and ever. In His Name shall they present their supplications, confiding in His assurance, that whatsoever they shall ask the Father in His name shall be given them. By Him they will offer the sacrifice of praise continually unto God, giving thanks for the glory of His Name. Thus, “His Name shall endure for ever: His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed.”

By what means and by what methods will the Name of Christ endure for ever? First, and foremost, by means of THE BIBLE. Vain and futile shall be all the attacks which infidels, and men of science, falsely so called, are making upon the Scriptures of truth. They shall last as long as the sun. Christ's Name is the very marrow and substance of the whole Bible. To Him bear all the prophets witness. “The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever.” Satan and his host cannot endure the Scriptures, because they present such a clear discovery of the Name of the Redeemer. The Name of Christ shall endure for ever *in the Church*, against which the powers of hell may be directed, but they shall all be forced to retire, covered with everlasting confusion. In her, God, even our own God, will make Christ an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations. Particular churches

may be removed from one place to another, but *the Church* shall never be wholly removed out of the earth. The bush may be burned with fire, it shall never be consumed. God has established His Church for ever. Neither power nor policy shall be able to accomplish her destruction. Kingdoms may be overturned, and the most stately empires be laid in ruins, but God is in the midst of His Church; she shall not be moved. *A perpetual succession of Gospel ministers* shall remain in her midst. When Christ ascended up on high He gave gifts for men for the work of the ministry, and these shall endure, till we all come, in the unity of the faith, to the measure and stature of His fulness. We do not believe in the so-called "Apostolical succession" of Bishops and Clerics, but we do most firmly believe in the succession of men who shall make Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, the subject of their ministry down to the end of the age. These shall be the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ, from generation to generation. The *ordinances of the Church* of the Saviour's appointment, shall endure as long as the sun. These are two in number, Baptism and the Lord's Memorial Supper, and in these the name of Christ are enshrined for ever. In remembrance of Christ these shall be preserved till He shall come again, and in these shall prayer be made unto Him continually, and daily shall He be praised. The Church shall continually receive *accessions to her membership*. The seed of Christ will God establish for ever, and thus will He build up His throne to all generations. "His seed," says God, "will I make to endure for ever, and His throne as the days of heaven." To the church the promise

is certain: "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." The living, the living, they shall praise Christ, the fathers to the children shall make known His truth. The church shall ever have abiding in her midst the presence, power, and influence of *the Holy Spirit*. He shall not testify of Himself, but He shall take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto His people. He shall teach them all things, and bring all things to their remembrance which Christ has spoken. The Comforter, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son shall abide with believers for ever. In a word, *not a single article of God's truth*, how little soever it may be in the eyes of men, shall ever utterly perish. Each article of Divine truth is a letter of Christ's name, and must endure for ever. Hence those who hold fast Christ's name, are said *not to have denied the faith*. The name of Christ is the eternal truth of Jehovah. It shall endure for ever.

Let us, in conclusion, see to it that we remember and hold fast by the name of Christ. Holy and reverend is His name; let us hallow it in our life and conversation. See to it that you believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you may be saved. Is your name *sinner*? His name is Jesus the Saviour. Is your name *captivity*? His name is the Redeemer. Is your name *diseased*? His name is the Physician. Is your name *unrighteousness*? His name is the Lord our Righteousness. Know His name. Put your trust in Him. He will not forsake those who seek Him. As you remember His name, look upon Him whom you have pierced, and mourn, lamenting the indignities that you and others have done to His holiness, and then

believingly rejoice that there is everything in His name to meet your every condition, which is adapted to afford you matter for joy and triumph. Say with the Psalmist, "In God will we boast all the day long, and praise His name for ever and ever." Resolve that you will aid in causing His name to endure for ever, that men may be blessed in Him, and that all nations may call Him blessed.

THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.

"What is your life?"—ST. JAMES.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — Another year has passed away, no more to be recalled. Yet in one sense which I wish to bring before your notice, it is not gone. Every transaction is recorded in heaven. This is a very solemn consideration. The year 1882 is gone, so far as privileges and opportunities are concerned; and if you are sorry you had not done this or the other thing before the year passed away, it will do no good now. Time waits for no person: it rushes on regardless whether you are aware of it or not; therefore it behoves you to value it. Thousands of gold and silver cannot buy time. Queen Elizabeth would have given a million of money for a moment of time, but it was too late. It is your duty to prepare for the great change which will come upon us all some time or other. It is best known to yourselves how you have spent the past year. I fear that much has been done by every one of us that is sinful; but let us rejoice to think that we are spared to see the beginning of another year. Try to live a more useful life, live closer to God, and more in prayer. I hope, dear young friends, you will turn over another leaf in

your history, and consecrate yourselves to Jesus. I hope you will give Him your heart. You cannot be really useful and happy before you have had your sins washed away by the blood of Jesus.

I hope you will consider the shortness of time. We spend our years as a tale that is told. Our time is very short in this state of probation. Reuben Rogers, when he went to school, wrote on his copy book "Time flies;" but he did not think much of the value of time when, walking through a churchyard, he saw on the dial of the clock, "Time flies;" it did not warn him of the fleetness of time. Reuben went to Church one day, and the minister was telling the congregation, in solemn language, "Time flies;" but still he remained unmoved, still he remained in his sins, still conscience was stifled. At last Reuben was laid on his death bed, after a life wasted in sin and indifference; and when the minister came to his bedside, he said, "My friend, time flies. If you had taken warning before, you need not have been in such a despairing state." Ah, he then saw his error, but it was too late. Take warning, and beware how you pass away your time, and delay not the day of salvation.

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

What is your life? It is compared to a vapour which appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away. Yes, truly we are "here to day, but gone to-morrow;" everything is constantly changing. Let us rejoice to know that there is One who is always the same, and can never change and never decay like

the kingdoms of the world. Oh, what a thought for those who are the Lord's, when they come to die and leave their friends behind!

"We have no continuing city here, but seek one to come." I hope every one of you, dear young friends, will begin the new year with prayer to God for a right understanding of the Bible, and then you will be prepared to march on the narrow road, and continue so while life shall last, and finally enter into the everlasting home above.

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there."

Let me say, in conclusion, Do all

you can to increase the circulation of our little magazine. You ought to be thankful in having such an excellent little magazine. Sometimes I have given out at my Sunday School, that if many were to try to bring one additional scholar, we should soon have the attendance doubled; so let me advise you to try and gain one more subscriber. I hope you will all live useful Christian lives here, that you may receive the pardon of your sins, and then whenever the Lord calls you away, you will be ready to enter the heavenly city.

THOMAS HEATH,

Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.

HOLY SAVIOUR.

Holy SAVIOUR! unto Thee my soul aspires!

I long, I pant, I thirst to be like Thee;
No earthly good can fill my soul's desires;
Now break the tempter's power, now set me free.
Oh! now draw near, Thy love reveal to me;
So shall my soul in Thee taste bliss divine,
And wait in hope Thy glorious face to see,
Oh! may I then, in Thy bright image shine,
On earth, and through eternal ages call Thee mine.

Holy Saviour! raise me to that blest estate,

Where fruits of righteousness and peace abound;
Bestowed by Thee, who didst all things create,
Thy power, how great! Thy wisdom, how profound!
Thy depths unknown, no human lines can sound.
And so Thy love, unfathomed, who can tell?
Its parallel, in earth or heaven, not found,
Its triumphs will the heavenly chorus swell;
Its sweetest notes by those who once in Adam fell.

Holy Saviour! seated now upon Thy throne!

I hope to join with those who worship there;
Approved of God, *here* by the world unknown,
And like their *Master*, did its hatred share.
Now freed from sin, the curse, and every snare;
His boundless love they evermore proclaim,
The love of Him who did our burdens bear;
That kindles in our heart's loves quenchless flame;
Holy Saviour! all praise and glory to Thy name!

Crouch Hill, N.

J. BATEY,

Reviews.

Bible Light for Truth Seekers. F. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

A SMALL volume, well got up, and full of cheerful reading, consisting of illustrations of Bible subjects, short essays, anecdotes, and poetry. It will be of good service to the Sunday-school teachers, also profit every class of readers.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. Illustrated. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

THIS book answers well to its title, and has attractions for all. The articles are well written, and full of life and force; the illustrations are very good and numerous; the binding is truly elegant. We wonder how such a book can be produced for one shilling and sixpence.

How to Read the Bible. Book Society, Paternoster Row. *The All Cleansing Blood, and Forgiveness of Sins.* By Rev. J. B. WADDINGTON. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

WE are pleased to see that "How to Read the Bible" is in its twentieth thousand, and should like to know that the latter penny book was being circulated in hundreds of thousands. There can be nothing better to put into the hands of hesitating inquirers.

WE have received a number of Specimen new Tracts, from the Baptist Tract Society. Bright in appearance, good paper, well printed, of the narrative kind, full of excellent, sound, instructive reading. May God speed them with His blessing.

The Mission Pulpit. Nos. 18 and 19. John Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.

WE have before taken the opportunity to say a good word for this series of discourses. Mr. Aitken always speaks to purpose. His style is simple but striking, thoroughly evangelical, and must be a great power for good. We see that cheap cases for binding the first series are ready.

Golden Hours. By Rev. J. Jackson Wray.

THE December number contains the vividly-written life of William Cowper. Also Chapter xxx. of "Golden Hours with the Book:" subject, 2 Peter i. 5, 7; "A Sum in Addition;" and, in continuation, a good tale by the Editor—"Isaac Newbold's Legacy." We regret to hear of the indisposition of the Editor. It is the same cry in this exacting age everywhere—Overwork, overwork.

The Preacher's Analyst for December completes the fifth volume. We have on some previous occasions spoken favourably of this work. It will be a help to any who will rest content to glean from it, but an injury if it checks original thought, or tends to mental idleness.

The General Baptist Magazine. The December number is a good average one. There is at present in it vigour, life, and freshness. We are glad to see the proposition to raise an annuity for the Rev. Giles Hester. It is a case which should call forth the deepest sympathies.

The Soldier's Almanack is, as usual, good, and deserves the place it occupies in the esteem of our soldiers.

SONG OF THE COMFORTER.

“The love of the Spirit.”—Rom. xv. 30.

ALL that I am, O Spirit dear,
To Thee alone I trace;
Thy teachings brought the Saviour
near,
Revealed His truth and grace.

It was Thy light made known my sin.
Its secret wounds revealed,
And on my bleeding heart within,
Sin's pardon freely sealed.

It was Thy teachings stripped me
bare,
And filled my eyes with tears,
Then clothed me with Christ's robe
most fair,
The glory of the years.

It was Thy love which gently drew
Me to the Saviour's feet,
And through His wounds, distilled
like dew,
Revealed His love most sweet.

To Thee I owe my heart still feels
Sin's leprosy within;
And knowledge of that grace which
heals
And saves from every sin.

To Thee I owe love's filial fear,
And every Christian grace;
That I can read my title clear
In heaven to have a place.

All that I am, depraved and vile,
Proceeds from my own sin;
All that I am beneath God's smile
Flows from Thy life within.

Then come, O Spirit, dwell in me,
And reign supreme, alone;
O let my soul Thy temple be,
My heart the Saviour's throne.

O in life's conflict here below,
Great, ever-present friend,
More of Thy power O let me know,
On Thee for all depend!

Keep me from grieving Thee, O Lord,
Because so gentle, true,
O let Thy truth still be my sword,
My faith keep Christ in view.

Sweet fruit of Jesu's toil and tears,
His agony and death,
O come, sweet Hope of all the years,
God's own reviving breath.
Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN

SUNBEAMS.

How much life and happiness are conveyed in sunbeams! What forces are locked up in them! Without them all would be darkness and death. Yon brilliant sun is not merely a light-giver, but a life-giver. Its beams are messengers ministering to the little needs and great wants of every living thing, whether animal or vegetable. Who but a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness could or would have so formed the sun? Every one of its beams proclaim its Creator, God the Life and Light of all the wondrous world.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. SAMUEL D. THOMAS, of Walton, Ipswich, has accepted the pastorate of the church worshipping in Union Chapel, King's Lynn.

Rev. G. Towler, of Long Sutton, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Audlem, Cheshire, and expects to begin his work there on the first Sunday in January.

Rev. H. Trotman, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Blisworth.

E. E. Coleman, late of Bromsgrove, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Cobden Hall, Broughton, Manchester.

Rev. R. J. Beecliff has accepted the pastorate of the General Baptist Church at Castle Donington, Leicestershire, and proposes to commence his labours there on the first Sunday in December.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. W. JONES, late of Llangydeyrn, was recognised on November 27, as pastor of Eldon-street Chapel, South-place, Finsbury. The public meeting was presided over by A. Simner, Esq., of the Calvinistic Methodist Church, New Jewin. Addresses were delivered in English by Revs. J. Manley Camp and T. Thomas (Principal of Carisbrooke College, Walthamstow); and in Welsh by Revs. Dr. Jones (President of Llangollen College), J. Jenkins, R. L. Thomas, J. Evans, O. Evans, J. Rowlands; Messrs. O. Lewis (President of the Welsh Baptist Union), J. Edwards, W. Arthur and T. Thomas. We hear that since Mr. Jones's advent the congregations have increased, and several members have been added to the church.

The ordination of Rev. Albion Kick, successor of the Rev. W. Evans

Footo, as pastor of the church at Honiton, took place on Thursday, November 23. Rev. W. R. Skerry gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. Benwell Bird preached to the people. The public meeting in the evening was presided over by Rev. J. P. Carey, President of the Devon Baptist Association. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. R. Skerry, B. Bird, W. Jackson, E. D. Wilks, A. Pidgeon, G. H. Cox, H. Davis, E. T. Davis, and Mr. Kick, sen., the father of the present pastor.

Hounslow.—Rev. E. Bruce Pearson has settled as pastor at Providence Chapel. The congregation has grown and the church increased. On Tuesday, November 28, a recognition service was held. The Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, presided. Mr. Pearson gave a brief statement of his religious history and doctrinal views. The Rev. J. Hunt Cooke addressed the church, and the Rev. E. H. Brown gave the charge to the pastor. Several neighbouring ministers were present, who also took part.

NEW CHAPELS.

ON Tuesday, December 5th, the church which had worshipped in the old chapel on Clapham-common for over one hundred years celebrated the opening of a new building, which they have erected at a cost of £7,365, at one of the angles of Grafton square. The lease of the old buildings was near expiration, and in consequence of this, and the fact that it had none of the conveniences for carrying on the work of a modern church, no Sunday-school rooms, and so on, the new building was decided upon. This is erected on a freehold site obtained for £1,075. The builder's contract was £5,572, and the accom-

modation afforded is for 800 worshippers. The church has galleries all round, and an elevated one for the choir in front of the organ, over the pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Stanford preached the opening sermon, from Mark ii. 1; and Dr. Underhill, treasurer of the building fund, presided at the public meeting in the afternoon, which followed an elegant luncheon. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. Dr. Stanford and Underhill and D. Jones, and Messrs. E. S. Pryce, W. Willis, and Dr. MacEwan. Dr. Stanford spoke upon the unity of Christians and denominationalism, Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A. (Congregationalist) preached in the evening.

The memorial-stone of the new chapel at Dickleburgh, Norfolk, a branch of the church at Diss, was laid on Thursday by Thos. Rix, Esq. Rev. G. W. Pope (pastor), several local ministers, and Mr. Bartram, who gave the site, took part in the proceedings. The chapel, which is to cost £400, is intended to seat 230 persons.

On Tuesday, November 28th, the memorial stone of a new chapel to be erected in Elm-road, Beckenham, was laid by the Rev. Dr. Stanford. The site has cost £650, and the style will be 13th century, Gothic. It is intended to complete the chapel itself, and to leave the school-room in the rear to a future day. At first about 400 sittings will be provided; ultimately the number will be increased to 850, partly by the erection of galleries, and partly by removing the screen, which for the present will cut off a portion of the chapel for school purposes. The cost of the part now built, inclusive of the land, will not exceed £4,500, and a tender has been accepted for £3,420. When the galleries and school-rooms are added, it is proposed that the total cost should not be more than £6,500. The Rev. S. H. Booth (acting secretary of the Baptist Union) said the committee could see their way to upwards of £3,000, but the proceedings of the day had brought up the total amount

to £3,268. Dr. Stanford and Rev. R. C. Page (Congregational minister, Beckenham) also addressed the meeting.

In the year 1873 a few friends, desiring to establish a Baptist church which more fully represented them as a denomination than any existing in Tunbridge Wells at that time, engaged the Town Hall, and obtained supplies from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. In March, 1874, a church was formed by Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, of the Stockwell Orphanage. In April, 1881, Rev. James Smith, of Leeds, commenced his ministry, since which time the church and congregation have greatly increased; the church is now self-supporting. An old freehold property having been purchased in Calverley-road, it has been resolved to build a church and schoolrooms at a total cost of £5,500. The church is intended to accommodate 630 adults. On the 27th November, a meeting, under the presidency of the pastor, was held in the Town Hall, when, in addition to £1,000 already raised from a congregation nearly all of whom are of the working class, promises to the amount of £600 were given.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. D. MCCALLUM, who has been actively and successfully labouring as pastor of the General Baptist Church at Chesham, Bucks, for nearly 10 years has resigned his charge and accepted the pastorate of Enon Chapel, Burnley, Lancashire. At a farewell meeting on the 21st November, J. W. Pegg, Esq., who presided, in the name of the church and congregation, presented to Mr. McCallum a very handsome library-table, which cost £20, and a purse containing £20, in token of their good wishes and esteem. Mr. McCallum also received, privately, other presents from various friends.

At Hope Chapel, Davenport, Rev. J. P. Heddy, has been presented by the congregation and friends with a purse containing upwards of £140, as a mark

of appreciation of his long services in connection with that place of worship.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINSLOW, BUCKS.—On Sunday, November 19th, the celebration in connection with the fourth anniversary of Frederick J. Feltham's settlement as pastor of the Tabernacle was commenced, when the pastor preached in the morning, and the Rev. S. Bundock (America) occupied the pulpit in the evening. On the following Thursday the proceedings were resumed, when at 3.30 the Rev. J. R. Wood, of Holloway, preached an excellent sermon based upon Heb. xi. 32. "And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon." At 5 o'clock a good company sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held, at which a large number of friends were present. The chair was taken by T. Boys, Esq., of Frimley, Surrey (father-in-law to the pastor), and the following gentlemen addressed the meeting: Revs. J. R. Wood, A. Walker, J. Riordan, J. B. Vincent, W. J. Tomkins, and S. Bundock.

Revs. G. Hawker, E. G. Sones and Mr. H. George wrote expressing sympathy and good wishes, and saying they were sorry to be prevented from being present. Collections for the day, £18 12s. 9d.

BAPTISMS.

Barnsley.—November 23, Six, by J. Young.
Belfast.—November 7, Regent-street, Two, by E. T. Mateer.
Birmingham.—November 9, Graham-street, Seven, by A. Mursell.
Blackburn.—November 19, Five, by M. H. Whetmell.
Blakenavon.—November 9, Seven; 14, Two, by O. Tidman.
Bradford, Yorks.—November 26, Trinity Chapel, Six, by C. Rignal.
Briton Ferry.—November 5, Ten, by T. Garnon.
Builth Wells.—November 19, Five, by H. V. Thomas.
Canton, Cardiff.—November 26, Two, by W. Rees.
Coniston.—November 26, One, by G. Howells.
Cross Keys, Monmouthshire.—November 5, Five, by C. H. Watkins.

Cuddington.—November 22, Three, by Mr. Saunders.
Dolan, Knighton.—November 19, Three, by J. Williams.
Dunfermline.—November 8, Six, by J. T. Hagen.
Eye.—November 26, Seven, by J. Hollinshead.
Ferryside.—November 19, One, by T. L. Thomas.
Golcar.—November 5, Three; December 3, Two, by W. Gay.
Great Broughton.—November 3, Five, by J. McNab.
Hanley.—October 29, Two, by A. E. Johnson.
Helywood.—November 19, Two, by J. Dunckley.
Hitchin.—November 26, Walsworth-road, Seven, by F. J. Bird.
Iford.—November 5, Two, by Jas. Young.
London.—Putney.—November 12, Two 19, Two, by W. Thomas.
London.—Gray's Inn-road.—November 22, Arthur-street, Two, by W. Smith.
London.—Streatham.—November 28, Lewin road Chapel, Five, by A. McCaig.
London.—St. John's Wood.—November 30, Abbey-road Chapel, Nine, by W. Stott.
Ludlow, Salop.—November 5, Rock-lane Mission, Five, by J. Evans and G. Heath.
Luton, Park-street.—November 30, Five by J. H. Blake.
Lyndhurst.—November 29, One, by W. H. Payne.
Merthyr.—November 12, Four, by E. Lewis.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 26, Twenty-three; 30, Sixteen; November 2 Twenty.
Morrison.—November 12, Two, by Wm John.
Nash, near Newport, Mon.—November 26, Ten, by T. Delahaye.
Neath, South Wales.—November 16, Seventeen, by S. C. Burn.
New Brompton.—November 8, Ten, by W. W. Blocksidge.
Newport, Mon.—November 26, Stowhill Chapel, Twelve, by J. Douglas.
Newport, Mon.—November 26, Duckpool-road, Six, by A. T. Jones.
Orcop, Herefordshire.—November 19, Three, by T. Williams.
Pembroke Dock.—November 19, Four, by E. Evans.
Pengrhoe, L.—November 12, Five, by D. Howell.
Portcawl, Gllgal.—November 26, One, by T. L. Thomas.
Portsmouth.—November 29, Lake-road Chapel, Ten, by T. W. Medhurst.
Pontnewynydd.—November 12, Three, by W. Edwards.
Pontypool, Upper Trosnant.—November 12, Six, by D. Thomas.
Rhymney, Mon.—November 19, Ten, by H. Phillips.
Ross.—November 26, Six, by J. E. Perrin.
Salford.—November 4, Great George-street, Three, by James Seager

Siron, Goytre.—November 12, Two, by W. G. Vaughan.

Southampton.—November 26, Carlton Chapel, Three, by E. Osborne.

Southsea.—November 26, Elin-grove Chapel, Five, by J. P. Williams.

Spratton.—November 8, Two, by W. L. Jones.

Stafford.—November 26, Seven, by W. B. Haynes.

Staincliffe, Yorks.—November 22, One, by J. Kendall.

Stoke-on-Trent.—November 8, Five, by W. Bonser.

St. Peter's, Thanet.—November 23, Two, by the pastor.

Sicancea.—November 26, Mount Zion, Three, by T. D. Matthias.

Swansea.—November 26, Carmarthen-road, Three, by T. A. Pryce.

Ton, Ystrad, Rhondda.—November 26, Fifteen, by G. Evans.

Wainsgate.—November 5, Seven, by G. W. Wilkinson.

Walgrave, Gold-street, Northampton.—October 22, Seven, by E. J. Heath.

Waltham Abbey.—November 12, Three, by W. Jackson.

Westbury Leigh.—October 29, Five, by T. J. Hazzard.

Whitstable-on-Sea.—October 29, One, by E. A. Lawrence.

Worcester.—November 23, Thirteen, by J. Lewitt.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collection at Catford		A Friend	5 0 0	Mr. J. Fletcher	5 0 0
Hill Bapt. Chapel,		Mr. K. G. G. Kor-		Mr. Fredk. Howard	2 2 0
per Pastor Thos.		netzky	5 0 0	Miss M.A. Scott, per	
Greenwood	2 17 1	From Y. Z.	500 0 0	Mr. Gwyer	1 0 0
An old member of the		Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0	Miss Jane M. Lang	1 0 0
evening-classes	0 5 0	Miss Jephys	1 5 0	Mrs. McIntyre	0 2 6
Jessie Taylor	0 5 0	Mr. Essex	0 10 0	Mr. Wm. Willis	5 0 0
Mrs. T. Smith	0 10 0	The Misses Kirtley	1 0 0	A Well-wisher	0 2 0
Rev. B.	0 5 0	Stamps from Ealing	0 3 1	Weekly Offerings at	
A well-wisher	0 2 6	Executors of the late		Met. Tab.:	
A reader of the		Mrs. Young, Lochee	34 11 3	Oct. 15	31 13 3
"Sword and		Mrs. Raybould	1 1 0	" 22	10 0 0
Trowel"	0 2 6	Mr. R. Purser	0 10 6	" 29	102 9 1
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	10 0 0	Mr. Wm. Grant	2 0 0	Nov. 5	30 16 8
Mr. John Cameron	6 0 0	S. V.	1 0 0	" 12	65 0 0
Mr. Robert Miller	5 0 0	Mr. E. Fletcher	0 10 0		
Mrs. H. S. Pledge	2 10 0	S. D.	10 0 0		
Mr. John Downing	20 0 0	Mr. Wm. Ladbrook	1 0 0		
Mr. C. Ball	10 0 0	A friend in Scotland	25 0 0		
					239 19 0
					£901 14 5

SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1882.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0	M. R.	0 10 6
Thankoffering from Park-street, Luton, for services by Mr. Burnham	5 0 0	Miss Jane M. Lang	1 0 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Collingham	2 0 0		
Mrs. Cook, Senr.	1 0 0		
			£10 10 6

THOUGHTS ON THE LAST BATTLE.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

WHILE the Bible is one of the most poetical of books, though its language is unutterably sublime, yet we must remark how constantly it is true to nature. There is no straining of a fact, no glossing over a truth. However dark may be the subject, while it lights it up with brilliance, yet it does not deny the gloom connected with it. If you will read this chapter of Paul's epistle, so justly celebrated as a masterpiece of language, you will find him speaking of that which is to come after death with such exaltation and glory, that you feel, "If this be to die, then it were well to depart at once." Who has not rejoiced, and whose heart has not been lifted up, or filled with a holy fire, while he has read such sentences as these:—"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Yet with all that majestic language, with all that bold flight of eloquence, he does not deny that death is a gloomy thing. Even his very figures imply it. He does not laugh at it; he does not say, "Oh, it is nothing to die;" he describes death as a monster; he speaks of it as having a sting; he tells us wherein the strength of that sting lies; and even in the exclamation of triumph he imputes that victory not to unaided flesh, but he says, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

When I select such a text as this, I feel that I cannot preach from it. The thought o'ermasters me; my words do stagger: there are no utterances that are great enough to convey the mighty meaning of this wondrous text. If I had the eloquence of all men united in one, if I could speak as never man spake (with the exception of that one godlike man of Nazareth), I could not compass so vast a subject as this. I will not, therefore, pretend to do so, but offer you such thoughts as my mind is capable of producing.

To night we shall speak of three things: first, *the sting of death*; secondly, *the strength of sin*; and thirdly, *the victory of faith*.

I. FIRST, THE STING OF DEATH. The apostle pictures death as a terrible dragon or monster, which, coming upon all men, must be fought with by each one for himself. He gives us no hopes whatever that any of us can avoid it. He tells us of no bridge across the river Death; he does not

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give us the faintest hope that it is possible to emerge from this state of existence into another without dying : he describes the monster as being exactly in our path, and with it we must fight, each man personally, separately, and alone ; each man must die ; we all must cross the black stream ; each one of us must go through the iron gate. There is no passage from this world into another without death. Having told us, then, that there is no hope of our escape, he braces up our nerves for the combat ; but he gives us no hope that we shall be able to slay the monster ; he does not tell us that we can strike our sword into his heart, and so overturn and overwhelm death ; but pointing to the dragon, he seemed to say, "Thou canst not slay it, man, there is no hope that thou shouldst ever put thy foot upon its neck and crush its head ; but one thing can be done—it has a sting which thou mayest extract ; thou canst not crush death under foot, but thou mayest pull out the sting which is deadly ; and then thou needst not fear the monster, for monster it shall be no longer, but rather it shall be a swift winged angel to waft thee aloft to heaven." Where, then, is the sting of this dragon ? Where must I strike ? What is the sting ? The apostle tells us that "The sting of death is sin." Once let me cut off that, and then, though death may be dreary and solemn, I shall not dread it ; but holding up the monster's sting, I shall exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?" Let us now dwell upon the fact, that "the sting of death is sin."

1. First, sin puts a sting into death from the fact that *sin brought death into the world*. Men could be more content to die if they did not know it was a punishment. I suppose if we had never sinned there would have been some means for us to go from this world to another. It cannot be supposed that so huge a population would have existed, that all the myriads who have lived from Adam down till now could ever have inhabited so small a globe as this ; there would not have been space enough for them. But there might have been provided some means for taking us off when the proper time should come, and bearing us safely to heaven. God might have furnished horses and chariots of fire for each of his Elijahs ; or as it was said of Enoch, so it might have been declared of each of us, "He is not, for God hath taken him." Thus to die, if we may call it death, to depart from this body and to be with God, would have been no disgrace ; in fact, it would have been the highest honour ; fitting the loftiest aspiration of the soul, to live quickly its little time in this world, then to mount and be with its God ; and in the prayers of the most pious and devout man, one of the sublimest petitions would be, "O God, hasten the time of my departure, when I shall be with Thee." When such sinless beings thought of their departure they would not tremble, for the gate would be of ivory and pearl—not as now, of iron—the stream would be as nectar, far different from the present "bitterness of death." But alas ! how different ! Death is now the punishment of sin. "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." "*In Adam* all die." By his sin every one of us become subject to the penalty of death, and thus, being a punishment, death has its sting. To the best man, the holiest Christian, the most sanctified intellect, the soul that has the nearest and dearest intercourse with God, death must appear to have a sting, because sin was its mother. O fatal offspring of sin, I only dread thee because of thy parentage ! If thou didst come to me as an honour, I could wade through

Jordan even now, and when its chilling billows were around me I would smile amidst its surges ; and in the swellings of Jordan my song should swell too, and the liquid music of my voice should join with the liquid swellings of the floods, "Hallelujah! It is blessed to cross to the land of the glorified." This is one reason why the sting of death is sin.

2. But I must take it in another sense. "The sting of death is sin :"—that is to say, *that which shall make death most terrible to man will be sin, if it is not forgiven.* If that be not the exact meaning of the apostle, still it is a great truth, and I may find it here. If sin lay heavy on me and were not forgiven—if my transgressions were unpardoned—if such were the fact (though I rejoice to know it is not so), it would be the very sting of death to me. Let us consider a man dying, and looking back on his past life ; he will find in death a sting, and that sting will be his past sin. Imagine a conqueror's death-bed. He has been a man of blood from his youth up. Bred in the camp, his lips were early set to the bugle, and his hand, even in infancy, struck the drum. He had a martial spirit ; he delighted in the fame and applause of men ; he loved the dust of battle and the garment rolled in blood. He has lived a life of what men call glory. He has stormed cities, conquered countries, ravaged continents, overrun the world. See his banners hanging in the hall, and the marks of glory on his escutcheon. He is one of earth's proudest warriors. But now he comes to die ; and when he lies down to expire what shall invest his death with horror ? It shall be his sin. Methinks I see the monarch dying ; he lies in state ; around him are his nobles and his counsellors ; but there is someone else there. Hard by his side there stands a spirit from Hades ; it is the soul of a departed woman. She looks on him and says, "Monster ! my husband was slain in battle through thy ambition ; I was made a widow, and my helpless orphans and myself were starved." And she passes by. Her husband comes, and opening wide his bloody wounds, he cries, "Once I called thee monarch ; but by thy vile covetousness, thou didst provoke an unjust war. See here these wounds—I gained them in the siege. For thy sake I mounted first the scaling ladder ; this foot stood upon the top of the wall, and I waved my sword in triumph, but in hell I lifted up my eyes in torment. Base wretch, thine ambition hurried me thither !" Turning his horrid eyes upon him, he passes by. Then up comes another, and another, and another yet : waking from their tombs, they stalk around his bed and haunt him ; the dreary procession still marches on, looking at the dying tyrant. He shuts his eyes, but he feels the cold and bony hand upon his forehead ; he quivers, for the sting of death is in his heart. "O death !" says he, "to leave this large estate, this mighty realm, this pomp and power—this were somewhat, but to meet those men, those women, and those orphan children, face to face ; to hear them saying, 'Art thou become like one of us ?' while kings whom I have dethroned, and monarchs whom I have cast down shall rattle their chains in my ears, and say, 'Thou wast our destroyer, but how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! how art thou brought down as in a moment from thy glory and thy pride !'" There you see the sting of death would be the man's sin. It would not sting him that he had to die, but that he had sinned, that he had been a bloody man, that his hands were red with wholesale murder—this would plague him indeed, for "the sting of death is sin."

Or suppose another character—a minister. He has stood before the world, proclaiming something which he called the gospel. He has been a noted preacher: the multitude have been hanging on his lips; they have listened to his words; before his eloquence a nation stood amazed, and thousands trembled at his voice. But his preaching is over; the time when he can mount the pulpit is gone; another standing-place awaits him, another congregation, and he must hear another and a better preacher than himself. There he lies. He has been unfaithful to his charge. He preached philosophy to charm his people, instead of preaching truth and aiming at their hearts. And as he pants upon his bed, that worst and most accursed of men—for sure none can be worse than he—there comes up one, a soul from the pit, and looking him in the face says, “I came to thee once trembling on account of sin, I asked thee the road to heaven, and thou didst say, ‘Do such-and-such good works,’ and I did them, and am damned. Thou didst tell me an untruth; thou didst not declare plainly the word of God.” He vanishes only to be followed by another; he has been an irreligious character, and as he sees the minister upon his death-bed, he says, “Ah! and art thou here? Once I strolled into thy house of prayer, but thou hadst such a sermon that I could not understand. I listened; I wanted to hear something from thy lips, some truth that might burn my soul and make me repent; but I knew not what thou saidst; and here I am.” The ghost stamps his foot, and the man quivers like an aspen leaf, because he knows it is all true. Then the whole congregation arise before him as he lies upon his bed; he looks upon the motley group; he beholds the snowy heads of the old, and the glittering eyes of the young; and lying there upon his pillow, he pictures all the sins of his past life, and he hears it said, “Go thou! unfaithful to thy charge: thou didst not divest thyself of thy love of pomp and dignity; thou didst not speak

‘As though thou ne’er might’st speak again,
A dying man to dying men.’”

Oh! it may be something for that minister to leave his charge, somewhat for him to die; but worst of all, the sting of death will be his sin; to hear his parish come howling after him to hell; to see his congregation following behind him in one mingled herd, he having led them astray, having been a false prophet instead of a true one, speaking peace, peace, where there was no peace, deluding them with lies, charming them with music, when he ought rather to have told them in rough and rugged accents the word of God. Verily it is true, it is true, the sting of death to such a man shall be his great, his enormous, his heinous sin of having deluded others.

Thus, then, having painted two full length pictures, I might give each one of you miniatures of yourselves. I might picture, O drunkard, when thy cups are drained, and when thy liquor shall no longer be sweet to thy taste, when worse than gall shall be the dainties that thou drinkest, when within an hour the worms shall make a carnival upon thy flesh; I might picture thee as thou lookest back upon thy misspent life. And thou, O swearer, methinks I see thee there with oaths echoed back by memory to thine own dismay. And thou man of lust and wickedness, thou who hast debauched and seduced others, I see thee there, and the

sting of death to thee, how horrible, how dreadful ! It shall not be that thou art groaning with pain, it shall not be that thou art racked with agony, it shall not be that thy heart and flesh faileth, but the sting, the sting shall be thy sin. How many in this place can spell that word "remorse?" I pray you may never know its awful meaning. Remorse, remorse ! You know its derivation ; it signifies to bite. Ah ! now we dance with our sin—it is a merry life with us—we take their hands, and sporting in the noontide sun, we dance, we dance, and live in joy. But then those sins shall bite us. The young lions we have stroked and played with shall bite ; the young adder, the serpent whose azure hues have well delighted us, shall bite, shall sting, when remorse shall occupy our souls. I might, but I will not tell you, a few stories of the awful power of remorse : it is the first pang of hell ! it is the antechamber of the pit. To have remorse is to feel the sparks that blaze upwards from the fire of the bottomless Gehenna ; to feel remorse is to have eternal torment commenced within the soul. The sting of death shall be, unforgiven, unrepented sin.

3. But if sin in the retrospect be the sting of death, what must *sin in the prospect be* ? My friends, we do not often enough look at what sin is to be. We see what it is : first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. It is the wish, the imagination, the desire, the sight, the taste, the deed ; but what is sin in its next development ? We have observed sin as it grows, we have seen it at first a very little thing, but expanding itself until it has swelled into a mountain. We have seen it like "a little cloud, the size of a man's hand," but we have beheld it gather until it covered the skies with blackness and sent down drops of bitter rain. But what is sin to be in the next state ? We have gone so far, but sin is a thing that cannot stop. We have seen whereunto it *has* grown, but whereunto *will* it grow ? for it is not ripe when we die ; it has to go on still ; it is set going, but it has to unfold itself for ever. The moment we die the voice of justice cries, "Seal up the fountain of blood ; stop the stream of forgiveness ; he that is holy let him be holy still ; he that is filthy let him be filthy still." And after that the man goes on growing filthier and filthier still ; his lust developes itself, his vice increases ; all those evil passions blaze with tenfold more fury, and amidst the companionship of others like himself, without the restraints of grace, without the preached word, the man becomes worse and worse ; and who can tell whereunto his sin may grow ? I have sometimes likened the hour of our death to that celebrated picture which I think you have seen in the National Gallery, of Perseus holding up the head of Medusa. That head turned all persons into stone who looked upon it. There is a warrior there with a dart in his hand : he stands stiffened, turned into stone, with the javelin even in his fist. There is another with a poniard beneath his robe about to stab ; he is now the statue of an assassin, motionless and cold. Another is creeping along stealthily, like a man in ambuscade, and there he stands a consolidated rock ; he has looked only upon that head, and he is frozen into stone. Well, such is death. What I am when death is held before me, that I must be for ever. When my spirit goes, if God finds me hymning His praise, I shall hymn it in heaven ; doth He find me breathing out oaths, I shall follow up those oaths in hell. Where death leaves me judgment finds me. As I die, so shall I live eternally.

“There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste.”

It is for ever, for ever, for ever! Ah! there are a set of heretics in these days who talk of short punishment, and preach about God's transporting souls for a term of years and then letting them die. Where did such men learn their doctrine I wonder? I read in God's word that the angel shall plant one foot upon the earth, and the other upon the sea, and shall swear by him that liveth and was dead, that *time* shall be no longer. But if a soul could die in a thousand years it would die in *time*; if a million of years could elapse, and then the soul could be extinguished, there would be such a thing as *time*; for talk to me of years, and there is *time*. But, sirs, when that angel has spoken the word, “*Time shall be no longer,*” things will then be eternal; the spirit shall proceed in its ceaseless revolution of weal or woe, never to be stayed, for there is no time to stop it; the fact of its stopping would imply time, but everything shall be eternal, for none shall cease to be. It well becomes you then to consider where ye are and what ye are. Oh! stand and tremble on the narrow neck of land 'twixt the two unbounded seas, for God in heaven alone can tell how soon thou mayest be launched upon the eternal future. May God grant that when that last hour may come, we may be prepared for it! Like the thief, unheard, unseen, it steals through night's dark shade. Perhaps, as here I stand, and rudely speak of these dark hidden things, soon may the hand be stretched, and dumb the mouth that lisps the faltering strain. Oh! thou that dwellest in heaven, thou power supreme, thou everlasting King, let not that hour intrude upon me in an illspent season; but may it find me wrapt in meditation high, hymning my great Creator. So in the last moment of my life I will hasten beyond the azure, to bathe the wings of this my spirit in their native element, and then to dwell with Thee for ever—

“Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.”

II. “THE STRENGTH OF SIN is the law.”

I have attempted to show how to fight this monster—it is by extracting and destroying its sting. I prepare myself for the battle. It is true I have sinned, and therefore I have put a sting into death, but I will endeavour to take it away. I attempt it, but the monster laughs me in the face, and cries, “The strength of sin is the law. Before thou canst destroy sin thou must in some way satisfy the law. Sin cannot be removed by thy tears or by thy deeds, for the law is its strength, and until thou hast satisfied the vengeance of the law, until thou hast paid the uttermost farthing of its demands, my sting cannot be taken away, for the very strength of sin is the law.” Now, I must try and explain this doctrine, that the strength of sin is the law. Most men think that sin has no strength at all. “Oh!” say many, “we have sinned very much, but we will repent, and we will be better for the rest of our lives; no doubt God is merciful, and He will forgive us.” And we hear many divines often speak of sin as if it were a very venial thing. Inquire of them what is a man to do? There is no deep repentance required, no real inward workings of divine grace, no casting himself upon the blood of Christ. They never tell us about a complete atonement having been made. They

have, indeed, some shadowy idea of atonement, that Christ died just as a matter of form to satisfy justice ; but as to any liberal taking away of our sins, and suffering the actual penalty for us, they do not consider that God's law requires any such thing. I suppose they do not, for I never hear them assert the positive satisfaction and substitution of our Lord Jesus Christ. But, without that, how can we take away the strength of sin ?

1. The strength of sin is in the law, first, in this respect, that *the law being spiritual it is quite impossible for us to live without sin*. If the law were merely carnal and referred to the flesh, if it simply related to open and overt actions, I question even then, whether we could live without sin ; but when I turn over the ten commandments and read, "Thou shalt not covet," I know it refers even to the wish of my heart. It is said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery ;" but it is said, also, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath already committed that sin. So that it is not merely the act, it is the thought ; it is not the deed simply, it is the very imagination, that is the sin. Oh, now, sinner, how canst thou get rid of sin ? Thy very thoughts, the inward workings of thy mind, these are crimes—this is guilt and desperate wickedness. Is there not, now, strength in sin ? Hath not the law put a potency in it ? Has it not nerved sin with such a power that all thy strength cannot hope to wipe away the black enormity of thy transgression ?

2. Then, again, the law puts strength into sin in this respect—that *it will not abate one tittle of its stern demands*. It says to every man who breaks it, "I will not forgive you." You hear persons talk about God's mercy. Now, if they do not believe in the Gospel they must be under the law ; but where in the law do we read of mercy ? If you will read the commandments through, there is a curse after them, but there is no provision made for pardon. The law itself speaks not of that ; it thunders out without the slightest mitigation, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." If any of you desire to be saved by works, remember, one sin will spoil your righteousness ; one speck of this earth's dross will spoil the beauty of that perfect righteousness which God requires at your hands. If ye would be saved by works, men and brethren, ye must be as holy as the angels, ye must be as pure and as immaculate as Jesus ; for the law requires perfection, and nothing short of it ; and God, with unflinching vengeance, will smite every man low who cannot bring Him a perfect obedience. If I cannot, when I come before His throne, plead a perfect righteousness as being mine, God will say, "You have not fulfilled the demands of My law ; depart, accursed one ! You have sinned, and you must die." "Ah," says one, "can we ever have a perfect righteousness, then ?" Yes, I will tell you of that in the third point ; thanks be unto Christ, who giveth us the victory through His blood and through His righteousness, who adorns us a bride in her jewels, as a husband arrays his wife with ornaments.

3. Yet again, the law gives strength to sin from the fact that *for every transgression it will exact a punishment*. The law never remits a farthing of debt : it says, "sin—punishment." They are linked together with adamant chains ; they are tied, and cannot be severed. The law speaks not of sin and mercy ; mercy comes in the gospel. The law says, "Sin—die ; transgress—be chastised ; sin—hell." Thus are they linked together. Once let me sin, and I may go to the foot of stern justice, and, as with

blind eyes, she holds the scales, I may say, "Oh, Justice, remember, I was holy once; remember that on such and such an occasion I did keep the law." "Yes," saith Justice, "all I owe thee thou shalt have; I will not punish thee for what thou hast not done; but remember you *this* crime, O sinner?" and she puts in the heavy weight. The sinner trembles and he cries, "But canst thou not forget that? Wilt thou not cast it away?" "Nay," saith Justice, and she puts in another weight. "Sinner, dost thou recollect *this* crime?" "Oh," says the sinner, "wilt thou not for mercy's sake—?" "I will not have mercy," says Justice; "Mercy has its own palace, but I have nought to do with forgiveness here; mercy belongs to Christ. If you will be saved by justice you shall have your full of it. If you come to me for salvation, I will not have mercy brought in to help me; she is not my vice-regent; I stand here alone without her." And again, as she holds the scales, she puts in another iniquity, another crime, another enormous transgression; and each time the man begs and prays that he may have that passed by. Says Justice, "Nay, I must exact the penalty; I have sworn I will, and I will. Canst thou find a substitute for thyself? If thou canst, there is the only room I have for mercy. I will exact it of that substitute, but even at his hands I will have the utmost jot and tittle; I will abate nothing; I am God's justice, stern and unflinching; I will not alter, I will not mitigate the penalty." She still holds the scales. The plea is in vain. "Never will I change!" she cries; "bring me the blood, bring me the price to its utmost; count it down, or else, sinner, thou shalt die."

Now, my friends, I ask you, if ye consider the spirituality of the law, the perfection it requires, and its unflinching severity, are you prepared to take away the sting of death in your own persons? Can you hope to overcome sin yourselves? Can you trust that by some righteous works you may yet cancel your guilt? If you think so, go, foolish one, go! O madman, go! work out thine own salvation with fear and trembling, without the God that worketh in thee; go, twist thy rope of sand; go, build a pyramid of air: go, prepare a house of bubbles, and think it is to last for ever; but know it will be a dream with an awful awakening, for as a dream when one awaketh will He despise alike your image and your righteousness. "The strength of sin is the law."

III. But now, in the last place, we have before us THE VICTORY OF FAITH. The Christian is the only champion who can smite the dragon of death; and even he cannot do it of himself, but when he has done it, he shall cry, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." One moment, and I will show you how the Christian can look upon death with complacency through the merits of Jesus Christ.

First, Christ has taken away the strength of sin in this respect, *that He has removed the law*. We are not under bondage, but under grace. Law is not our directing principle, but grace is. Do not misunderstand me. The principle that I *must* do a thing—that is to say, the principle of law, "do, or be punished; do, or be rewarded," is not the motive of the Christian's life; his principle is grace. "God has done so much for me, what ought I to do for Him?" We are not under the law in that sense, but under grace.

Then Christ has removed the law in this sense, *that He has completely satisfied it*. The law demands a perfect righteousness; Christ says, "Law, thou hast it: find fault with Me; I am the sinner's substitute; have I not

kept thy commandments? Wherein have I violated thy statutes?" "Come here, my beloved," He says, and then he cries to Justice, "Find a fault in this man, I have put My robe upon him; I have washed him in My blood; I have cleansed him from his sin. All the past is gone; as for the future, I have secured it by sanctification; as for the penalty, I have borne it Myself; at one tremendous draught of love, I have drunk that man's destruction dry; I have borne what he should have suffered; I have endured the agonies he ought to have endured. Justice, have I not satisfied thee? Did I not say upon the tree, and didst thou not coincide with it, 'It is finished! it is finished!' Have I not made so complete an atonement, that there is now no need for that man to die and expiate his guilt? Did I not complete the perfect righteousness of this poor, once condemned but now justified spirit?" "Yes," saith Justice, "I am well satisfied, and even more content, if possible, than if the sinner had brought a spotless righteousness of his own." And now what saith the Christian after this? Boldly he comes to the realms of death, and entering the gates there, he cries, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" And when he has said it, the dragon drops his sting, he descends into the grave; he passes by the place where fiends lie down in fetters of iron; he sees their chains, and looks into the dungeon where they dwell, and as he passes by the prison door, he shouts, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect!" They growl, and bite their iron bonds, and hiss in secret, but they cannot lay aught to his charge. Now see him mount aloft. He approaches God's heaven, he comes against the gates, and faith still triumphantly shouts, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" And a voice comes from within: "Not Christ, for He hath died; not God, for He hath justified." Received by Jesus, faith enters heaven, and again she cries, "Who," even here among the spotless and ransomed, "shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Now the law is satisfied; sin is gone; and now surely we need not fear the sting of the dragon, but we may say as Paul did, when he rose into the majesty of poetry—such beautiful poetry, that Pope himself borrowed his words, only transposing the sentences—"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

If it were necessary to-night, I might speak to you concerning the *resurrection*, and I might tell you how much that takes away the sting of death, but I will confine myself to the simple fact, that "the sting of death is sin," that "the strength of sin is the law," and that Christ gives us the victory, by taking the sting away, and removing the strength of sin by His perfect obedience.

And now, sirs, how many are there here who have any hope that for them Christ Jesus died? Am I coming too close home, when most solemnly I put the question to each one of you, as I stand in God's presence this night, to free my head of your blood; as I stand and appeal with all the earnestness this heart is capable of? Are you prepared to die? Is sin pardoned? Is the law satisfied? Can you view the flowing

"Of Christ's soul-redeeming blood,
With divine assurance knowing,
That He made your peace with God?"

Oh, can ye now put one hand upon your heart, and the other upon the Bible and say, "God's word and I agree; the witness of the Spirit here

and the witness there are one. I have renounced my sins, I have given up my evil practices; I have abhorred my own righteousness; I trust in nought but Jesu's doings; simply do I depend on Him.

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

If so, should you die where you are—sudden death were sudden glory.

But, my hearers, shall I be faithful with you? or shall I belie my soul? Which shall it be? Are there not many here, who, each time the bell tolls the departure of a soul, might well ask the question, "Am I prepared?" and they must say, "No." I shall not turn prophet to-night; but were it right for me to say so, I fear not one-half of you are prepared to die. Is that true? Yea, let the speaker ask himself the question, "Am I prepared to meet my Maker face to face?" Oh, sit in your seats and catechise your souls with that solemn question. Let each one ask himself, "Am I prepared, should I be called to die?" Methinks I hear one say with confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I hear another say with trembling accents—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Christ's kind arms I fall;
He is my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

Yes, sweet words? I would rather have written that one verse than Milton's "Paradise Lost." It is such a matchless picture of the true condition of the believing soul. But I hear another say, "I shall not answer such a question as that. I am not going to be dull to-day. It may be gloomy weather outside to-day, but I do not want to be made melancholy." Young man, young man, go thy way. Let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but for all this the Lord shall bring thee to judgment. What wilt thou do, careless spirit, when thy friends have forsaken thee, when thou art alone with God? Thou dost not like to be alone, young man, now, dost thou? A falling leaf will startle thee. To be alone an hour will bring on an insufferable feeling of melancholy. But thou wilt be alone—and a dreary alone it will be—with God an enemy! How wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan? What wilt thou do when He taketh thee by the hand at eventide, and asketh thee for an account, when He says, "What didst thou do in the beginning of thy days? How didst thou spend thy life?" When He asks thee, "Where are the years of thy manhood?" When He questions thee about thy wasted Sabbaths, and inquires how thy latter years were spent? What wilt thou say then? Speechless, without an answer thou wilt stand. Oh, I beseech you, as ye love yourselves, take care; even now, begin to weigh the solemn matters of eternal life. Oh! say not, "Why so earnest? why in such haste?" Sirs, if I saw you lying in your bed and your house was on fire, the fire might be at the bottom of the house and you might slumber safely for the next five minutes; but with all my might I would pull you from your bed, or I would shout, "Awake! awake! the flame is under thee."

So with some of you who are sleeping over hell's mouth, slumbering over the pit of perdition, may I not awake you? May I not depart a little from

clerical rules, and speak to you as one speaketh to his fellow whom he loves? Ah! if I loved you not, I need not be here. It is because I wish to win your souls, and if it be possible, to win for my Master some honour, that I would thus pour out my heart before you. As the Lord liveth, sinner, thou standest on a single plank over the mouth of hell, and that plank is rotten. Thou hangest over the pit by a solitary rope, and the strands of that rope are breaking. Thou art like that man of old, whom Dionysius placed at the head of the table: before him was a dainty feast, but the man ate not, for directly over his head was a sword suspended by a hair. So art thou, sinner. Let thy cup be full, let thy pleasures be high, let thy soul be elevated. Seest thou that sword? The next time thou sittest in the theatre, look up and see that sword; the next time thou art in a tavern, look at that sword; when next in thy business thou scornest the rules of God's Gospel, look at that sword. Though thou seest it not, it is there. Even now ye may hear God saying to Gabriel,—“Gabriel, that man is sitting in his seat in the hall; he is hearing, but as though he heard not; unsheath thy blade; let the glittering sword cut through that hair; let the weapon fall upon him, and divide his soul and body.” *Stop! thou Gabriel, stop!* Save the man a little while. Give him yet an hour, that he may repent. Oh, let him not die. True, he has been here these ten or a dozen nights, and he has listened without a tear; but stop; peradventure he may repent yet. Jesus backs up my entreaty, and he cries, “Spare him yet another year, till I dig about him, and dung him, and though he now cumpers the ground, he may yet bring forth fruit, that he may not be hewn down and cast into the fire.” I thank thee, O, God, Thou wilt not cut him down to-night; but to-morrow may be his last day. Ye may never see the sun rise, though you have seen it set. Take heed. Hear the word of God's Gospel, and depart with God's blessing. “Whosoever believeth on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.” “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” “He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him.” “Whosoever cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out.” “Let every one that heareth say, Come; whosoever is athirst let him come and take of the water of life freely.”

ANCIENT RUDDERS.—The original idea of a ship seems to have been taken from the shape and movement of aquatic birds. In imitation of their web feet, two oars or paddles were pushed out into the water, one on each side of the stern. The oar required to be strained, so as to produce resistance in the water, and thus bring the ship's head round; it would therefore have to be fastened tightly with some “rudder-bands.” The modern and more easily managed single rudder has been adopted in imitation of the fishes, which guide their progress by the skilful motion of their tails. A steering paddle is, however, now sometimes found necessary in addition to the rudder.
—*Biblical Things not Generally Known.*

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER II.—THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

As we have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the teacher and his class, he will now naturally desire to know how the class itself was conducted. We need hardly say that as it was a somewhat peculiar class it was conducted in a peculiar way. At first, when Mr. Rock commenced his labours, as the class was so small, he took the ordinary International Lessons selected by the Sunday School Union; but as the class grew larger he found it necessary to alter his plan. The method therefore adopted, and which for four years had been proved a success, was to have a list of subjects selected monthly, and given out on the last Sunday in each month. Sometimes only one subject was selected, at other times two or more; but, as a rule, so much was found to be said on one subject well chosen, that a thorough discussion on that one was preferred to a superficial survey of several. The custom was to allow the young men to choose their own topics, and to appoint one young man always to read a paper at the outset, not exceeding twenty minutes in length, bearing on the question for discussion, and opening it up. Then followed questions, answers, and opinions put and freely given by the whole class, a few members, however, as usual, monopolizing the greater portion of the time. The gathering was invariably opened and closed with singing and prayer, the young men engaging in the latter exercise; and the last ten minutes was generally taken up by Mr. Rock,

who, in a plain, direct, and interesting manner, summed up the debate.

On the present occasion the question for discussion was a most important one—the *origin of life*. A young man of the name of Ellison had read an admirable paper, which gave the Biblical teaching on the matter, and clearly showed that the Bible attributed that origin to God alone. The first chapter of Genesis and other portions of the Divine Word were quoted to prove that, apart from the life-creating action of the Supreme Being, the original state of the world was such that no life could possibly have been found in it. This, too, the writer contended, was the teaching of true science; so that the teachings of the Bible and the teachings of Nature were thus found to agree. The essay was occasionally well cheered, and it soon became evident that a stirring debate was certain to follow.

As the essayist sat down, amid decided manifestations of approval, Mr. Rock gave it as his *opinion* that Mr. Ellison had not only given them a most interesting paper, but that his view of the matter was correct.

It was this remark on the part of the leader that called forth from Mr. Powell the emphatic statement that what was wanted in this age was *fact*.

“What fact do you want Mr. Powell?”

“This fact, sir. Mr. Ellison has given us a capital paper, in which he has shown that from the teaching of the Bible we gather that God alone is the author of life. He also says that this is the teaching of science. Now we want that

proved. You are aware, sir, as well as we are, that some of the scientific philosophers of the present day say that it is not proved. They contend that life may have some other origin."

"But do they contend that it *has* some other origin?"

"No: only that it *may* have."

"Then it is after all mere speculation with them?"

"That is all, sir."

"Well, it will be time enough for us to believe them when they themselves have adduced *fact* in favour of their theory instead of mere speculation. Young men, let me give you a little judicious counsel. It is quite the fashion of some of these philosophers in the present day to call upon us to adduce facts, while they themselves do nothing of the kind. Not to wander from the subject, just take the present case as an illustration. What says one of the most renowned sceptical philosophers of the age—Professor Tyndall? He says: 'I discern in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.' Is that a fact? When has he discerned it? How has he discerned it? In what way has he proved that he has discerned it? It is simply the philosopher's *statement* and nothing more. When challenged to prove his point he can prove nothing. Tackled in fact he is forced to modify his statement and acknowledge that it is after all merely his own *opinion*; just that and that only."

"May I ask, sir, whether any scientific man has professed to prove that from dead or inert matter life has been produced?"

"None that I am aware of, Mr. Harrison."

"Then, so far as the scientific world goes, it is mere supposition?"

"That is all. What says Dr.

Paterson in his 'Studies in Life?' * Here is his book, a most valuable little work that all you young men should have, and I will read you an extract. On page 29 he says: 'The two states in nature—organic and inorganic—constitute separate kingdoms, conditioned apparently by different laws. We may, by imagination, think or conceive, that there is some method of bridging the chasm that separates the one from the other; and we may picture to ourselves, after a certain fashion, the method by which this transition may be effected; but we *cannot prove by experiment* that our imagination is correct, nor can we bring evidence in support of it from any other observations that we can make, or that have been made. We are met with this fact, sternly and broadly, that these two kinds of things—dead and living, as we use the words familiarly—are thoroughly distinct, and that *the dead cannot of itself pass into the living*. The living can pass into the dead. It ceases to live. Life vanishes. Aye, and life begins. And if we take Professor Huxley's own words that "*organization, is the product of life and not life the product of organization,*" then we have life before organization. And I may venture to add that we may have life after organization has ceased. If we can have life before organization, it is no argument against its continued existence after death that we cannot follow it or recognize its continuance still. I do not found any argument on that. I am simply calling attention to the *fact* that when we come to speak of living creatures, vegetable or animal, we have to do with a new force, or quality, or power—I do not care what you call it—

* "Studies in Life," by H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d.

that is quite distinct in its action from what we recognize in the dead or inorganic world.

"And then, again, he says on page 38: 'A venerable doctrine that has not been set aside to the present day is, that all life comes from the living. Please note this. We have no life without antecedent life—that is to say, within the field of our observation. Within the limits of our observation (covering historic time), this is a *fact* almost universally recognized.'

"Young men, these extracts are worthy of your deepest consideration. They give you the *fact* for which Mr. Powell calls. I dare to say, and challenge contradiction, that not a particle of proof has ever been given yet by scientific experimentalists, that life in any case has ever been evolved by them from dead or inert matter. Experiment after experiment has been tried to bring life into spontaneous existence without ancestors, and every experiment has been a total failure. No one, in point of fact, pretends to prove that any such experiment has been attended with the desired success. But that you may not have my word simply for it, let me give you the statement of a great scientific sceptical professor of the present day—I mean Professor Huxley. In the article, *Biology*, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he makes these two remarkable statements:—

"The properties of living matter distinguish it absolutely from all other kinds of things; and the *present state of knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not living.*"

"At the present moment there is *not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence* that abiogenesis (or spontaneous generation) does take place or has taken place within the period during which the existence of the globe is recorded."

"Now, young friends, what do you say to this? Is not this fact? Mr. Ellison, in his essay, tells us that life springs from life, even from the living God. Such he proves to be the teaching of the Bible, and he declares it also to be the teaching of science. And is he not right? Does not even the learned Professor Huxley almost confess as much? At any rate he confesses that dead matter has never yet been proved to have produced it; and therefore so far, indirectly, his evidence is to be taken in favour of the Biblical theory that life owns God alone as its author."

Other remarks having been made by several members, Mr. Powell said: "I must confess, Mr. Rock, that you have given us '*fact*.' We may, I think, take it for granted that both the Bible and science teach alike, that life alone produces life; but may I ask whether science furnishes us with any evidence that life could have been produced in this globe of ours without the *direct intervention* of a Creator?"

"You have asked, Mr. Powell, an important question that I am perfectly willing for us to discuss; but as the time is nearly gone, we will now close with our usual devotional exercise, and take that important matter into consideration next Lord's day afternoon."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

MODERN FALSE CHRISTS.

By REV. A. E. REALFF, HARLOW.

JOHN XIX. 15.—“Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him.”

Does not this language strike us at once as being very remarkable, coming as it does, not from the lips of ignorant, untutored, irreligious pagans, but from the lips of educated persons, Jews, who had been religiously trained from their birth, who were nationally the “Lord’s people,” the elect nation, the typical representative, favoured, highly-privileged race? Here, then, surely we shall find a fruitful topic for consideration.

“It was the preparation of the Passover” when Pilate “saith unto the Jews, Behold your King!” Here was their King, but they would not have Him. This was the Son of the great Husbandman, but these Jews cried, “Come let us kill Him, and let us seize on His inheritance. And they caught Him, and cast Him out of the vineyard, and slew Him.”

And yet these Jews had the Holy Scriptures read them, knew them. More than this they *believed in Christ*—that is, in a certain sense. And yet the startling thought! they murdered Him. How came this about?

It is true indeed that nationally and individually they believed in Messiah. Their Scriptures, which they highly prized, and prided themselves upon, declared the advent of Messiah; and they looked for that august event with tremendous expectation. It was to be heaven upon earth when that auspicious day arrived! They fully believed

Christ would come, and therefore in this sense they certainly believed in Christ. But here was the difficulty. When Christ did actually come, He was altogether a different person from what their imagination had depicted, and from what their hearts desired. And therefore it was that, in spite of His divine origin and mission, attested as it was by the witness of the Father’s own voice, the Holy Spirit’s descent in the form of a dove, the appearances of angels, startling miracles, wondrous discourses, and every evidence that could reasonably be given, they turned a deaf ear to His marvellous words; they shut their eyes to the sight of His most beautiful life; they spurned Him, hated Him, sought to entrap Him continually, cruelly murdered Him, and then shut Him up as securely as possible in the tomb, that He might never come forth again. They totally ignored His name, His mission, His sublime words and deeds; and said in effect, “This man *cannot* be the Christ; and if He be the Christ, we will not have Him.” They had all along looked for a King, and behold a carpenter’s son. They desired a conquering hero, and here was a meek peasant! The Christ they wanted had not come; and so they settled it in their own minds that this Jesus of Nazareth could not and *should not* be the Christ. And thus it came about that they cried, “Away with Him!”

“Well,” you say, “they were surely very greatly to blame. Jesus, it is true, did not *meet* their expectation; but this was not owing to any fault at all in Him; it was solely owing to their own wrong

conception of what Christ was to be, and ought to be." Exactly. They ought not to have been guided by any preconceived notions of their own as to what the Christ should be. It was not for them to dictate, but submit; not to define, but to accept. They ought to have taken Him as they found Him, and subjected themselves to *God's* Christ. It was most wicked in them to reject One who came to them with all the credentials of a Divine mission, merely because He did not answer to the ideal Christ of the national mind. Their fancy had painted a Christ who was not the real Christ; and therefore when the real Christ appeared before them they surely were guilty of heinous sin and rebellion against the Father in rejecting and murdering Him.

Very true; but we must remember that they were supported in their ideal Christ by the Scriptures. Indeed, they had formed this ideal of what the Christ was to be from those Scriptures. For did not the Word say, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head"; that His name should be called "The Prince of Peace"; that the government should be "upon His shoulder"; and that His dominion should be "from sea to sea"? Their ideal Christ was, in a sense, the Christ of the Scriptures; therefore they *must* be right, and Jesus of Nazareth could not be the Christ.

Now we get to see that these Jews only did precisely what many persons are doing now. Hence, the practical rejection of Christ by men of modern days. The Jewish nation had formed a one-sided and grossly imperfect idea of Christ. We admit that they had formed this idea from the study of the Scriptures. Yet it was a *partial* study. Their notion

of Christ was drawn from certain passages, wrested from their content, and distorted to suit their own views. They did not compare Scripture with Scripture. They did not come to the Word in a teachable spirit, that they might have all their mistakes corrected; but rather that they might be supported in their previous conceptions. Here was their grave error; and it has its counterpart in modern days. Had they searched the Scriptures in the right spirit, with minds ready to be impressed with whatever was indeed the truth of God, they would have learned that Messiah was to be "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief." All such passages as this they passed over, and so it came about that *their* idea of Christ was altogether a one-sided one, and therefore misleading, and fraught with terrible consequences to themselves.

I have said that this error has its counterpart in our own times. We are not Jews, and we have not the opportunity of crucifying the Redeemer; indeed, our minds revolt at the bare thought of such a horrible thing. Yet how many professing Christians—professing Him at least nationally and conventionally—altogether ignore and reject Christ.

There are many Englishmen who will say, "Of course we believe in Christ!" But, let us ask, *What kind of Christ?* We shall find that the Christ they believe in is not the Christ of God at all; but a Christ who by some mysterious process is to save everybody, and that irrespective of repentance, at least of that repentance which evidences itself in a changed life. They will tell you that they believe in Christ; that He came to save all men; that the purpose of His life and death was to turn away the wrath of God, and deliver men from hell. And

so long as they say they believe in Christ, it matters little how they live. Did not Christ die for their sins? Then they may sin on now without anxiety as to consequences. They cannot help sinning sometimes. They will do the best they can, of course, and Christ will make up for the rest.

“Some call Him a Saviour in word,
And mix their own work with His
plan;
And He, His help will afford,
When they have done all that
they can.”

But surely, such a notion of Christ as this, if it may at all be called Scriptural, comes of a very distorted or one-sided view of what the Scriptures say of Him.

And there are others of our fellow countrymen who will say that they believe in Christ. The Christ *they* believe in is a meek and inoffensive Lamb. But is not Christ styled the “Lamb of God,” and was He not meek? Yes, indeed! But the “Lamb of God” in whom these persons believe is one who is too meek ever to utter a sharp word; too meek to be angry with sinners; too meek to say at the last day to some loud professors—“I never knew you. Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire!” These persons will tell you that Christ “came not to destroy men’s lives but to save them!”

The great error of the present day is not in rejecting a meek and gentle Christ, but rather in rejecting a conquering, judging, ruling, and commanding Christ. They don’t now crucify the Lamb, but the King. They say not to the gentle one, “Away with Him,” but to the Prince, who is to rule in their hearts, and who will assert the supremacy of His law over every other.

There are many, too, who altogether reject a *suffering* Christ. They want a prospering Christ—a Christ who will always help them in their worldly concerns. If the religion of Christ will advance their earthly interests, then they will go in for religion; but, if otherwise, they cry, “Away with it.” They want not a religion with a cross in it, but one which always has a crown. This kind of “Christians” appear most of all to resemble the Jews under present consideration.

They desire a Christ who is always a successful Christ, a winning Christ, a joyful Christ; not a Christ who will ever lead them to suffering, loss, or shame for His sake.

O, to have right views of Christ! Let us see well to it, not that we believe in a Christ, but that we believe in *the* Christ of the Scriptures, the Christ of God; otherwise it may be discovered at the last that we have been all along worshipping a Christ which was only a figment of our own imagination.

GOOD ADVICE TO CHRISTIANS.

1. See that your religion makes you a better son or daughter, a better clerk, a better student, a better friend, a better workman. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

2. Strive to show forth the beauty of holiness, by sympathy, by courtesy, by a delicate appreciation of others’ feelings, by a constant forgetfulness of self.

3. Do not set yourself up as a standard. Shun all censoriousness, especially toward older Christians, who may not look at things just as you do. Remember that each one to his own Master “standeth or falleth,” and not to you.

4. Let nothing keep you from the

Saviour. Never be tempted to stay away from Him by unbelieving doubts, by past neglect, by present fear, by anything. Remember the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Be more intimate with Him than with any earthly friend.

5. Never rejoice in your own strength. Resolutions are of no avail, simply as such. A child looking to Christ is stronger than a strong armed man. Be resolute in looking to Him alone for strength. This is all the resolution you need to make—for

6. "Without Me ye can do nothing." Let this be the settled conviction of your soul, for without this all else is unavailing, and effort to grow in grace will be as useless as to build a house upon the shifting sands.

Finally. Do not be discouraged if you fail in everything. If you were perfect, what need would you have of a Saviour? "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For everyone that asketh, receiveth," and so forth. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

HELP YOUR MINISTER TO PREACH.

A GOOD sermon does not consist altogether in its composition. Its delivery has much to do with its acceptability; and delivery is modified by the hearers themselves. The hearers by good hearing can improve the sermon. Good listening makes good preaching. Perhaps almost every minister has in his congregation those from whom he expects

help in preaching. Even while he is preparing his discourse, it may be, he has those listeners in his mind, imagining himself before them. He already feels them to be in sympathy with his subject; and this kindles his soul, and gives warmth and energy to his composition. When, in the course of delivery, he sees eyes attentively fixed upon him, and looks that denote deep interest, there is something in it which fires the soul of the speaker, and lends a glow and enthusiasm to the delivery which a congregation can not well afford to lose, and which a listless hearing will not impart.

After a minister has laboured hard through the week to prepare food for the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer, it is very depressing to him to have them receive the food with an air of indifference. There is enjoyment in feeding the hungry, but very little in feeding those who will not eat. During the delivery of the sermon there are some who seem, with hungry souls, to be feeding upon divine truth, and others are listless and inattentive, and the minister is constrained to feel that he is failing to interest them. The hungry hearing, encourages him, warms his heart, kindles up his delivery, and it may be, suggests new and appropriate thoughts just suited to the hungry soul, thus helping him to preach with acceptance and profit, while the listless, inattentive hearing tends to discourage and depress the speaker, and to detract from the energy, tone and power of his preaching. There is such a thing as an interesting hearer, as well as an interesting speaker. The pulpit and pew act reciprocally upon each other. Reader, if your minister is sometimes dull, try to wake him by giving him an interesting hearing.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE resurrection of Christ was no mere resuscitation. It was not like the resurrection of Lazarus, for he came back to the old life and died again; so did Jairus's daughter, so did the son of the widow of Nain; so did those who were raised from the dead by Elisha. But our Lord Jesus Christ did not come back again to the old life. He passed into the grave by one door, and He came out by the opposite; that is, He passed clear through it, and went into the broader life beyond, to a higher and nobler life, and He left both doors open. So that now, what was before a dark cave with no outlet has become a tunnel, through which we can see the light beyond, and the green fields, and the pleasant pastures of the land of heavenly promise. That is the meaning of His resurrection; that is the comfort it gives to us now. Moreover during those forty days He spent upon earth when he appeared to his followers again, it was the same body, yet how changed! for it came into the midst of His followers when the doors were closed. It appeared and vanished in singular fashion, no more a natural body, but now a spiritual body, adapted to the new life which He had gone to manifest. And in those glimpses of Himself during those forty days, He has given us the foretaste of one bright resurrection life above. — *Dr. Wm. M. Taylor.*

CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY is a spirit—it is a set of principles, and not a set of rules.

The truth which Christ taught was chiefly on these three points: God, man, immortality.

Settle it in your hearts: Christianity is Christ: understand Him, breathe His spirit, comprehend His mind: Christianity is a life, a spirit. Let self die with Christ, and with Him rise to a life of holiness; and then, whether you are a minister or ministered to, you need not care what discussions may arise, nor how men may dispute your Christianity, or deny your share in the gospel; you stand upon a rock.

The gospel threw light on God: light unknown before, even to the holiest hearts among the Jews. "Clouds and darkness are the habitation of His seat," spoke the Old Testament; "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," declared the New. For out of Christ our God is only a dark, dim, and dreadful mystery. There is only an awful silence, which is never broken by an articulate voice. But all is brightness in the Redeemer's life and death.

The gospel threw light, too, upon man's own nature. Man—a dark enigma, a contradiction to himself, with Godlike aspirations and animal cravings—asks his own heart in terror, "Am I a god or a beast?" And the gospel answers: "You are a glorious temple in ruins, to be rebuilt into a habitation of God and the Spirit, your soul to be the home of the High and Holy One, your body to be the temple of the Holy Ghost." It threw light upon the grave; for life and immortality were "brought to light through the gospel." The darkness of the tomb was irradiated; and the things of that undiscovered land shone clear and tranquil then to the eye of faith: but not until *then*, for immortality before was but a mournful *perhaps*.—*Robertson's Living Thoughts.*

A POTATO STORY.

MR. ROCKAWAY, being asked to tell one of his "ten minute" stories, said: If it will content you, I will tell you a story which begins with a bean-pole.

Once there was a bean-pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a potato hill.

"Dear me!" cried a young cabbage growing near, "what a stiff poky thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!"

But very soon a scarlet bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same bean-pole.

"All right!" cried the happy little bean. "You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my summer's work."

"Well, to be sure!" cried the young cabbage. "Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?"

The scarlet bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole so easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at last, to make fun of the potato-plant.

"How sober you are!" cried she. "Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?"

The poor potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blossoms.

"You don't mean to call those things flowers?" cried the frisky bean. "Just Look at my beautiful blossoms!"—and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

The potato-plant kept quiet.

"What stupid, useless things," said young cabbage, "those potato plants are; and how much room they take up!"

Summer passed. The bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried to the potato-plant, down below. "Only see what I've done! There's a summer's work for you! And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"Yes, why don't you do something?" cried cabbage. "Your summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head! Anything but idleness!"

The potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of "Long Reds" appeared, her neighbours could hardly believe their senses.

"Dear me! what a surprise!" cried the bean. "So we can't always tell by appearances!"

"I declare!" cried the cabbage, "then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that bean—she hung her pods up so high so everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this, I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: 'Wait, potatoes inside there, maybe.'"

"There are a great many scarlet beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some potato-plants too."

"And perhaps a few young cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.

—*St. Nicholas.*

SONGS OF THE COMFORTER.

"It is the Spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing,"

JOHN vi. 63.

HOLY SPIRIT, quicken me,
Let my heart Thy temple be,
Fill me with Thy purity.

Come, dear Comforter, again,
Loose my bonds and banish pain,
Thine own work do Thou make plain.

Blessed Spirit of my God,
Now apply the Saviour's blood,
Cleanse me in the crimson flood.

Make me as a little child,
Meek and lowly, gentle, mild,
Save me from each passion wild.

Light of Lights, all truth is Thine,
All Thy graces now make mine,
Let Christ's image through me shine!

O, sweet Dove, give Thine own peace,
From all sinful care release,
Bid all fruitless conflict cease.

Dew of heaven my hope revive,
Only through Thy grace I live,
All Christ hath Thy love must give.

Wind of heaven, O do Thou blow,
Bid Thine own sweet spices flow,
Fill my heart with love aglow.

Thou art God's own loving breath,
Scatter all the mists of death,
Make me hear what Jesus saith.

Spring of Life, O freshen me,
Bid all death and darkness flee,
Christ's own beauty let me see.

Make me loyal, true, and real,
Fill with truth and Christ's own zeal—
Love which for the worst can feel.

Bless Thy truth, O gracious Lord,
Make Thy word a living word,
Sharper than a two-edged sword.

O'er the world O do Thou move,
Raise Thine own all fear above,
Fill all hearts with God's own Love,

Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN.

NATURE PLANNED BY MIND.—I trust that the reader who has followed me throughout will be imbued with the conviction that ever presses upon myself, of the complete interdependence of organic and inorganic nature. Not only does the marvellous structure of each organized being involve the whole past history of the earth, but such apparently unimportant facts as the presence of certain types of plants or animals in one island rather than in another, are now shown to be dependent on the long series of past geological changes, on those marvellous astronomical revolutions which cause a periodic variation of terrestrial climates, on the apparently fortuitous action of storms and currents in the conveyance of germs, and on the endlessly varied actions and reactions of organized beings on each other. And although these various causes are far too complex in their combined action to enable us to follow them out in the case of any one species, yet their broad results are clearly recognizable; and we are thus encouraged to study more completely every detail and every anomaly in the distribution of living things, in the firm conviction that by so doing we shall obtain a fuller and clearer insight into the course of nature, and with increased confidence that the "mighty maze" of being we see everywhere around us is "not without a plan."—Wallace's "Island Life."

Reviews.

The Postman. Published monthly. New series, 1883. Price 1d. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

HAVE you ever seen this periodical? It is not very pretentious, but it is exceedingly popular. Since Mr. Fullerton started it three years ago, two million copies have been issued. Beginning with eight pages for a halfpenny, it has grown into twenty-four pages for a penny. Notes of the Evangelistic services conducted by the Editor and Mr. Manton Smith, and communications with members of the "Bereau Bible Union," which numbers nearly sixty branches in London and the provinces, supply the principal features. But the pleasant varieties contributed, mostly in short paragraphs by well-known authors, are spicy enough to claim the attention of casual readers, and sterling enough to be worth binding up in a volume at the end of the year.

Proving God, and other Sermons. By C. H. SPURGEON. Printed in large type for the aged. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

THESE sermons commend themselves, so that we need not sound their praise. If Christian charity were to send copies of this book into the cottages of the poor, what spiritual cheer it would minister to many an old pilgrim.

Bone. By E. T. FIDELIS. A Poem. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THIS poem, by an anonymous writer, is a work of no mean merit. The conception is good. The poetry above the average of many poems the world has had to read. The subject is one out of which beautiful lessons grow, and it is altogether a work of con-

siderable power. The interest of the reader is excited and kept up all the way through, and whoever reads *Good and Faithful* will find the book answering well to its title.

The Boatswain's Mate. By BOATSWAIN SMITH. Fourth Edition. A. Southey, 146, Fenchurch-street.

THIS small volume (exceedingly suitable for sailors and all who do business on great waters) produces a strange feeling in us as we read its title and peruse its pages. We call to mind Charles James Smith in his palmy days. The sailors found the *Temperance Advocate*, the *Street Preacher*, causing his voice to be heard in the streets, preaching Christ's Gospel in the squares and thoroughfares of the Metropolis, and in the fields, lanes, and villages of the country. The champion of street preaching in England when it was unpopular, and for his persistence in his work, suffering considerable persecution, we remember seeing him in his later days. The days of his sere leaf considerably faded, but still Charles James Smith with his same persevering disposition, and a good deal of the earlier fire, and with all the force of his original eccentricity. Well, he has gone; but here is his life written by himself. Many of his old friends will derive delight in reading it, while it undoubtedly will be a pleasurable book to all those who are pursuing a seafaring life.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record, 1882. Ragged School Union, 12 & 13, Exeter Hall.

WE welcome most heartily the seventh volume of the new series. Like its predecessors it is well bound, well printed, and has some good illus-

trations. It contains, as usual, the always exciting and powerful addresses given at its annual meeting, and among many an instructive column will be the Memoir of William Locke, and a brief account of the origin of Ragged Schools, which will be read with special interest by all the early friends of this great philanthropic and religious movement. We believe that with all the changes and advances which have been made of late years, the work of the Ragged School teacher is still deeply needed. If any doubt exists on this subject, we advise the doubter to read this volume and to judge righteously.

New Series of Sunday School Addresses. A comprehensive and suggestive collection of outlines of addresses, to be completed in twelve numbers. Elliot Stock.

THIS first number is really a treasure if our teachers will do either one of two things:—first, if they deliver the addresses as here given, set them boldly. Say so, and with this admission some of them will be doing more good than giving out half-digested unprepared inflictions on the children. But better still, if they will use this little work by culling thoughts from it, and suggestive subjects, by earnest application, make them our addresses. *Glean here, but do not take away a cart-load.*

Silver Words, Golden Deeds, practical and personal. Chapters for professing and non-professing people. By E. EDWARD FISK. Elliot Stock. We have read it with pleasure. It is *sound, good, practical.* It deserves attention, and should have a wide circulation.

The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Year Book. Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

A MASS of information. It has lived thirty-two years, and deserves to live while it does such good service.

WE also call attention to the volume of our own Magazine for 1892, *The*

Baptist Messenger. Volume handsomely bound. Apply to the Publishers, 61, Paternoster Row.

WE have received, and they have our sincere best wishes, *The Mission Pulpit, The Ragged School Union Quarterly, The Philanthropic Life and Light,* by ROBERT EDWARD SEARS; *The Sunshine,* by Dr. WHITEMORE. *School and Home,* a new Magazine and Guide for Parents and Teachers in Systematic Bible Teaching. *The British Flag, The Preacher's Analyst. The Bible in Public Worship, with Tables and Scripture Lessons for Sunday and Week Evening Services. Evangelical Christendom,* a solid, good number of the *Evangelical Magazine,* with a well-executed likeness of Dr Conder, of Leeds. *The Scottish Baptist. The Sword and Trowel. The General Baptist Magazine,* and the *Baptist Magazine,* with a likeness and memoir of the Rev. W. M. Lewis. Our old friends, *The Baptist and Freeman.* We have also received the *Sheet Almanack of the British Workman and Religious Tract Society.*

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—Have you purchased for your little ones the extra Christmas number of *The Girl's Own Magazine,* called "Carillon"? If not, send for one; also the January number of *The Girl's Own,* with its elegant frontispiece, and admirably written Christmas articles. *The Boy's Own* still continues a marvel of power and cheapness, with its stirring chapters and gorgeous presentation plates. Both the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* show considerable literary and artistic merit. The latter has a sermonette by Dr. MACLAREN, of Manchester, on the "Cloud of Witnesses and their Leader." And where shall we find a Magazine which shall gain access to the cottage home and be read if the December and January numbers of the *Cottager and Artisan* fail. And at the same time old folk and young folk are charmed with the amusing picture of "Here we go," and the story of the "Guinea Pigs," in the *Child's Companion.*

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. H. BAYLEY of Kingston-on-Thames, has accepted the pastorate of the church at New Barnet.

Rev. J. F. Smythe, of Claremont Chapel, Bolton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Berkhamstead.

Mr. Samuel Couling, Jun., of the Bristol College, has accepted a unanimous and very hearty invitation to the pastorate of the Totnes Church.

Mr. F. Allsop, of Rawdon College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Brearley, Luddenham Foot, Yorkshire.

Mr. W. J. Harris, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Spring-hill Chapel, Birmingham.

Rev. Dr. Culross, of Adelaide-place Church, Glasgow, has accepted the principalship of Bristol College, and in consequence resigns his pastorate.

Rev. Albert Braine has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Hope Chapel, Devonport.

PRESENTATIONS.

At Newbridge-on-Wye, Radnorshire, on Tuesday, December 26, tea was given to the Sunday-school teachers and scholars by Mr. Morgan, one of the deacons of the church. In the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Reed, a public meeting was held in the chapel, when a purse of £28 was presented to the minister, the Rev. J. Nicholas, by Mrs. Whilding, on behalf of the church and congregation. In his acknowledgment of the testimonial, Mr. Nicholas stated he had been nineteen years at

Newbridge. The Sunday-school choir sang several pieces of music, and the following neighbouring ministers attended and addressed the meeting: the Revs. H. V. Thomas, Builth; S. Jones, Dolan; T. D. Jones, Franksbridge; and J. Roberts, Pysgah. We saw present also Mr. T. Marchant Williams. With the usual votes of thanks, and the singing of the Doxology, a very pleasant meeting was brought to a close.

On Friday evening, December 29, the teachers connected with the Sunday-school attached to the New Chapel, Devizes, presented a testimonial to Mr. R. W. Biggs, LL.D., who has been superintendent of the school for a large number of years, and is now leaving the neighbourhood. The testimonial consisted of a framed photographic group of the teachers, and Dr. Biggs feelingly acknowledged the present. Mr. W. J. Sharman has been elected to the office thus vacated.

The close of the fourth year of the pastorate of the Rev. W. Doel, at Southwick, near Trowbridge, was celebrated by a tea and public meeting. The pastor presided over the latter, and stated during the evening that forty members had been added to the church whilst he had been connected with it. On behalf of the church and congregation, he presented a writing-desk and inkstand to Mr. J. Long, leader of the choir, and a cruet-stand to Mr. A. Jones, who presides at the harmonium.

RECOGNITIONS.

THE ordination services connected with the settlement of M. C. W. Vick at Woodgate Chapel, Loughborough,

took place on the 29th December. Professor Goadby, B.A., of Chilwell College, delivered the charge to the minister; Rev. J. Clifford addressed the church. Revs. C. Clarke, R. Y. Roberts, T. Rhys Evans, C. H. Bowden, A. McCurdy, J. Mills, T. W. Marshall, and Mr. B. Baldwin also took part in the services.

Rev. J. A. Brown received public recognition on the 7th December, as pastor of Ebenezer Chapel, Budleigh Salterton. Rev. J. P. Carey presided, and Revs. J. Collings, J. Child, J. Butler, and others took part in the proceedings.

The recognition of the Rev. J. Whittle, of the Pastors' College, took place at Madeley, Salop, on the 3rd and 4th of December. On the Sunday, Rev. W. W. Robinson, Secretary of the Shropshire Baptist Association, preached the sermons. At the public meeting Chas. G. Bayley, Esq., of Oswestry, presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Joseph Preston, W. W. Robinson, E. Spanton, E. Savage, W. Chapman, J. Bate, A. Smith, and also by James Jones, Esq., Treasurer of the Shropshire Baptist Association.

Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. S. D. Thomas, as pastor of the Union Church, King's Lynn, were held on the 11th of December, in the Music Hall, Athenæum. The chair was occupied by Rev. W. Freeman, representing the Norfolk churches. Rev. T. Porteus offered the opening prayer. Mr. B. J. Whall testified to the heartiness and unanimity of the invitation to Mr. Thomas. Rev. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich, offered the recognition prayer. Rev. A. T. Osborne welcomed Mr. Thomas in the name of the ministers of the town. Mr. Morris, as secretary of the Suffolk Association, predicted a successful pastorate, from his knowledge of Mr. Thomas, and spoke generally on ministerial work. Rev. W. Emery, Ipswich, congratulated the church on its choice, and spoke of the duties of the church toward the pastor.

Bury.—A public recognition tea-meeting, in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. L. Mayo as pastor of the Knowsley-street Chapel, was held in the schoolroom recently, when about 150 persons sat down. After the tea there was a public meeting in the chapel. Rev. J. Dunckley, presided, and there was also present Revs. W. Roseman, C. Ashford, B.A., H. A. Lawson, M.A., J. Kendall, J. D. Deaville, H. D. Brown, J. Mould, J. S. Hughes, J. Kemp. After the usual devotional service, in which the prayer was offered by Rev. C. Ashford, the chairman congratulated the members on having chosen as their minister one who was not a stranger in the neighbourhood. Mr. Mayo had been a pastor of a church at Heywood for several years, and it gave him great pleasure, knowing Heywood and Heywood people thoroughly, to testify the kind affection and love with which Mr. and Mrs. Mayo were regarded by their old friends in that town. Rev. J. Kendall next spoke, and then Mr. Whittaker, one of the deacons, made a short statement of the circumstances attending the coming of Mr. Mayo, in which he said that the chapel had been without a pastor for over twelve months, and they were very desirous to have a minister among them. Other speeches followed. Mr. Mayo's address is now 12, Park Hills-road, Bury, Lancashire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The second anniversary services in connection with the church at Carlisle were held on Sunday and Monday, the 3rd and 4th December, in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Fisher-street, where the church meets. The services were all well attended. The pastor (Rev. A. A. Saville) preached on Lord's-day, morning and evening. On Monday a tea-meeting, attended by about 300 persons, was followed by a public

meeting, over which the pastor presided, supported by Revs. Jas. MacNab, Broughton, Hugh Singleton, Workington (Baptists), W. A. Wrigley (Congregational), Jas. Christie, (Presbyterian), and Mr. Thos. Thompson, Maryport. The hall was well filled. It was stated that during the past year thirty-one members had been added to the church—twenty-nine by baptism and two by transfer from churches outside the county of Cumberland. The net total of members in the two years since the church was founded is seventy-three. Financially, there is a balance in hand. The Sunday-school and Bible classes have made material progress, and the service of praise is very efficiently conducted.

A beautiful marble tablet, with suitable inscription, has just been placed in the chapel at Astwoodbank, Worcestershire, to the memory of the late pastor and his wife, Rev. John Phillips, who laboured there 27 years. The tablet is the gift of their loving children.

COALVILLE.—The new year's members' meeting of the Ebenezer Church was held on January 6. A goodly number sat down to tea, and at the after meeting the pastor, Rev. T. Hagen, presided, when, after devotions, reports were given of the church, Sunday-school, and the various institutions in connection, all denoting progress in their various departments. Many deaths and removals had occurred during the past year, yet there was an increase of membership.

BAPTISMS.

Aberavon.—December 24, Eight, by O. W. James.
Abertillery.—December 3, One, by L. Jones.
Allercliffe.—December 3, Two, by R. Ensell.
Banbury.—December 31, Ten, by J. Davis.
Bath.—December 10, Three, by J. Huntley.
Battle.—December 31, Two, by J. Howes.
Belfast.—January 2, Regent-street, Three, by E. T. Mateer,

Bideford.—November 30, Sixteen, by W. Gillard.
Birmingham.—January 3, Longmore-street, Two, by A. T. Prout.
Birmingham, Constitution-hill.—December 17, Two, by J. Burton.
Blackburn.—December 31, Two, by M. H. Whetnall.
Blaenavon.—November 30, Twelve, by W. Rees.
Rootle.—January 1, Two, by J. Davies.
Briercliffe.—December 26, Three, by C. G. Croome.
Brighton.—November 29, Bond-street, Three, by C. Masterson.
Bristol.—December 24, Phillip-street, Seven, by J. Ellis.
Broadstairs.—December 31, Three, by J. W. Carter.
Burslem.—December 10, at the Tabernacle, Four, by S. Kenworthy.
Bury.—December 17, Chesham Chapel, Seven, by T. Clarke.
Chentes.—November 30, Nine, by S. Lyne.
Cinderford.—November 6, Five, by W. Thomas.
Contig, Ireland.—December 10, Two, by J. Harris.
Crickhowell.—December 22, Four; 23, One, by J. Jenkins.
Dalton-in-Furness.—January 7, One, by J. G. Anderson.
Derby.—November 29, Osmaston-road, Six, by W. H. Tetley.
Diss.—November 29, Six, by G. W. Pope.
Dolton.—December 10, Five, by A. Harmer.
Dorking.—December 21, Three, by A. G. Everett.
Dunfermline.—December 13, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Earls Colne.—December 3, Two, by W. E. Rice.
Esher.—November 19, Two, by J. L. Thompson.
Faringdon, Berks.—December 23, Four, by E. George.
Fernalde.—December 3, Two, by G. G. Oule.
Franksbridge.—November 26, Two, by T. D. Jones.
Frome.—December 3, Naish's-street, Four, by A. W. Hooper.
Gamingay.—December 24, One, by W. F. Edgerton.
Golear.—January 7, Five, by W. Gay.
Great Grimsby.—December 30, Two, by W. Orton.
Great Grimsby.—December 31, Victoria-street, Eight, by E. Lauderdale.
Griffithstown.—December 31, Five, by J. Tucker.
Harpole.—December 31, Four, by W. Satchwell.
Henley.—November 19, New-street, Two, by A. E. Johnson.
Holyhead.—November 26, at Bethel, Six, by R. Thomas.
Kettering.—December 31, Four, by H. E. Robinson,

Littleborough.—December 31, Three, by J. P. Newman.

Llanfair.—December 24, Two, by S. F. Roberts.

London: Barking, E.—November 29, Five, by W. B. Hobling.

London: Leytonstone.—December 31, Two, by J. Bradford.

London: Woolwich.—December 27, Queen-street, Four, by T. Jones.

London.—November 26, Eldon-street Welsh Church, Two, by W. Jones.

London: Camberwell.—November 30, Wyndham-road, Four, by J. T. Hockey.

London: Forest-gate, E.—January 2, Five, by J. H. French.

London: St. John's Wood.—December 18, Abbey-road, Seven, by W. Stott.

London.—November 30, Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road, Three, by J. Fellowes.

Longford.—January 3, Four, by J. R. Parker.

Longton, Staffs.—November 26, Four; December 6, Seven, by W. Bonser.

Lowestoft.—December 4, London-road Six, by E. Mason.

Lyme Regis, Dorset.—December 17, Two, by E. Marks.

Lyndhurst, Hants.—November 29, One, by W. H. Payne.

Manchester, West Gorton.—November 21, Fifteen, by W. Nield.

Melton Mowbray.—December 31, Six, by G. D. Cox.

Merthyr.—December 10, at Bethel, Three, by E. Lewis.

Merthyr.—December 17, Three, by B. Thomas.

Middlesbrough.—January 3, Five, by W. Whale.

Milnsbridge.—January 7, Two, by S. Moore.

Neath, S. Wales.—December 7, Fourteen, by S. C. Zurn.

Nelson, Lancashire.—December 31, Four; January 1, Two, by C. G. Croome.

New Brompton.—December 6, Five, by W. W. Blockside.

Newbridge.—December 3, Seven, by P. Williams.

Newport, Mon.—December 30, Four, by J. Douglas.

Newport, Mon.—December 10, Three; 31, Four, by A. T. Jones.

Newquay, Cornwall.—November 30, Four, by F. Hughes.

Ogmore Vale.—December 3, Two; 31, Two, by E. Aubrey.

Orcop.—December 31, Four, by T. Williams.

Orcop.—December 31, Four, by T. Williams.

Penyrhoel.—December 10, One, by D. Howell.

Perth, N.B.—December 4, Two, by C. Chambers.

Pole Moor.—January 7, Two, by J. Evans.

Portsmouth.—November 29, Lake-road, Ten, by T. W. Medhurst.

Princes Risborough.—January 3, Eleven, by W. Coombs.

Rhymney, Mon.—December 17, at Beulah, Thirteen, by H. Phillips.

Ridgmount.—December 24, Four, by W. J. Tomkins.

Risca, Mou.—December 17, Six, by T. Thomas.

Selkirk, N.B.—December 6, Three, by J. Brown.

Skipton, Yorkshire.—January 7, One, by W. Judge.

Snethwick.—December 31, Three, by G. T. Bailey.

Sourton.—On Christmas Day, in the river at Forda, Eleven, by H. Parker.

Sourton, Liffon.—December 3, Six, by G. Parker.

Southsea.—December 3, Four, by H. R. Passmore.

Southsea.—January 7, Elm-grove, One, by J. P. Williams.

St. Peter's, Thanet.—December 14, Three, by pastor.

Stafford.—December 17, Five, by W. B. Haynes.

Streatham.—January 3, Four, by A. McCaig.

Sutton-in-Craven.—November 29, Five, by W. E. Archer.

Swansea.—November 29, Eleven; January 7, Eight, by D. Davies.

Tirzah.—December 17, Five, by J. R. Evans.

Todmorden.—December 3, Eight, by J. K. Chappelle.

Todmorden.—December 20, Two, by W. March.

Torquay.—Upton Vale, Eleven, by E. Edwards.

Tredgar.—December 10, Twelve, by J. Lewis.

Tunbridge, Kent.—December 31, Five; January 3, Four, by T. Hancocks.

Upton-on-Severn.—December 3, Three, by C. A. Ingram.

Wakefield.—December 12, Three, by J. Ford.

Wimborne.—December 3, One, by J. Hooper.

Worcester.—November 26, Thirteen, by pastor.

Ystrad, Rhondda.—December 17, Four, by M. H. Jones.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“This do in remembrance of Me.”—1 COR. xi. 24.

It seems, then, that Christians may forget Christ. The text implies the possibility of forgetfulness concerning Him whom gratitude and affection should constrain them to remember. There could be no need for this loving exhortation, if there were not a fearful supposition that our memories might prove treacherous, and our remembrance superficial in its character, or changing in its nature. Nor is this a bare supposition: it is alas, too well confirmed in our experience, not as a possibility, but as a lamentable fact. It seems at first sight too gross a crime to lay at the door of converted men. It appears almost impossible that those who have been redeemed by the blood of the dying Lamb should ever forget their Ransomer; that those who have been loved with an everlasting love by the eternal Son of God, should ever forget that Son; but if startling to the ear, it is, alas, too apparent to the eye to allow us to deny the fact. Forget Him who ne'er forgot us! Forget Him who poured His blood forth for our sins! Forget Him who loved us even to the death! Can it be possible? Yes, it is not only possible, but conscience confesses that it is too sadly a fault of all of us, that we can remember anything except Christ. The object which we should make the monarch of our hearts, is the very thing we are most inclined to forget. Where one would think that memory would linger, and unmindfulness would be an unknown intruder, that is the spot which is desecrated by the feet of forgetfulness, and that the place where memory too seldom looks. I appeal to the conscience of every Christian here: Can you deny the truth of what I utter? Do you not find yourselves forgetful of Jesus? Some creature steals away your heart, and you are unmindful of Him upon whom your affection ought to be set. Some earthly business engrosses your attention when you should have your eye steadily fixed upon the cross. It is the incessant round of world, world, world; the constant din of earth, earth, earth, that takes away the soul from Christ. Oh! my friends, is it not too sadly true that we can recollect anything but Christ, and forget nothing so easy as Him whom we ought to remember? While memory will preserve a poisoned weed, it suffereth the Rose of Sharon to wither.

The cause of this is very apparent: it lies in one or two facts. We forget Christ, because regenerate persons as we really are, still corruption and death remain even in the regenerate. We forget Him because we carry about with us the old Adam of sin and death. If we were purely new-born creatures, we should never forget the name of Him whom we love. If we were entirely regenerated beings, we should sit down and

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meditate on all our Saviour did and suffered ; all He is ; all He has gloriously promised to perform ; and never would our roving affections stray ; but centred, nailed, fixed eternally to one object, we should continually contemplate the death and sufferings of our Lord. But alas ! we have a worm in the heart, a pest-house, a charnel-house within, lusts, vile imaginations, and strong evil passions, which, like wells of poisonous water, send out continually streams of impurity. I have a heart, which God knoweth, I wish I could wring from my body and hurl to an infinite distance ; a soul which is a cage of unclean birds, a den of loathsome creatures, where dragons haunt and owls do congregate, where every evil beast of ill-omen dwells ; a heart too vile to have a parallel—"deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." This is the reason why I am forgetful of Christ. Nor is this the sole cause ; I suspect it lies somewhere else too. We forget Christ because there are so many other things around us to attract our attention. "But," you say, "they ought not to do so, because though they are around us, they are nothing in comparison with Jesus Christ : though they are in dread proximity to our hearts, what are they compared with Christ ?" But do you know, dear friends, that the nearness of an object has a very great effect upon its power ? The sun is many, many times larger than the moon, but the moon has a greater influence upon the tides of the ocean than the sun, simply because it is nearer, and has a greater power of attraction. So I find that a little crawling worm of the earth has more effect upon my soul than the glorious Christ in heaven ; a handful of golden earth, a puff of fame, a shout of applause, a thriving business, my house, my home, will affect me more than all the glories of the upper world ; yea, than the beatific vision itself : simply because earth is near, and heaven is far away. Happy day, when I shall be borne aloft on angels' wings to dwell for ever near my Lord, to bask in the sunshine of His smile, and to be lost in the ineffable radiance of His lovely countenance. We see then the cause of forgetfulness ; let us blush over it ; let us be sad that we neglect our Lord so much, and now let us attend to His word, "This do in remembrance of Me," hoping that its solemn sounds may charm away the demon of base ingratitude.

We shall speak, first of all, concerning *the blessed object of memory* ; secondly, upon *the advantages to be derived from remembering this Person* ; thirdly, *the gracious help, to our memory*—"This do in remembrance of Me;" and fourthly, *the gentle command, "This do in remembrance of Me."* May the Holy Ghost open my lips and your hearts that we may receive blessings.

I. First of all, we shall speak of **THE GLORIOUS AND PRECIOUS OBJECT OF MEMORY**—"This do in remembrance of Me." Christians have many treasures to lock up in the cabinet of memory. They ought to remember their *election*—"Chosen of God ere time began." They ought to be mindful of their *extraction*, that they were taken out of the miry clay, hewn out of the horrible pit. They ought to recollect their *effectual calling*, for they were called of God, and rescued by the power of the Holy Ghost. They ought to remember their *special deliverances*—all that has been done for them, and all the mercies bestowed on them. But there is One whom they should embalm in their souls with the most costly spices—One who, above all other gifts of God, deserves to be had in perpetual remembrance. *One* I said, for I mean not an act, I mean not a deed ; but it is a Person

whose portrait I would frame in gold, and hang up in the state-room of the soul. I would have you earnest students of all the *deeds* of the conquering Messiah. I would have you conversant with the *life* of our Beloved. But O forget not his *Person*; for the text says, "This do in remembrance of ME." It is Christ's glorious Person which ought to be the object of our remembrance. It is His image which should be enshrined in every temple of the Holy Ghost.

But some will say, "How can we remember Christ's Person, when we never saw it? We cannot tell what was the peculiar form of His visage; we believe His countenance to be fairer than that of any other man—although through grief and suffering more marred—but since we did not see it, we cannot remember it. We never saw His feet as they trod the journeys of His mercy; we never beheld His hands as He stretched them out full of loving-kindness; we cannot remember the wondrous intonation of His language, when, in more than seraphic eloquence, He awed the multitude, and chained their ears to Him; we cannot picture the sweet smile that ever hung on His lips, nor that awful frown with which He dealt out anathemas against the Pharisees; we cannot remember Him in His sufferings and agonies, for we never saw Him." Well, beloved, I suppose it is true that you cannot remember the visible appearance, for you were not then born, but do you not know that even the Apostle said, though he had known Christ after the flesh, yet, thenceforth after the flesh he would know Christ no more. The natural appearance, the race, the descent, the poverty, the humble garb, were nothing in the Apostle's estimation of his glorified Lord. And thus, though you do not know Him after the flesh, you may know Him after the spirit; in this manner you can remember Jesus as much now as Peter, or Paul, or John, or James, or any of those favoured ones who once trod in His footsteps, walked side by side with Him, or laid their heads upon His bosom. Memory annihilates distance and over-leapeth time, and can behold the Lord, though He be exalted in glory.

Ah! let us spend five minutes in remembering Jesus. Let us remember Him in His *baptism*, when descending into the waters of Jordan, a voice was heard, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Behold Him coming up dripping from the stream! Surely the conscious water must have blushed that it contained its God. He slept within its waves a moment, to consecrate the tomb of baptism, in which those who are dead with Christ are buried with Him. Let us remember Him in the *wilderness*, whither He went straight from His immersion. Oh! I have often thought of that scene in the desert, when Christ, weary and way-worn, sat Him down, perhaps upon the gnarled root of some old tree. Forty days had He fasted, He was an hungered, when in the extremity of His weakness there came the evil spirit. Perhaps he had veiled his demon royalty in the form of some aged pilgrim, and taking up a stone, said, "Way-worn pilgrim, if Thou be the Son of God, command this stone to be made bread." Methinks I see him, with his cunning smile, and his malicious leer, as he held the stone and said, "If,"—blasphemous if,— "If Thou be the Son of God, command that this stone shall become a meal for me and Thee, for both of us are hungry, and it will be an act of mercy; Thou canst do it easily; speak the word, and it shall be like the bread of heaven; we will feed upon it, and Thou and

I will be friends for ever." But Jesus said—and O how sweetly did He say it—"Man shall not live by bread alone." Oh! how wonderfully did Christ fight the tempter! Never was there such a battle as that. It was a duel foot to foot—a single-handed combat—when the champion lion of the pit, and the mighty lion of the tribe of Judah, fought together. Splendid sight! Angels stood around to gaze upon the spectacle, just as men of old did sit to see the tournament of noted warriors. There Satan gathered up his strength, here Apollyon concentrated all his satanic power, that in this giant wrestle he might overthrow the seed of the woman. But Jesus was more than a match for him; in the wrestling He gave him a deadly fall, and came off more than a conqueror. Lamb of God! I will remember Thy desert strivings when next I combat with Satan. When next I have a conflict with roaring Diabolus I will look to Him who conquered once for all, and broke the dragon's head with His mighty blows.

Further, I beseech you, remember Him in all *His daily temptations* and hourly trials, in that life-long struggle of His through which he passed. Oh! what a mighty tragedy was the death of Christ! and His life too! Ushered in with a song, it closed with a shriek. "It is finished." It began in a manger, and ended on a cross; but oh, the sad interval between! Oh! the black pictures of persecution, when His friends abhorred Him; when His foes frowned at Him as He passed the streets; when He heard the hiss of calumny, and was bitten by the foul tooth of envy; when slander said He had a devil and was mad: that He was a drunken man and a wine-bibber; and when His righteous soul was vexed with the ways of the wicked. Oh! Son of God, I must remember Thee; I cannot help remembering Thee, when I think of those years of toil and trouble which Thou didst live for my sake. But you know my chosen theme—the place where I can always best remember Christ. It is a shady garden full of olives. O that spot! I would that I had eloquence, that I might take you there. Oh! if the Spirit would but take us and set us down hard by the mountains of Jerusalem, I would say, see, there runs the brook of Kedron, which the King Himself did pass; and there you see the olive trees. Possibly, at the foot of that olive, lay the three disciples when they slept; and there, ah! there, I see drops of blood. Stand here, my soul, a moment; those drops of blood—dost thou behold them? Mark them: they are not the blood of wounds; they are the blood of a man whose body was then unwounded. O my soul, picture Him when He knelt down in agony and sweat,—sweat, because He wrestled with God,—sweat, because He agonized with His Father. "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." O Gethsemane! thy shades are deeply solemn to my soul. But ah! those drops of blood! Surely it is the climax of the height of misery; it is the last of the mighty acts of this wondrous sacrifice. Can love go deeper than that? Can it stoop to greater deeds of mercy? Oh! had I eloquence, I would bestow a tongue on every drop of blood that is there; that your hearts might rise in mutiny against your languor and coldness, and speak out with earnest burning remembrance of Jesus. And now, farewell, Gethsemane.

But I will take you somewhere else, where you shall still behold the "Man of Sorrows." I will lead you to Pilate's hall, and let you see Him endure the mockeries of cruel soldiers; the smittings of mailed gloves; the blows of clenched fists; the shame; the spitting, the plucking of the

hair ; the cruel buffetings. Oh ! can you not picture the King of Martyrs stript of His garments, exposed to the gaze of fiend-like men ? See you not the crown about His temples, each thorn acting as a lancet to pierce His head ? Mark you not His lacerated shoulders, and the white bones starting out from the bleeding flesh ? Oh, Son of Man ? I see Thee scourged and flagellated with rods and whips, how can I henceforward cease to remember Thee ? My memory would be more treacherous than Pilate, did it not ever cry *Ecce Homo*,—"Behold the Man."

Now, finish the scene of woe by a view of Calvary. Think of the pierced hands and the bleeding side ; think of the scorching sun, and then the entire darkness ; remember the broiling fever and the dread thirst ; think of the death shriek, "It is finished !" and of the groans which were its prelude. This is the object of memory. Let us never forget Christ. I beseech you, for the love of Jesus, let Him have the chief place in your memories. Let not the pearl of great price be dropped from your careless hand into the dark ocean of oblivion.

I cannot, however, help saying one thing before I leave this head ; and that is, there are some of you who can very well carry away what I have said, because you have read it often, and heard it before ; but still you cannot spiritually remember anything about Christ, because you never had Him manifested to you, and what we have never known we cannot remember. Thanks be unto God, I speak not of you all, for in this place there is a goodly remnant according to the election of grace, and to them I turn. Perhaps I could tell you of some old barn, hedge-row, or cottage ; or if you have lived in London, about some garret, or some dark lane or street, where first you met with Christ ; or some chapel into which you strayed, and you might say, "Thank God, I can remember the seat where He first met with me, and spoke the whispers of love to my soul, and told me He had purchased me."

"Dost mind the place, the spot of ground,
Where Jesus did thee meet ?"

Yes, and I would love to build a temple on the spot, and to raise some monument there, where Jehovah-Jesus first spoke to my soul, and manifested Himself to me. But He has revealed Himself to you more than once—has He not ? And you can remember scores of places where the Lord hath appeared of old unto you, saying, "Behold, I have loved you with an everlasting love." If you cannot all remember such things, there are some of you that can ; and I am sure they will understand me when I say, come and do this in remembrance of Christ—in remembrance of all His loving visitations, of His sweet wooing words, of His winning smiles upon you, of all He has said and communicated to your souls. Remember all these things to-night, if it be possible for memory to gather up the mighty aggregate of grace. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

II. Having spoken upon the blessed object of our memory, we say, secondly, a little upon THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED FROM A LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

Love never says, "*Cui bono?*" Love never asks what benefit it will derive from love. Love, from its very nature, is a disinterested thing. It

loves for the creature's sake it loves, and for nothing else. The Christian needs no argument to make him love Christ, just as a mother needs no argument to make her love her child. She does it because it is her nature to do so. The new-born creature must love Christ; it cannot help it. Oh! who can resist the matchless charms of Jesus Christ?—the fairest of ten thousand fairs, the loveliest of ten thousand loves. Who can refuse to adore the Prince of perfection, the mirror of beauty, the majestic Son of God? But yet it may be useful to us to observe the advantages of remembering Christ, for they are neither few nor small.

And first, remembrance of Jesus will tend to give you *hope when you are under the burden of your sins*. Notice a few characters here to-night. There comes in a poor creature. Look at him! He has neglected himself this last month; he looks as if he had hardly eaten his daily bread. What is the matter with you? "Oh!" says he, "I have been under a sense of guilt; I have been again and again lamenting, because I fear I can never be forgiven. Once I thought I was good, but I have been reading the Bible, and I find that my heart is 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;' I have tried to reform, but the more I try, the deeper I sink in the mire. There is certainly no hope for me. I feel that I deserve no mercy; it seems to me that God must destroy me, for He has declared, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die;' and die I must, be damned I must, for I know I have broken God's law." How will you comfort such a man? What soft words will you utter to give him peace? I know! I will tell him to remember Christ. I will tell him there is One who paid the mighty debt of misery. Yes, I will tell thee—drunkard, swearer, whatever thou hast been—I will tell thee that there is One, who for thee hath made a complete atonement: if thou only believest on Him, thou art safe for ever. Remember Him, thou poor dying, hopeless creature, and thou shalt be made to sing for joy and gladness! See, the man believes, and in ecstasy exclaims, "Oh, come all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul."

"Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell."

Hallelujah! God hath blotted out my sins like a thick cloud. That is one benefit to be derived from remembering Christ. It gives us hope under a sense of sin, and tells us there is mercy yet.

Now, I must have another character. And what does he say? "I cannot stand it any longer. I have been persecuted and ill-treated, because I love Christ. I am mocked, and laughed at, and despised. I try to bear it, but I really cannot. A man will be a man; tread upon a worm, and he will turn upon you; my patience altogether fails me. I am in such a peculiar position that it is of no use to advise me to have patience, for patience I cannot have; my enemies are slandering me, and I do not know what to do." What shall we say to that poor man? How shall we give him patience? What shall we preach to him? You have heard what he has to say about himself. How shall we comfort him under this great trial? If we suffered the same, what should we wish some friend to say to us? Shall we tell him that other persons have borne as much? He will say, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" No, I will tell him, "Brother, you are persecuted; but remember the words of Jesus

Christ, how He spake unto us, and said, 'Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.'" My brother! think of Him, who, when He died, prayed for His murderers, and said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." All you have to bear is as nothing compared with His mighty sufferings. Take courage; face it again like a man; never say die. Let not your patience be gone; take up your cross daily, and follow Christ. Let Him be your motto; set Him before your eyes. And now, receiving this, hear what the man will say. He tells you at once—"Hail, persecution; welcome, shame! Disgrace for Jesus shall be my honour, and scorn shall be my highest glory.

'Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
I pour contempt on all my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.'

There is another effect, you see, of remembering Christ. It tends to give us *patience under persecution*. It is a girdle to brace up the loins, so that our faith may endure to the end.

Dear friends, I should occupy your time too much if I went into the several benefits; so I will only just run over one or two blessings to be received. It will give us *strength in temptation*. I believe that there are hours with every man when he has a season of terrific temptation. There was never a vessel that lived upon the mighty deep but sometimes it had to do battle with a storm. There she is, the poor barque, rocked up and down on the mad waves. See how they throw her from wave to wave, and toss her to mid heaven. The winds laugh her to scorn. Old Ocean takes the ship in his dripping fingers, and shakes it to and fro. How the mariners cry out for fear! Do you know how you can put oil upon the waters, and all shall be still? Yes. One potent word shall do it. Let Jesus come; let the poor heart remember Jesus, and steadily then the ship shall sail, for Christ has the helm. The winds shall blow no more, for Christ shall bid them shut their mighty mouths, and never again disturb His child. There is nothing which can give you strength in temptation, and help you to weather the storm, like the name of Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God. Then, again, what *comfort* it will give you on a sick bed—the name of Christ! It will help you to be patient to those who wait upon you, and to endure the sufferings which you have to bear; yea, it shall be so with you, that you shall have more hope in sickness than in health, and shall find a blessed sweetness in the bitterness of gall. Instead of feeling vinegar in your mouth, through your trouble, you shall find honey for sweetness, in the midst of all the trial and trouble that God will put upon you, "For *He* giveth songs in the night."

But just to close up the advantages of remembering Christ, do you know where you will have the benefit most of all? Do you know the place where chiefly you will rejoice that you ever thought of Him? I will take you to it. Hush! Silence! You are going upstairs into a lonely room. The curtains hang down. Some one stands there weeping. Children are around the bed, and friends are there. See that man lying? That is yourself. Look at him; his eyes are your eyes; his hands are your hands. That is yourself. You will be there soon. Man! that is yourself. Do

you see it? It is a picture of yourself. Those are your eyes that soon will be closed in death—your hands that will lie stiff and motionless—your lips that will be dry and parched, between which they will put drops of water. Those are your words that freeze in air, and drop so slowly from your dying lips. I wonder whether you will be able to remember Christ there. If you do not, I will picture you. Behold that man, straight up in the bed; see his eyes starting from their sockets. His friends are all alarmed; they ask him what he sees. He represses the emotion; he tells them he sees nothing. They know that there is something before his eyes. He starts again. Good God! what is that I see—I seem to see? What is it? Ah! one sight! The soul is gone. The body is there. What did he see? He saw a flaming throne of judgment; he saw God upon it, with His sceptre; he saw books opened; he beheld the throne of God, and saw a messenger, with a sword brandished in the air to smite him low. Man! that is thyself; there thou wilt be soon. That picture is thine own portrait. I have photographed thee to the life. Look at it. That is where thou shalt be within a few years—ay, within a few days. But if thou canst remember Christ, shall I tell thee what thou wilt do? Oh! thou wilt smile in the midst of trouble. Let me picture such a man. They put pillows behind him; he sits up in bed, and takes the hand of the loved one, and says, “Farewell! weep not for me; the kind God shall wipe away all tears from every eye.” Those round about are addressed, “Prepare to meet your God, and follow me to the land of bliss.” Now he has set his house in order. All is done. Behold him, like good old Jacob, leaning on his staff, about to die. See how his eyes sparkle; he claps his hands; they gather round to hear what he has to say; he whispers, “Victory!” and, summoning a little more strength, he cries, “Victory!” and at last, with his final gasp, “Victory, through Him that loved us!” and he dies. This is one of the great benefits to be derived from remembering Christ—to be enabled to meet death with blessed composure.

III. We are now arrived at the third portion of our meditation; which is a SWEET AID TO MEMORY.

At schools we used certain books, called “Aids to memory.” I am sure they rather perplexed than assisted me. Their utility was equivalent to that of a bundle of staves under a traveller’s arm; true he might use them one by one to walk with, but in the meantime he carried a host of others which he would never need. But our Saviour was wiser than all our teachers, and His remembrancers are true and real aids to memory. His love tokens have an unmistakeable language, and they sweetly win our attention.

Behold the whole mystery of the sacred Eucharist. It is bread and wine which are lively emblems of the body and blood of Jesus. The power to excite remembrance consists in *the appeal thus made to the senses*. Here the eye, the hand, the mouth, find joyful work. The bread is tasted, and entering within, works upon the sense of taste, which is one of the most powerful. The wine is sipped—the act is palpable; we know that we are drinking, and thus the senses, which are usually clogs to the soul, become wings to lift the mind in contemplation. Again, much of the influence of this ordinance is found in its simplicity. How beautifully simple the ceremony is—bread broken and wine poured out. There is no calling that thing a chalice, that thing a paten, and that a

host. Here is nothing to burden the memory—here is the simple bread and wine. He must have no memory at all who cannot remember that he has eaten bread, and that he has been drinking wine. Note again, the *mighty pregnancy* of these signs—how full they are of meaning. Bread broken—so was your Saviour broken. Bread to be eaten—so His flesh is meat indeed. Wine poured out, the pressed juice of the grape—so was your Saviour crushed under the foot of divine justice: His blood is your sweetest wine. Wine to cheer your heart—so does the blood of Jesus. Wine to strengthen and invigorate you—so does the blood of the mighty sacrifice. Oh! make that bread and wine to your souls to-night a sweet and blessed help of remembrance of that dear Man who once on Calvary died. Like the little ewe lamb, you are now to eat your Master's bread and drink from His cup. Remember the hand which feeds you.

But before you can remember Christ well here, you must ask the assistance of the Holy Spirit. I believe there ought to be a preparation before the Lord's Supper. I do not believe in Mrs. Toogood's preparation, who spent a week in preparing, and then finding it was not the Ordinance Sunday, she said she had lost all the week. I do not believe in that kind of preparation, but I do believe in a holy preparation for the Lord's Supper: when we can on a Saturday, if possible, spend an hour in quiet meditation on Christ, and the passion of Jesus; when, especially on the Sabbath afternoon, we can devoutly sit down and behold Him, then these scenes become realities, and not mockeries, as they are to some. I fear greatly that there are some of you who will eat the bread to-night, and will not think about Christ; some of you who will drink the wine, and not think of His blood: and vile hypocrites you will be while you do it. Take heed to yourselves, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh—what?—" "damnation to himself." This is a plain English word; mind what you are doing! Do not do it carelessly; for of all the sacred things on earth it is the most solemn. We have heard of some men banded together by drawing blood from their arms and drinking it all round; that was most horrid, but at the same time most solemn. Here you are to drink blood from the veins of Christ, and sip the trickling stream which gushed from His own loving heart. Is not that a solemn thing? Ought anybody to trifle with it? To go to church and take it for sixpence? To come and join us for the sake of getting charities? Out upon it! It is an awful blasphemy against Almighty God; and amongst the damned in hell, those shall be among the most accursed who dared thus to mock the holy ordinance of God. This is the remembrance of Christ; "This do in remembrance of Me." If you cannot do it in remembrance of Christ, I beseech you, as you love your souls, do not do it at all. Oh! regenerate man or woman, enter not into the court of the priests, lest Israel's God resent the intrusion.

IV. And now to close up. Here is A SWEET COMMAND: "This do in remembrance of Me." To whom does this command apply? "This do YE." It is important to answer this question—"This do YE." Who are intended? *Ye who put your trust in Me.* "This do ye in remembrance of Me." Well, now, you should suppose Christ speaking to you to-night; and He says, "This do ye in remembrance of Me." Christ watches you at the door. Some of you go home, and Christ says, "I thought I said, 'This do ye in remembrance of Me.'" Some of you keep your seats as

spectators. Christ sits with you, and He says, "I thought I said, 'This do ye in remembrance of Me.'" "Lord, I know you did." "Do you love Me then?" "Yes, I love Thee; I love Thee, Lord; Thou knowest I do." "But, I say, go down there—eat that bread, drink that wine." "I do not like to, Lord; I should have to be baptized if I joined that church, and I am afraid I shall catch cold, or be looked at. I am afraid to go before the church, for I think they would ask me some questions I could not answer." "What," says Christ, "is this all you love Me? Is this all your affection to your Lord. Oh! how cold to Me, your Saviour. If I had loved you no more than this, you would have been in hell; if that were the full extent of My affection, I should not have died for you. Great love bore great agonies; and is this all your gratitude to Me?" Are not some of you ashamed, after this? Do you not say in your hearts, "It is really wrong?" Christ says, "Do this in remembrance of Me," and are you not ashamed to stay away? I give a free invitation to every lover of Jesus to come to this table. I beseech you, deny not yourselves the privilege by refusing to unite with the church. If you still live in sinful neglect of this ordinance, let me remind you that Christ has said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me in this generation, of him will I be ashamed, when I come in the glory of My Father." Oh, soldier of the cross, act not the coward's part!

And not to lead you into any mistakes, I must just add one thing, and then I have done. When I speak of your taking the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, do not imagine that I wish you for one moment to suppose that there is anything saving in it. Some say that the ordinance of baptism is non-essential, so is the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; it is non-essential, if we look upon it in the light of salvation. Be saved by eating a piece of bread! nonsense. Be saved by drinking a drop of wine! Why, it is too absurd for common sense to admit any discussion upon. You know it is the blood of Jesus Christ; it is the merit of His agonies; it is the purchase of His sufferings; it is what He did, that alone can save us. Venture on Him; venture wholly, and then you are saved. Hearst thou, poor convinced sinner, the way of salvation? If I ever meet thee in the next world, thou mightest, perhaps, say to me, "I spent one evening, sir, in hearing you, and you never told me the way to Heaven." Well, thou shalt hear it. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, trust in His name, find refuge in His cross, rely upon the power of His Spirit, trust in His righteousness, and thou art saved beyond the vengeance of the law, or the power of hell. But trust in thine own works, and thou art lost as sure as thou art alive.

Now, O ever glorious Son of God, as we approach Thy table to feast on the viands of grace, permit each of us, in reliance upon thy Spirit, to exclaim in the words of one of thine own poets:

"Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me—
Yes, while a pulse, or breath remains,
I will remember Thee.

"And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!"

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER III.—THE WORLD WITHOUT LIFE.

ON the ensuing Lord's day afternoon a somewhat larger gathering than usual met in the lecture-room to hear, and take part in, the interesting discussion that was anticipated on the teachings of science regarding the introduction of life into the world.

"You will remember,"—said Mr. Rock at the commencement,—“that last Lord's-day afternoon Mr. Ellison gave us an admirable paper on the Biblical account of the origin of life. It was shown, in the discussion which ensued, that science corroborated the Biblical account so far as this, as to concede that no proof had been given that from dead or inert matter life had been produced. But a further question was asked—and a very proper one—to this effect: Does science furnish us with any evidence that life could have been produced in the world without the *direct intervention* of a Creator? Now, how are we, my young friends, to get at that? We can only get at it by considering the Bible's original. Now, what do we know about that origin?”

“The Bible, sir, tells us that God created it, with all other matter: that it was afterwards found in a state of chaos; and that, by successive acts of creation, He furnished it with creatures, animate and inanimate.”

“That is correct, Mr. Harrison. The Bible then tells us that there was a time when life did not exist in the world. Now, does science give us any proof of that?”

“It does, sir.”

“Will Mr. Harrison, please give us the proof?”

“I will try to do so, sir. During the past week I have been reading up for the occasion, in order to give the class my humble contribution on the subject. To get this question settled we must appeal to the science of Geology. Most of us know, I apprehend, what that word means. It is derived from two Greek words, which signify an account or description of the earth from the earliest periods. It will be admitted that this science is yet in its infancy: still there are certain *established principles* on which nearly all geologists agree. The difficulties are connected with the details rather than with the established principles themselves. Now, what is one of these established principles? One is that living creatures have not always existed on the face of the globe; that, in fact, such a thing was impossible. This is demonstratively proved by the learned Professor Hitchcock in his admirable work entitled, the ‘Religion of Geology.’ He says in that work:—

“The internal parts of the earth are found to possess a very high temperature; nor can it be doubted that at least oceans of melted matter exist beneath the crust, and perhaps even all the deep-seated interior is in a state of fusion.”

“All the class will know what sort of a temperature that is. Let us, in imagination, take our stand on Mount Vesuvius. What do we see? We see columns of smoke rising from the crater, darkening the heavens. We trace the burning lava that has flowed down its sides. We glance at the red hot

cinders that shoot up and come down like showers of fiery rain : and as we venture to peep down the crater, and inhale the sulphurous perfumes, if we have a grain of sense, we shall come to the rational conclusion that there can be no such thing as *living down there!* Well, such was once the state of the *surface* of the globe on which we live, for, says the Professor :—

“There is no small reason to suppose that the globe underwent numerous changes previous to the time when animals were placed upon it : that, in fact, the time was when the whole matter of the earth was in a melted state, and not probably also in a gaseous state. The igneous fusion of the globe is as *clearly proved* as almost any truth in physical science ; but, if admitted, it gives the globe an incalculable antiquity.”

“Then he says in another place :

“In the first place, geology teaches that the time has been when the earth existed as a molten mass of matter, and therefore all the animals and plants now existing upon its surface, and all those buried in its rocky strata, must have had a beginning, or have been created.”

“One more extract and I will sit down. The Professor says still further on in his book :—

“In order to feel the force of the argument sustained by so many facts in geology, just picture to yourselves this vast globe as a *mass of liquid fire*. From such a world everything organic must have been excluded, and everything combustible consumed, and only such combinations of matter have existed as incandescent heat could not decompose. Compare such a world with that now teeming with life, and beauty, and glory, which we inhabit, and say must not the tran-

sition to its present condition have demanded the exercise of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite benevolence? You can indeed conceive how a solid crust might have formed over the most fiery ocean by the simple radiation of heat, and then too by natural laws might the vapours have been condensed into oceans and clouds, while volcanic force within might have lifted up our continents and mountains above the flood. But what a picture of desolation and ruin would such a world present while unadorned with vegetation and with no voice of life to break the stillness of universal death! Here is then the *precise point* where we need the interference of a Deity. Admit, if you please, that Atheism with its eternal matter and the laws of nature at command might form a world without inhabitants. Who does not see that to *bestow organization and life and instinct*, to say nothing of intellect upon brute matter, is the loftiest prerogative of Jehovah?—especially to fill so vast a world as ours with its teeming millions, exhibiting ten thousand diversities of size, form, and structure. Let the Atheist then exult in the belief of an eternal world. Geology shows him that it must have been without inhabitants : and that therefore the most wonderful part of the creation still remains to be accounted for : while *physiology* teaches that the interference of an infinite Deity can alone solve the enigma.”

“These extracts, sir, prove that the world was once a vast mass of liquid fire—a Mount Vesuvius on a large scale—and that no living being could have existed on it, any more than any member of this class could exist if tumbled into that mount's burning crater. Such a burning world of *itself* never could have produced life. I take it, therefore,

that for life to have been produced on its surface at all there must have been the direct intervention of an infinite Creator."

"I want to ask Mr. Harrison a question. It cannot, I suppose, be disputed that it is an established principle in geology that the world was once in the burning state that Professor Hitchcock describes. But, does not the learned Professor say in the second extract with which Mr. Harrison has favoured us, that if this theory is correct it gives the globe an incalculable antiquity?"

"He does say so, Mr. Wilde."

"Then does Mr. Harrison believe that?"

"I do."

"Then let me ask him how he can square that bit of scientific teaching with the teaching of the Bible?"

"I do not know that it wants 'squaring' at all. Will Mr. Wilde please tell me where the Bible teaches the contrary?"

"Does it not teach the contrary in the chronological record?"

"Not that I am aware of. It never once gives the age of the world. So far as the teaching of the Bible is concerned, we are left to conclude that the world might have been in existence thousands or millions of years before the Spirit of God brooded over chaos, and said, 'Let there be light!' No one knows how long the world was in existence before that. At any rate, the Bible never tells us; nor can science do so either. Science can only *guess* from certain premises, and, so far, give its *opinion*."

"May I, sir, ask Mr. Harrison another question? Supposing the world was in the burning state described, and life could not possibly exist on it, does science give us any intimation of the exact period when life began to dawn on its surface?"

"I cannot answer Mr. Wilde that question, Mr. Rock; perhaps you can."

"Science never pretends to do anything of the kind; it simply takes shelter, Mr. Wilde, in its *incalculable* antiquity!"

"But, sir, are we not wandering from the subject? Is not the question before us, *Could* life be produced in such a burning world without the direct intervention of a Creator; not *when* was it produced?"

"Yes, Mr. Powell, that is the real question at issue—the vital question."

Here a pause took place in the class, followed by a general buzz of conversation. It soon became evident that but one opinion prevailed amongst the young men; which was, that common sense indicated that from such a world it was impossible life could be produced without a miracle; and to perform such a miracle there must have been the direct creating power of a personal God. This having been ascertained by a few more questions and answers, all of them bearing more or less upon the point, Mr. Rock was left to sum up, which he did substantially in the following fashion:—

"We have, my young friends, had a most interesting and important subject for study this afternoon. We live in an age when infidelity boldly lifts up its brazen face, and in loud and arrogant tones asks us to give up the teachings of the Bible for the teachings of science. It is assumed by these sceptics, that the teachings of nature, and the teachings of God's Word are antagonistic, and that therefore we must throw the Bible, Jonah-like, overboard. But what have we ascertained last Lord's day and this afternoon? We have seen clearly from the teachings of science, that both as regards the

origin of life, and the production of life on this globe, what science teaches the Bible teaches, both calling emphatically for a life-giving Creator. What was the past teaching of infidelity before geology thus by its revelation established Biblical truth? It taught the absurdity that man and other creatures were eternal. In a sceptical publication, called the 'Bible of Reason,' was the following unreasonable utterance, 'Worms, fishes reptiles, birds, mammifers, and men existed always, or they would not be existing now.' Of course no intelligent infidel believes that in this day. Science has exploded the absurd theory once and for ever. It is admitted on all hands, scientific, sceptical and orthodox, that there was a period—no one knows how far back—when life did not exist in the world, and from its burning state could not. If sceptics therefore reject the Biblical account of the origin of life, it remains for them to show scientifically how life could appear in the globe without the direct intervention of a living God. But the most learned of scientific sceptics never professes to be able to give a single *fact* to show how such production of life could have been effected. Even Mr. Darwin, of whom we hear so much—and I fear too much—is forced to bring in the action of a Creator in support of his so-called Evolution theory. He admits in his much lauded work on 'The Origin of Species,' that there is 'grandeur in viewing life with its

several powers having been *originally breathed by the Creator* into a few forms or into one.' And this reminds me of a statement made by that learned Christian man, Professor James Clerk Maxwell, F.R.S., whose scientific attainments are second to none in the present day.* He is, as you are aware, a teacher of science in its most abstruse forms, and spends his life in training scientific students. The greatest scientific Professors of the present day hold him in honour, and quote him as a great authority. Now, hearken young men, to what this noted Professor says. He has made the remark, that '*he had examined every system of Atheism he could lay his hands on, and had found, quite independently of any previous knowledge he had of the wants of men, that each system implied a God at the bottom to make it workable.*' That sentence, as coming from him, deserves to be published in this materialistic age, the wide world over: and so far as we have gone in this discussion, we have proved the Professor's utterance to be correct. You will observe, however, that in the last extract Mr. Harrison gave us, Professor Hitchcock refers to the teachings of *physiology* on this question, and if you please we will have that branch of the subject for our next lesson."

* This learned Professor died a happy Christian death in 1879. His life has been recently published by Macmillan and Co.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

CHRIST'S QUESTION ; A SHEEP OR A MAN ?

BY REV. THOMAS HENSON.

CAVILLING is not an amiable trait in human character, but it was one most prominent in the Pharisees. In a Sabbath walk through a corn-field, the disciples, being hungry, plucked a few ears and rubbed out the grains in their hands for to eat. The action was not contrary to the law, but it afforded opportunity to the Pharisees to seek a conflict with Jesus. Too cowardly to go straight to their mark, they would hit Him through His disciples. The synoptical view of the position is worthy of study.

It was not the action of the disciples, but the time of it, which was attacked. A knowledge of the infinitesimal littleness of the Pharisees in punctilious observance of self-imposed Sabbath rules, and of their enormous and heartless negligence of spiritual interest therein, is amusing, but terribly saddening. It was from this point of view that the attack was made upon Jesus, because of the action of His friends. It is singular that about that time, according to the harmonists, there were three of these attacks upon Him about the keeping of the Sabbath, and a careful student of the Gospels may trace a line from them leading direct to the cross. The first was the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda (John v.) which opened wide the floodgates of Jewish enmity, and so covered Christ's way with the shadow of the cross, that He never afterwards could lose

sight of it. The second was that Sabbath walk in the corn-fields, and the third, the healing of the withered hand in the synagogue, on a Sabbath subsequent to that of the corn-fields. It is from this last scene we shall gather the theme of this paper (Matt. xii. 9, 14; Mark iii. 1, 6; Luke vi. 6, 11).

From a comparison of the three narratives, it appears that during the service and the discourse of Jesus, His enemies were watching Him respecting this crippled man. They knew His tenderness and ever-readiness to alleviate human misery, and rightly calculated that there they had another opportunity. Their very attitude of watching the case is a subject for a painter. From Luke we gather that He was fully aware of their scheme, for, knowing their thoughts, and in no wise loath to let them have their coveted chance, He bade the man come and stand right in the very centre of the scene. Elated now with their prospect, they ask Him, according to Matthew, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" He has driven them to commence the conflict. In reply, according to Mark and Luke, He said, "I will ask you one thing: is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil? To save life or to destroy it?" Then, as Matthew tells us, He went further and said, "Which of you, having one sheep fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, will not lay hold of it and lift it out? And of how much more value, then, is a man than a sheep?" This synoptic picture is richly instructive, and gives us a most vivid

view of the whole group and scene. There was Jesus, grandly imperial, in His calm, gentle benevolence, serenely awaiting the attack. There was the afflicted man, mute, helpless, doubtless with trembling fear, hopeful of a cure. Then there were the Pharisees, fiercely vindictive, their eyes full of malignant eagerness, their lips quivering with hardly suppressed rage, and their hearts beating terribly with murderous passion.

Their question commenced the attack, and we must note how cogently Jesus by His counter questions, spoke to their common sense. There is no subtlety in His words requiring the skill of a keen logician. His questions to them are transpositions of their own, but so clear and pungent that they cannot escape from Him. He knew precisely what they must grant, because it was no more than what they would do in their own interest. A sheep is valuable, and must not be allowed to perish for want of a lift even on the Sabbath Day. They might not know the value of a man, but they felt the point of His Word; how much more valuable is he than a sheep? They could save their sheep only by manual labour, He could heal the man by a word. He lifts their own question out of the grim darkness of their passions, and sets it like a crystal before their consciences. You ask, is it lawful to heal; I ask, is it lawful to do good, or to do evil, by letting good alone on the Sabbath Day? To neglect to do good when it comes to your hand is to do evil, for not to do the right is to do the wrong in this case. Your interest, your common sense, rescues your sheep on the Sabbath; then why not common humanity and divine goodness deliver this man on the same day? He made no allusion to their evil

intents, but the irresistible demonstration of His questions convicted them most fully, and constituted them the arbiters upon their own cavil.

From Mark we learn that He looked round about upon them with anger. He waited for their answer, but they were silent. He looked round about upon their faces, from one to another of them, but no man ventured to open his mouth again. Mark's picture is very graphic just here. The man in the midst, waiting. The Pharisees vindictive, though silent, in their defeat; Jesus a-glow with two opposite sentiments, burning anger, and compassionate love. To Jesus it was intensely hateful to see men exhibit such unmitigated selfishness and hypocrisy as these men were showing. "This particular case was peculiarly offensive. He turned upon His questioners an eye that none could bear. Calm it was, but it burned like a flame. There is no expression so unendurable as that of incensed love. It is plain that He searched their countenances one by one, and brought home to them a sense of their meanness."

What a depth of human pathos there is in that question: "Of how much greater value is a man than a sheep?" Christ belonged to the human race, was a part of it, and it belonged to Him. To His enemies a sheep was more than a man, but to Him a man was the lost sheep He was in search of. Like too many swallowed up in self, they could feel an £ s. d. interest in a sheep, and but little sympathy for a suffering man. But Jesus saw in a man a broken miniature of His Father, and in a suffering man a fitting object for His own boundless compassion. Even a sheep he valued, and, Lord of the Sabbath

as He was, would have it helped on the Holy Day : how much more a man ? By how much the man is better, by so much is the duty greater, and the privilege sweeter, to help him, even on that Day of God. From the lips of Jesus there fell many of these intensely human and spiritual questions. Are you not of much more value than the birds of the heaven (Matt. vi. 26) ? What shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life ? or, What shall a man give in exchange for his life (Matt. xvi. 26) ? How much then is a man of more value than a sheep (xii. 12) ? The first of these was aimed against over-anxiety for the body. The second was intended to startle such as would risk future glory to avoid present cross-bearing. The third was an expostulation with such as would ever prefer ecclesiastical littles to great human interests. Like all His questions, they are of infinite worth to us. Even the ninety and nine would not keep them at home if the hundredth sheep had wandered away ; they would go after it until it was found. Then what joy there would be when it was brought home ! Should there not then be joy in heaven over one repentant sinner, though he were a man ? For what did Jesus see in a man more than they did ? He saw a ruined image of God ! a being possessed of and wielding the awful power of sinning against God ; a being endowed with faculties almost infinitely super-animal ; a being endowed with a conscience in which might be waged conflicts more awful in spirit, and tremendous in results, than those of any earthly battlefield ; where victories might be won more grand and godlike than those of Marathon or Waterloo. He saw a being who has a destiny of future woe or of endless glory and honour

before him ; one on whom the wrath of God rests because of sin : towards whom the love of God yearns because He had created him for Himself. Such a being was, in Christ's estimation, something to be loved, something to be pitied, something to be wept over, and not to be despised or scorned by anyone. And such beings were those Scribes, Pharisees, and priests themselves.

The Sabbatarian idea, which is so interwoven in the narrative, is, indeed, an important one ; but even it is subservient to the interests of man. The keeping of the Sabbath was a mere cavil with the Pharisees ; the healing of the man was an object of Divine concernment with Christ. His work on the man, and the truth which it involved, represented the most fitting works and themes for Sabbath life. Man was not made to be the slave of Sabbatic rigidity, but rather the physical and spiritual recipient of Sabbatic beneficence. The Sabbath was not made to be the ministrant of man's licentious indolence and earthliness, but rather a channel of mental, moral, and spiritual intimacy with God, for which purpose it was designed to stop the mill-wheel, to arrest the incessant tread of toil, and to unlink the chain of labour and set the body free—utterly free—so that man might cultivate his higher nature for a higher life than this world can bear ; a life of holy, heavenly service and enjoyment. Nothing can be more compatible with Sabbath sanctity than doing good ; the day, made for human good in general, is best spent in seeking to minister, by works of mercy and love, to each one's particular needs. Christ does not lower the day, nor abate its sanctions and claims ; He shows, rather, higher services and purer motives for its observance. As Lord of the Sabbath, He sets us an ex-

ample of Sabbath-keeping, and supplies the easiest motives. A sheep is one of God's creatures; you do good to a sheep on the Sabbath day. A man is one of God's higher creatures; much more, then, do good to him on that day.

Kingsgate Street.

DIRECT PREACHING.

"HAVE you heard the Dominie call your name." So the Dutch ask each other Sunday after Sunday, if we are to believe certain travellers.

Did the minister describe you to yourself? Every man is interested in himself; and if he hears the pulpit talk about him, he will prick up his ears, and listen. Said an old minister in Northern New Hampshire, "No sermon is a sermon, unless it has a pinch somewhere in it." He had one young man studying divinity with him. The student had been a blacksmith. The old parson taught the young one to take his vice into the pulpit with him, and to give one more turn at the handle when he was filing away on the vices of his congregation, to make sure nothing should slip. To his dying day this blacksmith minister made every sermon pinch. His hearers were always awake when he came to pinch; if they were not, he gave another turn to the vice and pinched the harder.

If we were to have New Testament method carried out in every sermon, people would wake up, unless the sermon were continued till midnight, when the consequences might be fatal. The Pauline preaching was intensely personal. Not "personal" in the offensive sense of exhibiting a savage spleen against particular hearers; but singularly adapted to every individual case. A peculiarly energetic President of Dartmouth College, afterwards a

theological teacher in Connecticut, was thoroughly convinced that the way to keep men awake was to give them something relating to themselves to think about,—even at a little risk of rasping some of them.

"I would rather," said he, "they would snarl than snore." But snarling is almost as bad as snoring; and while the New Testament method awakens opposition, Paul was very careful to put the matter in such a way that men should be angry against Heaven and not him. Some of the people, it is true, thought that by putting stripes on him they were dishonouring his Master; but he always wrought in love, never in anger. A careful study of Paul's method shows that when he rebuked men, he did it by an appeal to the divine authority and to the conscience of those whom he addressed. They had no chance to fight with him; they had to attack God or abuse their own better nature; if they turned against him, they were illogical in doing it.

Take, for example, the epistles to the Corinthians: it is found that the apostle treats of the highest themes, and then incidentally alludes to Corinthian sins,—as if he were saying that sons of God ought to be in better business than some of the Corinthians were unfortunately engaged in. By warmth of personal affection, by the use of the most uplifting motives, he led men away from their sins; no sparing them, warning in all faithfulness, but always in love, and always by an authority higher than his own, and always by an appeal to the witness within every man.

Power in prayer, and a living faith which will not let go the promises, and directness of approach to sinners,—these are the instrumentalities God delights to use;

and it is only by success in pleading with God, and by a simple belief in His Word, that one is fitted to make straight for the heart of an impenitent man. Personal preaching, wise and powerful, grows out of a life very closely united to Christ. He who spake as never man spake, still speaks through those who are one with him.—*Star*.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

A TOUCHING story is told of a little girl sent by her parents from Spain, during a time of religious persecutiou there, to take refuge with some friends in England. The vessel was lost on a rock-bound coast during a severe storm; but the little girl was saved through the efforts of some heroic men. She was too young to tell her story, but, by a series of providential events, was brought at last to the house of the friend of her parents, just as, released from imprisonment, they arrived in England to seek their long-lost darling. A familiar tune that the mother had taught to her little girl in former days became the clow that led to their joyful meeting.

A remarkable incident is that of a Scottish youth, who learned with a pious mother to sing the old psalms, that were as household words to them in the kirk and by the fire-side. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, was taken captive by the Turks, and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. But he never for-

got the songs of Zion, although he sung them in a strange land and to heathen ears. One night he was solacing himself in this manner, when the attention of some sailors on board of an English man-of-war was directed to the familiar tune of "Old Hundred," as it came floating over the moonlight waves. At once they surmised the truth, that one of their countrymen was languishing away his life as a captive. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat, and lost no time in effecting his release. What a joy to him after eighteen long years passed in slavery! Should not you think that he would always love the glorious tune of "Old Hundred?"

Children, never let your sweet young voices be employed in using profane or unseemly words. Learn many hymns. Good Martin Luther once said: "Singing hymns will keep the devil out of the heart." It is a quaint saying, but it is true. Furnish the mind with good things and there will be no room for evil. They will be like nails fastened in a sure place. You know when a nail is driven in tightly you cannot wedge anything else alongside of it. But you may have a tuneful voice and love to sing, and yet remain unaffected by the beautiful words. Oh, how sad if they who sing about Jesus on earth shall not be of the number of the redeemed who join in the "new song" before the throne of God and the Lamb! —*Child's World*.

Reviews.

The Kings of Judah. By the Rev. PROFESSOR GIVEN, Ph.D., Londonderry. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

THIS work, small in size but large in its compass, begins with the revolt of the ten Tribes, its remote causes, &c., and gives a comprehensive account of the reigns of Rehoboam, Abijah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Jehoram, Ahaziah, and the usurpation of Athaliah. The sixth chapter gives details of the early reign of Joash, and follows the successive reigns up to those of Josiah and his successors. It is wonderfully comprehensive, exceedingly well written, and considering the price (8d., in cloth), we are doing a service to our Bible-class teachers and students when we advise them to obtain a copy; and indeed the whole series would be a most profitable investment.

WE have pleasure in calling the attention of friends who conduct mission services or cottage meetings to a hymn-book for mission services, just published by the *Religious Tract Society*, containing 150 hymns, printed in good type, and sold at 10s. per hundred. It seems to us to have been compiled with great care, for we meet with nearly all the old favourites, with many of those which have become more recently popular. The greatest recommendation we have for the book is that it rings forth, in every page, the old, old story.

Bible Help, or Aids to Bible Students.

By C. T. GILLINGHAM, Evangelist, formerly London City Missionary and Scripture Reader. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE writer has formed his work on the plan of giving the readers a careful analysis of each book in the

sacred volumes, taking in order the Historical, the Poetical, the Prophetical of the Old, and the Evangelical and Apostolical of the New, producing a mass of valuable information, and including some well-written chapters on the authenticity and inspiration of Scripture, the design and excellency of the Bible, the life and travels of Paul, and a table of the chief doctrines of Scripture. The work has also a good index. We can say the volume has been produced at considerable cost of time and thought, and is worthy of a place in any library, and will always prove useful as a book of reference.

Boy Life; or, Notices of the Early Struggles of Great Men. By WILLIAM WINTERS, F.R., Hist. Soc. Elliot Stock, or of the Author, Church Yard, Waltham Abbey.

FOOTPRINTS on the sands of time, and the writer has tracked them well. The pages comprehend references and sketches of hundreds of the world's most noted men and women, some of whom have special interest to us, as *Bunyan, Marson, Dr. Gill, Dr. Angus*, and others. The design of the writer is to encourage and stimulate our boys to climb the ladder, and we can scarcely conceive of a lad, who has any of the right sort of stuff in him, reading without being stirred. The English boy-world will be the better for this worthy contribution by our brother. We should say the volume is elegantly got up, and is peculiarly suitable as a present to the young.

The Christian Family. A Monthly Magazine. Vol. xi., 1882. Elliot Stock.

WE are pleased to receive thi

monthly in its volume form. It has a substantial binding, a capital index of contents, and some first-class miscellaneous articles. The chapters on great men of other days will be read with much appreciation. It may be described as a book for all. You cannot come to it and go empty away.

Marantha. A Watchword for Christians. MARTHA COX, Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square.

It is with peculiar feeling we read the thoughts and doctrines of this little book. We call to mind the days of the past when our early friend, the Rev. John Cox, of Woolwich, came to the front and battled hard and long for what are termed Millenarian Doctrines; and it was rare indeed that an opponent could be found who could break a lance with him on Scriptural grounds, so thoroughly did Mr. Cox know how to make his standing secure by appealing always and ever to the Word of God. Miss Cox has caught somewhat of her father's views, and also his spirit. The style of writing here is *direct, devout*, and rests its claim for attention on the principle of What saith the Scripture?

Through the Khyber Pass to Sherpore Camp, Cabul. An account of Temperance work among our soldiers in the Cabul Field Forces. By the Rev. J. GELSON GREGSON, Secretary of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association, India. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

Mr. GREGSON says, "There is no attempt on my part to make a book. My sole object has been to give permanency to a simple record of work among soldiers in the late Afghan Campaign." However, we have a book, and a most important record, well worthy of being retained amongst us, not simply as the account of the changes and vicissitudes passed through by Mr. Gregson in carrying out his self-denying and worthy work, but showing that the British soldier should be well cared for, not only as to his material and physical interests,

but also as to his moral and religious well being. Whether we approve of war under any circumstances or not, or whether we approve of any particular war or not, is beside the question. The British soldier is our soldier, and we are bound to care for him. It is therefore with very great interest that we have read of the toils, the dangers, the persistency, and the success of Mr. Gregson in advancing temperance among our soldiers. His work was a work of great importance, and the success which attended his endeavours such as make us feel devoutly thankful.

A Child of Jesus. (From the popular Book of that Title.) Compiled and arranged as a musically illustrated Service, in Staff and Sol-Fa notations, by JOHN BURNHAM. Specially adapted for Sunday School Anniversaries, &c. W. Nicholson and Sons, 20, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row.

EVERY one who has read the touching little work "A Child of Jesus," will feel consciences of joy that our brother has set this exquisite and telling story to music. We have had to say approving words before respecting our brother's many good works and kind offices, but, if we may judge, this last will be the most popular and the most useful. The musical selections are worthy. The words are teaching words; and the whole seems to have a graphic force about it, so that we can hear and see it all as we read. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing the musical exhibitions, and of doing our part in giving the readings. The hymns may be had in four-paged leaflets, at three shillings per hundred.

Calvanism, Arminianism—Either, Neither, or Both. A Lecture delivered in connection with the Rye Lane Young Men's Association. By JOHN T. BRISCOE. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

WE welcome heartily our brother's effort, and believe him to have done

his work well, both in design and in argument. But we fear it will be chiefly useful to those who have thought out their way to his position. Human nature is so prone to extremes, and from the earliest dawn of this controversy there have been things ascribed to Calvinism, on the one side as well as the other, which both Calvin and Arminius would have repudiated. For ourselves we can say that we get all that is soul-sustaining in the spiritual conflict from what are called the Doctrines of Grace, but at the same time, fully believe the doctrines taught in the Epistle to the Romans are only as needful to the thoroughly furnishing the Christian man as the doctrine taught in the Epistle by James. There is no contradiction. Both belong to Scripture, and both should be equally well received by those who have grace, and are taught by the Spirit. We ask for this lecture a careful reading.

The Voice of Warning is now published by the Monthly Tract Society, the Protestant Tract Society being amalgamated with it. We are glad

of this union. The multiplication of societies, unless there be a special need, is very undesirable.

Word and Work: a weekly record of Christian Testimony and Effort. *The Outlook and Record of the Churches*. *The Missing Link—Bible Work at Home and Abroad*. *The British Flag*, and *Christian Sentinel and Evangelical Christendom*. These spirited magazines should be read by all who would be well informed in Christian work and effort.

FROM the *Religious Tract Society's* Publications we call attention to Part xxxi. of "Friendly Greeting," which, besides its usual attractions, give a *People's Almanack*, well illustrated, and full of good hints, anecdotes, &c. *The Sunday at Home* has an article which will pay for perusal—"The Young Men of my Bible Class," and the *Leisure Hour* an illustrated descriptive account of Hawarden, presenting us with a view of Mr. Gladstone at home. We have no room this month to call attention to much first-class matter in our own Magazines.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. KELLY, of Earl's Colne, has accepted the pastorate of the Chapel, at Sudbury.

Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, of Regent's-park College, and M.A. of the London University, has accepted an invitation from the church at St. Mary's, Norwich, to become its pastor.

Rev. B. S. Williams, Blaenavon, has accepted the pastorate of Infirmary-street Church, Bradford.

Rev. R. E. Sears, late of Foot's Cray, has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Little Alic-street, Leman-street, Whitechapel, and has commenced his labours.

Rev. T. Perry, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Church at Lordship-lane, Dulwich.

Rev. T. J. Longhurst, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cambray, Cheltenham.

Rev. James Hope, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation from the Church, Ipsley-street, Redditch, to become their pastor.

PRESENTATIONS.

MRS. HANSON, wife of the Rev. J. Hanson, of North Bradley, near Trowbridge, was presented, by the members of her Bible-class, with an

album and a small cabinet, as a slight token of esteem. During their residence at Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson have taken a special interest in the young men and women, and have contributed largely to their improvement and pleasure.

Rev. J. F. FOSTER, of Waterbeach, was presented, on the 17th of January, by the senior deacon, Mr. J. Burling, on behalf of the church and congregation, with a purse of sovereigns, in testimony of the regard in which he is held.

At a meeting held on January 18, Mr. W. T. Bodiam, senior deacon, presented the pastor, Rev. G. B. Richardson, of the church at Eynsford, with a purse containing £15, as a mark of the affection and esteem in which he is held by the church and congregation.

At a meeting of the teachers and friends, held in the schoolroom of the church at Burwell, Rev. C. Hewitt was presented with a purse of money, in token of attachment and esteem, and also as an acknowledgment of their obligations for the personal interest he has taken in securing assistance towards the erection of the recently-built school-room.

WATERBEACH, CAMBS.—On Jan. 17, a public meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel to present the pastor, Rev. J. Foreman Foster, with a purse of sovereigns from his church and congregation as a token of love and esteem. Messrs. Smith, Camps, Waddelow, and Wyatt delivered addresses.

SANDY, BEDS.—At the Baptist Chapel, on February 6th, was celebrated the twenty-fifth year of the Rev. T. Voysey's ministry, by a public tea, followed by a public meeting, when a purse of sixty sovereigns was presented to him. The Rev. W. Abbott, of Blunham, who from 1853 to 1858 acted as pastor of the branch church at Sandy, stated that in 1857 it was thought desirable to secure the services of a minister fully for Sandy; a notice to that effect was inserted in

the *Baptist Messenger*, edited by the Rev. J. Whittemore, a native of Sandy, and the projector of the *Christian World*. It resulted in Mr. Voysey, of London, being invited to preach there for the first month in 1858, and who, by the grace of God, has continued to the present. The Rev. T. Voysey said there were 31 members when he came; 108 had since joined; 28 had died; others had left the village, and 70 remained in communion. Various sums had been raised for chapel, charitable, and mission purposes. Congratulatory speeches followed, by the Revs. J. Brown, B.A., of Bedford; R. Cater, Godmanchester; A. P. Mackenzie, Biggleswade; J. G. Cathercole, St. Neots; W. F. Edgerton, Gamlingay; J. H. Fuskwell, Cotten End; J. G. Scott, Guilsborough; D. Mase, Stotfold. It was a largely attended meeting.

SANDY AND BLUNHAM.—Several friends living at Sandy were members at the Old Meeting at Blunham more than one hundred years ago; and many others regularly attended there during the ministry of the Rev. Martin Mayle, and since. Mr. John Skilleter, the grandfather of the late Mr. W. Skilleter, was a hearer of the Rev. John Berridge, of Everton. There was so much talk at Sandy about Berridge's preaching, that he determined to go one Sunday and criticise the preacher. He went, the preaching was the means of convincing him of sin, and of his need of the Saviour, that he became a changed man, and regularly attended at Everton. He eventually became a member at Blunham, with his son and grandson. One of his sons, the Rev. Robert Skilleter, was the Baptist minister at Great Gransden for many years. The first chapel at Sandy was built some seventy or eighty years since by Mr. Jeremy Skilleter in his yard, for Sunday evening preaching. The second chapel, a larger place, was built some sixty years since by a group of Baptists of the ultra-Calvinistic type, who, being unable to meet

the cost, it was sold to the treasurer of the Beds Union of Christians, the late Mr. John Foster, of Biggleswade, who used to take his turn in preaching there with the neighbouring ministers. It was after this supplied by students and ministers. The present chapel was built in 1854, costing £793 9s. 1d., towards which the late Mr. and Mrs. Skilleter contributed £400; and in 1866 purchased the minister's house at a cost of £400. The Rev. Eustace Carey, of London, preached the first sermon in the chapel. During the time it was building the congregation met in a room kindly lent by Mr. Henry Usher. A congregation of some two hundred gathered in the new place, and the week meetings were well attended. The members formed a branch church to Blunham, under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Abbott. In 1858 the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon came, and preached two sermons in the open air to very large congregations, on behalf of the Chapel Fund. For a great many years past the old meeting at Blunham was a centre of Gospel light in a dark neighbourhood; but during the past fifty years, or more, the Gospel has been preached in the Nonconformist chapels in the surrounding villages. When John Bunyan was released from prison, he obtained a licence for the first preacher here, John Wright, a tradesman in the village, who preached at the Lake Barn Chapel.

RECOGNITIONS.

A PUBLIC welcome to the Rev. J. F. Smythe, late of Bolton, has been given at Berkhamstead Chapel. Mr. J. Sanders presided, and fraternal addresses were given by Revs. J. Stuart, J. Menzies (Congregational), T. E. Rawlings, J. Pilling (Primitive Methodist), and Tatton (Congregationalist).

FERRYSIDE, CARMARTHENSHIRE.—On January 15, afternoon and evening special services were held at the Salem Baptist Chapel, Ferryside, on

the occasion of the public recognition of Rev. T. L. Thomas, late of Porthcawl, Glamorgan, as pastor. The afternoon service was introduced by Rev. J. H. Rowlands and Rev. G. H. Roberts. Rev. T. Lewis gave a short account of Mr. Thomas's history in the ministry. The evening meeting was held under the presidency of Rev. T. Lewis. Rev. Mr. Lewis (C.M.) read portions of Scripture and prayed. Rev. J. H. Rowlands gave an address on "The nature of the Christian Church." Rev. W. E. Watkins delivered the charge to the minister; Rev. J. Jones, that to the church; and Rev. J. Jones preached. The chairman, in the course of his remarks, observed that a great privilege was conferred on Mr. Thomas that day by being recognized as a successor to such able men as the late Rev. J. P. Davies (afterwards of Tredegar) and Rev. John Reynolds (Ridwelly); and expressed the wish that the new pastor would prove himself worthy of them and the ancient active church.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW chapel has been commenced for the church which has met since last March in the Public Hall, Southend, under the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Wilson. The original intention was to build a permanent structure of brick and stone, but, as the cost of this would have necessitated a prolonged stay in their present unsuitable quarters, the friends deemed it advisable to proceed with the erection of an iron chapel at once. The chapel will be situated in the heart of the town, and is being erected by a local firm from plans furnished by a local architect. It will be rather more ornamental externally than iron chapels generally are, and internally will have the same comfortable fittings as a permanent building. It is expected to be opened about the end of March.

A NEW chapel in Rome, beyond

the Tiber, was opened on the 16th of January, by the Rev. James Wall. It will accommodate about 300 worshippers, and, to meet the tastes of the Trasteverani, is coloured somewhat in the Pompeian style. Most of the Evangelical ministers and workers in Rome were present, including Signor Gavazzi, who remarked that the last time he had spoken in that part of Rome was thirty-four years since, on the great day of the siege of Rome, when the French troops were repulsed. He concluded with an earnest exhortation to vigorous effort in the work which had been entered upon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MEETING was held on the 23rd of January, in Adelaide-place Church, Glasgow, to bid farewell to the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Culross, who is removing to the Baptist Training College, Bristol, having accepted the office of principal. The chair was occupied by Howard Bowser, Esq. (church deacon), and on the platform were the Revs. Dr. Lang, Dr. Pulsford, Dr. Ferguson, Wm. Howie Wylie, J. P. Rollo, Samuel Crouch, Geo. Yulle, A. Goodrich, James Scott, Wm. Andrews, Messrs. P. Kelly, D. Lockhart, W. M. Findlay, W. H. Elliott, and others. Testimony was given by most of these to Dr. Culross's high Christian character, solid attainments, and special fitness for the important sphere of labour to which he had been called.

AT Westbourne-grove Chapel, London, there is evidence of a good work going on. On the first Sunday of the year 70 new members were admitted to fellowship. This ingathering has been accomplished without any special services or other departure from the ordinary routine of Christian work, and is mainly attributable to the earnest appeals of the pastor, Rev. John Tuckwell, during the months of November and December, urging the half-hearted and undecided to begin the New Year with

an open profession of faith in Christ. A remarkable characteristic of the work is seen in the large number amongst the new members of persons in the maturity of life, some of whom have been regular attendants at public worship for fifteen or twenty years, and upwards.

On Tuesday evening, January 30th, in connection with the Mutual Improvement Society, Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road, Mr. Edward Dakin, of Regent's-park College, gave an interesting lecture on "Facts and Fancies of Colonial Life," the pastor, Rev. J. O. Fellowes, in the chair. There was a good attendance.

REV. W. CLARK, of Ballarat, in the course of the inaugural address at the meeting of the Baptist Association of Victoria, submitted the following statistics concerning the interval from 1864 to 1882:—In the first of these years they had 16 churches, and 540 members; this year their numbers are 38 churches, and 2,284 members; their Sabbath-schoolars were then 768, now they are 4,164; the teachers were 83, now they are 427. In the decade from 1871 to 1881, the progress of the denomination was just as decided. From Tasmania, New South Wales, and New Zealand, favourable reports of progress had been received.

THE fourteenth annual report of the Baptist Union of Scotland states that "the Union consists of 82 churches, with a total membership of 9,217, being an increase of 301 upon the aggregate of last year. Four churches have just been received into the Union, viz., Helensburgh, Selkirk, Cambuslang, and Pitlochry. These churches have either been newly or recently formed, and may be regarded as representing the measure in which our principles are spreading in provincial and rural districts. If we estimate our progress by the number of baptisms during the year rather than by the difference on the total membership, the result gives

an average increase of 9 to each church, the number being 776. Twelve churches, however, show no addition by baptism. There are 71 Sunday-schools, with an attendance of 8,069, being an advance upon last year of 4 schools and 645 scholars. There is also an increase of 69 upon the number of teachers, the number at present being 983. Fifty-one Bible classes have been formed, with an attendance of 2,037, which also shows an advance upon last year of 4 classes and 42 scholars. In connection with the churches there are 160 preaching stations and cottage meetings."

RECENT DEATHS.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES HARVEY.—The denomination has lost a valued member by the death of Mr. James Harvey, treasurer of the London Baptist Association, which took place at his residence, Mount-grove, Hampstead, on Friday night, Feb. 9. Mr. Harvey, who was between 60 and 70 years of age, was a well-known City merchant, and was conspicuous for his generous support of religious and philanthropic organizations. He was a senior deacon at Heath Street Chapel, Hampstead (Rev. W. Brock's), and took a leading part in the building of that place of worship, some 20 years ago, for its present minister, a son of the late Rev. Dr. Brock. He was always a generous supporter of its many agencies of usefulness, and of other efforts for the welfare of Hampstead and many other places.

MARY BLAKE.—God has given His gracious promise of eternal life to all His children. This promise encourages us to feel assured that all who trust in Him will be enriched with His blessing for ever, and that whatever they may experience now in this world will be more than counterbalanced by-and-by at His right hand in glory.

These thoughts are confirmed to us by His dealings with the departed

Mary Blake, wife of R. Blake, who died on the 11th of January, 1883, at Brockenhurst, happy in the Lord. Her early life at Lady Lodge with her sister Ann, was devoted to the service of God; and they were attendants at Beaulieu Rails Chapel, three miles from their home, across the forest, in wet seasons, when the people were watching for them, and often said as they approached, "Here they come!"

Mary was twice married, first to F. Garland, who died of consumption, and then about thirty-eight years ago, to R. Blake, and a choice partner of his she was. As distributor of tracts, as Sunday-school teacher, as counsellor for the poorer members, as giving her energies freely for the Lord, as witnessed by bazaars, &c., by which the cause was promoted and the interest sustained. She had a weak constitution, which occasioned her much suffering, and which she bore with great patience, living to and for the Lord.

May the solemn event of her departure be improved by all who knew her, and awaken many in this sin-stricken world to inquire, "What must I do to be saved."

As life is spared, Lord, give us grace
In Thee to see the Saviour's face;
And following Christ in deeds of love,
To all a living light may prove.

Then should we meet no more around
The throne of grace on earthly ground,
Lord, grant that all on Canaan's shore
May reunite and part no more.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—January 28, Ten, by E. E. Piobert.
Abertillery. — January 28, One, by L. Jones.
Battle, Sussex.—January 28, One, by J. Howes.
Belfast.—January 21, Victoria-street, Two, by W. Usher.
Bristol.—January 21, Maudlin-street, Two, by W. Webley.
Bristol. — January 28, Thrissell-street, Eleven, by C. Griffiths.
Barrois-in-Furness.—January 7, Two, by J. Hughes.

- Belfast*.—January 9, Regent-street, Two; 23, Three, by E. T. Mateer.
- Bluanan Cuvent*.—January 14, Four, by T. Evans.
- Bramley*.—January 7, Three, by M. G. Coker.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—January 21, Six, by Mr. Hunter.
- Braunston*.—February 11, One, by W. Thomas.
- Blackburn*.—February 4, One, by M. H. Whetnall.
- Clay Cross*.—February 1, Three, by J. A. Ward.
- Cumturch*.—February 4, Nine, by W. Rees.
- Crook*.—January 21, One, by J. Bevan.
- Diss*.—February 1, Three, by G. W. Pope.
- Ebbw Vale*.—January 28, Four, by W. Powell.
- Ferndale*.—January 28, Two, by G. G. Cule.
- Fivehead*.—February 4, Two, by J. Compston.
- Ferryside*.—January 14, at Salem, Four, by T. L. Thomas.
- Griffithstown*.—January 23, Ten, by J. Tuckey.
- Hunslet, Leeds*.—January 23, Six, by A. E. Greening.
- Heywood, Lancashire*.—January 28, Two, by J. Duncley.
- Knighton*.—January 7, Three; February 4, Six, by W. Williams.
- London*: Parson's Hill Chapel, Twelve (for East Plumstead Church); February 1, Five, by J. Wilson.
- Streatham, S.W.*—January 31, Lewin-road, Three, by A. M'Caig.
- Woolwich*.—January 31, Queen-street, Two, by T. Jones.
- Gray's Inn-road*.—January 31, Arthur-street, Four, by W. Smith.
- Camberwell New-road*.—January 11, at Charles-street Chapel, Five, by W. Sullivan (for the Church, St. Ann's-road, Brixton).
- Westbourne-grove*.—January 4, Twenty-eight, by J. Tuckwell.
- Leytonstone*.—January 26, Seven.
- Merthyr*.—January 21, at the Tabernacle, One, by B. Thomas.
- Merthyr*.—February 4, Bethel, Three, by E. Lewis.
- Mooreshead*.—January 21, at Bethel, Four, by W. Maurice.
- Mudeley*.—January 28, Two, by T. Whittle.
- Newport, Mon.*—January 23, One, by A. T. Jones.
- Necton, Norfolk*.—January 7, Four, by T. H. Sparham.
- Pontypool*.—January 7, Two, by D. Thomas.
- Pole Moor, Huddersfield*.—February 4, Eight, by W. Gay.
- Portsmouth*.—January 31, Lake-road, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Pontnewynydd*.—January 14, Five, by J. Cole.
- Ross*.—January 23, Four, by J. E. Perrin.
- Rhymney*.—January 14, Ten, by H. Phillips.
- Rugby*.—January 14, Three, by H. T. Peach.
- Rochedale*.—January 23, Three, by D. O. Davies.
- Skipton, Yorkshire*.—February 4, Two, by W. Judge.
- Southend-on-Sea*.—January 23, Ten; 30, One, by H. W. Childs.
- Snappe Hill, Dronfield*.—January 23, Seven, by Mr. S. Hewitt.
- South Stockton*.—January 29, Three, by H. Winsor.
- Swansea*.—January 23, Five, by T. D. Matthias.
- Todmorden*.—January 30, Two, by J. K. Chappelle.
- Treorkey*.—January 21, Five, by D. Davies.
- Tredegar*.—January 7, Church-street, Five, by J. Lewis.
- West Mulling*.—January 7, Two, by C. Bonner.
- Waterhouses*.—January 14, One, by G. Pring.
- Wrexham*.—January 21, Three, by D. R. Jenkins.
- Worcester*.—January 23, at Sansome-walk Chapel, Fifteen, by J. Lewitt.

THERE are no troubles that wear upon the temper and sap the foundations of all peace and comfort as do borrowed troubles; because there is no provision made in the divine economy for help to bear them. We have no promise that strength will be given to sustain us under the weight of imaginary burdens. Real trials, bravely and patiently borne, are moral tonics, strengthening and purifying in their influence, lifting the soul to higher levels and broader outlooks. But it is only by receiving them as they come, one day at a time, and taking no thought for those of the morrow, that they will yield us the full measure of good with which they are fraught.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mr. C. Robertson... 0 10 0	Part Collection at	Mr. A. Armstrong 5 0 0
Miss Margaret M. Fergusson ... 1 0 0	Lymington, per	Mr. Thos. Scouler 3 0 0
A. and E. Kirtley... 2 0 0	Pastor John Col-	Mr. Thos. K— 10 0 0
M. A. Lines ... 1 0 0	lins ... 3 3 0	Mr. C. Child ... 2 10 0
Mr. J. Thornton ... 1 0 0	Collected at Penge	Mr. and Mrs. Krell 5 0 0
Mr. A. H. Scard ... 0 5 0	Tabernacle, per	Mr. H. Ormond ... 3 0 0
Mrs. Alfred Walker,	Pastor J. W.	Mr. Robt. Meikie 1 1 0
per Pastor G.	Bond ... 5 10 0	Mr. John Currie ... 1 0 0
Duncan ... 1 0 0	Miss Hadland, per	Mr. Hunt, per J.
A Sermon-reader at	J. T. D. ... 1 1 0	T. D. ... 1 1 0
Carlton ... 0 10 0	Part collection at	Miss Hagger... 0 10 0
Dividend on Share	Baptist Chapel,	Mr. Bowker's Bible-
in "Freeman" . 0 5 0	Boutport-street,	class ... 14 0 0
Friends at Buffalo	Barnstaple, per	Mr. F. W. Lloyd... 3 0 0
and Cleveland,	Pastor J. N.	H. I., Malta ... 1 0 0
per Pastor C.	Rootham ... 2 6 9	Christ Church,
Spurgeon ... £3 0 0	Mrs. Joseph Wil-	Aston, Birming-
Collected by Mrs.	liams ... 0 10 0	ham, per Pastor
James Withers,	Miss E. J. Bowley 1 6 0	G. Samuel... 5 10 0
Reading:—	E. A. H. ... 0 10 6	Mrs. E. Johnson... 0 10 0
Profit on sale of	Miss Ann Barrett 0 5 0	Mr. C. W. Roberts 5 5 0
books ... 5 7 5	E. A. V., A. V., E.	Pastor A. A.
Mr. A. Richardson 1 0 0	R. V., and E. J.	Saville's Bible-
Mrs. J. O. Cooper 1 1 0	V. ... 1 0 0	class, Carlisle ... 2 10 0
Messrs. Heelas and	Miss Spliedt ... 1 0 0	Mr. John Brewer . 5 5 0
Co. ... 1 1 0	Miss Fanny	S. B. T. ... 1 0 0
Mr. R. Oakshott ... 0 10 0	McNicol ... 0 10 0	Miss Gush ... 0 10 0
Mrs. John Leach... 0 10 0	Mr. A. H. Scard ... 0 5 0	Weekly Offerings
Mr. James Withers 0 10 0	Mr. John Rector... 1 0 0	at Met. Tab. :—
Mr. J. W. Pewtress,	An afflicted mis-	Dec. 17th 40 0 3
for Midhurst ... 9 0 0	sionary in India	" 24th 40 11 8
Mr. Wm. Ewing ... 1 0 0	Mrs. E. Fletcher . 0 10 0	" 31st 69 14 5
Mr. John Martin . 1 0 0	A sister, Bank-	Jan. 7th, 1883—
Road, W. ... 0 7 6	head ... 0 2 6	24 7 9
Mr. T. T. Marks,	Miss M. Mulligan 0 10 0	" 14th 33 0 3
C. E. ... 2 2 0	G. C. Tain ... 0 6 0	209 14 4
Mr. C. Scruby ... 1 0 0	From Wroughton 0 5 0	£388 1 0
W. Balne ... 0 10 0	Miss M. Mayse ... 0 5 0	
	Mr. Wm. Casson ... 1 0 0	

SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1882, to January 14th, 1883.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
A. and E. Kirtley ... 2 0 0	Wadham-street and Bristol-road
From a deaf girl ... 0 7 0	Churches, Weston-super-Mare,
Mr. A. H. Scard ... 0 5 0	Thank-offering for Mr. Burn-
Thank-offering after services by	ham's Services ... 5 0 0
Mr. Burnham, at Fairford ... 0 10 0	Mr. A. Armstrong ... 4 17 0
A sermon-reader, Carlton ... 0 10 0	Thank-offering for Messrs. Smith
Mr. Tubby ... 1 0 0	and Fullerton's Services at Here-
Mr. A. H. Scard ... 0 5 0	ford ... 17 12 11
Mr. Wm. Casson ... 0 10 0	
Mr. J. Hector ... 1 0 0	
A friend, for Mr. Burnham's sup-	
port (1882) ... £0 0 0	£83 16 11

THE BIBLE.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I have written to him the great things of My law, *but* they were counted as a strange thing."—HOSEA viii. 12.

THIS is God's complaint against Ephraim. It is no mean proof of His goodness that He stoops to rebuke His erring creatures; it is a great argument of His gracious disposition, that He bows His head to notice terrestrial affairs. He might, if He pleased, wrap Himself with night as with a garment; He might put the stars around His wrist for bracelets, and bind the suns around His brow for a coronet; He might dwell alone, far, far above this world, up in the seventh heaven, and look down with calm and silent indifference upon all the doings of His creatures; He might do as the heathens supposed their Jove did, sit in perpetual silence, sometimes nodding His awful head to make the Fates move as He pleased, but never taking thought of the little things of earth, disposing of them as beneath His notice, engrossed within His own being, swallowed up within Himself, living alone and retired; and I, as one of His creatures, might stand by night upon a mountain-top, and look upon the silent stars and say, "Ye are the eyes of God, but ye look not down on me; your light is the gift of His omnipotence, but your rays are not smiles of love to me. God, the mighty Creator, has forgotten me; I am a despicable drop in the ocean of creation, a sear leaf in the forest of beings, an atom in the mountain of existence. He knows me not; I am alone, alone, alone." But it is not so, beloved. Our God is of another order. He notices every one of us. There is not a sparrow or a worm, but is found in His decrees. There is not a person upon whom His eye is not fixed. Our most secret acts are known to Him. Whatsoever we do, or bear, or suffer, the eye of God still rests upon us, and we are beneath His smile,—for we are His people; or beneath His frown,—for we have erred from Him.

Oh! how ten-thousand-fold merciful is God, that looking down upon the race of man, He does not smile it out of existence. We see from our text that God looks upon man, for He says of Ephraim, "I have written to him the great things of My law, but they were counted as a strange thing." But see how when He observes the sin of man He does not dash him away and spurn him with His foot; He does not shake him by the neck over the gulf of hell, until his brain doth reel, and then drop him for ever; but rather, He comes down from heaven to plead with His creatures; He argues with them; He put Himself, as it were, upon a level with the sinner, states His grievances, and pleads His claim. O Ephraim, I have written unto thee the great things of My law, but they have been unto thee as a strange thing! I come here to-night in God's stead, my friends, to plead with you as God's ambassador, to charge many of you

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with a sin ; to lay it to your hearts by the power of the Spirit, so that you may be convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. The crime I charge you with is the sin of the text. God has written to you the great things of His law, but they have been unto you as a strange thing. It is concerning this blessed book, the Bible, that I mean to speak to-night. Here lies my text—this Word of God. Here is the theme of my discourse, a theme which demands more eloquence than I possess ; a subject upon which a thousand orators might speak at once ; a mighty, vast, incomprehensive theme, which might engross all eloquence throughout eternity, and still it would remain unexhausted.

Concerning the Bible, I have three things to say to-night and they are all in my text. First, its author—“*I have written* ;” secondly, its subjects—the great things of God’s law ; and thirdly, its common treatment—It has been accounted by most men a strange thing.

I. First, then, concerning this book, who is THE AUTHOR ? The text says that it is God. “*I have written to him the great things of My law.*” Here lies my Bible—who wrote it ? I open it and I find it consists of a series of tracts. The first five tracts were written by a man called Moses. I turn on and I find others. Sometimes I see David is the penman, at other times, Solomon. Here I read Micah, then Amos, then Hosea. As I turn further on, to the more luminous pages of the New Testament, I see Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Paul, Peter, James and others ; but when I shut up the book, I ask myself who is the author of it ? Do these men jointly claim the authorship ? Are they the compositors of this massive volume ? Do they between themselves divide the honour ? Our holy religion answers, No ! This volume is the writing of the living God : each letter was penned with an Almighty finger ; each word in it dropped from the everlasting lips, each sentence was dictated by the Holy Spirit. Albeit, that Moses was employed to write his histories with his fiery pen, God guided that pen. It may be that David touched his harp and let sweet Psalms of melody drop from his fingers, but God moved his hands over the living strings of his golden harp. It may be that Solomon sang Canticles of love, or gave forth words of consummate wisdom, but God directed his lips, and made the Preacher eloquent. If I follow the thundering Nahum when his horses plough the waters, or Habakkuk when he sees the tents of Cushan in affliction ; if I read Malachi, when the earth is burning like an oven ; if I turn to the smooth page of John, who tells of love, or the rugged, fiery chapters of Peter, who speaks of the fire devouring God’s enemies ; if I turn to Jude, who launches forth anathemas upon the foes of God, everywhere I find God speaking ; it is God’s voice, not man’s, the words are God’s words, the words of the Eternal, the Invisible, the Almighty, the Jehovah of this earth. This Bible is God’s Bible ; and when I see it, I seem to hear a voice springing up from it saying, “*I am the book of God : man read me. I am God’s writing : open my leaf, for I was penned by God ; read it, for He is my author, and you will see Him visible and manifest everywhere.*” “*I have written to him the great things of My law.*”

How do you know that God wrote the book ? That is just what I shall not try to prove to you. I could, if I pleased, to a demonstration, for there are arguments enough, there are reasons enough, did I care to

occupy your time to-night in bringing them before you : but I shall do no such thing. I might tell you, if I pleased, that the grandeur of the style is above that of any mortal writing, and that all the poets who have ever existed, could not, with all their works united, give us such sublime poetry and such mighty language as is to be found in the Scriptures. I might insist upon it, that the subjects of which it treats are beyond the human intellect ; that man could never have invented the grand doctrines of a Trinity in the Godhead ; man could not have told us anything of the creation of the universe ; he could never have been the author of the majestic idea of Providence, that all things are ordered according to the will of one great Supreme Being, and work together for good. I might enlarge upon its honesty, since it tells the faults of its writers ; its unity, since it never belies itself ; its master simplicity, that he who runs may read it ; and I might mention a hundred more things, which would all prove to a demonstration, that the book is of God. But I come not here to prove it. I am a Christian minister, and you are Christians, or profess to be so ; and there is never any necessity for Christian ministers to make a point of bringing forth infidel arguments in order to answer them. It is the greatest folly in the world. Infidels, poor creatures, do not know their own arguments till we tell them, and then they glean their blunted shafts to shoot them at the shield of truth again. It is folly to bring forward these firebrands of hell, even if we are well prepared to quench them. Let men of the world learn error of themselves ; do not let us be propagators of their falsehoods. True, there are some preachers who are short of stock, and want them to fill up ! but God's own chosen men need not do that ; they are taught of God, and God supplies them, with matter, with language, and with power. There may be some one here to-night who has come without faith, a man of reason, a freethinker. With him I have no argument at all. I profess not to stand here as a controversialist, but as a preacher of things that I know and feel. But I too have been like him. There was an evil hour when once I slipped the anchor of my faith ; I cut the cable of my belief ; I no longer moored myself hard by the coasts of revelation ; I allowed my vessel to drift before the wind ; I said to reason, " Be thou my captain ; " I said to my own brain, " Be thou my rudder ; " and I started on my mad voyage. Thank God it is all over now ; but I will tell you its brief history. It was one hurried sailing over the tempestuous ocean of free thought. I went on, and as I went the skies began to darken ; but to make up for that deficiency, the waters were brilliant with coruscations of brilliancy. I saw sparks flying upwards that pleased me, and I thought, " If this be free thought, it is a happy thing. " My thoughts seemed gems, and I scattered stars with both my hands ; but anon, instead of these coruscations of glory, I saw grim fiends, fierce and horrible, start up from the waters, and as I dashed on they gnashed their teeth and grinned upon me ; they seized the prow of my ship, and dragged me on, while I, in part, gloried at the rapidity of my motion, but yet shuddered at the terrific rate with which I passed the old land marks of my faith. As I hurried forward with an awful speed, I began to doubt my very existence ; I doubted if there were a world, I doubted if there were such a thing as myself. I went to the very verge of the dreary realms of unbelief. I went to the very bottom of the sea of infidelity. I doubted everything. But here the

devil foiled himself ; for the very extravagance of the doubt proved its absurdity. Just when I saw the bottom of that sea, there came a voice which said, "And can this doubt be true?" At this very thought I awoke. I started from that death-dream, which, God knows might have damned my soul, and ruined this my body, if I had not awoke. When I arose faith took the helm ; from that moment I doubted not. Faith steered me back ; faith cried, "Away, away !" I cast my anchor on Calvary ; I lifted my eye to God ; and here I am alive, and out of hell. Therefore, I speak what I do know. I have sailed that perilous voyage ; I have come safe to land. Ask me again to be an infidel ! No ; I have tried it ; it was sweet at first, but bitter afterwards. Now, lashed to God's gospel more firmly than ever, standing as on a rock of adamant, I defy the arguments of hell to move me, for "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." But I shall neither plead nor argue this night. You profess to be Christian men, or else you would not be here. Your profession may be lies ; what you *say* you are, may be the very contrary to what you *really* are ; but still I suppose you all admit that this is the Word of God. A thought or two then upon it. "I have written to him the great things of My law."

First, my friends, stand over this volume, and *admire its authority*. This is no common book. It is not the sayings of the sages of Greece ; here are not the utterances of philosophers of past ages. If these words were written by man, we might reject them ; but oh, let me think the solemn thought—that this book is God's handwriting, that these words are God's. Let me look at its date ; it is dated from the hills of heaven. Let me look at its letters : they flash glory on my eye. Let me read the chapters : they are big with meaning and mysteries unknown. Let me turn over the prophecies : they are pregnant with unthought-of wonders. Oh, book of books ! And wast thou written by my God ? Then will I bow before Thee. Thou book of vast authority, thou art a proclamation from the Emperor of Heaven ; far be it from me to exercise my reason in contradicting thee. Reason ! thy place is to stand and find out what this volume means, not to tell what this book ought to say. Come thou my reason, my intellect, sit thou down and listen, for these words are the words of God. I do not know how to enlarge on this thought. Oh ! if you could ever remember that this Bible was actually and really written by God ! Oh ! if ye had been let into the secret chambers of heaven, if ye had beheld God grasping His pen and writing down these letters, then surely ye would respect them. But they are just as much God's handwriting as if you had seen God write them. This Bible is a book of authority ; it is an authorized book, for God has written it. Oh, tremble, tremble, lest any of you despise it ; mark its authority, for it is the Word of God.

Then, since God wrote it, mark *its truthfulness*. If I had written it, there would be worms of critics who would at once swarm on it, and would cover it with their evil spawn ; had I written it, there would be men who would pull it to pieces at once, and perhaps quite right too. But this is the Word of God ; come, search ye critics, and find a flaw ; examine it from its Genesis to its Revelations, and find an error. This is a vein of pure gold, unalloyed by quartz, or any earthy substance. This is a star without a speck ; a sun without a blot ; a light without darkness ; a moon without its paleness ; a glory without a dimness. O Bible ! it can-

not be said of any other book, that it is perfect and pure ; but of thee we can declare all wisdom is gathered up in thee, without a particle of folly. This is the judge that ends the strife where wit and reason fail. This is the book untainted by any error ; but is pure, unalloyed, perfect truth. Why? Because God wrote it. Ah! charge God with error if ye please ; tell Him that His book is not what it ought to be. I have heard men with prudish and mock-modesty, who would like to alter the Bible ; and (I almost blush to say it) I have heard ministers alter God's Bible, because they were afraid of it. Have you never heard a man say, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved ; but he that believeth not,"—What does the Bible say?—"shall be *damned*." But that does not happen to be polite enough, so they say, "shall be *condemned*." Gentlemen! pull the velvet out of your mouths ; speak God's word ; we want none of your alterations. I have heard men in prayer, instead of saying, "Make your calling and *election* sure," say, "Make your calling and *salvation* sure." Pity they were not born when God lived, far—far back, that they might have taught God how to write. Oh, impudence beyond all bounds! Oh! full-blown, self-conceit! To attempt to dictate to the All-wise—to teach the Omniscient, and instruct the Eternal. Strange that there should be men so vile as to use the penknife of Jehoiakim, to cut passages of the Word, because they are unpalatable. Oh ye who dislike certain portions of the Holy Writ, rest assured that your taste is corrupt, and that God will not stay for your little opinion. Your dislike is the very reason why God wrote it, because you ought not to be suited ; you have no right to be pleased. God wrote what you do not like ; He wrote the truth. Oh! let us bend in reverence before it, for God inspired it. It is pure truth. Here from this fountain gushes *aqua viva*—"the water of life," without a single particle of earth, here from this sun there cometh forth rays of radiance, without the mixture of darkness. Blessed Bible ; thou art all truth.

Yet once more, before we leave this point, let us stop and consider *the merciful nature of God*, in having written us a Bible at all. Ah! He might have left us without it, to grope our dark way, as blind men seek the wall ; He might have suffered us to wander on with the star of reason as our only guide. I recollect a story of Mr. Hume, who so constantly affirmed that the light of reason is abundantly sufficient. Being at a good minister's house one evening, he had been discussing the question, and declaring his firm belief in the sufficiency of the light of nature. On leaving, the minister offered to hold him a candle, to light him down the steps. He said, "No, the light of nature would be enough ; the moon would do." It so happened that the moon was covered with a cloud, and he fell down the steps. "Ah," said the minister, "you had better have had a little light from above after all, Mr. Hume." So, supposing the light of nature to be sufficient, we had better have a little light from above too, and then we shall be sure to be right. Better have two lights than only one. The light of creation is a bright light. God may be seen in the stars ; His name is written in gilt letters on the brow of night ; you may discover His glory in the ocean waves, yea, in the trees of the field ; but it is better to read it in two books than in one. You will find it here more clearly revealed, for He has written this book Himself, and He has given you the key to understand it, if you have the Holy Spirit. Ah, beloved, let us thank

God for this Bible ; let us love it ; let us count it more precious than much fine gold.

But let me say one thing before I pass on to the second point. If this be the Word of God, what will become of some of you who have not read it for the last month ? "Month, sir ! I have not read it for this year." Ay, there are some of you who have not read it at all. Most people treat the Bible very politely. They have a small pocket volume, neatly bound ; they put a white pocket handkerchief around it, and carry it to their places of worship ; when they get home, they lay it up in a drawer till next Sunday morning ; then it comes out again for a little bit of a treat and goes to chapel ; that is all the poor Bible gets in the way of an airing. That is your style of entertaining this heavenly messenger. There is dust enough on some of your Bibles to write "damnation" with your fingers. There are some of you who have not turned over your Bibles for a long, long, long while, and what think you ? I tell you blunt words, but true words. What will God say at last ? When you shall come before Him, He shall say, "Did you read My Bible ?" "*No.*" "I wrote you a letter of mercy ; did you read it ?" "*No.*" "Rebel ! I have sent thee a letter inviting thee to Me : didst thou ever read it ?" "*Lord, I never broke the seal ; I kept it shut up.*" "Wretch !" says God, "then thou deservest hell, if I sent thee a loving epistle and thou wouldst not even break the seal : what shall I do unto thee ?" Oh ! let it not be so with you. Be Bible readers ; be Bible searchers.

II. Our second point is, THE SUBJECTS ON WHICH THE BIBLE TREATS. The words of the text are these : "I have written to him the great things of My law." The Bible treats of great things, and of great things only. There is nothing in this Bible which is unimportant. Every verse in it has a solemn meaning, and if we have not found it out yet, we hope yet to do it. You have seen mummies wrapped round and round with folds of linen. Well, God's Bible is like that ; it is a vast roll of white linen, woven in the loom of truth ; so you will have to continue unwinding it, roll after roll, before you get the real meaning of it from the very depth ; and when you have found, as you think, a part of the meaning, you will still need to keep on unwinding, unwinding, and all eternity you will be unwinding the words of this wondrous volume. Yet there is nothing in the Bible but great things. Let me divide, so as to be more brief. First all things in this Bible are great ; but secondly, some things are the greatest of all.

All things in the Bible are great. Some people think it does not matter what doctrines you believe ; that it is immaterial what church you attend ; that all denominations are alike. Well, I dislike Mrs. Bigotry above almost all people in the world, and I never give her any compliment or praise : but there is another woman I hate equally as much, and that is Mrs. Latitudinarianism, a well-known character, who has made the discovery that all of us are alike. Now, I believe that a man may be saved in any church. Some have been saved in the church of Rome—a few blessed men, whose names I could mention here. I know, blessed be God, that multitudes are saved in the church of England ; she has a host of pious, praying men in her midst. I think that all sections of Protestant Christians have a remnant according to the election of grace, and they had need to have, some of them, a little salt, for otherwise they would go to

corruption. But when I say that, do you imagine that I think them all on a level? Are they all alike truthful? One sect says infant baptism is right, another says it is wrong, yet you say they are both right. I cannot see that. One teaches [we are saved by free grace; another says that we are not, but are saved by free will; and yet you believe they are both right. I do not understand that. One says that God loves His people, and never leaves off loving them; another says that He did not love His people before they loved Him: that He often loves them, and then ceases to love them and turns them away. They may be both right in the main; but can they be both right when one says "Yes," and the other says "No." I must have a pair of spectacles to enable me to look backwards and forwards at the same time, before I can see that. It cannot be, sirs, that they are both right. But some say they differ upon non-essentials. This text says, "I have written to him the *great* things of My law." There is nothing in God's Bible which is not great. Did ever any of you sit down to see which was the purest religion? "Oh," say you, "we never took the trouble. We went just where our father and mother went." Ah! that is a profound reason indeed. You went where your father and mother did. I thought you were sensible people; I didn't think you went where other people pulled you, but went of your own selves. I love my parents above all that breathe, and the very thought that they believed a thing to be true, helps me to think it is correct; but I have not followed them; I belong to a different denomination, and I thank God I do. I can receive them as Christian brethren and sisters; but I never thought that because they happened to be one thing I was to be the same. No such thing. God gave me brains and I will use them; and if you have any intellect, use it too. Never say it doesn't matter. It does matter. Whatever God has put here is of eminent importance: He would not have written a thing that was indifferent. Whatever is here is of some value; therefore, search all questions, try all by the Word of God. I am not afraid to have what I preach tried by this book. Only give me a fair field and no favour, and this book; if I say anything contrary to it, I will withdraw it the next Sabbath-day. By this I stand, by this I fall. Search and see; but don't say, "It does not matter." If God says a thing, it must always be of importance.

But while all things in God's Word are important, *all are not equally important*. There are certain fundamental and vital truths which must be believed, or otherwise no man would be saved. If you want to know what you must believe if ye would be saved, you will find the great things of God's law between these two covers; they are all contained here. As a sort of digest or summary of the great things of the law, I remember an old friend of mine once saying, "Ah you preach the three R's, and God will always bless you." I said, "What are the three R's?" And he answered, "Ruin, redemption, and regeneration." They contain the sum and substance of divinity. R for ruin. We were all ruined in the fall; we were all lost when Adam sinned, and we are all ruined by our own transgressions; we are all ruined by our own evil hearts, and our own wicked wills; and we shall be ruined unless grace saves us. Then there is a second R for redemption. We are ransomed by the blood of Christ, a lamb without blemish and without spot; we are rescued by His power; are ransomed by His merits; we are redeemed by His strength. Then

there is R for regeneration. If we would be pardoned, we must also be regenerated; for no man can partake of redemption unless he is regenerate. Let him be as good as he pleases; let him serve God, as he imagines, as much as he likes; unless he is regenerate, and has a new heart, a new birth, he will still be in the first R, that is ruin. These things contain an epitome of the gospel. I believe there is a better epitome in the five points of Calvinism:—Election according to the foreknowledge of God; the natural depravity and sinfulness of man; particular redemption by the blood of Christ; effectual calling by the power of the Spirit; and ultimate perseverance by the efforts of God's might. I think all those need to be believed, in order to salvation; but I should not like to write a creed like the Athanasian, beginning with "Whosoever shall be saved, before all things it is necessary that he should hold the Catholic faith, which faith is this,"—when I got so far, I should stop, because I should not know what to write. I hold the Catholic faith of the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. It is not for me to draw up creeds; but I ask you to search the Scriptures, for this is the word of life.

God says, "I have written to him the great things of My law." Do you doubt their greatness? Do ye think they are not worth your attention? Reflect a moment, man. Where art thou standing now?

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
 An inch of time, a moment's space,
 May lodge me in yon heavenly place,
 Or shut me up in hell."

I recollect standing on a sea-shore once, upon a narrow neck of land, thoughtless that the tide might come up. The tide kept continually washing up on either side, and wrapped in thoughts I still stood there, until at last there was the greatest difficulty in getting on shore; the waves had washed between me and the shore. You and I stand each day on a narrow neck, and there is one wave coming up there; see, how near it is to your foot; and lo, another follows at every tick of the clock: "our hearts, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the tomb." We are always tending downwards to the grave each moment that we live. *This Book* tells me that if I am converted, when I die there is a heaven of joy and love to receive me; it tells me that angels' pinions shall be stretched, and I, borne by strong cherubic wings, shall out-soar the lightning, and mount beyond the stars, up to the throne of God, to dwell for ever.

"Far from a world of grief and sin
 With God eternally shut in."

Oh! it makes the hot tear start from my eye, it makes my heart too big for this my body, and my brain whirls at the thought of

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me."

Oh! thou sweet scene beyond the clouds; sweet fields arrayed in living green, and rivers of delight. Are not these great things? But then, poor unregenerate soul, the Bible says, if thou art lost, thou art lost for ever; it tells thee, that if thou diest without Christ, without God, there is no hope for

thee, that there is a place without a gleam of hope, where thou shalt read in burning letters, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not;" it tells you that ye shall be driven from His presence with a "depart ye cursed." Are not these great things? Yes, sirs, as heaven is desirable, as hell is terrible, as time is short, as eternity is infinite, as the soul is precious, as pain is to be shunned, as heaven is to be sought, as God is eternal, and as His words are sure, these are great things, things ye ought to listen to.

III. Our last point is THE TREATMENT WHICH THE POOR BIBLE RECEIVES IN THIS WORLD. It is accounted a strange thing. What does that mean—the Bible accounted a strange thing? In the first place, it means that it is very strange to some people, because *they never read it*. I remember reading, on one occasion, the sacred story of David and Goliath, and there was a person present, positively grown up to years of maturity, who said to me, "Dear me! what an interesting story; what book is that in?" And I recollect a person once coming to me in private; I spoke to her about her soul, she told me how deeply she felt, how she had a desire to serve God, but she found another law in her members. I turned to a passage in Romans, and read to her, "The good that I would I do not; and the evil which I would not that I do!" She said, "Is that in the Bible? I did not know it." I did not blame her because she had no interest in the Bible till then; but I did wonder that there could be found persons who knew nothing about such a passage. Ah! you know more about your ledgers than your Bible; you know more about your day-books than what God has written. Many of you will read a novel from beginning to end, and what have you got? A mouthful of froth when you have done. But you cannot read the Bible; that solid, lasting, substantial, and satisfying food goes uneaten, locked up in the cupboard of neglect; while anything that man writes, a catch of the day, is greedily devoured. "I have written unto him the great things of My law, *but they were counted as a strange thing.*" Ye have never read it. I bring the broad charge against you. Perhaps ye say, I ought not to charge you with any such thing. I always think it better to have a worse opinion of you than too good an one. I charge you with this: you do not read your Bibles. Some of you never have read it through. I know I speak what your heart must say is honest truth. You are not Bible readers. You say you have the Bible in your houses: do I think you are such heathens as not to have a Bible? But when did you read it last? How do you know that your spectacles, which you have lost, have not been there for the last three years? Many people have not turned over its pages for a long time, and God might say unto them, "I have written unto you the great things of My law, but they have been accounted unto you a strange thing."

Others there be who read the Bible, but when they read it, *they say it is so horribly dry*. That young man over there says it is a "bore;" that is the word he uses. He says, "My mother said to me, when you go up to town, read a chapter every day. Well, I thought I would please her, and I said I would. I am sure I wish I had not. I did not read a chapter yesterday or the day before. We were so busy. I could not help it." You do not love the Bible, do you? "No, there is nothing in it which is interesting." Ah! I thought so. But a little while ago I could not see anything in it. Do you know why? Blind men cannot see, can they? But when the Spirit touches the scales of the eyes they fall off, and when

He puts eye-salve on, then the Bible becomes precious. I remember a minister who went to see an old lady, and he thought he would give her some precious promises out of the word of God. Turning to one, he saw written in the margin, "P," and he asked, "What does this mean?" "That means precious, sir." Further down he saw "T. and P.," and he asked what the letters meant. "That," she said, "means tried and proved, for I have tried and proved it." If you have tried God's word and proved it; if it is precious to your souls, then you are Christians; but those persons who despise the Bible, have "neither part nor lot in the matter." If it is dry to you, you will be dry at last in hell. If you do not esteem it as better than your necessary food, there is no hope for you, for you lack the greatest evidence of your Christianity.

Alas! alas! the worst case is to come. *There are some people who hate the Bible*, as well as despise it. Is there such an one stepped in here? Some of you said, "Let us go and hear what the preacher has to say to us." This is what he hath to say to you: "Behold ye despisers, and wonder and perish." This is what he hath to say to you: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all that forget God," And this, again he has to say to you: "Behold there shall come in the last days, mockers like yourselves, walking after your own lusts." But more: he tells you to-night that if you are saved, you must find salvation here. Therefore, despise not the Bible, but search it, read it, and come unto it. Rest thee well assured, O scorner, that thy laughs cannot alter truth, thy jests cannot avert thine inevitable doom. Though in thy hardihood thou shouldst make a league with death, and sign a covenant with hell—yet swift justice shall o'ertake thee, and strong vengeance strike thee low. In vain dost thou jeer and mock, for eternal verities are mightier than thy sophistries; nor can thy smart sayings alter the divine truth of a single word of this volume of Revelation. Oh! why dost thou quarrel with thy best friend, and ill-treat thy only refuge? There yet remains hope even for the scorner. Hope in a Saviour's veins. Hope in the Father's mercy. Hope in the Holy Spirit's omnipotent agency.

I have done when I have said one word. My friend, the philosopher, says it may be very well for me to urge people to read the Bible; but he thinks there are a great many sciences far more interesting and useful than theology. *Extremely obliged to you for your opinion, sir.* What science do you mean? The science of dissecting beetles, and arranging butterflies? "No," you say, "certainly not." The science, then, of arranging stones, and telling us of the strata of the earth? "No, not exactly that." Which science then? "Oh, all sciences," say you, "are better than the science of the Bible." Ah! sir, that is your opinion; and it is because you are far from God, that you say so. But the science of Jesus Christ is the most excellent of sciences. Let no one turn away from the Bible, because it is not a book of learning and wisdom. It is. Would ye know astronomy? It is here: it tells you of the Sun of Righteousness and the Star of Bethlehem. Would you know botany? It is here: it tells you of the plant of renown—the Lily of the valley and the Rose of Sharon. Would you know geology and mineralogy? You shall learn it here: for you may read of the Rock of Ages, and the White Stone with a name graven thereon, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it. Would ye study history? Here is the most ancient of all the records of the history of the

human race. Whate'er your science is, come and bend o'er this book ; your science is here. Come and drink out of this fair fount of knowledge and wisdom, and ye shall find yourselves made wise unto salvation. Wise and foolish, babes and men, grey-headed sires, youths and maidens,—I speak to you, I plead with you, I beg of you respect your Bibles and search them out, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of Christ.

I have done. Let us go home and practise what we have heard. I have heard of a woman, who, when she was asked what she remembered of the minister's sermon, said, "I don't recollect anything of it. It was about short weights and bad measures, and I didn't recollect anything but to go home and burn the bushel." So if you will remember to go home and burn the bushel, if you will recollect to go home and read your Bibles, I shall have said enough. And may God, in His infinite mercy, when you read your Bibles, pour into your soul the illuminating rays of the Sun of Righteousness, by the agency of the ever-adorable Spirit ; then you will read to your profit and to your soul's salvation.

We may say of THE BIBLE :—

"God's cabinet of revealed counsel 'tis!
Where weal and woe, are ordered so
That every man may know which shall be his ;
Unless his own mistake, false application make.

"It is the index to eternity.
He cannot miss of endless bliss,
That takes this chart to steer by,
No can he be mistook, that speaketh by this book.

"It is the book of God. What if I should
Say, God of books, let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother, till he find such another."

SIN RENOUNCED.—Keep far from danger. A gentleman advertised for a coachman. The first who applied was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a road when a sloping bank presented danger. He replied, "To an inch." He was informed that it was unlikely that he would suit. The second who applied, answered the same question by saying that "he could drive to within half an inch," and often had done it. He received the same dismissal. A third came, whose answer to the question was, "I do not know, sir, having never tried, for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and I have my reward in my safety, and that of my employers." This reply gave entire satisfaction.—*Illustrations of Truth.*

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DESIGN ARGUMENT.

"OUR subject is, as you are aware, young men,"—said Mr. Rock, when he class next met,—"the origin of life. We have already considered that important question in two aspects. In the first place, we have found that, according to the acknowledgment of scientific teachers, no experiments that have been made have ever brought life out of dead or inert matter. In the second place, we have also had excellent proof given us by the same scientific authority, that there was a period when the present world was without life, and that, therefore, no power existed *in it* equivalent to its production. A dead or inert world could no more evolve, produce, or create life than a dead or inert atom. These two facts established, we have now to advance to a third, and, as I take it, final stage to complete our present study. What has physiology to say about the matter? Will that interesting branch of science give us further light? Professor Hitchcock tells us it does. But in what respect? In this respect. It teaches us that where there is design there must of necessity have been a designer. Now I take that to be a patent fact. Does a fly show evidences of design? then I argue that the fly has been designed. Does an elephant show evidences of design? then I argue that the elephant has been designed. Does man show evidences of design? then I also argue that man has been designed. I do not care whether you take the small animalculæ, visible to the human eye through a microscope only; or

man, the noblest of all God's created works on earth: I give it as my *opinion*, and even affirm it to be a *fact*, that neither could have been created or made without the direct intervention of an almighty, all-wise, infinite Creator."

"Will you, Mr. Rock, please define what you mean by *design*?"

"When I speak of design, I refer to that which has been sketched out, contrived, or put together for a certain purpose. Thus I see in the fly proofs of marvellous contrivance. I see in the elephant parts put together for a certain purpose. And when we come to man himself, in my opinion we see in him as a whole, and in all parts of his marvellous frame, so many proofs of design, that my wonder is that any rational being should for a moment doubt it."

"If that be so, Mr. Rock, have you any objection to us considering the question of design so far as it relates to man alone?"

"None at all, Mr. Clarke; I rather think that it will facilitate our inquiry."

"Then what marks of design do you find in man?"

"Am I to ask you questions on this point, my young friends, or are you to ask me?"

"Well, sir, you ask us plenty; suppose we turn the tables on you to-day and question you?"

"I have no objection, young men; go on."

"Suppose, sir, you were dealing with an atheist, who disputed your position, how would you deal with him?"

"I would take him on his own grounds."

"In what way, sir?"

"In this way. Let us imagine a case. Suppose, then, that I am walking across part of a desert, and I see a solitary house. An atheistic friend is with me, and I ask him to look at it. He does so, and then I make the remark, 'I suppose you are not aware that that house had no builder, that it came there of itself, or through natural laws, or somehow or other; and that it has stood there no one knows how long!' What would he reply? Don't you think he would imagine that either I had suddenly lost my reason, or was making fun of him? Naturally enough he would ask me if I thought he was going to believe such stuff as that. 'A house without a builder!' he would say—'a house that simply came through natural laws! You must be joking, my friend, surely you must! But, if you are not, please give me your reasons for entertaining such an outrageous opinion.' Then I give my reasons. 'Well, I say, 'in the first place, you *never saw* the builder, if indeed there was one.' He replies that that is no reason at all; millions of houses have been built without him knowing the builders, yet it would be an absurdity for him to say that on that account they never had any builders. Next I affirm that some parts of the house are *dilapidated* and ready to tumble down; on that account the house could have had no builder! 'Pooh!' he says, 'do you think that a house must last for ever, in order to prove that it had a builder? Don't you see the house was good enough when it was originally erected, and sound too; but that surrounding circumstances and age have made a few of its timbers give way and left a hole or two in the roof?' I affirm once more that for all that he *cannot prove* that the house had a builder. 'Can't I,' he replies; 'come here.

'See the marks of design in it. Here is a door to go in at. Here are windows to admit the light. There is a kitchen at the back. Here is a pair of stairs to lead to the bed-rooms. Here is a fire-grate, and a chimney to allow the smoke to pass into the air. Here are cupboards and shelves for the retention of dishes and food. There is a copper for boiling water. And there is a roof over all to keep out wind and rain and cover all in snugly. Tell me I cannot prove that this house had a builder, when in it I perceive all these marks of design for the production of certain ends! Why, I must be a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum to deny it!'

Now, my young friends, you know very well that that would be the argument of an atheist in relation to a house; and yet, strange to say, though the human body may be likened to a house ten thousand times more wonderfully contrived than the most splendid palace ever erected by human hands, still the atheist, to get rid of the idea of a Creator, will advance theories which, when applied to other subjects, he would scout as absolutely ridiculous, and totally unworthy of being propounded by any mortal man."

"But now let me apply this argument. Look at me. You see in me marks of design. I am a man. I differ from other creatures, inasmuch as I have the form and spirit of a man. Then see how I am *constructed*. My head is on my neck. My neck is placed between my shoulders. My arms are suspended from my shoulders. Beneath is the trunk of my body. Attached to the trunk are legs and feet. Thus my head, the seat of mind, like a king at the head of his subjects, governs the rest of the members of the body. My hands can toil for the necessities of the body; and my

legs can carry the body whither the mind wills. Now, are not all these certain marks of design? Are they not means adapted for certain good and useful ends? But this is only the threshold of the argument. We see marvellous marks of design in the *face*. The eyes are just where they should be; so is the nose; so is the mouth; so is the chin. Who would like an alteration in their position? I do not want to make you laugh by imagining any of these features transferred to other quarters, thus making the face a monstrosity. Yet if there was no preconceived design, if *chance* alone governed the formation, I cannot for a moment see why the eyes should not have come out below the nose, and the chin have been above both! Well, I see you laugh at that; but answer the argument if you can. Then we see marvellous marks of design in the formation of the hand, the eye, the ear, and, in fact, in every human organ. On this one might dwell, but time will not at present allow it. But as some of you, I know, are studying physiology, we may take a few anatomical illustrations, which will serve, as the Psalmist says, to show how 'fearfully and wonderfully we are made.' To start with, how many *bones* are there in the human body?"

"There are supposed, sir, to be not fewer than two hundred and forty-five."

"Take that, then, as an approximate number. Now, all these bones are of various shapes and sizes, and to all of them there are what are called ligaments, or hinges. Can you tell me their use?"

"Are they not to bind and fasten the bones together, and prevent them from being displaced by any violent motion?"

"Yes; that is their design. But

this is not all. That these ligaments may work smoothly into one another, the joints are separated by cartilages, or gristles, and these, too, are provided with a gland for the secretion of oil, or mucus, which is constantly exuding or dropping into the joints, which prevents friction, just as you see the oil dropped from the little box on the railway wheel. Now, how wonderful is all this! Hear what Doctor Paley says about it. He says: 'In considering the joints there is nothing, perhaps, which ought to move our *gratitude* more than the reflection how well they wear. A limb shall swing upon its hinge, or play in its socket many hundred times in an hour, for sixty years together, without diminution of agility, which is a long time for anything to last, so much worked as the joints are. "Now, young men, do you not see in our bone formation the skill of an infinite Creator?"

"But now look at the *muscles*. Can any of you tell me how many muscles there are in the human frame?"

"It is reckoned that there are about four hundred and forty-six of them."

"You are right. Now, all these muscles are necessary for some motion or other, and to contribute to our ease and comfort. But mark, they do not all work separately. Suppose they had been made to work *one at a time*; what would have been the result? Why, we could not have moved. It is calculated that about one hundred muscles are employed every time we breathe! Think of that. How easy it is to breathe; and yet to enable us to breathe thus one hundred muscles must be set in motion! Is there not infinite skill there?"

"Just one more anatomical illus-

tration, and I will have done. Look at that marvellous structure the human heart. The heart, as some of you are aware, is wonderfully protected, and made to contract. Can you tell me how often it contracts?"

"Is it not calculated to contract, sir, four thousand times every hour?"

"Yes, that is the calculation; and therefore during that period the whole of the blood in our bodies passes through the heart ten times. Now, just think of that. In twenty-four hours the heart beats, when passing blood through the veins and arteries, and encountering great resistance, about one hundred thousand times, and thus continues to beat, in many instances, for eighty or a hundred years. Can you tell me of another machine so complicated and delicate that will last like this? Yet it is composed of nothing but flesh, and other substances of a most flabby texture! Now, the beating of the heart is life, its cessation is death. Let it stop for five seconds, and its owner is a dead man. *Who first set that heart in motion?* Can the atheist answer that question? Then by what power is it kept beating, beating, year after year, every stroke of which is life? Ah! young men, there must be a Creator and Preserver, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being,' to do all this. Why, if we could but see our delicate organization working within, we should be afraid to move, walk, or even speak, lest we should break a muscle, or bone, or blood-vessel. But all act harmoniously and independently, and so we live on. I do not, therefore, wonder at Galan. He was a celebrated physi-

cian, and in his youth a sceptic. He set himself down to inspect the human body. He considered it in its various relations. He noted the fitness and usefulness of every little vein, bone, and muscle. The more he studied the human frame the greater was his admiration. And what was the result? The end of his study was that his atheistical notions vanished like the shades of night before the rising Sun; and he sat down, and wrote a hymn of praise to his great Creator."

After several interesting questions relating to physiology had been asked and answered, Mr. Rock thus summed up the argument:—

"We now get, my young friends, at the origin of life. Looking at the question from a scientific aspect only we find that geology teaches us that man is not eternal, that he must have had a beginning. He could not have made himself, for that involves the absurdity of supposing that he existed before he did exist. Then physiology proves that man carries in his body tens of thousands of marks of design. He could not have designed himself, for that involves the absurdity also of supposing that, before he existed, he turned designer, and began with making the experiment on himself. He must, therefore, have had a designer. Then when I look at his wondrous frame and reflect on the fact that no anatomist, were he to study for a hundred years, can point to an anatomical defect in his structure, my *common sense* tells me that to produce mankind, *male and female*, there is, there must be, a personal intelligent, infinitely wise, and Almighty God."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

HAVING TO DO WITH GOD.

By REV. J. DODWELL.

“Him with whom we have to do.”
—Hebrews iv. 13.

THE word “Him” in this place doubtless refers to the Almighty God, and the writer of this Epistle is exhorting to steadfastness in religious duties, because all things are “naked and opened” to His eyes.

Now this expression is adapted to open up a very solemn train of thought in our minds. We have, every one of us, to do with the great and Almighty God. There are some who say unto God, “Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways ;” but they cannot hereby alter the facts that His eye is upon all their ways, and that they have to do with Him in every one of them. The saint has to do with God, and so has the sinner. We have had to do with Him from the beginning of our existence, we have to do with Him at the present time, and we shall have to do with Him for evermore. Try to do away with the thought of it as men may, and as men do, the fact remains that, though God is not in all our thoughts, we have incessantly to do with Him.

This ought to be a most influential fact, and manifestly to have considerable weight with us. Taken in connection with what we know of His nature and character, it is a very serious, and one might almost say dreadful, consideration that we have to do with God. He has irresistible power, so that there can be nothing less than overwhelming

destruction for those who finally incur His anger ; and, being a God of infinite holiness, He is continually angry with sin. How carefully, therefore, should we watch against even the most distant approaches to that which is evil ; and how ought we to be restrained in deed, and word, and thought by the remembrance that we have to do with the eternal God, and the case cannot possibly be otherwise with us !

Having thus glanced at the certainty and importance of this truth, let us briefly notice some of the ways in which we have, or may have, to do with God.

WE HAVE TO DO WITH GOD AS A CREATOR.

The record of inspiration upon this subject is, “So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him : male and female created He them.” It cannot be disputed, then, that God is the Author and first cause of our being ; and indeed the Creator of man, as of all creatures beside.

It follows from this that we are absolutely in God’s hands, and subject to His control. It cannot be supposed that He has created a being greater than Himself, or even equal to Himself, so as to be able to resist Him in any way ; but reason teaches us, as it did Nebuchadnezzar, to acknowledge that “He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth ; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou ?” To frustrate His will is impossible ; to oppose it

is both foolish and wicked, and, if persisted in, can result in nothing but our destruction. And if any find fault with this, the answer is ready, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that hath formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

We should, then, acknowledge God's hand in the appointment of our condition, and the arrangement of our circumstances; and instead of murmuring at His disposal of us, humbly confess that He has a perfect right to do with us as may seem good in His sight. It is not easy to maintain absolute submission to the will of God, but we should no doubt strive to do so. Nor is it easy, if we are favoured above others, to remember that we deserve no more than they, so as to walk kindly towards them as our fellow-creatures and humbly before God as our Creator; and yet this also is unquestionably our duty. If you are in circumstances of temporal prosperity, say not, "The power of my hand hath gotten me this, but, "God, my Creator, has mercifully placed me in this position;" and it will keep you from being intoxicated by prosperity, and rushing on to ruin by its help. And if you are in circumstances of adversity still say unto God, "My times are in Thy hands," and it will keep you from murmuring on account thereof. Agur's was doubtless a very wise prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me;" but if we always remember that God is our Creator, and therefore we are where He has thought well to place us, and our circumstances such as He has ap-

pointed, we may be full and yet not deny the Divine being, or we may be poor, and yet not steal, or take the Creator's name in vain. So if we are in a position of authority over some of our fellow-creatures, or if we must be in subjection to those who are higher than we—if our mental abilities are evidently superior to theirs, or theirs as evidently superior to ours—be it ours humbly to remember that in all we have to do with God, and in either case to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

WE HAVE TO DO WITH GOD AS A PRESERVER.

We are informed in Scripture that God will not forsake the work of His own hands, and we adhere to this infallible declaration, notwithstanding that some are willing to believe that He has practically done so by retiring within Himself in the heavenly world, and leaving all things pertaining to this earth to the operations of the laws of nature. We do not desire to quarrel about words; but we are certain that, in whatever form it be expressed, we have in this respect constantly to do with God. The same hand which brought us into being at first must always preserve us in life, so that we not only had to do with God in the creation of man, or even in the original appointment of our own individual conditions, but He is continually at our right hand preserving us from the various evils to which we are exposed.

Does not this strengthen the argument for His control over us and, if extension be needed, extend it along the whole course of our lives? It behoves us to be very careful how we quarrel with the dispensations of God's providence concerning us, because it is by that same providence that we are held

in life continually, and He who holds our souls in life has surely a right to do with us, and all belonging to us, according to His will. And it is in vain for our pride to prompt the refusal either to be beholden to Him for so much, or to submit to His pleasure, for we are compelled, by a necessity of our being, both to partake of His goodness, and to submit to His disposal.

Be it ours, then, from this view of the case, to adopt the only wise course and to persevere therein. Let us thankfully acknowledge His goodness to us in the past, and, resigning ourselves willingly into His hands, trust Him still to preserve us, in our goings out and our comings in, from this time forth and for ever more; for, whether we choose or not, we must have to do with God as the "Preserver of men."

WE HAVE TO DO WITH GOD AS A GIVER.

This is, in one sense, contained in the former statement; for, if God be our Preserver, He must, necessarily, be the Supplier of our necessities. We have spoken, however, of the negative part of God's care over us, and have now to speak of what may be more strictly called the positive part thereof.

How numerous are the mercies we receive from God's beneficent hand! Innumerable, almost, are the necessities of our being; and yet all these has He supplied to this moment, and is still supplying. We have sometimes acted as though our industry and skill had provided us these things, but they have none the less come from God. It is He who giveth power to get wealth; and it is He who gives to us those necessities of life which, otherwise, wealth could not buy. Every ray of light that visits us, and every drop of moisture that descends upon

the earth, is His gift. He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." We are indebted to Him for every grain of corn, and every blade of grass that grows upon the earth. He giveth us "rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." And if "bread corn is bruised," and prepared to be eaten by man, God has given the skill for its preparation, and so "this also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

But this has relation to only one of God's gifts to us—the food we eat; and quite as much might be said concerning the raiment we wear, the houses we inhabit, and all the other comforts we enjoy. Every temporal and spiritual blessing we receive comes from God; so that as often, or rather, as continually, as we partake of these things we have to do with God as a Giver. "Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

And what returns of praise should we make to God for His goodness? He maketh the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice with His mercy, and we should do our part towards making them rejoice with His praise. His mercies to us are continual; hence the language of our souls should be, "I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

WE HAVE TO DO WITH GOD AS A RULER.

The God of whom we speak is the sovereign Lord of all, the supreme Governor of the universe.

The holy angels are willingly subject to Him, and the evil angels are forced to be so, and neither can dispute the fact that He is their Ruler. But vain man would sometimes shake off the Divine authority, and do altogether after his own heart; and therefore it is very desirable that he should be informed that, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, God does exercise authority over him.

It may be that some who read this have been living in partial forgetfulness of this fact; and, if so, I would earnestly recall it to your remembrance. You are seeking your own pleasure, without respect to His authority, but be assured that He reigns over you, and will one day make it manifest that He does so. It is altogether vain for any to try to flee from His dominions, for He reigns over all creation; and it is equally useless for any to endeavour to overcome His rule, for in spite of all opposition He does according to His pleasure. The kings of the earth have set themselves, and the rulers have taken counsel together, many a time, against the Lord, and His anointed, saying, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us;" but the Lord sits unmoved upon the throne of the universe, and, laughing at them, has them in derision; and the people always imagine a vain thing when they think of shaking off His control.

We cannot, then, escape having to do with God as a ruler. He has made known His will concerning us, and given to men His commands. In this respect He has taken to Himself His great power, and we plainly come within the reach of it. He has spoken as one having authority, and we are called upon to yield subjection thereto. And as God has given us a law, we are respon-

sible for the treatment we accord to that law. It must not be supposed that God takes so little interest in the affairs of this earth that it is all one whether His commands be obeyed or not. Nay, but having given the command He carefully observes whether we render obedience; and, if so, what kind of obedience it is and in what spirit it is given. He has always found means to uphold His authority, and He always will do so. Pharaoh emboldened himself to say, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" but the Lord got Himself honour upon Pharaoh and all his hosts, and they did but harden themselves against Him to their own ruin. And not one of the sons of men will ever harden himself against the Lord and prosper. Men may refuse to honour Him by a ready compliance with His will; but such will be compelled to honour Him by showing the greatness of His power: for it is written, and the word must be fulfilled, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." We have to do with the Almighty as a ruler, and nothing but destruction can await us if we will not submit to Him in this aspect.

WE SHALL HAVE TO DO WITH
GOD AS A JUDGE.

The testimony of Scripture, the only satisfactory authority we have upon such matters, is clear and conclusive on this point. See Eccl. xii. 14; Acts xvii. 31; 2 Cor. v. 10; Rom. xiv. 12; Rev. xx. 11-13; etc. Oh! how tremendous the thought that we shall have, every one of us, to take part in that great gathering! It is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that those who will not submit to God should endeavour to put the thought of it away from them, for it is so solemnly awful that

the mind is hardly able to bear it. But yet, seeing it will be a reality in our experience, it would be far wiser to familiarize our minds with the idea, and labour to act accordingly. For how terrible will be the condition of those upon whom this event comes unawares! Oh, let us take heed that we are not among the number of such. We shall certainly have to do with God as a Judge; let us seek to be prepared thus to stand before Him.

And we know not how soon the trumpet may summon the inhabitants of the earth to judgment; or, if this be delayed, how soon death may put an end to our opportunities of preparing for it; and, therefore, it is highly desirable that we should give heed to this matter at once. Time is fast speeding away, and know not how soon it may be declared to be no longer: but we do know that before long we shall be called away from the earth; and, being numbered with the dead, our opportunities of preparing for judgment will be at an end.

And, having to do with the Divine Being at the judgment, we shall have to do with Him ever afterwards; for He will execute the sentence He pronounces, whether it be in reward or in punishment. Very deserving of serious consideration is the fact that we shall have to do with God as a Judge.

WE MAY HAVE TO DO WITH GOD AS A PERSONAL FRIEND.

We might expect that He would carry Himself so much above us as certainly to have nothing to do with us in this way; but the fact is altogether opposite to this. He represents Himself as earnestly desiring our friendship; and, seeing we had by transgression risen up in rebellion against Him, He has made many overtures towards reconciliation,

and indeed (we say it reverently) done all He could towards repairing the breach made by our sin.

He gave His own Son to die, that a way might be provided whereby He could honourably receive us into His favour. Being a God of infinite holiness, He could not, to put it into our method of expression, receive us into His favour by a mere act of the will; or, to speak more correctly, it was not possible for Him to will to receive us into His favour until a suitable atonement had been made for our sins. But, although His holiness demanded an atonement for sins, He showed His love to men who had sinned by providing the only atonement that could be accepted, and providing it even in the death of His Son. What a proof is this of His desire for a friendship, so advantageous to us rather than to Himself! Moreover, He has sent His Spirit into the world to take of the things of Christ, and apply them to the hearts of those amongst men who are willing to receive them. So that, wherever there is in any one a real desire to be in friendship with God, we may be sure that nothing will be lacking on His part to the fulfilment of that desire. Upon our own heads must be the consequences if we perish in our sins; for, on behalf of all who desire an interest in His work, Christ has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And the Almighty has also favoured us with clear directions how we may secure His friendship, and pressing invitations to do so. What more could He have done in this matter than He has done?

What, then, shall we say to all this? or, rather, how shall we act in view of it? It is a very solemn fact that we must have to do with the Almighty God; but it is a very

consoling fact that we may have to do with Him as a personal Friend. "God is in this place"—to some, how awful the thought! "God is my Friend"—how comforting the words to all who can truthfully adopt them! And why, dear reader, may not you be able to utter these words for yourself? God is willing to become your friend. Many of the children of men have taken into His friendship in such a way that we can look up to Him with confidence, and believe that, because He can do all things, all will be well with them; and if you are not thus in friendship with Him, it must be because you have despised His favour, and carelessly put it from you. Oh! do not continue such folly; but, as He still knocks at the door of your heart, admit Him, and rejoice in His love: so, in life, at death, and through eternity, you will have an ever-present Friend in the God "with whom we have to do."

Middleton Cheney, Banbury.

THE LORD'S TABLE.

"Do this in remembrance of Me."

A Remonstrance.

WHY turn ye from the table of the Lord? The command of Jesus to His disciples, "This do ye, in remembrance of Me," appeals with infinite tenderness to every believer. It was given the same night in which He was betrayed. The very night of His betrayal, in the presence of the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane—the shame and suffering of His crucifixion—the awful solitude of the cross—the being made a curse, when as the sin-bearer He would endure the punishment—the anguish which evoked the cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"—yes, on the eve of all this sorrow, He instituted this supper to be a memorial of His

broken body and of His shed blood. Then it was He gave this gracious, tender, and loving command. You believe in the remission of sins through His blood; you ought, therefore, to show both your faith in Him and your allegiance to Him by observing this command to eat and to drink in remembrance of His body broken for you and His blood shed for you.

You attend upon Him in worship—you listen to His gospel; thus in some measure showing that you acknowledge His claims upon you. How is it, then, you turn your back upon His loving command? His word should have weight with you, He is your Lord, and you should obey Him.

Are you waiting a more convenient season? Is it from moral cowardice—a false shame of being known as His disciple? Is it some difficulty in the way to His table? Or what is it? You have felt the power of His tender invitations—yield to Him your heart's homage. Do not appear to remain among the fearful and unbelieving.

Think of His fair face, one marred more than any man's—hidden not from shame and spitting; think of His body broken, His blood shed. Think of Him as transfixed upon the cruel cross. There, with His precious hands outstretched, and seeming to show the open way to His heart, hear Him saying, with accents of infinite love and pity, "My sorrows, My sufferings were for you. My blood was shed, My body broken for you. Is this nothing to you? Will ye also go away?"

Oh! think of all this, and ask yourself, How can I remain insensible to the claims of Jesus? How can I refrain from obedience? How can I slight Him?

He still tenderly pleads, "If ye love Me, keep my commandments."

PHILOS.

Reviews.

The Good Shepherd, in twelve chapters, embracing the Twenty-third Psalm. By JAMES ALLAN. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THESE twelve chapters are divided into two sections; the first compassing, in six chapters, The Believer's Experience of God's Love and care, and the second section, of six chapters, treating of The Believer's Confidence in the Continuance of God's Care. We have read it with considerable spiritual profit. The writer is himself in his theme: the whole treatment of his subject shows that we are reading one whose soul is breathing out feelings and thoughts that are heartfelt, and is deeply impressed and intensely interested in the precious truths with which he is dealing. David's harp has again struck some of its sweetest chords in this excellent volume, which will certainly cheer and charm many a pilgrim travelling to the green pastures and still waters of the better land. We also admire the chaste and appropriate binding.

Light and Help to Cheer and Gladden.

A Companion for the Tried and Sorrowing. Words of Consolation. Pardon and Hope for the Tried and Sorrowing. Pleasant Readings for Homely People. By. P. S. G. Stoneman, 67, Paternoster-row.

THESE three useful little works, from the same pen, are full of good sound Gospel teaching, put in the very plainest way, and have the special advantage, for the aged or the sick room that they are printed in large readable type. *Light and Help* has among others, chapters on Light, on Affliction; Light for Service; Light for Old Age; Light in the Valley; and Heaven's Light. We are pleased to learn that *Words of Consolation* has reached its fourteenth thousand, and

we hope there may be an equal demand for *Pleasant Readings*, which consists of a bundle of interesting tales for homely readers.

Chains for the Neck. A Text Book of Heavenly Truths and Counsels for the Young. Second edition. Stoneman, 67, Paternoster Row.

SCRIPTURE and verses of poetry for every day in the year, carefully selected, and well adapted to interest and impress the young minds.

Baptist Worthies. A series of sketches of distinguished men who have held and advocated the principles of the Baptist denomination. By W. LANDELS, D.D. Part I. Roger Williams. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

WE are right thankful to the Baptist Tract Society for its worthy enterprise. The history of the noble men, and their noble principles, in this form, will be read by many who may never see the larger histories; and while so many, instead of earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, are asking in mildest manner how much they may give up. We are sure the treatment of each worthy will be effective and stimulating to the reader in the hands of Doctor Landels. We perceive the series is to be completed in twelve parts.

The Old Fashioned Book on the Old Fashioned Religion. By an Old Fashioned Man. Passmore and Alabaster.

THERE was need of a popular reply to Unitarians, and here is the very thing. Well argued, plain as a pikestaff, sharp as a razor. The theme is a very solemn one, and the error attacked is a deadly one, but our old-fashioned friend cannot resist a grim humour, which the absurd teaching

of his adversaries rouses into sarcasm. He reminds us of Elijah sneering at the prophets of Baal; but, like the prophet, he treats the gentlemen to something more cutting than irony. We believe that this treatise will deliver many out of a most destructive net, and will probably be all the more useful because it is unpolished, and is not in the language of the schools. We suppose the price is one shilling. We have great pleasure in thanking the old-fashioned man for doing his best to keep Christian people from ever denying the Lord that bought them.—C. H. SPURGEON.

John Bull's Sisters. By one of themselves. Elliot Stock.

WE like the tone of this pamphlet. The writer seems to write from experience, and writes independently; and does not fear to express dissent from some popular ways. We quite agree with such passages as these: "The way to do real good, and to bear each our own responsibility, according to our power, is in every way to help people to help themselves; and this, *not by proxy, but individually; and by personal contact* with the different classes among the poorer portions of our brothers and sisters." Again the writer says "*How very few there are who really help the poor workers when they cannot help themselves.*" We are also in sympathy with the thought that every Church should be a home for the working sisters of the community, but alas! the writer says too truly, often *the Church is just the world inside the edifice, and PERHAPS A LITTLE COLDER.*

The Evangelical Christendom. By W. J. JOHNSON, 121, Fleet Street. AMONG much that is stirring in its pages gives the address delivered at the Leicester Conference, Oct., 1882, by the Rev. J. Monro Gibson D.D. on the Law of Christ as applied to the ordinary business of life. This should be read by all Christians.

1 and 2 Footsteps of Truth. An independent monthly. Edited by C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. F. Shaw and Co. Paternoster Row.

CONTAINS many well written articles on most important topics, with a vast amount of healthy spiritual reading. We do not pledge ourselves to every view taken in this record of grace and truth, but we are in sympathy with much that it puts forth therefore wins it God speed.

The Preacher's Analyst has a good Sound Sermon on Consecration. By Rev. J. OSBORNE KEENE.

EARNEST, faithful, scriptural, quite refreshing while so much is being said on this subject of a most unscriptural character.

WE wish everyone could read the paper in the Leisure Hour by Dora De Blaynive on Precautions against fire, it deserves to be printed separately and distributed in every household.

THE General Baptist is doing good work through the able pen of its Editor who this month writes on the subject of Baptism and the Church in the four Gospels and Baptism and the Church and the Epistles. The Baptist has a very attractive chapter on recent utterances on Baptism. While the Sword and Trowel has a very telling Essay by Pastor George Duncan on the Baptist Denomination. Good, very good. What more can we say, but read them, read them.

Sunday School Teachers have just now an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book at a nominal price. The publisher of the "Teachers Storehouse and Treasury" is offering the annual volume of the work at half-price, viz., one shilling, or by post, one shilling and fourpence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for the teacher's use and the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited, application should be made to Mr. Elliot Stock, 26, Paternoster Row.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. REED GLASSON, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Pendleton, Manchester.

Rev. E. P. Riley, late of Spenny-moor, Durham, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire.

Rev. Frederick Stubbs has resigned the pastorate of the church at Studley, having accepted the ministerial charge of the Marlborough-crescent Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Rev. A. P. Fayers, of Carrcrofts Chapel, Arnley, Leeds, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Rawdon, Leeds.

Rev. Robert Scott, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Ulverston, Lancashire.

Rev. Samuel Vincent, of Southport, has accepted the pastorate of George-street church, Plymouth.

Rev. W. Clatworthy, of Kingskerswell, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Helston.

Rev. Harvey Phillips, B.A., has accepted the invitation of the church at Upper Tooting, to become pastor.

Rev. G. H. Jones, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Histon, Cambridge.

Rev. Thomas Evans, of Pisgah and Martletwy, has accepted the call of South Parade Church, Tenby.

The Rev. W. R. Sherry, of Bristol, has accepted an invitation from the committee of the Woodberry Down Chapel, to become minister whenever the building is ready for opening.

Rev. W. Evans, of Blockley, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Harborne, Birmingham.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. James Maden, pastor of the Cemetery-road Church, Sheffield, has accepted the charge of the church at Basford, Nottingham. At a farewell meeting Mr. Maden was presented with an illuminated address, together with a marble clock and bronze ornaments, Mrs. Maden at the same time receiving a valuable case of cutlery. Rev. C. C. Tyte, J. Calvert, T. S. King, J. Breakey, and R. Ensell delivered fraternal addresses.

On Friday evening, Feb. 9th, a *soirée* was held in the schoolroom of the chapel at Honiton, at which there was a large attendance. In the course of the evening, Rev. Albion Kick, on behalf of the teachers of the Sunday-school and of the church and congregation, presented to Miss Lilley, on her approaching marriage, a handsome electro-plated tea and coffee pot, and accompanied by an address. From the members of her Bible-class Miss Lilley received some tokens of regard.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 20, Rev. H. S. Smith was presented by Mrs. T. Smith, and Mrs. C. Dickens, on behalf of the church and congregation at Fenny Stratford, with £13, as a mark of affection and esteem. This is the third presentation of the kind since the pastor's settlement.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. Harris, of the Pastors' College, as pastor of the church at Spring-hill, Birmingham, have taken place, ministers of the town taking part. This cause has hitherto been worked as a branch station by the Graham-street church and congregation.

Ordination services in connection

with the settlement of Mr. G. H. Bennett, as pastor of the General Baptist Church worshipping in West-street, Bourne, took place on Monday, February 26th. The chair was taken by the late pastor, Rev. W. Orton. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., delivered the charge to the minister. Revs. J. Clifford and T. Barrass took part in the service. At the evening meeting (Mr. W. B. Bembridge in the chair), expressions of goodwill to church and pastor were given by Rev. E. Hall Jackson, Rev. T. Baron (Wesleyan), Rev. J. Hamilton (Independent), Rev. G. Robinson, and others. Rev. J. Clifford delivered the charge to the church and congregation.

Rev. T. Davies has been publicly recognized as pastor of York-place Chapel, Swansea. Rev. J. Owen presided. Revs. Dr. Rees, W. Williams, R. D. Wilson, and E. Thomas took part in the services.

The usual public tea-meeting was held in connection with the Baptist Chapel, Ossett, on Shrove-Tuesday, and assumed the character of a recognition service. After tea there was a numerous assemblage in the chapel, including several of the neighbouring ministers and members of other congregations, who came to welcome the newly-settled pastor, the Rev. Edwin Greenwood. The Rev. J. Stock, LL.D., presided, supported by the Revs. J. Myers, J. Ford, J. Kendall, E. S. Neale, C. H. Bradbury, and J. P. Perkins. The Chairman remarked that he intended using his authority to slightly vary the programme by calling upon their newly-elected pastor to say a few words as to the dealings of Divine Providence which brought him among them. As they all understood, this was not an ordination service, their brother Greenwood having already had several years' experience in the ministry. The Rev. Edwin Greenwood responded to the Chairman's call in a very interesting address. The Revs. J. Myers, C. H. Bradbury, E. S. Neale, J. Ford (a fellow-student with Mr. Green-

wood at Rawdon), and J. P. Perkins successively gave expression to their good wishes and earnest prayers for the success of the newly-appointed pastor and the welfare of the church.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel was opened in the village of Dickleburgh, Norfolk on the 20th of February. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. Morison, D.D. In the evening addresses were given by Revs. Dr. Morison, T. M. Morris, M. Cumming, J. Hollinshead, G. Dearle, and G. W. Pope (pastor). The chapel will cost about £500, and will seat 250. Instead of conventional pews, the sitting accommodation is provided by chairs, and as it is proposed to hold a Sunday-school in the chapel, this arrangement will, no doubt, be found to be very convenient. Mr. Waller Pope (of London) occupied the chair.

A site has been purchased by the Worcestershire Baptist Association on which to erect a chapel at Malvern.

A new chapel to accommodate 300 worshippers, erected at a cost of £1,350, in Bridge-street, Hawick, for the congregation under the pastoral care of Rev. W. Seaman, has been opened, when sermons were preached by Rev. W. Tulloch and Rev. J. Orr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTSMOUTH.—Lake Road Chapel annual meeting just held; reports additions: by baptism, 58; profession, 9; letter, 39; total 106. Decrease: by death, 8; dismissal, 14; non-attendance, 5; exclusion, 2; total 29. Clear increase, 97. Present number of members, 682; of communicants, 27; total 659. Moneys raised for tract distribution, £10 17s. 2d.; Sunday-school Union, £14 2s.; Mr. Spurgeon's College, £11 4s. 2d.; Sunday-schools, £26 1s.; Salvation Army, £9 0s. 3d.; Moody and Sankey's mission, £8 18s.; Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, £118 11s.

Home and Irish Missions, £11 16s.; Home Missions, £15 10s. 7d.; Missionary Society, Foreign, £51 7s. 5d.; Hospital, £8; Baptist Union, £2 2s.; Augmentation Fund, £5; Widows and Orphans, £2 2s.; Poor, £94; Debt Fund, £99; Mother's Meeting, £5 9s. 2d.; Mission Hall, £9 11s. 7d.; Dorcas Societies, £41 18s. 7d.; Renovation of Hall, £38 2s. 6d.; Band of Hope, £29; Temperance Work, £92 10s.

A meeting was held, on the 14th of February, at Lower Tooting and Merton Church, for the purpose of forming a regularly-constituted Christian church. Rev. David Jones, B.A., of Brixton, presided. The names of 40 persons, who had signified their desire to join in church fellowship, were read by Rev. A. E. Seddon, who had discharged the duties of the pastorate, provisionally, from the opening of the chapel in June last until the present time. The proposed basis of Christian fellowship was read, and all present joined hands, and repeated after the chairman the declaration. The members were then invited to elect a minister, and a resolution was passed appointing Mr. Seddon as pastor of this newly-formed church. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed afterward.

The Praed Street, Westbourne Park, and Bosworth Road Church held its annual meeting on Monday, March 15th, Rev. John Clifford, M.A., presided. Addresses were given by Messrs. W. J. Avery, S. D. Richards, E. Cayford, R. O. Davies, T. Lilley, and C. Cater. The report for 1882 showed a membership of 1,074; five schools containing 1,624 scholars, and 148 teachers; two institutes for young men, and a Young Women's Christian Association; three Christian bands for the young; two Temperance Societies; and three Bands of Hope. The total receipts for the year 1882 amounted to £3,950 17s.

The annual members' meeting of the church at Addlestone, Surrey, and its mission stations, under the

care of Rev. E. W. Tarbox, was held on February 14th. The reports presented showed an income of over £500, a membership of 165, and 500 Sunday scholars.

The 242nd anniversary of the General Baptist Church—removed from Worship Street to Bethnal-green Road (Rev. W. H. Smith, pastor)—has been celebrated. Special sermons were preached. The occasion was the first anniversary of the opening of the new chapel, and the fifth of the accession of the present pastor, the Rev. W. Harvey Smith. The officers report that no year, since 1640, has been so memorable as the year 1882. The new chapel stands on a freehold site, and, including £601 for furniture and organ, cost £9,930, and of this £1,070 has yet to be paid. The year commenced with a nominal membership of forty, but with an actual working membership of fifteen; in the course of twelve months, eighty new members have been added—sixty-four by baptism, seven on profession, and nine by letter.

PARK STREET BAPTIST BAZAAR, LUTON.—A bazaar was held in the Town Hall, on Monday and Tuesday, March 5 and 6, in connection with Park Street Baptist Chapel, to raise funds for completing the payment of the debt incurred by the renovation and improvement of the school-room and the balance due for the plot of ground at the corner of Upper Wenlock Street and Cobden Street which has been secured for another Baptist chapel. The hall was nicely decorated with banners and flags, the windows were covered with lace over pink, and at either end were mottoes, "Success to our bazaar," and "Unity is strength." The formal opening took place on Monday at two o'clock, by Mr. Councillor Hurlock, of St. Albans, when there was a fair company. The Rev. J. H. Blake, the pastor, in introducing Mr. Hurlock, said he must first of all congratulate their good friends on the appearance

of the bazaar; at first the intention was to have only a tree with a stall and thus endeavour to pay off the sum remaining of the outlay on the Sunday-school; but, as time went on, some of the ladies, led on by Miss Blake, decided instead of having one tree to have three, and to have around the room the beautiful stalls they now saw, attended by very energetic and kind ladies. Any shortcoming in the affair as a bazaar was attributable to the short time they had for preparation, and he thought all would agree that the results showed that the ladies of Park Street chapel had a great deal of energy, push, and devotion. As to Councillor Hurlock, although a stranger to most of them, he was well known at St. Albans, for he had been largely instrumental in the erection of the new Baptist Tabernacle there. The cause this bazaar was designed to help was, next to Bunyan's, the oldest Nonconformist church and congregation in the county, 200 years having passed since its formation, and now it had the largest number of members in Bedfordshire. Moreover, it was founded by the first reader of the Pilgrim's Progress, who, being a fellow-prisoner with Bunyan at Bedford, was allowed to take the manuscript to his cell to read and give the first judgment passed upon it. The result of the bazaar and lecture was as follows:—Mrs. F. Hucklesby, Mrs. A. Tomalin, Mrs. Merrit, £14 16s.; Mrs. C. L. Baker, Miss Alexander, Miss Olney, £40; Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Geo. Alexander, Mrs. Daniels, £23 6s. 2d.; Mrs. Felks, Mrs. Coupees, Mrs. S. Simpson, £17 7s. 5d.; Mrs. J. Saunders, Mrs. H. Smith, Miss E. Smith, Miss L. Smith, £30 10s. 4d.; Mrs. Cookson, Mrs. Menlove, £7 15s.; Sunday-school stall, £24 1s. 7d.; refreshments stall, Miss Blake, Miss Pigott, Miss Wiseman, Miss Saunders, £20; bran pie, Miss Barford, Miss L. Waller, £3 13s. 9d.; Young Men's Museum, £1 17s. 3d.; Young Men's Art Gallery, £2 6s. 4d.; Master Tomalin's panorama, £1; taken at

door, and lecture by Rev. E. J. Silverton, £26 12s.; donations, Councillor Hurlock £5, Councillor Westell, £1 1s., Councillor White, 5s. The total is nearly £220, and the friends who worked so assiduously to make the affair a success have the satisfaction of seeing their efforts, rewarded, and the sum of £200 which was required to clear their debts raised in so gratifying a manner.

RECENT DEATH.

MARCH 8th, at 7, Mount Pleasant, Barnsbury, N., very suddenly, Rev. Wm. Mummery, pastor of Chatham-road Baptist Chapel, New Wandsworth, and late of Eynsford, Kent, aged 40. His death was improved by Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, on Sunday evening, March 18th, to the church and congregation, from Psalm xvi. 10.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery.—February 11, Seven, by T. T. Evans.
Abertillery.—February 25, Two, by L. Jones.
Ashley.—January 21, Four, by A. Hall.
Attercliffe.—February 25, Two, by R. Ensoll.
Barrow-in-Furness.—February 25, Seven, by J. Hughes.
Beulah, Dowlais.—February 11, Five, by J. Williams.
Bildeston.—February 26, Two, by J. Easter.
Bridgnorth.—February 18, Five, by W. J. Dyer.
Brighton.—March 1, Richmond-street, Four, by S. Gray.
Birkenhead.—February 20, Jackson-street Church, Nineteen, by T. Lydiatt, pastor. (The first ordinance at this church, which was purchased from the Presbyterians three years ago. The baptism having been advertised, a large number were attracted to witness it.)
Bullh Wells.—February 11, Three, by H. V. Thomas.
Caersalem, Dowlais.—February 11, Five, by T. Morgan.
Calabria.—February 11, Five, by J. Griffiths.
Carmarthen.—March 4, Twenty-three, by G. H. Roberts.
Chadlington.—February 25, Five; March 4, Three, by W. Pontifex.
Cheddar.—March 4, Two, by T. Hanger.

- Combe Martin*.—February 11, Five, by J. Glover.
- Corwen*.—February 25, Eleven, by H. C. Williams.
- Cwmivor*.—February 25, One, by M. Jones.
- Dalton-in-Furness*.—February 25, Four, by J. G. Anderson.
- Dronfield*.—February 25, Three, by S. Hewitt.
- Fownhope*.—February 18, Eighteen, by J. W. Townsend.
- Glascod*.—February 25, Two, by J. Pugh.
- Griffithstown*.—February 25, Six, by J. Tucker.
- Harpole*.—February 25, Seven, by W. Satchwell.
- Haverfordwest*.—March 4, Thornton Chapel, Five, by W. Davies.
- Hereford*.—February 22, Eight; 25, Five, by J. Williams, B.A.
- Hitchin*.—February 25, Walsworth-road, Ten, by F. J. Bird.
- Keynsham*.—February 18, Five, by C. A. Fellowes.
- Keysoe Beds*.—February 12, Three, by T. G. Head.
- Knighton*.—March 4, Two, by W. Williams.
- Langcum*.—February 11, One, by W. Davies.
- Llanfair*.—February 18, Two, by S. F. Roberts.
- Llanstephan*.—February 4, One, by G. Reynolds.
- London*: Bethnal-green-road. — February 25, Four, by W. H. Smith.
- St. John's Wood*.—February 1, Abbey-road, Six; 22, Seven, by W. Stott.
- Streatham*. S.W.—February 28, Lewin-road, One, by A. M'Cay.
- Woolwich*.—February 28, Queen-street, Four, by T. Jones.
- Putney*.—February 18, Four, by W. Thomas.
- Eidon-street* (Welsh).—January 21, Two, by W. Jones.
- Lord's Hill*, Snailbeach.—February 25, Two, by W. Jenkins.
- Lyme Regis*.—February 25, Two, by E. Marks.
- Morthyr*.—February 11, One, by B. Thomas.
- Nantwich*.—February 25, Ten, by P. Williams.
- Neath*.—February 1, Ten, by S. C. Burn.
- Nelson*, Lancashire.—February 18 and 21, Carr-road, Six, by C. G. Croome.
- Newport*, Mon.—February 25, Five, by A. T. Jones.
- Normanton*, Yorkshire.—March 4, Ten, by J. Myers.
- Ogden*.—February 25, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.
- Ogmore Vale*.—February 25, Six, by E. Aubrey.
- Portsmouth*.—February 26, Lake-road, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Pembroke Dock*.—February 12, Bush-street, Two, by R. C. Roberts.
- Pembroke Dock*.—February 11, Bethany, Twelve, by J. Ll. Jones.
- Pontnewydd*.—March 4, Zion Hill, Three, by V. Edwards.
- Radcliffe*.—March 4, One, by G. M. Harvey.
- Raglan*, Mon.—February 25, Seven, by B. Johnson.
- Rhymney*.—February 11, Ten, by H. Phillips.
- Ross*.—February 11, Two, by J. E. Perrin.
- Rugby*.—February 25, Three, by H. T. Peach.
- Ruthin*.—March 4, Three, by I. James.
- Saar*, Llandyvan.—February 18, One, by M. Jones.
- Southampton*.—February 11, Carlton Chapel, Six; 25, Four, by E. Osborne.
- Southsea*.—February 25, Elm-grove, Six, by J. P. Williams.
- Staincliffe*.—February 25, Two, by J. Kendall.
- St. Helen's*.—March 4, Six, by W. C. Tayler.
- Swansea*.—February 4, Bethesda, Two; 14, One, by A. J. Parry.
- Swansea*.—February 10, York-place, Seven, by D. Davies.
- Swansea*.—February 25, Mount Zion, Four, by T. D. Matthias.
- Talycaïn*.—March 4, at Pischah, Six, by D. B. Richards.
- Treorkey*, Rhondda Valley.—February 18, Horeb English Chapel, Three, by D. Davies.
- Tunbridge*, Kent.—February 25, Six, by T. Hancock.
- Waltham Abbey*.—February 11, Three, by W. Jackson.
- Weston*, Towcester.—February 25, Nine, by J. Longson.
- Whitchurch Heath*.—February 4, Four, by R. Pedley.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.”—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

THE chapter (Ezek. xxxiv) that I read at the commencement of the service is a prophetic one; and I take it, it has relation not to the condition of the Jews during the captivity and their subsequent happiness when they should return to their land, but to a state into which they should fall after they had been restored to their country under Nehemiah and Ezra, and in which state they still continue to the present day. The prophet tells us that the shepherds then, instead of feeding the flock, fed themselves; they trod the grass, instead of allowing the sheep to eat it, and they fouled the waters with their feet. This is an exact description of the state of Judea after the captivity; for then there arose the Scribes and Pharisees, who took the key of knowledge, and would not enter themselves nor allow others to enter; who laid heavy burdens on men's shoulders, and would not touch them with one of their fingers; who made religion to consist entirely in sacrifices and ceremonies, and imposed such a burden on the people, that they cried out, “What a weariness it is!” That same evil has continued with the poor Jews to the present day, and should you read the nonsense of the Talmud and the Gemara, and see the burdens they laid upon them, you would say, “Verily, they have idle shepherds;” they gave the sheep no food; they trouble them with fanciful superstitions and silly views, and instead of telling them that the Messiah is already come, they delude them with the idea that there is a Messiah yet to come, who shall restore Judea and raise it to its glory. The Lord pronounces a curse upon these Pharisees and Rabbis; these who “thrust with side and with shoulder;” those evil shepherds who will not suffer the sheep to lie down, neither will feed them with good pasture. But after having described this state, he prophesies better times for the poor Jews. The day is coming when the careless shepherds shall be as nought; when the power of the Rabbis shall cease; when the traditions of the Mishna and the Talmud shall be cast aside. The hour is approaching, when the tribes shall go up to their own country; when Judea, so long a howling wilderness, shall once more blossom like the rose; when, if the temple itself be not restored, yet on Zion's hill shall be raised some Christian building, where the chants of solemn praise shall be heard, as erst of old the Psalms of David were sung in the Tabernacle. Not long shall it be ere they shall come—shall come from distant lands, where'er they rest or roam; and she who has been the off-scouring of all things, whose name has been a proverb and a by-word, shall become the glory of all lands. Dejected Zion shall raise her

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head, shaking herself from dust, and darkness, and the dead. Then shall the Lord feed His people, and make them and the places round about His hill a blessing. I think we do not attach sufficient importance to the restoration of the Jews. We do not think enough of it. But certainly, if there is anything promised in the Bible it is this. I imagine that you cannot read the Bible without seeing clearly that there is to be an actual restoration of the children of Israel. Thither they shall go up; they shall come with weeping unto Zion, and with supplication unto Jerusalem. May that happy day soon come! For when the Jews are restored, then the fulness of the Gentiles shall be gathered in; and as soon as they return, then Jesus will come upon Mount Zion to reign with His ancients gloriously, and the halcyon days of the Millennium shall then dawn; we shall then know every man to be a brother and a friend; Christ shall rule with universal sway.

This, then, is the meaning of the text: that God would make Jerusalem and the places round about His hill a blessing. I shall not, however, use it so this morning, but I shall use it in a more confined sense—or, perhaps, in a more enlarged sense—as it applies to the church of Jesus Christ, and to this particular church with which you and I stand connected. “I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.”

There are two things here spoken of. First, *Christ's church is to be a blessing*; secondly, *Christ's church is to be blessed*. These two things you will find in the different sentences of the text.

I. First, CHRIST'S CHURCH IS TO BE A BLESSING. “I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing.” The object of God in choosing a people before all worlds, was not only to save that people, but through them to confer essential benefits upon the whole human race. When He chose Abraham He did not elect him simply to be God's friend, and the recipient of peculiar privileges; but He chose him to make him, as it were, the conservator of truth. He was to be the ark in which the truth should be hidden. He was to be the keeper of the covenant in behalf of the whole world; and when God chooses any men by His sovereign electing grace, and makes them Christ's, He does it not only for their own sake, that they may be saved, but for the world's sake. For know ye not that “ye are the light of the world!”—“a city set upon a hill which cannot be hid.” “Ye are the salt of the earth”; and when God makes you salt, it is not only that ye may have salt in yourselves, but that like salt ye may preserve the whole mass. If He makes you leaven it is that like the little leaven you may leaven the whole lump. Salvation is not a selfish thing; God does not give it for us to keep to ourselves, but that we may thereby be made the means of blessing to others; and the great day shall declare that there is not a man living on the surface of the earth but has received a blessing in some way or the other through God's gift of the gospel. The very keeping of the wicked in life, and granting of the reprieve, was purchased with the death of Jesus; and through His sufferings and death the temporal blessings which both we and they enjoy are bestowed on us. The gospel was sent that it might first bless those that embrace it, and then expand, so as to make them a blessing to the whole human race.

In thus speaking of the church as a blessing, we shall notice three things.

First, here is *divinity*—"I will make them a blessing"; secondly, here is *personality of religion*—"I will make them a blessing"; and, thirdly, here is *the development of religion*—"and the places round about My hill."

1. First, with regard to this blessing which God will cause His church to be, here is *divinity*. It is God the everlasting Jehovah speaking: He says, "I will make them a blessing." None of us can bless others unless God has first blessed us. We need divine workmanship. "I will make them a blessing by helping them, and by constraining them." God makes His people a blessing by helping them. What can we do without God's help? I stand and preach to thousands, or it may be hundreds; what have I done, unless a greater than man has been in the pulpit with me? I work in the Sabbath schools; what can I do unless the Master is there, teaching the children with me? We want God's aid in every position; and once give us that assistance, and there is no telling with how little labour we may become a blessing. Ah! a few words sometimes will be more of a blessing than a whole sermon. You take some little prattler on your knee: and some few words that you say to him he remembers, and makes use of in after years. I knew a grey-headed old man who was in the habit of doing this. He once took a boy to a certain tree, and said, "Now, John, you kneel down at that tree, and I will kneel down with you." He knelt down and prayed, and asked God to convert him and save his soul. "Now," said he, "perhaps you will come to this tree again; and if you are not converted you will remember that I asked under this tree that God would save your soul." That young man went away and forgot the old man's prayer: but it chanced, as God would have it, that he walked down that field again and saw a tree. It seemed as if the old man's name was cut in the bark. He recollected what he prayed for, and that the prayer was not fulfilled; but he dared not pass the tree without kneeling down to pray himself: and there was his spiritual birthplace. The simplest observation of the Christian shall be made a blessing, if God help him. "His leaf also shall not wither"; the simplest word he speaks shall be treasured up; and "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

But there is *constraint* here. "I will make them a blessing." I will give them to be a blessing; I will constrain them to be a blessing. I can say myself, that I never did anything which was a blessing to my fellow-creatures without feeling compelled to do it. I thought of going to a Sabbath-school to teach. On a certain day, some one called—asked me—begged me—prayed me to take his class. I could not refuse to go; and there I was held hand and foot by the superintendent and was compelled to go on. I was asked to address the children; I thought I could not, but no one else was there to do it, so I stood up and stammered out a few words. And I recollect the first occasion on which I attempted to preach to the people: I am sure I had no wish to do it, but there was no one else in the place, and the congregation must go away without a single word of warning or address. How could I suffer it? I felt forced to address them. And so it has been with whatever I have laid my hand to. I have always felt a kind of impulse which I could not resist, but, moreover, felt placed by Providence in such a position, that I had no wish to avoid the duty, and if I had desired it, could not have helped myself. And so it is with God's people: If they will go through their lives, wherever they have been made a blessing, they will find that God seems

to have thrust them into the vineyard. Such-and-such a man was once rich. What good was he in the world? He did but loll in his carriage; he did but little good, and was of little service to his fellow-creatures. Says God, "I will make him a blessing": so He strips him of his riches, and brings him into low circumstances. He is then brought into association with the poor, and his superior education and intellect make him a blessing to them. God makes him a blessing. Another man was naturally very timid; he would not pray at the prayer-meeting, he would hardly like to join the church; soon he gets into a position in which he cannot help himself. "I will make him a blessing." And as sure as ever you are a servant of God, He will make you a blessing. He will have none of His gold in the lump; He will hammer it out, and make it a blessing. I verily believe there are some in my congregation to whom God has given power to preach His name; they do not know it, perhaps; but God will make it known by-and-by. I would have every man look and see whether God is making him do a certain thing; and when once he feels the impulse, let him by no means ever check it. I am somewhat of a believer in the doctrine of the Quakers as to the impulses of the Spirit, and I fear lest I should check one of them. If a thought crosses my mind, "Go to such a person's house," I always like to do it, because I no not know but what it may be from the Spirit. I understand this verse to mean something like that. "I will make them a blessing." I will force them to do good. If I cannot make a sweet scent come from them in any other way, I will pound them in the mortar of affliction. If they have seed, and the seed cannot be scattered in any other way, I will send a rough wind to blow the downy seed everywhere. "I will make them a blessing." If you have never been made a blessing to anyone, depend upon it you are not a child of God; for Jehovah says, "I will make them a blessing."

2. But notice, next, the *personality* of the blessing. "I will make them a blessing." "I will make each member of the church a blessing." Many people come up to the house of prayer where the church assembles, and you say, "Well, what are you doing at such-and-such a place where you attend?" "Well, we are doing so-and-so." "How do you spell 'we'?" "It is a plain monosyllable," say you. "Yes, but do you put *I* in 'we'?" "No." There are a great many people who could easily spell "we" without an "I" in it; for though they say, "We have been doing so-and-so," they do not say, "How much have I done? Did I do anything in it? Yes; this chapel has been enlarged; what did I subscribe? Twopence!" Of course, it is done. Those who paid the money have done it. "We preach the gospel." Do we, indeed? Yes, we sit in our pew and listen a little, and do not pray for a blessing. "We have got such a large Sunday-school." Did you ever teach in it? "We have got a very good working-society." Did you ever go to work in it? That is not the way to spell "we." It is "I will make them a blessing." When Jerusalem was built, every man began nearest his own house. That is where you must begin to build, or to do something. Do not let us tell a lie about it. If we do not have some share in the building, if we neither handle the trowel nor the spear, let us not talk about *our* church; for the text says, "I will make them a blessing,"—every one of them.

"But, sir, what can I do? I am nothing but a father at home; I am so full of business, I can only see my children a little." But

in your business, do you ever have any servants? "No: I am a servant myself." You have fellow-servants? "No; I work alone." Do you work alone, then, and live alone, like a monk in a cell? I don't believe that. But you have fellow-servants at work; cannot you say a word to their conscience? "I don't like to intrude religion into business." Quite right, too; so say I: when I am at business, let it be business; when you are at religion, let it be religion. But do you never have an opportunity? Why, you cannot go into an omnibus, or a railway carriage, but what you can say something for Jesus Christ. I have found it so, and I don't believe I am different from other people. *Cannot do anything?* Cannot you put a tract in your hat, and drop it where you go? Cannot you speak a word to a child? Where does this man come from that cannot do anything? There is a spider on the wall; but he taketh hold on kings' palaces, and spinneth his web to rid the world of noxious flies. There is a nettle in the corner of the churchyard; but the physician tells me it has its virtues. There is a tiny star in the sky; but that is noted in the chart, and the mariner looks at it. There is an insect under the water; but it builds a rock. God made all these things for something; but here is a man that God made, and gave him nothing at all to do. I do not believe it. God never makes useless things; He has no superfluous workmanship. I care not what you are; you have somewhat to do. And, oh! may God show you what it is, and then make you do it, by the wondrous compulsion of His providence and His grace.

3. But we have to notice, in the third place, *the development of gospel blessing*. "I will make them a blessing;" but it does not end there: "and the places round about My hill." Religion is an expansive thing. When it begins in the heart, at first it is like a tiny grain of mustard seed, but it gradually increases, and becomes a great tree, so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof. A man cannot be religious to himself. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. You have heard a score of times that if you do but drop a pebble in a brook it causes a small ring at first, then another outside of that, and then another, and then another, till the influence of the pebble is perceptible over the entire bosom of the water. So it is when God makes His people a blessing: "I will make" a minister a blessing to one or two; I will then make him a blessing to a hundred; I will then make him a blessing to thousands; and then I will make those thousands a blessing. I will make each one individually a blessing: and when I have done that I will make all the places round about a blessing. "I will make them a blessing." I hope we shall never be satisfied, as members of this church, until we are a blessing not only to ourselves, but to all the places round about our hill. What are the places round about our hill? I think they are, first, our agencies; secondly, our neighbourhood; thirdly, the churches adjacent to us.

First, there are our agencies. There is our Sabbath-school: how near that is to our hill! I speak a great deal about this, because I want it to be brought into notice. I intend to preach a practical sermon this morning, to move some of you to come and teach in the Sabbath-school; for there we require some suitable men, to "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Therefore I mention the Sabbath-school as a place very near to the hill; it ought to be just at

the very foot of it ; yea, it ought to be so near the hill that very many may pass from it to the church. Then there is our visiting and Christian Instruction Society which we have for the visiting of this neighbourhood. I trust that has been made a blessing. God has sent among us a man who labours zealously and earnestly in visiting the sick. I have, as the superintendent of my beloved brother the missionary, a regular account of his labours ; his report has most highly gratified me, and I am able to bear testimony to the fact, that he is very efficiently labouring around us. I want that society to have all your sympathy and strength. I consider him as a Joshua, with whom you are to go forth by hundreds to those who live in the neighbourhood. Do you not know what dark places there are ? Walk down a street a little to the right. See the shops open on a Sunday. Some, thank God, that used to open them, now come and worship with us. We shall have more yet ; for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and why should not we have it ? My brethren, as you visit the sick, or distribute tracts from door to door, make this your prayer—that this society, being one of the places round about our hill, may be made a blessing ! Let me not forget any agency connected with this church. There are several more which are places round about our hill ; and the Lord has just put it into my heart to fashion other societies, which shall be made a blessing to this hill, and in a little while you shall hear thereof. We have several brethren in this congregation to whom God has given a mouth of utterance ; these are about to form themselves into a society for proclaiming the Word of God. Where God has so blessed His church, and made us to be so noted and named amongst the people, why should we not keep on ? We have been brought up to a great pitch of fervency and love ; now is the time for doing something. While the iron is hot, why not strike and fashion it ? I believe we have the materials, not only for making a church here that shall be the glory of the Baptist Churches in London, but for making churches everywhere throughout the metropolis ; and we have more schemes on hand, which, matured by sober judgment and backed by prudence, shall yet make this metropolis more honoured than it has been by the sound of the pure gospel and the proclamation of the pure Word of God. May God make all our agencies—the places round about our hill—a blessing !

But next, there is the neighbourhood. I am paralysed sometimes when I think that we are of so little service to the neighbourhood, though this is a green oasis in the midst of a great spiritual desert. Just at the back of us we could find you hundreds of Roman Catholics, and men of the very worst character ; and it is sad to think that we cannot make this place a blessing to them. It is made a great blessing to you, my hearers ; but you do not come from this district ; you come from anywhere, and nowhere, some of you, I suppose. People say, "There is something doing in that chapel ; look at that crowd ; but we cannot get in !" This one thing I ask : Never come here to gratify your curiosity. You that are members of other congregations, just consider it your duty to stay at home. There are many stray sheep about. I would rather have them than you. Keep your own place. I do not want to rob other ministers. Do not come here from charity. We are much obliged to you for your kindly intentions ; but we would rather have your room than your company, if ye are members of other churches. We want sinners to come—sinners of every

sort ; but do not let us have that sort of men whose ears are everlastingly itching for some new preacher ; who are saying, " I want something else, I want something else." Oh ! do, I beseech you, for God's sake, be of some good ; and if you are running about from one place to another, you can never expect to be. Do ye know what is said of rolling stones ? Ah ! ye have heard of that. They " gather no moss." Now, don't be tossing stones, but keep at home. God, however, so help us as to make us a blessing to the neighbourhood ! I long to see something done for the people around. We must open our arms to them ; we must go out into the open air to them : we must and will preach God's gospel to them. Let, then, the people around listen to the word of the gospel ; and may it be said, " That place is the cathedral of Southwark ! " So it is now. Out of it goes a blessing ; God is pouring out a blessing upon it.

What else do we mean by the places round about our hill ? We mean, the churches adjacent. I cannot but rejoice in the prosperity of many churches around us ; but, as our beloved brother, Mr. Sherman, said, " It is not invidious to say, that there are very few churches that are in a prosperous state, and that taking the churches at large, they are in a deplorable condition. It is only here and there," said he, " that God is pouring out His Spirit ; but most of the churches are lying like barges at Blackfriars-bridge when the tide is down,—right in the mud ; and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot pull them off, till the tide comes and sets them afloat." Who can tell, then, what good may be done by this church ? If there is a light in this candle-stick, let others come and light their candles by it. If there is a flame here, let the flame spread, until all the neighbouring churches shall be lit up with the glory. Then, indeed, shall we be made the rejoicing of the earth ; for there is never a revival in one spot, but it shall affect others. Who shall tell, then, where it shall end ?

" Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer, never cease."

And it never will cease when God once makes the places round about His hill a blessing.

II. The second point is, that God's people are not only to be a blessing, but THEY ARE TO BE BLESSED. For read the second part of the verse : " And I will cause the shower to come down in his season ; there shall be showers of blessing." It is somewhat singular, as a prognostication of the showers of blessings we hope to receive here, that God sent us showers on the first day of opening. If I were a believer in omens, I should pray, that as it rained the first day, so may it rain every day. When it stops, may the chapel be shut up ; for we only want it open so long as showers of grace continue to descend.

First, here is *sovereign mercy*. Listen to these words : " I will give them the shower in its season." Is it not sovereign, divine mercy ?—for who can say, " I will give them showers," except God ? Can the false prophet who walks amongst the benighted Hottentots ? He says he is a rain-maker and can give them showers ? But can he do it ? Is there an imperial monarch, or the most learned man on earth, who can say, " I will give them the showers in their seasons ? " No ; there is only one fist wherein all the clouds are held ; there is only one hand in which all the channels

of the mighty ocean above the firmament are contained ; there is only one voice that can speak to the clouds and bid them beget the rain. "Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" "Who sendeth down the rain upon the earth? who scattereth the showers upon the green herb? Do not I, the Lord?" Who else could do it? Is not rain in God's power? and who could send it, except Him? We know that catholics pretend that they can get grace without getting it from God directly; for they believe that God puts all His grace into the pope, and then that runs down into smaller pipes, called cardinals and bishops, through which it runs into the priests; and by turning the tap with a shilling you can get as much grace as you like. But it is not so with God's grace. He says, "I will give them showers." Grace is the gift of God and is not to be created by man.

Notice next, it is *needed grace*. "I will give them showers." What would the ground do without showers? You may break the clods, you may sow your seeds; but what can you do without the rain? Ah! you may prepare your barn, and sharpen your sickles; but your sickles will be rusted before you have any wheat, unless there are showers. They are needed. So is the divine blessing.

"In vain Apollos sows the seed,
And Paul may plant in vain."

In vain you come here, in vain you labour, in vain you give your money,

"Till God the plenteous shower bestows,
And sends salvation down."

Then, next, it is *plenteous grace*. "I will send them showers." It does not say, "I will send them drops," but "I will send them showers." "It seldom rains but it pours." So it is with grace. If God gives a blessing, He usually gives it in such a measure that there is not room enough to receive it. Where are we going to hold God's blessing that we have obtained already? I told the people on Thursday that God had promised us, that if we brought the tithes into the storehouse He would send us such a blessing that we would not have room to hold it. We have tried it, and the promise has been fulfilled, as it always will be as long as we rely upon it. Plenteous grace! Ah! we shall want plenteous grace, my friends; plenteous grace to keep us humble, plenteous grace to make us prayerful, plenteous grace to make us holy, plenteous grace to make us zealous, plenteous grace to make us truthful, plenteous grace to preserve us through this life, and at last to land us in heaven. We cannot do without showers of grace? How many are there here that have been dry in a shower of grace? Why, there is a shower of grace here; but how is it that it does not fall to some of the people? It is because they put up the umbrella of their prejudice; and though they sit here, even as God's people sit, even when it rains, they have such a prejudice against God's Word, they do not want to hear it, they do not want to love it, and it runs off again. Nevertheless, the showers are there; and we will thank God for them where they do fall.

Again, it is *seasonable grace*. "I will give them the shower in its season." There is nothing like seasonable grace. There are fruits, you know, that are best in their season, and they are not good at any other

time; and there are graces that are good in their season, but we do not always require them. A person vexes and irritates me: I want grace just at that moment to be patient; I have not got it, and I get angry; ten minutes after I am ever so patient; but I have not had grace in its season. The promise is, "I will give them the shower in its season." Ah! poor waiting soul, what is thy season this morning? Is it the season of drought? Then that is the season for showers. Is it a season of great heaviness and black clouds? Then that is the season for showers. What is your season this morning, business man? Lost money all the week, have you? Now is the season to ask for showers. It is night-time; now the dew falls. The dew does not fall in the day—it falls in the night; the night of affliction, trial, and trouble. There stands the promise; only go and plead it. "I will give them the shower in its season."

We have one thought more, and then we have done. Here is a *varied* blessing: "I will give thee *showers* of blessing." The word is in the plural. All kinds of blessings God will send. The rain is all of one kind when it comes; but grace is not all of one kind, nor does it produce the same effect. When God sends rain upon the church, He "sends showers of blessing." There are some ministers who think that if there is a shower on their church, God will send a shower of work. Yes; but if He does, He will send a shower of comfort. Others think that God will send a shower of gospel truth. Yes; but if He sends that, He will send a shower of gospel holiness. For all God's blessings go together. They are like the sweet sister graces that danced hand in hand. God sends showers of blessings. If He gives comforting grace, He also gives converting grace; if He makes the trumpet blow for the bankrupt sinner, He will also make it sound a shout of joy for the sinner that is pardoned and forgiven. He will send "showers of blessing."

Now, then, there is a promise in that Bible. We have tried to explain and enlarge upon it. What shall we do with it?

"In that book there hidden lies
A pearl of price unknown."

Well, we have examined this rich promise; we, as a church, are looking at it: we are saying, "Is that ours?" I think most of the members will say, "It is; for God has poured out upon us showers of blessing in their season." Well, then, if the promise is ours, the precept is ours as much as the promise. Ought we not to ask God to continue to make us a blessing? Some say, "I did so-and-so when I was a young man"; but supposing you are fifty, you are not an old man now. Is there not something you can do? It is all very well to talk about what you have done; but what are you doing now? I know what it is with some of you: you shined brightly once, but your candle has not been snuffed lately, and so it does not shine so well. May God take away some of the worldly cares, and snuff the candles a little! You know there were snuffers and snuffer-trays provided in the temple for all the candles, but no extinguishers; and if there should be a poor candle here this morning with a terrific snuff that has not given a light for a long while, you will have no extinguisher from me, but I hope you will always have a snuffing. I thought the first time when I came to the lamps this morning it would be to snuff them. That has been the intention of my sermon—to snuff you a little—to set you to work

for Jesus Christ. O Zion, shake thyself from the dust! O Christian, raise thyself from thy slumbers! Warrior, put on thy armour. Soldier, grasp thy sword! The captain sounds the alarm of war. O sluggard! why sleepest thou? O heir of heaven, hath not Jesus done so much for thee that thou shouldst live to Him? O beloved brethren, purchased with redeeming mercies, girt about with loving kindness and with tenderness,

“Now for a shout of sacred joy,”

and after that to the battle! The little seed has grown to this; who knoweth what it shall be? Only let us together strive, without variance. Let us labour for Jesus. Never did men have so fair an opportunity for the last hundred years. “There is a tide . . . which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.” Shall you take it at the flood? Over the bar, at the harbour’s mouth! O ship of heaven, let thy sails be out; let not thy canvas be furled; and the wind will blow us across the seas of difficulty that lie before us. Oh! that the latter day might have its dawning even in this despised habitation! O my God! from this place cause the first wave to spring, which shall move another, and then another, till the last great wave shall sweep over the sands of time, and dash against the rocks of eternity, echoing as it falls, “Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER V.—THE WEDDING GUEST.

It was a bright sunny morning in June. The air was soft and warm, and pleasantly tempered with a slight breeze. The small birds fled to and fro and chirped joyously on the garden trees; the flowers sent forth their fragrance and displayed their variegated hues; painted butterflies sailed swiftly and gaily across the fields, over the hedges, and into the open parks; the busy bees hummed and buzzed merrily as they alighted on and dived into the open flowers ready to yield up to them the coveted pollen and honey; the crows cawed and croaked on the high trees, and flapped their wings over their rude nests, with grim glee; and men and women walked and talked, and children played in the streets below with cheerful

countenances and exuberant spirits, as if the world in which they lived was a paradise, and no such thing as trouble had ever visited its broad domains. It was just such a beautiful day as a happy couple would have chosen, had they been able, for their wedding, as being specially adapted for the purpose; the charming aspect of nature without being indicative of the exhilaration which on such an interesting occasion should invariably be felt and enjoyed within.

In Stanley-square, on this radiant morning, it was evident that something of the kind was coming off. Precisely at ten o'clock a carriage and pair of greys drove up to Mr. Rock's door. Ladies and children looked out of their respective windows, came to their doors, or took the liberty of walking as near to

the carriage as they could without being deemed intrusive. Errand boys laid down their light burdens to stop and see the sight, and make each other laugh with their harmless jokes. Relatives and invited guests, dressed gaily in their best, ever and anon marched up to the house briskly as if they were afraid of being a moment too late. Packages were occasionally delivered that evidently contained either good cheer or presents for the bride. At last a second carriage drove up, and then the small crowd pressed nearer still. Now quietly and steadily the bridal procession came out, and cheery nods and pleasant smiles greeted the bride and bridegroom as the party stepped into the vehicles. In a few minutes afterwards the carriages were driven out of sight, and then the inhabitants of the square again entered their houses, or broke up into small groups to spend the intervening time in interesting gossip concerning this and sundry other matters, until, the ceremony having been performed, the happy pair should return to the bride's ancestral home as man and wife, and they could give them their hearty congratulations on the auspicious event.

The surmise then, that Mary Rock would probably become Mary Powell, had even sooner than was expected become a fact. Like a wise couple they had kept their own affairs secret, and only let the public know them when the time for secrecy was no longer necessary. But now it was well known that Mr. Powell's father had taken his talented son into partnership and had given him facilities whereby he was able to furnish a comfortable home of his own. Though knowing that they would deeply feel the loss of their daughter's company, Mr. and Mrs. Rock willingly sur-

rendered her up to one whom they had every reason to believe would make her happiness his life's aim. It was however a mitigation to their grief that their daughter would dwell not far from them in the same town. Had not this been the case; had she been taken away to some far-off place or foreign land, this, with the loss of their dear son, would have proved to them an overwhelming trial. But as it was, they both felt that their cup was mixed with mercy; and conscious that the Lord was dealing wisely and graciously with them, even in the withdrawal, under such circumstances, of their dearly beloved child, they braced themselves for their comparatively lonely life with fortitude and thankfulness.

Among the invited guests was a young man, a cousin of Mr. Powell, that Mr. Rock remembered to have seen for two or three Sabbaths at the class. He was rather above the middle height, with a fine intellectual but somewhat sad countenance. When not spoken to he was often observed to be looking down as if lost in thought, and would start from his reverie when suddenly addressed. He had been invited at the special request of Mr. Powell, who told his father-in-law that he had recently passed through severe trial and had been the subject of much mental conflict. This caused Mr. Rock, during the day, to pay him special attention; and it ended in his receiving a cordial request from the young man to visit him in his own home on the following evening, when he promised to relate to his host a portion of his history.

Feeling desirous of driving away his loneliness, and hoping that he might be the instrument in the Lord's hands of doing some good, at the appointed time the next

eyening, Mr. Rock wended his way to Mr. Millar's house.

On entering his parlour he found him surrounded by two small children, and a lady, evidently a little older than Mr. Millar himself, who was introduced as his sister and housekeeper.

"So your son and daughter are gone, Mr. Rock?"

"Yes, they went to their own home last night, and left for Brighton this morning."

"When do they think of returning?"

"They can only be away a fortnight, as Mr. Powell's father needs him for business purposes, and can ill afford to do without him even for the time thus granted."

"Well, they appear to be a well-matched couple, and I hope they will long be spared to each other."

"So do I, Mr. Millar; but why do you sigh as you give utterance to such a benevolent wish?"

"Ah! now comes my history, Mr. Rock. You will easily understand why I sigh when you hear that. Now the children are gone out, and we are alone, if you like I will begin my promised tale."

"Thank you, go on, if you please."

"Well, I have but little to say about my early days. My parents were poor but honest Christian people, who gave me as good an education as they could afford, and then got me a situation as junior clerk in a merchant's office. By the time I was twenty-one I had risen to be the chief shipping clerk with a fair salary, and that post I occupy now. Six years ago I married as nice a young woman as I think ever existed, and for four years and a half we lived happily together. We had three children, two of whom are now living. Our first child, a beautiful girl, died of diphtheria when she was three years

old, and her mother died shortly after giving birth to the little boy who has just left the room. You see, therefore, I am a sorrowful widower; and I should be more sorrowful still if I had not a good sister to keep my house."

"No doubt you would; that is, however, a great alleviation."

"It is; but having told you so much, the most sad part is to come. It was hard to lose my dear child; it was harder still to lose my beloved wife; but what made it still worse was the fact, that during both trials I was, by belief and profession, an Agnostic."

"An Agnostic! How was that?"

"I told you, Mr. Rock, that my parents were Christian people. They lived the Christian life and they died the Christian death. They sent me therefore to a Sunday-school, and to a place of worship. Until I was married to a Christian young woman, I nominally professed to believe in Christianity, and went regularly to my accustomed chapel. But in the office was an old well-read, grey-headed clerk, who professed to be an Agnostic. He held conversations with me from time to time, and ultimately induced me to go and hear two or three talented infidel lecturers. The result was my faith in Christianity became shaken, and then my real trials commenced.

"Never shall I forget one Sabbath. Hitherto, in spite of my increasing scepticism, I had continued to go with my good wife to our chapel, and she little suspected what sort of a conflict was going on within. But a sceptical lecture heard on a preceding evening, and of which she knew nothing, had served to show me, that to go any longer with my belief would be to play the hypocrite. I felt, though I knew it would shock her, that the revelation

must be made, and the sooner the better. The Sunday came, and she saw that I was not getting ready to go out with her as usual. 'Harry,' she said, 'do you know what time it is? Make haste, or we shall not be in time!' 'I am not going, Jentie,' I said, as coolly as I could. 'Not going! are you poorly, Harry?' 'No, dear; but I do not intend to go any more.' 'Not go any more!' said she, looking quite bewildered; 'what do you mean by that?' 'Well, Jentie, it may just as well come out first as last: I have ceased to believe in Christianity. Of course, you do believe in it, and you can therefore go to your place of worship; I do not want to hinder you going if I do not go myself. You ought to have your liberty, even as I ought to have mine, and I will never seek to deprive you of it. I am really sorry to have to tell you this; but I am bound to do so, for I can play the hypocrite no longer.'

"It took her, dear girl, a moment

or two to take in my real meaning, and when she seemed to grasp it, she gazed at me as if she would read me through, to ascertain if, after all, I was not playing with her. But reading no sign of retraction in my face, she sank upon the sofa, buried her face in her hands, and crying, 'Oh! Harry, Harry! I never thought it would come to this,' she sobbed, poor thing, as if her heart would break. After a while she rose and went to her chamber. I listened, and knew that she had fallen on her knees in prayer. She prayed, but quietly and with a broken utterance. Again and again I heard my name mentioned. It was evident that she was praying to the Lord to win her erring husband back to the ways of truth and righteousness; and that earnest, loving prayer of my devoted Christian wife was answered at last, but only when it was too late for her to know it, being months after her body was laid in the silent grave."

(To be continued.)

I CONSIDER the Temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform.—*Cobden*.

WHEN man's heart is touched, it is by that which comes straight from the heart of God.

THERE is food for much reflection in the Arab proverb—"All sunshine makes the desert."

A CHILD believes things because they are told him; a man believes them because they are true.

WHEN death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—*George Eliot*.

IT'S right to trust in God; but if you don't stand to your halliards, your craft'll miss stays, and your faith'll be blown out of the bolt-ropes in the turn of a marlinspike.—*George Macdonald*.

THE chief secret in comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

GOD'S will is so high above humanity that its goodness and perfectness cannot be scanned at a glance, and would be very terrible if it were not for His manifested love, manifested in Jesus Christ. Only that holds our hearts together when He shatters the world.—*E. B. Browning*.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SERMONS FROM LITTLE PREACHERS.

By the REV. H. C. FIELD.

WE are very apt to despise little things. The tendency of our minds is to aim at and admire the great, while we look disdainfully upon the small. A salutary word exhorting us not to "despise the day of small things" may be very timely to us.

Many reasons might be given to show us why we should not despise small things. We will mention but one or two. Most great thing had small beginnings. Great kingdoms began with a few settlers. Great cities were not built in a day: building after building, row after row, street after street arose, until at length the city reached its glory. Great men were infants once. Rich men were poor once. Little by little the great has been reached. To have despised the small would have been despising the great, seeing great things arise from small beginnings.

The ocean is great, yet it is made up of drops of water. The earth is great, yet it is composed of grains of sand. The clouds that span the heavens are great, yet they are made up of particles of vapour. To despise the small is to despise the great. To admire the great is to admire the small.

There are small things which are more worthy of admiration and more to be wondered at than many great ones. Perfection in a small compass is more to be wondered at than perfection in a large. Who does not admire the smallest watch more than the largest time-piece? The former displays more skill and art than the latter. Who

does not wonder more at the Gospel according to Matthew printed on one side of an ordinary sheet than at the same Gospel covering thirty pages. If we recognize man's skill in works of small dimensions, shall we ignorantly pass by those little things in which the mighty God has displayed His power and skill more than in the great!

God does not despise the small. He counts it no dishonour to notice many things that haughty man despises. Often in His word He bids us go to little creatures not only to see the perfection of His creative power, but to learn many lessons which are to be taught nowhere else—at no other school.

In our pride and self-conceit we pass by little things which, if studied, would teach us valuable lessons. Be it ours to learn wherever we can, for God has a design in all His works if we will trouble ourselves to find out that design.

The whole world is one great picture gallery for us to study. One great lesson-book for us to learn. The world is a school, and we are scholars: therefore, let us use our faculties, and set ourselves to learn all we can. Come, friends, let us sit at the feet of some Little Preachers and humbly learn as well as gratefully appreciate the lessons they teach us.

There are four of them. Let me read their names and their practical sermons. You will find them in Prov. xxx. 24—28. "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:

"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;

"The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks;

"The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands;

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces."

I. Let us learn of the ant.

These celebrated little insects are too well known to need describing. Everybody has heard of their fame, and most have admired their skill. Their fame is only second to that of the bee, which probably stands higher in our esteem because she is a food-producing insect. She supplies us with delicious honey. In this particular the bee has an advantage over the clever little ant. Though the ant is not pecuniarily profitable to us, yet she is intellectually so. Instruction is better than gold.

Ants are noted for many things. Those women who are mothers in the Potteries* would do well to learn a lesson from them as to the care they should take of their offspring. The ants are clever nurses: the care and pains they display in this department is wonderful. They are *miners*: many of them excavate their houses in the earth. They are *masons*: some species build their houses above the surface. They erect columns, across which they spring arches to support their roofs, with as much skill as we should display in supporting the roof of a massive building. They are *carpenters*: some of them chisel their abodes out of trees, generally selecting good hard wood, mostly oak. Their abodes are miniature cities, with streets and squares, storehouses and dwellings. They

are *colonists*: as soon as one habitation becomes too thickly populated, a band of them starts off and forms a colony of their own at a distance from the others. They are *warriors*: one tribe will march out in full muster against another tribe and make war upon it. When the fight is ended, the conquerors take off the prey which consists of the eggs of the vanquished. They take them home, hatch them, and make the little foreigners their slaves. We might go on to a considerable extent in this direction, but we must forbear; suffice it to say, so clever are they, that Cicero, when he considered them, was so filled with wonder at their wisdom, that he declared, "they must have mind, reason, and memory." So clever are they that God, their Creator, who taught them such sagacity directs our attention to them for instruction.

The reference to them in our text is to their *forethought and provident care for the future*. They are practical examples of the proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines." All the summer they are busy preparing for the winter, laying up their winter store, making all necessary preparation for a time of need. When the voracious lion is prowling about pinched with hunger, the little ant is safely provided for in her home. The sacred writer would have us come to the ant now and learn of her to take provident care for the future. Alas! it is too true, some of us are sadly deficient here. We know that we must die that we have a soul that must live on for ever; that God has given us opportunities for making its eternal interests secure;—yet here you are to-day, and no preparation have you made. If sickness were to come stalking into your house; if he should lay his hand on your

* Preached to a Pottery congregation. In the Potteries, the mortality of infants through the neglect of mothers who go to work, is something fearful. This word was very salutary.

shoulder and bid you go lie on a sick bed—your last bed—the bed of death, what fearful consternation would you be in! No preparation made; your ship launching on the sea of eternity with no compass; your spirits going you know not where; alas! you have too good a reason to believe to hell. Dost thou hear me? Thou hast made no settlement of thine eternal affairs. You took good care to get your property insured, your will made for the disposing of it when you are gone, but I ask thee, in the name of God, What about your soul's will? Ah, you don't like to hear of it! This is your state: no Saviour found; no light in the dark valley of death; no hope of angel arms coming to bear you aloft to the skies; no glad song to welcome you to Heaven; no fond embrace in the arms of that father or mother that's gone to glory. When that departed one died you felt keenly the separation. To you it was not an eternal separation then; you had hopes of reuniting up yonder. But, alas! you have forgotten it all! You have been absorbed in the world and sin! Sir, I will speak to thee as if it were thy dying hour. Thou art dying! Never more shall you meet that loved one! You have made that separation an eternal one by your neglect of the means of grace! Ah, it is too late! Says one beside his bed, "He is too weak to pray." Says another, softly, "Poor fellow, he is too insensible to understand what he must do to be saved."

Minister, stand back; he is too far gone! Anxious mother, stand back; all your efforts are in vain! Loving sister, stand back; you cannot save him now! He put it off, and put it off, until— Ah! he's dead! Now it is too late; he cannot enter now!

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lampholds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Let your end be not like that of the one we have described, I pray you. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

The lesson the ant teaches us is: Prepare for the future. "Prepare to meet thy God." Man alive, unfold your arms! Wake up, I pray you, and secure Heaven through faith in Jesus Christ!

"Oh," say you, "there is plenty of time yet." Who tells you so? Who gave you a lease of your life? "Oh, sir, I am young and healthy and well—just in the summer of life." I am glad to hear you say that, for the text suggests that that is the very time you should prepare for the future. "The ant prepareth her meat in the summer." If it is your summer time, now is the time for you to prepare for eternity. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"Time future is not,
And may never be:
The present moment
Is the only time for thee."

"Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved."

II. The second little preacher to whom we would listen is the cony. This animal is very similar in its nature to the rabbit, but it differs somewhat in appearance, as well as habit. Conies inhabit Syria and Abyssinia principally. They are

feeble, exceedingly timid and fearful. Their paws are very tender, so that they cannot burrow as the rabbit does, but their instinct leads them to the crevices of the rocks, where they dwell. They never move far from their places of retreat. When they go out it is with such caution and fear that, it is said, "they start at the shadow of a bird crossing their path." They do this because it is not infrequently they become the prey to eagles and hawks. They make their nests in the holes of the rocks and line them with feathers and moss. Having once made a home in the rock, they take care never to go further away than they are able to make a good retreat in time of danger.

The cony teaches us this lesson : The weak must go to the strong for strength.

Now, to many of us here, this lesson is a timely one. We are all weak creatures. Man physically is weaker than many other creatures of creation, and if he had not wisdom to guide him to self-defence, his weakness would be very apparent. The cony's wisdom makes up for lack of strength : so must ours.

We are surrounded with enemies that would soon destroy us ; enemies that are bent on our ruin. "Satan goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The hounds of hell are often on our track. Evil spirits, like eagles and vultures, are ready to pounce upon us and destroy us. If we do not look out of ourselves for security and shelter they will prevail against us.

Ever since man sinned he has been the prey of Satan. There is only one place where we can find a secure retreat. "The Rock Christ, Jesus." He who hath fled to Him for refuge "shall dwell on high : his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks : bread shall

be given him : his water shall be sure," and his "eyes shall see the King in His beauty ; they shall behold the land that is very far off." Christ, my friend, is thy only place of safety. Some of you never know what it is to feel safe. "Oh, that I were safe from sin, and death, and hell!" you often cry. Come, then, if that is thy desire, and, like the cony, flee to the Rock ; flee to the riven side of Jesus, and shelter there. Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove thee if once thou gettest there and makest Christ thy Saviour.

"Rock of ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

It may be I have some timid child of God here this evening who is fearful lest after all he should be lost. Flee to the Rock, brother ! Get there, and keep there, and you need not doubt thy security then. Another has seen the enemy, and come nearly into his hands, and your heart is panting like some hunted deer. Flee to the Rock, pursued one ; make good thy shelter there, and none shall harm thee.

"Other refuge have we none."

Child of God, learn from the conies that your safety lies in keeping on the Rock. Make Christ your hiding place, and you will be secure ; your strong tower, your fortress into which you can run at all times and be safe. Never lose sight of Christ. Never venture far away. Never trust to yourself. Be cautious. "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." Dear Refuge of the feeble and timid ones we make Thee our rock of safety !

Unbeliever, learn from the conies that you are unsafe out of Christ. "Escape for thy life ! look not behind thee !" Run to this place of safety ! Go to Jesus ; He will save

thee. He saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

III. The third preacher of whom we would learn is the locust.

The locust of the Scripture is an Eastern insect of the same species as our grasshopper. They very rarely come so far west as England. In 1748 a flock of them visited Europe, and in their flight stopped the army of Charles XII. The locusts were so numerous as to occupy four hours in passing over. Some of them reached England and visited Staffordshire and Shropshire. They are about two or two-and-a-half inches in length. Though they are so small, yet they are a mighty force in the hands of God. He calls them His army. They were used by Him in Egypt for one of the plagues. Wherever they appear they betoken great devastation. Their number is not legion, but myriad. Their destructive power is fearful. Their speed is compared to that of horses. Their noise in flight to the rattling of hailstones, the rushing of a torrent, the roaring of the sea when agitated by a storm. They are irresistible in their progress. Fire and water both fail to stop them. Nothing but a contrary wind can turn them: thus are they entirely in the hands of God.

The one feature for which our text notes them is, their wonderful observance of perfect unity. One locust is a mean little creature that you may crush with your thumb, yet going in bands as they do, they are so mighty a force that nothing can overcome them. They are a practical proof of the axiom "Union is strength." We are invited to sit at their feet and learn this lesson from them: "They have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." What a powerful lesson of unity! Let us learn it well. You and I may

be of no importance personally, yet a host of us would be a powerful force. One often hears professors say, "I have no influence; I cannot do much; it is no use asking me to help." My friend, if all of us were to make such remarks, such excuses for not working, everything would come to a standstill. But if each one, while he acknowledges his weakness, will nevertheless unite with others, that weakness multiplied is strength.

It is very remarkable that the locusts have no king, yet they go in bands and observe perfect unity. How these little creatures shame us, who, with our King Jesus and His wholesome laws, fail to maintain unity and peace among ourselves. Thank God we have unity here, brethren! May we have grace still to maintain it, for our only hope of success is in our unity of action.

I would like to point every dis-united church to these little creatures. They are enough to make them blush if they have got any sense of shame left. "They have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." God is their King; He guides them. We, as Christians, have no king among ourselves. We give no man supreme power in the Church. God is our King, and we know no other. Let us, like the locusts, keep in bands, and then we shall be a great power in the world. Christians in bands, are to conquer the world for Christ. Our success lies in our unity of action. We, as Christians, want no man for our leader. We recognize no State power in our religion. We have one King, even Jesus! "all we are brethren." As such, united in heart and effort, let us go forth in bands to win the world for Christ.

IV. The fourth and last little preacher to whom we will listen is the spider.

This insect is too common to need

description. "Small, but exceeding wise." This little creature is noted for its web, the fineness of which surpasses silk. Also for the ingenuity with which she makes it. How adapted it is to catch her prey! With what skill she takes them captive! She is noted for her patience and perseverance. Our text notes her for the power she has of clinging with her hands, and making her way where others could not get. "She taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." She is an insect that we all try to kill and exterminate from our dwellings. Yet for all our trying she will get in, and we cannot keep her out. She clings to some beam, or secretes herself in some corner, so as to escape our notice, or prevent our reach. She is alike in the cottage and the palace. Our text observes her presence in the palace, and tells us how she gets there.

Here is a lesson for us, my friends. If you and I are to get into the king's palace, it must be by clinging perseveringly to that place by faith. We must fix our hands of faith tightly on it, and never loose our hold. The spider is unworthy of being in a king's palace, yet she gets there. We are unworthy of being in the palace of the great King above, but if we cling to Christ by faith, we shall get in. Nothing else will get us in. While the great and noble and pompous are afraid,—yea, forbidden, to enter the palace, the humble spider gets in and remains there. May we follow her example and humbly yet firmly cling to Christ; then when the King sees us there, He will not exterminate us, but commend our faith. "Thy faith hath saved thee," He will say.

Thus have we heard what these little Preachers have to teach us. May we learn the lessons well.

I. Take care in summer, the time of health and prosperity, to prepare for the future world.

'Tis hard to find Christ on the sick bed: few, very few, find Him on a dying bed.

II. Don't boast of your own strength, for you are weak. Rather, like the conies, go to the "Rock of Ages." If there, "when you are weak, then are you strong."

III. While we recognize no earthly king as our leader in spiritual concerns, yet let us be united. May the strong bond of Christian love bind us fast to each other.

IV. If we would get to Heaven and dwell in the King's palace, let us take hold of Christ, and keep hold of Him with our hands of faith, and we shall succeed in getting in. God grant that we may all reach that blessed place, for Christ's sake. Amen.

STALYBRIDGE.

BROTHER BRAG.

You have doubtless heard of him; very likely seen him. Indeed, he is quite ubiquitous. Judging from his carriage and conversation, he is a very important man. He is full of business. He shoulders great undertakings, and is the pivotal centre of immense and vital issues. A peculiar *éclat* inevitably attends everything he puts his hand unto. Of this fact he is by no means unconscious. Why should he be? So much usefulness and brilliancy could not well be concealed. Nor is he at all inclined to hide his light under a bushel. He believes that he should be as a city which is set on a hill. Other men of smaller calibre may be obtrusive, but not he. The world is in pressing need of his services. Besides, he was not destined to shed his "sweetness on the desert air." Great expectations are constantly being raised by

his movements, and it is but due to mankind that frequent and full reports should be made of his sublime successes. He often calls upon his pastor, imparting instruction, counsel, and admonition. Many a long

hour is thus occupied. Sometimes these visits are very wearisome, and exhaustive of patience; but is it not because the simple-minded parson is sadly lacking in discernment and comprehension?

Poetry.

PRAYER TO THE COMFORTER.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

OLY SPIRIT, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Sweetest joy the soul can know,
Source of all true peace below;
Thy sweet love, O do Thou shed;
Cheer my heart, anoint my head.

'Mid the conflict and the strife
Of this changeful, passing life
Keep my faith both strong and pure,
Seeking truth which shall endure;
Ever resting on that blood
Which procured my peace with God.

For Thy love and all Thou art
Reign supreme within my heart;
Shine, O shine, from Jesu's face,
Let me all His beauty trace;
And thus having Him through Thee,
I have all eternally.

O my Lord, full well I know
Thou art all I want below;
Sad, indeed, my heart and poor,
Outcast here at mercy's door;
Through Thy teachings only blest,
As they guide to Christ, my rest.

Thou must show the Father's grace
Shining in the Saviour's face;
All that love I would explore,
Living there for evermore;
Thou must help my faith to reach
Far beyond the reach of speech.

Oft to Thee for help I cry,
Barren, withered, cold, and dry;
'Tis Thy work to show the truth,
Clothe it with immortal youth;
Bring the Saviour's love to view,
Make me patient, brave, and true.

Bless my work, dear Spirit, bless,
Give my toil Thy sweet caress;
Clothe with fragrance never bought
All my efforts, every thought;
Make each to open like a rose,
Christ's own beauty to disclose.

Thou the broken heart must cheer,
Lift each burden, dry each tear;
Every grace Thy love must give,
Bid the contrite spirit live;
Work true faith, apply Christ's blood,
Bring the soul to rest in God.

'Tis Thy work to shed that light
Which can scatter all our night;
Heal the conscience, chase each fear,
Make Thy children's title clear;
Fill the soul with visions bright,
Vistas of the Infinite.

O full and well I know, dear Lord,
And it pierces like a sword,
How I oft have grieved Thy love,
Gently stooping from above,
As it sought to lure to rest,
Pillow me on Jesu's breast.

Once again do Thou forgive,
 Let Thy presence in me live ;
 Hide me in the Saviour's heart,
 All His beauty now impart ;
 Never more O let me roam
 From my Saviour, God, and home.

O great Spirit, come and bless,
 Comfort of the comfortless ;
 Friend of all the poor and weak,
 Through Thy word O do Thou speak ;
 Raise and cheer when prostrate, low,
 Help me to God's will to bow.

Precious Gift, all gifts in one,
 Lost Thy presence all is gone ;
 Having Thee I all things have,
 And no more my heart can crave ;
 All God hath in Thee is given,
 Earnest, pledge, and seal of heaven.

Hear my prayer, most noble Guest,
 Gift of all God's gifts the best ;
 Glorious Spirit, life's own sun,
 From the Father and the Son,
 Source of life, O dwell in me,
 Spring and rise eternally !

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Reviews.

Illustrations and Meditations; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden.
 By C. H. SPURGEON. London:
 Passmore and Alabaster.

A SPARKLING volume of pithy sentences and profitable reflections! The *illustrations* are cuttings from the sermons of Dr. Thomas Manton; the *meditations* are buddings and blooms that have flowered in our author's own study. Mr. Spurgeon's devout mind is like a conservatory kept at tropical heat. The homely metaphors he has gathered from a puritan's garden are propagated with admirable skill. Here are flowers of rich colour and rare perfume. The pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle has helped more than any other living man to rescue "preaching" from its proverbial dulness, and raise it to the rank of one of the fine arts.

The Congregational Psalmist Supplement. First Section. Additional Tunes. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE tunes number one hundred and fifty (clear type, and, we should say, containing nearly every possible variety of metre), and cannot fail to be of service, as they are selected from the best musical sources, and

contain many tunes from our grandest composers.

Why the Chapel was Built; or, the Stir made by the Gospel in a Country Town. By a Deceased Minister. With a few words upon the present state of Christendom, and a Conversation between a Parson and one of his old Parishioners. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street.

THE writer of this little book has long since passed from labour to rest. We knew him as the hard-working Kentish pastor, full of love to Christ and souls. Many of his old friends must still survive him, and will be interested in reading this sixpenny book.

The Aborigines and Outcasts of India; with a Dedication to the Native Young Men of India educated and trained under the auspices of the British nation. By Major H. M. CONRAN. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

IT cannot be read without the Christian's interest being quickened towards India, and is an especially timely pamphlet for this missionary season of the year. May it be blessed in awaking in the minds of the native young men of India a desire for Christ and consecration in His service.

Lay Work in the Army. By Captain SETON CHURCHILL. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WE see the writer makes mention of the good work done by a society in which many of our readers are interested—The Army Scripture Readers' Society. May all who are working for the spiritual welfare of our soldiers be abundantly blessed.

The Baptist Magazine contains a brief but excellent paper on the Suffolk Baptists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, by the Rev. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich. *The General Baptist* has for a leader "How best to put the way of Salvation before a Child." It is written by S. D. Rickards, and all who have to do with the religious training of children will do well to read it. We are also glad that our friend Mr. Spurgeon, in *The Sword and Trowel*, is calling attention to some of the unscriptural tenets and inconsistent proceedings of the Salvation Army. The editor of *The Baptist* has done right in giving his readers the rules and regulations issued by this sect. All should read and ponder, and ask, What will the end of these things be? We tremble at the thought of probable results.

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for March contains a good Sermon by Dr. Landels; subject: God a Sun and Shield.

We have received some new specimen Tracts from the Baptist Tract Society. They are of the narrative and dialogue class—very readable, and likely to do much good.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received the *Sunday at Home*, with a beautifully illuminated frontispiece, and a picture illustrating the Queen's Gift to Netley Hospital. We are also favoured with a very good account of the rise and work of the Ragged School Union. The *Leisure Hour* gives a description of Netley Hospital, by Samuel Mossman. The March number of the *Girls' Own* and *Boys' Own* seem to us increasingly adapted for the young of every grade. We can only say that they are crowded with good first-class matter. The *Friendly Greetings*, a great favourite with our tract distributors, has this month a frontispiece which will please its subscribers, illustrating the street cry, "Beautiful flowers—all a-blowing." The *Cottager and Artisan*, the *Child's Companion*, and the *Tract Magazine*, all worthy.

The Footsteps of Truth, also *The Trust*, and *The Inquirer's Guide* and *Worker's Friend* have our best wishes for their success. *The Wonders of Grace; or the Converted Sceptic and his Household*. A good penny book, published by Mr. Elliot Stock. *The Preacher's Analyst* opens as usual with a sermon of no mean merit, by the Editor, who also says some thoughtful words about the Salvation Army. We have received *The Warning Voice*, *The Missing Link*, *The British Flag*, *The Ragged School Quarterly*, and *The Quarterly Records of the Trinitarian Bible Society*. May our Heavenly Father good speed them all.

DEPEND upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done" with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and theologian.

I THINK it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a safeguard against needless worry; but one far wiser than he has said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

PROFANE LANGUAGE.

“Swear not at all.”—*Jesus.*

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—How it does vex the Christian, as it vexed Lot in his day, to hear the vile language we frequently do in our streets. Even boys, I am sorry to say, of tender age are sadly addicted to this bad habit. I have frequently been greeted as I have passed along the streets with profane language. Many, no doubt, who thus greet our ears with such profane expressions were once very promising, but they have mixed with bad companions, who have soon corrupted them the same as they. I am sorry to say that swearing and smoking is on the increase among many young people. There appears to be a great lawlessness and want of decent behaviour among the boys and young men of the present day, notwithstanding the vast machinery employed to reach them and improve their moral as well as spiritual culture. Youthful bands and societies are formed which are intended to rescue the young from these evils, and exert a mighty influence for good on the young mind: yet, with all these organizations, there appears a great work to be done to keep anything like pace with the flood of sin and profanity

which prevails. Let all lovers of Jesus be up and doing, and work earnestly to stem the tide of sin by the help of God: “Work while it is called to-day: for the night cometh when no man can work.”

Dear young friends,—There is something you can do. You can show by your conduct and example that you hate sin, and that you displease the Saviour when your conduct is questionable. The influence which we all exert is far more than we suppose either for good or evil. From those who attend a Sunday-school we surely expect the more, for such are taught better. You have to be ever looking to Jesus that He may keep you from joining with those whose characters are questionable who may lead you away. Many a Sunday-school scholar has been enticed away from the Sunday-school; and perhaps the first Sunday’s transgression may lead to sad consequences. Who can tell? Therefore let me warn you against evil company. Such company very frequently is powerful in that which is evil. May you be kept by the mighty power of Jesus,

Plymouth. THOMAS HEATH.

LOOKING ON THE SUNNY SIDE.—For every bad there might be a worse; and even if a girl should break her arm, let her be thankful that it is not her neck. When Fenelon’s library was on fire, “God be praised,” he exclaimed, “that it is not the dwelling of some poor man.” This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see the world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. H. F. GOWER, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping in New Mill Chapel, and the Tabernacle, Tring.

Rev. J. R. Fawcett, of Rawdon College, Yorkshire, has accepted the pastorate of the church and congregation at Farsley.

The Rev. Charles Brown has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Shortwood Church, Nailsworth.

Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Leicester, has accepted a call to Richmond Chapel, Liverpool.

Rev. W. Julyan, of Cheltenham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Lansdowne Church, Bournemouth.

Rev. John Simpson has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the Broughty Ferry Church.

Rev. John Urquhart, Kirkoaldy, has been invited to accept the pastorate of Frederick Street Church, Glasgow.

ASHWATER, DEVON. — Rev. W. Gliddon, of Hayle, Cornwall, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the united churches in this district.

Rev. W. E. Davies, late of Grant-ham, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Hail Weston Church. His address is High Street, St. Neots, Hunts.

Rev. J. T. Almy, of Park Road Chapel, Ryde, has accepted the pastorate of the Brixham Church, Devon.

Rev. J. Mann, of the Regent's-park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the first Baptist Church, Wantage.

Rev. J. Scriven, late of Brondesbury, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Circus Street Chapel, Nottingham.

PRESENTATIONS.

THE closing entertainment of the Mutual Improvement Association, Bridgenorth, has been given. The report read showed a large increase in the membership for the session; and during the evening presentations of handsome and valuable books were made respectively to the Rev. J. W. Dyer, the president, and to Mr. J. E. Roden, secretary, in recognition of their services.

A public meeting, preceded by a tea, was held at Kingskerwell, South Devon, on Monday, March 19th, in connection with the resignation of the Rev. W. Clatworthy, late of the Pastors' College. Suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Gatton, Wooton, Soper, Halls, and Smith. During the meeting, which was very hearty and enthusiastic, a purse of gold was handed Mr. Clatworthy as an expression of love and sympathy.

Rev. E. Lauderdale, of Grimsby, has been presented by his congregation with a purse of gold.

Rev. J. W. Lance, on the completion of the 21st year of his pastorate of the Commercial Street Church, Newport, has been presented by the congregation with a gold watch and chain, together with an address expressing thankfulness for the unbroken harmony and great success of his ministry, and for his personal sympathy. At the same time a handsome Davenport was given to Mrs. Lance.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. J. LONGHURST has received a cordial recognition as pastor of Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham. About two hundred friends partook of tea, the subsequent meeting being presided over by the Rev. T.

Williams, of Coleford. The Revs. Professors Gracey and Fergusson, J. A. Aston, M.A., of St. Luke's Church, J. Bloomfield, J. E. Brett, H. Kidner, E. F. Forster, J. M. Blackie, S. Chester, H. Wilkins, J. C. Carlisle, J. Bevan, E. Pearson, and W. Evans, took part.

Recognition services, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. Douglas as pastor of the church at Ilfracombe, were held on the 28th of March. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. E. G. Gange, and a public tea was held in the schoolroom, followed by a public meeting, presided over by the Rev. S. Newman. Addresses were given by the pastor, and the Revs. G. D. Gould, M.A., B. Bird, E. G. Gange, and others. The services were throughout most successful.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. F. Potter (late of the Pastors' College), as pastor of Park Street Church, Thaxted, Essex, were held on the 28th of March. Rev. A. S. Brown preached in the afternoon, after which about 300 friends sat down to tea. Mr. R. Sowe presided at the recognition service in the evening, supported by Revs. D. Gracey, H. Parnell, J. C. Foster, R. J. Tayzell, T. Betts, and A. Rollason.

The recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. T. Parry, (of the Pastors' College) as pastor of Lordship Lane Chapel, East Dulwich, was held on the 2nd of March. The public meeting was preceded by a tea-meeting, at which about 200 sat down. At the public meeting Mr. F. C. Allison (deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle), took the chair, supported by Revs. Professor D. Gracey, J. T. Briscoe, C. Spurgeon, J. Boyle, B. Brigg, A. J. Grant, and P. Golding. The pastor gave an account of his call to the ministry and to the church. Rev. J. T. Briscoe offered up the ordination prayer, after which Rev. D. Gracey gave a powerful charge.

Rev. A. J. Grant, (formerly of

Harrow-on-the-Hill) was on Thursday, April 5th, publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Barry-road, East Dulwich. Over 100 persons sat down to tea in the new building. Suitable mottoes, texts, and a plentiful supply of flowers. The choir was occupied by the Rev. Enoch Salt.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE foundation-stone of a new school chapel has been laid in Broughton, Manchester, by Rev. Dr. Maclaren. Since August, 1880, a church has existed in Broughton, the services being conducted in the Golden Hall, Great Clowes Street. The progress of the cause, however, has been retarded through the want of suitable premises. A plot of land having been secured at the corner of Moss Street, Great Clowes Street, it is proposed to proceed forthwith with the building of a school, which for a time will also serve as a chapel, the estimated cost of this part of the work being about £1,500. The whole scheme, which will be carried out in course of time, includes the erection of a chapel to seat 750 persons, and of six class-rooms in connection with the school. At a subsequent meeting on Monday, under the presidency of Mr. Jesse Bryant, addresses were delivered by the pastor, the Rev. E. Coleman, and others.

The annual *soiree* of the pastor's Bible-class, in connection with Cow Lane Chapel, Coventry, has just been held, under the presidency of the Rev. W. J. Henderson. The class has a membership of 200. The church is building a handsome and commodious chapel in Queen's Road, Coventry. For more than two centuries and a half this church has existed, and while it has modified many of its plans, it has preserved the devoutness and intelligence of its early history.

Owing to the prosperous condition of the church at Swindon, Wilts, it has been decided to erect a more

commodious building. The present chapel is seated for 530.

The memorial stones of a new chapel at Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, Rev. H. A. Roberts, B.A., pastor (erected on the site of the old building, which was really only an annex of the exhibition building of 1862, and the gift of Sir Morton Peto, Bart.), were laid by Mr. J. T. Olney and Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C. For some time the church has found the temporary building in many respects unsuited to their work, and the chapel, which is now far on towards completion, was resolved upon, the cost not to exceed £6,000. Mr. Boyle, treasurer to the building committee, at the luncheon after the ceremony, at which Mr. John Barran, M.P. for Leeds, presided, said they had received in promises previous to that day, £2,400; and they had other assets, from the sale of the materials of the old building and the value of the freehold adjoining the chapel, amounting to £700. They hoped to complete the fourth thousand pounds by means of a bazaar and by the offerings of that day's proceedings. Speeches were also delivered by the Rev. Dr. Angus, Mr. Firth, M.P., Mr. Olney, Mr. Bompas, the Revs. T. V. Tymms, and J. Clifford, and others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Unity Chapel, Merriott, Somerset, on Tuesday, about thirty persons were formally recognized as a Christian Church. The Revs. J. Cruikshank, of Crewkerne, and E. Watts, of South Petherton, who were present by invitation of the friends, took the leading part in the service. The Rev. H. J. Tresidder, who has been labouring at Merriott for the past year, is the pastor of the new church, which is formed on Union principles.

Rev. James Smith, of the Baptist Mission at Delhi, has returned to England, after nearly forty years' missionary work in that country.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, SUTTON-ON-TRENT.
—The annual tea and public meeting was held on Good Friday, March

23rd, 1883. In the evening the chapel was crowded to hear the service of song entitled "Billy Bray," given by the choir. The connective readings were given by the Rev. E. B. Shepherd (of Newark); the Rev. H. Channer, pastor, presided; Mr. Meal (of Newark), offered prayer. The collection was very good and also the sales made off the stall of useful articles.

HITCHIN.—On the 14th of Feb. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith commenced a series of a fortnight's evangelistic services in the Nonconformist churches in the town (including the Friends' Meeting House), and at each service the buildings were crowded, and on some evenings overflow meetings were held. The chief aim of the mission was to attract those who were not in the habit of attending places of worship at all, and this object to a great extent has been realized. Special services were held for children, which were attended by scholars of the various Sunday-schools, when prizes were given, and the impression of these services will not easily be forgotten. There were also special meetings for men and women, separately, when about 1,000 men and 800 women attended. There was an inquirer's meeting at the close of each service, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity. There was also Song Services on Saturday evenings, and the solos were given with good effect by Mr. Smith; and Mr. Fullerton made great impressions with his addresses. Throughout the services a large body of Christian workers have supported these earnest Evangelists, and their labours have been most successful. Wednesday, the 28th Feb, was the last day, and to very many this day will never be forgotten. There was a service at the Wesleyan Chapel at 7 o'clock in the morning, which was well packed. Mr. Fullerton conducted a service at the Congregational Church at 11; and Mr. Smith at Walsworth-road Baptist Church at 11; special services for men at 3, and women at 3, the former

at Walsworth-road Church, and the latter at the Wesleyan Church; and in the evening, at Tilehouse-street Baptist Church (which is the largest Nonconformist place of worship in the town), there was such a gathering of people, the like of which has not been seen before. Hundreds were unable even to find standing room. Large numbers chose a seat in the school-room adjoining, and some in the lecture hall. The Rev. F. G. Marchant, pastor, assisted at this service, and Mr. Fullerton preached an eloquent and powerful sermon from "Choose life." At the close about 200 persons entered the lecture hall as inquirers, nearly the whole of whom had found peace with Christ during these services. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have left the town with the good wishes of each Christian community, with a hope that God will bless their services in the future, as He had done at Hitchin.

BAPTISMS.

Abersychan.—March 25, Three, by J. Coles.
Alperton, Middlesex.—December 31st, Four (two daughters of the pastor), by C. B. Chapman; March 25, Three.
Amptill.—March 23, Four, by H. Dunn.
Armley, Leeds.—April 1, Three, by A. P. Fayers.
Ashley, Lymington.—March 25, Four, by A. Hall.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—March 25, One, by A. Bowden.
Bedford.—March 18, Mill-street, Four, by T. Watts.
Bethesda, Tydee, Mon.—February 25, Ten, by W. Owen.
Birmingham.—March 13, Graham-street, Six, by A. Mursell.
Blaenau Gwent, Abertillery.—March 11, Six, by T. T. Evans.
Blaenavon.—March 1, King-street, Six, by O. Tidman.
Bristol.—March 25, Thrissell-street, Seven, by C. Griffiths.
Burnley.—March 18, Mount Pleasant, Six, by J. Kemp.
Burton.—March 18, Guild-street, Five, by J. Askew.
Bury.—March 25, Ebenezer, Two, by W. L. Mavo.
Cardigan.—March 11, Mount Zion, Five, by G. Hughes.
Carlton, Bede.—February 25, Two, by F. King.

Chadlington.—Easter Sunday, Three, by W. Pontifex.
Colwyn.—April 1, Five, by J. Williams.
Corton.—March 25, Seventeen (one from Chiltern), by S. King.
Combe Martin, North Devon.—March 25, Fifteen, by J. Glover.
Corsham, Wilts.—March 25, Ten, by the pastor.
Crickhowell.—March 16, Two, by J. Jenkins.
Cross Keys.—April 1, Five, by C. H. Watkins.
Dalton-in-Furness.—March 10, One, by J. G. Anderson.
Dowlais.—March 21, Beulah, One, by J. Williams.
Dunkerton, near Bath.—March 25, Five, by F. Millard.
Ebbw Vale.—March 25, Zion Chapel, Six, by W. Powell.
Eye, Suffolk.—March 25, Five, by J. Hollinshead.
Franksbridge.—March 18, Two, by T. D. Jones.
Frithelstock, North Devon.—February 23, Five, by W. F. Price.
Galcar, near Huddersfield.—April 1, Eleven, by W. Gay.
Grantham.—March 25, Oxford-street, One, by A. Gibson.
Great Grimby.—March 25, Freeman-street, One; Victoria-street, Six, by E. Lauderdale; March 29, Three, by W. Orton.
Haslingden.—March 25, Trinity Chapel, Thirty-three, by P. Prout.
Hitchin.—March 18, at Walsworth-road, Seven; March 25, Nine, by F. J. Bird.
Hollinwood, near Oldham.—March 22, Two, by S. Caldwell.
Lucaster.—March 14, Seven, by J. Baxandall.
Langun, Haverfordwest.—March 11, One, by W. Davies.
Lincoln.—March 25, Mint-lane Chapel, Eight, by G. P. Mackay.
Llangollen.—March 25, Castle-street Chapel, Three, by D. Williams.
Llanerchymedd, Anglesea.—April 1, Two, by D. Hughes.
London.—
Bethnal Green-road—March 25, Four, by W. H. Smith.
Streatham.—March 28, Lewin-road, Four, by A. M'Caig.
Kilburn.—March 18, Canterbury-road, Three, by J. Lewis.
Ilford.—March 15, High-street, Two, by J. Young.
Lambeth.—February 23, Upton Chapel, Thirteen, by W. Williams.
Clapham, Grafton-square.—March 25, Five, by E. Webb.
East Dulwich.—March 25, Barry-road, Six, by A. J. Grant.
Highgate.—March 27, Two, by J. H. Barnard.
Camberwell.—March 28, Wyndham-road, Three, by S. Houkey.
St. John's Wood, Abbey-road.—March 29, Eight, by W. Stott.

- Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road. February 26, Three; March 1, Six, by J. O. Fellowes.
- Meltham, Yorks.—March 21, Eleven, by J. Alderson.
- Morley.—March 26, Two, by E. Davies.
- Neath, South Wales.—March 25, Orchard-place, Five, by S. C. Burn.
- Nailsworth.—March 25, Six, by J. Robinson.
- Newbridge, Mon. (English).—March 25, Three, by A. F. Mills.
- Newport, Mon.—On Easter Sunday, Six, by A. T. Jones.
- Newport, Mon.—March 25, Stowhill, Two, by J. Douglas.
- New Radnor.—March 18, One, by G. Phillips.
- Oswestry.—March 18, Four, by G. Archer.
- Pembroke.—March 4, Four, by E. Thomas.
- Pembroke Dock.—Bush-street, March 12, Ten; April 1, Five, by R. C. Roberts.
- Pembroke Dock.—March 4, Bethany, Twenty-four; March 11, Fifteen, by J. D. Jones.
- Pisgah, Pyle.—March 7, Five, by W. Haddock.
- Pisgah Talywain, Mon.—April 1, Three, by D. B. Richards.
- Risca, Mon.—April 1, Moriah, Three, by E. Thomas.
- Rhymney, Mon.—March 11, Beulah, Nine, by Hy. Phillips.
- Rockdale.—March 11, Three; March 25, Two, by D. O. Davies.
- Ross.—March 18, Seven; March 25, Ten, by J. E. Perrin.
- Sittingbourne.—March 18, Nine, by J. Doubleday.
- Sourton, Dartmoor.—On Easter Sunday, Three, by G. Parker.
- Southend.—March 25, Eight, by H. W. Childs.
- Southcwell, Notts.—March 23, Four, by J. H. Plumbridge.
- St. Neots, Hunts.—March 25, East-street, Two, by T. G. Gathercole.
- Skipton, Yorkshire.—April 1, Two, by W. Judge.
- Stow-on-the-Wold.—March 21, Seven; and 23rd, Six, by F. E. Blackaby.
- Swansea.—April 1, at Bethesda, Three, by A. J. Parry.
- Thornbury, Glos.—March 18, Four, by G. Rees.
- Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley.—March 25, Five, by J. W. Jones.
- Treorhy, Rhondda Valley.—March 18, Four, by D. Davies.
- Vale, Todmorden.—March 8, Two, by W. March.
- Waltham Abbey.—On Easter Sunday, One, by W. Jackson.
- Walgrave.—March 25, Eight, by E. J. Heath.
- Waterfoot, Lancashire.—March 25, Bethel, Three, by J. L. Lane.
- Whitstable-on-Sea.—February 25, Four, by E. A. Lawrence.
- Wilton Park, Durham.—March 4, Two, by J. Wilkins.
- Wyken Square, Coventry.—March 29, Four, by J. W. Parker.

A GOOD husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happy bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them; this is fine arithmetic. The waggoo of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labour.—*John Ploughman.*

SUNSHINE AT HOME.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

LAW AND GRACE.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."—Rom. v. 20.

THERE is no point upon which men make greater mistakes than upon the relation which exists between the law and the gospel. Some men put the law instead of the gospel; others put the gospel instead of the law; some modify the law and the gospel, and preach neither law nor gospel; and others entirely abrogate the law by bringing in the gospel. Many there are who think that the law is the gospel, and who teach that men by good works of benevolence, honesty, righteousness, and sobriety, may be saved. Such men do err. On the other hand, many teach that the gospel is a law; that it has certain commands in it, by obedience to which, men are meritoriously saved. Such men err from the truth, and understand it not. A certain class maintain that the law and the gospel are mixed, and that partly by observance of the law, and partly by God's grace, men are saved. These men understand not the truth, and are false teachers. This morning I shall attempt—God helping me—to show you what is the design of the law, and then what is the end of the gospel. The coming of the law is explained in regard to its objects: "Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound." Then comes the mission of the gospel: "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

I shall consider this text in two senses—first, *as it respects the world at large and the entrance of the law into it*; and then afterwards *as respecting the heart of the convinced sinner, and the entrance of the law into the conscience*.

I. First, we shall speak of the text as CONCERNING THE WORLD. The object of God in sending the law into the world was "that the offence might abound." But then comes the gospel, for "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." First, then, in reference to the entire world. *God sent the law into the world "that the offence might abound."* There was sin in the world long before God sent the law. God gave His law that the offence might be seen to be an offence; ay, and that the offence might abound exceedingly more than it could have done with out its coming. There was sin long before Sinai smoked; long ere the mountain trembled beneath the weight of Deity, and the dread trumpet sounded exceeding loud and long, there had been transgression. And where that law has never been heard, in heathen countries where that word has never gone forth, yet there is sin; because, though men cannot sin against the law which they have never seen, yet they can all rebel against the light of nature, against the dictates of conscience, and against that traditional remembrance of right and wrong which has

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followed mankind from the place where God created them. All men; in every land, have consciences, and therefore all men can sin. The ignorant Hottentot, who has never heard anything of a God, has just so much of the light of nature that, in the things that are outwardly good or bad he will discern the difference; and though he foolishly bows down to stocks and stones, he has a judgment which, if he used it, would teach him better. If he chose to use his talents, he might know there is a God; for the Apostle, when speaking of men who have only the light of nature, plainly declares that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." (Rom. i. 20.) Without a divine revelation men can sin, and sin exceedingly—conscience, nature, tradition, and reason, being each of them sufficient to condemn them for their violated commandments. The law makes no one a sinner; all men are such in Adam, and were so practically before its introduction. It entered that "the offence might abound." Now this seems a very terrible thought at first sight, and many ministers would have shirked this text altogether. But when I find a verse I do not understand, I usually think it is a text I *should* study; and I try to seek it out before my Heavenly Father, and then when He has opened it to my soul, I reckon it my duty to communicate it to you, with the holy aid of the Spirit. "The law entered that the offence might abound." I will attempt to show you how the law makes offences "abound."

1. First of all, the law tells us that *many things are sins which we should never have thought to be so if it had not been for the additional light*. Even with the light of nature, and the light of conscience, and the light of tradition, there are some things we should never have believed to be sins had we not been taught so by the law. Now, what man by the light of conscience, would keep holy the Sabbath-day—suppose he never read the Bible, and never heard of it? If he lived in a South Sea island he might know there was a God, but not by any possibility could he find out that the seventh part of his time should be set apart to that God. We find that there are certain festivals and feasts among heathens, and that they set apart days in honour of their fancied gods; but I should like to know where they could discover that there was a certain *seventh* day to be set apart to God, to spend the time in his house of prayer. How could they, unless indeed tradition may have handed down the fact of the original consecration of that day by the creating Jehovah? I cannot conceive it possible that either conscience or reason could have taught them such a command as this: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Moreover, if in the term "law" we comprehend the ceremonial ritual, we can plainly see that many things, in appearance quite indifferent, were by it constituted sins. The eating of animals that do not chew the cud and divide the hoof, the wearing of linsey-woolsey, the sitting on a bed polluted by a leper, with a thousand other things, all seem to have no sin in them, but the law made them into sins, and so made the offence to abound.

2. It is a fact which you can verify by looking at the workings of your own mind, that *law has a tendency to make men rebel*. Human nature rises against restraint. I had not known lust except the law had said, "Thou shalt not covet." The depravity of man is excited to rebellion by the promulgation of laws. So evil are we, that we conceive at once the desire to commit an act simply because it is forbidden. Children, we all know, as a rule, will always desire what they may not have, and if forbidden to touch anything, will either do so when an opportunity serves, or will long to be able to do so. The same tendency any student of human nature can discern in mankind at large. Is then the law chargeable with my sin? God forbid. "But sin, taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. . . . For sin, taking occasion by the commandment deceived me, and by it slew me." (Rom. vii. 7, 8, 11.) The law is holy, and just, and good; *it* is not faulty, but *sin* uses it as an occasion of offence, and rebels when it ought to obey. Augustine placed the truth in a clear light when he wrote—"The law is not in fault, but our evil and wicked nature; even as a heap of lime is still and quiet until water be poured thereon, but then it begins to smoke and burn, not from the fault of the water, but from the nature and kind of the lime which will not endure it." Thus, you see, this is a second sense in which the entrance of the law causes the offence to abound.

3. Yet again, the law *increases the sinfulness of sin by removing all excuse of ignorance*. Until men know the law, their crimes have at least a palliation of partial ignorance, but when the code of rules is spread before them, their offences become greater, since they are committed against light and knowledge. He who sins against conscience shall be condemned: of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who despises the voice of Jehovah, defies his sacred sovereignty, and wilfully tramples on His commands. The more light, the greater guilt; the law affords that light, and so causes us to become double offenders. Oh, ye nations of the earth who have heard the law of Jehovah, your sin is increased, and your offence abounds.

methinks I hear some one say, "How unwise it must have been that a law should come to make these things abound!" Does it not, at first sight, seem very harsh that the great Author of the world should give us a law which will not justify, but indirectly cause our condemnation to be greater? Does it not seem to be a thing which a gracious God would not reveal, but would have withheld? But, know ye, "that the foolishness of God is wiser than men": and understand ye that there is a gracious purpose even here. Natural men dream that by a strict performance of duty they shall obtain favour, but God saith thus: "I will show them their folly by proclaiming a law so high that they will despair of attaining unto it. They think that works will be sufficient to save them. They think falsely, and they will be ruined by their mistake. I will send them a law so terrible in its censures, so unflinching in its demands, that they cannot possibly obey it, and they will be driven even to desperation, and come and accept my mercy through Jesus Christ. They cannot be saved by the law—not by the law of nature. As it is, they have sinned against it. But yet, I know, they have foolishly hoped to keep my law, and think by works of the law they may be justified; whereas I have said, 'By the works of the law no flesh living can be justified'; therefore I will write a

law—it shall be a black and heavy one—a burden which they cannot carry ; and then they will turn away and say, ‘I will not attempt to perform it ; I will ask my Saviour to bear it for me.’” Imagine a case :—Some young men are about to go to sea, where I foresee they will meet with a storm. Suppose you put me in a position where I may cause a tempest before the other shall arise. Well, by the time the natural storm comes on, those young men will be a long way out at sea, and they will be wrecked and ruined before they can put back and be safe. But what do I? Why, when they are just at the mouth of the river, I send a storm, putting them in the greatest danger, and precipitating them ashore, so that they are saved. Thus did God. He sends a law which shows them the roughness of the journey. The tempest of law compels them to put back to the harbour of free grace, and saves them from a most terrible destruction, which would otherwise overwhelm them. The law never came to save men. It never was its intention at all. It came on purpose to make the evidence complete that salvation by works is impossible, and thus to drive the elect of God to rely wholly on the finished salvation of the gospel. Now, just to illustrate my meaning, let me describe it by one more figure. You all remember those high mountains called the Alps. Well, it would be a great mercy if those Alps were a little higher. It would have been, at all events, for Napoleon’s soldiers when he led his large army over, and caused thousands to perish in crossing. Now, if it could have been possible to pile another Alps on their summit, and make them higher than the Himalaya, would not the increased difficulty have deterred him from his enterprise, and so have averted the destruction of thousands? Napoleon demanded, “Is it possible?” “Barely possible,” was the reply. “*Avancez,*” cried Bonaparte ; and the host were seen toiling up the mountain side. Now, by the light of nature, it *does seem possible* for us to go over this mountain of works, but all men would have perished in the attempt, the path even of this lower hill being too narrow for mortal footsteps. God therefore puts another law, like a mountain, on the top ; and now the sinner says, “I cannot climb over that. It is a task beyond Herculean might. I see before me a narrow pass, called the pass of Jesus Christ’s mercy—the pass of the cross ; methinks I will wend my way thither.” But if it had not been that the mountain was too high for him, he would have gone climbing up, and climbing up, until he sank into some chasm, or was lost under some mighty avalanche, or in some other way perished eternally. But the law comes that the whole world might see the impossibility of being saved by works.

Let us turn to the more pleasing part of the subject—the *superabundance* of grace. Having bewailed the devastations and injurious deeds of sin, it delights our hearts to be assured that “grace did much more abound.”

1. *Grace excels sin in the numbers it brings beneath its sway.* It is my firm belief that the number of the saved will be far greater than that of the damned. It is written that in all things Jesus shall have the pre-eminence ; and why is this to be left out? Can we think that Satan will have more followers than Jesus? Oh, no ; for while it is written that the redeemed are a number that no man can number, it is *not* recorded that the lost are beyond numeration. True, we know that the visible elect are ever a *remnant*, but then there are others to be added. Think for a moment of the army of infant souls who are now in Heaven. These all fell in Adam,

but being all elect, were all redeemed and all regenerated, and were privileged to fly straight from the mothers' breasts to glory. Happy lot, which we who are spared might well envy. Nor let it be forgotten that the multitudes of converts in the millennial age will very much tarn the scale. For then the world will be exceedingly populous, and a thousand years of a reign of grace might easily suffice to overcome the majority accumulated by sin during six thousand years of its tyranny. In that peaceful period, when all shall know Him, from the least even unto the greatest, the sons of God shall fly as doves to their windows, and the Redeemer's family shall be exceedingly multiplied.

What though those who have been deluded by superstition and destroyed by lust must be counted by thousands—grace has still the pre-eminence. Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten-thousands. We admit that the number of the damned will be immense, but we do think that the two states of infancy and millennial glory will furnish so great a reserve of saints that Christ shall win the day. The procession of the lost may be long; there must be thousands, and thousands, and thousands, of those who have perished, but the greater procession of the King of kings shall be composed of larger hosts than even these. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." The trophies of free grace will be far more than the trophies of sin.

Yet again. Grace doth "*much* more abound," because a time shall come when the world shall be all full of grace; whereas there has never been a period in this world's history when it was wholly given up to sin. When Adam and Eve rebelled against God, there was still a display of grace in the world; for in the garden, at the close of the day, God said, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel"; and since that first transgression, there has never been a moment when grace has entirely lost its footing in the earth. God has always had His servants on earth; at times they have been hidden by fifties in the caves, but they have never been utterly cut off. Grace might be low; the stream might be very shallow, but it has never been wholly dry. There has always been a salt of grace in the world to counteract the power of sin. The clouds have never been so universal as to hide the day. But the time is fast approaching when grace shall extend all over our poor world and be universal. According to the Bible testimony, we look for the great day when the dark cloud which has swathed this world in darkness shall be removed, and it shall shine once more like all its sister planets. It hath been for many a long year clouded and veiled by sin and corruption; but the last fire shall consume its rags and sackcloth. After that fire, the world in righteousness shall shine. The huge molten mass now slumbering in the bowels of our common mother shall furnish the means of purity. Palaces, and crowns, and peoples, and empires, are all to be melted down; and after, like a plague-house, the present creation has been burned up entirely, God will breathe upon the heated mass, and it will cool down again. He will smile on it as He did when He first created it, and the rivers will run down the new-made hills, the oceans will float in new-made channels; and the world will be again the abode of the righteous for ever and for ever. This fallen world will be restored to its orbit; that gem which was lost from the sceptre of God shall be set again;

yea, He shall wear it as a signet about His arm. Christ died for the world; and what He died for He will have. He died for the whole world, and the whole world He will have, when He has purified and cleansed it, and fitted it for Himself. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound"; for grace shall be universal, whereas sin never was.

One thought more. Hath the world lost its possessions by sin? It has gained far more by grace! True, we have been expelled a garden of delights, where peace, love, and happiness found a glorious habitation. True, Eden is not ours, with its luscious fruits, its blissful bowers, and its rivers flowing o'er sands of gold, but we have through Jesus a fairer habitation. He hath made us sit together in heavenly places—the plains of Heaven exceed the fields of Paradise in the ever-new delights which they afford, while the tree of life and the river from the throne render the inhabitants of the celestial regions more than emparadised. Did we lose natural life and subject ourselves to painful death by sin? Has not grace revealed an immortality for the sake of which we are too glad to die? Life lost in Adam is more than restored in Christ. We admit that our original robes were rent in sunder by Adam, but Jesus has clothed us with a divine righteousness, far exceeding in value even the spotless robes of created innocence. We mourn our low and miserable condition through sin, but we still rejoice at the thought that we are now more secure than before we fell, and are brought into closer alliance with Jesus than our standing could have procured us. O Jesus! Thou hast won us an inheritance more wide than Adam ever lost by his folly; Thou hast filled us a coffer with greater riches than our sin has ever lavished. Thy grace has overtopped our sins. "Grace doth much more abound."

II. Now we come to the second part of the subject, and that is THE ENTRANCE OF THE LAW INTO THE HEART. We have to deal carefully when we come to deal with internal things: it is not easy to talk about this little thing, the heart. When we begin to meddle with the law of their soul many become indignant; but we do not fear their wrath. We are going to attack the hidden man this morning. The law entered their hearts that sin might abound, "but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

1. The law causes the offence to abound by *discovering sin to the soul*. When once God the Holy Ghost applies the law to the conscience, secret sins are dragged to light, little sins are magnified to their true size, and things apparently harmless become exceedingly sinful. Before that dread searcher of the hearts and trier of the reins makes His entrance into the soul, it appears righteous, just, lovely, and holy; but when He reveals the hidden evils, the scene is changed. Offences which were once styled peccadilloes, trifles, freaks of youth, follies, indulgencies, little slips, &c., then appear in their true colour as breaches of the law of God deserving condign punishment.

John Bunyan shall explain my meaning by an extract from his famous allegory: "Then the Interpreter took Christian by the hand and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; in which, after he had reviewed it a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that Christian had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, 'Bring hither water,

and sprinkle the room ;' the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This parlour is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the gospel. The dust is his original sin and inward corruptions that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law ; but she that brought the water and did sprinkle it is the gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that as soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the room could not by him be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith, this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive (Rom. vi. 9), put strength into (1 Cor. xv. 56), and increase it in the soul (Rom. v. 20), even as it doth discover and forbid it, for that doth not give power to subdue. Again, as thou sawest the damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure, this is to show thee, that when the gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of glory to inhabit.'

The heart is like a dark cellar, full of lizards, cockroaches, beetles, and all kinds of reptiles and insects, which in the dark we see not, but the law takes down the shutters and lets in the light, and so we see the evil. Thus, sin becoming apparent by the law, it is written, the law makes the offence to abound.

2. Once again. *The law, when it comes into the heart, shows us how very black we are.* Some of us know that we are sinners. It is very easy to say it. The word "sinner" hath only two syllables in it, and many there be who frequently have it on their lips, but who do not understand it. They see their sin, but it does not appear exceedingly sinful till the law comes. We think there is something sinful in it ; but when the law comes, we detect its abomination. Has God's holy light ever shone into your souls? Have you had the fountains of your great depravity and evil broken up, and been wakened up sufficiently to say, "O God! I have sinned"? Now, if you have your hearts broken up by the law, you will find the heart is more deceitful than the devil. I can say this of myself, I am very much afraid of mine, it is so bad. The Bible says, "The heart is deceitful above all things." The devil is one of the things ; therefore it is worse than the devil, "and desperately wicked." How many do we find who are saying, "Well, I trust I have a very good heart at the bottom. There may be a little amiss at the top, but I am very good-hearted at bottom." If you saw some fruit on the top of a basket that was not quite good, would you buy the basket because they told you, "Ay, but they are good at the bottom"? "No, no," you would say ; "they are sure to be the best at the top, and if they are bad there, they are sure to be rotten below." There are many people who live queer lives, and some friends say, "He is good-hearted at bottom ; he would get drunk sometimes, but he is very good-hearted at the bottom." Ah! never believe it. Men are seldom estimated better than they seem to be. If the outside of the cup or platter is clean, the inside may be dirty ; but if the outside is impure, you may always be sure the inside is no better. Most of us put our goods in the window—keep all our good things in the front, and bad

things behind. Let you and I, instead of making excuses about ourselves, about the badness of our hearts, if the law has entered into your soul, bow down and say, "O the sin—O the uncleanness—the blackness—the awful nature of our crimes!" "The law entered that the offence might abound."

3. The law reveals the exceeding abundance of sin *by discovering to us the depravity of our nature*. We are all prepared to charge the serpent with our guilt, or to insinuate that we go astray from the force of ill example; but the Holy Spirit dissipates these dreams by bringing the law into the heart. Then the fountains of the great deep are broken up, the chambers of imagery are opened, the innate evil of the very essence of fallen man is discovered.

The law cuts into the core of the evil, it reveals the seat of the malady, and informs us that the leprosy lies deep within. Oh! how the man abhors himself when he sees all his rivers of water turned into blood, and loathsomeness creeping over all his being. He learns that sin is no flesh wound, but a stab in the heart; he discovers that the poison has impregnated his veins, lies in his very marrow, and hath its fountain in his inmost heart. Now he loathes himself, and would fain be healed. Actual sin seems not half so terrible as inbred sin, and at the thought of what he is he turns pale, and gives up salvation by works as an impossibility.

4. Having thus removed the mask and shown the desperate case of the sinner, the relentless law causes the offence to abound yet more by *bringing home the sentence of condemnation*. It mounts the judgment-seat, puts on the black cap, and pronounces the sentence of death. With a harsh, un pitying voice it solemnly thunders forth the words, "Condemned already." It bids the soul prepare its defence, knowing well that all apology has been taken away by its former work of conviction. The sinner is therefore speechless, and the law, with frowning looks, lifts up the veil of hell, and gives the man a glimpse of torment. The soul feels that the sentence is just, that the punishment is not too severe, and that mercy it has no right to expect; it stands quivering, trembling, fainting, and intoxicated with dismay, until it falls prostrate in utter despair. The sinner puts the rope around his own neck, arrays himself in the attire of the condemned, and throws himself at the foot of the King's throne, with but one thought, "I am vile;" and with one prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

5. Nor does the law cease its operations even here, for it renders the offence yet more apparent by *discovering the powerlessness occasioned by sin*. It not only condemns, but it actually kills. He who once thought that he could repent and believe at pleasure, finds in himself no power to do either the one or the other.

When Moses smites the sinner, he bruises and mangles him with the first blow, but at a second or third he falls down as one dead. I have myself been in such a condition that if heaven could have been purchased by a single prayer I should have been damned, for I could no more pray than I could fly. Moreover, when we are in the grave which the law has dugged for us, we feel as if we did not feel, and we grieve because we cannot grieve. The dread mountain lies upon us which renders it impossible to stir hand or foot, and when we would cry for help our voice refuses to obey us. In vain the minister cries, "Repent:" our hard heart will not melt. In vain he exhorts us to believe: that faith of which he speaks seems to be as much beyond our capacity as the creation of a universe.

Ruin is now become ruin indeed. The thundering sentence is in our ears, "CONDEMNED ALREADY": another cry follows it, "DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS": and a third, more awful and terrible, mingles its horrible warning, "*The wrath to come—the wrath to come.*" In the opinion of the sinner he is now cast out as a corrupt carcase; he expects each moment to be tormented by the worm that never dies and to lift up his eyes in hell. Now is mercy's moment, and we turn the subject from condemning law to abounding grace.

Listen, O heavy-laden, condemned sinner, while in my Master's name, I publish superabounding grace. *Grace excels sin in its measure and efficacy.* Though your sins are many, mercy hath many pardons. Though they excel the stars, the sands, the drops of dew in their number, one act of remission can cancel all. Your iniquity, though a mountain, shall be cast into the midst of the sea. Your blackness shall be washed out by the cleansing flood of your Redeemer's gore. Mark! I said YOUR sins, and I meant to say so; for if you are now a law-condemned sinner, I know you to be a vessel of mercy by that very sign. O hellish sinners, abandoned profligates, offcasts of society, outcasts from the company of sinners themselves, if ye acknowledge your iniquity, here is mercy—broad, ample, free, immense, INFINITE. Remember this, O sinner,—

" If all the sins that men have done,
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesus' precious blood
Applied, removes the dreadful load."

Yet again, grace excelleth sin in another thing. *Sin shows us its parent, and tells us our heart is the father of it, but grace surpasseth sin there, and shows the Author of grace—the King of kings.* The law traces sin up to our heart; grace traces its own origin to God, and

" In His sacred breast I see
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

O Christian, what a blessed thing grace is, for its source is in the everlasting mountains. Sinner, if you are the vilest in the world, if God forgives you this morning, you will be able to trace your pedigree to Him, for you will become one of the sons of God, and have Him always for your Father. Methinks I see you a wretched criminal at the bar, and I hear mercy cry, "Discharge him! He is pallid, halt, sick, maimed—heal him. He is of a vile race—lo, I will adopt him into my family." Sinner! God taketh thee for His son. What, though thou art poor; God says, "I will take thee to be mine for ever. Thou shalt be my heir. There is thy fair brother. In ties of blood He is one with thee—Jesus is thy actual brother!" Yet how came this change? Oh! is not that an act of mercy? "Grace did much more abound."

" Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family."

Grace outdoes sin, for it lifts us higher than the place from which we fell. And again, "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound,"

because the sentence of the law may be reversed, but that of grace never can. I stand here and feel condemned, yet, perhaps, I have a hope that I may be acquitted. There is a dying hope of acquittal still left. But when we are justified, there is no fear of condemnation. I cannot be condemned if I am once justified; *fully* absolved I am by grace. I defy Satan to lay hands on me, if I am a justified man. The state of justification is an invariable one, and is indissolubly united to glory: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Oh! poor condemned sinner, doth not this charm thee, and make thee in love with free grace? And all this is **YOURS**. Your crimes, if once blotted out, shall never be laid to your charge again. The justification of the gospel is no Arminian sham, which may be reversed if you should in future turn aside. No: the debt once paid cannot be demanded twice; the punishment once endured cannot again be inflicted. Saved, saved, saved, entirely saved by Divine grace, you may walk without fear the wide world o'er.

And yet once more. Just as sin makes us sick, and grievous, and sad, so does grace make us *far more joyful and free*. Sin causeth one to go about with an aching heart, till it seems as if the world would swallow him, and mountains hang above ready to drop upon him. This is the effect of the law. The law makes us sad; the law makes us miserable. But, poor sinner, grace removeth the evil effects of sin upon your spirit; if thou dost believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, thou shalt go out of this place with a sparkling eye and a light heart. Ah! well do I remember the morning when I stepped into a little place of worship, as miserable almost as hell could make me—being ruined and lost. I had often been at chapels where they spoke of the law, but I heard not the gospel. I sat down in the pew a chained and imprisoned sinner; the Word of God came, and I went out free. Though I went in miserable as hell, I went out elated and joyful. I sat there black; I went away whiter than driven snow. God had said, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow." Why not this be thy lot, my brother, if thou feelest thyself a sinner now? It is all He asks of thee, to feel thy need of Him; this thou hast, and now the blood of Jesus lies before thee. The law has entered that sin might abound. Thou art forgiven, only believe it; elect, only believe it: 'tis the truth that thou art saved.

And now, lastly, poor sinner, has sin made thee unfit for Heaven? Grace shall render thee a fit companion for seraphs and the just made perfect. Thou who art to-day lost and destroyed by sin, shalt one day find thyself with a crown upon thy head, and a golden harp in thine hand, exalted to the throne of the Most High. Think, O drunkard, if thou repentest, there is a crown laid up for thee in Heaven. Ye guiltiest, most lost and depraved,

are ye condemned in your conscience by the law? Then I invite you in my Master's name to accept pardon through His blood. He suffered in your stead, He has atoned for your guilt and you are acquitted. Thou art an object of His eternal affection; the law is but a schoolmaster to bring thee to Christ. Cast thyself on Him. Fall into the arms of saving grace. No works are required, no fitness, no righteousness, no doings. Ye are complete in Him who said, "It is finished."

"Ye debtors whom He gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at His feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.

"Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin, and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

"The rich inheritance of Heaven,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets, and pearly gates.

"Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore!
No debt, but love immensely great—
Their joy still rises with the debt."

THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

By GEORGE HERBERT (B. 1593; D. 1633).

[Celebrated for the piety of his life and the quaint beauty of his poetry. Of this mingled piety and quaint beauty the following poem is a fine specimen. As an example of true poetry, the first verse in particular is probably unexcelled in our own or any other language.]

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole would turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives,

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER VI.—AGNOSTICISM

FOUND WANTING.

"FROM the day I avowed myself to my dear wife to be a sceptic until the day of her death, I can safely say she never on that account gave me an angry or upbraiding word. That she felt it deeply, I knew; but she rarely referred to it. Her patience was most extraordinary; and instead of treating me with indifference or coolness, her loving attentions seemed to be more marked than ever. If any reference, direct or indirect, to my sceptical creed happened to be made either by one or the other of us, her tones were not those of scorn, but of genuine pity. And then as to her own action, my decision made not the slightest difference in her Christian conduct. If possible, she was still more attentive in the performance of her religious duties, and she never missed attendance on her place of worship either on Sunday or week-day, if domestic duties permitted her to go. She read the Bible in my presence, sang her hymns when going about the house, and taught our little girl her prayers just as if there was no sceptical husband in the house at all. When we retired to rest she never failed to kneel by our bedside and quietly pray as she had done from the first. The fact is, Mr. Rock, she was every inch a Christian woman if ever there was one, and I admired her for it. I can say, and dare contradiction, that I never was like some wretched infidel tyrants that I have

known personally, who, hating the very name of Christianity, have made their Christian wives and families miserable by their petty persecutions. One fellow that I knew who was always ready at the Hall of Science to brag and boast about infidel liberty, actually turned his wife and daughter out of doors because they would not let him destroy their Bibles, and would go to their own place of worship. Now that sort of cant I abhorred, and I told him so when I heard of it. When I informed my wife at the outset that I was as willing to allow her her liberty as I was to claim my own, I meant it; and if I have anything to congratulate myself upon in relation to my sceptical career, it is that I never for a moment interfered with her spiritual freedom. She went one way, I went another; and we both felt the separation to be painful but inevitable."

"And how did you spend your Sundays, Mr. Millar?"

"In various ways. I often took a good country walk in the morning, read in the afternoon, and went to hear some talented Secular lecturer at night. It was not, however, unusual for me to spend the whole day at home with my books or my friends."

"What books did you chiefly read?"

"Not novels and romances. I never cared much for entertaining works of fiction. I read works chiefly of a scientific character, calculated to inform the mind, and took in several of the most liberal

Reviews and magazines. The Reviews in particular furnished me with much food for thought."

"Did you take in any infidel weekly paper?"

"No, never. Sometimes a sceptical friend would urge me to accept of one, but a glance at it was generally sufficient to satisfy me. Its unfairness, vulgarity, and sometimes indecency, soon made me either tear it up or poke it in the fire. Even when a sceptic I always felt that this kind of periodical literature was a disgrace to the so-called freethinking party; and therefore I gave up my time and attention to the perusal of literature of a higher class. Darwin, Huxley, John Stuart Mill, Emerson, Tyndall, Carlyle, Clifford, George Eliot, Froude, Buckle, Herbert Spencer, and such like authors were my favourites, and their writings I read with avidity."

"And so you became an atheist?"

"No, not exactly that, but an Agnostic. You know, Mr. Rock, what sort of a creed that is?"

"Very well, Mr. Millar. It is emphatically the *creed of ignorance*. As it has been well said, Agnostics are the 'know nothings' of religion. They do not say there is no God. They only say that they do not know that there is a God. And they add to this dogma: If there is a God, He is unknowable."

"You have just hit it, Mr. Rock, in that brief quotation. Agnosticism delights to speak of God, if He exists, as 'the unknowable.' Ask an Agnostic—Do you believe there is a personal God? He says, I don't know. Ask him, Has man an immortal soul? He says, I don't know. Ask him, Is there a future life, and will man exist after death? He says again, I don't know. It is 'don't know' with him at the beginning, and 'don't know' with him

at the end; and that was just where I got with all my thinking and study, and no further."

"And were you satisfied with your creed, sir?"

"Satisfied with my creed, Mr. Rock! Do you think it possible that I could be? No; nor I never knew a thinking Agnostic yet that was. Agnostics are something like persons out of a situation; they are always waiting for something else to turn up: I longed for *certainly*, and would have given anything almost to have got it. Did you ever read the biography of Dr. John Duncan, sir?"

"Do you mean the late Dr. Duncan, professor of Hebrew and Oriental languages, in the New College, Edinburgh?"

"Yes."

"I have not; for I did not know it was published."

"It is, however, just out, and can assure you that I never read a biography with greater interest in my life."*

"I can easily understand that, for as far as I have read about him, I am given to believe that he was a most eccentric man, but one of the greatest theological thinkers of modern times."

"You are right there, Mr. Rock. His deep thought and consequent abstraction led him into strange and ludicrous scrapes, but as a profound thinker on metaphysical and theological subjects I should say he was almost unrivalled."

"He was also noted as a linguist, was he not?"

"Yes; he understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, and other Classical and Oriental languages. His stores of Oriental learning might be said

* Memoir of John Duncan, D.D. By David Brown, D.D. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

to have been immense; I was, in fact, amazed when I read what that great man was enabled to store into his massive brain. He seemed to me to have the intellectual calibre of a Sir William Hamilton or a Sir Isaac Newton."

"He was indeed in every way, Mr. Millar, a most extraordinary man. But what were you going to say about him?"

"Just this: that when he professed to be an atheist he had the same intense longing for certainty that I had, and that he never rested satisfied till he obtained it. Would you allow me to fetch the volume and read you one or two passages from it that I have marked?"

"Oh! gladly: please do so."

"Well, here is the volume. He was, as you are doubtless aware, trained and educated for the Scottish Church, but gradually dwindled off into Atheism and Pantheism. He thus describes his feelings on becoming a student of Dr. Mearns's class.

"I was an atheist when I entered his class. I had three years of dreary Atheism, and during that time I made a doctrinal atheist of a pupil of mine who died. I was much indebted to Dr. Mearns. It was under him that I gave up Atheism."

"To his biographer, Dr. David Brown, he makes this confession: 'David, you don't know what I have been, but I will tell you. To such a depth of scepticism had I sunk that one day on seeing a horse passing I said to myself, "*There is no difference between that horse and me.*"' "Very well," said Dr. Brown, "but the question is, Where are you now?" "Well," he replied, "Dr. Mearns brought me out of that, and from that time forward I have never doubted the existence of a personal God."

"Here is another of his confessions. 'There are many minds to

whom, though they are atheists, the problem of *Being* is interesting for evermore, and draws them into this attitude of reverent pondering. Throughout the three years of my experience of it, I was for ever theologizing on my atheism—Who are we? Where are we? Whence? and Witherwards? For what end are we here? What is the hour on the clock of the universe? and so forth. Human life, death, and destiny are for ever interesting to the atheist who *thinks*. There are some minds in the Christian Church who are theoretical theists, but practical atheists. It is an awful thing—that practical atheism, "without God in the world." It is worse than theoretical error; and I have known theoretical atheists—pantheists, at least—who were believers in God at heart. Let us not judge persons."

"That is a deep thought, Mr. Millar, but I am afraid it is too true. There is much practical atheism with a theoretical belief in Christianity. For instance, many profess to believe in God's Holy Word, but do they act up to the belief, saying, with the Psalmist, 'I trust in Thy Word'? Many profess to believe in the power of prayer, but do they rely practically upon its efficacy and flee to it as a continual source of refuge? Alas! I fear in many such ways, while professing Christians, they are 'practical atheists.'"

"I have seen that too often, Mr. Rock; and it was such inconsistency that had a great tendency to strengthen me in my unbelief. But I have one or two more extracts to read to you, if you will listen to them."

"Pray go on."

"In a communication sent to his biographer by the Rev. R. J. Sandeman, the following sentence occurs in reference to this sad period

of his sceptical history: 'Often as he went along the street he would wrap his *student's cloak* about him and ask, with a shiver, *What, after all, are we here for?*'"

"And well he might, Mr. Millar. Constituted as the world is with all its perplexities, sufferings, and disappointments, I can easily understand how a thinking atheist may be staggered at the *why* and *wherefore* of his own personal existence. He may well ask, 'Is life worth living?' if there is no God, no personal immortality, no hereafter, but nothing but deep, dark, dreadful annihilation and despair! The Lord in mercy save us from such a gloomy creed! Dr. Duncan may well call it 'dreary Atheism,' for dreary enough it is."

"Well, just one or two more brief extracts and I will close the book. In one passage he tells us that 'he had to throw the system to the winds that he might live.' In

another he refers to the atheist as being fitly described in Jean Paul's 'Dream,' so full of lurid grandeur. Jean Paul says in that Dream—"I wandered to the furthest verge of creation, and there I saw a Socket where an Eye should have been, and I heard the shriek of a Fatherless world." That is a poetic description of Atheism that I think cannot be surpassed. It was indeed just so with me: I looked up even as an Agnostic for the Omniscient Eye and could only in my blindness see the ghastly socket. I longed for humanity to find a Father, and I only heard the piercing shriek of orphans all around. Such was Dr. Duncan's experience and such was mine. And now, if you please, I will put down the volume and tell you how I was brought out of the Agnostic pit, and had my feet, as I trust, firmly placed upon the Christian Rock."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A NOBLE CONFESSION.

By the Rev. JOSIAH ROBINSON.

"ONE thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." John ix. 25.

It has frequently happened that those who have professed most zeal for the glory of God have been most assiduous in dishonouring Christ. But he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father that sent Him. It was thus with these Pharisees. They profess to be so jealous for the honour and glory of God, they call upon this poor man to give all the praise for the cure he has received unto God. "We know this man," meaning Jesus,

"is a sinner." They spake thus because He had wrought this miracle on the Sabbath day. But the man has a very different opinion respecting his kind and generous benefactor, therefore answers, "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; but one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

When we know not how to answer the objections and arguments of the opponents of truth, it is wise to give them a bit of experience. Speak of what we have discovered of the glory of God, the evil of sin, the depravity of our minds, the preciousness of Christ, and the beauty of holiness, as revealed

to us by the Spirit in the gospel. The story of this man's cure and his bold confession is one of thrilling interest. Here are the Pharisees, the doctors of the law, the members of the Jewish Sanhedrin, the principal persons in Jerusalem, and grandees of the nation, all assembled together to try one poor man, who up to the present has been a blind beggar. This man stands alone; he has no defender, no friends; even his parents have forsaken him. "He is of age," say they, "he shall speak for himself." He is examined and re-examined, questioned and cross-questioned, but he stands bold and fearless. Neither their pride, arrogance, nor authority daunts him. He speaks like a man bold for the truth, fearless of all consequences, "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

His judges cannot deny but that a notable miracle has been wrought, but their hatred of Jesus is so great, they are determined if possible to persuade this man to think and speak of Jesus as a sinner, a Sabbath-breaker, because He healed him on the Sabbath day. But all their efforts are vain; he will enter upon no argument with them. He knew it would be useless to argue with such self-righteous bigots, whose minds were full of prejudice against Jesus. It is no use debating with those that are prejudiced against the truth: argument will not convince; we must appeal to facts. Philip said to Nathanael, "We have found Him of whom the prophets did write," &c. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was Nathanael's reply. Philip said, "Come and see." These Pharisees say Jesus is a sinner, but this man, who has received sight, cares not to discuss the question as to what may

be the character of the Man from whom he has received the blessing, "One thing he knows," and with this he is satisfied, "that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

I. *The man's past state.* "I was blind." He was born blind, therefore had never seen the light till to-day. An object for benevolent sympathy. It was real charity to relieve him, as many had done when he sat and begged. All men are spiritually blind. The minds of our first parents were blinded by sin. We are partakers of their fallen nature. We are shapen in iniquity, and in sin did our mothers conceive us. It is a very sad fact that all men by nature are sinners, spiritually blind, but infinitely more sad to reflect that men do not see themselves sinners. The carnal mind is so blinded by Satan, by the love of sin and things pleasing to the flesh, men do not, nor care not to, see that it is a fearful thing to violate God's holy law, that it is a terrible thing to be guilty and condemned at God's righteous bar.

A further proof of spiritual blindness is this: though frequently reminded of the fact, told of the danger ahead, and warned of the consequences of pursuing an evil course, men make no effort to get out of this way. They are careful not to expose their bodily life to danger, yet have no fear of the extreme danger to which their souls are exposed. God's wrath abides on every unbelieving soul. The sinner may at any moment be called into God's presence to give account of deeds done in the body, and yet lives as though no dangers threatened. The sinner's state is bad, but not without hope. Jesus, the "Light of the world," has come to open blind eyes, to enlighten dark minds, that sinners may see. Jesus is the "True Light," the "Sun

of Righteousness," who brings healing in His wings. He is full of compassion, ready to enlighten and give spiritual sight. Cry, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes that I may see," and thou shalt be made light in the Lord.

II. *The man's changed condition.* "Now I see." He was perfectly cured. Christ does nothing by halves. Christ wrought no half-cures in the days of His flesh, nor will He now. If He begins a good work in a sinner's heart, He will carry it on to perfection, so that the sinner shall know that he is saved.

Note the certainty of His knowledge: "I know." He has not so much as the shadow of a doubt about it. When Christ comes to a sinner's heart, it is to do him good; to awaken him from his drowsy sense; to arouse him from his carnal security, that he should not trust in any false hopes; makes him to see that he is a sinner; to feel that he is lost and ruined by the fall; that he is an enemy of God. He begins to realize it will be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who knows every thought and imagination of the mind. The thunders of Sinai affright, the lightning-flashes terrify. He looks about to see if there be any that can rescue, if there be *One* who can deliver from the fierce denunciations of the law. He no longer asks, "Who will show me any good?" but "Who will show me a Saviour?" "Sir, I would see Jesus." "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" He knows that his mind is depraved, that his heart is deceitful, and his nature is corrupt. He desires to be cleansed in the fountain opened. His prayer is, "Give me Christ, or else I die." Christ reveals Himself to him as an all-sufficient Saviour. The man becomes a new creature; he sees

with new eyes: where before he saw deformity, now he sees beauty; where he had no delight, now he has the greatest pleasure. Christ is precious to him. He sees a beauty in holiness, seeks to glorify God by living a life of faith upon Jesus Christ His Son. He has the witness within that he is a child of God, an heir of eternal life. He knows he is a member of God's spiritual kingdom, and a joint-heir with Christ. Others may speak evil of Christ, say He is an impostor, a sinner, a Sabbath-breaker, but he will not debate or argue the matter with any, but appeal to and express his personal experience. "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Note the *modesty* of his knowledge: "*one* thing." He doesn't pretend to know much, but he claims to know the most important thing of all. However ignorant we may be of many things, if our eyes have been spiritually enlightened, if our mind has been made light in the Lord, we shall know it. We cannot experience the change from darkness to light, from death to life, and be ignorant of the fact. Paul said, "I know whom I have believed." This young man said, "I know I see." And if you have true saving faith in Christ, you will know it, and this certain knowledge will bring happiness to your soul.

III. *He was not ashamed of Jesus,* but publicly professed Him before men, even His inveterate and malicious enemies. Has Christ given you spiritual eyesight? Then be not ashamed to own before men your indebtedness to Christ. If all who refrain from making a public profession of Christ by uniting with His church did but consider how much it would encourage their pastor, stimulate him in his work, cheer and warm the hearts of Chris-

tians, what joy it would bring to their own souls, and above all honour Christ, they would not hold back. Look at this young man's boldness and the blessing it brought him, and then resolve to declare yourself on the Lord's side.

He gave all the glory to Christ though he had never seen Him, and did not know that he ever should. So every renewed sinner gives all the praise to Christ for grace received. A renewed soul may not be able to tell when, where, or what it was that first led him to seek Christ, not be able to tell how the blessing came to him, but he has no doubt of the fact. He knows a great and real change has taken place within him, and he is satisfied; therefore without doubt or hesitation says, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Amen.

Nailsworth, Stroud.

CHANGES.

THIS is a subject each reader, more or less, is familiar with. It is common-place, but may be helpful. It is the lot of some to see greater changes than others. The dispositions of some are fickle, and their habits versatile. The end of some lives is best answered by migration, while other lives are centres of permanent good. The departure of some is desirable, while the continuance of others is equally desirable. Some lives are eventful, full of interest, and powerful as examples. The experience of one individual may tend to the advantage of many.

The dealings of our Heavenly Father with us are varied, prompted by His wise and faithful love.

"My soul through many changes
goes;
His love no variation knows."

There are no changes in His love to us, but may be in the expression of it, as may answer the end in view—our spiritual good. "For His anger endures but a moment; in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night; but joy comes in the morning." What is this dark moment? Is it a passing cloud, an eclipse, or thunder-storm? The cause is God's frown; the season is but a moment, for His anger is tempered by His love. The sense of it is felt darkness, so much so that its continuance seems a lifetime. This anger is like darkness and death, and is a painful moment. We look to the Deliverer, and find in Him a Comforter. "Thou wast angry with me; Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me."

A bright life may be lived in a dark world. The world is blighted by sin, embittered by sorrow and suffering, and beclouded by death. It is subject to the wide-spread curse. The Father in compassionate love to us sent His Son into the world, who sacrificed His precious life to redeem us from the curse, rescue us from death, quicken us to spiritual life, console us in our sorrows and sufferings, and lead us to the mansions in the Father's house in Heaven.

Thus, as saved by grace, "we stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." "We rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

We are passing through a wilderness, but the Father's shining presence is with us, unfailling sources of supplies are open to us, guardian angels minister to us, a peaceful rest, a joyous home, and a glorious eternity are before us.

When we reflect on all this, we fear not though dangers and death are in the way. "This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death." "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

But we are not as yet come to the rest the Father has promised us. We still have sad days and sorrowful nights; not nights of

resting and sleeping, but nights of weeping, perplexity, and disappointment. Let us seek grace that we may patiently endure them, and soon hail the morning of joy. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Bunham.

W. ABBOTT.

Poetry.

COMFORT IN SORROW.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

O LORD, our God! Thy love to us
Is deep, and strong, and sure;
And all our interests, in Thy hands,
Are ever more secure.

In Thee we see such tenderness,
Such sympathy divine,
As we can never, never find
In any heart but Thine.

And though Thy wisest purposes
Are oft misunderstood,
We know that all the pain we feel
Is mixed with real good.

From out the rocks beside our way
The living waters burst,
That pilgrims, faint and travel-worn,
May quench their desert thirst.

We place our trembling hand in Thine,
And journey t'wards the light;
And know full well, whate'er our lot,
That all Thy ways are right.

Amid our griefs we hear Thee speak
In accents soft and mild,
As kindest mother seeks to soothe
Her weak and weary child.

O Saviour! hear our frequent prayers,
Our anguish, pitying, see;
Bestow the very grace we need,
And bring us home to Thee,

JOY UNUTTERABLE.

WHEN one of the profoundest thinkers of the present day, who was a true believer as well as a philosopher, was lying on his bed of death, he frequently quoted the words in reference to the home whither he was hastening :—

“My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows
all,
And I shall be with Him.”

We wonder, at times, that no inspired seer has given us a vivid picture of Heaven. There is a thought arising from the silence of revelation. “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” This finds its fullest meaning in relation to the future glory.

It is certain that the Lord Jesus Christ knew all about Heaven. In His discourse with Nicodemus, He made the memorable assertion: “If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of Heavenly things?” The earthly things were the new birth and the work of the Holy Spirit here. The Heavenly things, the unrevealed glory of the future state. Each parable of our Lord stays at the gate of Heaven. The bridegroom and train enter the hall of the marriage feast; the door is so shut that we see not the festive joy within. The King returns with power, but after the trial of His servants, and apportionment of rewards, the narration ends, the splendour of the reign is left undescribed. The Son of man comes in His glory with all His holy angels, sits on His throne, judges the nations, and the scene closes,

At the last conversation of our Lord with His disciples, the great Teacher said: “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 if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” Now there is deep significance here in what is not said as well as in what is said. These statements nurture high hopes. Hence the sublime anticipations of the followers of Christ in all ages of the Church. They have ever pictured to their minds a Heaven containing all that was noblest and best. The aid of poetry has been added, and imagination has given vivid colours to hope. Every conception of splendour, material, intellectual and spiritual, has been indulged in, with the anticipation that they will be enjoyed in Heaven. In all this, Christian consciousness has been right. Jesus Christ said, “If it were not so, I would have told you.” Every elevated aspiration has been prophetic. The future glory will combine them all.

Supposing a friend with ample means should invite you to a day of festivity. The invitation comes couched in indefinite terms, but of a character which awakens high anticipation of singular joy. The fact that he conceals the pleasure he purposes giving, justifies the belief that he will use his resources to render the occasion one of rare magnificence. The wealth of Jesus Christ is unbounded. His power is infinite. Hence His resources are so vast, that if He invite us to His house, we may well anticipate that its splendour will be found indescribable. The scattered hints in Scripture awaken vast hopes. They come from the Spirit of the Lord,

who cannot err. The reason that we have no picture of Heaven in the Bible is because its grandeur is too vast for human language, its joy too great for human conception, its honour is indescribable. As we thus meditate, we recall how one once said in olden days to Cæsar, on receiving a great honour—"This is too great a gift for me to receive."

"True," the monarch replied, "but not too great a gift for me to give." Oh, what a heaven that must be to be worthy of Jesus the Son of God! Daily and solemnly ought we to make the inquiry, "Am I amongst His faithful followers? Is this Heaven of joy unutterable my eternal home?"

J. HUNT COOKE.

CONCERNING GRUMBLING.—Don't grumble or croak. It will do neither you nor any one else any good. If things are all right and propitious it is ungrateful to grumble. If things are not as well as they ought to be, it will not help them to tell all you meet that everything is going to the dogs. Grumbling and looking at the dark side of things has a tendency to produce what you profess to deplore. Be hopeful and cheery. Don't exaggerate small defects by the use of the magnifying glass of personal dissatisfaction. You can always find the kind of thing you look for. The people who have done the most to lift the world out of the Sloughs of Despond, have been people who were more concerned about doing their own work well than anxious to lecture other people and point out their defects. A young girl was reading to her grandmother, and exclaimed, "Why, grandmother, here's a grammatical error in the Bible." "Well, kill it and go on," said the old lady. Yes, that's the best policy; "Kill it and go on." An April magazine contains a suggestive little story called "Nehemiah's Plan;" that is, as all Bible readers know, for every one to build opposite his own door. It is not a bad plan. Try it. If your preacher is not as eloquent and impressive as you would like him to be, don't fancy it will help him to tell everyone you meet how bad you feel about it. Don't forget that as much depends upon the eye you see things with as upon the things themselves. Have you not heard people tell how, when they were first converted, the trees and the fields and the hills seemed to rejoice with a new joy? Don't fancy, because some one else is at the helm, where you once were, that the vessel is going on the rocks. Don't say, "The former days were better than these," because you had larger capacity for enjoyment. They were not half so good. No man or woman over sixty, without a good deal of grace, can think the world is as bright as when they were young. But the change is in them—not in the world.—*Christian Guardian.*

Reviews.

A Handbook of Revealed Theology.
By the Rev. JOHN STOCK, LL.D., of
Huddersfield; with a preparatory
recommendation by the Rev. C. H.
SPURGEON. Fourth Edition. Sixth
Thousand. Carefully Revised.
Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A VERY valuable and comprehensive volume. We are glad to find a Fourth Edition called for, as it deserves a place in every library. Dr. Stock has, with his thoughtful and scholarly mind, done good service before, but perhaps never a greater service, to religious truth than in these well and carefully written pages. The Table of Contents is skilfully arranged, and the subjects tabulated comprehend all that is great and important in Christian Theology, and we add again some of the words of our review in 1879:—"It will be welcomed as a rich contribution to our Sacred Literature."

The Lord's Prayer. By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh.

THE writer says in his preface, "The following homilies were in substance first preached in the ordinary course of the author's ministry, and have since been written out from rough notes, or from memory. In November, 1881, while engaged in thus getting them ready for the press, it became needful for him to consult an oculist, and his sentence was—Glaucoma, fast-fading sight. In consequence of this, much of the manuscript has been written by him with shut eyes, and much set down at his dictation by the hand that has helped him in all other things." Well, this invests the work with touching interest for us, and we praise our Heavenly Father for His grace to the writer. In his ten exceedingly instructive and precious chapters he has discovered

to us new veins of wealth, and new beauties in the prayer of our Lord. Like all we have from Dr. Stanford's pen, there is life and power, and withal a *sweet spirit of devoutness* pervading the whole. Truly in our brother's physical darkness he has indeed been helped by Him who giveth songs in the night.

A Record of One Year's Service during 1882. ARCHIBALD E. BROWN.

WE took occasion last year to call attention to Mr. Brown's work. He is truly one of the *Lord's workers*. It is astonishing what an amount of toil and labour he gets through, and we wonder how he sustains so much machinery for good at so little money cost. The story in some of its parts is very touching. In the course of his address Mr. Brown says, "All sorts of extraordinary experiments are being tried without a question concerning the Master's warrant. Fiddles, tambourines, military titles, uniforms, song sermons, and every imaginable claptrap device, are in full swing, and things are done in the name of Christ sufficient to shock and horrify any soul that has reverence for the Holy Master's name." *Alas, alas, this is painfully true.*

Part II. of *Baptist Worthies.* By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Elliot Stock.

A VERY excellent and compressed life of John Milton. It will be read by thousands who have no means of obtaining such information from larger works. It is put together in Dr. Landels' best style. The following contains Milton's view of Baptism: "Under the gospel the first of the sacraments commonly so called is Baptism, wherein the bodies of believers who engage themselves to pureness of life are immersed in

running water to signify their regeneration by the Holy Spirit and their union with Christ in His death, burial, and resurrection.' This settles all questions" says the Doctor "as to his being a Baptist in sentiment, and justifies us in claiming his name, great as it is, in favour of the principles and the practice by which we are distinguished from all other sections of the Church of Christ."

Christian Ethics. The Golden Rule among Christians. Sound Doctrines. Christ's Law in the Business of Life. Addresses by the Rev. GEORGE ELWIN, B.A., Rev. HERBERT BROOK, M.A., Rev. J. MUNRO GIBSON, D.D., delivered at the Leicester Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, October, 1882. Alliance House, Adam Street, Strand.

It must have been a great treat to have heard these addresses, as it has been to read them. It would have been a loss if they had not been printed and given to the public. They are characterized by Scripturalness, goodness, and Christian liberality.

A Letter to the Working Classes on Ritualism: Its Teaching, Its Object, Your Duty. By G. W. SOLTAN, Magistrate for Devon, and a member of the Established Church. Elliot Stock.

EVERY Protestant should read this penny tract. We wish that it could be circulated by hundreds of thousands.

The Preacher's Analyst for May is an especially good number. This work is one of the best of its kind.

The Sunday at Home has a new story, to be continued, entitled "Old Hardwicke's Money." It bids fair to interest and instruct. *The Leisure Hour* has a well-executed steel engraving of Children's Heads, from Raphael's pictures. *The Girls' Own* and *The Boys' Own* are brimful of the sort of matter which will be read and appreciated by the class for whom they are intended.

Baptist Magazines.—*The Baptist* has a good paper, by the Editor, "The Spiritualist Craze," and a valuable contribution on "Who Wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?" The "Anecdotes from the Pulpit," by C. H. Spurgeon, in *The Sword and Trowel*, will secure the attention of the readers. *The General Baptist* presents us with a picture of the new General Baptist Chapel at Crewe, for which help is greatly needed.

We have also received *The Christian, Footsteps of Truth, British Flag, Warning Voice, Methodist New Connexion Magazine, Missing Link*, and some telling new narrative tracts by the Baptist Tract Society.

LOSS AND GAIN.

ALL'S loss, do we say?

When the stars of earthly hope go down,

When the light fades out in shadows grey,

When thorns grow sharp on the rugged ground,

And the birds of the summer flee away?

What's lost?

Why, only our little throne of pride,
Only the outward trappings of life,

Only the friends that could not abide
When sunshine faded and storms
were rife.

What's left?

Why, God! and His true Heaven
above,

The glory of earth, and sea, and
air,

The deathless pulse in His heart of
love,

And we to His grand estate are heir

Infinite gain:

The riches that never more take wing
The gold wrought out in the furnace
fire,

The strength that is born of suffering,
And the upward lift of the soul's
desire. CHAUTAUGUAN.

Denominational Intelligence.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. R. SAMPSON, on leaving St. Austell, after a pastorate of eighteen years, for Morice-square Chapel, Devonport, has been presented with an address and purse containing one hundred guineas "as a token of respect, gratitude, and affection." Mr. Arthur Coode, J.P., presided, and among those present were the Revs. W. Boulter and J. H. Hobbs, E. T. Hardwick, W. F. James, J. Taylor, J. Lewis, and J. S. Page.

A valedictory meeting was held on the 10th of April in the chapel, Armley, Leeds, in connection with the removal of Rev. A. P. Fayers to Rawdon. The chair was occupied by Mr. Geo. Scarlett. Revs. W. R. Golding and A. Ashworth conducted the devotions. Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A., vicar of Upper Armley, was the first speaker, and testified to the esteem in which he held Mr. Fayers, and his own earnest desire for the manifest unity of all true disciples of the Lord Jesus. Mr. J. F. Whitaker, the senior deacon, on behalf of the church and congregation, then presented Mr. Fayers with a handsome timepiece, appropriately inscribed. In responding, Mr. Fayers bore testimony to the pleasant intercourse he had enjoyed with his people during his seven years' labour among them. Addresses were then also given by the Revs. George Hill and J. W. Butcher, John Scott and John Gregory, and other ministers and friends.

A public meeting has been held in the chapel at Blockley, Worcestershire, in connection with the retirement, after a six years' pastorate, of the Rev. W. Evans, who removes to Harborne, near Birmingham. Mr. R. B. Belcher presided,

and during the evening, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr. Evans with a tea and coffee service. Suitable addresses followed.

Rev. C. Cole, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented, at a social meeting on April 24th, by the friends at Victoria-street Chapel, Windsor, with a purse of gold, in testimony of the regard in which he is held.

Mr. F. G. Short, of Lyndhurst, has been presented with a timepiece, in recognition of his voluntary services as organist.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. J. H. SHAKESPEARE, M.A., was ordained on the 3rd of May as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Norwich, in succession to the late Rev. G. Gould. Rev. T. A. Wheeler, the senior Baptist minister of Norwich, presided. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. T. G. Rooke, and the charge to the church by Rev. Dr. Angus. Among those who took part in the services were Rev. B. Shakespeare, father of the pastor, Revs. W. Goodman, G. S. Barrett, C. M. Hardy, J. T. Wigner, R. Hobson, J. Thew, P. Morrison, and J. Jackson.

Rev. R. M'Nair, M.A., was inducted to the pastorate of the church at Greenock, on Sunday, May 6th, by Rev. W. Tulloch, president of the Baptist Union. On Monday night a public *soirée* was held, the church being filled. Mr. John McIlvain presided, and among those present were Revs. Dr. Bonar, Dr. Landels; Revs. J. Davidson, J. M. Jarvie, W. Tulloch, W. Grant, John Crouch, S. Crabbe, Alex. Grant, Provost Wilson, and Messrs. Malcolm, M. Brown, W. Muir, Jervis Coats, J. C. Graham, C. A. Rose, W. Tul-

loch, jun., Allan Coats, and A. D. Gibb.

Mr. J. Reed Glasson was publicly recognized on the 3rd of May as pastor of the church at Pendleton. Rev. Dr. McLaren presided, and there were present ministers of various denominations, including Revs. E. Walker, J. W. Kiddle, P. R. Bury, J. McDowell, J. Clarke, J. Seager, R. Chenery, H. Wright, H. Abraham, E. E. Coleman, M. Robinson, J. Turner, and E. K. Everett.

Rev. W. Julyan was publicly recognized last week as pastor of Lansdowne Chapel, Bournemouth. Rev. H. C. Leonard, first pastor of the chapel, presided, and there were present Revs. G. Burgess, J. Thompson, J. H. Osborne, H. Clarke, R. Colman, G. Trusler, J. Harrington, and A. Hobbs, several of whom delivered fraternal addresses.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. Frederick Stubbs, late of Regent's-park College and Studley, Warwick, as pastor of Marlborough-crescent Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, were held on April 30th and May 1st. At the public meeting Alderman Angus, J.P., ex-Mayor, presided, and addresses of welcome and congratulation were given by Mr. W. Dixon (on behalf of the church), Rev. J. M. Stevens, B.A. (on behalf of the Northern Baptist Association), and by Revs. H. J. Betts, S. T. House, A. F. Riley, R. Harries, and G. West. On Tuesday a sermon was preached by Rev. W. Landels, D.D.

Rev. J. H. Kelly has been publicly recognized as pastor of the first Baptist Church, Sudbury. A goodly number, including friends from the Nonconformist churches of the town and neighbourhood, sat down to tea. The after meeting was presided over by Mr. R. Mattingly (president of the Suffolk and Norfolk Union), and Mr. G. C. Gissing (senior deacon). Revs. W. Shillito, G. Monk, T. M. Morris, E. Morley, W. Courtinall, and others, took part in the proceedings. At a recent meeting Mr. Kelly was pre-

sented with a purse of gold from members of the church and congregation.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW church at St. Leonard's has been opened under very pleasing circumstances. Mr. William Olney, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, presided at the public meeting. The collections of the day, with promises, amounted to £420. The meeting was preceded by a sermon by Dr. Dawson Burns. The Rev. W. W. Haines is the pastor of the church, for whom this new place of worship has been built, at a cost of about £5,000, half of which has still to be obtained.

The memorial stone of a new building, to be called the South London Tabernacle, for the accommodation of a church numbering 150 members, under the pastorate of Mr. Marsack Day, was laid on Tuesday, April 24th, by Mr. George Williams, who said he attended as a Churchman, who felt that it was out of the question for the Church of England, without the co-operation of other denominations, to supply the spiritual wants of the increasing population of London. A commanding site, facing both the Peckham-road and Shenley-road, and standing at the entrance to an estate of 700 new houses, has been secured for 99 years at the reduced ground-rent of £12, with the prospect of eventually acquiring the freehold. The plans which have been drawn provide accommodation for 1,200 hearers, at a cost of about £7,000. It is not, however, intended to spend more than £4,000 at present, the erection of galleries and a lecture-hall being deferred until the church is numerically stronger. Mr. Williams placed on the stone a donation of 100 guineas.

The ceremony of laying memorial-stones in connection with the new chapel at Union-street, Crewe, was performed on Tuesday, April 24th, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The four stones, each

bearing suitable inscriptions, were laid by Mrs. Bury, Mrs. Pedley, Rev. W. P. Grant, and Rev. W. Lees, the newly-appointed minister, to whom trowels were formally presented by Dr. Hodgson, Alderman M'Neil, Mr. R. Pedley, and Mr. T. H. Harrison. An interesting address was subsequently delivered by the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A.; and the Revs. R. W. Roberts, Z. T. Downen, S. Hurst, G. Fowler, and T. Naylor also took part in the proceedings. Tea was afterwards served in the Primitive Methodist schoolroom, and followed by a public meeting in the chapel adjoining, the chair being occupied by the Mayor of Crewe. The proceeds of the day realized £85.

Woodbury Down Chapel, it is arranged, will be opened on Tuesday, June 12. Sermons will be preached on that day by Revs. T. V. Tymms and Dr. Stanford, and on the following Tuesday by Rev. Dr. Landels.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE thirteenth anniversary sermons of Horton-street Chapel, Kensington, were preached on the 29th of April, by Rev. David Gracey. Revs. W. K. Rowe, J. O. Fellows, and W. H. J. Page took part in the public meeting on May 1st, presided over by John Farmer, Esq., of Kensington. The year's Christian work resulted in the addition of 48 new members, of which number 33 were baptized by the pastor, Rev. J. Hawes.

The first annual report of Bethnal-green-road Chapel (Rev. W. Harvey Smith, pastor) states that there had been, during the year, an addition of eighty to the church, sixty-four by baptism. The total cost of the site and edifice was £9,930; towards which had been received £8,250 from the Board of Works for the old chapel in Worship-street, and £600 from other sources, leaving a debt of about £1,070.

The total number of Baptist churches in Europe is 3,079; Asia,

514; Africa, 32; America, 24,753, and Australia, 127. The membership is as follows: Europe, 316,514; Asia, 34,006; Africa, 1,147; America, 2,113,721; and Australia, 7,700. The total number of Baptist churches throughout the world is 28,505, to which are attached 17,683 pastors or missionaries, and the members of such churches number in all 2,473,088.

LUTON.—The anniversary of Park-street Sunday Schools took place on May 13th. Rev. R. Wood, of Ramsgate, preached; and T. G. Atkinson to the young in the afternoon, the subject of his discourse being "Small Things." On Monday a crowded tea meeting was held, and in the evening Mr. Burnham's Service of Song, "The Covenanters," was rendered by the choir and young people, the whole of the musical arrangements being with the organist, Miss C. Blake. The collections amounted to £60 4s. 1½d.

RECENT DEATH.

ON March 17th, 1883, Mr. Thomas Baverstock, of Andover, in his 81st year. For nearly sixty years he was a member of the Baptist Church in that town, having been the first added to the church after its formation in 1824. By a consistent life he maintained the profession he thus early made, and secured for himself a high place in the affection of his fellow-Christians. In peace and hope he died, patiently waiting for the salvation of God.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—April 15, English Chapel, Eleven, by E. F. Probert.
Appledore.—April 19, Eight, by T. B. Field.
Astley Bridge, Bolton.—May 1, Three, by J. G. Williams.
Athlone.—April 27, Two, J. Ryan.
Barrow-in-Furness.—April 29, Abbey-road, Four, by J. Hughes.
Bacup.—April 29, at Zion, Four, by E. A. Tydeman.
Belfast.—March 27, Regent-street Chapel, Two, by pastor. April 1, Great Victoria-street, Two; 29, Two, by W. Usher.

- Belfort*.—April 10, Regent-street, One, by the pastor.
- Bethesda*, Tydee, near Newport, Mon.—February 25, Ten; April 1, Ten, by W. Owen.
- Bideford*, Devon.—April 4, Forty-two, by W. Gillard.
- Bildeston*, Suffolk.—April 30, Six, by J. Easter.
- Birmingham*.—April 4, Latimer-street, Eight, for the Mission Hall, Wynn-street; April 1, Selby Park, Four, by A. H. Collins.
- Bishop Stortford*.—May 2, Three, by B. Hodgkins.
- Blackburn*.—April 15, Two, by M. H. Whetnall.
- Blackfield Common*, Hants.—April 22, Two, by H. A. Pearce.
- Brayford*, North Devon.—April 22, Ten, by A. Sprague.
- Brighton*.—May 3, Nine, by S. Gray.
- Bristol*.—April 29, Phillip-street, Eleven, by J. J. Ellis.
- Buckley*, Flintshire.—April 15, Four, J. S. Grierson.
- Builth*, Wales.—April 8, One; May 6, One, by H. V. Thomas.
- Canton*, Cardiff.—May 6, Hope Chapel, Eight, by T. W. Davies.
- Cardigan*.—April 8, at Mount Zion, Two, by G. Hughes.
- Cefn Mawr*.—April 22, Five; April 24, One, by E. H. Girdlestone.
- Cefn Powl*, Radnor.—April 22, One, by W. Jenkins.
- Cheddar*.—April 27, Seven; May 6, Four, by T. Hanger.
- Chesham*, Bury, Lancashire.—April 29, Three, by T. Clarke.
- Chester*.—April 22, at Mission Hall, Seven, by W. S. Jones.
- Cold Inn*, Tenby.—April 6, Four, by J. Jenkins.
- Combe-Martin*, N. Devon.—April 15, Thirty-four, by J. Glover.
- Coxall*.—April 6, Four; 22, Three, by W. Williams.
- Crickhowell*.—April 13, Bethabara Chapel, One, by J. Jenkins.
- Cross Keys*.—April 29, One, by G. H. Watkins.
- Derby*.—May 2, Osmaston-road, Eight, by W. H. Tetley.
- Dolgelley*.—April 22, Two, by D. Evans.
- Dorking*.—May 3, Two, Junction-road, by A. G. Everett.
- Drenfield*.—April 29, Four, by S. Hewitt.
- Eastbourne*.—April 25, Ceylon-place, Seven, by W. Osborne.
- Exeter*, South-street Chapel.—March 21, Five; April 29, Five, by E. O. Pike, B.A.; April 29, Bartholomew-street, Nine, by W. Hillier.
- Franksbridge*, Radnor.—April 15, One, by T. D. Jones.
- Frithestock*, North Devon.—April 11, Five, by W. Price.
- Glasceod*.—April 23, Two, by J. Pugh.
- Glodwick*, Oldham.—April 22, Four, by W. Hughes.
- Gold Hill*.—April 8, Four, by J. H. Grant.
- Hay*.—April 29, Four, by G. Phillips.
- Hereford*.—April 29, Commercial-road, Nine, by J. Williams, B.A.
- Herman*, Fishguard.—April 22, One, by J. Phillips.
- Hunor*.—April 15, Derby-road, Four, by E. Hilton; also Three at Smalley.
- Hitchin*.—April 22, Walsworth-road Chapel, Eight; 29, Nine, by F. J. Bird.
- Holyhead*.—April 15, Bethel Chapel, Ten, by R. Thomas.
- Honeyborough*.—April 15, Six, by J. Johns.
- Hunsted*.—April 29, Two, by A. E. Greening.
- Iffracombe*.—April 29, Ten, by J. Douglas, M.A.
- Kingsbridge*.—April 25, Ten, by E. D. Wilks.
- Knighth*.—April 1, Three, by W. Williams.
- Langem*.—May 6, Five, by W. Davis.
- Llanidloes*.—April 19, Five, by I. Edwards.
- Llanwrtyd*, Wales.—Easter Sunday, at Zion, Two, by J. Radcliff.
- London*, Brixton.—April 5, Five, by W. Sullivan.
- Leytonstone*.—April 29, Twelve, by J. Bradford.
- Streatham*.—April 30, Lewin-road, Four, by M'Caig.
- Woolwich*.—April 25, Queen-street, Seven, by T. Jones; April 29, Parson's Hill, Five, by J. Wilson.
- Bethnal Green-road*.—April 29, Four, by W. Smith.
- South Lee*.—April 29, Bromley-road, Five, by I. Levinsohn.
- Bermondsey*.—May 2, Drummond-road, Twenty-five, by B. Brigg.
- Brixton*.—April 29, Cornwall-road, Two, by E. P. Barrett.
- Clapham*.—April 29, Grafton-square, Seven, by R. Webb.
- Gray's Inn-road*.—May 2, Arthur-street Chapel, Five, by W. Smith.
- Haven Green*, Ealing.—May 2, Six, by C. Clark.
- Edgware-road*.—May 30, Trinity Chapel, John-street, Six.
- Luton*, Park Street.—May 3, Five, by J. H. Blake.
- Lydney*, Glos.—May 2, Four, by E. Davis.
- Lyndhurst*.—May 16, One, by W. H. Payne.
- Madeley*.—April 29, Two, by T. Whittle.
- Merthyr*.—April 8, at the Tabernacle, Two, by B. Thomas.
- Merthyr Vale*.—April 22, Four, by J. Cole.
- Middlebrough*.—April 30, Boundary-road, Two, by W. H. Ainsworth.
- Mirfield*, Yorks.—April 15, Two, by R. Evans.
- Nailsworth*, Glos.—April 29, at the Tabernacle, Two, by the pastor.
- Nantwich*.—April 29, Three; May 1, Two, by P. Williams.
- New Radnor*.—April 15, One, by G. Phillips.
- Newport*, Mon.—April 29, Four, by A. T. Jones.
- Offord*, Hunts.—May 6, One, by G. Brown.
- Oswestry*.—April 22, Two, by G. Archer.
- Pembroke Dock*.—April 4, Four; April 8, Four; May 6, One, at Pennar Chapel, by E. Evans; May 7, Bush-street, Three, by R. C. Roberts.
- Popehill*.—April 15, Two, by W. Davis.

- Pembrokeshire*.—April 22, at Sardis, Three, by J. Johns.
- Portsmouth*.—May 2, Lake-road, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Presteign*, Radnorshire.—April 1, Three, by S. Watkins.
- Ramsey*, Hunts.—May 3, Great Whyte Chapel, Three, by W. Hetherington.
- Radcliffe*, Lancashire.—April 29, Three, by G. M. Harvey.
- Rhymney*, Mon.—April 10, Ten, by H. Phillips.
- Rochdale*.—April 29, Water-street, Three, by D. O. Davies.
- Ross*.—May 2, Three, by J. E. Perrin.
- Rotherham*.—April 8, Five; 29, Three, by B. Lee.
- Ryeport*.—April 11, Two, by E. Watkins.
- Scapogot Hill*, Golcar.—May 6, Two, by A. Harrison.
- Sittingbourne*.—May 2, Eleven, by J. Doubleday.
- Southampton*.—April 8, Carlton Chapel, Six; 15, One, by E. Osborne.
- Southend*.—April 29, Four, by H. W. Childs.
- St. Helens*, Lancashire.—April 15, Park-road, Four, by W. C. Taylor.
- Stratford-on-Avon*.—April 29, Four; May 2, Three, by J. Fugh.
- Sudbury*.—April 29, Seven, by J. H. Kelly.
- Swansea*.—April 18, York-place, Four; 23, One, by D. Davies; April 29, Mount Zion, Two, by T. D. Matthias.
- Thurleigh*, Beds.—April 29, Three, by G. Chandler.
- Todmorden*.—April 17, Two, by W. Marsh.
- Tondu*, Glam.—April 29, Eight, by M. Morgan.
- Torquay*, Upton Vale.—May 6, Six, by E. Edwards.
- Trinbridge Wells*, Town Hall.—May 2, Eight, by J. Smith.
- Watchet*, Somerset.—April 19, Four, by R. B. Clare.
- Waterfoot*.—April 29, Four, by J. T. Lane.
- Wellington*, Salop.—April 22, Ten, by J. B. Morgan.
- Weston*, Worcester.—April 29, Four, by J. Longson.
- Whitstable-on-Sea*.—April 18, Six, by E. A. Lawrence.
- Willingham*, Cambs.—April 15, at the Tabernacle, Six, by R. S. Latimer.
- Wimbledon*, Mitcham.—May 2, Two, at Wimbledon, by C. Ingrem, for Mitcham Church.

PRAYER THE SOUL'S REFRESHING DEW.—When you have prayed, do you not feel that your heart is lighter and your soul more calm? Prayer renders affliction less grievous, and joy more pure; it mingles with the one I know not what of comfort and relief, and with the other a celestial fragrance. It is God who has placed you upon this earth: have you nothing to ask of Him? You are a traveller seeking your Fatherland: do not pursue your journey with halting steps and head bowed down; you must raise your eyes to find your way. Your Fatherland is heaven: when you gaze up at the skies, is not your spirit stirred within you? Does no holy desire exalt you? Or is desire dumb? It is so in those who say, "What is the use of praying? God is too far above us to listen to such humble creatures." And who, then, has made these creatures humble? Who has given them this feeling, and this thought, and this word, if it is not God? And if He has been so good towards them, would He afterwards forsake them, and banish them far from His presence? Verily I say unto you, whosoever says that God despiseth the work of His own hands, blasphemeth against God. And so it is with those again who say, "What is the use of praying? Does not God already know our needs better than we ourselves know them or can express them?" Yes, God knows better than you what is your need, and thus it is His will that you should place your need before Him. But God Himself is your chiefest need; and to pray to God is to begin to possess God. The father knows the needs of his child; does it follow that the child shall never utter a word either of supplication or of thanks to his father? Sometimes there sweeps across the plain an arid blast, and then we see the plants lie withered on the ground; but, moistened by the dew, their freshness is restored, and they lift again the heads that drooped and languished. And prayer is the soul's refreshing dew.—*Translated from the French.*

WHAT ARE THE CLOUDS?

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The clouds are the dust of His feet."—Nahum i. 3.

It is possible for a man to read too many books. We will not despise learning, we will not undervalue erudition; such acquisitions are very desirable; and, when his talents are sanctified to God, the man of learning frequently becomes in the hands of the Spirit far more useful than the ignorant and the unlearned; but at the same time, if a man acquire his knowledge entirely from books, he will not find himself to be a very wise man. There is such a thing as heaping so many books on your brains that they cannot work—pouring such piles of type, and letters, and manuscripts, and papers, and prints, and pamphlets, and volumes, and tomes, and folios, upon your weary head, that your brains are absolutely buried and cannot move at all. I believe that many of us, whilst we have sought to learn by books, have neglected those great volumes which God has given us; we have neglected to study this great book, the Bible! moreover, perhaps, we have not been careful enough students of the great volume of Nature, and we have forgotten that other great book—the human heart. For my own part, I desire to be somewhat a student of the heart; and I think I have learned far more from conversation with my fellow-men than I ever did from reading; and the examination of my own experience, and the workings of my own heart, have taught me far more of humanity than all the metaphysical books I have ever perused. I like to read the book of my fellow-creatures; nothing delights me so much as when I see a multitude of them gathered together, or when I have the opportunity of having their hearts poured into mine, and mine into theirs. He will not be a wise man who does not study the human heart, and does not seek to know something of his fellows and of himself. But if there be one book I love to read above all others, next to the book of God, it is the volume of Nature. I care not what letters they are that I read, whether they be the golden spellings of the name of God up yonder in the stars, or whether I read, in rougher lines, His name printed on the rolling floods, or see it hieroglyphed in the huge mountain, the dashing cataract, or the waving forest. Wherever I look abroad in Nature I love to discern my Father's name spelled out in living characters; and if we had any fields a little greener than Moorfields, Smithfield, and Spasfields, I would do as Isaac did, go into the fields at eventide and muse and meditate upon the God of Nature. I thought in the cool of last evening I would muse with my God, by His Holy Spirit, and see what message He would give me. There I sat and watched the clouds, and learned a lesson in the great hall of Nature's college. The first thought that struck me was this, as I saw the white clouds rolling in the sky—soon shall I see my Saviour mounted on a great

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white throne, riding on the clouds of heaven, to call men to judgment. My imagination could easily picture the scene when the quick and the dead should stand before His great white throne, and should hear His voice pronounce their changeless destiny. I remembered, moreover, that text in the Proverbs: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow : and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." I thought how many a time myself and my brother ministers have regarded the clouds. We have listened to the voice of prudence and of caution ; we have regarded the clouds, we have stopped when we ought to have been sowing, because we were afraid of the multitude ; or we refused to reap and take in the people into our churches, because some good brother thought we were too hasty about the matter. I rose up and thought to myself, I will regard neither the clouds nor the winds ; but when the wind blows a hurricane I will throw the seed with my hands, if peradventure the tempest may waft it further still ; and when the clouds are thick, still I will reap, and rest assured that God will preserve His own wheat, whether I gather it under clouds or in the sunshine. And then, when I sat there musing upon God, thoughts struck me as the clouds careered along the skies, thoughts which I must give to you this morning. I trust they were somewhat for my own instruction, and possibly they may be for yours. "The clouds are the dust of His feet."

I. Well, the first remark I make upon this shall be—THE WAY OF GOD IS GENERALLY A HIDDEN ONE. This we gather from the text, by regarding the connection : "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet." When God works His wonders He always conceals Himself. Even the motion of His feet causes clouds to arise ; and if these "clouds are but the dust of His feet," how deep must be that dense darkness which veils the brow of the Eternal ! If the small dust which He causes is of equal magnitude with our clouds—if we can find no other figure to image "the dust of His feet" than the clouds of heaven, then how obscure must be the motions of the Eternal One ! how hidden and how shrouded in darkness ! This great truth suggested by the text is well borne out by facts. The ways of God are hidden ones. Cowper did not say amiss when he sang—

" He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

His footsteps cannot be seen ; for, planted on the sea, the next wave washes them out ; and placed in the storm, rioting as the air then is, every impression of His chariot wheels is soon erased. Look at God, and at whatever He has deigned to do, and you will always see Him to have been a hidden God. He has concealed Himself, and all His ways have been veiled in the strictest mystery. Consider His works of salvation. How did He hide Himself when He determined to save mankind ? He did not manifestly reveal Himself to our forefathers. He gave them simply one dim lamp of prophecy which shone in words like these : "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" ; and for four thousand years God concealed His Son in mystery, and no one understood what the Son of God was to be. The smoking incense beclouded their eyes, and while it showed something of Jesus, it did hide far more. The burning victim sent its smoke up towards the sky, and it was only through the dim mists of the sacrifice

that the pious Jew could see the Saviour. Angels themselves, we are told, desired to look into the mysteries of redemption, yet, though they stood with their eyes intently fixed upon it, until the hour when redemption developed itself on Calvary, not a single angel could understand it. The profoundest sage might have sought to find out how God could be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly ; but he would have failed in his investigations. The most intensely pious man might meditate, with the help of that portion of God's Spirit which was then given to the prophets, on this mighty subject, and he could not have discovered what the mystery of godliness was—"God manifest in the flesh." God marched in clouds, "He walked in the whirlwinds"; He did not deign to tell the world what He was about to do ; for it is His plan to gird Himself in darkness, and "the clouds are the dust of His feet." Ah ! and so it always has been in Providence as well as grace. God never condescends to make things very plain to His creatures. He always does rightly ; and therefore He wants His people always to believe that He does rightly. But if He showed them that He did so, there would be no room for their faith.

Turn your eye along the page of history, and see how mysterious God's dealings have been. Who would conceive that a Joseph sold into Egypt would be the means of redeeming a whole people from famine ? Who would suppose that when an enemy should come upon the land, it should be after all but the means of bringing glory to God ? Who could imagine that a harlot's blood should mingle with the genealogy from which came the great Messiah, the Shiloh of Israel ? Who could have guessed, much less could have compassed, the mighty scheme of God ? Providence has always been a hidden thing.

" Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sov'reign will."

Or, perhaps, ye are not agitated about Providence in a nation ; you believe that there God does hide Himself ; but then there are matters concerning yourself which you long to see explained. When I was in Glasgow, I went over an immense foundry, one of the largest in Scotland, and there I saw a very powerful steam engine which worked all the machinery in the entire building. I saw in that foundry such numberless wheels running round, some one way and some another, I could not make out what on earth they were all about. But, I dare say, if my head had been a little wiser, and I had been taught a little more of mechanics, I might have understood what every wheel was doing, though really they seemed only a mass of wheels very busy running round and doing nothing. They were all, however, working at something ; and if I had stopped and asked, "What is that wheel doing ?" a mechanic might have said, "It turns another wheel." "Well, and what is that wheel doing ?" "There is another wheel dependent upon that, and that again is dependent on another." Then at last he would have taken me, and said, "This is what the whole machinery is doing." Some ponderous bar of iron, perhaps, being grooved and cut, shaped and polished—"This is what all the wheels are effecting ; but I cannot tell separately what each wheel is doing." All

things are working together for good ; but what the things separately are doing it would be impossible to explain. Yet thou, child of Adam, with thy finite intellect, art continually stopping to ask, "Why is this?" The child lies dead in the cradle. "Wherefore was infancy snatched away? O ruthless death! couldst thou not reap ripe corn: why snatch the rosebud? Would not a chaplet of withered leaves become thee better than these tender blossoms?" Or you are demanding of Providence, "Why hast Thou taken away my property? Was I not left by a parent well-to-do, and some ravenous leech has swept all my substance away? It is all gone! Why this, O God? Why not punish the unjust? Why should the innocent be allowed thus to suffer? Why am I to be bereft of my all?" Says another, "I launched into a business that was fair and honourable; I intended, if God had prospered me, to devote my wealth to Him. I am poor; my business never prospers. Lord, why is this?" And another says, "Here I am toiling from morning till night; and all I do I cannot extricate myself from my business, which takes me off so much from religion. I would fain live on less if I had more time to serve my God." Ah! finite one, dost thou ask God to explain these things to thee? I tell thee, God will not do it, and God cannot do it; for this reason: thou art not capable of understanding it. Should the emmet ask the eagle wherefore it dasheth aloft in the skies? Shall the leviathan be questioned by a minnow? These creatures might explain their motions to creatures; but the Omnipotent Creator, the uncreated Eternal, cannot well explain Himself to mortals whom He hath created. We cannot understand Him. It is enough for us to know that His way always must be in darkness, and that we must never expect to see much in this world.

II. This second thought is—**GREAT THINGS WITH US ARE LITTLE THINGS WITH GOD.** What great things clouds are to us! There we see them sweeping along the skies! Then they rapidly increase till the whole firmament gathereth blackness and a dark shadow is cast upon the world; we foresee the coming storm, and we tremble at the mountains of cloud, for they are great. Great things, are they? Nay, they are only the dust of God's feet. The greatest cloud that ever swept the face of the firmament was but one single particle of dust starting from the feet of the Almighty Jehovah. When clouds roll over clouds, and the storm is very terrible, it is but the chariot of God as it speeds along the heavens, raising a little dust around Him! "The clouds are the dust of His feet." Oh! could ye grasp this idea, my friends, or had I words in which to put it into your souls, I am sure you would sit down in solemn awe of that great God who is our Father, or who will be our Judge. Consider, that the greatest things with man are little things with God. We call the mountains great; but what are they? They are but "the small dust of the balance." We call the nations great, and we speak of mighty empires; but the nations before Him are but as "a drop in the bucket." We call the islands great; and talk of ours boastingly: "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing." We speak of great men and of mighty: "The inhabitants of the earth in His sight are but as grasshoppers." We talk of ponderous orbs moving millions of miles from us: in God's sight they are but little atoms dancing up and down in the sunbeam of existence. Compared with God there is nothing great. True, there are some things which are little with man that are great with God. Such are our sins, which we call little, but which are great with

Him ; and His mercies, which we sometimes think are little, He knows are very great mercies towards such great sinners as we are. Things which we reckon great are very little with God. If ye knew what God thought of our talk sometimes, you would be surprised at yourselves. We have some great trouble—we go burdened with it, saying, “O Lord God ! what a great trouble I am burdened with !” Why, methinks God might smile at us as we do sometimes at a little child who takes up a load too heavy for it (but which you could hold between your fingers), and staggereth, and saith, “Father, what a weight I am carrying !” So there are people who stagger under the great trouble which they think they are bearing. *Great, beloved !* There are no great troubles at all : “the clouds are the dust of His feet.” If you would but so consider them, the greatest things with you are but little things with God. Suppose, now, that ye had all the troubles of all the people in the world, that they all came pouring on your devoted head : what are cataracts of trouble to God ?—“Drops in the bucket.” What are whole mountains of grief to Him ? Why, “He taketh up the mountains as the dust of the balance.” And He can easily remove your trials. Sit not down then, thou son of weariness and want, and say, “My troubles are too great.” Hear the voice of mercy : “Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee : He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.” You shall hear two Christians talk. One of them will say, “Oh, my troubles, and trials, and sorrows ; they are so great, I can hardly sustain them ; I do not know how to support my afflictions from day to day.” The other says, “Ah ! my troubles and trials are not less severe, but, nevertheless, they have been less than nothing. I could laugh at impossibilities, and say, they shall be done.” What is the reason of the difference between these men ? The secret is, that one of them carried his troubles, and the other did not. It does not matter to a porter how heavy a load may be, if he can find another to carry it all for him. But if he is to carry it all himself, of course he does not like a heavy load. So one man bears his troubles himself and gets his back nearly broken : but the other casts his troubles on the Lord. Ah ! it does not matter how heavy troubles are if you can cast them on the Lord. The heavier they are, so much the better, for the more you have got rid of, and the more there is laid upon the Rock. Never be afraid of troubles. However heavy they are, God’s eternal shoulders can bear them. He whose omnipotence is testified by revolving planets and systems of enormous worlds can well sustain you. Is His arm shortened, that He cannot save—or is He weary, that He cannot hold you fast ? Your troubles are nothing to God, for the very “clouds are the dust of His feet.”

And this cheers me, I assure you, in the work of the ministry ; for any man who has his eyes open to the world at large, will acknowledge that there are many clouds brooding over England, and over the world. I received lately a letter from a gentleman at Hull, in which he tells me that he sympathizes with my views concerning the condition of the Church at large. I do not know whether Christendom was ever worse off than it is now. At any rate, I pray God it never may be. Read the account of the condition of the Suffolk churches, where the Gospel is somewhat flourishing, and you will be surprised to find that they have had scarcely any increase at all in the year. So you may go from church to church, and find scarcely any that are growing. Here and there a chapel is filled with people ; here and there you find an earnest minister ; here and there

an increasing church ; here and there a good prayer-meeting ; but these are only like green spots. Wherever I have gone through England, I have been always grieved to see how the glory of Zion is under a cloud ; how the precious saints of Zion, comparable to fine gold, have become like earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. It is not for me to set myself up as universal censor of the Church, but I must be honest and say that spiritual life, and fire, and zeal, and piety, seemed to be absent in ten thousand instances. We have abundance of agencies, we have good mechanism ; but the Church nowadays is very much like a large steam engine, without any fire, without any hot water in the boiler, without any steam. There is everything but steam, everything but life. England is veiled in clouds. Not clouds of infidelity. I care not one fig for all the infidels in England. Nor am I afraid of popery for old England. I do not think she will go back to that : I am sure she never will. But I *am* afraid of this deadness, this sioth, this indifference, that has come over our churches. The Church wants shaking, like the man on the mountain-top does when the cold benumbs him into a deadly slumber. The churches are gone to sleep for want of zeal, for want of fire. Even those who hold sound doctrine are beginning to slumber. Oh, may God stir the Church up ! One great black cloud, only broken here and there by a few rays of sunlight, seems to be hanging over the entire of this happy island. But, beloved, there is comfort : "for the clouds are the dust of His feet." He can scatter them in a moment. He can raise up His chosen servants, who have only to put their mouth to the trumpet, and one blast shall awaken the sleeping sentinels and startle the sleeping camp. God has only to send out again some evangelist, some flying angel, and the churches shall start up once more, and she who has been clothed in sackcloth shall doff her garments of mourning, and put on a garment of praise instead of the spirit of heaviness. The day is coming, I hope, when Zion shall sit, not without her diadem, crownless ; but with her crown on her head, she shall grasp her banner, take her shield, and, like that heroic maiden of old who roused a whole nation, shall go forth conquering and to conquer. We hope thus much, because "the clouds are the dust of His feet."

Ay, and what clouds rest on the world at large ! What black clouds of Catholic superstition, Mohammedanism, and idolatry ! But what are all these things ? We do not care about them at all, brethren. Some say that I am getting very enthusiastic about the latter-day glory, and the coming of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Well, I don't know ; I get all the happier the more enthusiastic I am, so I hope I shall keep on at it, for I believe that there is nothing so comforts a servant of God as to believe that his Master is coming. I hope to see Him. I should not be surprised to see Jesus Christ to-morrow morning. He *may* come then. "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." He who learns to watch for Christ will never be surprised when He cometh. Blessed shall that servant be whom, when his Lord cometh, He shall find busy about his duty. But some say He cannot come yet : there are so many clouds, and so much darkness in the sky ; it cannot be expected that the sun will rise yet. Is that a fair reason ? Do the clouds ever impede the sun ? The sun moves on despite all the mists ; and Jesus Christ can come, clouds or no clouds. We do not want light before He appears ; He

will come and give us light afterwards, scattering the darkness with the glory of His own eyes. But you say, "How are these idolatrous systems to be cast down?" God could do it in an hour if He pleased. Religion never moves by years and weeks. Even false religions grow like mushrooms; much more true ones. False religions attained colossal proportion in a very few years. Take the case of Mohammedanism: the new-born faith of Islam became the religion of millions in an incredibly short period; and if a false religion could spread so quickly, shall not a true one run along like fire amidst the stubble, when God shall speak the word? Clouds are but "dust of His feet."

III. Now, one more remark. "The clouds are the dust of His feet." Then we learn from that, that **THE MOST TERRIBLE THINGS IN NATURE HAVE NO TERROR TO A CHILD OF GOD.** Sometimes clouds are very fearful things to mariners; they expect a storm when they see the clouds and darkness gathering. A cloud to many of us, when it forebodes a tempest, is a very unpleasant thing. But let me read my text, and you will see what I mean by my remark that the most terrible things in Nature are not terrible to the saints. "The clouds are the dust of His feet,"—of God's feet. Do you not see what I mean? There is nothing terrible now, because it is only the dust of my Father's feet. Did you ever know a child who was afraid of the dust of his father's feet? Nay; if the child sees the dust of his father's feet in the distance, what does he do? He rejoices because it is his father, and runs to meet him. So the most awful things in Nature, even the clouds, have lost all their terror to a child of God, because he knows they are but the dust of his Father's feet. If we stand in the midst of the lightning storm, a flash rives yon cedar, or splits the oak of the forest; another flash succeeds, and then another, till the whole firmament becomes a sea of flame. We fear not, for they are only the flashes of our Father's sword as He waves it in the sky. Hark to the thunder as it shakes the earth, causes the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: we shake not at the sound.

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas—

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love."

We are not afraid, for we hear our Father's voice. And what favoured child ever quaked at his Father's speech? We love to hear that voice; although it is deep, bass, sonorous, yet we love its matchless melody, for it issues from the depths of affection. Put me to sea, and let the ship be driven along—that wind is my Father's breath; let the clouds gather—they are the dust of my Father's feet; let the waterspout appear from heaven—it is my Father dipping His hand in the laver of His earthly temple. The child of God feareth nothing. All things are his Father's; and divested now of everything that is terrible, he can look upon them with complacency; for he says, "The clouds are the dust of His feet."

“ He drives His chariot through the sky ;
 Beneath His feet His thunders roar ;
 He shakes the earth, He veils the sky :
 My soul, my soul, this God adore—
 He is thy Father, and thy love.”

Fall down before His feet and worship Him, for He hath loved thee by His grace. You know there are many fearful events which may befall us ; but we are never afraid of them if we are saints, because they are the dust of His feet. Pestilence may ravage this fair city once again ; the thousands may fall, and the funeral march be constantly seen in our streets. Do we fear it ? Nay ; the pestilence is but one of our Father's servants, and we are not afraid of it, although it walketh in darkness. There may be no wheat ; the flocks may be cut off from the herd and the stall ; nevertheless, famine and distress are our Father's doings, and what our Father does we will not view with alarm. There is a man there with a sword in his hand ; he is an enemy, and I fear him. My Father has a sword, and I fear Him not : I rather love to see Him have a sword, because I know He will only use it for my protection.

But there is to come a sight more grand, more terrific, more sublime, and more disastrous than anything earth hath yet witnessed : there is to come a fire before which Sodom's fire shall pale to nothingness ; and the conflagration of continents shall sink into less than nothing and vanity. In a few more years, my friends, Scripture assures us, this earth and all that is therein is to be burned up. That deep molten mass which now lies in the bosom of our mother earth is to burst up—the solid matter is to be melted down into one vast globe of fire ; the wicked—shrieking, wailing, and cursing—shall become a prey to these flames that shall blaze upward from the breast of earth ; comets shall shoot their fires from heaven ; all the lightnings shall launch their bolts upon this poor earth, and it shall become a mass of fire. But does the Christian fear it ? No ! Scripture tells us we shall be caught up together with the Lord in the air, and shall be for ever with the Lord.

IV. To conclude. The fourth observation is—ALL THINGS IN NATURE ARE CALCULATED TO TERRIFY THE UNGODLY MAN. Ungodly men and women now present in this place of worship, it is a very solemn fact that you are at enmity with God ; that having sinned against God, God is angry with you—not angry with you to-day, but angry with you every day, angry with you every hour and every moment. It is, moreover, a most sad and solemn fact that there is a day coming, O ungodly men, when this anger of God will burst out, and when God will utterly destroy and devour you. Now listen to me for a moment, while I try to make all Nature preach to you a solemn warning, and the wide world itself a great high-priest, holding up its finger and calling you to flee for mercy to Jesus Christ, the King of kings. Sinner, hast thou ever seen the clouds as they roll along the sky ? Those clouds are the dust of the feet of Jehovah. If these clouds are but the dust, what is He Himself ? And then, I ask thee, O man, art thou not foolish in the extreme to be at war with such a God as this ? If “ the clouds are the dust of His feet,” how foolish art thou to be His enemy ! Dost thou think to stand before His Majesty ? I tell thee, He will snap thy spear as if it were but a reed. Wilt thou hide

thyself in the mountains? They shall be melted at His presence; and though thou cry to the rocks to hide thee, they would fail to give thee aught of concealment before His burning eyes. Oh, do but consider, my dear fellow-creatures, you who are at enmity with God. Would it not be folly if you were to oppose yourself to an angel? Would it not be the utmost stupidity if you were to commence a war even with her Majesty the Queen? I know it would, because ye have no power to stand against them. But consider how much more mighty is the Eternal God. Why, man, He could put His finger upon you at this moment and crush you as I could an insect. Yet this God is your enemy; you are hating Him, you are at war with Him! Consider, moreover, O man, that thou hast grievously rebelled against Him; that thou hast incensed His soul, and He is angry, and jealous, and furious against every sinner. Consider what you will do in that great day when God shall fall upon you. Some of you believe in a God that has no anger and no hatred towards the wicked. Such a God is not the God of Scripture! He is a God who punishes the ungodly. Let me ask the question of inspiration: Canst thou stand before His indignation? Canst thou abide the fierceness of His anger? When His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by Him, bethink thee, sinner, will it be a good thing to be in the hands of the Almighty, who will rend thee in sunder? Wilt thou think it easy to lie down in hell with the breath of the Eternal fanning the flames? Wilt thou delight thyself to think that God will invent torments for thee, sinner, to make thy doom most cursed, if thou dost not repent and turn to Him? What, man! are the terrors of Jehovah nothing to thee? Dost thou not tremble and shake before the fierceness of His fury? Ah! thou mayest laugh now; thou mayest go away, my hearer, and smile at what I have said; but the day shall declare it: the hour is coming—and it may be soon—when the iron hand of the Almighty shall be upon thee; when all thy senses shall be the gates of misery, thy body the house of lamentation, and thy soul the epitome of woe. Then thou wilt not laugh and despise Him.

But now to finish up, let me just give you one word more; for, beloved, wherefore do we use these threats? wherefore do we speak of them? It is but the word of the angel, who, pressing Lot upon the shoulder, said, "Look not behind thee; stay not in all the plain"; and then pointing to the fire behind, said, "On! on! lest the fiery sleet overtake thee, and the hail of the Eternal shall overwhelm thee!" We only mentioned that fire behind that the Spirit might make you flee to the mountain, lest ye should be consumed. Do you ask where that mountain is? We tell you there is a cleft in the Rock of Ages where the chief of sinners may yet hide himself: "Jesus Christ for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven"; and whoever here this morning is a sinner, we now invite to come to Christ. Ye Pharisees, who do not own the title, I preach no Gospel to you. Ye self-righteous, self-sufficient ones, I have nought whatever to say to you, except what I have said to you—the voice of threatening. But whoever will confess himself a sinner has the warrant this morning to come to Jesus Christ. Sinnership is the only title to salvation. If you acknowledge yourselves to be sinners, Christ died for you. And if you put your trust in Him, and believe that He died for you, you may rely upon Him, and say, "Lord, I will be saved by Thy grace." Your merits

are good for nothing ; you can get no benefit by them. Your own work is useless ; you are like the man in the prison working the treadmill—you never get anything by it—grinding oyster shells without any benefit to yourself. Come to Jesus Christ. Believe in Him ; and after you have believed in Him, He will set you working—working a new work. He will give you works, if you will have but faith—even faith is His gift. Oh, may He give it to you now, my hearers ; for “ He giveth liberally and upbraideth not.” “ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved.”

PRACTICE without knowledge is blind, and knowledge without practice is lame.—*Fuller*.

MY principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares ; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.—*Newton*.

FAITH without repentance is not faith, but presumption ; like a ship all sail with no ballast, that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith is not repentance, but despair, like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh with her own weight.—*Sanderson*.

GOD'S house is not the place to make aching heads ; it is the place to heal aching hearts. The most outrageous nonsense that is current in theological seminaries, is that which deludes young men into the folly of aiming at profound and philosophic treatise for the pulpit.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

PEOPLE will always differ from one another about religion, and carry on constant strife and war, until the right of every one to perfect liberty in these matters is conceded, and they can be united in one body by a bond of mutual charity.—*John Locke*.

HYPOCRITES may be professors, but the martyrs are the true confessors. Profession is a swimming down the stream like a dead fish, which many do. Confession is a swimming against the stream, which none but a living fish can.

AMONG the best gifts of Providence to a nation are great and good men, who act as its leaders and guides ; who leave their mark upon their age ; who give a new direction to affairs ; who introduce a course of events which go down from generation to generation, pouring their blessings on mankind.—*Barnas Sears*.

TRUE science is the servant of Christ, whether all its devotees believe it or not. Whether in geology, deciphering the stratified inscriptions on earth's crust, or in astronomy, weighing and measuring worlds, or through the microscope, gazing at the infinity of lives in a drop of water or a grain of sand, science is always and everywhere groping for light. And God is light.—*J. E. Sawyer*.

THE real difficulty with thousands in the present day is not that Christianity has been found wanting, but that it has never been seriously tried. They have been interested in it, but have remained at a distance from it. They passed their best years in supposing that Christ's religion is a problem to be ceaselessly argued about, when, lo ! it is a life to be spent at the feet of a living Master, and it justifies itself only and completely when it is lived.—*Canon Liddon*.

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SCEPTIC'S CHILD.

"THE first real blow that my Agnosticism received was the death of my dear child. She was a beautiful little girl, with blooming cheeks, dark flashing eyes, flowing tresses, and a clear musical voice which, whether she spoke or sang, was quite captivating. You could not help talking to her or listening to her melody. When I came home to my meals, I was almost certain to hear her active feet trotting along the lobby, and to receive her merry welcome as she laid hold of my hand and joyously led me in. She always had, of course, some little story to tell; perhaps about baby, or her little playmates, or new discoveries to relate in which, child-like, she was much interested, and naturally thought her father would be also. As she did not care to go out much, and her mother always aimed to make home to her a little paradise, we were thrown a great deal into each others company, and specially on the Sunday. As a rule she would go with her mother to chapel once at least on the Lord's day, and it was to her a disappointment when through her mother's enforced abstinence, she herself could not go. And once, I remember, this got me into a real difficulty. You must know, Mr. Rock, that she was very intelligent, sharp, and inquisitive for her age, and the questions she sometimes put to me in her innocent way were not easily answered. I may have been right or wrong in resorting to evasions, but I am compelled honestly to make the confession that, with my

sceptical views and surrounding circumstances, I felt that for her own sake and her mother's sake I could do nothing else at times but evade them. Would you like me to give you an illustration or two, Mr. Rock?"

"I should, Mr. Millar."

"Well then, take this Sunday. It was a fine summer morning, and she was looking forward when at the breakfast table to going to chapel with her mother; but it was found out that baby, who had been very restless during the night, gave indications of incipient fever, and therefore Mrs. Millar decided to stay at home and do what she could to check it. To Nelly this was a sore disappointment, and she began to fret. But suddenly a thought struck her, and when her mother had left the room, she looked me in the face, and said hopefully,

"Father, won't you take me to chapel now Mamma cannot go?"

"What, take you there and leave you to go in alone?"

"No, but I want you to go in too."

"But suppose, Nelly, I don't want to go in?"

"Then, Father, why *don't* you want? I want; Mamma wants; why should you not want too?"

"That's a puzzling question; Nelly; but you know we have not all the same tastes. Some like one thing, and some another, and therefore we do not all act alike. Thus you like going to chapel, and so does your mother, and lots of other people; but then I don't, and there's the difference."

"But *why* don't you, Father; that's what I want to know? Why won't you go with me this morning?"

"Have I not told you, Nelly, that I do not like?"

"Then why don't you like, Father?"

"Oh! I've many reasons, child."

"Then please tell me some; I do so want to know."

"Now, Mr. Rock, what *could* I tell her? Could I tell her that I was an infidel, and that I did not believe in chapel-going, and that her mother was wrong in taking her, and that the whole thing in my estimation was a farce? No; not for the life of me could I do so. To her, at any rate, so far as she knew, chapel-going was just the right thing to do, and it contributed largely to her happiness; and therefore sceptic as I was, I felt that I could not drop a word that would mar that happiness or serve to place a mental barrier between that loving child and her Christian mother. And I did not either."

"Then how did you get out of the difficulty, Mr. Millar?"

"In the only way I could. I simply told her that she would know some day, but she was too young to learn then; and I suddenly rose and left the room. The matter, of course, then dropped."

"So far as my judgment goes, Mr. Millar, it was the only thing you could do. Honesty demanded either the full truth or an expedient evasion. But you certainly were in a fix."

"To tell you the truth, sir, for the last two or three months of her life, I was often in such a fix. Let me give you another case. Once she was looking at the pictures in an old family Bible, one of which represented the successive acts of creation as they are recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, and she wanted me to explain them to her."

"'Father,' she said, 'what picture is this?'"

"It represents the world on which we live, my dear."

"And what is this one here?"

"It represents God giving the world light."

"And what is this other one?"

"It represents God making trees and plants and flowers."

"And now, what is this?"

"It represents God making animals and birds and creeping things."

"And what is this last one?"

"It represents God making man, and putting him in a beautiful garden."

"And did God do all this, Father?"

"Ah! did He or did He not? That was a home thrust. The dear child little knew when she put that innocent and straightforward question the conflict that was raging within my breast. I felt as if I would have given a good sum of money to have been able to say to her, 'Yes, He did.' But then I did not know that He existed, or, if He did, that the Biblical account was the true one. So what could I say, Mr. Rock? In a fix again, you see! Suppose I had said that I could not believe that the Biblical account was true, there would have been no end of questions. 'Why, then, does the Bible say so? Why does Mamma believe it? Why don't you believe it, Father?' and I know not what else; for it is astonishing what questions a little sharp child can put, especially on such points as these."

"You are right there, Mr. Millar. I have had questions put to me by very young children that no philosopher or theologian either could answer."

"And it was just so with Nelly. So what could I answer her in this case? All that I could do was to fly to my old refuge—evasion. I

told her she would learn more about it when she grew older, and then diverted her attention by turning to other pictures."

"But was there not danger in even looking at others?"

"Yes; but I soon turned her over to her mother, I can assure you; and then she got answers which, to her, at any rate, were far more decisive and satisfactory."

"You remind me very much, Mr. Millar, of Diderot, the French infidel champion. A member of the French Academy once went to visit him; and what do you think he found him doing? He actually found him explaining a chapter out of one of the Gospels to his little daughter just as if he was a Christian parent. His friend could not help expressing his surprise, as well he might. But what did Diderot say? He said, 'I understand you; but, in truth, *what better lesson could I give her?*' You seem almost to have been of the French infidel's opinion."

"At bottom I really was; and I have no doubt most thinking sceptical parents are. It seems to them to be instinctively unnatural to teach children the tenets of Atheism. To tell a thoughtful, intelligent little child that there is no God, that the world never had a maker, that all around us is the work of chance, and that we are all on a level with the brute beasts that perish, never seemed to me to be the kind of instruction calculated to improve it either mentally or morally. I used some times to wonder what sort of a nation we should be if every child was brought up from the earliest in such a sceptical school! A nation of juvenile infidels, I fear, would be rather a dark outlook for poor humanity. Certainly I should not like the prospect of dwelling in it.

I should be living in constant fear of witnessing the horrors of the French Revolution over again. The world is bad enough as it is with so much juvenile depravity; but what it would be then, God only knows."

"Did you ever hear of Colonel Ethan Allen, Mr. Millar?"

"Not that I remember, Mr. Rock."

"He was a notorious infidel, and the leader of the Green Mountain Boys. His wife was a Christian woman and taught her daughter the Gospel. This daughter sickened, and her father was sent for to hear her dying words. 'Father, said she, 'I am about to die: shall I believe the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?' Now that was a test for him. There lay his dear child about to launch into eternity. What, after all, might not depend on his answer? After waiting a few moments to calm his extreme agitation, he answered, '*Believe what your mother has taught you.*' He felt, you see, that after all it was best and safest for his dying child to repose on the revelations of Christianity."

"And I have no doubt had my dear child, Mr. Rock, been old enough to have asked me such a question in a dying hour, I should, in spite of my scepticism, have given a similar answer. But I must now tell you a most remarkable incident that occurred just before she died. Her good mother used to sing to her that sweet hymn—

There's a beautiful land on high:
To its glories I fain would fly;
When by sorrows pressed down, I
long for my crown,
In that beautiful land on high.
In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free:

My Jesus is there ; He's gone to
prepare
A place in that land for me.

Her mother would sing the solo, and she would join in the chorus ; and to tell you the truth, I used to delight to hear them. Well, one day the child had been out-of doors at play, and then suddenly came in and said, 'Mamma, what should you say if Jesus was to take me to that "beautiful land on high" ? For a moment her mother was staggered and knew not what to answer. Her heart beat as if a fearful foreboding of impending trial had seized her. At last she said, 'Well, my dear, I should try to give you up to Him, and say, "The will of the Lord be done" ; and I should hope to meet you some day in "the beautiful land" myself, and live there with you for ever.' Then the child ran out again to its play as happy as a frisking lamb. My wife told me about it when I came home, and said she feared something was about to happen. But I made light of it, and told her not to give way to any such superstitious notion. Still, inwardly I felt uneasy, for I could not help wondering why the child should suddenly leave its play to come in and ask its mother so strange a question as that. Mrs. Millar thought then, though she did not tell me so, that it might be a providential warning to prepare her for the coming trial ; and it is not for me to say that she was wrong in indulging such a supposition. Be that, however, as it may, in a week after that the dear child was taken ill of diphtheria, and in spite of all that medical skill could do for her, she died. She was ill for a fortnight, and suffered much the first week. But towards the end, when gradually sinking, she became very sensible,

and would have her mother by her bedside continually to read to her and sing to her about Jesus ; and at last she died in her loving arms, going off as peacefully as if she had been rocked to sleep. As she lay in the coffin, I often gazed upon her sweet face, and with the tears rolling down my cheeks, I could not help asking myself the question, Where is she now ? Does she really exist elsewhere, or is all that is left of her this lifeless dust ? When the coffin lid closes her up, shall I never see her again ? Is she gone for ever ? Shall I never more hear her sweet voice with its ringing melody ? Is the cheerful song lost in eternal silence ? Will she never greet her father or mother again with her radiant smiles ? Are there no angelic throngs among which her bright and happy spirit can mingle ? Is there no 'beautiful land' to which she has flown ? Is she lost, lost, lost to me for ever ? Oh ! Mr. Rock, I could not bear the thought of it, and in my agony I felt as if I could almost curse the scepticism that in stern and unrelenting tones bade me bury my dear darling child 'without hope.' My poor wife bore up well, for she had consolation of which I was unhappily deprived. But she felt for me much ; and once when I stood with a pale face and trembling frame looking at that lovely form which was so soon to be hidden in the grave, she placed her hand upon my shoulder, and then, in tones of deep sympathy that still ring in my ears said, 'Harry, love, it's hard work,' I know, but try and look up as I do. Nelly has gone to be with Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Only believe that, and you may yet give her up and be happy.' My wretched feelings would

not permit me to give a reply, but in the kiss that she received she knew right well that my heart said,

‘Jentie, I only hope you may prove to be right.’”

(*To be continued.*)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE HEALING WORD.

By REV. A. H. SMITH.

Mark i. 29-31.

“HE entered into the house of Simon Peter,” and when He was come into the house He found—what? A shadow! There is gloom in every house of some kind. A fever rages in every family. The family of *the disciple* does not escape. Peter was a disciple: there was suffering in his house. One would think that God would gather all the shadows about the Atheist, and would heap night on him so thickly as to make him mad with darkness! But it is not so in the Divine government. “*My ways are not your ways.*” “Whom the Lord loveth He *chasteneth.*” No affliction would ever trouble the child of God if he but knew God’s reason for sending it. Oh, to be able ever to take all life’s afflictions as blessings! for blessings they are, although we do not always recognise them as such. “Sorrow is God’s veiled angel.” We wouldn’t like to be without affliction in the home sometimes. Suffering unites the family. It tightens the love-bond. It brings heart to heart, until in heart and love and effort the family becomes one. The sick-room, the bed of pain, the couch of life-weariness, make the young to stop in their swift, swinging movements; it makes the thoughtless and the giddy to become thoughtful and serious;

it sets *the wit of the heart* to work to discover new and cheering music and fresh expressions of love. Afflictions! Whence come they? Out of the ground, or from the dust do they arise? Do not get hasty and impatient with them; do not get irritable. We need something to soften the hardness of life. Afflictions in the home help to keep us right. They bring down the stubborn knees to the ground; they compel the “heavenward glance” and the heart-breathed prayer. “Simon’s wife’s mother lay sick of a fever, and *they tell Him of her.*” Believer, tell Jesus of the shadow in your house! To tell our grief is something; to put our distress into words is to get relief. “They tell Him of her; and He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up.” There is a lesson for us here. Let us learn it. It is quite true that what is distinctly known as “miraculous power” has ceased in the Church. Yet there is a greater and a higher power than that which works physical miracles. It is beautifully possible for the entrance of a Christly character into any home to be as the coming in of Heaven’s own life and light. Christians have it in their power to do a great work in the home of sickness and suffering. The raising of a suffering one towards heaven and nearer God is a greater and grander work than healing bodily disease merely. One writer is pleased to say, “We should never leave a home without blessing

it." Whenever Jesus Christ entered into a house it was known He was there. His were not mere visits of *politeness*, or attention to the claims of routine, like many *pastoral visits* to-day. Wherever He went He took with Him healings and manifold spiritual blessings. We are to do the same thing according to our capacity. Followers of Christ! be ye imitators of Him.

The servants stand behind the Master. Simon and Andrew, James and John, were all there; but Jesus alone did the work. In all our work for Him, as we figure in any work of mercy, Jesus is there—although concealed from the common vision. "Go ye . . . and, lo! I am with you." He is there, in the home of suffering with us, still first; and it is only as we realize His presence that we shall be able really to bless those with whom we come in contact. Christ's presence is our power.

There ought to be some suggestion or lesson for us in the *suddenness* of Christ's cures. Simon's wife's mother did not *gradually recover*. Her "getting better" was not a slow and tedious thing; health and strength didn't slowly take possession of her again. She was healed, cured, strengthened instantly, and showed *the extent* of her recovery by at once ministering to the wants of those in the house. He spoke the healing word—"He lifted her up," and the fever *immediately* left her; or—what is a better rendering—"and immediately the fever *set her free*:" for fever binds its victim captive with chains, chains of fire. But at Christ's touch the fetters snap and the sufferer rises into liberty. In a spiritual sense, why should not Christ heal men and women as suddenly? Why should not the fetters of sin be snapped as quickly as the burning chains of

fever? They can be. We are called "fanatics" for believing anything of the kind. We cannot help it. We believe in sudden conversions, just as much as in sudden love—"love at first sight." Oh, Jesus stands lovingly and patiently over men to-day, and He is just as willing to say, "Arise!" or, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven"—as He was to heal that poor sufferer in Simon's house. And the thing shall be done as quickly; but—sad thought!—"Ye *will* not." "I would, but ye would not." "Behold, I stand at the door and knock"—"ye will not open it." Oh, the mischievous strength of the feeblest life! for the very weakest life can mock Him and keep Him standing on the "heart's doorstep." But ye shall hear those words, "I would, but ye would not," in different tones one day: "Depart from Me."

When men and women are spiritually healed, how long should they be before they make an attempt at service? If we had to judge of how long by the lives of some, we should not be able to form a judgment *yet*. It is months, or years, perhaps, since the healing word was spoken, and no service rendered as yet. Surely, it is not a difficult thing to work for "Christ's sake." There are so many things one can do; and sometimes, when we get in the way of service, we do good unconsciously. We know of some who have been converted through hearing a brother's prayer at the prayer-meeting. Some don't pray at the prayer-meeting; they might possibly do some good even in that way. Lives spared by God's mercy and grace should be consecrated to His service. The cure that the Great Physician works fits us for action; it is that we may minister to Christ and to those that are *His* for His sake. Every healed

soul should seek to prove its life by service. Here, as everywhere else, the great law and grand test holds good—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

No testimony was required from anybody as to the thoroughness or genuineness of the cure. The "ministering to those who were in the house" was in itself testimony enough. Let *your* service be your testimony to the work of Jesus within you. We know that you have been with Jesus when we see you doing His work. All other signs and testimonies are insufficient—they prove nothing. But Christ's work done in Christ's way and Spirit is enough; and it glorifies the Great Healer.

"Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

Coningsby, Lincoln.

JACOB'S LADDER.

By REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven" (Genesis xxviii. 17).

A GREAT law of compensation is at work. According to Solomon, "God hath set one thing over against another." Much of our dissatisfaction with Providence is extremely unreasonable; second thoughts would often substitute content for contention. We sometimes talk about "six of one, and half a dozen of the other." You frequently hear it remarked that a matter is "as broad as it is long." These colloquial phrases have a far wider application than is commonly supposed. "Are not My ways equal? saith the Lord." We exist under a wonderful system of giving and taking. Birds of brilliant plumage seldom sing well,

while those of humbler aspect delight us with their music; the gayest flowers have no smell, whereas such as are devoid of attractive colours please us by their fragrance. Northern regions are destitute of fine foliage like that of England, but the heavens glow and flash with the splendid hues of the Aurora Borealis. Sir William Herschel found out that the brightest stars of light are lower in temperature than the less luminous. Eagles and swallows walk badly, but how marvellous is their strength of flight; ostriches run swiftly, but cannot rise on the wing. Gold and silver are discovered most abundantly where the earth is poor, and, in an agricultural point of view, unproductive.

It is exactly so with men and their outward lots. Nobody has all profit, nobody all loss. We are reminded of this by the circumstances of the patriarch when he made the exclamation of the text. There was both a dark and a light side to Jacob's experience. See him as he lay dreaming in the desert at night. He was an exile from home, but he proved the wilderness to be the gate of heaven. He had no companion or friend, but God spoke to him and said, "I am with thee." The hard ground was his bed, and the harder stone his pillow; but who would not willingly barter the softest couch for such a radiant vision as rose before the pilgrim's astonished and enraptured gaze? "Naaman, captain of the host of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable," but, alas, he was a leper! The little Hebrew maid who waited on his wife was a captive and a slave, yet she had health. Zaccheus was "chief among the publicans, and was rich," but he had an infamous repute—none spoke well of him; he was

stigmatised everywhere as "a man that was a sinner." Belonging to a class unpopular because it was called into existence by a foreign power, and detested because of frequent fraud, he must have found it all but Utopian to rise above his surroundings. When we are prone to grumble at our trials, let us recollect that they are not without their advantages. Are we disposed to envy others? Be sure of it, they have cares even as we have. Evil is counterbalanced by good; our mercies outnumber our miseries.

To return to our text. The mystic ladder which Jacob saw was full of meaning. Beware of regarding it as a splendid prodigy merely. It was more, far more, than a dazzling spectacle. Nothing could be fuller of spiritual instruction to Jacob. Notice how admirably it was fitted to correct his errors and rebuke his faults. For instance, he had played the hypocrite. You all remember the sickening story of his fraud. Few of us have not pitied poor Esau, and anathematised the swindling, crafty Jacob. The whole transaction connected with the birthright and the paternal blessing was an unmitigated and a downright piece of scoundrelism. But mark the source, or, at any rate, one of the sources of the supplanter's wrong-doing—it was impatience and unbelief. He knew that he was to take the precedence. No doubt his fond, foolish mother had told him that "the elder shall serve the younger." But he could not wait for Providence to bring it to pass. He was in a violent hurry to get the coveted boon, therefore he acted as if the end justified the means. He did evil that good might come. The vision of Bethel, however, is granted him, and how aptly it exposed his blunders! Angels ascend and descend the ladder, showing that God is

never short of agents by which to accomplish His purposes. His servants are legion. What! Lie, and cheat, and defraud, in order to work out His sublime plans? No folly could be greater! Myriads of pure spirits, innumerable, invisible powers are at His bidding. Away, then, with all pious frauds, a truce to everything like sacred shams! Again: Jacob had been selfish. The great "I" was all and in all to him. He was an intense egotist. Myself and my interests were alpha and omega. What cared he for his brother, so long as he himself was well provided for? To feather his own nest, and make things pleasant all round in view of his own future, was his sole anxiety. But the desert vision reproved that also. The promise made to him was accompanied by references to others. God was the Friend of Jacob; yes, and of other people too. Listen: "Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth. . . The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. . . In thee and thy seed shall *all the families* of the earth be blessed." A magnificent blow this, at Jacob's selfishness, and a blow all the more crushing because indirect. Moreover, like so many Easterns, Jacob had been wont to localise God's presence. He fancied that Jehovah dwelt up yonder in heaven, occasionally coming down to consecrated spots, such as the family altar, or the tribal sanctuary. As to the Most High being in other mundane places, and, indeed, in all places alike—such a thought probably hardly ever occurred to him. The memorable night at Bethel, however, laid the axe to the root of that superstition. "God is in *this* place," he exclaimed. "This," the desert, "is the house of God;" here, in the wilderness, is "the gate of heaven."

To quote the words of Rev. Stopford A. Brooke: "We go further still, having loftier teaching. We spread the phrase of Jacob, 'This is the house of God,' over all the universe. In every beat of the human heart, in every thought of the human intellect, in all spiritual emotion in man, and in the angel host, the infinite life is infinitely present. We study His thought, His beauty, His character, in all nature, in all history, in all science. We do not find Him only in the miraculous, but in the common; and when we find Him there, the common becomes a glorious wonder. We do not find Him only in the great events of the world's history, but in the daily life of nations—in the common life of common men; not only at some Bethel, but at every step of our pilgrimage, as the omnipresent justice, and the omnipresent love; at every moment, in every position of life, in virtue of His presence there is to us who have learnt to love Him, His house—the gate of His dwelling. Find your way to heaven in your daily work. Each place has its duties, its opportunities, evil and good. Refuse the duties, neglect the opportunities, join with the evils, and the place is to you the gate of hell. But if God be consciously in your life, there is nothing He does not make divine. Every business then is His palace, every pleasure is His garden; every place is linked to heaven, for heaven is with Him in our heart; every time is made eternal by His love, by the love we feel for Him. Then, it makes but little matter what we do, or where we live; for out of all things we find ways to draw closer to Him. Out of the most commonplace, as well as out of the most imaginative life—out of that which runs glittering before the world like the brook in sunshine, out of that

which runs darkling and alone like the stream in woodlands deep with shadow—there will always rise steps by which we may climb nearer to our Father's house. He has been with me all my life long; I have dwelt always in His dwelling."

The vision of Bethel shows us *the connection between this and the next world*. Where is heaven? Is it near or far off? Possibly the latter; for aught we know its locality may be millions of miles away. Perhaps you and I have seen it: some planet or sun on which we have gazed may be the abode of the blessed. Nevertheless, we think that the probabilities lie the other way. None can pronounce dogmatically on the theme, but Scripture seems to us to imply that the invisible home of the redeemed is at no great distance. "This is the gate of heaven," cried the amazed patriarch. Now, say, how far, commonly, is a gate from the house? How far is the gate from the city? Not much removed, as a general rule. At Dothan Elisha prays, and his servant's eyes are opened to see all around, and on that very mountain, the inhabitants of eternity. Nor ought we to ignore a phrase used in one of the noblest chapters of the whole Bible, namely, the 12th of Hebrews: "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses;" they resemble the vast multitude in a circus or colosseum of old. Very likely our beloved kindred, who have died, ever and anon hover near us. The language which Tennyson puts into the mouth of the May Queen expresses a common, and, we will add, a reasonable belief:—

"If I can I'll come again, mother,
from out my resting-place,
Though you'll not see me, mother,
I shall look upon your face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say, And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

Perhaps only a thin veil separates our departed ones and us. How often have the bereaved felt, at certain seasons, as if their deceased friends were not greatly removed! Inspiring and most stimulating is the thought of good and holy men occasionally revisiting the scene of their former toils, and lingering nigh those upon whom the mantle of their faith and love has fallen.

The connection between tribulation and revelation is illustrated by Jacob's vision. The latter was given by night, and in a desert. Ah! it is often so. Our brightest visions come to us in the night of sorrow, and while we wander in the wilderness of trouble. Well might we say to suffering, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." Sometimes in a school you notice two things—the rod and the lesson-book, or, perhaps, if you do not find the actual rod, you observe that the book is extemporised into one, and used for chastisement. And in the Divine school, also, the rod and the book often go together. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastisest and teachest him out of Thy Word." When we go from the broad, full daylight and dazzling sunshine into a superb, venerable cathedral, at first we behold hardly anything, but by-and-by we begin to distinguish altar, arch, pillar, chancel, and nave. Thus it is with the Temple of Truth: the glare of prosperity frequently hinders our vision. The mountain of instruction is best seen from the Hill Difficulty. Coleridge, you remember, spoke of the ancient mariner as "a sadder and a wiser man"; sadness is handmaid to wisdom. The eye is

strengthened by shadow and shade. If you want to examine some object minutely, without the aid of a microscope, sit awhile in a darkened room, then let an isolated sunbeam pass through a small hole in the window-shutter, and you will, with marvellous exactness, perceive the thing that you wished to do. We often quote David's words, "It is good for me that I was afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy law." Let us not forget a companion text, a complementary verse: "It was good for me that I was afflicted that I might learn Thy righteous statutes." The late Thomas T. Lynch says: "Put a grief into a thought, and it is astonishing how much clearer the thought is." Have you noticed the following fact? Some of those who had the truest conceptions of Christ, when He was on earth, were afflicted people! It was so. To wit: priests, lawyers, and Pharisees thought Him an arch-heretic, because He persisted in healing on the Sabbath. Poor souls; it was a perpetual worry to them. "The better observance of the Lord's Day" is an old cry, and not always a very respectable one. It is often found in the mouths of people who are by no means conscientious and morally sensitive as to how they spend the other six days of the week. Take a tram or hire a hansom, because the weather is rough, and you are in their black books instantan. The misfortune is that, as regards their conduct, Sunday is cream, while Monday, Tuesday, &c., are only milk and water, especially water. But in the case of our Redeemer you will find that sufferers never judged Him harshly on the score of Sabbath observance. The man with the withered hand, the man with the dropsy, and the woman who had the spirit of infirmity, raised no cry of

heresy against the good Physician because He was ready to cure them on the seventh day! Luther writes of tribulation: "I have found it one of my best schoolmasters." An old French divine declared that he had learned more in ten days of suffering than in the fifty preceding years.

Finally, we should give heed to the connection between prayer and privilege indicated by Bethel. The angels of God were "ascending and descending." Mark the order of the words: First the angels go up, then they come down. The same peculiarity is observable in our Saviour's reference to it. He, too, speaks of "the angels of God ascending and descending." Now, antecedently, we should have reversed the process—should we not? It would have seemed most natural to speak of the celestial visitors, whose abode is above, descending and ascending. The inversion of this suggests, at any rate, one lesson, namely, the relation of blessing to supplication. The Church has always made the incident a parable whereby we are taught that the angel of prayer must ascend before the angel of privilege descends. We leave the thought with

you; it is capable of easy and extended application. Meanwhile, be it our united aim to culture a spirit of genuine devotion. "My house shall be called a house of prayer." God says that; let us say the same of our homes and our sanctuaries. We oftensing, "Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw." Rest assured that it cannot climb in vain. As certainly as it reaches the heavens, "gifts for men" will be showered liberally on the earth.—Amen.

DERBY.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A PIOUS old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said: "Good morning, neighbour." "Ah! good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along!" "Well, what has He left you?" said his friend. "Why, He has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in this life, and, in the world to come, life everlasting." It was a word in season; his Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but he went home comforted.

Reviews.

TRACTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.—The Weekly Tract Society is just now making special grants of its tracts at one-third of the published price, thus:—A parcel of tracts containing 1,000, which is usually issued at 15s., can be bought for 5s., and half the quantity for 2s. 6d. As all the tracts issued by the Society are short, pithy, four-page narratives, specially addressed to working people in simple language, tract distributors should avail themselves of the opportunity of securing early parcels while they can be obtained under this arrangement, as the number to be distributed at this rate is very limited. Application should be made to the Manager of the Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

* * The Review of Books is unavoidably postponed until next month.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. C. KIRTLAND has informed the church and congregation meeting in Battersea Chapel that he will retire from the pastorate of Battersea Chapel at Christmas next, or as soon afterwards as his arrangements for the future would permit. Mr. Kirtland will then have completed the tenth year of his ministry in Battersea. It has been mainly owing to Mr. Kirtland's efforts that nearly £1,800 of the heavy liabilities on the chapel have been paid off.

Rev. W. G. Hailstone, having received a call from Immanuel Church, Falmouth, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Heneage Street, Birmingham.

Rev. Alfred C. G. Rendell, of the Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Earls Barton.

Rev. A. J. Parker, of Bristol, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

Rev. G. W. Tooley has resigned the pastorate of the church at Dumfries.

Rev. John Simpson, Broughty Ferry, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lichfield Street Church, Willenhall.

Rev. T. R. Evans has resigned the pastorate of the church at Milford, after seven years' ministry there.

Rev. G. J. Moore, after four years' labour there, has resigned the pastorate of Grafton Street Chapel, Northampton.

Rev. A. M. Hertzberg, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church of Ingham, near Stalham, Norfolk.

Rev. W. H. Smith will close his pastorate of the church in Beccles at Midsummer.

Rev. J. Lloyd has resigned the pastorate of Whitchurch, having ac-

cepted an invitation to the oversight of Park Road Chapel, Ryde.

DORCHESTER.—Rev. J. J. Dalton, of Frome, has accepted the pastorate of this church.

EGREMONT, CHESHIRE.—Rev. Jas. Moffat Logan, of Rawdon, has accepted an invitation from this church.

Rev. J. Pugh, of Glascoed, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the English Baptist Church at Nantyglo.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. F. H. ROBERTS, on leaving Richmond Chapel, Liverpool, to take charge of a newly-established chapel in Glasgow, was presented with an illuminated address and a gold chronometer watch by the church and congregation, and a writing-desk by the members of the Sunday-school. Mrs. Roberts on the same occasion received a silver tea-service and table. Mr. Joshua Sing, who presided, testified to the strong feeling of attachment existing towards the pastor, who, he said, would not only be missed in Liverpool but throughout Lancashire. During the evening an address, signed by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown and other representatives of the Liverpool Baptist Union, was read, testifying to the high esteem which Mr. Roberts had secured among his ministerial brethren and others.

Rev. J. T. Briscoe, of Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham, was presented, at the anniversary meeting on the 22nd inst., with a pulpit chair, to which the ladies of the congregation added a new Bible and other books for the pulpit. Collections in aid of the building fund, realized over £114. The membership has increased by over 100 during the year.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. H. MARTIN, late of Wallingford, was publicly recognized on the 30th of May as pastor of Hallfield Church, Bradford. At the public meeting Arthur Briggs, Esq., J.P., occupied the chair. Revs. W. C. Upton, H. Wright, W. Medley, C. W. Skemp, C. A. Davis, T. G. Horton, and R. S. Coffey were among the speakers. On the following day Rev. H. Stowell Brown preached from the words, "Speaking the truth in love."

Rev. R. Sampson, late of St. Austell, was recognized on the 16th of May as pastor of Morice Square Chapel, Devonport. Mr. R. C. Serpell, J.P., of Plymouth, presided. Rev. E. Read, vicar of the parish, attended, and delivered an address in full sympathy with the sentiment of St. Paul, "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He besought them all to do what they could to raise the spiritual atmosphere of that neighbourhood. Revs. Evan Edwards, C. J. Palmer, S. Vincent, Benwell Bird, A. Braine and W. Hooper also delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. John Urquhart, late of Kirkcaldy, was publicly recognized as pastor of North Frederick Street Baptist Church, Glasgow, on Lord's day, May 27th, when two sermons were preached by Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, a former pastor of the church. On the following day a public soirée was held in the chapel, when the Rev. J. Urquhart presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Landels, D.D., T. W. Medhurst, W. H. Elliott, and Fergus Ferguson, of the Evangelical Union Church.

Rev. W. Evans (formerly of Blockley) was publicly recognized on the 4th of June as pastor of Harborne Chapel, near Birmingham. Rev. John Jenkyn Brown presided. Revs. H. Platten, A. H. Collins, A. Mussell, G. Samuel, and Mr. Joseph Smith (one of the deacons) took part in the proceedings.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. H. F. Gower, of the Pastors' College, as pastor of the New Mill Church, took place on the 6th of June. Rev. H. Varley preached in the afternoon. The evening meeting was presided over by Deacon Olney, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Revs. H. Varley, T. Armstrong, C. Pearce, and H. F. Gower, and Messrs. Burgess and A. P. Scrivener addressed the meeting.

NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL stones of the new chapel to be erected at Tunbridge Wells for the congregation under the care of Rev. J. Smith were laid on the 14th of May by Mr. T. Fox Simpson (Episcopalian) and Mr. S. Barrow, jun. The building, which is intended to seat 650 persons, will cost, with the ground, £5,500. There was an evening meeting in the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, kindly lent for the occasion. Mr. S. Barrow, sen., presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Guest (Congregationalist), R. Martin (Wesleyan), W. Barker, and others. The total of the day's receipts amounted to £532.

On Monday afternoon, May 21st, Mr. Samuel Barrow, of Redhill, laid the memorial-stone of a new mission-hall, which is being erected in connection with the Green Walk Mission, Bermondsey New Road. The work has been carried on for twelve years under the charge of Mr. W. Olney, jun., and about 100 workers connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of which this present erection is a district off-shoot. The work has hitherto been conducted in the concert-hall and other rooms of the Working Men's Club; but the workers had been hindered by want of sufficient accommodation. They therefore resolved to build, having twelve months since acquired a site on the scene of their labours. The contract for the building has been taken for £4,600; but the cost of fittings,

&c., and a sum of £1,000 needed for providing the annual ground-rent, raises the total outlay to £9,000. Mr. Spurgeon was present, and delivered a stimulating address, and at the close of the ceremony it was announced that the sum of £5,082 had been given or promised towards the total cost. A tea in the Tabernacle was followed by a public meeting in support of the work of the day.

The church in Hornby Road, Walton, near Liverpool, of which Rev. A. G. Beaver is pastor, now worships in an iron chapel. The enormous increase in the population of the district has suggested the necessity for the erection of a permanent structure on the main thoroughfare near to Preston Road Station. At a meeting recently held in furtherance of this object, the sum of £225 was announced as having been subscribed towards an estimated total of £600.

Professor Redford presided on May 15th at the opening of a bazaar in aid of a fund for the erection of a permanent chapel in Putney for the congregation under the ministerial charge of Rev. W. Thomas. The proposed chapel will accommodate 800 worshippers. In connection with it, there will be school and class-rooms. The total outlay is estimated at £4,000.

Tuesday, June 12th, saw the completion of another London Baptist Association Chapel, situate in Seven Sisters Road. Woodberry Down was chosen in 1881, when the Rev. T. V. Tymms, of the Downs Chapel, Clapton, was president for the year. The spot having been chosen, the church at the Downs has contributed £2,030 towards the new building, the Association making their usual grant of £1,000. The building is pleasing in appearance, both externally and internally, and, being a departure from the usual run of such places of worship, somewhat unique. Mr. Ogden, the treasurer of the building committee, said the works thus far had cost £9,572, out of which sum £7,321 had been paid for the building and fittings, and £960 for the land.

Before the opening £4,194 had been contributed towards the outlay. The building has a story basement of 13 feet, and is appropriated to several purposes, and contains a large room capable of seating 450 adults, and class-rooms, lecture-room, library, &c. In the rear of the chapel space is reserved for the future erection of a block, containing six additional class-rooms. The chapel will seat 922 adults, and the school premises 700 children. At the luncheon on Tuesday, Mr. W. R. Rickett presided, and in the course of his speech made some practical remarks upon the way to meet the spiritual needs of the suburban residents, and contributed, in addition to two previous sums, a further £500 towards the building fund. Appropriate speeches were also delivered by the Revs. W. R. Skerry (pastor-elect of the chapel), Dr. S. Green, R. V. Price, J. R. Wood, L. R. Aldrich, and Dr. Angus. Over £1,380 was contributed during the day.

ALFOLD.

DURING the past six months Sunday evening services have been held in the Board School, Alfold, Surrey, which was secured for the purpose by Mr. Samuel Barrow, of Redhill. The services, conducted by Mr. J. Cottam, of the Pastor's College, have been largely attended, and the interest has been sustained without any signs of falling off. Mr. Barrow, upon considering the need of a Baptist cause in the locality, decided to erect a chapel at once, and purchased an excellent site for the purpose in the village. The chapel is now in course of erection. On Tuesday, May 29th, the memorial stone was laid by Mr. A. Barrow, son of Mr. S. Barrow, of Redhill. The service was commenced by singing, after which the 132nd Psalm was read by Mr. J. Cottam, and Rev. J. Rankin offered prayer. Rev. J. Smith then gave an address, and presented to Mr. A. Barrow a silver trowel. He also made reference to the fact that a fortnight ago he had the privilege of presenting a trowel

to the brother of Mr. A. Barrow, upon the occasion of his laying a stone at the new Tabernacle in course of erection at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. A. Barrow then laid the stone, and read a portion of a letter he had received from his venerable uncle, Rev. D. Pledge, of Ramsgate, in which the writer congratulated him upon the work in which he was about to engage. Rev. W. Barker (of Hastings) followed with a brief speech, and the service was closed with prayer by Rev. J. Smith. Tea was provided in an adjoining tent, and about 260 sat down. At the after-meeting, Mr. W. Cook (of Ewhurst Green, Kent) presided, and after a practical address called upon Mr. J. Cottam to state the particulars of the accounts. The meeting was addressed by Revs. J. Rankin, J. Smith, W. Barker, and Mr. Hooper, architect. On the two succeeding evenings special evangelical services were conducted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE annual meetings of the Bucks Baptist Association were held at the Lower Meeting, Chesham, on the 30th and 31st of May. Chesham, with about 6,000 inhabitants, has four Baptist churches. Among the engagements was a sermon to Christian workers by Rev. John Aldis. At a conference on the state of the smaller churches, Rev. S. H. Booth gave an address, and it was unanimously determined to act in unison with the Baptist Union. Rev. G. Wilson, of Wycombe, the president-elect for the year, read a paper on "Our Churches: the Measure of Their Success, and How to Increase it." Mr. A. P. Scrivener moved a vote expressive of unabated confidence in the Government, which was unanimously agreed to.

The annual meetings in connection with the Bristol Baptist Association were held at Tyndale Chapel, Bristol, on the 6th of May, under the presidency of Rev. E. G. Gange. Rev. Dr. Culross read an address on "The Berean Spirit in Christian Teaching."

Resolutions in favour of the substitution of affirmation for oaths both in Parliament and in the courts of law, and in support of the Bill for abolishing restrictions on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, were adopted. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. G. P. Gould.

The anniversary of the chapel at Brimpton, Berks, was celebrated last week. The chapel was built about fifty years ago, and for the last eight years the services have been conducted by Mr. B. J. Josey, who, while working at his business as a wheelwright and joiner, has gathered round him a congregation of about 100 persons, with a Sunday-school attended by 30 scholars and four teachers. Sermons were preached on the occasion by Rev. T. Penrose, and the public meeting was presided over by J. Hobson, Esq., Mayor of Newbury. The proceeds of the day, amounting to £7 12s. 8d., were appropriated to the repair and decoration of the chapel premises.

The forty-first anniversary of the St. Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, was held on the 27th of May. Rev. J. T. Brown was the preacher. The services were continued on the following Tuesday, when a sermon was preached by Rev. J. Jackson Wray. The total proceeds of the services amounted to £55.

ASHLEY, LYMINGTON, HANTS.—The Sunday-school Anniversary was held here on Whit-Sunday. Special sermons were preached by the pastor, (A. Hall), and a selection of hymns from the Psalms and Hymns Supplement were sung by the scholars. The congregations throughout the day were good.

On Monday, the annual tea and public meeting was held, the pastor presiding. Addresses of an earnest and practical character were delivered. Revs. John Collins, S. J. Little; Messrs. Perkins, New, and Watson also took part in the meeting. The chapel was prettily decorated with spring flowers. The number present at the tea and meeting was very large, notwithstanding the unfavourable

state of the weather during the earlier part of the day.

The Southern Association of Baptist Churches held its annual meetings at East Street Chapel, Southampton, on May 4th to 6th. The moderator, M. A. Watson, of Salisbury, presided, and gave a lengthy address on "The Need of a Cultured Ministry in our Village Churches." The circular letter on "The Duties and Responsibilities of Church Members" was written by Rev. T. Evans, of Milford. The Association sermon was preached by Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, on "The Necessity of a More Entire Dependence on the Holy Spirit in all our Churches." Rev. J. B. Burt, of Bcaulieu Rails, was chosen moderator for the next year, Rev. John Collins, of Lymington, to write the circular letter, and Rev. J. P. Williams, of Southsea, to preach the Association sermon. At the public Home Mission meeting, Henry Lee, Esq., M. P. for Southampton, presided, and addresses were given by Rev. H. H. Carlisle, L.L.B. (Congregationalist), Rev. W. Glanville, of Newport, Isle of Wight, Mr. Beaney, (colporteur), and Rev. J. W. Genders, of Portsea. The early morning sermon to the young was preached by Rev. Steadman Davis, of Ryde, and Rev. J. H. Osborne, of Poole, presided at the communion of the Lord's memorial supper.

Special evangelistic services are being held during the month of July at Belfast, under the direction of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The preacher is the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, who is assisted by the local ministers. The services are being held in a large tent.

LYNDHURST.—The seventh anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. W. H. Payne was celebrated by special sermons on May 13th. The septennial review was encouraging.

On Sunday, May 13th, anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, in

behalf of the Sunday-schools at Waterfoot, near Manchester.

A bazaar was held in behalf of Lake Road Chapel Mission Hall, Portsmouth, on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of May. The bazaar was opened by J. W. Hobbs, Esq., of London, and Rev. T. W. Medhurst, pastor of the church, and realized £250.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon the Rev. E. Parker, formerly pastor of the church at Farsley, and now president of the Baptist College, Manchester, for distinguished merit and service, by the trustees and overseers of La Grange College, State of Missouri.

The annual meetings of the Monmouth English Baptist Association were held in Mary Street Chapel, Newport, Mon., on the 5th and 6th May. During the proceedings Rev. John Douglas, of Stowhill Church, delivered, by special request, an address on "How the Churches can best Grapple with Ritualism," to be followed by a free discussion, each speaker being restricted to five minutes. The methods suggested by Mr. Douglas were:—(1) That all the ministers should deliver to their congregations at stated intervals sermons bearing on the peculiar dogmas of Ritualism. (2) That superintendents and teachers of Sabbath-schools should, once a month, devote a Sabbath to the consideration of those dogmas in the adult classes. (3) That pastors should meet with the teachers once a week to study the subjects together, and so promote the efficiency of the instruction given in the classes; and lastly, parents should aim on Lord's days to train their children in the knowledge of the doctrines of Scripture and a consideration of the doctrines of Ritualism.

The annual meetings of the Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire Baptist Association were held at Knighton, on the 5th and 6th May, under the presidency of Rev. G. Phillips, who delivered an address on "Our Position and Responsibility." Among other resolutions was one in

favour of the early disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Wales. The preaching services were held in the chapel; also on the racecourse, by the Grand Stand, when Rev. C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich, with ministers connected with the Association, preached. Nearly four thousand persons attended the services.

The yearly meeting of the German Baptists or Dunkards opened at Bismarck Grove, Kan., on the 15th of May. Over 10,000 persons were in attendance from all parts of the United States.

RECENT DEATH.

The church at Ashley, Lymington, has just sustained a great loss in the removal by death of Miss P. Taylor, only daughter of the venerable senior deacon, Mr. Thomas Taylor. After a very painful illness of some months' duration, she passed away very peacefully on May 31st, 1883. By her quiet and consistent Christian character she won the esteem and affection of all who knew her. She bore her illness with great patience, and often, toward the close of it, expressed a full assurance of entering soon into the place prepared by Jesus for His own. She was in the fifty-first year of her age.

BAPTISMS.

Aberavon.—May 27, Water-street, One, by T. Richards; May 20, Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by O. W. James.
Ashley, Lymington, Hants.—May 27, Two, by A. Hall.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—May 27, One; June 5, Ten, by A. Bowden.
Bacup.—May 27, at Zion, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
Belfast.—May 8, Three; May 22, Regent-street, Four, by E. C. Mateer.
Bethabara, Pem.—June 10, Five, by J. Evans.
Bideford, Devon.—June 6, Twenty-five, by W. Gillard.
Birmingham, Spring-hill.—May 10, Nine; June 7, Ten, by W. J. Harris.

Blaenau Gwent, Abertillery.—May 9, Seven, by T. Towy Evans.
Brockhurst, Hants.—April 25, Five; May 16, Seven, by W. M. Compton; May 27, Two, by B. French.
Brynhafryd, Ebbw Vale.—June 10, Three, by J. Griffiths.
Budleigh Salterton.—May 2, Four, by F. A. Brown.
Burnham.—May 30, Five, by C. D. Gooding.
Burslem.—May 31, Six, by S. Kenworthy.
Burton-on-Trent.—May 27, Guild-street, Five, by J. Askew.
Bury.—May 27, Knowsley-street, Seven, by W. L. Mayo.
Cardigan.—May 6, Mount Zion, Three, by G. Hughes.
Caerleon, Mon.—June 3, One, by D. B. Jones.
Carlisle.—May 31, Five, by A. A. Saville.
Carlton, Beds.—May 27, Five, by F. King.
Cefn-Mawr.—June 10, Three, by E. H. Gir-
 dlestone.
Chadlington.—May 6, Seven, by W. Pontifex.
Cheddar.—May 17, Six; June 3, Twelve, by T. Hanger.
Cheltenham.—May 29, at Cambay Chapel, Fourteen, by J. Longhurst (one the granddaughter of the late James Smith).
Chester.—May 20, Mission Hall, Two, by W. S. Jones.
Combe-Martin.—May 13, Seventeen, by J. Glover.
Crickhowell.—May 13, One, by J. Jenkins.
Crockerton.—May 13, Two, by S. King.
Cross Keys.—June 3, Four, by C. H. Watkins.
Darkhouse, Coseley.—June 3, Nine, by G. Dunnett.
Derby.—May 30, Osmaston-road, Eight, by W. H. Tetley.
Dunfermline.—May 9, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Eurlestown.—May 6, Eight, by W. C. Taylor.
Eastbourne.—May 30, Ceylon-place, Five, by W. Osborne.
Fownhope.—May 29, Seven, by J. W. Townsend.
Gold Hill.—May 14, Six, by J. H. Grant.
Grangtown, Cardiff.—June 6, Two, by J. Berryman.
Great Yarmouth.—May 31, Four, by E. Tucker.
Halwill.—June 10, Two, by W. Gliddon.
Hastingsden.—May 20, Trinity Chapel, Four, by P. Prout.
Histon.—May 6, Sixteen, by G. H. Jones.
Holyhead.—May 13, Bethel, Five, by R. Thomas.
Hull.—May 20, Nineteen; May 27, South-street, Two, by W. Sumner.
Hunlet, Leeds.—May 27, Fourteen, by A. E. Greening.
Knighon.—May 6, One; May 20, One; June 3, One, by W. Williams.
Langran.—May 27, Six, by W. Davies.
Lays Hill.—June 10, One, by J. E. Perrin.
Little London, Willenhall.—May 29, Fourteen, by F. J. Aust.
Little Honeyborough.—May 13, Thirteen, by J. Johns.

- Leamington.* — May 29, Clarendon Chapel, Eight, by J. Butlin, M.A.
- Llanfachreth, Anglesea.* — June 3, Six by J. Edwards.
- London.*—Gray's Inn-road.—May 30, Arthur-street, Three, by W. Smith.
- Gunnersbury.* — June 14, Two, by W. Frith.
- Kilburn.*—May 27, Canterbury-road, Four, by J. Lewis.
- Hford.*—May 31, Two, by J. Young.
- St. John's Wood.* — May 3, Four; 31 Abbey-road, Four, by W. Stott.
- Streatham, S.W.*—May 30, Lewin-road, Two, by A. McCaig.
- Hackney Wick.*—May 16, Seven, by E. T. Carter.
- Clapham.*—May 3, Victoria Chapel, Eight, by E. Henderson.
- Little Alie-street.*—May 27, Four, by R. E. Sears.
- Putney.*—May 20, Two; June 4, Two, by W. Thomas.
- Woolwich.*—May 27, Parsons Hill, Ten, by J. Wilson.
- Loughwood, Devon.* — May 6, Three, by R. Bastable.
- Madyn, Dysw, Amlwch.* — May 13, Salem Chapel, Fourteen, by J. Evans.
- Maesteg, Glamorgan.*—May 20, Six; June 10, in the Llynvi river, Four, by T. A. Pryce.
- Merthyr Tydfil.*—June 3, Two, by B. Thomas.
- Nantymoel, Glamorgan.*—June 3, Two, by M. Morgan.
- Necton, Norfolk.*—June 3, One, by T. H. Sparham.
- Newport, Mon.* — May 27, Two, by A. T. Jones.
- Newton, Frithelstock, North Devon.* — May 3, Eight, by W. Fred. Price.
- Neyland, Peimbrokeshire.*—June 3, Twenty; June 10, Two, by J. W. Edwards.
- Normanton.*—May 6, Six, by the pastor.
- Odiham.* — Whit-Monday, Four, by R. Wilson.
- Pole Moor, Huddersfield.*—June 3, Two, by J. Evans.
- Pontypool.*—May 27, Crane-street, Four, by D. B. Jones.
- Presteign, Radnor.*—May 13, One, by S. Watkins.
- Princes Risborough.*—May 1, Four, by W. Coombs.
- Reading, King's-road.*—May 31, Four, by W. Anderson.
- Rhymney, Mon.* — May 13, Beulah, Three; June 10, Four, by H. Phillips.
- Ross, Hereford.*—May 30, Three, by J. E. Perrin.
- Rotherham.*—May 27, Two, by Mr. Lee.
- Rushden.*—May 20, Succoth Chapel, Five, by the pastor.
- Sarrat, Herts.*—May 15, Three, by E. J. Welch.
- Selkirk, N.B.*—May 23, Four, by J. Brown.
- Shipley.*—June 3, at Betuel, Fourteen, by H. C. Atkinson.
- Southend.*—May 27, the Tabernacle, Five, by H. W. Child.
- Southsea.*—May 27, Elm Grove, Six; June 10, Three, by J. P. Williams.
- Southwell.*—June 3, Three, by J. H. Plumberidge.
- Stafford.* — Whit-Sunday, Two, by W. B. Haynes.
- Stoke-on-Trent.*—May 20, Fifteen; May 27, Three, by S. Hirst.
- St. Helen's, Swansea.*—May 20, Two, by D. Williams.
- St. Helier's, Jersey.*—May 16, Grove-street, Eight, by H. Wallace.
- St. Neots.*—May 6, Six, by T. G. Gathercole.
- Thornbury.*—May 27, Five, by G. Rees.
- Tirzah, Mon.*—May 6, Two, by J. R. Evans.
- Torrington.*—May 10, Nine, by R. J. Middleton.
- Trunbridge Wells.*—June 10, Four, by J. Smith.
- Waltham Abbey.* — May 16, Four, by W. Jackson.
- Waterbeach.*—May 6, Three, by J. F. Foster.
- Waterford, Ireland.*—May 9, Three, by J. Douglas, jun.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—“As it is an evidence that those tradesmen are embarrassed in their estates who are afraid to look into their books, so it is plain that there is something wrong within among all those who are afraid to look within.”—*Secker*.

MAN may work out his salvation if God works in him. If the Spirit does not work in him, he will not work out his salvation, neither can he. Said Jesus, “No man can come unto Me except the Father draw Him.” God is the moving cause, the sustaining cause, and the crowning cause of man's salvation; and to Him be all the praise.

BENEFITS RECEIVED BY THE FAITHFUL.—“When a man goes thirsty to the well, his thirst is not allayed merely by going there. It is by what he draws out of the well that his thirst is satisfied. And just so it is not by the mere bodily exercise of waiting upon ordinances that you will ever come to peace, but by tasting of Jesus in the ordinances, Whose flesh is meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed.”—*McCheyne*.

A WISE DESIRE.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”—Psalm xlvi. 4.

THE Christian is always pleased and delighted when he can see Christ in the Scriptures. If he can but detect the footstep of his Lord, and discover that the sacred writers are making some reference to Him, however indistinct or dark, he will rejoice thereat; for all the Scriptures are nothing except as we find Christ in them. St. Austin says, “The Scriptures are the swaddling bands of the man-child—Christ Jesus, and were all intended to be hallowed garments in which to wrap Him.” So they are; and it is our pleasant duty to lift the veil, or remove the garment of Jesus, and to behold Him in His person, in His nature, or His offices. Now, this text is concerning Jesus Christ—He it is who is to “choose our inheritance for us:” He in whom dwelleth all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge is the great Being who is selected as the head of predestination—to choose our lot and our portion, and fix our destiny. Verily, beloved brethren, you and I can rejoice in this great fact, that our Saviour chooses for us. For were we all to be assembled together in some great plain, as Israel was of old, to elect for ourselves a king, we should not propose a second candidate. There would be One who stands, like Saul, the son of Kish, head and shoulders taller than all the rest, whom we should at once select to be our King and Ruler of Providence for us. We would not ask for some prudent sage or deeply taught philosopher; we would not choose the most experienced senior; but, without a single moment’s hesitation, directly we saw Jesus Christ, in the majesty of His person, we should say, in the words of the Psalmist, He who redeemed us, He who ransomed us, He who loved us—“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”

First, I shall speak of the text as being a *glorious fact*—“He shall choose our inheritance for us.” And, secondly, I will speak of it as being a *very just and wise prayer*—“He shall choose our inheritance for us.”

I. First, then, I shall speak of this as being A GLORIOUS FACT. It is a great truth that God does choose the inheritance for His people. It is a very high honour conferred upon God’s servants, that it is said of them, “He shall choose their inheritance.” As for the worldling, God gives him anything; but for the Christian, God selects the best portion, and chooses his inheritance for him. Says a good divine, “It is one of the greatest glories of the Church of Christ, that our Mighty Maker and our Friend always chooses our inheritance for us.” He gives the worldling husks; but He stops to find out the sweet fruits for His people. He gathers out the fruits from among the leaves, that His people might have the best food, and enjoy the richest pleasures. Oh! it is the satisfaction of God’s people

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to believe in this exalting truth, that He chooses their inheritance for them. But, since there are many who dispute it, allow me just to stir up your minds by way of remembrance, by mentioning certain facts which will lead you to see clearly that verily God does choose our lot, and apportion for us our inheritance.

And, first, let me ask, must we not all of us admit an over-ruling providence, and the appointment of Jehovah's hands, as to the means whereby we came into this world? Those men who think that afterwards we are left to our own freewill by choosing this or the other to direct our steps, must admit that our entrance into the world was not of our own will, but that God there had His hand upon us. What circumstances were those in our power which led us to elect a certain person to be our parent? Had we anything to do with it? Did not God Himself appoint our parents, native place, and friends? Could He not have caused me to be born with the skin of the Hottentot, brought forth by a filthy mother who should nurse me in her "kraal," and teach me to bow down to pagan gods, quite as easily as to have given me a pious mother, who should each morning and night bend her knee in prayer on my behalf? Or, might He not, if He had pleased, have given me some profligate to have been my parent, from whose lips I might have early heard fearful, filthy, and obscene language? Might He not have placed me where I should have had a drunken father, who should have immured me in a very dungeon of ignorance, and brought me up in the chains of crime? Was it not God's providence that I had so happy a lot, that both my parents were His children, and endeavoured to train me up in the fear of the Lord? To whom do any of you owe your parentage—be it good, or be it bad? Is it not to be traced to the decree of God? Did not His predestination put you where you were? Was it not the Lord who appointed the place of your birth, and the hour thereof? Look again at your bodies, do you not see the doings of God there? How many children are born into the world deformed! How many come into it deficient in some one or other of their faculties! But look at yourself. You are perhaps comely in person, or if not, you have all your limbs; your bones are well set, and you are strong: must you not trace this up to God? Do you not see that He arranged the commencement of your life for you? You might have opened your career there, or there, or there; but He placed you there in that particular spot, without asking your leave. Did He turn to you and say, O clay! in what shape shall I fashion you? Or did He who begat you ask you what you would be? No: He made you what He pleased; and if you have now the possession of your faculties and limbs, you must acknowledge and confess that there was the decree of God in it. And, still further, how much of the finger of God must we discern in our temper and constitution! I suppose no one will be foolish enough to say that we are all born with the same natural temperament and constitution. I am sure there are some persons who differ a great deal from others; at least, I should like to differ a little from them—some of those with whom you could not sit a single moment without feeling that you would rather stand in a shower of rain and get dripping wet than sit on a sofa by their side; some persons are so exceedingly warm in their tempers that they actually burn a hole in their manners and conversation—they cannot speak without being cross, and testy, and angry. Now although such persons often indulge their temper, yet we must allow that

in some measure, they are excusable, because they can trace it to the nature which their mother gave them (as the worldly poet would say), or rather that temperament with which they were born. And if there should be others here who are naturally amiable—who have a kind loving spirit—who are not so easily moved to wrath and passion ; in whom there is not so much of that absurd pride which makes man exalt himself above his fellows ;—who has formed them aright, or fashioned them so well ? Has not God done it, and proved Himself a Sovereign ? And must we not see in this that God in some way or other has fixed our destiny, from the very fact that the opening bud of life is entirely in His hands ? It does seem rational that since God appointed the commencement of our existence, there should be some evidence of His control in the future parts of it.

But now a second observation. I will ask any sensible man—above all, any serious Christian here, whether there have not been certain times in his life when he could most distinctly see that indeed God did “choose his inheritance for him” ? You are a young man : you are asked what will be your pursuit : you choose such and such a thing. You are about to be apprenticed to a particular trade : a misfortune happens ; it cannot be done. Without your consent, or will, you are placed in another position, Your will was scarcely consulted ; your parents exercised some authority while the hand of Providence seemed to say to you, “It must be so ;” and you could not help yourself. Take another case. You had established a house of business : suddenly there came a crushing misfortune, which you no more could avoid than an ant could stop an avalanche. You were driven from your business, and now you occupy your present position because there was nothing else to which you could betake yourself. Was not that the hand of God ? You cannot trace it to yourself : you were positively compelled to change your plan ; you were driven to it. Perhaps you once had friends on whom you depended ; you had no thought of launching out into the world and being independent of the assistance of others. Suddenly, by a stroke of Providence, one friend dies ; then another ; then another ; and, without your own volition, you were placed in such circumstances that, like a leaf in the whirlpool, you were whirled round and round, and the employment you now follow, or the engagement that now occupies you, is not of your own choosing, but is that of God. I do not know whether all of you can go with me here ; but I think you must in some instance or other be forced to see that God has indeed ordained your inheritance for you. If you cannot, I can. I can see a thousand chances, as men would call them, all working together, like wheels in a great piece of machinery, to fix me just where I am ; and I can look back to a hundred places where, if one of those little wheels had run awry—if one of those little atoms in the great whirlpool of my existence had started aside—I might have been anywhere but here, occupying a very different position. If you cannot say this, I know I can with emphasis ; and can trace God’s hand back to the period of my birth through every step I have taken ; I can feel that indeed God has allotted my inheritance for me. If any of you are so wilfully beclouded that you will not see the hand of God in your being, and will insist that all has been done by your will without Providence ; that you have been left to steer your own course across the ocean of existence ; and that you are where you are because your own hand guided the tiller and your own arm directed the rudder—all I can say is

my own experience belies the fact, and the experience of many now in this place would rise in testimony against you, and say, "Verily, it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps"; "Man proposes, but God disposes"; and the God of Heaven is not unoccupied, but is engaged in over-ruling, ordering, altering, working all things according to the good pleasure of His will.

A third fact let me mention. If you turn to the pages of inspiration, and read the lives of some of the most eminent saints, I think you will be obliged to see the marks of God's providence in their histories too plainly to be mistaken. Take, for instance, the life of *Joseph*. There is a young man who from early life serves God. Read that life till its latest period, when he gave commandment concerning his bones, and you cannot help marvelling at the wondrous dealings of Providence. Did Joseph choose to be hated of his brethren? But, yet was not their envy a material circumstance in his destiny? Did he choose to be put into the pit? But was not the putting into the pit as necessary to his being made a king in Egypt as Pharaoh's dream? Did Joseph desire to be tempted of his mistress? He chose to reject the temptation; but did he choose the trial? Nay; God sent it. Did he choose to be put into the dungeon? No. And had he aught to do with the baker's dream, or with Pharaoh's either? Can you not see, all the way through, from first to last—even in the forgetfulness of the butler, who forgot to speak of Joseph till the appointed time came, when Pharaoh should want an interpreter—that there was verily the hand of God? Joseph's brethren did just as they liked when they put him into the pit. Potiphar's wife followed the dictates of her own abandoned lust in tempting him. And yet, notwithstanding all the freedom of their will, it was ordained of God, and worked accordingly together for one great end—to place Joseph on the throne; for as he said himself, "Ye meant it for evil, but God intended it for good, that He might save your souls alive!" There was the ordinance of God's Providence in it as clearly as there is light in the sun. Or take again the life of such a man as *Moses*. I suppose no one will deny that there was a Providence in his being placed in the ark, just in the particular spot where Pharaoh's daughter came to wash. And who will deny that it was a Providence that she should say, "Go, and fetch me a woman to nurse this child," and his mother, Jochebed, should come to nurse him? I imagine that no one would consider that there was an absence of Providence in the fact that the child was comely, and that he grew in all the wisdom of Egypt, and that he had a mind capacious enough to receive knowledge. Nor will you deny the Providence that led him to the side of Horeb's mountain, or to Jethro's daughter; nor can you for an instant deny that there was a Providence which afterwards brought him before King Pharaoh, and helped him all his way through. The man was God's-man. God seems to be stamped upon his brow in all his acts; in all the three forties of his life, whether the forty spent in the palace, the forty in the wilderness, or the forty that he was king in Jeshurun. In all this there seems to be so manifestly God over-ruling the man's acts, that you cannot help saying, "Here is the Almighty! here is the hand of God in everything the man does!" and ye turn from the history of Moses, and say, "Truly God was in this place though I knew it not." I might refer you to the life of *Daniel*, fraught with interest as it was, and in that book you would see how his steps were first of all sadly guided to Babylon by

being carried captive, and yet that from the degradation of his banishment there arises the grandeur of Daniel's visions, and Daniel's character is displayed in all its clearness, so that you must see that a wise hand was dealing with him, and developing his virtues and his excellencies. More I shall not say here, because I like you to refer to the Scripture yourselves. Scripture is the best book of Providence we have ever read. If any one should ask me for a book of anecdotes illustrative of Providence, I should refer him to the Bible. There he might find the marvellous story of the woman who went out into a distant country, and during her absence lost her inheritance. On a certain day she went to the king to ask him for it, and just as she came there Gehazi was telling the king concerning a woman whose son Elijah had raised to life; and he said, "O my Lord! this is the woman, and this is the son!" There were Gehazi and the king talking on the subject, and the woman came in just at the moment. And yet there are some fools who call that a "chance." Why, sirs, it is an appointment as clearly as anything could be. And that is just one out of myriads of instances you could find in Scripture, where you can see God present in the affairs of man.

But as the Bible, after all, is the best proof of any doctrine we can advance, I beg to refer you to one or two texts therein: and first, let me ask you to direct your attention to a passage in Isaiah xlv. 6, 7: "I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." Now here is a most direct assertion of the power of God in everything: that He maketh peace, and that He maketh evil—that He createth light, and that He createth darkness. We may ask as the prophet did of old, "Is there evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" Even providential evil is to be ascribed to God; and in some marvellous sense which we understand not and cannot comprehend, the ordinance of God has even reference to the sins of men. "He has made even the wicked for the day of His wrath." "The vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction," even these shall show forth His praise. Good and evil in your condition you must ever regard as the work of God. Whatever your circumstances are this morning—are you sick, are you in poverty, or are you much troubled, the evil as well as the good is the work of God: and shall a man receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall he not in equal patience receive evil? Will you not take everything from God which He is pleased to give, seeing that He Himself asserts, "I create light, I create darkness: I make good, and I make evil." Turn now to a passage in Job xiv. 5: "His days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." What a solemn thought! God has appointed our bounds. One of the prophets says, "Thou hast hedged up my way with thorns and made a wall so that I cannot find my paths." And that is first the truth in regard to man's life. The "bounds" of it are "appointed"! Man only walks within these bounds; out of these limits he cannot get. If this does not imply the hand of God in everything, I do not know what does. Turn now to a proverb from the wise man—Proverbs xvi. 33—"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." And if the disposal of the lot is the Lord's, whose is the arrangement of our whole life? You know when Achan had committed a great sin the tribes were assembled, and the lot fell upon Achan.

When Jonah was in the ship they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. And when Jonathan had tasted the honey they cast lots, and Jonathan was taken. When they cast lots for an apostle who should succeed the fallen Judas, the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was separated to the work. The lot is directed of God. And if the simple casting of a lot is guided by Him, how much more the events of our entire life—especially when we are told by our blessed Saviour—"The very hairs of your head are all numbered: not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father." If it be so; if these hairs are counted; if an inventory is written of each one of them; and if the existence of each of these hairs is marked and mapped, how much more precious in the sight of the Lord shall our lives be! Take one more passage, in Jeremiah x. 23: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jeremiah said "I know," and he was an inspired man, and that satisfies us. "I know." I have sometimes, when quoting a passage of the Apostle Paul, been met by somebody replying that "really they did not think Paul so great an authority as other Scripture writers." I was astonished at hearing of the following dialogue between two young persons. One remarked, "Mr. Spurgeon is too high in doctrine." Said her friend: "He is not higher than St. Paul." "No," said she, "but St. Paul was not quite right according to my opinion." I was very glad to sink in the same boat as Paul, for if Paul was not right in the view of poor pitiful creatures, verily Spurgeon should not care. I would rather be wrong with Paul than right with anybody else, because Paul was inspired. But will they cut out some of the Old Testament too? Will they dare to accuse Jeremiah of mistake? Jeremiah says, "I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

I may not have proved my point to any person who is an antagonist to this doctrine; but to you who believe, I do not doubt that I have somewhat confirmed it. Let me say one word. Perhaps some who hear me will say, "Then, sir, in the case of Christians you make God the author of sin, if you believe that their lives were ordained of Him!" *I never said so!* Prove that I said it, and then I will come before your bar and try to excuse myself. But until you hear these lips say that God is the author of sin, go your way, and prove first of all what it means to speak the truth. I have not asserted any such vile doctrine; but I will tell you who does say that God is the author of sin, and that is the man who does not believe in natural depravity—that man makes God the author of sin. I remember the case of a minister who most fearfully split on this rock. When a child had been doing something that was far from right, a friend said, "See there, brother; there is original sin in the child; for at its early age see how it sins." "No," said he, "it is only certain powers God has placed in the child developing themselves; it is the nature which God has given it originally; it is one of God's perfect creatures." These gentlemen make God the author of sin, because they throw the nature upon God; whereas, had we not fallen, every one of us would have been born with a perfect nature; but since we have fallen, anything good in us is the gift of God, and that which is evil springs naturally from our parents, by carnal descent from Adam. I never said God was the author of sin. I thank you, sir, take the accusation yourself.

II. And now having thus spoken upon the doctrine, we shall have a

few minutes concerning this as A PRAYER. "He shall choose our inheritance for us." Dry doctrine, my friends, is of little use. It is not the doctrine which helps us; it is our assent to the doctrine. And now I have been preaching this morning concerning God's ordaining our lives. Some do not like it; to them the truth will be of no service. But there are some of you who, if it were not the truth, would say you wish to have it so, for you would say, in your prayer, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me."

First, "Thou shalt choose my *mercies* for me." You and I, beloved, often get choosing our own mercies. God in His wisdom may have made one man rich. "Ah!" says he, at night, "would God I had not all this wealth to tease my mind and worry me. I believe any peasant who toils for me has far more rest than I have." Another who is a poor man wipes the hot sweat from his brow, and says, "O my Father, I have asked Thee to give me neither poverty nor riches; but here am I so poor that I am obliged to toil incessantly for my bread; would God I could have my mercies there among the rich." One has been born with abilities. He has improved them by education, and this improvement of his natural powers has entailed upon him fearful responsibilities, so that he has to exercise his thoughts and his brain from morning till night. Sometimes he sits down, and says, "Now if I am not the most hard worked of all mortals. Those who keep a shop can shut it up; but I am open at all times, and I am always under this responsibility. What shall I do, and how shall I rest myself?" Another who has to toil with his hands is thinking, "Oh, if I could lead such a gentlemanly life as that minister. He never has to work hard. He only has to think and read; of course, that is not hard work. He has perhaps to sit up till twelve o'clock at night to prepare his sermon; that is not work, of course. I wish I had his situation." So we all cry out about our mercies, and want to choose our allotments. "Oh," says one, "I have health, but I think I could do without that if I had wealth." Another says, "I have wealth, but I could give all my gold to have a good constitution." One says, "Here am I stowed away in this dirty London; I would give anything if I could go and live in the country." Another, who resides in the country, says, "There is no convenience here, you have to go so many miles for the doctor, and one thing and the other; I wish I dwelt in London." So that we are none of us satisfied with our mercies. But the true Christian says, or ought to say, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me"; high or low, rich or poor, town or country, wealth or poverty, ability or ignorance, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me."

Again, we must leave to God the choice of our *employment*. "Oh," says the preacher—and I have been wicked enough to say so myself—"how I would like to have all my employment in the week that I might sit in the pew on the Sabbath and hear a sermon, and be refreshed!" I am sure I should be glad to hear a sermon; it is a long time since I heard one. But when I do attend one, it always tires me—I want to be improving on it. How I would like to sit down and have a little of the feast in God's house myself, instead of always being the serving man in God's household! Thank God! I can steal a crumb for myself sometimes. But then we fancy, "Oh, that I were not in that employment! Oh, that like Jonah we might flee to Tarshish, to avoid going to that great Nineveh. Another is a Sabbath-school teacher. He says, "I would rather visit the sick than sit

with those troublesome boys and girls. And, then, the teachers do not seem to be so friendly with me as they should be." The Sunday-school teacher thinks he can do anything better than teach : but there is his friend who visits the sick coming down the stairs, and he says, "I could teach little children, or preach a little ; but really I cannot visit the sick. There is nothing so hard and that requires so much self-denial." Another says, "I am a tract distributor. It is not easy work to have your tracts refused at this door, and then at another ; and persons looking at you as if you came to rob them. I could stand up before the congregation and speak, but I cannot do this." And so we get selecting our employments. Ah ! but we ought to say, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me" ; and leave our employment to God. "If there were two angels in heaven," said a good man, "supposing there were two works to be done, and one work was to rule a city, and the other to sweep a street crossing—the angels would not stop a moment to say which they would do. They would do whichever God told them to do. Gabriel would shoulder his broom and sweep the crossing cheerfully ; and Michael would not be a bit prouder in taking the sceptre to govern the city." So with a Christian.

But there is nothing that we oftener want to choose than our crosses. None of us like crosses at all ; but all of us think everybody else's trials lighter than our own. Crosses we must have, but we often want to be choosing them. "Oh," says one, "my trouble is in my family. It is the worst cross in the world—my business is successful ; but if I might have a cross in my business, and get rid of this cross in my family, I should not mind." Then, my beloved hearers, in reference to your mercies, your employments, and your afflictions, say, "Lord, thou shalt choose my inheritance for me ! I have been a silly child ; I have often tried to meddle with my lot. Now I leave it. I cast myself on the stream of Providence, hoping to float along. I give myself up to the influence of Thy will." He that kicks and struggles in the water, they say, will be sure to sink ; but he who lies still will float : so with Providence. He that struggles against it goes down ; but he who resigns everything to it, will float along quietly calmly and happily.

Having thus spoken upon the extent of the surrender very briefly, I might hint at *the wisdom of it*, and show you it is not only good for you to offer this prayer, but it is better for you than to control yourself. I might tell you that it is good for you to give yourself up to God's hands, because He understands your wants, He knows your case, and He will so pity your necessities that He will give you the best supplies. It is better for you than if you trusted in yourself, for if you had the choosing of your troubles, or your employments, you would always have this bitter thought, "Now, I chose it myself, and therefore I must blame my own folly."

But now another thought. *What was the cause of the Psalmist saying this ?* How came he to be able to feel it ? for there are few Christians who can really affirm it and stand to it : "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me." I think the cause is to be found in this, that he had a true experience of God's wisdom. Poor David could indeed thank God for having chosen his inheritance for him, for he had given him a very goodly one. He had put him in a king's mansion ; He had made him conqueror over Goliath, and had raised him to be ruler over a great people. David, by a practical experience, could say, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me."

Some of you cannot say it, can you? What is the reason? Because you have never witnessed Divine guidance; you have never looked to see the hand that supplies your mercies. Some of us who have seen that hand in a few instances are obliged to say from the very force of circumstances—

“Here I raise my Ebenezer.”

Then, again—

“Hither by Thy help I’ve come.”

I hope and trust in that same good pleasure which has guided me hitherto, that it will bring me safely home.

Again, it was a true faith that made the Psalmist say he relied upon God. He knew Him to be worthy of his trust, so he said, “Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me.” And, again, it was *true love*; for love can trust—affection can put confidence in the one it loves; and since David loved his God, he took the unwritten roll of his life, and said, “Write what thou wilt, my Lord.” “Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me.”

I might finish, if I had time, by telling you the good effects that this produced upon the Psalmist’s mind, and what it would produce upon yours; how it would bring a holy calm continually if you were always to pray this prayer; and how it would so relieve your mind from anxiety, that you would be better able to walk as a Christian should. For when a man is anxious he cannot pray; when he is troubled about the world he cannot serve his Master; he is serving himself. If you could “seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” beloved, “all things would then be added to you.” What a noble Christian you would be; how much more honourable you would be to Christ’s religion; and how much better you could serve Him.

And now you who have been meddling with Christ’s business, I have been preaching this to you. You know you sometimes sing—

“ ’Tis mine to obey, ’tis His to provide :”

but then you have been meddling with Christ’s business, you have been leaving your own; you have been trying the “providing” part and leaving the “obeying” to somebody else. Now, you take the obeying part, and let Christ manage the providing. Come, then, brethren, doubting and fearful ones, come, and see your Father’s storehouse, and ask whether He will let you starve while He has stored away such plenty in His garner! Come, and look at His heart of mercy; see if that will ever fail. Come, and look at His inscrutable wisdom, and see if that will ever go amiss. Above all, look up there to Jesus Christ, your intercessor, and ask yourself, “While He pleads, can my Father forget me?” And if He remembers even sparrows, will He forget one of the least of His poor children? “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee”; “He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.”

This I have preached to God’s children; and now one word to the other portion of this crowded assembly. The other day there was a very singular scene in the House of Commons. There is a certain enclosure there set apart for the members. Into this place a gentleman ignorantly strayed,

By-and-by some one raised the cry, "A stranger in the House!" The sergeant of the House went up to him, took him by the shoulder, and reminded him that he had no business there—not being a member—not one of the elect—not having been elected by the country. The man, of course, looked very foolish. But, as he had made a mistake, he was let go. Had he wilfully strayed within the enclosure, and taken a seat, he might not have got off so easily. When I saw that, I thought, "A stranger in the House!" This morning is there not a stranger in the house? There are some here who are strangers to the subject we have been discussing—strangers to God—strangers to true religion. "A stranger in the House!" It led me to think of that great "assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven"; and I thought of the people who, last Sabbath night, sat down to the Lord's table to partake of the Sacrament; and the idea struck me, There's a stranger in the house. Now, in the House of Commons, a stranger cannot sit five minutes without being detected, for all eyes are so soon fixed upon him; but in Christ's Church—in this church—a stranger can sit in the house without being found out. Ah! there are strangers sitting here, looking as religious as other people; some that are not children; some that are not chosen; some that are not heirs of God. They are strangers in the house. Shall I tell what will happen by-and-by? Though I cannot detect you under the cloak of your profession; though God's people may not find you out, the grim sergeant of the house is coming—Death is coming—and he will discover you! What will be the penalty of your intrusion as a professor into Christ's church? What will be your lot if you have been a stranger in His house below, when you find that, though you may have sat for a little while in this House of Commons below, you cannot sit in the House of Lords above? What will be your lot when it shall be said, "Depart, ye accursed"? And you may exclaim, "Lord! Lord! have we not eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and taught in Thy streets?" And yet He will say, "Verily, I never knew you! You are a stranger in the house! Depart, accursed one!" How can I tell who is a stranger in these pews, and who are strangers upstairs? Some of us are not strangers! "We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens, with the saints and of the household of God." To such of you as *are* strangers, I pray you think of it, and go to Christ's throne, and beg of Him that yet you may be His children, and numbered with His people. Then, after that, I will talk with you about my text, but not now. Then I will bid you pray to God, "Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me."

A WISE CHOICE.—A king once promised to give a particular favourite whatever he asked. He thought, "If I ask to be made a general, I shall readily obtain it; if for half the kingdom, he will give it me. I will ask for something to which all these things shall be added." So he said to the king, "Give me thy daughter to wife." This made him heir to all the wealth and honours of the kingdom. So choosing Christ makes us heirs to all the wealth and glory of the Father's kingdom.

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER VIII.—DEATH-BED VISIONS.

“SCARCELY had I begun to recover from the loss of my child when my Agnosticism received another and more telling blow in the unexpected decease of my dear wife. In giving birth to a fine boy she suffered much, and a severe attack of inflammation followed. This was ultimately subdued, but so great was her exhaustion that in spite of all that medical aid could do, she sank under it. You will excuse me, Mr. Rock, if I say but little concerning her latter end, for the subject is most painful to dwell upon. If ever I loved any person in my life, it was my precious wife; and strange though you may deem it, I loved her all the more for being such a sterling Christian. Sceptic though I was, an infidel wife would have been no more in my line than an infidel child. And why? Simply because my heart clung to Christianity while my intellect strove after a vain rest in infidelity. Reality, consistency and uprightness were, after all, more to me than any creeds whatever; and I saw indubitably that my Christian wife possessed these. But not to dwell upon that, towards the last she sank rapidly, and could only speak in a whisper. But she was very calm and resigned. She knew that her end was drawing near, and she was prepared to meet it. She never seemed to have a single doubt or fear; not one. On the day she died, she revived a little, and I stayed by her bedside administering to her needs, ‘You

seem very happy,’ I said. She nodded, and added, ‘*I know Whom I have believed.*’ There was a pause, and I felt a choking sensation in my throat. Then she took my hand in hers and said, half under breath, ‘Oh! Harry, I wish you could say *that!*’ I bowed down and kissed her, and she felt a big hot tear fall upon her faded cheek which spoke louder than words of what was passing in my heart. Then she spoke again: ‘Harry,’ she said, ‘I tell you what I want; I want to meet you all in Heaven: dear Nelly is there; I shall soon be there, and I hope to meet you and the two darling children there; and do you know somehow I feel it will be so. Hundreds of prayers I have offered for it, and they cannot be offered in vain. God loves you and He loves the children better even than I do, and so I can leave you all safely with Him. You will be kind to the dear children I know, and do the best you can for them; but remember to tell them as they grow up that the last request their dying mother made was that through faith in Jesus they would so live as to finally meet her in Heaven.’ She could say no more, and then dozed for a while, ever and anon, however, half unconsciously pressing her newborn infant to her breast. In the afternoon she started suddenly, and opened her eyes, and gazed upwards. At the same moment a change came over her countenance. Though deathly, it seemed to light up as if radiant with sunshine, and one of the sweetest smiles that I ever saw played upon her lips. None of us

spoke, but I was startled. She evidently saw something: but what? Were there spirits hovering above her and around her waiting to convey her ransomed spirit to the realms of light? Had she a glimpse of the glories of the heavenly world as she was about to pass away? Were the gates of glory flung wide open for her to get a glimpse of the splendours beyond? I know not; but this I know, that never in my life did I see such a calm, expressive, joyous, heavenly look, and perhaps I never shall again. Then she strove to speak, and uttered three words: 'Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!' gazed in rapture for a moment; gave a slight gasp, and then was gone! How I felt as I saw this solemn scene no words can describe. Such a death-bed I had never before witnessed, and it produced an impression of the existence and blessedness of another world that no Agnostic theories could for a moment ever afterwards efface. Some persons I know might say, 'Oh, she was only light-headed; but I know better. I could see that she was as sensible as ever she was, and that the light of intelligence was burning brightly to the very last.'

"Did you ever hear of Dr. Nelson's conversion, Mr. Millar?"

"No: I cannot say that I have. Who was he?"

"He was an eminent physician and a learned sceptic dwelling in America, who afterwards became a minister of religion. He then wrote a book entitled, 'Infidelity: its Cause and Cure,' which has had a most extensive sale both in the United States and in this country.* It is a book that deserves to be on the bookshelf

* "Infidelity: its Cause and Cure."
By the Rev. David Nelson, M.D.
George Routledge & Co., London,

of every thinking Christian man; and I should advise you to procure a copy without fail. It gives a capital *résumé* of the evidences of Christianity, and specially those that are derived from fulfilled prophecy; and the account of the author's conversion is exceedingly interesting. I have read and re-read the work, and the oftener I have perused it the more have I felt that it is one of the best 'cures' for infidelity that I have ever known."

"How came he to be converted, Mr. Rock?"

"Several things conspired to bring it about, but one of these was watching death-beds. His curiosity was aroused when attending medical lectures at Philadelphia by hearing of persons who when struck down by yellow fever and apparently dead 'saw, or fancied they saw, things in the world of spirits,' and who on their recovery related their spiritual experiences. These things appearing philosophically strange to him, he determined to look into them for himself, and what he observed from time to time in the cases of the dying and apparently dead sufficed to show him how utterly baseless was the materialistic theory. He also shatters to pieces the sceptical assumption that these supposed sights are invariably to be accounted for as being the product of mere imagination. He witnessed cases, like that of your departed wife, that were glorious, and cases of wicked persons whose death-beds were horrible; and, as an impartial scientific student, he concluded that to attribute these death-bed scenes in all cases to mere imagination or fancy was unscientific in the extreme. He willingly grants that fancy often did predominate in the cases of some who *supposed* that they were dying, but who afterwards rallied; but these were de-

monstratively different from those who came to the brink of Jordan and really died. When naturally—according to the materialistic theory—it might have been supposed that the mind would die gradually with the body, instead of doing so he observed that often to the very last moment it displayed an amount of energy that was equal to any that it had put forth when the bodily powers were in full vigour. This fact surprised and staggered him, and served greatly to show him the independence of mind over the body. I remember two or three cases that he gives. One is that of a patient who had several fainting bouts, and who when she revived had no thoughts to recall. At length she appeared entirely gone, and it seemed as if the struggle was for ever past. Her weeping relatives clasped their hands and exclaimed, 'She is dead!' but unexpectedly she woke up once more, and glancing her eyes on one who sat near, exclaimed, 'Oh, Sarah, I was at an entirely new place,' and then died. Now note this case, Mr. Millar. After fainting, there was nothing to tell about; but just before death there was the glorious vision! Does mere imagination account for this difference? How was it that fancy did not operate in the former case as well as in the latter? Another lady that he tells of lived in the city of St. Louis. She had a rich portion of the comforts of Christianity. After some kind of spasm, that was strong enough to have been the death struggle, being unable to speak aloud, she said, in a whisper, to her young pastor, '*I had a sight of home, and I saw my Saviour,*' and so she took her departure. How could this vision be accounted for on materialistic principles? It must have been a splendid imagination that could

have given such a comforting vision in a dying hour,—must it not? Such an imagination at such a time few sceptics would, I think, object to have in preference to doubt or the dreary prospect of annihilation. The doctor also speaks of the timid, who, through the consolations of Christianity, died in celestial triumph; of a daughter who received a preconcerted signal from a dying father's hand of his discovery of '*advancing glory,*' just as he crossed the valley, was growing cold, and apparently was unconscious of all around; and of a young female who, calling the Man of Calvary her greatest friend, pointed her mother when dying to beautiful creatures that she saw, whose countenances and attire were so lovely, the like of which she had never before beheld. And yet this young lady was in the possession of unclouded faculties; could converse with her mother as rationally as when in full health and strength, and seemed surprised that her parent could not perceive the same glorious vision as herself. To say, therefore, that these dying visions are merely the product of imagination is, I submit, more than any sceptic can prove."

"But I think you said that Dr. Nelson refers to cases of an opposite character—to death-beds at which gloomy visions were beheld. Can you remember one, Mr. Rock?"

"Yes, I can, Mr. Millar. He refers, for instance, to a man who had been an entire sensualist and a mocker of religion. He was dying, and appeared, the doctor says, to be in his senses in all but one thing. 'Take that black man from the room!' he cried. He was answered that there was no such man in the room. He replied, 'But there he is, standing near the window; his presence is very irksome to me; take him out!' After a time again

and again his call was, 'Will no one remove him?' There he is; surely some one will take him away!' Now this man was neither dreaming nor in a half-conscious state. Why should he, therefore, in the full possession of his mental faculties, utter such a cry if the vision was a mere fancy? As a believer in revelation, and having come in contact with similar cases myself,

I have no doubt whatever of their reality; and if dying evidence is worth anything at all, I feel persuaded that the visions of both the righteous and the wicked, often seen in their last moments on earth, are premonitions of the future blessedness of the one, and of the future misery of the other."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION; OR, THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

By REV. GEORGE PHILLIPS.

"What think ye of Christ?"—Mat. t. xxii. 42.

THE question in the text is an important one, as it refers not merely to a good or great man, as Moses, Isaiah, or Paul—not to a statesman, philosopher, warrior, or monarch of earth, but to the anointed of God and the Saviour of men. The leaders among the Jews took a wrong view of Christ. They looked at Him simply from the human standpoint—as the Son of David.

Many are still in error and utter ignorance of Christ, notwithstanding the advantage of having His life recorded by the four Evangelists.

Guided by the inspiration of God, we have a fourfold picture, or rather, one portrait, the lineaments of which are drawn by a pencil dipped in truth.

In modern times many have devoted their energies to write the life of Christ, some cheerfully making sacrifice by critical research,

bringing ripe scholarship and great intellectual power to bear upon their loved theme.

Others have employed their powers to defame and to write spuriously of Him. God has, however, outshot them by their own bow, as some in reading those misrepresentations of the Saviour have been led to study the subject, and have been converted; God thus educing good out of evil.

To form right conceptions of the sublime subject, it is necessary prayerfully to adhere to the representation we have of Christ in the Holy Scriptures.

I. *Let us consider the question as to Christ's person and character.*

II. *We shall refer to the response given to this all-important question.*

I. The question in its bearing upon the person and character of Christ.

1. In Christ's person we have a combination of the Divine and human. "Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh"; the best of Heaven and the best of earth blended together—David's Son yet David's Lord—the Ancient

of Days and the Infant of time. Isaiah had said, "His name shall be called Wonderful the Mighty God." John asserts, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God." The writer to the Hebrews describes Him as "the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

The attributes applicable to God are applied to Christ. Angels are commanded to worship Him. His disciples worshipped Him, and were commended for doing so. The angel, when John prostrated himself to worship him, rejected the homage, and said, "Worship God alone; I am only thy fellow-servant and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus." Whilst the Saviour's humanity was clearly apparent, there were not wanting evidences of His Divinity. At His birth, celestial legions sing the praises of the Lord; the wise men of the East are guided by an extraordinary star to worship the newborn King. At His baptism, John humbles himself before Him, the heavens are opened, a voice is heard—"This is My beloved Son."

During His public ministry the elements of matter and mind were subject to Him; at His death all nature was not wanting in visible signs of sympathy in the phenomena manifested; whilst His resurrection testified that He was Divine. The arm of a mere man would be too short to rescue the perishing, and too weak to lift up the fallen; while the sacrifice of a human being would be inadequate to make an atonement for human guilt. But with the blending of both natures, there was the human nature to suffer, and the Divine nature entitling to the right of giving Himself, and stamping value upon the offering. Our help has thus been laid upon One that is mighty.

2. *In the elements constituting Christ's character.*

(1) There is the element of *power* over matter. The water blushed into wine; the sea became a pavement beneath His feet; a fish brings Him tribute-money; the fig-tree withers away; the storm is hushed to silence; loaves are multiplied—

"'Twas Springtide when He blessed the bread,

'Twas harvest when He broke."—

diseases fly at His bidding. Over mind His word was powerful: "Never man spake like this Man." Demons were cast out, the dead raised to life. Himself, while submitting to death, yet ascending from the grave, and was the death of death, by His own inherent power ascending up on high through the everlasting doors as the King of glory, occupying the highest seat in the universe, and invested with all power. Well does Jean Paul Richter say, "The life of Christ concerns Him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

(2) Then we have the element of *pity*. The granite rock of power is fused into a stream of benevolence. The iron hand of might wears the velvet glove of love. All His miracles, with scarcely an exception, were miracles of benevolence, forming a pleasing contrast to the miracles wrought by Moses in the *modus operandi* as well as in their character. Moses wrought his miracles of judgment in God's name; Christ in His own name performed His miracles of mercy. Pity brought Him from the throne to the manger; and from the manger to the cross. His power is put forth not to crush,

but to heal; not to destroy, but to save. All human tenderness is distanced in the life of Christ; it is exhibited in a unique form—whether we view Him feeding the hungry, healing the sick, blessing the children, in the home of sorrow and bereavement, at the house of Jairus, the city of Nain, or weeping at the grave of Lazarus at Bethany, culminating to its greatest altitudes in the cross when He died for the ungodly.

(3) Another element is that of *purity*. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners"; whilst His feet touched our polluted earth He was pure: like the fish, though swimming in the salt sea, yet remain fresh; like the sun, though his rays shine upon pollution, is not contaminated. His whole life was permeated with purity and devotion. The ruling principle of His life was manifested at the age of twelve: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Even the midnight air witnessed the fervour of His prayer. The combined testimony of Jews and Gentiles, friends and foes, heaven, earth, and hell, all concur in the spotless character of Christ. Judas said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood." Pilate, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." The centurion, "Certainly this was a righteous man." Satan acknowledged Him the Holy One of God. God Himself, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This element was essential to the Saviour's atoning work. Provided He was subject to the least imperfection, He would need to have a sacrifice offered for Himself, but such a high priest became us who was holy, His sacrifice was without spot—a sweet-smelling savour to God. He is thus our great High Priest, being Himself the

victim and the offerer. His life being pure and holy, He is our perfect *model*, who has left us an example that we might follow His steps; also our atoning Priest.

(4) We have also the element of *disinterested and unchanging love*.

He might have remained happy for ever in the bosom of His Father, inheriting the praises of angels, being infinitely above us and independent of us; man being unable to diminish or augment His essential glory; man having violated His laws, he might have been left without hope, like fallen angels. But with infinite pity in His eye, boundless love in His heart, and omnipotence in His arm, He came to seek and to save the lost, bringing life and immortality to light. He, who was rich in the possession and praise of the heavenly world, for our sakes became poor; humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. David, speaking of Jonathan, says, "Thy love to me was wonderful." In a far higher sense is Christ's love very wonderful; His love passeth knowledge. All human condescension, sacrifice, and love are infinitely surpassed in Christ. It was a mark of condescension in Peter the Great to work at the forge as a common artisan. Disinterested sympathy prompted the mind of Wilberforce, Knibb, and Clarkson to advocate the emancipation of the down-trodden slave. The same principle swayed the mind of Howard, who visited the various prisons throughout Europe to alleviate the condition of the wretched. Also Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, in her work of mercy and reform in the condemned cell, at Newgate and many other prisons in this country; and in other countries, Miss Florence Nightingale showing a like compassion

among the wounded and the dying at Scutari.

These instances are but as drops to the ocean compared with the pity and love of Christ, who suffered "the just for the unjust to bring us to God." "Greater love than this hath no man, that a man should die for his friends;" this is the highest specimen of human love. The hero of the American lake, John Maynard, died in the act of guiding the flaming ship to save his friends; Braidwood, the Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, died in the act of saving the life and property of his fellow-citizens, whilst history records the act of a Roman servant dying instead of his master. We have in the voluntary and vicarious death of Christ a display of love without a parallel. "God commendeth His love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly"—for those who mocked Him and imbrued their hands in His blood—the Jerusalem sinners. By the power of the Holy Spirit they were pricked in their hearts under Peter's sermon, and were among the thousands then added to the Church. They have been washed in the Saviour's blood, and are now faultless before the throne. Millions more in the subsequent ages have felt the melting and constraining power of Christ's love.

Such love is the same, and will continue so through all the coming ages. Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." His love is a constant flame. "He is able to save to the uttermost," from the lowest depths of sin to the highest altitudes of glory, and down to the remotest period of time, till all the ransomed are brought home.

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,

Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

" 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe
home:
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to
come."

(5) Then there is the element of *glory* in His character.

The history of Jesus prior to His incarnation, were we able to trace the eternal *Logos*, would be replete with glory, the brightness of which in that mysterious orb eternity no finite mind can trace or describe. Even in the depth of His poverty and suffering there is moral grandeur, being purely voluntary. He needs not our pity, but claims our admiration. As He thus taught the world that true greatness can exist apart from surrounding circumstances, gleams of His glory shone at His birth, at His baptism, at His transfiguration, at His cross, His resurrection and ascension. These instances, however, are but as a few drops to the ocean, or sparks to the sun.

The *day of the Lord* will come. He is not only the Lord of the Sabbath, but the Lord of all time; the course of time runs for Him, the whole fabric of nature is called into existence by Him and for Him. He occupies the highest seat in the universe, and when the scheme of redemption will be completed, He will come in solemn splendour to be the final Judge of all, and every eye shall see Him. Who can adequately picture or rightly conceive the brightness of that glory that shall surround Him and centre in Him when He shall come with ten thousand of His saints, with the glory of all His holy angels, with His own essential glory, with His acquired glory as Messiah, and in the glory of God His Father. Then will

the prophetic vision of John become a solemn reality: "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

Christ, the august Judge, will in that dread day adjust the affairs of His government in rewarding the righteous, and in punishing the wicked.

"When shrivelling like a parched scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,

Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,

When heaven and earth shall pass away."

II. *Let us refer to the response given to the all-important question.*

1. *All the good admit His claims.* Those who have realised the operation of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts, who have felt the influence of that Divine agent whose prerogative it is to take of the things of Christ and reveal them to us—when thus taught we perceive the beauty and glory of Christ.

As the sun cannot be seen by artificial light, but by his own light, so flesh and blood cannot reveal Christ and His glory to us. He can be seen only by His own light.

In that light we see Him as the teacher come from God to make the simple wise unto salvation, as our

atoning Priest who shed His blood to redeem us, and as our risen Sovereign, having burst the barriers of the tomb, possessing all power. With Thomas, we say, "My Lord and my God." The apostles appear to have had a holy emulation in exalting the Saviour, in life and in death. Paul said, "For me to live is Christ," "that I may win Christ and be found in Him." He looked upon Christ as the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature, the Creator of all things visible and invisible, far above thrones, dominions, principalities or powers, "That in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

The noble army of martyrs have adored Him. Stephen cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Lambert shouted amidst the flames, "None but Christ, none but Christ."

The sentiments expressed in song by Christian poets in honour of Christ are interesting in that they reveal the ruling principle of their lives, and have formed channels of emotion and holy desire to others. How many, with William Cowper, from the commencement of their Christian life, have said, "Redeeming love has been my theme"; and desired, with Dr. Doddridge, to "Speak the honours of His name with the last labouring breath"; or with Charles Wesley, "Preach Him to all, and cry in death, 'Behold, behold the Lamb'"; or with John Newton, "That the music of His name may refresh their soul in death"? How many have united with John Cennick, "Jesus, my all to Heaven is gone"; and with Edward Perronet, to "Crown Him Lord of all"? How many have felt with Samuel Boyce, that "Death's vale shall lose its gloom, cheered with His vital ray"; and said with Augustus Toplady, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"?

Dr. Watts considered all objects in creation inadequate to set forth "His beauties," and all glorious names known to mortals or borne by angels too insignificant:—

"All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth."

He showed his utter dependence upon Christ in His well-known lines—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall,
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."—

words uttered by Dr. Carey on his death-bed, after an extraordinary life of devoted service and of great usefulness in the cause of his Divine Master. All who have been influenced by the love of Jesus, and have seen His glory, feel it their duty and privilege to speak His praise and to spread His fame. While clinging to His cross with the one hand, extending the other to rescue the perishing. The light of Divine grace is imparted to us that we may communicate it to others, that by our lips and life we may so speak and live that sinners may be attracted to the Saviour to be washed in His precious blood.

The writer well remembers having an interview, when a student, with the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, more than twenty-three years ago, and receiving a book from that holy man on the Christian ministry, with an earnest charge, "*Preach Christ to the people, preach Christ.*" How necessary it is at all times to give prominence to the all-important theme of "Christ and Him crucified." For He is the light of the world, and the life of men.

It is narrated that a researcher of art in Italy, who, reading in some book that there was a portrait of

Dante painted by Giotto, when he had access to the lumber-room supposed to be the spot where the portrait was laid, he cleared out the rubbish, and, experimenting upon the whitewashed wall, he soon detected the signs of the long-hidden portrait. Little by little, with loving skill, he opened up the sad, thoughtful, stern face of the old Tuscan poet.

How many ignore the person of Christ, how many defame His character and tarnish His beauty and glory by the propagation and practice of error. Be it ours to remove the hindrances and obstructions, and to adhere to Christ as the "altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand," and to pray earnestly that His glory might shine forth upon benighted souls.

2. *Some hesitate in giving themselves to Christ.* Impressed to an extent with the need of having Him as their Saviour and Friend, yet they delay to cast their all upon Him. He has been round about their path; they have come in contact with Him, and are not far from the kingdom.

His influence has been felt through the teaching of pious parents, or through instruction in the Sabbath-school, or through the preached gospel. Christ has knocked at the door of the heart; possibly in scenes of sorrow and amidst the death of friends He has been felt near; or in solitude the voice of conscience, that inward monitor, has spoken of Christ's claims. The Holy Spirit working with such means, conviction has flashed across the soul. It is a solemn crisis, yet procrastination has been the result. Hitherto the all-important matter has been put off to "a more convenient season," and the impressions have proved transient as the morning cloud and the early dew. To such we would say, "Quench not the Spirit," turn

not a deaf ear to King Jesus when knocking at the door of the heart, stifle not the voice of enlightened conscience: the warning is faithful.

The bell, suspended by a rope on the dangerous rock, warned the mariner as the ascending wave caused it to chime forth. The pirate bent upon plunder, it is said, cut the rope, and thus silenced the warning voice, but was himself subsequently wrecked upon that same rock.

To spurn the warning and invitations of God by His Word, through conscience, or by His Holy Spirit, is to facilitate and seal the soul's destruction. To be lost under such circumstances must be sad indeed, having been near the kingdom; like Noah's carpenters, aiding to construct the ark, yet perishing on the outside; like scaffolding, closely associated with the building, yet not a part, but removed ultimately from the edifice. How lamentable to see the gallant ship, after voyaging across the ocean, wrecked when near the coast, as was the case with the "Royal Charter," the crew perishing within sight of their native homes!

We urge all who are near the kingdom to immediate decision, to accept of Christ as their Saviour. The present may be the crisis of their being; the King's commandment requires haste, and His time of mercy is in the present tense. "Come now, and let us reason together." To the young—"Remember now thy Creator." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice." * Behold now is the accepted time. Behold now is the day of salvation." Seek the Spirit's aid to cast the soul on Jesus, saying,

"Here's my heart, Lord; take and seal it,

Seal it from Thy courts above,
Praise the Mount, oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love."

3. *Some are inconsiderate, and at a moral distance from Christ.* We press the question to such. "What think ye of Christ?" There is no question of such moment. Your eternal destiny depends upon the way in which this question is dealt with. What is the world, its pleasures, professions, profits, politics, riches, honours, and fame, compared with Christ and His claims? He is the only foundation of the sinner's hope, and it is a sure foundation, which will stand amidst all storms. Infidels, by their forcible attacks, have foolishly fancied they can shake the Rock which ages could not undermine; *rationalists* have misrepresented the sacred records of Christ; the *mythical* theories of Strauss and others may envelop the person of Christ in mist, but when the Holy Spirit breathes, or a ray from the Sun of Righteousness beams forth, the truth as it is in Jesus shines forth with undiminished splendour, the verities of God remain in all their force, more secure than the rocks which buttress our shores, notwithstanding the billows of error, superstition and infidelity that may dash against them.

"Great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

What think ye of His saving power and his infinite love? Shall that love be slighted? Shall His blood be trampled upon? It is said that a Moravian missionary once went to the West Indies to preach to the slaves. Finding it difficult to get access to them, he determined to reach the slaves by becoming himself a slave. He was sold, toiled, and suffered as they did to bring the gospel to them. In an infinitely higher sense Christ has done this

The King of Glory laid aside that glory, took upon Himself the form of a servant, humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, to save us from sin, and woe, and death. Shall not such unparalleled love find an avenue to the heart. "What think ye of Christ?" If the subject be dismissed now it will have to be considered another day, probably upon a death-bed, then amidst the realities of eternity.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." May earnest prayer be offered to God that saving faith might be wrought in the soul, whereby it may become a partaker of the Divine

nature, and transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Christ thus formed in the heart, the Christian will be more than a conqueror through Him that loved him, and be enabled to look forward with joyful anticipation to that period when Christ shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.

"Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Evenjobb, Radnor.

Reviews.

Tears of the Pilgrims; or, Words of Comfort to the Tried, Afflicted, and Bereaved. By WILLIAM FRITH, Minister of Trinity Martyrs Memorial Church, Gunnersbury. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

WE are glad to know that a new edition of this truly comforting little work has been called for. Its influence must be of a most soothing and consoling character; no care-worn pilgrim can read these nine chapters without finding the writer a real son of consolation; and the book will help the tearful one to sing—

"The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I will smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

Eudokia: The Angels' Song. A vindication of the New Testament (English and Greek) of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. By THEOPHILUS, A.M. of Glasgow University. Elliot Stock.

A Word on the Revised Version of the New Testament. By W. G. HUMPHRY, B.D. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE first of these is a severe scholarly criticism of the Revised Version. The estimate the writer forms of that work may be gathered from his words. "The Revised Version is found upon careful examination to be wonderfully like the Popish Douay, or Rhemish New Testament in English, rendered from the Roman or Latin Vulgate, only outdoing that version in retaining all its corruptions, in importing into the text many changes of a most doubtful character, and in casting out the most precious Scriptures without cause or reason shown. These are grave charges, and the writer makes his case clear. The work by the Rev. W. G. Humphry contains the substance of a Paper read to the Burlington Conference of clergy and laity at their monthly meeting, and is of a laudatory character. Both works deserve a very careful reading.

Wave Whispers. By WILLIAM LUFF.
S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster
Row.

LEAFLETS for the seaside. Novel and striking little papers. They are sure to be read. If you would do good, scatter them by thousands on the sands and on the piers of our seaside watering-places.

Scenes at Lowestoft. By R. E. SEARS.
Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet
Street.

SUITABLE for distribution at seaside, &c. It contains some choice thoughts under headings—"The Sea," "The Storm," "Cries for Help," "Man the Life-Boat," "Saved," "Lost," "Almost Saved, but Lost," "The Desired Haven," "The Broken Ship," &c. It deserves a wide circulation.

The Water-Drinking Hercules, the Templar Sage, and the Temperance Premier; or, Samson, Samuel, and Daniel in the Van of the Temperance Army. By the Rev. R. WHITTLETON. Elliot Stock.

THIS seems to have been originally delivered in the form of a lecture, and, of course, will be heartily welcomed by our Temperance friends.

Part IV. of *Baptist Worthies*, by Dr. LANDELS, has reached us, and contains a very excellent outline history of our Andrew Fuller. It will be read with great interest, specially by those who are conversant with the energetic part he took in the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society.

The Voice of Warning, the organ of the Protestant Tract Society, contains a note informing its readers that the Society has amalgamated with the Monthly Tract Society. We are glad of this. It is sometimes necessary to keep up distinct societies, but there should always be a sound good reason for the existence of two societies where it would seem that one machinery and one set of agents and offices could carry out the objects sought. We heartily wish the union success, and may God speed the work of the Monthly Tract Society.

The Ragged School Union Report

1883. The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record, and a Report of the Conference on Ragged Schools held at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, April 11th, 1883. We have always seen that the existence of Board Schools would not do away with the need of Ragged Schools. If any of our readers should be under a different impression, let him send to Exeter Hall for the Report of the Meeting, and we are sure its perusal will convince him that the Ragged School is still the necessity of our times.

At the time of going to press, the July numbers of the Religious Tract Society's Periodicals had not reached us. The June number of *Sunday at Home* has a good likeness of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also continues two very telling tales, the one on "Heroic Women," and the other called "Helon of Alexandria," and a Jewish tale of "The Days of the Maccabees." The *Leisure Hour* for June continues the well-written tale, "The Old Man's Will," and also gives among much instructive matter a good description of Moscow.

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine contains a steel-engraved likeness of the Reverend John H. Bond. Our friend, Major John Smith, contributes two papers in the March and June numbers on the "Soldier Christian." These articles are written with knowledge and considerable power. Major Smith has a real grasp of his subject, and writes and pleads for the soldier as only a good Christian soldier of Jesus Christ could do. All who are interested in our army should read for themselves.

The Baptist Magazine for June contains Part II. on "Who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?" by the Rev. G. H. ROTSE, M.A., LL.B. The *General Baptist* has a very suggestive and useful contribution, by the Rev. W. R. STEVENSON, M.A., on the important subject of "Our Lapsed Members." The *Sword and Trowel* is full of good reading. None we like better than the short article by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, on "Preparing the Sermon."

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY, F.R.A.S., has decided to relinquish the pastorate of the church assembling in John-street Chapel, Bedford Row, at the end of September next.

Rev. H. J. Durrant, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Studley, Warwickshire.

Rev. Fred. J. Flatt, of the Pastor's College, London, has accepted the ministerial charge of the churches at Bugbrooke and Heyford, Northamptonshire.

Rev. E. Cozens Cook, late of York, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Abergavenny.

Rev. James Porter, late of Soham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Thetford, Norfolk.

Rev. Edward Dakin, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at King's Stanley.

Rev. Isaac Cool, late of Bristol, and for many years identified with the Primitive Methodist Connexion, has accepted the pastorate of Bethel Baptist Chapel, Pontlottyn, near Cardiff.

Rev. E. W. Tarbox has relinquished the pastorate of the church at Addlestone, Surrey, after nearly seven years' successful labour, and has accepted the charge of the church at Woking Station (formerly a branch mission of Addlestone Church). A good freehold site has been secured, and the present school-chapel being out of debt, it is intended to proceed with the main building as soon as circumstances will permit.

Rev. T. J. Malyon, formerly of Regent's Park College, and subsequently pastor of the churches at King's Lynn and Sunderland, has accepted the oversight of the Vauxhall Church, Upper Kennington Lane, S. E.

Rev. — Lord, of the Baptist College, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Little Leigh.

Rev. Edwin Brown has resigned the pastorate of the church at Millon, Cumberland.

POTTER'S BAR.—Rev. J. Hart, after a ministry of seven years, has relinquished the pastorate of the church, Potter's Bar.

CAMBRIDGE.—Rev. J. P. Campbell has informed the church meeting in Zion Chapel that it is his intention to resign his charge at the close of September next, when he will have completed a pastorate of upwards of seventeen years.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. H. B. SALT, after a ministry of ten years, has resigned the pastorate of Union Chapel, Winchcombe. At a farewell meeting on the 12th of June, T. W. Swinburne, Esq., J.P., presided, and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Salt's ministry. Addresses were also delivered by Revs. G. Sewell, W. J. Juniper, W. Bagnall, J. Cook, and Mr. James Grist, all of whom testified warmly to the high esteem in which Mr. Salt was held, not only by his own people, but by all classes in the town and neighbourhood. At the close of the meeting, a purse containing thirty-five guineas was handed to Mr. Salt as an expression of the sincere affection entertained for him by the friends he is leaving. A silver pencil-case was presented by Mr. C. W. Conn, on behalf of the children in the Sunday-school. Mr. Salt also received testimonials from the Band of Hope, and the United Winchcombe Temperance Societies, of each of which he was president.

Rev. E. Edward Fisk, on closing his ministry at Brook Church, Liverpool, was presented with a purse of gold,

accompanied by an address expressive of appreciation and esteem.

Mr. Reed, who has been for years a deacon of the church at Newbridge-on-Wye, and a superintendent of the Sunday-school, was presented on the 26th of June, on the occasion of his removal into Herefordshire, with his portrait, in large size, framed, together with a copy of the "Life and Labours of Dr. Judson." Mrs. Reed was also presented with a companion portrait of herself; Miss Reed and Mr. Fred. Reed also received tokens of regard.

Mr. Higginson, on retiring from the office of superintendent of the Dalston Road Church Sunday-schools, was presented with a drawing-room clock by the teachers and senior scholars, and a basket of flowers from the infant class. Since January, 1881, when Mr. Higginson undertook the duties, the scholars have increased from 125 to 450, and the teachers from 11 to 40.

The members of the Young Women's Bible Class in connection with the chapel at Merton Road, Wimbledon, presented their teacher, Mr. Alfred J. Kent, with a handsomely engraved electro-plated biscuit box, as a mark of "their appreciation of his labours and of the benefits they have derived from his teaching."

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. A. P. FAYERS was recognised, on the 21st of June, as pastor of the church at Rawdon, Leeds. Mr. A. Briggs, J.P., one of the deacons, presided, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to feel that, after the long interval since the lamented death of the late Rev. Thos. Burditt, M.A., the church had once more found a suitable pastor. Revs. J. W. Butcher, T. G. Rooke, W. Medley, C. W. Skemp, T. Hatton, and W. H. Rolls, delivered fraternal addresses. Mr. Skemp read an interesting extract from the account of the ordination of the first pastor of Rawdon, in 1715. Some amusement was caused by the quaint and formal questions and

replies which constituted part of that ceremony.

Rev. James Atkinson received recognition on the 20th of June as pastor of Richmond chapel at Breck Road, Liverpool. Revs. F. H. Roberts (the former pastor), R. Richards, A. G. Beaver, E. R. B. Evans, and G. W. M. Carey took part in the proceedings.

Rev. A. J. Parker was recognised on the 25th of June as pastor of the church at Old Sodbury. Revs. A. Davidson, W. J. Mayers, W. Davy, T. Webb and J. Pringle took part in the services.

NEW MALDEN.—On Wednesday afternoon and evening, June 20th, recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. S. H. Moore, the new pastor, were held. In the afternoon the service was presided over by Rev. Dr. Parker, of Manchester College, supported by Revs. S. H. Moore, G. Simmons, W. Baster, C. F. Wood, M.A., Mr. J. C. Woollacott, Mr. Perfect, Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. J. C. Woollacott, jun., Mr. M. H. Wilkin, and other friends of the cause. After hymn and prayer, chapters from the Scriptures were read by Rev. W. Baster. Mr. J. C. Woollacott then delivered a short address, in which he traced the progress of Nonconformity, as represented by the Baptist denomination, in that neighbourhood. Rev. Dr. Parker then put usual questions to the pastor as to his principles, his reasons for joining the ministry, and the doctrines he intended to preach, and these were answered by Mr. Moore clearly and distinctly. Rev. J. Teall next offered a few words of congratulation. A tea-meeting was subsequently held in the chapel, and service was held in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. J. S. McMaster. In the course of the evening Revs. Dr. Parker, E. H. Brown (Twickenham), G. Wright, G. Simmons and C. F. Wood, and Mr. M. H. Wilkin, addressed the gathering, and at the conclusion a collection was made in aid of the renovation fund.

Recognition services were held on Thursday, July 5th, at Shortwood Chapel, Nailworth, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Charles Brown, late of King's Stanley, as minister of the church. Rev. E. G. Gange preached in the afternoon. At the evening meeting, presided over by L. W. Winterbotham, Esq., congratulatory addresses were delivered by Revs. E. G. Gange, George Jarman, T. Nicholson, H. Collings, P. G. Grenville and W. Tucker.

NEW CHAPELS.

A MEMORIAL stone of the Baptist Church, Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, was laid on the 13th of June, by J. T. Olney, Esq. The church, which was established in 1870, is now under the pastorate of Rev. S. B. Rees, who was preceded in the ministry there by Revs. John Bigwood and G. J. Knight. Over £2,000 has been expended in the purchase of land and schoolroom, and the new undertaking is to cost an additional £2,500. Towards this amount rather more than £1,000 has been promised, and the services of Wednesday produced £200 more. The new building, which is to seat 500 worshippers, is already in an advanced stage, and will, it is hoped, be opened in November next. Revs. Dr. Angus, J. S. Simon, B. C. Etheridge, Henry Simon, J. Brierley, J. Harcourt, A. E. Seddon, J. Paulter, Harvey Phillips, Mr. A. H. Baynes and Mr. C. De Selincourt took part in the proceedings.

The memorial stones of a new chapel now in course of erection at Hyson Green, Nottingham, for the congregation of which Rev. R. Silby is pastor, were laid on the 14th of June, by Mr. Councillor Bayley, the ex-sheriff. The total cost of the new chapel (which will provide accommodation for 500 worshippers), and the adjoining school premises, is estimated at £4,600, towards which about £1,770 has been subscribed. Professor Paton, Professor Goadby, Revs. J. Maden, J. B. Nichols (Congregation-

alist), and others, took part in the proceedings.

A meeting of the Church and congregation assembling at Cow Lane Chapel, Coventry (Rev. W. J. Henderson, pastor), was held on the 11th of June, to receive a report from the building committee as to the progress of the new chapel. The total cost of the scheme is calculated at £10,600; the section actually undertaken will cost about £9,000, towards which has been subscribed £6,000, including a loan of £750 from the Baptist Building Fund. Before the close of the meeting additional subscriptions to the amount of £1,000 were announced.

The new church erected in Victoria Avenue, Harrogate, was opened on the 20th of June. It is in the Decorated Gothic style, and affords accommodation for 600 worshippers. At the south-west angle is a tower, with spire reaching to a height of 130ft. The total cost is £7,930, towards which about £5,580 has been subscribed. Of the remainder, £1,000 has been lent from the Yorkshire Baptist Loan Fund, repayable in ten years without interest. The opening address was delivered by Rev. J. Haslam, and during the day sermons were preached by Rev. Dr. Landels and Rev. Newman Hall. Revs. T. Pottenger, A. Hands, R. E. Walsh, J. H. Brocklehurst, and other ministers, took part in the day's proceedings. The collections amounted to over £100.

The memorial stone of a new chapel was laid at Gorse Hill, Swindon, by James Holden, Esq., on the 20th of June. The building, the estimated cost of which is £500, is being erected by the Church at New Swindon as a chapel of ease, and for the accommodation of members residing in the district. Addresses were given by Rev. F. Pugh (pastor), Rev. W. Burton, Messrs. J. Holden, and W. B. Wearing.

The memorial stone of a new chapel in the village of Orpington has been laid by two well-known residents,

Messrs. Higgs and Ryall. The meeting was addressed by Revs. J. Smith, W. Tessier, G. Summers, J. Jones, V. J. Charlesworth, C. F. Allison, Esq., W. Vinson, Esq., and the pastor for the time being, who is a student in Mr. Spurgeon's College. Half the amount required has been received by the treasurer, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and it is hoped by the time the building is finished the remainder will be contributed, friends at a distance lending a helping hand.

Special services were held on Tuesday, June 26th, in connection with the opening of the new chapel at Ladbroke Grove. The site formed an *annexe* of the 1862 Exhibition, and has been given by Sir Morton Peto, Bart. The total cost of the building will be £6,400, of which £4,000 is in hand. Sittings for 800 people are provided, besides vestries and six class-rooms. Rev. J. P. Chown preached in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. C. Stanford in the evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the fifth anniversary services of the Church at Hendon (Rev. G. D. Hooper, pastor), the secretary's report showed 38 members added, and 15 removed within the year. The treasurer announced £480 as contributed for Church purposes, and £950 towards the building fund. The financial result of the anniversary was about £70.

HANWELL.—Services in connection with Union Church have been held. An early devotional meeting was presided over by Rev. G. R. Lowden on the morning of June 12th. In the afternoon Rev. Jackson Wray preached from Psalm cxxi., and in the evening Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., preached from 2 Kings vi. 17. On the Sunday Mr. Henry Varley preached in the morning, and Rev. Beville Allen, of Tonbridge Chapel, in the evening.

BEDFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings were held at the Hockliffe Road Chapel, Leighton Buzzard, on June 12th and 13th. The

proceedings began on the Tuesday morning with a meeting of the committee, and in the afternoon the pastors and representatives of the Churches met to transact the annual business of the association. The pastor of the Hockliffe Road Church, Rev. G. Durrell, presided at this, as at all the other meetings, according to the rule of the Association. After the usual service of prayer and praise, the minutes of the autumnal meeting, held at Maulden, October 24th, 1882, were read and confirmed; and the secretary and treasurer having presented their usual reports, the officers for the ensuing year were next chosen, Mr. C. J. Cole, of Luton, and Rev. A. Walker, of Houghton Regis, being re-elected treasurer and secretary respectively, while the following brethren were appointed to act as the committee:—Revs. J. H. Blake (Luton), G. Durrell (Leighton Buzzard), D. Mace (Stotfold), and T. Watts (Bedford), Messrs. T. Cox (Luton), and R. Goodman, jun. (Maulden). The Church at Markyate Street being desirous of admission to the Association was duly proposed and seconded, and it was arranged to hold the autumnal meeting, 1883, at Pepperstock (Luton), the place for the annual meeting (1884) being left over for the present.

The report of the Association has reached us on the subject of Evangelistic Work. We give an extract:—“From the very commencement this has been recognised as the keystone of the Association, understanding by the term ‘Evangelistic Work’ the holding of services calculated to stimulate the spiritual life of the Churches, and to bring in ‘those that are without.’ At the outset, a series of such services was arranged, in which all the Churches were invited to share. The response was general and the results were so satisfactory that since then most of the Churches, thoroughly persuaded of the value of these services, have made arrangements for the repetition of them from year to year, without waiting for the

initiative of the Association. It is perhaps the most convincing proof of the usefulness of this particular form of service, that it has come to be so generally adopted by the Churches as a regular part of their work. In those cases where circumstances render it necessary (such as the absence of a pastor, &c.) the Committee of the Association is always glad to undertake the entire work of arranging for these meetings, or where Churches can make their own plans, to afford assistance through the aid of its ministers, &c. The number of services thus held under the auspices of the Association already reaches some hundreds, and there is abundant evidence of their beneficial character both in the ingathering of converts, and in the training of Christian workers." Mention should also be made in this connection of the lectures on various subjects, which have been placed by the Committee at the disposal of the Churches. Year by year these have been extensively employed, partly for the purpose of raising funds for local objects, and partly as introductory to the religious services. In this latter respect they have been exceedingly useful in the villages—the Rev. J. H. Blake's lectures on the "Pilgrim's Progress" especially often proving to be a sort of Evangelistic Service in themselves.

RECENT DEATH.

ON May 10th, 1883, at Kerrville, Kerr Co., Texas, U.S.A., Jabez William, aged 28, youngest son of George Burns, of 17, Porteus Road, London, W., and grandson of the late Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., of Paddington. (1 Chronicles iv. 10.)

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—June 17, English Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.
Abergavenny.—June 17, Frogmore-street, Two, by C. Cook.

Abertillery.—June 5, Ebenezer, Two, by I. Jones.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—June 24, One; July 1, One, by A. Bowden.
Athlone.—June 15, Two; June 27, One, by F. J. Ryan.
Aughton, Ormskirk.—June 24, Two, by B. G. Knight.
Bacup.—July 1, Zion, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
Barmouth.—June 18, Two, by C. Roberts.
Belfast.—June 12, Regent-street, Nine; July 1, Two, by E. T. Mateer.
Bildeston.—June 25, Five, by J. Ceaster.
Birmingham.—June 17, Longmore-street, Four, by A. P. Prout.
Blackfield Common, Hants.—June 3, One, by F. A. Pearce.
Blaenauvon.—June 13, Horeb Chapel, Six, by W. Morgan.
Bradford.—June 24, Trinity, Four, by C. Rignal.
Brilon Ferry.—June 3, English Chapel, One; June 17, Two, by T. Garnon.
Brixham.—July 1, Ten, by J. T. Almy.
Builth, Wiles.—June 3, Four, by H. P. Thomas.
Burnley.—June 24, Mount Pleasant, Three, by J. Kemp.
Cheddar.—June 28, Four, by T. Hanger.
Corsham, Wilts.—June 24, Five.
Cottenham.—July 5, Twenty-one, by A. Jones.
Derby.—June 27, Osmaston-road, Four, by W. H. Tetley.
Earls Colne.—July 1, Four, by W. E. Rice.
Ebbw Vale.—July 4, Zion Chapel, Five, by W. Powell.
Eye, Suffolk.—July 1, Five, by J. Hollinshead.
F rankbridge, Radnorshire.—July 3, Four, by T. D. Jones.
Grangetown, Cardiff.—June 28, Four, by J. Berryman.
Great Grimsby.—June 24, Victoria-street, Seven, by E. Lauderdale.
Griffithstown.—July 1, Five, by J. Tucker.
Guildford.—June 24, Commercial-road, Three, by J. Rankine.
Halstead.—June 27, Six, by E. Morley.
Haverfordwest.—June 13, Two, by Dr. Davies.
Heaton, Bradford.—June 24, One, by R. Howarth.
Highbridge.—July 1, Four, by G. H. Lemon.
Hyacombe.—June 27, Three, by J. Douglas, M.A.
Iwerne Minster.—July 1, One, by A. Tovey.
Kingsbridge.—June 20, Five, by E. D. Wilks.
Leigh, Lancashire.—June 3, Church-street, Seven, by J. Harrison.
Llanely, Carm.—July 1, Seven, by J. Griffiths.
London.—Woolwich.—June 27, Parson's Hill, Ten, by J. Wilson, for W. J. Murphy, of the East Plumstead Church; June 24, Eight.
Clapham.—June 28, Victoria Chapel, Ten, by E. Henderson.
Gray's Inn-road.—June 27, Arthur-street, One, by W. Smith.
Leytonstone.—June 24, Six, by J. Bradford.

St. John's Wood.—June 28, Abbey-road, Three, by W. Stott.
 Streatham, S.W.—June 27, Lewin-road, Three, by A. McCaig.
 Luton.—Park-street, Thirteen, by J. H. Blake.
 Macclesfield.—June 24, St. George's-street, Five, by Z. T. Downen.
 Merriott.—June 28, Six, by H. J. Tresidder.
 Newport, Mon.—June 24, Stowhill, Two, by J. Douglas.
 Normanton.—July 1, Two, by J. Myers.
 Offord, Hunts.—July 1, One, by G. Brown.
 Padham.—June 24, Three, by G. Oldring;
 July 1, Ten, by W. M. Thomas.
 Pembroke Dock.—June 8, Pennar Chapel, Three, by E. Evans.
 Pontypool.—July 1, Trosnant Chapel, Nine, by D. Thomas.
 Poplehill, Haverfordwest.—June 10, One, by W. Davies.
 Porth.—June 17, at the English Church, Five, by O. Owens.
 Portsmouth.—June 27, Lake-road, Eighteen, by T. W. Medhurst.

Redditch.—June 28, Four, by J. Hope.
 Rhymney.—June 17, Five, by J. R. Evans.
 Risca.—June 17, Bethany Chapel, Four;
 July 8, Three, by T. Thomas.
 Rotherham.—July 1, Four, by H. Lee.
 Southampton.—June 17, Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne.
 Southend.—June 26, Five, by J. W. Child.
 South Stockton.—June 25, Five, by H. Winsor.
 Swansea.—June 24, Mount Zion, Four, by T. D. Matthias.
 Stafford.—July 1, Four, by W. B. Haynes.
 Stratford-on-Avon.—July 4, Three, by J. Pugh.
 Swindon, Wilts.—June 13, Six, by F. Pugh.
 Tenby.—June 19, South Parade, Four, by T. Evans.
 Tredegar.—July 8, Shiloh, Two, by J. Farrish.
 Tydee, Mon.—June 17, Bethesda, One, by W. Owen.
 Westbury Leigh, Wilts.—July 1, Three, by T. J. Hazzard.
 West Drayton.—June 17, Five, by A. Smith.

Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptation; and do not distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. Enough for you that your Saviour for whom you fight is just and merciful, for He rewardeth every man according to his work. Enough for you that He has said, "He that is faithful unto death, I will give him a crown of life." Enough for you that if you be faithful over a few things, He will make you ruler over many things, and bring you into His joy for evermore.—*Living Truths, from Charles Kingsley.*

REJOICING WITH TREMBLING.—Rowland Hill was one day conversing with Mr. John Vine Hall, when the latter, speaking of some who profess to have attained a state of experience which forbids all fear, observed, "I am not there yet, I still rejoice with trembling." Mr. Hill replied, "Do not wish to get any further. Remember, blessed is the man that feareth always. I am not afraid of the faithfulness of Christ, but I am afraid of the deceitfulness of my own heart."—*Rowland Hill Anecdotes.*

SOURCE OF POWER.—A living Saviour in the present who works with us, confirming the word with signs following, is the source of our power. Not till He is impotent shall we be weak. The unmeasurable measure of the gift of Christ defines the degree, and the unending duration of His life who continueth for ever sets the period, of our possession of the grace which is given to every one of us. He never withdraws what He once gives. The fountain sinks not a hair-breadth, though eighteen centuries have drawn from it. Modern astronomy begins to believe that the sun itself by long expense of light will be shorn of its beams and wander darkling in space, circled no more by its daughter planets. But this Sun of our souls rays out for ever the energies of life and light and love, and after all communication possesses the infinite fulness of them all. "His name shall continue as long as the sun, all nations shall call him blessed." Here, then, are the perpetual elements of our constant power, an eternal Word, an abiding Spirit, an unchanging Lord.—*Dr. A. McLaren.*

CONVERSION.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON

“Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.”—JAMES v. 19, 20.

THE true believer is always pleased to hear of anything which concerns the salvation of his own soul. He rejoices to hear of the covenant plan drawn up for him from all eternity, of the great fulfilment on the cross at Calvary, of all the stipulations of the Saviour, of the application of them by the Holy Spirit, of the security which the believer has in the person of Christ, and of those gifts and graces which accompany salvation to all those who are heirs thereof. But I feel certain that, deeply pleased as we are when we hear of things touching our own salvation and deliverance from hell, we, as preachers of God, and as new creatures in Christ, being made like unto Him, have true benevolence of spirit, and therefore are always delighted when we hear, speak, or think, concerning the salvation of others. Next to our own salvation, I am sure, as Christians, we shall always prize the salvation of other people; we shall always desire that what has been so sweet to our own taste, may also be tasted by others; and what has been of so inestimably precious a value to our own souls may also become the property of all those whom God may please to call unto everlasting life. I am sure, beloved, now that I am about to preach concerning the conversion of the ungodly, you will take as deep an interest in it as if it were something that immediately concerned your own souls, for, after all, such were some of you once. You were unconverted and ungodly; and had not God taken thought for you, and set His people to strive for your souls, where had you been? Seek, then, to exercise that charity and benevolence towards others which God and God’s people first exercised towards you.

Our text has in it, first of all, a *principle involved*—that of *instrumentality*. “Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death.” Secondly, here is a *general fact stated*:—“He who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.” And thirdly, there is a *particular application of this fact made*:—“Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth and one convert him”—that is the same principle as when a sinner is converted “from the error of his way.”

I. First, then, here is a *great principle involved*—a very important one—that of *INSTRUMENTALITY*. God has been pleased in His inscrutable wisdom and intelligence to work the conversion of others by instrumentality. True, He does not in all cases so do; but it is His general

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way. Instrumentality is the plan of the universe. In the new creation it is almost always God's invariable rule to convert by means of instruments. Now we will make one or two brief remarks upon this first principle.

First, then, we say that *instrumentality is not necessary with God*. God can, if He pleases, convert souls without any instruments whatsoever. The mighty Maker who chooses to use the sword sometimes, can, if He pleases, slay without it. He who uses the workman, the trowel, and the hammer, can, if He so sees fit, build the house in a moment, and from the foundation-stone even to the topstone thereof can complete it by the words of His own mouth. We never hear of any instrument used in the conversion of Abraham. He lived in a far-off land in the midst of idolaters, but he was called from Ur of the Chaldees, and thence God called him and brought him to Canaan by an immediate voice, doubtless from above, by God's own agency, without the employment of any prophet; for we read of none who could, as far as we can see, have preached to Abraham and taught him the truth. Then in modern times we have a mighty instance of the power of God in converting without human might. Saul, on his journey towards Damascus, upon his horse, fiery and full of fury against the children of God, is hastening to hail men and women and cast them into prison; to bring them bound unto Jerusalem; but on a sudden, a voice is heard from Heaven—"Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou Me?" and Saul was a new man. No minister was his spiritual parent; no book could claim him as its convert; no human voice, but the immediate utterance of Jesus Christ Himself, at once, there and then, and upon the spot, brought Saul to know the truth. Moreover, there are some men who seem never to need conversion at all; for we have one instance in Scripture, of John the Baptist, of whom it is said, "He was filled with the Holy Spirit, even from his mother's womb." And I do not know but what there are some who very early in life have a change of heart. It is quite certain that all infants (who, doubtless, being each of them elect, do ascend to Heaven) undergo a change of heart without instrumentality; and so there may be some, concerning whom it may be written, that though they were born in sin and shapen in iniquity, yet they were so early taught to know the Lord, so soon brought to His name, that it must have been almost without instrument at all. God can, if He pleases, cast the instrument aside. The mighty Maker of the world, who used no angels to beat out the great mass of nature and fashion it into a round globe, He who without hammer or anvil fashioned this glorious world, can, if He pleases, speak, and it is done; command, and it shall stand fast. He needs not instruments, though He uses them.

Secondly, we make another remark, which is, that *instrumentality is very honourable to God, and not dishonourable*. One would think, perhaps, at first sight, that it would reflect more glory to God if He effected all conversions Himself without the use of men; but that is a great mistake. It is as honourable to God to convert by means of Christians and others as it would be if He should effect it alone. Suppose a workman has power and skill with his hands alone to fashion a certain article, but you put into his hands the worst of tools you can find; you know he can do it well with his hands, but these tools are so badly made that they will be the greatest impediment you could lay in his way. Well now, I say, if a man

with these bad instruments, or these poor tools—things without edges—that are broken, that are weak and frail, is able to make some beauteous fabric, he has more credit from the use of those tools than he would have had if he had done it simply with his hands, because the tools, so far from being an advantage, were a disadvantage to him; so far from being a help, are, on my supposition, even a detriment to him in his work. So with regard to human instrumentality. So far from being any assistance to God, we are all hindrances to Him. What is a minister? He is made by God a means of salvation; but it is a wonderful thing that any one so faulty, so imperfect, so little skilled, should yet be blessed of God to bring forth children for the Lord Jesus. It seems as marvellous as if a man should fashion rain from fire, or if he should fabricate some precious alabaster vase out of the refuse of the dunghill. God in His mercy does more than make Christians without means; He takes bad means to make good men with; and so He even reflects credit on Himself, because His instruments are all of them such poor things. They are all such earthen vessels, that they do but set off the glory of the gold which they hold, like the foil that setteth forth the jewel, or like the dark spot in the painting that makes the light more brilliant; and yet the dark spot and the foil are not in themselves costly or valuable. So God uses instruments to set forth His own glory, and to exalt Himself.

This brings us to the other remark, that *usually God does employ instruments*. Perhaps in one case out of a thousand men are converted by the immediate agency of God—and so indeed are all in one sense; but usually, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, God is pleased to use the instrumentality of His ministering servants, of His Word, of Christian men, or some other means to bring us to the Saviour. I have heard of some—I remember them now—who were called like Saul, at once from Heaven. We can remember the history of the brother who in the darkness of the night was called to know the Saviour by what he believed to be a vision from Heaven, or some effect on his imagination. On one side he saw a black tablet of his guilt, and his soul was delighted to see Christ cast a white tablet over it; and he thought he heard a voice that said, "I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." There was a man converted almost without instrumentality; but you do not meet with such a case often. Most persons have been convinced by the pious conversation of sisters, by the holy example of mothers, by the minister, by the Sabbath-school, or by the reading of tracts or perusing Scripture. Let us not therefore believe that God will often work without instruments; let us not sit down silently and say, "God will do His own work." It is quite true He will; but then He does His work by using His children as instruments. He does not say to the Christian man when he is converted, "Sit thee down; I have nought for thee to do, but I will do all Myself and have all the glory." No; He says, "Thou art a poor weak instrument; thou canst do nothing; but lo! I will strengthen thee, and I will make thee thrash the mountains and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff: and so shall I get more honour through thy having done it than I should had mine own strong arm smitten the mountains and broken them in pieces."

Now, another thought, and that is—*If God sees fit to make use of any of us*

for the conversion of others, we must not therefore be too sure that we are converted ourselves. It is a most solemn thought, that God makes use of ungodly men as instruments for the conversion of sinners. And it is strange that some most terrible acts of wickedness have been the means of the conversion of men. When Charles II. ordered the Book of Sports to be read in churches, and after the service the clergyman was required to read to all the people to spend the afternoon in what are called harmless diversions and games that I will not mention here—even that was made the means of conversion; for one man said within himself, “I have always disported myself thus on the Sabbath-day; but now to hear this read in church! how wicked we must have become! how the whole land must be corrupt.” It led him to think of his own corruption and brought him to the Saviour. There have been words proceeding, I had almost said from devils, which have been the means of conversion. Grace is not spoiled by the rotten wooden spout it runs through. God did once speak by an ass to Balaam, but that did not spoil His words. So He speaks, not simply by an ass, which He often does, but by something worse than that. He can fill the mouths of ravens with food for an Elijah, and yet the raven is a raven still. We must not suppose because God has made us useful that we are therefore converted ourselves.

But then another thing. *If God in His mercy does not make us useful to the conversion of sinners, we are not therefore to say we are sure we are not the children of God.* I believe there are some ministers who have had the painful labour of toiling from year to year without seeing a single soul regenerated. Yet those men have been faithful to their charge, and have well discharged their ministry. I do not say that such cases often occur, but I believe they have occurred sometimes. Yet, mark you, the end of their ministry has been answered after all. For what is the end of the Gospel ministry? Some will say it is to convert sinners. That is a collateral end. Others will say it is to convert the saints. That is true. But the proper answer to give is—it is to glorify God, and God is glorified even in the damnation of sinners. If I testify to them the truth of God and they reject His gospel; if I faithfully preach His truth, and they scorn it, my ministry is not therefore void. It has not returned to God void, for even in the punishment of those rebels He will be glorified, even in their destruction He will get Himself honour; and if He cannot get praise from their songs, He will at last get honour from their condemnation and overthrow, when He shall cast them into the fire for ever. The true motive for which we should always labour, is the glory of God in the conversion of souls, and building up of God's people; but let us never lose sight of the great end. Let God be glorified; and He will be, if we preach His truth faithfully and honestly. So, therefore, while we should seek for souls, if God denies them unto us, let us not say, “I will not have other mercies that He has given;” but let us comfort ourselves with the thought—that though they be not saved, though Israel be not gathered in, God will glorify and honour us at last.

One thought more upon this subject—*God by using us as instruments confers upon us the highest honour which men can receive.* O beloved! I dare not dilate upon this. It should make our hearts burn at the thought of it. It makes us feel thrice honoured that God should use us to convert souls; and it is only the grace of God which teaches us on the other hand, that it

is grace and grace alone which makes us useful, which can keep us humble under the thought that we are bringing souls to the Saviour. It is a work which he who has once entered in, if God has blessed him, cannot renounce. He will be impatient; he will long to win more souls to Jesus; he will account that toil is but rest, he will think that labour is but ease, so that by any means he may save some, and bring men to Jesus. Glory and honour, praise and power, be unto God, that He thus honours His people. But when He exalts us most, we will still conclude with, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory forever and ever."

II. Secondly, we come to the GENERAL FACT. "He who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." The choicest happiness which mortal breast can know is the happiness of benevolence—of doing good to our fellow-creatures. To save a body from death is that which gives us almost heaven on earth. Some men can boast that they have sent so many souls to perdition; that they have hurled many of their fellows out of the world. We meet, now and then, a soldier who can glory that in battle he struck down so many foemen, that his swift and cruel sword reached the heart of so many of his enemies; but I count not that glory. If I thought I had been the means of the death of a single individual, methinks I should scarce rest at night, for the uneasy ghost of that murdered wretch would stare me in mine eyes. I should remember I had slain him, and perhaps sent his soul unshriven and unwashed into the presence of his Maker. It seems to me wonderful that men can be found to be soldiers: I say not if it be right or wrong; still I wonder where they can find the men. I know not how after a battle they can wash their hands of blood, wipe their swords and put them by, and then lie down to slumber, and their dreams be undisturbed. Methinks the tears would fall hot and scalding on my cheek at night, and the shrieks of the dying, and the groans of those approaching eternity would torture mine ear. I know not how others can endure it. To me it would be the very portal of hell, if I could think I had been a destroyer of my fellow-creatures. But what bliss is it to be the instrument of saving bodies from death! Those monks on Mount St. Bernard, surely, must feel happiness when they rescue men from death. The dog comes to the door, and they know what it means; he has discovered some poor weary traveller who has lain him down to sleep in the snow, and is dying from cold and exhaustion. Up rise the monks from their cheerful fire, intent to act the good Samaritan to the lost one. At last they see him; they speak to him, but he answers not. They try to discover if there is breath in his body, and they think he is dead. They take him up, give him remedies; and hastening to their hostel, they lay him by the fire, and warm and chafe him, looking into his face with kindly anxiety, as much as to say, "Poor creature! art thou dead?" When at last they perceive some heavings of the lungs, what joy is in the breast of those brethren, as they say, "His life is not extinct!" Methinks if there could be happiness on earth, it would be the privilege to help to chafe one hand of that poor, almost dying man, and be the means of bringing him to life again. Or, suppose another case. A house is in flames, and in it is a woman with her children, who cannot by any means escape. In vain she attempts to come downstairs; the

flames prevent her. She has lost all presence of mind and knows not how to act. The strong man comes, and says, "Make way! make way! I must save that woman!" And cooled by the genial streams of benevolence, he marches through the fire. Though scorched, and almost stifled, he gropes his way. He ascends one staircase, then another; and though the stairs totter, he places the woman beneath his arm, takes a child on his shoulder, and down he comes, twice a giant, having more might than he ever possessed before. He has jeopardised his life, and perhaps an arm may be disabled, or a limb taken away, or a sense lost, or an injury irretrievably done to his body; yet he claps his hands, and says, "I have saved lives from death!" The crowd in the street hail him as a man who has been the deliverer of his fellow-creatures, honouring him more than the monarch who had stormed a city, sacked a town, and murdered myriads.

But, ah! brethren, the body which was saved from death to-day may die to-morrow. Not so the soul that is saved from death; it is saved everlastingly. It is saved beyond the fear of destruction. And if there be joy in the breast of a benevolent man when he saves a body from death, how much more blessed must he be when he is made the means in the hand of God of saving "a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins." Suppose that by some *conversation* of yours you are made the means of delivering a soul from death. My friends, you are apt to imagine that all conversion is under God done by the minister. You make a great mistake. There are many conversions effected by a very simple observation from the most humble individual. A single word spoken may be more the means of conversion than a whole sermon. There you sit before me. I thrust at you, but you are too far off. Some brother, however, addresses an observation to you—it is a very stab with a short poniard in your heart. God often blesses a short pithy expression from a friend, more than a long discourse from a minister. There was once in a village, where there had been a revival in religion, a man who was a confirmed infidel. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the minister and many Christian people, he had resisted all attempts, and appeared to be more and more confirmed in his sin. At length the people held a prayer-meeting specially to intercede for his soul. Afterwards God put it into the heart of one of the elders of the church to spend a night in prayer in behalf of the poor infidel. In the morning the elder rose from his knees, saddled his horse, and rode down to the man's smithy. He meant to say a great deal to him, but he simply went up to him, took him by the hand, and all he could say was, "Oh, sir! I am deeply concerned for your salvation; I am deeply concerned for your salvation. I have been wrestling with my God all this night for your salvation." He could say no more, his heart was too full. He then mounted on his horse and rode away again. Down went the blacksmith's hammer, and he went immediately to see his wife. She said, "What is the matter with you?" "Matter enough," said the man; "I have been attacked with a new argument this time. There is elder B— has been here this morning; and he said, 'I am concerned about your salvation.' Why, now, if he is concerned about my salvation, it is a strange thing that I am not concerned about it." The man's heart was clean captured by that kind word from the elder; he took his own horse and rode to the elder's house. When he arrived there

the elder was in his parlour, still in prayer, and they knelt down together. God gave him a contrite spirit and a broken heart, and brought that poor sinner to the feet of the Saviour. There was a soul saved from death, and a multitude of sins covered.

Again, you may be the means of conversion by a letter you may write. Many of you have not the power to speak or say much; but when you sit down alone in your chamber, you are able, with God's help, to write a letter to a dear friend of yours. Oh! I think that is a very sweet way to endeavour to be useful. I think I never felt so much earnestness after the souls of my fellow-creatures as when I first loved the Saviour's name, and though I could not preach, and never thought I should be able to testify to the multitude, I used to write texts on little scraps of paper and drop them anywhere, that some poor creatures might pick them up, and receive them as messages of mercy to their souls. There is your brother. He is careless and hardened. Sister, sit down and write a letter to him; when he receives it he will, perhaps, smile, but he will say, "Ah, well! it is Betsy's letter after all!" And that will have some power. I knew a gentleman, whose dear sister used often to write to him concerning his soul. "I used," said he, "to stand with my back up against a lamp-post, with a cigar in my mouth, perhaps at two o'clock in the morning, to read her letter. I always read them; and I have," said he, "wept floods of tears after reading my sister's letters. Though I still kept on the error of my ways, they always checked me; they always seemed a hand pulling me away from sin; a voice crying out, 'Come back! come back!'" And at last a letter from her, in conjunction with a solemn providence, was the means of breaking his heart, and he sought salvation through a Saviour.

Again. How many have been converted by *the example of true Christians*. Many of you feel that you cannot write or preach, and you think you can do nothing. Well, there is one thing you can do for your Master—you can live Christianity. I think there are more people who look at the new life in Christ written out in you, than they will in the old life that is written in the Scriptures. An infidel will use arguments to disprove the Bible, if you set it before him; but, if you do to others as you would that they should do to you, if you give of your bread to the poor and disperse to the needy, living like Jesus, speaking words of kindness and love, and living honestly and uprightly in the world, he will say, "Well, I thought the Bible was all hypocrisy; but I cannot think so now, because there is Mr. So-and-so; see how he lives. I could believe my infidelity if it were not for him. The Bible certainly has an effect upon his life, and therefore I must believe it."

And then how many souls may be converted by what some men are privileged to *write and print*. There is Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion." Though I decidedly object to some things in it, I could wish that everybody had read that book, so many have been the conversions it has produced. I think it more honour to have written Watts's "Psalms and Hymns," than Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and more glory to have written that book of old Wilcocks, "A Drop of Honey;" or the tract that God has used so much—"The Sinner's Friend"—than all the books of Homer. I value books for the good they may do to men's souls. Much as I respect the genius of Pope, or Dryden, or Burns, give me

the simple lines of Cowper, that God has owned in bringing souls to Him. Oh! to think that we may write and print books which shall reach poor sinners' hearts. The other day my soul was gladdened exceedingly by an invitation from a pious woman to go and see her. She told me she had been ten years on her bed, and had not been able to stir from it. "Nine years," she said, "I was dark, and blind, and unthinking; but my husband brought me one of your sermons. I read it, and God blessed it to the opening of my eyes. He converted my soul with it. And now, all glory to Him! I love His name! Each Sabbath morning," she said, "I wait for your sermon. I live on it all the week as marrow and fatness to my spirit." Ah! thought I, there is something to cheer the printers, and all of us who labour in that good work. One good brother wrote to me this week, "Brother Spurgeon, keep your courage up. You are known in multitudes of households of England, and you are loved too; though we cannot hear you, or see your living form, yet throughout our villages your sermons are scattered. And I know of cases of conversion from them, more than I can tell you." Another friend mentioned to me an instance of a clergyman of the Church of England, a canon of a cathedral, who frequently preaches the sermons on the Sabbath—whether in the cathedral or not, I cannot say, but I hope he does. Oh! who can tell, when these things are printed what hearts they may reach, what good they may effect? Words that I spoke three weeks ago, eyes are now perusing, while tears are gushing from them as they read! "Glory be to God most high!"

But, after all, *preaching is the ordained means for the salvation of sinners*, and by this ten times as many are brought to the Saviour as by any other. Ah! my friends, to have been the means of saving souls from death by preaching—what an honour. There is a young man who has not long commenced his ministerial career. When he enters the pulpit everybody notices what a deep solemnity there is upon him, beyond his years. His face is white, and blanched by an unearthly solemnity; his body is shrivelled up by his labour; constant study and midnight lamp have worn him away; but when he speaks he utters wondrous words that lift the soul up to Heaven. And the aged saint says, "Well! ne'er did I go so near to Heaven as when I listened to his voice!" There comes in some gay young man, who listens and criticises his aspect. He thinks it is by no means such as to be desired; but he listens. One thought strikes him, then another. See you that man? He has been moral all his life long, but he has never been renewed. Now tears begin to flow down his cheeks. Just put your ear against his breast, and you will hear him groan out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Ah! good reward for a withered frame, or a ruined constitution! Or take another case. A man is preaching the Word of God. He is standing up to deliver his Master's message; and in steals some poor harlot. Such a case I knew not long ago. A poor harlot determined she would go and take her life on Blackfriars Bridge. Passing by these doors one Sunday night, she thought she would step in, and for the last time hear something that might prepare her to stand before her Maker. She forced herself into the aisle, and she could not escape until I rose from the pulpit. The text was, "Seest thou this woman?" I dwelt upon Mary Magdalene and her sins; her washing the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiping them

with the hair of her head. There stood the woman, melted away with the thought that she should thus hear herself described, and her own life painted. Oh! to think of saving a poor harlot from death, to deliver such an one from going down to the grave, and then, as God pleased, to save her soul from going down to hell! Is it not worth ten thousand lives, if we could sacrifice them all on the altar of God? When I thought of this text yesterday, I could only weep to think that God should have so favoured me. Oh! men and women, how can ye better spend your time and wealth than in the cause of the Redeemer? What holier enterprise can ye engage in than this sacred one of saving souls from death, and hiding a multitude of sins? This is a wealth that ye can take with you—the wealth that has been acquired under God, by having saved souls from death, and covered a multitude of sins.

I know there are some now before the throne who first wept the penitential tear in this house of prayer, and who thanked God that they had listened to this voice; and methinks, they have a tender and affectionate love still for Him whom God honoured thus. Minister of the Gospel, if you on earth are privileged to win souls, I think when you die those spirits will rejoice to be your guardian angels. They will say, "Father, that man is dying whom we love; may we go and watch him?" "Yea," saith God, "ye may go, and carry heaven with you." Down come the spirits, ministering angels, and, oh! how lovingly they look on us. They would, if they could, strike out the furrow from the forehead, and take the cold, clammy sweat with their own blessed hands away. They must not do it; but, oh! how tenderly they watch that suffering man who was made the means of doing good to their souls; and when he opens his eyes to immortality he shall see them like guards around his bed, and hear them say, "Come with us; thrice welcome, honoured servant of God; come with us." And when he speeds his way upwards towards heaven on strong wings of faith, these spirits who stand by him will clap their wings behind him, and he will enter heaven with many crowns upon his head, each of which he will delight to cast at the feet of Jesus. Oh, brethren, if ye turn a sinner from the error of his ways, remember ye have saved a soul from death, and hidden a multitude of sins.

III. The APPLICATION I can only just mention. It is this: that he who is the means of the conversion of a sinner does, under God, "save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins"; but particular attention ought to be paid to *backsliders*; for in bringing backsliders into the Church there is as much honour to God as in bringing in sinners. "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him." Alas! the poor backslider is often the most forgotten. A member of the church has disgraced his profession, the Church excommunicated him, and he was accounted "a heathen man and a publican." I know of men of good standing in the gospel ministry, who, ten years ago, fell into sin; and that is thrown in our teeth to this very day. Do you speak of them, you are at once informed, "Why, ten years ago they did so-and-so." Brethren, Christian men ought to be ashamed of themselves for taking notice of such things so long afterwards. True, we may use more caution in our dealings; but to reproach a fallen brother for what he did so long ago is contrary to the spirit of John, who went after Peter, three days after he had denied his Master with oaths and curses. Now-a-days

it is the fashion, if a man falls, to have nothing to do with him. Men say, "He is a bad fellow; we will not go after him." Beloved, suppose he is the worst: is not that the reason why you should go most after him? Suppose he never was a child of God—suppose he never knew the truth: is not that the greater reason why you should go after him? I do not understand your mawkish modesty, your excessive pride, that won't let you go after the chief of sinners. The worse the case, the more is the reason why we should go. But suppose the man is a child of God, and you have cast him off—remember he is your brother; he is one with Christ as much as you are; he is justified, he has the same righteousness that you have; and if, when he has sinned, you despise him, in that you despise him you despise his Master. Take heed! thou thyself mayest be tempted, and mayest one day fall. Like David, thou mayest walk on the top of thine house rather too high, and thou mayest see something which shall bring thee to sin. Then what wilt thou say, if then the brethren pass thee by with a sneer, and take no notice of thee? Oh! if we have one backslider connected with our church, let us take special care of him. Don't deal hardly with him. Recollect you would have been a backslider too if it were not for the grace of God. I advise you, whenever you see professors living in sin to be very shy of them; but if after a time you see any sign of repentance, or if you do not, go and seek out the lost sheep of the house of Israel; for remember, that if one of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him remember, that "he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

"Backsliders, who your misery feel," I will come after you one moment. Poor backslider, thou wast once a Christian. Dost thou hope thou wast? "No," sayest thou, "I believe I deceived myself and others; I was no child of God." Well, if thou didst, let me tell thee, that if thou wilt acknowledge that, God will forgive thee. Suppose you did deceive the church, thou art not the first that did it. There are some members of this church, I fear, who have done so, and we have not found them out. I tell you your case is not hopeless. That is not the unpardonable sin. Some who have tried to deceive the very elect have yet been delivered; and my Master says He is able to save to the uttermost (and ye have not gone beyond the uttermost) all who come unto Him. Come thou, then, to His feet; cast thyself on His mercy; and though thou didst once enter His camp as a spy, He will not hang thee up for it, but will be glad to get thee anyhow as a trophy of mercy. But if thou wast a child of God, and canst say honestly, "I know I did love Him, and He loved me," I tell thee He loves thee still. If thou hast gone ever so far astray, thou art as much His child as ever. Though thou hast run away from thy Father, come back, come back; He is thy Father still. Think not He has unsheathed the sword to slay thee. Say not, "He has cast me out of the family." He has not. His bowels yearn over thee now. My Father loves thee. Come then to His feet, and He will not even remind thee of what thou hast done. The prodigal was going to tell his father all his sins, and to ask him to make him one of his hired servants; but the father stopped his mouth. He let him say that he was not worthy to be called his son, but he would not let him say, "Make me as an hired servant." Come back, and thy Father will receive thee gladly; He will put His arms around thee, and kiss thee with the kisses of His love; and

He will say, "I have found this My son that was lost; I have recovered this sheep that had gone astray." My Father loved thee without works; He justified thee irrespective of them; thou hast no less merit now than thou hadst then. Come and trust and believe in Him.

Lastly, you who believe you are not backsliders, if you are saved, remember that a soul is saved from death, and a multitude of sins hidden. Oh, my friends, if I might but be a hundred-handed man to catch you all, I would love to be so! If aught I could say could win your souls—if by preaching here from now till midnight I might by any possibility capture some of you to the love of the Saviour, I would do it. Some of you are speeding your way to hell blindfolded. My hearers, I do not deceive you, you are going to perdition as fast as time can carry you. Some of you are deceiving yourselves with the thought that you are righteous, and you are not so. Many of you have had solemn warnings, and have never been moved by them. You have admired the way in which the warning has been given, but the thing itself has never entered your heart. Hundreds of you are without God, and without Christ strangers to the commonwealth of Israel: and may I not plead with you? Is a gloomy religious system to hold me captive and never let me speak? Why, poor hearts, do you know your sad condition? Do you know that "God is angry with the wicked every day"; that "the way of transgressors is hard"; that "He that believeth not is condemned already"? has it never been told you that "He that believeth not shall be damned"? and can you stand damnation? My hearers, could you make your bed in hell? Could you lie down in the pit? Do you think it would be an easy portion for your souls to be rocked on waves of flame for ever, and to be tossed about with demons in the place where hope cannot come? You may smile now, but will not smile soon. God sends me as an ambassador now; but if ye listen not to me, He will not send an ambassador next time, but an executioner. There will be no wooing words of mercy soon; the only exhortation thou wilt hear will be the dull cold voice of death, that shall say, "Come with me." Then thou wilt not be in the place where we sing God's praises, and where righteous prayers are daily offered. The only music thou wilt hear will be the sighs of the damned, the shrieks of fiends, and the yellings of the tormented. Oh, may God in His mercy snatch you as brands from the fire, to be trophies of His grace throughout eternity. The way to be saved is to "renounce thy works and ways with grief," and fly to Jesus. And if now thou art a conscience-stricken sinner, that is all I want. If thou wilt confess that thou art a sinner, that is all God requires of thee, and even that He gives thee. Jesus Christ says, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do you hear His wooing words? Will ye turn from His sweet looks of mercy? Has his cross no influence? Have His wounds no power to bring you to His feet? Ah! then what can I say? The arm of the Spirit, which is mightier than man, alone can make hard hearts melt, and bow stubborn wills to the ground. Sinners, if you confess your sins this morning, there is a Christ for you. You need not say, "Oh, that I knew where to find Him." The Word is nigh thee, on thy lips and in thy heart. If thou wilt with thine heart believe, and with thy mouth confess, the Lord Jesus, thou shalt be saved; for "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER IX.—RIGHT AT LAST.

"As I agree with you, Mr. Rock, with regard to the reality of many of these deathbed visions, we will leave that matter, and I will now conclude my personal narrative by showing you how I got on after my dear wife's interment. You may be certain of this, that I felt very lonely: and had it not been for the increased attention that I had to give to the two young children I should have been miserable indeed. Fortunately, I was saved the trial of having to bring up the infant with 'the bottle' through procuring a wet-nurse whose child died immediately after birth: and who was glad to take charge of it for a pecuniary recompense till it could partake of solid food. Then my sister took it in hand, so that it has done well, and thrived, as you will have observed. The children, therefore, poor things, have never known the want of a mother, and that is a cause for thankfulness. So months passed away; and in the meantime, after what I had witnessed, I determined to drop the perusal of infidel literature, at least, for a while, and read up well first-class works that advocated Christianity. Thus I read 'Butler's Analogy,' 'Paley's Evidences,' 'Thomas Cooper's Lectures,' Henry Rogers's 'Superhuman Origin of the Bible,' Kitto's 'Daily Bible Illustrations,' 'Theological Reviews,' and other kindred works, not forgetting to pay special attention to the Bible itself, that from its internal evidence, I might be led to perceive whether it was a revelation from God or not. Added to these, I procured several Biographies of noble Christian men and

women, and in the perusal of these illustrious lives I felt myself specially interested. As a specimen I have read you extracts from one—Dr. Duncan—and I could show you many other extracts that I have marked in the record of other such lives. And what was the result? You will be pleased to hear that I became thoroughly convinced that infidelity was a lie, and that Christianity was truth: and when I had arrived at that conclusion, I took my infidel books from the shelf, and with the exception of a few that I need for reference, made a bonfire of the lot, and filled up their vacant places with as many volumes of Christian literature. But I must not forget one thing that gave me help, and which, I think, you will be glad to hear."

"And pray what was that, Mr. Millar?"

"You remember, do you not, having a discussion in your class on the origin of life?"

"Yes, very well."

"And you know I was there?"

"I do: your cousin, Mr. Powell, brought you?"

"He did, and I can assure you I was intensely interested in it. I was not exactly in a suitable frame of mind to take part in it, but felt content to listen. I heard the debate right out, and as I came away I felt that Atheism was the greatest sham of the nineteenth century; and that Agnosticism was almost as bad. You were perfectly right, Mr. Rock, in contending that from dead or inert matter life never has or can be produced, and that Infinite Intelligence only could fashion the myriads of wonderful forms in the animal and vege-

table life all around us. To talk of blind Nature doing all this when confessedly Nature has no personal intelligence, is only throwing dust in people's eyes, for it means nothing more nor less than this, that all around us is the work of chance. Put in plain English, therefore, the Atheistic theory is just this: chance made the stars; chance made the sun, moon, and planets; chance made the seasons; chance made the world as it is; chance made all its organisations; and chance made—wonderful to relate—all the beautiful ends and adaptations that so marvellously fit millions of things one for the other! Thus chance made the light for the eye and the eye for light; chance made the air for the lungs, and the lungs for the air; chance made the cattle for the grass, and the grass for the cattle; chance made man for the corn, and the corn for man; chance made the infant for the milk, and the milk for the infant; and chance made the male for the female, and the female for the male! A wonderful god this god Chance! Blind Nature evidently beats all the Hindoo gods in existence. They are represented in their mythologies as having done most extraordinary things; but truly the Atheist's god Chance beats them all hollow! Really, how absurd this theory is when one comes to look at it in the light of common sense!"

"And so it is, Mr. Millar. Infidels often talk about the credulity of Christians, but their credulity is most astounding. Any absurd theory that tends to ignore the existence of God invariably meets with their hearty acceptance. It only proves to me what I have often heard, that the home of infidelity is in the *heart* rather than in the *head*. Such sceptics do not want a God, and therefore embrace any plausible theories that tend to

dethrone Him. They want, in fact, to be their own gods; and they remind me very much of an incident I once read. In South America some missionaries gave addresses to the natives on Christianity. They listened till the missionaries had done, and then gave them this cool answer: 'You say that the God of the Christians knows everything, that nothing is hidden from Him, that He is everywhere, and sees all that is done below. Now, we do not desire a God so sharp-sighted; we choose to live with freedom in our woods without having a perpetual observer of our actions over our heads.' These American savages and European Atheists would, I think, do very well to go together. Neither seem to want an Omniscient God, and would feel sorry to think that there was one. But what are you doing now, Mr. Millar? Do you go to any place of worship?"

"Not yet. The minister of the chapel my good wife went to hear has left the town; and now, I am informed, the church is split up into two parties, one wanting one minister, and the other another. As I have no desire to mix up with such petty squabbles, up to the present time I have felt it to be most congenial to stay at home."

"Have you ever heard our minister, Mr. Millar?"

"What—Doctor Scott?"

"Yes."

"No; I have not heard him yet. I suppose he has only been with you six months?"

"That is all. Our late minister died after being with us twenty-five years, and we shall ever love and cherish his memory. He was a pre-eminently good man, and an excellent pastor; but for the last two or three years he was often laid aside for a temporary period through

advanced age. The Doctor has entered upon his labours, and is evidently making headway among his flock. The congregation has increased, and to many of us his preaching becomes increasingly attractive and profitable."

"What is his style, Mr. Rock?"

"Just what I think you would like, Mr. Millar. He uses few notes—often none, abounds in apt illustration, and has a delivery peculiarly his own. Some think him eloquent, and others do not; but any way *it tells*; and as a Scriptural expositor I often think him unrivalled."

"Does he deal mostly, then, in Scriptural exposition?"

"He does; and it really is wonderful at times to see what he will bring out of the Word. A common text in his hands is frequently made to flash out with light and beauty that ordinary readers never dream of. The shades of meaning given in some inspired word or utterance are handled in a manner that is most suggestive and instructive; so much so that I have often said that I never hear him without carrying away some new thought or idea. Now is not that the sort of preaching that you need and could sit under, Mr. Millar?"

"It is, Mr. Rock; and, if you will kindly allow me, I will go with you next Lord's-day morning and hear your renowned Doctor for myself."

"Most gladly, my good friend. I will call for you in good time; and if you will come to our class in the afternoon as well, I am sure we shall all give you a hearty welcome."

So terminated this rather lengthy but pleasant interview; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that as the result of it, Mr. Millar not only became a constant hearer in Granport Chapel, but also a member of the Church, and in the course of time one of its most

popular and useful lay preachers. In the district around were many villages and hamlets much needing Gospel light; and there were few Sundays that did not find him employed in the congenial task of dispensing it to them. A lecture also delivered to the young men's class one week-night on the "Absurdities of Atheism," and another on the "Gloomy Creed of Agnosticism," led to a more extensive call than he had anticipated for their delivery in other quarters. In this way his usefulness became greatly extended, and he found it to be as much as he possibly could do in combination with his secular calling, to keep up his studies and accept so many engagements. Some, however, for want both of time and energy, he was occasionally compelled reluctantly to decline; and it is not too much to say that had not a kind Providence brought him into contact with a good Christian lady in one of these villages, who willingly gave him her heart and hand, and thus enabled him to dispense with the admirable services of his sister (who only waited for such an event to take place in order also to change her name), there is no knowing how soon he would have been knocked up altogether. But as it was, she not only proved to be an excellent wife and a good stepmother, but also by her influence and judicious counsel, induced him so to act that there is now every reason to hope that, with the exercise of ordinary prudence in the acceptance or non-acceptance of proposed engagements, he may yet be spared for many years to come, both in preaching and lecturing, to win souls for Christ, and convince men of the folly of infidelity, and the truthfulness of that religion in which, as a believer, he himself at last found rest.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TEMPERANCE AND CHURCH WORK.

By DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

SOME twenty years ago the abstaining Baptist ministers in the United Kingdom were only about one-ninth of the whole number; they are now about one-third. The abstaining students were in the proportion of about one-seventh; the proportion is now nine-tenths. It is but ten years since the Baptist Total Abstinence Association was formed; and now, besides the engagement of one travelling agent, it has recently held a successful bazaar, which has provided funds for the engagement of a second agent and a considerable extension of the Society's operations. These facts are sufficient to show that the Baptist denomination has made some striking advances in the Temperance direction. One of the lectures contained in the volume, "The English Baptists: Who they are, and What they have done," traces the connection of Baptists with Temperance principles from a period preceding the era of the Temperance movement itself. But with all that has been done, and the increasingly prominent position of the Baptists in the combined hosts of Temperance reformers, there is the fact remaining, that two-thirds of the Baptist ministry in the United Kingdom are not yet formally connected with the good cause, and that a still larger proportion of Baptist churches and Sunday-schools have no organisations of a Temperance character associated with them. Is this a

condition of things to be proud of, or contented with? I venture to answer that it is not. Ministers not officially recognised as abstainers may be so in fact, or may habitually abstain; and in our congregations and Sunday-schools an augmenting number of abstainers may be comprehended; but these circumstances do not count as *work*; and it is with work that we have now to do.

Let it not be supposed that there is a desire that any work of a Christian and philanthropic kind now in prosecution should be suspended or reduced. Temperance work though distinctive in its own nature is eminently friendly to other good works, and contributes to their success. If Christian men and women save money from the liquor-dealer, some of it will go to assist every species of religious and benevolent effort; and if the objects of this labour are influenced to abstain, they will be more ready to lend a willing ear to persuasives addressed to them by fellow abstainers to add to their Temperance other virtues and graces of a high and saintly order.

Temperance church and school work—for the church and school ought never to be separated in what is possible and useful to both—should comprise the formation of societies for adults and young persons, or one society including adult and juvenile sections—with suitable officers for arrangements for meetings, the distribution of Temperance literature, and the promotion of petitions in favour of Temperance legislation. This congregational Society and Band of

Hope should have as its inner sphere, the congregation and Sunday-school, but its outer sphere should include the district in which the church and the school are situated. If possible, the minister, deacons, and Sunday-school superintendent and teachers should be portions of the governing body. I say "if possible;" and that this is possible, is apparent at a glance, since the only condition need be the consistent practice of total abstinence; so that precept and example may go, in this respect, cordially and handsomely together. It is almost inconceivable that the leaders of our churches and schools can have any objection to abstinence except from some fear of injury to health; and such a fear is simply superstitious in face of the evidence, literally overwhelming, proving the physical advantages of abstinence over the most moderate use of intoxicating drink. Can it be supposed that from mere love of alcohol in some mixed form, any good man among us would refuse to join a movement which carries the testimony of its beneficence in its history, and the blessing of God in the blessings it dispenses wherever it is welcomed! Men of the world who abstain to do good, rebuke professed Christians who allow the pleasure of drinking to deter them from the adoption of Temperance principles and co-operation in Temperance work. Self-indulgence, especially in what is dangerous to the user, is not a plea which Baptists of good repute will be likely to allege for holding aloof from Temperance work in connection with Baptist congregations.

As it is often difficult to enter on such work without some practical guidance, those who desire in this way to serve their God and generation, will receive answers to all

communications addressed to Mr. J. T. Sears, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Mr. Sears is Honorary Secretary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association; and I trust that these remarks will tend, in not a few cases, to action, which I am sure will bring with it a great and growing reward.

THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION: A REMINDER.

By JOHN BURNHAM (Metropolitan
Tabernacle Evangelist).

DEAR Mr. Editor,—May I ask the favour of a brief space in the September issue of your excellent "Messenger" for the following reminder?

The hops are looking unusually well this season; indeed, it is many years since there was promise of such an abundant harvest.

This means a *considerable increase in the immigration* this September. We have always had an importation of many thousands from the courts and alleys of London, and other cities and large towns, whose spiritual and temporal welfare we have earnestly sought; but this year we may safely reckon on thirty or forty per cent. more than on any one of the past six years. Thus the need of our kind of work will be more urgent than ever, and we shall require *more* than the average support of former years.

Right nobly have friends rallied to our help in response to the appeals of former years; and now we ask them once more to remember us in their prayers and gifts of clothing and money.

The work is as various as it is interesting. Day after day we visit the hop gardens with a good supply of Gospel literature, and spend the time in talking to the pickers over the bins and distributing tracts, &c. On Sunday mornings we divide our

strength, one brother preaching in the village chapel, another taking the Sunday-school service, other two preaching in two neighbouring village stations, whilst another, with the help of a few scholars, is visiting the strangers' encampments, singing and speaking for Jesus.

We provide "free teas" on Sunday afternoon for the sake of gathering the strangers, that we may tell them

"The old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love."

We tend with medicine the sick, visit the suffering and dying in the tent when informed of such, distribute shoes and clothing to the shoeless and thinly clad, to protect them from the inclemency of the

weather. We visit each evening one or other of the surrounding villages, in the centre of which we open our portable organ, and, assisted in the singing by a band of scholars from Mr. and Miss Kendon's schools, we hold an open-air service. This village work is deserving of particular note and special help. Many of our agricultural villages are deplorably dark, and very seldom hear the pure and *unadulterated* Gospel.

Parcels of tracts or left-off clothing should be sent, carriage paid, to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R.; contributions to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, S.E.; Rev. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Staplehurst; or J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.

SONGS OF THE COMFORTER;

OR, WORDS OF PRAYER AND CHEER FOR ANXIOUS SEEKERS AND
EARNEST WORKERS.

"He shall not speak of Himself—He shall
glorify Me"—Christ.

Great Comforter reveal our woe,
That we through it to Christ may go;
'Tis through Thy light we are distrest,
And guided to the Lord for rest;
O come Thou noble, gentle guest,
Help faith to nestle in Christ's breast.

Are any mourning after peace?
O bid the trying conflict cease;
Apply by faith the Saviour's blood,
And bring the soul to rest in God;
From first to last the work is Thine,
Through Christ's own words, O do Thou shine.

Is there a weary, struggling heart,
That from its every sin would part;
That hungers for the bread of life,
Some word from Thee to kill all strife?
O lead from self and every sin,
From pondering o'er the plague within.

O turn the thoughts from self away
 To that bright sun which makes our day ;
 While struggling with the power of sin,
 Seeking for holiness within,
 O fix our faith on Jesus' blood,
 The only ground of peace with God.

O Great Revealer of the Lord,
 Make Christ's own work our shield and sword ;
 Of Thine own self Thou wilt not speak,
 Great Comforter of all the weak ;
 O make us from our own work cease
 To find in Christ our perfect peace.

O bring the sad and comfortless
 To rest on Christ's own righteousness ;
 To glory only in His cross,
 And count all else as useless dross ;
 Thus shall we overcome all sin,
 Thy love alone supreme within.

Thus resting on the Saviour's blood,
 Our strength will be renewed by God ;
 Though strife with sin here ne'er will cease
 Our hearts will still retain their peace ;
 Resting on Christ each day and hour,
 We shall be kept through His own power.

Blest Spirit thus our faith make bold :
 Divorced from Thee our hearts grow cold ;
 Thou only canst our love maintain ;
 Bid Christ without a rival reign ;
 O make us see our eyes oft dim,
 We all things have in having Him.

Here oft so many foes oppress,
 Our hearts are sad and comfortless ;
 Through want and care they often bleed,
 By many fears crushed low indeed ;
 O make us hear Christ's whisper come,
 In His own love to find our home.

Here many too weep o'er their toil,
 And long to see life's fruitful soil ;
 The seed long watered by their tears
 Lies buried through the weary years ;
 O let such see their work is blest,
 As on Christ's faithfulness they rest.

Thus, loving Lord, on us descend,
 Thy children's meek yet mighty Friend,
 Because so gentle, patient, true,
 Thy love oft hidden from our view ;
 Let us not grieve Thee ; dwell within ;
 Thus save us from ourselves and sin !

W. POOLE BALFERN.

IS THERE A GOD?

THE question which heads this little paper may be asked by one who disbelieves there is a God. Now, do we know there is a God? In many respects, leaving out the Divine testimony, was it ever known that the most skilful anatomist or philosopher, or the cleverest man in scientific research, could create the smallest insect, the tiniest creature which possesses life, or make the simplest flower? Evolution and the blending of species is all very well to scientifically discuss; but this is not creating out of nothing, and giving the life-seeds of vegetable or animal life, and man, who is the great masterpiece of all creation. Whence, then, does all life come? Ask ourselves the solemn question. Reason for a moment whence came their origin. Who gave the seeds? Look at the tiny blade of grass, the daisy. When we contemplate a moment, who could dare say, "I can make a blade of grass or the daisy"? We are lost when our thoughts become absorbed, and must exclaim that there must be a first cause. There must be the creation primarily of man, animals, birds, fishes, flowers, &c.

The Bible comes to us as a needed revelation to man to tell him whence came this present world into existence, the creation of man and all other things. We are told, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." In Genesis we read a very powerful text: "Whose seed is in itself." Genesis means generation, the origin of all things. So we conclude that according to reason and revelation there is a God who made all things by the word of His power. What

a blessed thing that we have the Bible for our guide or chart to give us light, otherwise we should be in doubt and darkness. Human speculations are not to be depended upon apart from the revelation of God. All our scientific researches and discoveries must be tributary to the great source of light and revelation. Jesus is able to help us, and become our wisdom, and to give us light.

THOMAS HEATH.

Plymouth.

HOW TO PRAY.

A MANUSCRIPT found among the untouched papers of the late Dr. J. A. Alexander, on "Circumlocution in Prayer," closes with the following "practical suggestions to men who are forming their habits" in respect to prayer. They are equally applicable to all who pray in public:—

1. Let your prayer be composed of thanksgiving, praise, confession, and petition, without any argument or exhortation addressed to those who are supposed to be praying with you.
2. Adopt no fixed form of expression, except such as you obtain from Scripture.
3. Express your desires in the briefest, simplest form, without circumlocution.
4. Avoid the use of compound terms in the place of the imperfect tense.
5. Hallow God's name by avoiding its unnecessary repetition.
6. Adopt the simple devotional phrases of Scripture; but avoid the free use of its figures, and all quaint and doubtful application of its terms to foreign subjects.
7. Pray to God, and not to man.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.

O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee
To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord—use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Reviews.

The Present Truth. A collection of Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON. London: Alabaster and Passmore.

WE like this little volume. A glance at the table of contents will suffice to whet the reader's appetite. "*The natural freshness and the spiritual force*" of the preacher, to which the publishers make a passing allusion in their brief preface, are conspicuous on every page. Mr. Spurgeon's week-day sermons are by no means his worst. He caters on these occasions for a more representative, if not a more numerous congregation than on the Sabbath. Good souls from neighbouring churches can then afford to wait on his ministry without affronting their own minister; and when they come they are welcomed, warmed, and fed. We fancy some of our friends will say—"If this is the cold collation, what must it have been to sit down at the banquet?"

The Life of George Whitefield. A Light rising in Obscurity. By J. R. ANDREWS. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

WE are right glad in the enterprising spirit which has produced this beautiful edition of Whitefield's life and labours. A sixpenny well-printed and well-told life of this extraordinary man of God deserves a world-wide circulation, and will probably be read by thousands of young people who have never yet read of Whitefield's wonderful labour in the Master's cause. And who can tell what the result may be in stirring the soul with a desire to live for Christ and His glory?

There are several editions of this work.

The number Seven in Scripture, compiled by S. A. BLACKWOOD, C.B. Morgan and Scott.

THIS is a remarkable and striking work. The compiler has displayed great industry, and has indeed followed the Saviour's exhortation, "Search the Scriptures." And the range extends from Genesis to Revelation, and may well warrant the compiler in believing that the constant use of the number is intended to teach the student of the Word some important truth or truths. Mr. Blackwood says in his introduction:—"Take, for example, such instances as these—Seven utterances of God in Eden. Seven sayings of Christ on the Cross. Seven weepings of Joseph. Seven excuses of Moses when commissioned to deliver Israel. Seven prayers of Jesus recorded by St. Luke. Seven Miracles recorded by St. John. Seven Resurrections mentioned in Scripture. Seven walks described in the Epistle to the Ephesians. Seven Beatitudes in the Revelation. We must surely acknowledge that a Divine design has caused this particular number to be so frequently employed and to enter into the composition of the books of the Bible, — books written by so many hands and at such various periods." The subjects and arrangements are very suggestive, and will be looked over again and again by the Bible student.

Choice Sayings: being Notes of Expositions of the Scriptures. By ROBERT C. CHAPMAN. Morgan and Scott.

THIS is a new edition of a very comprehensive and well-indexed list of subjects, with sound useful expositions, and is of that character that, come to it again and again, it has

always something to say to cheer and instruct the reader.

Life's Eventide, or Loving Words to Aged Pilgrims. By WILLIAM FRITH, with Prefatory Note by the Rev. Thomas Curme, M.A., Rector of Sandford, St. Martin's, Oxford. S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

WE are frequently confronted with some speciality for the young, but with considerable less frequency do we meet with works specially addressed to the aged. We are thankful that our friend and brother has taken his pen in hand with his thoughts in this direction. He is capable from age and experience of writing some sweet savoury things for aged pilgrims. We can easily conceive of many an aged pilgrim perusing this little work, and the soul while in meditation being able to say, "I am sitting under the shadow of my beloved, and finding His fruit sweet to my taste." We thank Mr. Frith for his healthful and loving words to aged pilgrims.

The Life of Luther. By A. L. O. E., with preface by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

THIS twopenny book should be put into the hands of all our young people. It will do good and may in some cases preserve the weak from falling into the wily snares of Romanism and Ritualism.

Commentaries for Bible Classes and Senior Sabbath Scholars. The Gospel of St. Mark, with introduction, maps and notes. By T. M. LINDSAY, D.D. Blackie & Son, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

WE can heartily recommend this really compressed Commentary. It is full of sound exposition, put with force in a short terse style which leaves the reader to avail himself of

its help while he can use his own form of communicating the instruction to his class. We say, Teachers, do not hesitate to get a copy.

The Treasury, a Companion Tune Book to Psalms and Hymns for School and Home, with additional Tunes, Chants, &c. Compiled by JOSEPH B. MEAD. London: Haddon & Co., Bouverie Street.

OF making many music books there is no end. One pleasing feature of the time is that such books seem in good demand, and our young people seem to get fresh spirit with every new volume. The *Treasury* does indeed contain things new and old, meeting tastes wide apart. Those who sigh for the tunes of Auld Lang Syne will find them here, while those who have a taste for more modern style will be satisfied. Chants, sanctuses, the Te Deum, vital spark, and a large number of peculiar metres suitable for some of our favourite modern hymns. Also hymns for the Sunday School and anniversaries. Our superintendents and secretaries will find the work of great service for their annual gatherings. We consider the *Treasury* a valuable addition to our home and school music.

WE have received from the Baptist Tract Society their forty-second Report; also Part V. of *Baptist Worthies*, by DR. LANDELS, affording us a great treat in the Life of William Carey. We wish the Society all the success and prosperity it deserves.

The Preacher's Analyst. August. Elliot Stock. A capital number. Leading Sermon by the Editor; Religion the Elevator; Germs of Thought and Seeds of Sermons. Very helpful.

The Vaccination Inquirer and Health Review contains a searching paper on Sir Lyon Playfair's logic on the

subject of vaccination. All should read the speech and its criticisms.

A Calm Plea for the Enlargement of the Salvation Army Work. By ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE. We are sorry to find Admiral Fishbourne so calm that he can write so one-sided a tract on the Salvation Army. To his mind the Church of Christ is a failure. The Army is His success; General Booth His Apostle. The work is very dictatorial, full of assertion; everything on the Army side is rosy, while all its faults and blemishes are over-

looked. Unless the Army is to undergo some very radical changes in its constitution and its proceedings, we shall pray that the Lord may pour confusion upon it.

The Baptist Magazine, Sword and Trowel, General Baptist, and the *Baptist and Freeman* newspapers to hand. Full of stimulating matter. We were specially interested in Mr. Spurgeon's pungent remarks in his article on "How to get a Congregation." It is admirably outspoken.

"CROOKED STICKS."

THE world abounds in crooked sticks, and a few of them are found in the churches. Here and there a body of Christians has no member of this class, and they are a fortunate people—usually a happy people.

The crooked sticks are not always, are not usually, vicious. They do not want to injure the church; but, according to their notion, "things do not go right," so they find fault and growl. They do not do work enough for Christ to keep good-natured. They make "a world of trouble," but they are not so easily put out of the church as with it. They are always right—the church always wrong.

A member of a church took offence because a certain brother was chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school. At least nine-tenths of the members of the church thought it was the best selection that could be made; he did not think so, and he left the school and is becoming more and more withered every year.

A certain minister, not having the best record in the world, went to a certain town to visit friends. While there the question of inviting

him to preach came up. One member of the church said that if *that* minister preached in *that* house, he would never enter it again. Two other members said that if he was not allowed to preach, they would go there no more. He preached, and the one brother, still a member, has never entered the house since. Saddest of all, he does not see his sin.

One of our earliest encounters with this kind of crookedness, was a man who found fault in his family as well as in the church, and who had become a chronic growler. For a long time he had found fault with every dish of meat put upon the table. "He'd rather have a fried frog!" At length his good wife became tired of hearing about the fried frog, and cooked one, and hid it under a plate. He sat down, hastily mumbled over a "blessing," and when his wife brought on a nicely cooked leg of mutton, he said he would rather have a fried frog. She then uncovered the other dish; and when he saw the long-coveted fried frog, he ate his mutton like a man, and that was the end of his fault-finding. His wife straightened him, and he is a better man in the church.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. J. WEATHERHEAD, of Bolton, Lancashire, has accepted the pastorate of Norland Chapel, Notting Hill.

Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., has given notice to the church at Penzance that he will close his ministry there at the end of September.

Rev. G. T. Egdley has resigned the pastorate of High Street Church, Bow, having accepted an invitation from the church at Hemel Hempstead.

Rev. W. Bampton Taylor, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Chesham.

Rev. William Tulloch, president of the Baptist Union of Scotland, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Long Wynd Church, Dundee.

Clare, Suffolk.—By reason of age, infirmity, and affliction, Rev. T. Hoddy has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Clare.

Dover.—After a pastorate of ten years and a half, Rev. J. F. Frewin has resigned the charge of the church at the Dover Tabernaacle. During his pastorate the present spacious building has been erected, with boys' and girls' schools, and also a minister's house. He intends to proceed to the colonies.

Battersea: Surrey Lane Church.—Rev. C. E. Stone, who has preached at Lammas Hall for three years, has resigned the pastorate.

Speen, Bucks.—The church here has given an invitation to Rev. Chas. Saville to the pastorate.

PRESENTATIONS.

LONDON: CLAPTON PARK.—Mr. E. Langford, after twelve years of pastoral work at Chatsworth Road, has resigned. The church and congregation, to show their appreciation of his services, held a social tea and

meeting, at which Mr. C. Forster deacon, on behalf of the church, presented the pastor with an illuminated and framed address, and a purse of £20. Addresses were given by Messrs. Banks, Clark, Hazelton, and Winters. The pastor closed his ministry on July 29, preaching from Acts xx. 32.

Rev. F. Stubbs, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the members of the Marlborough Crescent Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with a study-table, as a mark of the affection and esteem in which he is held.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. ROBERT SCOTT, of the Pastors' College, was, on the 20th July, ordained and recognised as pastor of the church at Ulverston. The charge to the pastor was given by Professor Gracey; Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, gave the charge to the church. Revs. J. G. Anderson, T. Taylor, J. Cox (Wesleyan), and W. Troughton, took part in the exercises. Letters expressive of congratulation and apology for non-attendance were received from Revs. T. Lardner, J. G. Raws, and G. Howells; E. Brown, J. B. Bell, and J. Brown.

Rev. F. Harvey was publicly recognised, on the 25th July, as pastor of the church at Great Ellingham, Norfolk. At the public meeting G. R. Bryant, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. A. W. Ager, T. J. Ewing, T. Turner, and T. A. Wheeler.

Rev. A. Wilkins was recognised on Thursday, July 26th, as pastor of the church at Swaffham. Henry Trevor, Esq., presided; Rev. T. A. Wheeler gave the charge to the pastor. In the absence of Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, the charge to the church was given by Rev. C. M. Hardy, and Rev.

C. Fox addressed the congregation. Revs. A. T. Osborne, and A. Mills also took part in the service.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE chapel erected at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, at a cost of about £10,000, was opened for public worship on July 19th, sermons being preached on the occasion by Revs. Hugh Stowell Brown and E. Gange. The site on which the building is erected is in the New-road, opposite the parish church. The style of architecture is classic, of the Corinthian order. The extreme length of the building is 120 ft., and the width over staircase wings 62 ft.; the height from basement to the cornice 45 ft. Besides the chapel, which has accommodation for 1,350 worshippers, there is a schoolroom, 61 ft. by 53 ft., with class-rooms, vestries, &c. At the evening meeting, Mr. Steward Rendel, M.P., a member of the Church of England, presided. Several speakers endorsed the view that the building just opened is the finest Baptist chapel in the Principality. Revs. E. Parry, Owen Jones, R. Powell, F. E. T. Williams, and W. Barber (Wesleyan), took part in the proceedings. About £4,500 additional subscriptions are required to clear the new building from liabilities.

Memorial stones of an extension of the chapel at New Fletton, near Peterborough, were laid on July 10th. The alterations take in a piece of ground 25 ft. by 24 ft., and provide increased accommodation for worshippers and for children attending the Sunday-school. The memorial stones were laid by Rev. T. Barrass, Rev. R. Roberts, of Leicester (on behalf of his father, Alderman Roberts, of Peterborough), Mr. Wherry, of Bourn, and Mr. Heath, of Peterborough. The sum of £264 has been either collected or promised, which leaves about £230 to collect.

The memorial stone of the new school buildings in course of erection

in Mansion House Street, Kennington-park Road, for Pleasant Row Sunday-school, was laid on July 9th by Alderman Sir William McArthur, M.P. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon delivered an address, and the Revs. Burman Cassin and Dr. Clemance, James Stiff, Esq., and others, took part in the proceedings.

The Scottish Baptist congregation, which for some years has been worshipping in Bridge Street Hall, Galashiels, opened a new church in the west end of Gala-park Lane. The church is a plain structure, with accommodation for 350 to 400 sitters. The cost is from £700 to £800, and is nearly clear of debt. Rev. A. Grant, of John Street Church, Glasgow, conducted the opening services.

The thirteenth anniversary of the iron chapel in Lausanne Road, Peckham, has been celebrated. After tea the friends proceeded to the freehold site which has been secured for a permanent chapel in Edith Road, and held a short service of praise. They then adjourned to the temporary chapel, where the pastor (Rev. Thomas J. Cole) stated that for a long time the present building had been inadequate to the wants of the congregation and schools, while the rapidly-increasing neighbourhood, with no other Non-conformist place of worship near, rendered it most important a permanent and commodious chapel should be erected; they had therefore determined to build as soon as possible, and, by the kind intervention of the London Baptist Association Sites Fund, had secured the freehold in Edith Road for £340. Of this sum the congregation had already contributed £103, and it was hoped by the help of friends the remainder would shortly be raised, and they would be able to commence the erection of the new chapel some time next year. After an address by the Rev. Joseph Teall, the choir gave the service of song, "Elijah," and the friends separated full of hope for the future.

Two memorial stones of a new Welsh Baptist chapel have been laid at Ponkey, Rhosllanerchrugog—one by Mrs. Thomas, of Plas-yn-frow, and the other by Mrs. Roberts, of Ponkey, the first-named lady depositing £10, and the latter £20, on the stones they laid.

The chapel at Wootton was reopened recently, after being closed for eight months for a thorough renovation. The estimated cost of the work done is £300, of which £160 had been raised prior to the opening. Rev. J. Brown, of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, preached the opening sermon. Revs. W. Parker Irving, E. J. Farley, J. H. Readman, A. Walker, G. Nunn, C. Chandler, and W. J. Tompkins took part in the evening meeting. At the close of the day's proceedings only £12 remained to be raised.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON Tuesday, July 17th, very enthusiastic and successful anniversary services were held at West Drayton in connection with the Baptist Church. In the afternoon, a large congregation assembled to hear a sermon by Rev. Charles Clark, of Ealing, after which, a large company took tea. The evening meeting was presided over by Alfred Edwards Esq., of Ealing, and addressed by the Rev. C. Clark, Rev. J. S. Wyard, Rev. J. Fletcher, the pastor, Albert Smith, and various neighbouring ministers. The statement of the church accounts showed that the income of the church during the year had largely increased, the congregations had nearly trebled, and that the prospects of future success were very encouraging.

The arrangements for the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union at Leicester, in October next, are now complete. On the 1st October the delegates will be received by the Mayor of Leicester, and at the session in Belvoir Street Chapel, on the 3rd, the President will deliver his address. A paper on "The Changes which are

passing over Religions" will be read and discussed. At the adjourned session in the evening a paper on "Christians not in Church Fellowship," by Rev. W. C. Upton, of Beverley, and another on "Church Life and Discipline," by Rev. W. R. Skerry, of Woodberry Down Chapel, London, are on the programme. At the usual session on the following Thursday morning, in Victoria Road Chapel, a statement will be made on the British and Irish Home Missions, and the condition of the annuity fund will be spoken of by the President. These will be followed by a paper on "Church Finances, and how best to develop the Resources of the Churches," by Mr. W. Payne, Clapton Down Road, and by an address by Rev. Dr. C. Stanford on "Family Religion." The sermon to young men will be preached by the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A. At the China Mission breakfast, Alexander McArthur, M.P., will preside, and amongst those to address the meeting are the following gentlemen:—Revs. Richard Glover, of Bristol; A. G. Jones, of Tsing Chu Fu, North China. The annual autumnal missionary sermon will be preached by the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D. In the afternoon the Missionary Committee will meet, and in the evening there will be a public meeting, presided over by the Mayor, at which India will be represented by the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi; China by the Rev. A. G. Jones, of Tsing Chu Fu; and Africa by the Rev. J. J. Fuller, of Camerouns.

Westgate Chapel, Bradford, having been closed for about four months, during which time various works of internal alteration and embellishment have been executed, was reopened recently last, when Rev. C. W. Skemp (pastor) preached to crowded congregations. At the close of the evening service the ordinance of baptism was administered. The interior of the chapel now presents a marked contrast to its former appearance. The scholars' gallery has been taken down, the pulpit

replaced by a rostrum, the baptistery re-arranged, the communion-pew reconstructed, and the singers have been moved up from the ground floor to a gallery which has been built for choir and organ behind the rostrum. The chapel has been painted and decorated and re-windowed, a new hot-water heating apparatus has been laid down, and the building has been rendered more comfortable and attractive in every way. Mr. Wm. Illingworth has presented a Bible, New Testament (Revised Version), and hymn-book for the use of the minister; and Mrs. Wm. Illingworth has presented six silver communion plates. The cost of alterations has been about £860, but the furnishing of communion-pew, vestries, &c., has brought up the total expenditure to £1,066. Towards this sum £900 was raised by the recent bazaar, and the collections on Sunday amounted to £53.

BAPTISMS.

- Ashley*.—July 29, Six, by A. Hall.
Attleborough, Nuneaton.—August 5, Three, by J. T. Felce.
Bargoed.—July 15, Six, by J. Parrish.
Battle, Sussex.—July 29, Two, by J. Howes.
Belfast.—Regent-street, July 10, Two; 17, One, by E. T. Mateer.
Birmingham.—July 4, Graham-street, Five, by A. Mursell; 29, Circus Chapel, Eight, by J. J. Knight; 18, Latimer-street South Chapel, Thirteen, for the Mission Hall, by C. S. P. Wood; 19, Constitution Hill, Three, by J. Burton.
Blackwood, Mon.—July 29, English Church, Two, by D. Lewis.
Bradford.—July 15, West Gate, Twelve; July 18, Two, by W. C. Skemp; 29, Trinity Chapel, Three, by C. Rignal.
Blaenau, Gwent, Abertillery.—July 29, Two, by T. Towy Evans.
Brayford, North Devon.—July 29, Eight, by A. Sprague.
Bury, Lancashire.—August 5, Knowsley-street, Three, by W. L. Mayo.
Calvary, Ogmere Vale.—July 15, Eleven, by E. Aubrey.
Chadsmoor, Cannock.—July 15, Four, by W. B. Baynes.
Cheam, Surrey.—July 22, Five, by W. G. Clow.
Crickhowell, Breconshire.—August 5, One, by J. Jenkins.
Dartford.—July 25, Four, by A. Sturge.
Wey, Salop.—August 5, Two, by E. Spanton.
- Derby*.—August 1, Osmaston-road, Fourteen, by W. H. Tetley.
Devonport.—August 1, at Morice-square, Fourteen, by R. Sampson. (One a blind man, "blind from his birth," who stated that he wished to be baptized, as the result of his reading the New Testament—raised type.)
Dewsbury.—July 22, Two, by G. Eales.
Eastbourne.—July 16, Ceylon-place, Five, by W. Osborne.
Ferndale.—July 2, at Bethel, Two, by G. G. Cule.
Franksbridge.—July 29, Four, by T. D. Jones.
Grangefown, Cardiff.—August 2, Three, by J. Berryman.
Guildford.—July 29, Commercial-road, Three, by J. Rankine.
Haddenham, Ely.—July 25, Two, by T. H. Smith.
Haslingden.—August 4, Bury-road, Five, by G. T. Bailey.
Hitchin.—July 15, Walsworth-road, Eight, by F. J. Bird.
Hunslet, Leeds.—July 29, Six, by A. E. Greening.
Ifracombe.—July 25, Five, by J. Douglas, M.A.
Jerusalem, Rhymney.—July 8, Two, by J. R. Evans.
Langum.—July 1, One, by W. Davies.
Leeds.—July 15, Wintoun-street, Six, by W. Sharman.
Llangollen.—July 15, Castle-street, Five, by D. Williams.
- London* :—
 Brentford Park Chapel, July 22, Six, by A. F. Brown.
 Clapham.—July 22, Grafton-square, Seven, by R. Webb.
 Caledonian-road.—July 24, Belle Isle Mission Chapel, Four, by J. Barton.
 Edgware-road, John-street, June 3, Four, August 2, Two, by J. O. Fellowes.
 Kilburn.—July 29, Canterbury-road, Four, by J. Lewis.
 Lymington, Hants.—July 29, Two, by J. Collins.
 Melton Mowbray.—August 5, Ten, by G. D. Cox.
 Nantwich.—July 31, Two, by R. Williams.
 Nebo, Ebbw Vale.—July 29, Six, by W. Jones.
 Newport, Mon.—July 23, Five, by A. T. Jones.
 Necton, Ebbw Vale, Mon.—July 15, Three, by J. M. Wilcox.
 Plymouth.—July 15, Buckland, Monachorum, Three, by A. J. Head.
 Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.—July 24, Crane-street, Two, by W. H. Davies; 29, Zion Hill, Eight, by W. Parnell.
 Pope Hill, Haverfordwest.—July 8, One; August 5, Three, by W. Davies.
 Rawdon, Leeds.—August 1, Six, by A. P. Fayers.
 Ross, Herefordshire.—July 29, Three; August 5, Two.
 Southend.—July 31, at the Tabernacle, Three, by H. W. Childs.
 Stanningley, Leeds.—July 8, Six, by E. S. Neale.

- Sleep Lane*, Sowerby Bridge.—August 5, Three, by W. Haigh.
Swadlinco'e.—July 15, Seven, by J. Cholerton; 18, Five, by E. Carrington.
Swansea.—July 22, Mount Zion, Five, by J. D. Matthias.
Swansea.—Aug. 12, Madoc-street, Three, by D. Williams.
Sheffield, Portmahon.—August 1, Eight, by T. J. Stockley.
- Thorpe-le-Soken*.—July 29, Three, by E. S. Hadler.
Thurleigh, Beds. — July 29, Two, by G. Chandler.
Ton-y-pandy, Rhordda Valley.—July 15, Sixteen, by J. M. Jones.
Unbridge Wells (Town Hall).—July 29, Four, by J. Smith.
Waterfoot, Lancashire. — July 29, Bethel Chapel, Three, by J. T. Lane.

A LITTLE incident by the way speaks an encouraging word to those interested in tract distribution. Halting one evening at a farm in the Charente we met a visitor who, finding himself in Christian fellowship, introduced to us a new "find" which he had made and pondered. We examined the little pamphlet which had given him so much cause for wonder. We found it to be a tract in French, published by the Baptist Tract Society, the subject matter being an abridgment of "Pengilly on Baptism." The man saw that the tract hailed from London, but concluded that he was in an analogous position to that which Josiah occupied when Shapham presented the book of the law to him, which Hilkiah had discovered. He expressed his astonishment that a doctrine so plain could have been overlooked by the Churches all those ages. His face afforded a profitable study for the caricaturist when I told him that a section of the Christian Church, in England alone, as large as the Reformed and Lutheran Churches of France together, hold and practised what he thought was a new discovery in the matter of doctrine. This gives some idea of the position of the Baptists in France, worthy heroes that most of them are. The man told me that some one had put it into his market basket, when he resided at Lyons. Not a bad way of tract distribution; but we would suggest that much labour of this kind is lost by not giving the information as to the *locale* where more on the matter might be learned.—W. L. LANG.

THE PECULIAR SLEEP OF THE BELOVED.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“For so He giveth His beloved sleep.”—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

THE sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old, when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so sang Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of the ship. Sleep is the gift of God. We think that we lay our heads upon our pillows, and compose our bodies in a peaceful posture, and that, therefore, we naturally and necessarily sleep. But it is not so. Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put His fingers on his eyelids; did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves wellnigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; He rocks the cradle for us every night; He draws the curtain of darkness; He bids the sun shut up his burning eyes; and then He comes and says, “Sleep, sleep, My child; I give thee sleep.” Have you not known what it is at times to lie upon your bed and strive to slumber? and as it is said of Darius, so might it be said of you: “The king sent for his musicians, but his sleep went from him.” You have attempted it, but you could not do it; it is beyond your power to procure a healthy repose. You imagine if you fix your mind upon a certain subject until it shall engross your attention, you will then sleep; but you find yourself unable to do so. Ten thousand things drive through your brain as if the whole earth were agitated before you. You see all things you ever beheld dancing in a wild phantasmagoria before your eyes. You close your eyes, but still you see; and there be things in your ear, and head, and brain, which will not let you sleep. It is God alone, who alike seals up the sea-boy’s eyes upon the giddy mast, and gives the monarch rest: for, with all appliances and means to boot, *he* could not rest without the aid of God. It is God who steeps the mind in Lethe, and bids us slumber, that our bodies may be refreshed, so that for to-morrow’s toil we may rise recruited and strengthened. Oh! my friends, how thankful should we be for sleep. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. Sleep hath healed more pains of wearied bones than most eminent physicians upon earth. It is the best medicine; the choicest thing of all the names which are written in all the lists of pharmacy. There is nothing like to sleep! What a mercy it is that it belongs alike to all! God does not make sleep the boon of the rich man; He does not give it merely to the noble, or the rich, so that they can keep it as a peculiar luxury for themselves; but He

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bestows it upon all. Yea, if there be a difference, the sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much. He who toils, sleeps all the sounder for his toil. While luxurious effeminacy cannot rest, tossing itself from side to side upon a bed of eider down, the hard-working labourer, with his strong and powerful limbs, worn out and tired, throws himself upon his hard couch and sleeps; and waking, thanks God that he has been refreshed. Ye know not, my friends, how much ye owe to God that He gives you rest at night. If ye had sleepless nights, ye would then value the blessing. If for weeks ye lay tossing on your weary bed, ye then would thank God for this favour. But as it is the gift of God, it is a gift most precious, one that cannot be valued until it is taken away; yea, even then we cannot appreciate it as we ought.

The Psalmist says there are some men who deny themselves sleep. For purposes of gain or ambition, they rise up early and sit up late. Some of us who are here present may have been guilty of the same thing. We have risen early in the morning that we might turn over the ponderous volume, in order to acquire knowledge; we have sat at night until our burned-out lamp has chidden us, and told us that the sun was rising; while our eyes have ached, our brain has throbbled, our heart has palpitated. We have been weary and worn out; we have risen up early, and sat up late, and have in that way come to eat the bread of sorrow. Many of you business men are toiling in that style. We do not condemn you for it; we do not forbid rising up early and sitting up late; but we remind you of this text:—"It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He giveth His beloved sleep." And it is of this sleep, that God gives to His beloved, that we mean to speak this morning, as God shall help us—a sleep peculiar to the children of God—a sleep which He gives to "His beloved."

Sleep is sometimes used in a bad sense in the Word of God, to express the condition of carnal and worldly men. Some men have the sleep of carnal ease and sloth; of whom Solomon tells us, they are unwise sons that slumber in the harvest, causing shame; so that when the harvest is spent, and the summer is ended, they are not saved. Sleep often expresses a state of sloth, of deadness, of indifference, in which all ungodly men are found, according to the words, "It is time for us to awake out of sleep." "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us who are of the day be sober." There be many who are sleeping the sluggard's sleep, who are resting upon the bed of sloth; but an awful waking shall it be to them, when they shall find that the time of their probation has been wasted; that the golden sands of their life have dropped unheeded from the hour-glass; and that they have come into that world where there are no acts of pardon passed, no hope, no refuge, no salvation.

In other places you find sleep used as the figure of carnal security, in which so many are found. Look at Saul, lying asleep in fleshly security—not like David, when he said, "I will lay me down and sleep, for Thou, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety." Abner lay there, and all the troops lay around him, but Abner slept. Sleep on, Saul, sleep on. But there is an Abishai standing at thy pillow; and with a spear in his hand he says, "Let me smite him even to the earth at once." Still he sleeps; he knows it not. Such are many of you, sleeping in jeopardy of your soul: Satan

is standing, the law is ready, vengeance is eager, and all saying, "Shall I smite him? I will smite him this once, and he shall never wake again." Christ says, "Stay, vengeance, stay." Lo, the spear is even now quivering—"Stay, spare it yet another year, in the hope that he may yet wake from the long sleep of his sin." Like Sisera, I tell thee, sinner, thou art sleeping in the tent of the destroyer; thou mayest have eaten butter and honey out of a lordly dish, but thou art sleeping on the doorstep of hell; even now the enemy is lifting up the hammer and the nail, to smite thee through thy temples, and fasten thee to the earth, that there thou mayest lie for ever in the death of everlasting torment—if it may be called a death.

Then there is also mentioned in Scripture a sleep of lust, like that which Samson had when he lost his locks, and such sleep as many have when they indulge in sin, and wake to find themselves stripped, lost, and ruined. There is also the sleep of negligence, such as the Virgins had, when it is said, "They all slumbered and slept"; and the sleep of sorrow, which overcame Peter, James, and John. But none of these are the gifts of God. They are incident to the frailty of our nature; they come upon us because we are fallen men; they creep over us because we are the sons of a lost and ruined parent. These sleeps are not the benisons of God; nor does He bestow them on His beloved. We now come to tell you what those sleeps are which He does bestow.

I. First, there is a *miraculous sleep* which God has sometimes given to His beloved—which He does not now vouchsafe. Into that kind of miraculous sleep—or, rather, trance—fell Adam, when he slept sorrowfully and alone; but when he awoke he was no more so, for God had given him that best gift which He had then bestowed on man. The same sleep Abram had, when it is said that a deep sleep came on him, and he laid him down, and saw a smoking furnace and a burning lamp, while a voice said to him, "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Such a hallowed sleep also was that of Jacob, when, with a stone for his pillow, the hedges for his curtains, the heavens for his canopy, the winds for his music, and the beasts for his servants, he laid him down and slumbered. Dreaming, he saw a ladder set upon the earth, the top of which reached to heaven, the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Such a sleep had Joseph, when he dreamed that the other sheaves made obeisance to his sheaf, and that the sun, moon, and seven stars were subject unto him. So oftentimes did David rest, when his sleep was sweet unto him, as we have just read. And such a sleep was that of Daniel, when he said, "I was asleep upon my face, and behold the Lord said unto me, 'Arise, and stand upon thy feet.'" And such, moreover, was the sleep of the reputed father of our blessed Lord, when, in a vision of the night, an angel said unto him, "Arise, Joseph, and take the young child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, for Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him." These are miraculous slumbers. God's angel hath touched His servants with the magic wand of sleep, and they have slept, not simply as we do, but slept a wondrous sleep; they have dived into the tenfold depths of slumber; they have plunged into a sea of sleep, where they have seen the invisible, talked with the unknown, and heard mystic and wondrous sounds: and when they have awoke, they have said, "What a sleep! Surely, my sleep was sweet unto me." "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

But nowadays we do not have such sleeps as these. Many persons dream very wonderful things, but most people dream nonsense. Some persons put faith in dreams: and certainly God doth warn us in dreams and visions even now. I am sure He does. There is not a man but can mention one or more instances of a warning, or a benefit, he has received in a dream. But we never trust dreams. We remember what Rowland Hill said to a lady, who knew she was a child of God, because she dreamed such-and-such a thing: "Never mind, ma'am, what you did when you were asleep; let us see what you will do when you are awake." That is my opinion of dreams. I never will believe a man to be a Christian merely because he has dreamed himself one; for a dreamy religion will make a man a dreamer all his life—and such dreamers will have an awful waking at last, if that is all they have to trust to.

II. He gives His beloved, in the second place, the sleep of a *quiet conscience*. I think most of you saw that splendid picture, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy—the "Sleep of Argyle"—where he lay slumbering on the very morning before his execution. You saw some noblemen standing there, looking at him, almost with compunction; the jailer is there, with his keys rattling; but positively the man sleeps, though to-morrow morning his head shall be severed from his body, and a man shall hold it up, and say, "This was the head of a traitor." He slept because he had a quiet conscience: for he had done no wrong. Then look at Peter. Did you ever notice that remarkable passage where it is said that Herod intended to bring out Peter on the morrow; but, behold, as Peter was sleeping between two guards, the angel smote him? *Sleeping between two guards*, when on the morrow he was to be crucified or slain! He cared not, for his heart was clear; he had committed no ill. He could say, "If it be right to serve God or man, judge ye;" and therefore he laid him down and slept. O sirs! do ye know what the sleep of a quiet conscience is? Have you ever stood out and been the butt of calumny—pelted by all men; the object of scorn—the laugh, the song of the drunkard? And have ye known what it is, after all, to sleep, as if you cared for nothing, because your heart was pure? Ah! ye who are in debt—ah! ye who are dishonest—ah! ye who love not God, and love not Christ—I wonder ye can sleep, for sin doth put pricking thorns in the pillow. Sin puts a dagger in a man's bed, so that whichever way he turns it pricks him. But a quiet conscience is the sweetest music that can lull the soul to sleep. The demon of restlessness does not come to that man's bed who has a quiet conscience—a conscience right with God—who can sing—

"With the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace shall be."

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

But let me tell you who have no knowledge of your election in Christ Jesus, no trust in the ransom of a Saviour's blood—you, who have never been called by the Holy Ghost—you, who never were regenerated and born again—let me tell you that you do not know this slumber. You may say your conscience is quiet; you may say you do no man any wrong, and that you believe at the bar of God you shall have little to account for. But, sirs, you know you have sinned; and your virtues cannot atone for your vices. You know that the

soul that sinneth, if it sins but once, must die. If the picture has a single flaw, it is not a perfect one. If ye have sinned but once, ye shall be damned for it, unless ye have something to take away that one sin. Ye do not know this sleep; but the Christian does, for all his sins were numbered on the "scapegoats' head of old." Christ has died for all his sins, however great or enormous; and there is not now a sin written against him in the Book of God. "I, even I," says God, "am He that blotted out thy transgressions for My name's sake, and I will not remember thy sins." Now thou mayest sleep; for "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

III. Again there is the *sleep of contentment* which the Christian enjoys. How few people in this world are satisfied. No man ever need fear offering a reward of a thousand pounds to a contented man; for if any one came to claim the reward he would of course prove his discontent. We are all in a measure, I suspect, dissatisfied with our lot; the great majority of mankind are always on the wing: they never settle; they never light on any tree to build their nest; but they are always fluttering from one to the other. This tree is not green enough, that is not high enough, this is not beautiful enough, that is not picturesque enough; so they are ever on the wing, and never build a peaceful nest at all. The Christian builds his nest; and as the noble Luther said, "Like yon little bird upon the tree, he hath fed himself to-night—he knoweth not where his breakfast is to-morrow. He sitteth there while the winds rock the tree: he shuts his eyes, puts his head under his wing, and sleeps; and when he awakes in the morning sings—

'Mortals, cease from toil and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow.'

How few there are who have that blessed contentment—who can say, "I want nothing else; I want but little here below; yea, I long for nothing more—I am satisfied—I am content." You sung a beautiful hymn just now; but I suspect that many of you had no right to it, because you did not feel it.

"With Thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request:
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of Thy special love."

Could you say there was nothing you wanted on earth save Jesus? Did you mean that you are perfectly content—that you had the sleep of contentment? Ah! no. You who were apprentices are sighing till you shall be journeymen; you who are journeymen are groaning to be masters; masters are longing till they shall retire from business, and when they have retired, they are longing that all their children shall be settled in life. Man always looks for a yet-beyond; he is a mariner who never goes to port; an arrow which never reaches the target. Ah! the Christian hath sleep. One night I could not rest, and in the wild wanderings of my thoughts I met this text and communed with it:—"So He giveth His beloved sleep." In my reverie, as I was on the border of the land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was

not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch ; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, "To arms! To arms!" and when the danger was overpast I lay me down again. "To arms! To arms!" once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armour on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west ; at another, from the east. I thought I had a treasure somewhere down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled lest it should be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which man never rests. It is ever, "To arms! To arms! To arms!" There is a foe here or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought I would supplant it by another reverie. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that. I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my breast ; and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I wake till morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God—"the peace that passeth all understanding." I slept, because I slept in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go ye, overreaching misers! Go ye, grasping ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken ; the dream of the miser is always evil ; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty ; but God "giveth," by contentment, "His beloved sleep."

IV. Once more : God giveth His beloved the *sleep of quietness of soul as to the future*. Oh, that dark future ! that future ! that future ! The present may be well ; but ah ! the next wind may wither all the flowers, and where shall I be ? Clutch thy gold, miser ; for "riches make to themselves wings and flee away." Hug that babe to thy breast, mother ; for the rough hand of death may rob thee of it. Look at thy fame, and wonder at it, O thou man of ambition ! But one slight report shall wound thee to the heart, and thou shalt sink as low as e'er thou hast been lifted high by the voices of the multitude. The future ! All persons have need to dread the future, except the Christian. God giveth to His beloved a happy sleep with regard to the events of coming time.

"What may be my future lot,
High or low, concerns me not ;
This doth set my heart at rest,
What my God appoints is best."

Whether I am to live or die is no matter to me ; whether I am to be the "offscouring of all things," or "the man whom the king delighteth to honour," matters not to me. All is alike, provided my Father doth but give it. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." How many of you have arrived at that happy point that you have no wish of your own at all ? It is a sweet thing to have but one wish ; but it is a better thing to have no wish at all—to be all lost in the present enjoyment of Christ and the future anticipation of the vision of His face. Oh, my soul ! what would

the future be to thee, if thou hadst not Christ? If it be a bitter and a dark future, what matters it so long as Christ thy Lord sanctifies it, and the Holy Ghost still gives thee courage, energy, and strength? It is a blessed thing to be able to say, with Madame Guyon—

“To me 'tis equal, whether love ordained
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health, no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good alone,
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross is Thy command—
Die to the world, and live to sin no more;
Suffer unmoved beneath the rudest hand,
As pleased when shipwrecked, as when safe on shore.”

It is a happy condition to attain. “So He giveth His beloved sleep.” Ah! if you have a self-will in your hearts, pray to God to uproot it. Have you self-love? Beseech the Holy Spirit to turn it out; for if you will always will to do as God wills, you must be happy. I have heard of some good old woman in a cottage, who had nothing but a piece of bread and a little water, and lifting up her hands, she said, as a blessing, “What! all this, and Christ too!” It is “*all this*,” compared with what we deserve. And I have read of some one dying, who was asked if he wished to live or die; and he said, “I have no wish at all about it.” “But if you might wish, which would you choose?” “I would not choose at all.” “But if God bade you choose?” “I would beg God to choose for me, for I should not know which to take.” Happy state! happy state! to be perfectly acquiescent—

“To lie passive in His hand,
And know no will but His.”

“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

V. In the fifth place: there is the *sleep of security*. Solomon slept with armed men around his bed, and thus slumbered securely; but Solomon's father slept one night on the bare ground—not in a palace—with no moat round his castle wall; but he slept quite as safely as his son, for he said, “I laid me down and slept, and I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.” Now, some persons never feel secure in this world at all. I query whether one half of my hearers feel themselves so. Suppose I burst out in a moment, and sing this—

“I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
Are the glorified spirits in heaven.”—

You would say, That is too high doctrine; and I would reply, Very likely it is for you, but it is the truth of God, and it is sweet doctrine for me.

I love to know that if I am predestinated according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, I must be saved; if I was purchased by the Son's blood, I cannot be lost, for it would be impossible for Jesus Christ to lose one whom He has redeemed, otherwise He would be dissatisfied with His labours. I know that where He has begun the good work He will carry it on. I never fear that I shall fall away, or be lost; my only fear is, lest I should not have been right at first; but, provided I am right, if I be really a child of God, I might believe that the sun would be smitten with madness, and go reeling through the universe like a drunken man;—I might believe that the stars would run from their courses, and instead of marching with their measured tramp, as now they do, whirl on in wild courses like the dance of Bacchanals;—I could even conceive that this great universe might all subside in God, "even as a moment's foam subsides again upon the wave that bears it;" but neither reason, heresy, logic, eloquence, nor a conclave of divines, shall make me pay a moment's attention to the vile suggestion, that a child of God may ever perish. Hence I tread this earth with confidence. Arguing a little while ago with an Arminian, he said, "Sir, you ought to be a happy man; for if what you say be true, why you are as secure of being in heaven as if you were there." I said, "Yes, I know it." "Then you ought to live above cares and tribulations, and sing happily from morning to night." I said, "So I ought, and so I will, God helping me." This is security. "He giveth His beloved sleep." To know that if I died I should enter heaven—to be as sure as I am of my own existence that God, having loved me with an everlasting love, and He, being immutable, will never hate me if He has once loved me—to know that I must enter the kingdom of glory—is not this enough to make all burdens light, and give me the hind's feet wherewith I may stand upon my high places. Happy state of security! "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

And there is a sleep, my dear friends, of security, which is enjoyed on earth even in the midst of the greatest troubles. Do you remember that passage in the book of Ezekiel, where it is said, "They shall dwell securely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods"! A queer place to sleep in! "In the woods!" There is a wolf over yonder; there is a tiger in the jungle; an eagle is soaring in the air; a horde of robbers dwell in the dark forest. "Never mind," says the child of God—

"He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head."

I have often admired Martin Luther, and wondered at his composure. When all men spoke so ill of him, what did he say? True to that Psalm—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." In a far inferior manner, I have been called to stand up in the position of Martin Luther, and have been made the butt of slander, a mark for laughter and scorn; but it has not broken my spirit yet; nor will it, while I am enabled to enjoy that quiescent state of—"So He giveth His beloved sleep." But thus

far I beg to inform all those who choose to slander or speak ill of me, that they are very welcome to do so till they are tired of it. My motto is "*Cedo nulli*,"—"I yield to none." I have not courted any man's love; I asked no man to attend my ministry; I preach what I like, and when I like, and as I like. Oh! happy state—to be bold, though downcast and distressed—to go and bend my knee and tell my Father all, and then to come down from my chamber and say—

" If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
For Thou'lt remember me."

VI. The last sleep God giveth His beloved is *the sleep of a happy dismissal*. I have stood by the graves of many servants of the Lord. I have buried some of the excellent of the earth; and when I bid farewell to my brother down below there, slumbering in his coffin, I usually commence my speech with those words, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Dear servants of Jesus! There I see them! What can I say of them, but that, "So He giveth His beloved sleep"? Oh! happy sleep! This world is a state of tossing to and fro; but in that grave they rest. No sorrows there; no sighs, no groans, to mingle with the songs that warble from immortal tongues. Well may I address the dead thus:—"My brother, oftentimes hast thou fought the battles of this world; thou hast had thy cares, thy trials, and thy troubles; but now thou art gone—not to worlds unknown, but to yonder land of light and glory. Sleep on, brother! Thy soul sleepeth not, for thou art in heaven; but thy body sleepeth. Death hath laid thee in thy last couch: it may be cold, but it is sanctified; it may be damp, but it is safe; and on the resurrection morning, when the archangel shall set his trumpet to his mouth, thou shalt rise. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' Sleep on in thy grave, my brother, for thou shalt rise to glory." "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Some of you fear to die, and have good reason to do so, for death to you would be the beginning of sorrows; and on its approach ye might hear the voice of the angel of the Apocalypse: "One woe is past, but behold two woes more are to come." If, sirs, ye were to die unprepared, and unconverted, and unsaved, "there remaineth nothing but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." I need not speak like a Boanerges, for it is to you a well-known truth that, without God, without Christ, "strangers from the commonwealth of Israel," your portion must be amongst the damned—the fiends—the tortured—the shrieking ghosts—the wandering souls who find no rest—

" On waves of burning brimstone toss'd,
For ever, oh, for ever lost!"

"The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!"
But, beloved Christian brother, wherefore dost thou fear to die? Come, let me take thy hand.

"To you and me by grace 'tis given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our end, our hope, our way the same."

Do you know that heaven is just across that narrow stream? Are you afraid to plunge in and swim across? Do you fear to be drowned? I feel the bottom—it is good. Dost thou think thou shalt sink? Hear the voice of the Spirit: "Fear not: I am with thee; be not dismayed: I am thy God: when thou passest through the river, I will be with thee, and the floods shall not overflow thee." Death is the gate of endless joys, and dost thou dread to enter there? What! fear to be emancipated from corruption? Oh, say not so! but rather gladly lay down and sleep in Jesus, and be blessed.

I have finished expounding my subject. There is only one question I want to ask of you before you pass out of those doors. Do you seriously and solemnly believe that you belong to the "beloved" here mentioned? I may be impertinent in asking such a question: I have been accused of that before now, but I have never denied it. I rather take the credit of it than not. But seriously and solemnly I ask you, Do you know yourselves to be amongst the beloved? And if it happens that you want a test, allow me to give you three tests, very briefly, and I have done. It has been said that there are three kinds of preachers—doctrinal preachers, experimental preachers, and practical preachers. Now I think there are three things that make up a Christian—true doctrine, real experience, and good practice.

Now, then, as to your doctrine. You may tell whether you are the Lord's beloved partly by that. Some think it matters not what a man believes. Excuse me: truth is always precious, and the least atom of truth is worth searching out. Nowadays the sects do not clash so much as they did. Perhaps that is good; but there is one evil about it. People do not read their Bibles so much as they did. They think we are all right. Now, I believe we may be all right *in the main*, but we cannot be all right where we contradict one another: and it becomes every man to search the Bible to see which is right. I am not afraid to submit my Calvinism, or my doctrine of believer's baptism, to the searching of the Bible. A learned lord, an infidel, once said to Whitfield, "Sir, I am an infidel: I do not believe the Bible; but if the Bible be true, *you* are right, and your Arminian opponents are wrong. If the Bible be the Word of God, the doctrines of grace are true;" adding that if any man would grant him the Bible to be the truth he would challenge him to disprove Calvinism. The doctrines of original sin, election, effectual calling, final perseverance, and all those great truths which are called Calvinism—though Calvin was not the author of them, but simply an able writer and preacher upon the subject—are, I believe, the essential doctrines of the Gospel that is in Jesus Christ. Now, I do not ask you whether you believe all this—it is possible you may not; but I believe you will before you enter heaven. I am persuaded, that as God may have washed your hearts, He will wash your brains before you enter heaven. He will make you right in your doctrines. But I must inquire whether you read your Bibles. I am not finding fault with you this morning for differing from me: I may be wrong;

but I want to know whether you search the Scriptures to find what is truth. And, if you are not a reader of the Bible, if you take doctrines second-hand, if you go to chapel and say, "I do not like that," what matters your not liking it, provided it is in the Bible? Is it Biblical truth, or is it not? If it is God's truth, let us have it exalted. It may not suit you; but let me remind you that the truth that is in Jesus never was palatable to carnal men, and I believe never will be. The reason you love it not is because it cuts too much at your pride; it lets you down too low. Search yourselves, then, in doctrine.

Then take care that you remember the experimental test. I am afraid there is very little experimental religion amongst us; but where there is true doctrine, there ought always to be a vital experience. Sirs, try yourselves by the experimental test. Have you ever had an experience of your wretchedness, of your depravity, your inability, your death in sin? Have ye ever felt life in Christ, an experience of the light of God's countenance, of wrestling with corruption? Have you had a grace-given Holy Ghost—implanted experience of a communion with Christ? If so, then you are right on the experimental test.

And, to conclude, take care of the practical test. "Faith without, works is dead, being alone." He that walketh in sin is a child of the devil; and he that walketh in righteousness is a child of light. Do not think, because you believe the right doctrines, therefore you are right. There are many that believe right, act wrong; and they perish. "Be not deceived: God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

I have done. Now let me beseech you, by the frailty of your own lives—by the shortness of time—by the dreadful realities of eternity—by the sins you have committed—by the pardon that you need—by the blood and wounds of Jesus—by His second coming to judge the world in righteousness—by the glories of heaven—by the awful horrors of hell—by time—by eternity—by all that is good—by all that is sacred—let me beg of you, as you love your own souls, to search and see whether ye are amongst the beloved, to whom He giveth sleep. God bless you.

WHEN John Newton's memory was nearly gone, he used to say that, forget what he might, there were two things he never could forget. They were: 1. That he was a great sinner. 2. That Jesus Christ was a great Saviour.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.—Alexander the Great had a soldier in his army who bore his own name, but was a great coward. The Emperor, enraged at his conduct, justly said to him, "Either change your name, or learn to honour it." So may it be said to many Christians.—*Bowes*.

HEAVEN.—We may illustrate what would be the misery of a sinner could he be permitted to enter heaven in his sins by an ancient and cruel custom. It was the barbarous practice of a cruel king to torture his unhappy prisoners by confining them sometimes in a dark dungeon, and then, the eyelids being cut off, bringing them suddenly into the full blaze of the sun when shining in its full power. The most excruciating pain was the result. The organ of vision was wholly unfitted for the change.—*Bowes*.

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER X.—IN PRISON.

INSPIRED authority expressly tells us that "in the last days *perilous* times shall come." It also gives us a dark catalogue of the kind of characters that may be expected then to abound. We are informed in the Revised Version that "men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty, railers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, implacable, slandering, without self-control, fierce, no lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up, lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God: holding a form of godliness but having denied the power thereof." It needs but a superficial glance at European society, not to talk of the less civilised quarters of the globe, to perceive how accurately this prediction is being verified in the present day. We have no desire to be considered alarmists but we are bound conscientiously to confess that, whilst we readily admit the immense progress in many respects made in society at large, we are nevertheless appalled at the proof which every daily newspaper gives us of the existence in tremendous numbers of the vile persons which this black list so plainly depicts. We have no space allotted to us to go *seriatim* through the list, but we may ask if three features thus portrayed, at any rate, are not patent to us all.

not this a money-loving age?

it not a boastful, haughty, railing age? And is it not a pleasure-loving age? We apprehend that few will deny the correctness of

these charges who give themselves the trouble to think at all. Never perhaps in the history of the world was Mammon worshipped more than at the present time. Never did haughty, boasting, railing, blasphemy more boldly lift up its God-defiant head. And never did young and old avail themselves more of the increasing facilities for living a life of worldly pleasure, and ruinous frivolity. It may be said indeed that these three things go together. With increased wealth springs a spirit of increased independence of both God and man; and, as the natural result, men cast off the fear of God and live for the gratification of self in every possible form. Thus in spite of the greater prevalence in many forms of that which is good this age gives demonstrative proof that what Paul predicted to Timothy eighteen centuries ago has come to pass, that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."

In this narrative we have seen how a well-educated and intelligent young man was led astray by the prevalence of this proud and boastful Atheistic spirit. We shall now, however, take a step lower, and show how the same spirit in a similar form lays hold of the more illiterate and less intellectual classes of society. There can be no doubt whatever that the sceptical spirit to a great extent pervades the minds of the masses, and renders them more impervious than in past times to the reception of religious influences, or to attendance on *purely religious* services. How this comes

about, the following story will show.

Some time after the interview recorded in the few past chapters, Mr. Rock was asked to pay a visit to a young man in prison, who had been an assistant warehouseman, and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for robbing his employer. The young man's wife urgently solicited him to make the visit on the ground that he had been induced, once or twice, to attend his class, and therefore knew Mr. Rock quite well. With the governor's permission he was allowed to visit him at his convenience; and as the result of such visitation and private conversation in his cell, the young man was led to true repentance, and became not only a reformed man, but, as Mr. Rock believed, a sincere Christian. But, unfortunately, a previous life of dissipation, combined with the hard labour to which he was subjected in his cell, so told upon his frame that it was feared, from a slight cough that he had, that consumption might mark him as its victim, and that, if he lived to come out, his stay on earth would not, therefore, be of long duration.

The first interview that he had with him Mr. Rock could never forget. Passing with the turnkey along the narrow winding passages into the centre of the prison, he observed a flight of steps, at the top of which was a narrow circular landing facing the cells. "You see, Mr. Rock, that middle cell on the left-hand side?"

"I do, sir."

"Well," said the turnkey, "that is Fred Owen's cell. Draw back the bolt and go in. You may remain twenty minutes with the door closed: then you must leave; and take care that you draw the bolt and fasten the door after you when you come out. Of course, I need not inform

you that you are not allowed to take anything in to the prisoner!"

"I know that, sir."

"All right, then; please go up."

So saying, the turnkey left the visitor, and Mr. Rock ascending the steps, paused as he came opposite to the central door. Here he heard a grinding, humming sound, denoting that some kind of work was going on in several of the cells; and he also observed that in front of each cell was an index that appeared to move slightly, like the hands of a clock. Drawing back the bolt, he soon saw what this meant. By the side of the wall a crank was fixed, which Frederick Owen was in the act of turning: and he looked up with great astonishment at Mr. Rock's unexpected appearance.

"Is it really you, Mr. Rock?"

"It is, Frederick."

"What have you come here for?"

"Let me close the door, and I will tell you. Your poor wife earnestly desired me to get permission to come and see you; and I have obtained it."

"You are very kind, sir, and I am glad to see you. How is she?"

"Very well, thank God."

"And my three children?"

"All well too, I believe."

"Well, that's good news; and if I had heard no more than that it would make me happy."

"How long have you been here now, Fred?"

"Just four months."

"So you have eight months still to serve?"

"Yes, worse luck. Only hope I shall live to get through it though, for this crank-work is making me a perfect skeleton. Just look at my bones here; they almost pierce through the skin, and I shall soon be as thin as a herrin'. I fear before my time's up, if the doctor doesn't interfere, the undertaker will

get a job. It may well be called 'hard labour,' for it's grind, grind, grind, till it grinds every inch of fat out of your body."

"How many times have you to turn this wheel in a day?"

"Ten thousand times."

"Ten thousand!"

"Yes, ten thousand; and 'bread and water' if you don't make up the exact number. No mercy here I can tell you. It's what I've heard Shakespeare calls the 'pound of flesh,' and they'll have full weight to the turn o' the scale; catch 'em lettin' a poor fellow off!—yes, when the moon falls."

"But how do they know that you have ground the exact number? and how can you tell yourself?"

"They know by the index outside, and I count and put the hundreds on the slate. See, I have done six thousand five hundred to-day. Each one of these strokes represents a hundred; and when I've made ten, that makes a line, and goes for a thousand; and I am always glad, I can tell you, when I've got to the end of a line."

"How long does it take you to do a thousand?"

"That just depends. If I feel all right I can do a thousand in half an hour; but if I'm tired or a bit lazy, it will take three-quarters of an hour, or perhaps more. But its stiffish work at the best, if you are not used to it. Nobody knows how I felt after the first two or three days' labour. Every bone ached, and every muscle seemed to have been stretched on the rack. Would you like just to have a short trial? It would be a new thing in your line, Mr. Rock, though I'm afraid you'll not want to turn long enough to do me much service."

Just to humour the unfortunate young man and get into his good graces, Mr. Rock laughingly took

half-a-dozen turns, and then said he had had quite enough of it.

"I dare say you have, Mr. Rock; and so have I. If I have the luck to live to give that blessed wheel the last turn I'll take good care to give it a final farewell. It will be a very happy partin'—at least on one side. But how do you think I look in my new suit?"

"Not quite so well as you did in the old one."

"No doubt. You can't tell, Mr. Rock, how I felt when they gave me the county-crop and a clean shave, and compelled me to put such a suit on. But use is, as folks say, second nature, and I don't think much about it now. Still, I feel ashamed for a gentleman like you—or, indeed, for any one else—to see me in such clothes. And it was awful when I had to appear in 'em before my poor wife."

"She saw you, did she not, about a month ago?"

"Yes. They allow us, every three months, a blessed interview behind the iron grating, and a yard or more apart, and a warder to listen to all you say. But that's for relatives and friends; you have permission, I suppose, to come when you like?"

"Yes; but it is understood that my visits are not to be too frequent, and I must exercise prudence."

"Just so, sir. But now, as time is going fast, what have you got specially to say to me?"

The ice having been broken in this fashion, Mr. Rock, without any circumlocution whatever, "straight-way," as Mark, in his Gospel, puts it, proceeded to deliver his message. Seated in the narrow cell, on the prisoner's stool, while the young man himself stood leaning against the wall, Mr. Rock began, kindly but firmly, to point out to him the great need of living henceforth, by

the grace of God, a new and better life. Frederick Owen admitted its necessity, and, in the course of this and subsequent visits, unfolded to his visitor the kind of life he had unfortunately led, and the sceptical principles he had endorsed, which he declared had been the means of leading him to ruin. For the purpose of condensation, we will, in the next chapter, give his narrative in a complete form. Suffice it, therefore, to say for the present that Mr. Rock found the youthful prisoner in a penitent frame of mind, and evidently very grateful

for the interest his visitor took in his temporal and spiritual welfare. The specified time up, Mr. Rock withdrew, but declared afterwards that when, in accordance with the injunctions given to him, he, for the first time, drew the bolt outside, which fastened the young man securely in his lonely cell, he felt his heart beat and his frame tremble, and he could not help heaving a long-drawn sigh at being compelled by duty thus to act the part of his unfortunate young friend's amateur gaoler.

(*To be continued.*)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

LIFE'S TEACHINGS: THE GOSPEL IN A CHILD.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

I. THE FIRST CRY.—Who can describe the feelings of a parent when the first cry of his new-born babe declared him to be a father? What a host of new feelings, strange experiences and sensibilities are born in his soul with the birth of his child. And if the heart of a parent is thus strangely moved by the first cry of his babe, how must the heart of God be moved by the first spiritual cry of His little one, born of His Spirit into a Divine fellowship with Himself, and located in the midst of this great world of mystery and change? Oh, if the love of a human parent leaps forth at once responsive to the first feeble cry of its little one, with what strength and tenderness must the sympathy and love of God embrace the soul which, under the convictions of His own Spirit, and the intelligent teachings of His own love for

the first time turns to Him? If we, poor and imperfect as we are in pure human feeling, are so deeply affected by the first cry of our little ones; if that *one* cry seems to take our entire being by storm,—can we suppose that *He*, from whom all perfect feeling comes, is less affected by the cry of His child when, for the first time in the thick darkness of conscious guilt, bewilderment or danger, it exclaims, with a bursting heart! “God be merciful to me a sinner”; “*Lord save, or I perish!*”

THE FIRST SMILE.—How sweet and pleasant is this to a parent's heart! A smile on the face is essentially human, and always beautiful. The most ordinary face under its influence becomes interesting to the eye of love; but a smile on the face of an infant has a charm and beauty of its own, and is especially sweet to the heart of a parent. In it he beholds the first incipient response to his own love, and the sign of future joys and more ardent comminglings of intelligent affec-

tion. And how pleasant to God is the first loving recognition of Himself by the long-estranged and orphaned spirit of man. The spirit's first smile on its great Parent may show itself in a tear or through a groan or broken word as the heart strives and struggles to return to Him and believe in and rest upon some inviting word from His lips. But how well it is understood and dear it is to the heart of God, He Himself can only know. In the parable of the Prodigal Son we see a little of it gleaming forth in those loving words—"And when he was yet a great way off, the Father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." Oh, reader, what encouragement God holds out to thee to return to Him.

THE FIRST WORD. — It may be a very imperfect one, broken, and scarcely articulate, and excite a smile; but in the case of a parent it is the smile of delight, for in that imperfect sound his heart receives earnest and pledge of days of fellowship and communion yet to come, when time and experience shall have matured the intellect and furnished the memory with thought and the tongue with words. And can we suppose that the heart of our God and Father in heaven is less affected by the first imperfect word of the contrite but returning sinner? It may be impossible for such an one to give expression to his pregnant thoughts, to unburden his struggling heart; but God understands the meaning of his labouring spirit, for it is the effect of His own work, and that his half-uttered words are full of hope, for through the medium of words, which in other days he will teach Him, a Divine communion and fellowship will be commenced which will grow in intelligence, strength and intimacy through the countless ages of eternity.

True it is that the thoughts of this spiritual child are very feeble and imperfect, and he cannot yet say, "Abba, Father"; but the day is coming when his words will form themselves into sentences, and his sentences into a song which shall encompass His throne for ever and ever.

THE FIRST STEP.—It is often a very tottering, and uncertain one; but it is in the *right direction*—towards the strong hand and arm of the parent, and hence the sympathy and love it excites in his heart. And how imperfect frequently is the first initial movement of the mind towards God! how many difficulties and perplexities for a time stumble and stay its progress! how many temptations threaten to turn it aside! but through clouds, and storms, and calms, God gently clears the way; and as a loving parent stretches forth his hand to help his little one to walk, or to remove the impediments which obstruct his way, so God by various means, and almost unconscious and unlooked-for agencies, clears the path of His child, delivers it from its difficulties, imparts all needed help, and ultimately brings it to walk by faith, and not by sight. In the first imperfect step of His child, He sees the dawning strength of which He is the author, and which He will perfect and mature until the Divine promise is fully realised, "They shall run and not be weary, and walk and not faint." Reader, despise not the first movements of any towards God; for the feeblest of such excite His infinite sympathy and love. Remember it is better to move towards Him with tottering and imperfect steps than not to move at all. "He attempers the wind to shorn lambs" and "despises not the way of small things." Whatever, therefore, thy intellectual

or spiritual difficulties, reader, do thou look to Him who welcomes the first step of His returning child, and who, in answer to thy prayer, will give thee understanding that thou mayest live, order thy footsteps in His Word, and establish thy goings.

THE FIRST CORRECTION.—Though it may be caused by the child's own waywardness—a waywardness which *must* needs be corrected, yet how the grief which this correction brings to the child wounds the parent's heart! How impossible it is for the parent not to share in it! Indeed, we may seem in a certain sense, to bear the *whole* of it. And to suffer *more* than the child itself, and if we, with our imperfect human sympathy, suffer so much in connection with the correction we are compelled to impart to our children, what must be the feelings of One whose love is infinite? We are not left to theorise here. How the infinite God-like compassion and tenderness of His heart embraces, and how His soul yearns over His children even when compelled to visit them with the rod, is portrayed by Himself: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim, Mine heart is turned within Me, My repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of Mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man: the Holy One in the midst of thee."

II. THE INFLUENCE OF A CHILD: ITS SORROWS.—These are very varied, and often proceed from very *small things*; but a wise parent will not despise them on that account, but show a kindly sympathy in all; in fact, these little sorrows touch the heart and call

forth his love in its most welcome and tender forms. And how the sorrows of His children touch the tenderest sympathies of the Divine Father! Christian, this is one of the lessons of thy faith: to believe that thy God in all thy affliction is afflicted. Satan is well pleased, Christian, when he can get thee to believe that thy sorrows move not the heart of God. Receive not his lies: God feels for thee even more than thou canst feel for thyself; He hears thy sighs, He counts thy tears, and He shall lift up thy head. "Surely," He says, "I have heard Ephraim bemoaning himself;" and again, "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." And take heed, Christian, of keeping thy sorrows to thyself under the influence of the false impression that they are *too small* to be turned into prayer, or poured into the heart of our merciful and compassionate High Priest. Remember that that which is not too small to pierce thy heart and influence thy faith, is not too small to command His attention and excite His love. "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing," but He also "counts the small dust of the balance," for He well knows that little things are often potent for good or evil in the experience of His people. Let thy Father, therefore, hear from thee, Christian, through thy *little sorrows*, and they will become the channels of His love; and be assured that, such is His infinite tenderness, thy smallest grief will make it flow.

ITS HELPLESSNESS.—With what irresistible force does this appeal to the heart of a parent! how it touches the secret springs of his love when everything else fails!

Even when the child has excited his utmost anger by its evil tempers and ways, how this disarms him ; draws forth the tears of his tenderest sympathy, and causes the rod of correction to drop from his hand ! And how the helplessness of His children appeals to the heart of God, and how touchingly He refers to it by the mouth of His servant ! Speaking of His ancient people as a type of true Christians through all time, He compares them to a new-born infant, and says (Ez. xvi. 8)—“Now when I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold, thy time was the time of love ; and I spread My skirt over thee, and covered thy weakness. . . . and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest Mine.” Oh, Christian, make use of thy weakness as a plea with God. Say to Him, “Wilt Thou break a leaf driven to and fro ?” and thou shalt not make thy appeal in vain.

ITS SIMPLICITY, SINCERITY, INNOCENCE, GUILELESSNESS, INGENUOUSNESS.—How all these things call forth the parent’s most ardent affection ! And how all these beautiful graces, the product of His own Spirit in the heart of His child, touch the heart of God ! When, under their influence, sin is confessed, how soon is the repentant prodigal locked in the arms of His mercy, his tears wiped away, and his heart comforted !

III. ITS WORK.—This with a child is *play*. But what work is to a man play is to a child. A parent feels this and takes an interest in the little affairs of his child. He well knows that through present trifles his senses are to be disciplined for future service ; and though the Christian may sometimes think that his work is altogether so insignificant, feeble, and imperfect that it

is beneath the notice of God, it is not so. With God nothing is little or great ; the terms can only have relation to our conceptions of things. God only is infinite ; all things out of Himself are finite, however large they may appear to us. In our conception there is a vast disparity between an insect and the vast globe upon which it creeps scarcely perceptible to the attentive eye ; but God sees but little difference. He made one as easily as the other ; marked His perfection upon one as well as the other ; and upholds and sustains both until His purpose in both is accomplished. “He taketh up the isles as a very little thing,” but He also “counts the small dust of the balance” ; for the *size* of things does not affect Him, but His *own purpose in them*. Do not think, Christian, therefore, that thy *little work* cannot touch the heart of God. Thou wilt sometimes help thy little one in his play because it has relation to thy future purpose ; and God feels an interest in thy little doings, though they cannot add anything to Him, because small as they are He views them as part of that vast instrumentality by which He works and through which He will fit thee for higher and better service. Thy work, therefore, Christian, can never be small or unimportant to Him, and can never fail to enlist His sympathy ; for not only does it belong to His gracious purpose, but affects thy character as His own child. Remember that nothing which influences thy condition can be too little to be turned into prayer, or so small but that through it thy faith may reach and touch the heart of God.

IV. ITS FAITH.—After all that has been said, what is there which so moves the love of a parent as that sweet, innocent, unreasoning *con-*

fidingsness of spirit which is so often witnessed in a child? When going out in the morning or returning at night, the little one puts its little hand into the hand of its parent, just happy to follow him whithersoever he goes, and whatever may happen, simply because he is *its parent*. What a thrill of love does this touch awaken in the heart! and how much a part of his own flesh does the little hand seem to be! Death must reach the parent ere the little confiding one can be hurt; and oh! when the struggling heart, notwithstanding all its sense of guilt and weakness, with no help from reason, sense, or circumstances, seals the promise of God as *its own* by venturing upon it, come what may, and, renouncing all hope in itself, receives Christ as its present and everlasting salvation, glorying only in His blood and righteousness, how the tenderest love and sympathy in the very heart of God is moved and stirred to its most infinite depths! If our poor, imperfect hearts are so moved by the natural faith of our children venturing upon us, how much more must the heart of God be stirred by that which is spiritual in His children when they throw themselves upon Him? Christ teaches us to reason thus: "What man is there of *you*," says He, "whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, *being evil*, know how to give good gifts unto *your* children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Never does the spirit of man so declare its real worth, or rise to the height of so sublime a dignity, as when upon the ground of God's *own words* it returns to Him as the Father of spirits to find as His child rest only

in His embrace; and as a parent's heart is moved to the utmost love and tenderness by the confiding helplessness of the little one which lies upon his breast, so the heart of God yearns over the little children of His kingdom who, through many a storm and tempest, have sought their home and dwelling-place in the Son of His love. How sweet the faith and humility which guide man's wandering spirit to such a Friend! "*Verily* I say unto you," said the Great Teacher, "except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." How sublime but how righteous are these words! If God is all that He declares *He is*, and we are all He affirms *we are*, how right it is that we should be as children with Him! What *can* we know? When *He* speaks, therefore, how right, how wise, how comely it is for us to obey! Oh, happy the man who gives all to God that he may receive all He has to give! We move God's heart towards us, then, by humility and faith; we give all at first that we may receive all; and thus God deals with us to the end. All the way the condition of strength, peace, and joy is *self-surrender*. What a favour to know, not only that there is a God, but that His heart thus can be moved towards us!

V. ITS SPIRIT.—"Father!" What parent's heart can resist the influence of this word from the lips of a child? The heart may be full of righteous anger, and the hand uplifted to strike—but, "Father!" the hand falls powerless to the side and the rod is cast to the ground. Art thou conscious, reader, that thy conduct has been such as to provoke thy God and Father to anger?—and dost thou fear His rod while yet thou durst not venture into His

presence to deprecate His wrath? Oh, remember one who, though he had grievously wandered, said not only, "I will arise and go to my Father," but I will say, "Father." Go thou and do likewise, and confess thy sins, and say, "I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son," and God will hear thee. He cannot resist the cry of His child when "Father" is breathed from the heart. He could not of old; He said, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him"; and He cannot now. Oh, put Him to the test; oh, let Him not have to say of thee as of His children of old, "If I be a Father, where is Mine honour?" Return then; say "Father" again; think of what it means, and its love must break thy heart, and make God's and thine *one* again. And oh, whatever storms and tempests may beat upon thee again—whatever dispensation may embrace thee, may thy faith have light enough ever to see "Father" written as in letters of life and love upon thine all.

ITS DEATH.—When a child is struck down by death from its parent's embrace, what a biography of love is removed. What a large volume of love, patience, thought, care and self-sacrifice is embodied in every healthy and full-grown child; a volume, too, which is frequently increased year by year. And if the Christian had no hope in the death of his little one, how prolonged and incurable would be his sorrow! And all this, too, has a meaning in reference to God. What a living book of love is every Christian; what a marvellous embodiment of constant and unwearied care; what an expenditure of un-

wearied pity and patience, and wisdom, and goodness, and power, we witness in the matured experience of every real Christian! Oh, what an epistle of heaven's mercy is every saint! Oh, what a cabinet filled with the costly treasures of Divine truth and the sublimest results of God's teaching is every believer in Christ! And if death could bring annihilation to such; if his strong fingers could crush or ravish this fair cabinet of all its treasures, and hide them away for ever; if he could efface all the fair lines of truth written by the finger of God's Spirit upon the epistles of His love, what a grim triumph he would achieve over the work of God—yea, God Himself. How *meaningless* would all the *long* and constant labour of Christ appear! But we know that this can never be: death can only remove the cabinet of love into the palace of heaven's King—can only carry the epistle of Divine mercy into the clearer life and light of heaven, where all the lessons of Divine wisdom and love written upon it and exhibited shall be read and understood, and thus display the love of God more fully, and instruct even the angels of God more perfectly in the great mystery of redemption. However, therefore, the love of a parent's heart may be moved by death taking from him the child of his love, God's heart is more stirred by death bringing to Him the child of His grace; beholding as He does, in the presence of such around Him, the completion of His own purpose and joy. Hence we read, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints."

"THOU HAST BEEN MY HELP."

"Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me."—
Psa. xxvii. 9.

I CANNOT think it a Babel tower,
That my hands have sought to rear :
I cannot think that my own weak power
Has piled it tier on tier.
I have laboured hard, I have laboured long,
I have watched my labour rise ;
But it is *His* strength that has made me strong,
His wisdom has made me wise :
And shall I think that my tower will fall,
While confusion scatters and ruins all ?

My spirit has blossomed with high desires,
'Tis fair in its early bloom !
To a fruitful autumn my hope aspires,
Forgetting the winter's gloom :
But it is *His* sun and *His* gentle showers
Have budded my spirit thus :
And will He wither the opening flowers,
'Neath the frost of a blighting curse ?
And shall I think that my hopes shall fall,
While a rough wind scatters and ruins all ?

I love to think what my hands have done,
What my eager heart desires,
Has been wrought and wished by the aid of One,
Who fanneth the spirit's fire :
For I cannot think He has helped His child
To work and to wish for Him,
To scatter the soil in the tempest wild
Like the freak of a madman's whim :
The work He aids cannot fail or fall,
For wherever He finds, He will finish all !

WM. LUFF.

How apt men are rather to think of the preacher than of themselves. If half the criticisms which are ill-spent upon the ministers of Christ were spent by the hearers upon themselves, how much sooner might they arrive at the blessing.—*Spurgeon*.

"THE CHILD OF GOD."—The son of Africanus led such a debauched life that the Roman censors took a ring off his finger in which the image of his father was engraved. They would not suffer him to wear his father's picture in a ring whose image he bore not in his mind. God's children must have God's qualities.—*Sunday Teachers' Treasury*.

Reviews.

Booth of the Blue Ribbon Movement; or, the Factory Boy who became a Gospel-Temperance Evangelist. By ERNEST BLACKWELL; with a Preface by Canon Wilberforce. Passmore and Alabaster.

ASPAKGLING little volume, pleasantly written, prettily illustrated, and positively certain to be popular. As a souvenir of the Gospel-Temperance Mission, many thousands who wear the Blue Ribbon will sincerely welcome it; and the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Booth will materially enhance its value.

Scripture Baptisms. A new and beautiful engraving of a Baptism in the open air. Manchester: J. Nettleton, 3, Strutt-street.

A LONG cherished desire of ours is here satisfied. We have often, while looking at Baxter's oil-colour drawing of Scripture Baptism in Jamaica, wished that some skilful hand would give us the same subject with English surroundings. This work is worthy of a place in the home of the artizan and the cottage of the poor, also in the drawing-room of the wealthy. Its price places it within the reach of all. We should like to know of its being found on the walls of the vestry of every Baptist Chapel in England, Scotland, and Wales.

Baptist Worthies. A series of sketches of Distinguished Men who have held and advocated the principles of the Baptist Denomination. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. Baptist Tract Society, 5, Castle Street, Holborn.

THIS excellently well-got-up volume, with its chaste binding, tinted paper and good letterpress is pleasant to look

at, but, unlike some pleasant-looking books whose contents are less than worthless, its pages are pleasant and profitable to read. We have here the outline lives of Roger Williams, John Milton, John Bunyan, Andrew Fuller, William Carey and Robert Hall. The names of these heroes in our former ranks and battles and victories are like sweet perfume, and show that the past lives in the memories of time. They being dead yet speak. Dr. Landels has done his work so as to win our gratitude, and the result will be that many of our young people who have neither the time nor the money to expend in larger works will be in the possession of a summary of those worthies whose deeds may prompt the desire to go and do likewise. The Baptist Tract Society have not done a better thing than to give the denomination and the religious world this beautiful volume.

Religious Enthusiasm: The False and the True. The Inaugural Address of the Rev. J. K. CHAPPELLE, delivered at Burnley, at the Conference of the General Baptist Churches of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Leicester: Winks and Son.

THIS address, published by request, has a true manly ring about it which makes it most refreshing to read. It is calculated to bring the Church to a *working* and *waiting* mood, and thus away from the unhealthy and unscriptural idea that many are taken up with—that *the end justifies the means*, and that if we can only say, "Well, they are doing some good," is enough to warrant liberties with the sacred name of the Deity, the ignoring the teachings of the Founder of Christianity, the expressing of un-

seemly coarse jokes about the devil, and other practices, as must make angels weep. The writer says, "Can you imagine the Apostle of the Gentiles under any circumstances advertising himself and his work after this fashion: 'Blood and fire. Paul, formerly called Saul of Tarsus, General of the Salvation Army in Jerusalem and all the land of Judea, will, with the assistance of Major Silas and Lieutenant Mark, Hallelujah Mary and Happy Priscilla, storm the Devil's Kingdom in the City of Jerusalem. Great slaughter. Mind you don't get shot?' (Change the names, and the above is the copy of bills commonly seen in our streets.) Can you conceive him walking through the streets singing doggerel to the sound of execrable music, he and his male helpers dressed in military attire—say the cast-off suits of Roman soldiers, and his women helpers playing something like the tambourines now in vogue, and then holding forth in a strain to which intelligence could not listen? Is it anything like the scene on Mars Hill, and that which was witnessed at Pentecost?" We wish we could give further extracts. It ought to be reduced in price and circulated by tens of thousands. A subscription fund might well be opened, and thus a large gratuitous distribution take place among our churches and congregations, some of whom are so weak that noise and show seem to bewilder them and make them unsteady.

Widow Wiselad's Son. By G. H. ELVIDGE. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a story of village life. The hero of the story is a fatherless boy, who, by his affection for his widowed mother and his high moral principles, works his way to a position of respectability and honour. The contrast is the description of several dissipated village lads, most of whom come to grief. The history closes up with a wedding and the sudden appearance of Tom Banks, who had run away

from fear that he had by a blow caused the death of our hero. The tale is well told. There is no covered up mischief in the book (sometimes the case in story-books). It will do good if read in our villages, as its description of village characters are true to life. It is calculated to promote Bands of Hope and temperance principles. We should like it better if it had more vigour, and also if its religious utterances were more than a pleasing exhibition of the results of a sound morality.

To Christians—What of Fancy Fairs?
Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE writer, in verse, exposes justly and severely some objectionable practices at bazaars held for benevolent objects. But we do not see that they are inevitably connected with efforts for religious objects, and fail to see why a bazaar may not be carried out with the same order observed in some of our large fancy businesses. We have attended some and not been injured.

Godliness through Faith; or, Suggestions to the Spiritual. By WILLIAM MORRIS, M.D. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THESE are weighty words, and deserve a careful reading.

The Luther Commemoration, 1883. The Life and Work of Luther. By WILLIAM WILEMAN. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

A COMPRESSED life of Luther, well written, and containing likenesses of Luther and Erasmus, at the astonishingly low price of one penny.

The Missing Link and the British and Foreign Bible Societies' Monthly Reporter.

ALWAYS profitable reading. The present number contains "Homes of the Poor in London," "An Afternoon in Florence," an interesting "Description of Bible Work in Draper's Place," &c., &c.

Evangelical Christendom is full of important matter. "France and Madagascar" are words which awaken the desire to read all we can at the present juncture; "The Invitation to the Week of United and Universal Prayer at the commencement of the year, and how to map the week;" "The Luther Celebration," &c., make this a valuable number.

WE have received the *The Baptist*

and *Freeman*, *The Baptist Magazine*, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist Magazine*, *The Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission*, *Life and Light*, *The Preacher's Analyst*, *The Voice of Warning*, *The Shield of Faith* (a very ably conducted paper, exposing and refuting infidelity), *The British Flag*, &c. We could say something favourable of all these, but our space forbids.

A SCARLET BIOGRAPHY.—The Rev. Robert Hall said: "A man whom Satan had sorely tried, dreamed one night that he saw a figure in the shape of a man, but yet not a man, standing with a long scroll in his hand, on which the biography of some one was inscribed. Looking closely, he read thereon *his own life in exact detail*, from his birth to the hour at which he fell asleep. All his sins were in glowing scarlet colours; sins which he had forgotten, and some things upon which he prided himself as being uncommonly good, were all in scarlet letters. As he read, he felt inclined to question the justice of the biographer in putting down as sins what were to all appearance good deeds. Before, however, he had time to utter the rebuke which was forming in his mind, a voice asked, 'What was *your motive* in doing these actions?' With the rapidity of a flash of lightning he saw that he had done nothing from love to God or His children, but only to add glory to his own name. An awful fear fell upon him, so that his trembling made the bed to shake under him. Suddenly an angel came, and with a sponge dipped in a scarlet stream, wiped the scroll, and at once it was whiter than snow. Then, for the first time, he saw on the scroll where his sins had been the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

HOW TO PREACH.—Take care of your English. Teach, explain, persuade. Let every sermon have its nails, and drive them in. Teach class of hearers their share, so that none need go away empty. Nothing is so little to be taken for granted, even in what may be called an educated congregation, as that the people are accurately instructed in the truths of the Gospel. While you think they follow you, often you are soaring miles above them. The hard but the essential thing is to know how to translate the ideas and terminology of theology into transparent and dignified English prose. Beware of words without thought, substance without light or colour, morals without dogma, your own word cramming out the word of God. One idea in a sermon, if thoroughly explained, happily illustrated, and practically enforced, is quite enough for an ordinary congregation. To be listened to is the first thing: therefore be interesting. To be understood is the second: so be clear. To be useful is the third: be practical. To be obeyed is the fourth: speak "as the oracles of God." We hear a good deal now about "ten minutes' sermons, but really they are the hardest things possible, much harder even than catechising, and not one man in a hundred can do it. If it is true that the world is growing tired of longer sermons, it is the preacher's fault.—*Bishop Thorold*.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. GEORGE EALES, B.A., of Dewsbury, has accepted the pastorate of Friar Lane Chapel, Leicester.

Rev. G. Hollier, of Great Bridge, West Bromwich, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Rendham, near Saxmundham, Suffolk.

Rev. Samuel Mann has resigned the pastorate of the Carey Street Church, Reading, after a ministry extending over seven years and a half.

Rev. George H. Heynes, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of Claremont Chapel, Bolton.

Rev. W. Colin Bryan, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Bluntisham, Hunts.

Rev. G. Stevens, for twenty years pastor of the Bouverie Road Church, Stoke Newington, has accepted the pastorate of the chapel at Blackmore, Essex. The Bouverie Road Chapel friends have presented him with a handsome bookcase as a parting gift.

Rev. E. Carrington, of Swadlincote, has accepted the pastorate of the Cemetery Road Church, Sheffield.

GLoucestershire.—Rev. A. W. Latham, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Lydbrook.

LONDON: CHALK FARM.—Rev. J. Henry Moore has resigned his charge here.

WESTON: LOCKWOOD.—Rev. J. Longson, of Weston, Towcester, has accepted an invitation to Primrose Hill, Lockwood, near Huddersfield.

WIDNES: LANCASHIRE.—Rev. P. Yeatman, of Broad Green, Liverpool, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church in this town.

PRESENTATIONS.

FAREWELL services were held on the 8th of August, at Park Road Church, East Dereham, in connection with the departure of Rev. A. Mills, who has accepted the pastorate of Grosvenor Park Church Chester, recently vacated by the Rev. W. Durban. At the evening meeting Thomas Lindsey, Esq., presided, and fraternal addresses were delivered by Revs. J. H. Shakespeare, J. Wilkins, W. Fox (Congregationalist), T. Turner and J. Smith. During the day Mr. Mills was presented with a tea and coffee service, biscuit caddy, and a carved stand containing an eight-day timepiece, barometer and thermometer. When Mr. Mills was invited to the pastorate of the church, about five years ago, the membership had been reduced to less than 50; it now exceeds 150. Many improvements have been made in the chapel premises. The dilapidated graveyard and walls have been restored, and the school-room rebuilt, with the addition of 13 class-rooms, and a convenient lobby for the entrance.

Rev. G. O. Mackay, of Mint Lane Chapel, Lincoln, on returning from his wedding tour was presented by the church and congregation with a knee-hole writing-desk and slope, a drawing-room mirror, and a purse of gold. Mrs. Mackay was at the same time presented with an easy-chair. The Sunday-school children testified their regard for the pastor by presenting him with a library chair, an umbrella-stand, a sugar-basin and toast-rack. A timepiece and Worcester china biscuit box, electro-mounted, were presented by Messrs. Bell and Morland on behalf of the

workmen of the large foundries in whose mess-rooms Mr. Mackay, since his residence in Lincoln, has been in the habit of delivering addresses during the breakfast half-hour.

Rev. W. B. Haynes having completed seven years amongst his flock at Stafford, the occasion was celebrated, when a handsome esriroire was presented to Mr. Haynes, and a beautifully-worked bracket to Mrs. Haynes. An appropriate address was presented by Mrs. J. Lovatt.

Rev. J. Wilson, of Charles Street Church, Woolwich, on returning from his holiday, was presented with an illuminated address and Godet's "Commentary on St. John's Gospel," by the members of his Bible-class.

Rev. G. T. Edgley, of High Street Church, Bow., E., having accepted the pastorate of the church at Hemel Hempstead, was presented, on the 27th of August, at a farewell meeting, by the church and congregation and other friends, with a purse of gold, in testimony of esteem and regard.

Rev. D. Taylor, pastor of Chadwell Heath Chapel, has been presented with a sum of money, large in amount in consideration of the means of the people, as an expression of affection and gratitude for his gratuitous labours among them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROMLEY, KENT.—The eighteenth anniversary of the opening of Bromley Chapel was celebrated on August 22. Tea was held in the large vestry of the chapel, decorated for the occasion, the pastor, Rev. A. Tessier, presiding. In the evening Rev. C. Spurgeon (of Greenwich) preached in the chapel. The anniversary was most successful in numbers and in interest, the sum contributed being £40.

ON Thursday, August 16th, the memorial-stone of new buildings connected with Portland Baptist Church, Southampton, was laid by Mr. Edwin Jones, J.P., in the presence of a large assembly, amongst which all the religious denomina-

tions of the town were represented. The building in course of erection occupies the site of four old cottages, in the rear of the chapel. It consists, on the lower floor, of additions to the present schoolroom, a new lecture-room; on the ground-floor a committee-room, capable of being used as two class-rooms, a minister's vestry, and on the upper floor an organ chamber, with choir seats, and six class-rooms. The material consists of white bricks with stone dressings. It is also intended to construct a platform and baptistery in the chapel, to reseat the gallery, lower its front, and increase the height of the present schoolroom in the basement. The cost of the work is about £1,800, of which they had over £1,000 in hand. One of the donations was a cheque for £50 from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The chairman gave a donation of £25, and offered £10 additional, if £100 were collected within a month.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that Rev. Thomas Landels, B.A., of Regent's Park College, London, son of Rev. Dr. Landels, of Edinburgh, has passed the examination for the M.A. degree in London University, and has the distinguished position of being at the head of the list.

THE Baptist Total Abstinence Association have appointed the Rev. P. G. Story, late of Southsea, as their representative for London, Rev. W. L. Lang representing the provinces.

HANTS.—At the annual tea-meeting at Brokenhurst on August 8, Rev. W. H. Payne presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Collins, G. E. Buckeridge, R. Blake, Messrs. Brooke, Read, Head, and Watson. On the previous Sunday, school sermons were preached by Mr. Brooke, of Lymington. A resolution of sympathy was sent from the meeting to Rev. J. B. Burt, who through illness was prevented from attending.

PARK STREET (LUTON) BAPTIST CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.—The annual

tea and meeting commemorative of the seven years' pastorate of the Rev. James H. Blake, took place on Monday, August 20th. There was a good attendance, among those taking part in the evening meeting being the Rev. T. L. Edwards, the Rev. W. T. Taylor, St. Albans; the Rev. G. Hawker, and the Rev. D. Mace. The proceeds during the day, amounting to over £11, were devoted to liquidating the incidental debt. The addresses were interspersed with selections of music. Miss Blake presided at the organ, and the meeting was addressed by Rev. G. Hawker, Rev. D. Mace, Rev. T. L. Edwards, Rev. W. T. Taylor, and the Rev. James H. Blake, Pastor. A hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Henry Smith, seconded by Mr. T. Cox, and supported by Mr. A. Tomalin, having been accorded, the proceedings terminated.

PARK STREET CHAPEL, LUTON.—The inaugural meeting of the Pastor's Young Men's Bible Class was held on Tuesday evening, September 11th, in the large schoolroom. By the kindness of Mr. John Saunders and other gentlemen the walls were made very attractive and instructive by specimens of choice wild flowers from Bedfordshire and other neighbourhoods. The microscope, the electric battery, &c., were appreciated. The tables were adorned by some specially good photos of places and objects near. The members of Miss How's Evening Class were invited, and after coffee- refreshments and promenade, were invited by the pastor to be seated, and were treated to a really scientific sermon by Mr. John Saunders. Text, "A Piece of Pumice taken when Hot from Vesuvius." The divisions of the subject, Fire and Water. All was bright and cheerful, and everyone expressed themselves delighted with the evening's proceedings.

MAZE POND CHAPEL, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.—The Sunday School in connection with this ancient church has recently inaugurated a very important movement, viz.: "The Maze Pond Amateur Floral Society," the object being to promote a love of flowers amongst the children, by inducing them to cultivate seeds and plants of such kinds as will thrive in London. During the summer months the children (of whom nearly three hundred entered for competition) had been tending their plants, and on August 28th, the First Flower Show was opened by J. Easty, Esq., one of the deacons, and continued during the two following days. Some of the exhibits were deserving of great praise, and showed the interest which the little ones took in the movement. There was also a class of exhibits for teachers, which was well represented. Several nurserymen of the neighbourhood, amongst whom may be mentioned Messrs. Laing, Childs, Davis, and Norman—in addition to various members of the church and congregation, kindly lent collections of plants, which made a very brilliant show, it being enhanced by a valuable museum of curiosities from foreign shores, prints, native weapons, shells, sea-weeds, &c., beside selections of music by the choir, assisted by a string band and pianoforte. There were also galvanic batteries, musical boxes, stereoscopes, and fine art exhibition. Prizes of books and illuminated cards to the value of £6 were distributed to the successful exhibitors. Altogether the show was a decided success, which we hope to see repeated in future years, and proves that the spirit of energy and enterprise which has always distinguished this well-known church in the past is worthily sustained at the present time.

"A MEMBER OF CHRIST."—The Church should resemble a geometrical staircase, whose strength is due to the help which each step receives from and gives to its neighbour.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery, Mon.—August 12, Ebenezer Chapel, One; September 9, One, by L. Jones.

Acton.—September 9, Six, by C. M. Longhurst.

Bacup.—August 26, Zion, Three, by E. A. Tydeman.

Batley, Yorkshire.—August 30, Three, by A. Cooper.

Belfast.—August 7, Regent-street, Two; August 21, Three, by B. T. Mateer.

Beulah, Rhymney, Mon.—September 2, Two, by H. Phillips.

Birmingham.—August 19, Circus Chapel, Seven, by J. J. Knight.

Blackburn.—August 25, Montague-street, Nine, by M. H. Whetnall.

Blaina, Mon.—September 4, Ten, by C. Rees.

Bridgnorth.—August 29, Three, by W. J. Dyer.

Brockhurst, Hants.—July 25, Six; August 8, Six, by W. M.; August 26, Two, by B. French.

Burslem, Staffs.—August 19, Three, by S. Kenworthy.

Chadlington.—September 2, Two, by W. Pontifex.

Cosley, near Bilston.—September 9, Six, by C. Dunnett.

Cottingham.—August 7, Thirteen, by J. Jull.

Grantham.—August 25, Oxford-street, Two, by D. C. Chapman.

Crickhowell.—August 31, Two, by J. Jenkins.

Cutsdean.—August 16, Seven, by W. J. Juniper.

Dalton-in-Furness.—August 19, Six; September 2, Five, by J. G. Anderson.

Devonport.—August 30, Morice-square, Four, by R. Sampson.

Eye, Suffolk.—August 12, Eleven, by J. Holmshead.

Glodwick, Oldham.—August 19, Six, by W. Hughes.

Golcar, Huddersfield.—August 5, One; 30, One, by W. Gay.

Guildford.—August 26, Commercial-road, Chapel, Two, by J. Rankine.

Hanley, Staffs.—August 19, New-street, One, by D. E. Evans.

Henley-on-Thames.—August 26, Five, by J. M. Hewson.

Hitchin.—August 12, Walsworth-road, Five, by F. J. Bird.

Hunslet, Leeds.—August 26, Two, by A. E. Greening.

Kenningshall.—August 12, One, by T. J. Ewing.

Llanddewi.—September 9, Five, by J. Edwards.

Llanwenarth.—September 9, Five, by J. Morgan.

London :—
Bethnal Green-road.—July 29, Seven, by W. H. Smith.
W.—August 14, Belle Isle, Five, by J. Benson.

London—
North Brixton.—August 9, Three, by W. Sullivan.
Streatham.—August 29, Lewin-road, Two, by A. McCaig.
Woolwich.—August 28, Parson's-hill, Seven, by J. Wilson.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—August 12, at Zion, Three, by T. A. Pryce.
Merthyr.—August 26, Tabernacle, Three, by B. Thomas.
Monk's Kirby, Lutterworth.—August 19, Four, by T. N. Smith.
Montega Hay, Jamaica.—July 15, Twenty-eight, in a river, by J. H. Sobey.
Mossley.—August 14, One, by J. Whitehead.
Newport, Mon.—August 26, Two, by A. T. Jones.
North Curry.—September 9, Three, by W. Fry.
Odiham.—August 22, Fleet Chapel, Three, by R. Wilson.
Peterchurch, Hereford.—August 19, Five, by J. Beard.
Pontlloftyn, Glamorgan.—August 19, Six; 29, One; September 2, Three, by I. Cool.
Ponther, Newport, Mon.—September 2, One, by W. G. Vaughan.
Pontnewydd.—August 21, Crane-street, Three, by W. H. Davies.
Porth.—August 19, at the Tabernacle, Five, by O. Owens.
Portsmouth.—September 5, Lake-road, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
Pole Moor.—September 3, Three, by J. Evans.
Presteign.—September 2, Two, by S. Watkins.
Risca, Mon.—September 2, at Moriah, One, by E. Thomas.
Roche.—August 26, Water-street, Three, by D. O. Davies.
Southampton.—August 26, Carlton Chapel, Two, by E. Osborne.
Southsea.—August 26, Elm-grove, Ten, by J. P. Williams.
St. Helens, Lancashire.—September 6, Victoria Hall, Seven, by C. Green.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.—August 26, Park-road, Four, by W. W. Haines.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—August 2, Five, by F. E. Blackaby.
Sunningdale.—August 19, Three, by A. W. Latham.
Swansea.—August 26, Mount Zion, Six, by T. D. Matthias; September 9, Three, by A. J. Parry.
Tadmorden.—August 29, One, by W. March.
Tonypanyd, Rhondda Valley.—August 12, Three, by J. M. Jones.
Torrington.—August 29, One, by R. J. Middleton.
Tunbridge, Kent.—August 26, Eight, by T. Hancock.
Vochrivu, Glamorgan.—August 15, Five; September 5, Two, by I. Cool.
Watchet.—July 31, Two, by R. B. Clare.
Wincanton, Somerset.—July 29, Four, by G. Hider.

JOSEPH ATTACKED BY THE ARCHERS.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob (from thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel)."—Gen. xlix. 23, 24.

It must have been a fine sight to see the hoary-headed Jacob sitting up in his bed whilst he bestowed his parting benediction upon his twelve sons. He had been noble in many instances during his life—at the sleeping place of Bethel, the brook of Jabbok, and the halting of Peniel. He had been a glorious old man, one before whom we might bow down with reverence, and truly say, "There were giants in those days." But his closing scene was the best. I think if ever he stood out more illustrious than at any other time, if his head was, at any one season more than another, encircled with a halo of glory, it was when he came to die. Like the sun at setting, he seemed then to be the greater in brilliance, tinging the clouds of his weakness with the glory of grace within. Like good wine which runs clear to the very bottom, unalloyed by dregs, so did Jacob, till his dying hour, continue to sing of love, of mercy, and of goodness, past and future. Like the swan, which (as old writers say) singeth not all its life until it comes to die, so the old patriarch remained silent as a songster for many years, but when he stretched himself on his last couch of rest, he stayed himself up in his bed, turned his burning eye from one to another, and although with a hoarse and faltering voice, he sang a sonnet upon each of his offspring, such as earthly poets, uninspired, cannot attempt to imitate. Looking upon his son Reuben, a tear was in his eye, for he recollected Reuben's sin; he passed over Simeon and Levi, giving some slight rebuke; upon the others he sung a verse of praise, as his eyes saw into the future history of the tribes. By-and-by his voice failed him, and the good old man, with long-drawn breath, with eyes pregnant with celestial fire, and heart big with heaven, lifted his voice to God and said, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O God," rested a moment on his pillow, and then again sitting up, recommenced the strain, passing briefly by the names of each. But oh! when he came to Joseph, his youngest son but one—when he looked on him, I picture that old man as the tears ran down his cheeks. There stood Joseph, with all his mother Rachel in his eyes—that dear-loved wife of his—there he stood, the boy for whom that mother had prayed with all the eagerness of an Eastern wife. For a long twenty years she had tarried a barren woman and kept no house, but then she was a joyful mother, and she called her son "increase." Oh! how she loved the boy; and for that mother's sake, though she had been buried for some years and hidden under the cold sod, old Jacob loved him too. But more than that; he loved him for his troubles. He was parted from him to be sold into Egypt. His father

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recollected Joseph's trials in the round house and the dungeon, and remembered his royal dignity as prince of Egypt; and now with a full burst of harmony, as if the music of heaven had united with his own, as when the widened river meets the sea, and the tide coming up doth amalgamate with the stream that cometh down, and swelleth into a broad expanse, so did the glory of heaven meet the rapture of his earthly feelings, and, giving vent to his soul, he sang, "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall; the archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob (from thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel): even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb: the blessings of thy fathers have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills: they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." What a splendid stanza with which to close! He has only one more blessing to give; but surely this was the richest which he conferred on Joseph.

Joseph is dead, but the Lord has His Josephs now. There are some still who understand by experience—and that is the best kind of understanding—the meaning of this passage, "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob."

There are four things for us to consider this morning: first of all, *the cruel attack*,—"The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him;" secondly, *the shielded warrior*,—"but his bow abode in strength;" thirdly, *his secret strength*,—"the arms of his hands were made strong by the mighty power of the God of Jacob;" and fourthly, *the glorious parallel* drawn between Joseph and Christ,—"*From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel.*"

I. First, then, we commence with THE CRUEL ATTACK. "The archers have sorely grieved him." Joseph's enemies were archers. The original has it, "masters of the arrows," that is, men who were well skilled in the use of the arrow. Though all weapons are alike approved by the warrior in his thirst for blood, there seems something more cowardly in the attack of the archer than in that of the swordsman. The swordsman plants himself near you, foot to foot, and lets you defend yourself and deal your blows against him; but the archer stands at a distance, hides himself in ambuscade, and, without your knowing it, the arrow comes whizzing through the air, and perhaps penetrates your heart. Just so are the enemies of God's people. They very seldom come foot to foot with us; they will not show their faces before us: they hate the light; they love darkness; they dare not come and openly accuse us to our face, for then we could reply; but they shoot the bow from a distance, so that we cannot answer them; cowardly and dastardly as they are, they forge their arrow-heads and aim them, winged with hell-birds' feathers, at the hearts of God's people. The archers sorely grieved poor Joseph. Let us consider who are the archers who so cruelly shot at him. First, there were the

archers of *envy*; secondly, the archers of *temptation*; and thirdly, the archers of *slander and calumny*.

1. First, *Joseph had to endure the archers of ENVY*. When he was a boy, his father loved him. The youth was fair and beautiful; in person, he was to be admired; moreover, he had a mind that was gigantic, and an intellect that was lofty; but, best of all, in him dwelt the Spirit of the living God. He was one who talked with God; a youth of piety and prayerfulness; beloved of God, even more than he was by his earthly father. Oh! how his father loved him! for in his fond affection, he made him a princely coat of many colours, and treated him better than the others—a natural but foolish way of showing his fondness. Therefore his brethren hated him. Full often did they jeer at the youthful Joseph when he retired to his prayers; when he was with them at a distance from his father's house, he was their drudge, their slave; the taunt, the jeer, did often wound his heart, and the young child endured much secret sorrow. On an ill day, as it happened, he was with them at a distance from home, and they thought to slay him; but upon the entreaty of Reuben they put him into a pit, until, as Providence would have it, the Ishmeelites did pass that way. They then sold him for the price of a slave, stripped him of his coat, and sent him naked they knew not and they cared not whither, so long as he might be out of their way, and no longer provoke their envy and their anger. Oh! the agonies he felt,—parted from his father, losing his brethren, without a friend, dragged away by cruel man-sellers, chained upon a camel it may be, with fetters upon his hands. Those who have borne the gyves and fetters, those who have felt that they were not free men, that they had not liberty, might tell how sorely the archers grieved him when they shot at him the arrows of their envy. He became a slave, sold from his country, dragged from all he loved. Farewell to home and all its pleasures—farewell to a father's smiles and tender cares. He must be a slave, and toil where the slave task-master makes him; he must be exposed in the market, he must be stripped in the streets, he must be beaten, he must be scourged, he must be reduced from the man to the animal, from the free man to the slave. Truly the archers sorely shot at him. And, my brethren, do you hope, if you are the Lord's Josephs, that you shall escape envy? I tell you, nay; that green-eyed monster envy, lives in London as well as elsewhere, and he creeps into God's Church, moreover. Oh! it is hardest of all to be envied by one's brethren. If the devil hates us, we can bear it; if the foes of God's truth speak ill of us, we buckle up our harness, and say, "Away, away, to the conflict." But when the friends within the house slander us—when brethren who should uphold us turn our foes, and when they try to tread down their younger brethren,—then, sirs, there is some meaning in the passage, "The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him." But, blessed be God's name, it is sweet to be informed that "his bow abode in strength." None of you can be the people of God without provoking envy; and the better you are, the more you will be hated. The ripest food is most pecked by the birds, and the blossoms that have been longest on the tree are the most easily blown down by the wind. But fear not; you have nought to do with what man shall say of you. If God loves you, man will hate you; if God honours you, man will dishonour you. But recollect, could ye wear chains for Christ's sake, ye should wear chains of gold in heaven; could ye have

rings of burning iron round your waists, ye should have your brow rimmed with gold in glory ; for blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's name sake ; for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you. The first archers were the archers of envy.

2. But a worse trial than this was to overtake him. *The archers of TEMPTATION* shot at him. Here I know not how to express myself. I would that some one more qualified to speak were here, that he might tell you the tale of Joseph's trial, and Joseph's triumph. Sold to a master who soon discovered his value, Joseph was made the bailiff of the house, and the manager of the household. His wanton mistress fixed her adulterous love on him ; and he, being continually in her presence, was perpetually, day by day, solicited by her to evil deeds. Constantly did he refuse ; still enduring a martyrdom at the slow fire of her enticements. On one eventful day she grasped him, seeking to compel him to crime ; but he, like a true hero, as he was, said to her, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God ?" Like a wise warrior, he knew that in such a case fleeing was the better part of valour. He heard a voice in his ears, "Fly, Joseph, fly ; there remains no way of victory but flight." And out he fled, leaving his garment with his adulterous mistress. Oh, I say, in all the annals of heroism there is not one that shall surpass this. You know it is *opportunity* that makes a man criminal, and he had abundant opportunity ; but *importunity* will drive most men astray. To be haunted day by day by solicitations of the softest kind—to be tempted hour by hour—oh, it needs a strength super-angelic, a might more than human, a strength which only God can grant, for a young man thus to cleanse his way, and take heed thereto according to God's Word. He might have reasoned within himself, "Should I submit and yield, there lies before me a life of ease and pleasure ; I shall be exalted, I shall be rich. She shall prevail over her husband to cover me with honours ; but should I still adhere to my integrity, I shall be cast into prison, I shall be thrown into the dungeon ; there awaits me nothing but shame and disgrace." Oh ! there was a power indeed within that heart of his ; there was an inconceivable might, which made him turn away with unutterable disgust, with fear and trembling, while he said, "How can I—how can I—God's Joseph—how can I—other men might, but how can I—do this great wickedness, and sin against God ?" Truly the "archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him ; but his bow abode in strength."

3. Then another host of archers assailed him : *these were the archers' of MALICIOUS CALUMNY*. Seeing that he would not yield to temptation, his mistress falsely accused him to her husband ; and his lord, believing the voice of his wife, cast him into prison. It was a marvellous providence that he did not put him to death, for Potiphar, his master, was the chief of the slaughtermen ; he had only to call in a soldier, who would have cut him in pieces on the spot. But he cast him into prison. There was poor Joseph. His character ruined in the eyes of man, and very likely looked upon with scorn even in the prison-house ; base criminals went away from him as if they thought him viler than themselves, as if they were angels in comparison with him. Oh ! it is no easy thing to feel your character gone, to think that you are slandered, that things are said of you that are untrue. Many a man's heart has been broken by this, when nothing else could make him yield. The archers sorely grieved him when he was so maligned—so

slandered. O child of God, dost thou expect to escape these archers? Wilt thou never be slandered? Shalt thou never be calumniated? It is the lot of God's servants, in proportion to their zeal, to be evil spoken of. Remember the noble Whitefield, how he stood and was the butt of all the jeers and scoffs of half an age, while his only answer was a blameless life.

“ And he who forged, and he who threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.”

They reviled him, and imputed to him crimes that Sodom never knew. So shall it be always with those who preach God's truth, and all the followers of Christ—they must all expect it; but blessed be God, they have not said worse things of us than they said of our Master. What have they laid to our charge? They may have said, “He is drunken and a winebibber;” but they have not said, “He hath a devil.” They have accused us of being mad; so was it said of Paul. Oh, holy infatuation, heavenly furor, would that we could bite others until they had the same madness. We think if to go to heaven be mad, we will not choose to be wise; we see no wisdom in preferring hell; we can see no great prudence in despising and hating God's truth. If to serve God be vile, we purpose to be viler still. Ah! friends, some now present know this verse by heart, “The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him.” Expect it; do not think it a strange thing; all God's people must have it. There are no royal roads to heaven—they are paths of trial and trouble; the archers will shoot at you as long as you are on this side the flood.

II. We have seen these archers shoot their flights of arrows; we will now go up the hill a little, behind a rock, to look at the SHIELDED WARRIOR, and see how his courage is while the archers have sorely grieved him. What is he doing? “His bow abideth in strength.” Let us picture God's favourite. The archers are down below. There is a parapet of rock before him; now and then he looks over it to see what the archers are about, but generally he keeps behind. In heavenly security he is set upon a rock, carelessly of all below. Let us follow the track of the wild goat, and behold the warrior in his fastness.

First, we notice that he has a bow himself, for we read that “*his bow abode in strength.*” He could have retaliated if he pleased, but he was very quiet, and would not combat with them. Had he pleased he might have drawn his bow with all his strength, and sent his weapon to their hearts with far greater precision than they had ever done to him. But mark the warrior's quietness. There he rests, stretching his mighty limbs; “his bow abode in strength.” He seemed to say, “Rage on; ay, let your arrows spend themselves, empty your quivers on me, let your bow-strings be worn out, and let the wood be broken with its constant bending: here am I, stretching myself in safe repose; my bow abides in strength; I have other work to do besides shooting at you; my arrows are against yon foes of God, the enemies of the Most High; I cannot waste an arrow on such pitiful sparrows as you are; ye are birds beneath my noble shot; I would not waste an arrow on you.” Thus he remains behind the rock and despises them all. His bow abideth in strength.

Mark well *his quietness*. His bow “abideth.” It is not rattling, it is not always moving, but it abides, it is quite still; he takes no notice of the attack. The archers sorely grieved Joseph, but his bow was not

turned against them—it abode in strength. He turned not his bow on them. He rested while they raged. Doth the moon stay herself to lecture every dog that bayeth her? Doth the lion turn aside to rend each cur that barketh at him? Do the stars cease to shine because the nightingales reprove them for their dimness? Doth the sun stop in its course because of the officious cloud which veils it? Or doth the river stay because the willow dippeth its leaves into its waters? Ah, no; God's universe moves on, and if men will oppose it, it heeds them not. It is as God hath made it; it is working together for good, and it shall not be stayed by the censure, nor moved on by the praise, of man. Let your bows, my brethren, abide. Do not be in a hurry to set yourselves right. God will take care of you. Leave yourselves alone; only be very valiant for the Lord God of Israel: be steadfast in the truth of Jesus, and your bow shall abide.

But we must not forget the next word. "His bow abode IN STRENGTH." Though his bow was quiet, it was not because it was broken. Joseph's bow was like that of William the Conqueror—no man could bend it but Joseph himself. It abode "in strength." I see the warrior bending his bow; how with his mighty arms he pulls it down and draws the string to make it ready. His bow abode in strength; it did not snap, it did not start aside. His chastity was his bow, and he did not lose that; his faith was his bow, and that did not yield, it did not break; his courage was his bow, and that did not fail him; his character, his honesty was his bow; nor did he cast it away. Some men are so very particular about reputation. They think "Surely, surely, surely they shall lose their characters." Well, well, if we do not lose them through our own fault, we never need care about anybody else. You know there is not a man that stands at all prominent but what any fool in the world can set afloat some bad tale against him. It is a great deal easier to set a story afloat than to stop it. If you want truth to go round the world you must hire an express train to pull it; but if you want a lie to go round the world, it will fly—it is as light as a feather, and a breath will carry it. It is well said in the old Proverb, "A lie will go round the world while truth is pulling its boots on." Nevertheless, it does not injure us; for if light as a feather, it travels as fast—its effect is just about as tremendous as the effect of down when it is blown against the walls of a castle: it produces no damage whatever, on account of its lightness and littleness. Fear not, Christian! Let slander fly, let envy send forth its forked tongue, let it hiss at you; your bow shall abide in strength. O shielded warrior, remain quiet, fear no ill; but, like the eagle in its lofty eyrie, look thou down upon the fowlers in the plain; turn thy bold eye upon them, and say, "Shoot ye may, but your shots will not reach half-way to the pinnacle where I stand. Waste your powder upon me if ye will; I am beyond your reach." Then clap your wings, mount to heaven, and there laugh them to scorn, for you have made your refuge God, and shall find a most secure abode.

III. The third thing in our text is the SECRET STRENGTH. "The arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." First notice concerning his strength that it was *real* strength. It says, "the arms of his hands," not his hands only. You know some people can do a great deal with their hands, but then it is often fictitious power; there is no might in the arm—there are no muscles. But of Joseph it is

said, "The *arms* of his hands were made strong." It was real potency, true muscle, real sinew, real nerve. It was not simply sleight of hand—the power of moving his fingers very swiftly—but the *arms* of his hands were made strong. Now, that strength which God gives to His Josephs is real strength; it is not a boasted valour, a fiction, a thing of which men talk, an airy dream, an unsubstantial unreality; but it is real strength. I should not like to have a combat with one of God's Josephs. I should find their blows very heavy. I fear a Christian's strokes more than any other man's; for he has bone and sinew, and smites hard. Let the foes of the Church expect a hard struggle if they attack an heir of life. Mightier than giants are men of the race of heaven; should they once arouse themselves to battle, they could laugh at the spear and the habergeon. But they are a patient generation, enduring ills without resenting them, suffering scorn without reviling the scoffer. Their triumph is to come when their enemies shall receive the vengeance due; then shall it be seen by an assembled world that the "little flock" were men of high estate, and the "offscouring of all things" were verily men of real strength and dignity.

Even though the world perceive it not, the favoured Joseph has real strength, not in his hands only, but in his arms—real might, real power. O ye foes of God, ye think God's people are despicable and powerless; but know that they have true strength from the omnipotence of their Father, a might substantial and Divine. Your own shall melt away, and droop and die; like the snow upon the low mountain's top when the sun shines upon it, it melteth into water; but our vigour shall abide like the snow on the summit of the Alps, undiminished for ages. It is real strength.

Then observe that the strength of God's Joseph is *Divine strength*. His arms were made strong by God. Why does one of God's ministers preach the Gospel powerfully? Because God gives him assistance. Why does Joseph stand against temptation? Because God gives him aid. The strength of a Christian is Divine strength. My brethren, I am more and more persuaded every day that the sinner has no power of himself, except that which is given him from above. I know that if I were to stand with my foot upon the golden threshold of heaven's portal, if I could put this thumb upon the latch, I could not open that door, after having gone so far towards heaven, unless I had still supernatural power communicated to me in that moment. If I had a stone to lift to work my own salvation, without God's help to do that, I must be lost, even though it were so little. There is nought that we can do without the power of God. All true strength is Divine. As the light cometh from the sun, as the shower from heaven, so doth spiritual strength come from the Father of lights, with whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of a turning.

Again: I would have you notice in the text in what a *blessedly familiar way* God gives this strength to Joseph. It says, "The arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." Thus it represents God as putting His hands on Joseph's hands, placing His arms on Joseph's arms. In old times, when every boy had to be trained up to archery, if his father were worth so many pounds a year, you might see the father putting his hands on his boy's hands, and pulling the bow for him, saying, "There, my son, in this manner draw the bow." So the text

represents God as putting His hand on the hand of Joseph, and laying His broad arm along the arm of His chosen child, that he might be made strong. Like as a father teaches his children, so the Lord teaches them that fear Him. He puts His arm upon them. As Elijah laid with his mouth upon the child's mouth, with his hand upon the child's hand, with his foot upon the child's foot, so does God put His mouth to His children's mouth, His hand on His minister's hand, His foot to His people's foot : and so He makes us strong. Marvellous condescension ! Ye stars of glory, have ye ever witnessed such stoops of love ? God—almighty—eternal—omnipotent—stoops from His throne, and lays His hand upon the child's hand, stretching His arm upon the arm of Joseph, that he may be made strong.

One more thought, and I have done. This strength was *covenant strength* ; for it is said, "The arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty *God of Jacob*." Now, wherever you read of the God of Jacob in the Bible, you may know that that respects God's covenant with Jacob. Ah ! I love to talk about God's everlasting covenant—a covenant not made with my fathers, not between me and God, but between Christ and God. Christ made the covenant to pay a price, and God made the covenant that He should have the people. Christ has paid the price, and ratified the covenant, and I am quite sure that God will fulfil His part of it by giving every elect vessel of mercy into the hands of Jesus. But, beloved, all the power, all the grace, all the blessings, all the mercies, all the comforts, all the things we have, we have through the covenant. If there were no covenant : if we could rend the everlasting charter up : if the king of hell could cut it with his knife, as the king of Israel did the roll of Baruch, then we should fail indeed : for we have no strength, except that which is promised in the covenant. Covenant mercies, covenant grace, covenant promises, covenant blessings, covenant help, covenant everything—the Christian must receive if he would enter into heaven.

Now, Christian, the archers have sorely grieved you, and shot at you, and wounded you ; but your bow abides in strength, and the arms of your hands are made strong. But do you know, O believer, that you are like your Master in this ?

IV. That is our fourth point—A GLORIOUS PARALLEL. "From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel." Jesus Christ was served just the same ; the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel, passed through similar trials : He was shot at by the archers ; He was grieved and wounded : but His bow abode in strength ; His arms were made strong by the God of Jacob, and now every blessing rests "upon the crown of the head of Him who was separate from His brethren." I shall not detain you long, but I have a few things to tell you : first about Christ as the Shepherd, and then about Christ the Stone.

Christ came into the world as a Shepherd. As soon as He made His appearance the scribes and Pharisees said, "Ah ! we have been the shepherds until this hour ; now we shall be driven from our honours, we shall lose all our dignity, and our authority. Consequently they always shot at Him. As for the people, they were a fickle herd ; I believe that many of them respected and admired Christ, though, doubtless, the vast majority hated Him ; for wherever He went He was a popular preacher :

the multitude always thronged Him and crowded round Him, crying, "Hosannah." I think, if you had walked up to the top of that hill of Calvary, and asked one of those men who cried out, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" "What do you say that for? Is He a bad man?" "No," he would have said; "He went about doing good." "Then why do you say, 'Crucify Him!'" "Because Rabbi Simeon gave me a shekel to help the clamour." So the multitude were much won by the money and influence of the priests. But they were glad to hear Christ after all. It was the shepherds that hated Him, because He took away their traffic, because He turned the buyers and sellers out of the temple, diminished their dignity, and ignored their pretensions; therefore they could not endure Him. But the Shepherd of Israel mounted higher and higher; He gathered His sheep, carried the lambs in His bosom; and He now stands acknowledged as the great Shepherd of the sheep, who shall gather them into one flock and lead them to heaven. Rowland Hill tells a curious tale, in his "Village Dialogues," about a certain Mr. Tiplash, a very fine intellectual preacher, who, in one of his flights of oratory, said, "O Virtue, Thou art so fair and lovely, if Thou wert to come down upon earth, all men would love Thee;" with a few more pretty, beautiful things. Mr. Blunt, an honest preacher, who was in the neighbourhood, was asked to preach in the afternoon, and he supplemented the worthy gentleman's remarks by saying, "O Virtue, Thou didst come on earth in all Thy purity and loveliness; but, instead of being beloved and admired, the archers sorely shot at Thee and grieved Thee; they took Thee, Virtue, and hung Thy quivering limbs upon a cross: when Thou didst hang there dying, they hissed at Thee, they mocked Thee, they scorned Thee; when Thou didst ask for water they gave Thee vinegar to drink, mingled with gall: yea, when Thou didst Thou hadst a tomb from charity, and that tomb sealed by enmity and hatred." The Shepherd of Israel was despised, incarnate virtue was hated and abhorred; therefore, fear not, Christians; take courage: for if your Master passed through it, surely you must.

To conclude: the text calls Christ the Stone of Israel. I have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text—"The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the head-stone of the corner." It is said that when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry ready cut and fashioned, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no describable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it in another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised, the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, "Where is the top-stone? Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was,

until some one said, "Perhaps that stone which the builders refused is meant to be the top-stone." They then took it, and hoisted it to the top of the house; and as it reached the summit they found it well adapted to the place. Loud hosannas made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the head-stone of the corner. So is it with Christ Jesus. The builders cast Him away: He was a plebeian; He was of poor extraction; He was a Man acquainted with sinners, who walked in poverty and meanness; hence the worldly-wise despised Him. But when God shall gather in one all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things.

"Christ reigns in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

He shall be exalted; He shall be honoured; His name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in Him; yea, all generations shall call Him blessed.

THE REST OF A WEARY SOUL.

My heart was sad and weary, and my life was full of care,
And upon my troubled spirit lay a cloud of black despair;
I had wandered in the darkness, and could see no ray of light:
All my hope, and joy, and gladness, seemed buried out of sight:
For my friends had proved unfaithful, and the world was dark and drear,
And those whose love I trusted, and whom I thought sincere,
Turned from me in my trouble, and left me to my grief;
And my wearied, burdened spirit sought in vain for true relief.

'Twas a dark and painful struggle: for I tried to trust in God,
And believe His love had ordered the path in which I trod;
But my faith departed from me: I was lost in doubt and fear;
And my prayers seemed vain and useless, for I thought God could not hear,
When a sweet voice softly whispered, "Come, weary one, to Me,
And in My love and mercy from your pain you shall be free;
Come away from grief and sadness, from friends who've proved untrue;
Trust a love that changes never—a love that lives for you."

And I turned me in my sadness (I had heard the voice before),
And my fainting soul found comfort, and the storm and strife were o'er:
While my tired head I pillowed on the Saviour's loving breast,
All my doubts, and fears, and troubles, by His voice were hushed to rest;
And although again my pathway may lie through gloom and shade,
Yet, if He will guide and lead me, I will never be dismayed,
Since His presence will sustain me, and support my latest breath:
For His love abideth ever, and is mightier than death!

And will *you*—who, bound and weary, long for rest and for release—
For a love that's true and faithful, and a soul in perfect peace—
Come and bring your cares to Jesus?—He your burdens will remove;
And nought shall ever move you from His constant, changeless love.

CHARLES BROWN.

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PRISONER'S HISTORY.

“You want to know my history, Mr. Rock, and what has brought me here? I could tell you a deal, but will be as brief as I can. My father was a spinner in a cotton mill, and my mother was a weaver. When they married they were just able to furnish the house comfortably, but had nothing to spare. Both continued to work in the mill, and mother only broke off at times through compulsion when the babies put in an appearance. Accordin' to the custom in the manufacturin' districts, most of us were brought up by baby-farmers with the bottle, and as much of mother's own milk at nights as she could give, which, however, didn't last long; and so the bottle had mostly to do full duty. In my opinion, it's a wretched custom, for in loads of cases, if it doesn't gradually kill the youngsters, or send 'em right off with convulsions and fits, it fails to feed 'em properly, and so, if they survive, they grow up pale, wizen, stunted dwarfs. True, some constitutions bear it better than others; but it stands to reason that nature's food is the right sort to give, and therefore the best. As it is, none of our family are either very strong or tall, and it was often feared that I should go the way of all flesh myself. As soon as we were old enough, we were all sent to Sunday School, in order chiefly to be got out of the way. Sunday was feast-day, and a good hot dinner had to be provided; and then parties came visiting in the afternoon, so that school was a very convenient place to stow us away in,

while our parents and their friends did the thing jollily.”

“Then, did they never go themselves to a place of worship?”

“Yes: perhaps, once in six months, on a Sunday evening, when there was a ‘Service of Song,’ or something in the shape of religious entertainment; and then they thought it to be a work of merit in goin’, as they said, to ‘support the place.’ They had no other idea, and, indeed, used to talk as if they were doin’ the teachers quite a favour in sending us to their Sunday School. And it really is the notion of lots of parents in the manufacturin’ districts; and I can't account for it, for it seems to me that the favour is all on the other side. It is the poor, hard-worked teachers that give up their Sunday's rest, and labour to teach the children that which is good, amid many discouragements, and all for nothin', that confer the favour, I should say; and teachers should plainly tell 'em so. However, we were kept to the Sunday School till we became half-timers in the mill, and then our parents were not so strict. The money we brought home gave us more favour in their eyes; and if we didn't come it more often than was convenient, we were let stop at home and share in the afternoon's festivity. As we grew older, and became full-timers, and therefore got a higher wage, our value at home increased, and then we were let roam about on the Sunday, and do as we liked. The Sunday School was soon given up, and the fields, and lanes, and streets took its place. The result may be easily imagined. With the exception of a quiet and delicate sister, both lads and lasses

took up with all sorts of company, went to all sorts of places, and got into all sorts of scrapes. Father gradually sank into a sot, mother was little better; and before we were sixteen or seventeen years of age, we were all beyond parental control."

"How many of you were there at home?"

"There were six living children, four boys and two girls. My eldest sister kept company with a fast young fellow who betrayed her and brought disgrace to her home. My other sister died before she was twenty; one of my brothers ran away from home and has never since been heard of; two married early in life and are living low lives; I, of course, am the other, and you see what I have come to. A sweet lot, aren't we?"

"Are your parents alive?"

"Yes, and both of them in the poor-house, living a separate, if not a better, life. But perhaps you will say, 'Why have you not tried to get 'em out?' My answer is, Because they are not fit to be out. The first house father would go to would be the public-house, and he would probably be carried to the police station, either mad drunk or dead drunk; and as to my mother, she is almost a helpless imbecile. As they have sowed, they have reaped, both in themselves and in their children; and perhaps I shall horrify you, Mr. Rock, when I say that I have hardly a particle of love, and certainly not a particle of respect, for either of 'em. Had they been Christian parents, or parents who cared even for the moral welfare of their children, the case would be different; but all that I can remember is, that they seemed to care very little about 'em, except to get their wage every Saturday, and spend it in feasting on Sunday.

We might go to Hanover for all they cared, so that they could do that."

"It is very, very sad!"

"Yes, sad enough, Mr. Rock; but bear in mind that just as my parents went on, thousands, and tens of thousands, in the manufacturer's districts, are going on too. They are only specimens of a numerous tribe. Some time ago I saw in a newspaper the question discussed, Why do the masses neglect to go to places of worship? Some said one thing, and some another; but though I'm no scholar, I could have told 'em that the chief reason why the children grow up in such neglect is because their parents set 'em the example. Does any one with common sense suppose that when the majority of parents neglect a place of worship that their children will feel inclined to go? Why, the idea is absurd: I was only too glad to have my liberty and do as I liked; and I did it to my cost."

"But I think you said that infidelity had a great deal to do with your present position?"

"So I did; and I will show you how. Though I can't say that I myself ever got much good at the Sunday School, still I did learn there that there was a hereafter, and that if I lived a wicked life here, after death I should have to face 'the wrath to come.' Besides that, also the education I received there gave me a general notion of right and wrong; and this, backed up with the voice of Conscience, prevented me from carrying out to a full extent the prom'tin's of my baser passions. But through being thrown into bad company, when I came into this town, infidel tracts were put into my hands, and I was led to go to infidel lectures. There I heard men who boldly asserted that 'nobody could prove that

there was a God : ' and that if there was, it did not matter. If He existed, nobody could tell what sort of a Being He was, or what He required of us. There might be an after life, or there might not ; but what we had to do was to make the best of this life. This life was certain ; and it was of no use whatever for us to speculate about one that was uncertain. As to hell, that was a mere bugbear, invented by the priests to frighten superstitious and ignorant people, and get their money out of 'em. The Bible itself, which alone revealed hell, was evidently full of falsehoods and contradictions, and no ways to be relied upon. It gave, as science proved, false accounts of the creation, published false histories, and taught false doctrines. It was also the enemy of society, and specially the foe of the workin' man. What we had to do then, if we would consult our own interests, was to throw the Bible altogether overboard, follow the dictates of reason, and enjoy ourselves in this world as much as we could. That done, we should get the best we could out of this world ; and then we might safely run the chances of what might come to pass in any other. You can imagine, Mr. Rock, how all this delighted me, and others of the same sort. It was just the kind of teachin' we wanted. The very idea of having no God to rule over us ; no God to watch us ; no God to call us to an account ; no punishment, *perhaps*, for doing wrong here ; and *certainly* no punishment hereafter, oh ! this was first-rate ! Why shouldn't we then enjoy ourselves in our own way ? Why not gratify our natural tastes ? True, we were told that we ought to be governed in our actions by what was for the welfare of society. But what was

the welfare of society to us ? If we had only a little span of life to live, and then to leave society, would society pay us for our self-sacrifice to promote its well being ? What price had it paid its noblest reformers and martyrs ? Had it not paid them by demanding their liberty, their property, and their lives ? We had sense enough, uneducated as we were, to see that if there was no system of rewards and punishments hereafter, our duty, as these infidel lecturers said, was to enjoy ourselves here in our own fashion as well as we could ; and therefore we argued *let society do the same for itself, if it could*. So looking at it in this light, like my companions, headlong into fleshly gratification I plunged straight away. I went to the public-house, to the theatre, to the dancing-room, to the racecourse, and even to worse places. I left my wife mainly to support the children. I robbed my employer to pay a gambler, a hefting loss, and as the *legitimate* fruit—if that's the right word—of my precious creed, here I am. I've had my way, and no matter what may come hereafter, now I am paying the penalty."

"And what age are you now ?"

"I'm just turned twenty-eight."

"Well, it is quite evident that this check has opened your eyes, and brought you to your senses ere it is too late. You are certainly not a sceptic now, are you ?"

"No, I certainly am not ; but, to tell you the truth, I hardly know what I am. You see there is a Bible in the cell, and I often read it to pass the time away, and it does me good. Many a lesson that we used to have in the Sunday School is brought to my mind through reading it afresh."

"Thank God, Fred Owen, for that. It shows that Sunday School

teaching anyway has not been altogether lost even on you. It is evident that Sunday School teachers sow the seed that may ultimately spring up in a prison cell. Now let me say a few kind words to you. I have listened to your narrative with painful interest. It is evident that your early training has been your curse. For such training sceptical teaching had rich soil on which to sow its baneful seed. It is deeply to be regretted that such soil abounds. I shudder when I think of the Atheistic harvest that will ultimately be reaped as the result of such sowing. Young men and young women, with money to throw away and brooking no restraint, will spend their Sundays, holidays, and evenings in a similar way to that which you have done; and making fleshly pleasure the main pursuit of life, will certainly meet with the due reward of such conduct. But now let me beseech you to look to yourself. You have seen what infidelity has done for you: now try Christianity. Here is the Word of the Lord. I have no more doubt of this Bible that I hold in my hand being God's revealed word than I have of my own existence. It was the guide of my youth. Its precepts then preserved me from innumerable snares. It was my best instructor in early manhood. To know the right way at this critical period, I resorted to its pages, and every fresh study gave me increased light. In married life, it has been my daily comfort and help. Amid domestic care and trying scenes, its rich promises have cheered my weary soul: and its spiritual consolations have served to lighten every earthly burden. In the time of sickness it has taught me patience; and in the hour of bereavement enabled me to bow submissively to the Divine will.

Without desiring for a moment to boast, I can also add that it has made me useful as an instructor, largely to young men, numbers of whom have gladly acknowledged that in my class they have been taught both how to live and how to die. Taking the Bible, therefore, as the foundation of my eternal hopes in life, in death, or in the prospect of eternity, I have no fear. It fills me with joy inexpressible here, and leads me to look forward to a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' hereafter. My dear young friend, tell me if you can, what there is in the teachings of infidelity to compare with this? All that it can do is to take everything away, and give nothing in return. Its trembling hope on earth is that there is no God; and its brightest prospect when earth is done with is the fate of a cat or a dog. You, according to your confession, have found out what its foul, blaspheming, lying teachings lead to. Now lay hold of something better. Believe the Bible to be the Word of God. Come to the Saviour it reveals. Weary and heavy-laden as you are, on His atoning work repose, and in it find rest. In olden time it was predicted of Him that He should 'bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives, and open the prison to them that are bound.' If your heart is broken, He will heal it, and if you long for spiritual liberty He will set you free. Will you not come to Him, my poor young friend? Will you not come to Him *now*?"

Is it to be wondered at that in making this closing appeal, both speaker and hearer should be visibly affected? So earnest was Abel Rock that his voice and frame quivered with emotion, and the youthful prisoner, burying his face

in his hands, sobbed like a child. It was evident that in that solitary cell the Spirit of God had backed these affectionate pleadings with Divine power. And this was intensified when, before parting, both knelt down on the cold stone floor to pray. Then the responses of the penitent prisoner were fervent

indeed; and ere he rose from his knees Abel Rock felt within his soul the witness of the Spirit, that in that lonely prison there was at least one poor wandering sheep that had been brought back into the Good Shepherd's fold.

(To be continued.)

POWER OF A KIND WORD.

A LADY was once teaching in a mission Sabbath-school, and one Sabbath morning there came to the school a poor, dirty, ragged boy, and sat down near her. She gave him a book, and set him to studying his lesson. After a while she noticed that he was very much taken up with his book, and seemed to be hard at work, and she, in a very kind tone, said to him, "Is your lesson hard, Johnny?" He looked up, and gazed for a moment at the teacher, and then held down his head and began to open and shut his book, but did not study any more.

In a few days she went to call on Johnny, but found the house all shut up and the family gone. On inquiring at the next door, she learned that they had left the city and gone to the west. She was sorry not to have seen them, but hoped that the few words which she had said to Johnny might do him some good.

About twenty years after, at a public meeting, which was held in behalf of children, near the close of it, and after the other speakers had finished what they had to say, a man well dressed, and of good appearance, rose in the audience, and asked permission to say a few words. He then gave an account of his early life in the city—of his poverty, its sorrow, and its wretchedness. Then of his visit to the Sabbath-school, and the kind tone in which his teacher spoke to him; and said that from that day the single sentence, "Is your lesson hard, Johnny?" had been sounding in his ears. He then felt for the first time in his life that there was somebody who cared for him, somebody who loved him. And it was owing to the gush of feeling which he had, that he could not study any more, or answer any questions, which his teacher asked him.

He stated that they suddenly left the city, and moved into the country, and that as he had been spoken kindly to in one Sabbath-school, he resolved to find another, and did so, where he was treated with the same kindness. He grew up, became a pious man, and a minister. And there he stood to beg of all Sabbath school teachers and others always to speak kind words to poor, dirty, ragged children. One kind word had saved him, and might save many others.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

RUTH, THE MOABITRESS.

RUTH I. 14-18.

BY LEVI PALMER.

THE story of Elimelech and Naomi is briefly and simply told.

To escape the famine in Bethlehem-judah they go to sojourn in the land of Moab. From some constitutional disease Elimelech falls by the untimely hand of death. Two bright but delicate youths, who were made orphans by Elimelech's death, soon grew into young men, and became wedded to Moabitish maidens. For ten brief years they enjoy the truest domestic happiness, and then the disease which cut down Elimelech enters their homes to cut them off also. Naomi now resolves to return to Bethlehem, and her sorrowing daughters-in-law also resolve to return with her. Having allowed them to accompany her for a few stages on her homeward journey, she beseeches them to return to their own mothers, to their own land, and to their own gods. The thought of leaving Naomi was like a barbed arrow in the heart of both Orpah and Ruth. But at length, after much pleading, "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her."

How many there are like Orpah! They accompany God's people a certain distance, and then turn back to their former habits, gods, and companions. They are like Pliable, who, at the Slough of Despond, left Christian to possess the brave country alone. Like Demas, they find the current of the world too strong, and the force of religion within them too weak. The seed sown in their hearts finds no depth

of soil. Their goodness is as the morning cloud. They are not "of those who believe to the saving of the soul, but of those who turn back unto perdition."

How many there are like Ruth! They forsake houses, and brethren, and sisters, and father, and mother, and wife, and children, and lands, that they may follow Christ. There is the energy of a new life within them, and nothing is able to impede their progress heavenward. They say with the heart,

"Through floods or flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes."

Every fetter that is brought forth to bind them is as a green with round the limbs of a Samson. They struggle with the resisting angel till they gain the blessing. You might as well try to press the oak back to the acorn, or imprison the soaring eagle in the shell whence it came, as try to force back the yearnings that have gone from their heart after Christ. No fear of them returning to "the beggarly elements of the world;" they are born from above; and being destined for the skies, though the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, they will be able to take it by force.

Ruth was induced to make this choice by a threefold influence. The *people* that Naomi belonged to had a charm for her. "Thy people shall be my people." She had heard Naomi speak of their redemption from Egypt, their preservation in the wilderness, and how God had put a difference between them and the surrounding nations. Moreover, Naomi was a noble specimen of God's ancient people. Her cha-

acter threw such a spell over the soul of Ruth, that she freely forsook her own country, and people, and gods, that she might live and die with Naomi. For a poor widow like Naomi, with no friends, no substance, and no sons, to be able to do this, argues great excellency of character. Her life was better than a thousand lectures on the advantages of the Jew. If she were a type of the Jews, then they must be the *élite* of the earth, for the land of Moab could produce no such character as Naomi. Ruth therefore resolves that this people shall be her people. In Naomi we see the present want of the Christian Church—living epistles, and not dead orthodoxy—consistent lives, and not anti-Bradlaugh lecturers. What we want is that every individual Christian should be a grain of leaven, so that whenever an unbeliever comes into contact with them, they may see their good works, and glorify their Father who is in heaven. It is only in this way that the whole earth will be leavened with Christian truth. How many Christians there are who, like Naomi, are situated in the midst of unbelievers! Would that they could charm them with a consistent Christ-like behaviour, and thus constrain them to say, "Thy people shall be my people!" We want to convince the ungodly that the Church is the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the aristocracy of all nations. If we let our lips and lives so express the holy gospel we profess, sinners will be constrained to say, "We will go with you, for we perceive that God is with you."

The *God* of Naomi also had an attraction for Ruth. "Thy God shall be my God." Naomi had not been ashamed of the God of the Hebrews. She had spoken of all His wondrous works. She had extolled

Him as the God of Abraham, of Moses, and of Joshua. Ruth would, moreover, attribute the goodness of Naomi to the God whom she worshipped. To her those beautiful traits of character would appear as the reflection of the glory of Jehovah. A poor Moabitess could not be so foolish as to attribute a great effect to a small cause. She knew that Naomi shone by a borrowed splendour. All that she possessed she received from her God.

We shall do well to learn two lessons from this. The world judges of God by us. In us the honour of God is at stake. If, like Naomi, we adorn the doctrine of God, then men shall be filled with admiration for His character; but if we walk unworthily, we not only dishonour ourselves, but by us God's name will be blasphemed. It was a feeling similar to this that converted every Roman soldier into a hero. He felt that the honour of the imperial city depended on him, hence he strove to make the name of Rome the grandest word in the languages of earth, and would rather have died a thousand times than dishonour that name once. Not only the glory of heaven, but the honour of God is committed to our charge. We are a spectacle unto the world. As men judge of a tree by its fruit, and of a fountain by its streams, so do they judge of God by us. It were better to die a thousand deaths than once dishonour a name so holy!

Let us also learn to attribute the goodness we find in our fellow-Christians to God. If a friend has been restored from a dangerous illness, we ask, Who is his physician? If a scholar has distinguished himself in some examination, we ask, Who is his tutor? So if we see a believer conquering sin and making advances in the life of heaven we should see

a higher power there than his own, and ask, Who is his God ?

“ No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Him.”

Ruth admired the power of God as seen in the life of Naomi, and said, “ Thy God shall be my God.”

Naomi's country had a great attraction for Ruth :—“ Where thou lodgest I will lodge.” Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Ruth chose rather to suffer hardships and hunger with Naomi than to enjoy ease and luxury and be separated from her. Even on earth it is a great gain to have our lot cast with God's people. A good man's cottage is better than a wicked man's palace. A dinner of herbs in the abode of the righteous is better than a stalled ox in the mansions of the ungodly. In reference to God's people in the earth we may well say, “ Where thou lodgest I will lodge.”

But what unspeakable attractions must heaven have for the seeking soul ! It is to be the peculiar abode of the righteous. After death there is to be a great gulf fixed between the children of light, and the children of darkness. At the resurrection some are to rise to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. When Christ shall come, two shall be in a field : one shall be taken, and the other left ; two shall be grinding at the mill : one shall be taken, and the other left ; two shall be sleeping in a bed : one shall be taken, and the other left. At the judgment, as goats are divided from the sheep, and as chaff is separated from the wheat, so will the ungodly be separated from the righteous. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may enter through the gates into the city,

for the redeemed walk there, but without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

We cannot fail to see the wisdom of Ruth's choice. Judged from a worldly standpoint, it was foolish. She left her friends, her gods, and a whole country to follow a poor widow. But Ruth knew that truth is often found on the side of the minority. The icebound river, barren fields, and a thousand leafless trees may preach of death, whilst there may be but one solitary snowdrop to tell of the coming life of spring ; yet we believe the testimony of the one, though opposed to the evidence of the many. So amid the heathenism and spiritual death of Moab, Naomi was the only witness for the true God ; and yet Ruth believed her, though it meant forsaking all beside. In Noah we have one man opposed to a world ; in Jonah we see one man opposed to a city ; and in Daniel, one man against a nation. As a rule the minority have always been right, and the majority wrong. “ Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth unto destruction, and many there be which go in thereat : because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”

Taunton.

A DESTRUCTIVE MISTAKE.

Romans x. 1—4.

By Rev. A. H. SMITH.

SOLEMN words ! To some they may seem severe. They teach us that an error in a fundamental doctrine of religion is as damning as the grossest wickedness. Here is a people unsaved, and yet Paul bears them record that “ they have a zeal

of God"—not in a state of salvation; and his heart yearns for them, and his heart's desire, and passionate prayer to God for them was that "they might be saved."

They were a people most anxious to please God. They had become convinced that to follow the devices of their own hearts would issue in a most miserable end, and so they had commenced to act as men who really believed that it would profit them nothing if they "gained the whole world, and lost their own souls." They sought *first* the kingdom of God—they sought to place the things of eternity in their proper order—before the things of time. They had "a zeal of God." It is possible to be anxious to please God, and yet to be unsaved: because there is "a zeal not according to knowledge." There is such a thing as *misguided and mistaken religious zeal*. Zeal about religion is no guarantee for the possession of it. Satan "blinds the minds of them that believe not." Misguided zeal makes the devil's best servants. Zeal of God, must be zeal *from* God as well as *for* God. Religious zeal, in order to be holy and acceptable must be—first, according to God's *character*, which is *love*; secondly, according to God's *word*, which is *truth*.

How earnestly does it become us, then, to inquire what was the error in doctrine which left these zealous Israelites unsaved? It was "that they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, were not submitting themselves to the righteousness of God." This was their mistake; this was the soul-destroying heresy of which they were guilty. They were trying to please God by their own works. We doubt not they were anxious to be saved; but they were beginning at the *beginning of the law* to keep

it for a righteousness, in order that, when they stood before God's great judgment-seat, they might be able to produce and present a life of good works, for the sake of which God would pronounce them "just!" Reader, believe me, it is an utter impossibility for any human being to work out such a righteousness. Ignorance is still the mother of self-righteousness, and our most splendid works are often mere splendid sins.

But this "going about to establish a righteousness" is the bootless labour of thousands to-day; and men forget that what is highly esteemed by them is often an abomination with God. When God looks upon man's own righteousness, He says—"filthy rags!"

Self-righteousness will be of no avail when we are called to stand before God's bar. Remember, there will be no mercy in the day of judgment. It will be justice then. "Now is the accepted time, *to-day* is the day of salvation." It will be—"Guilty, or not guilty?" And the man who cannot stand before God as holy as He is holy will be refused admission into "the kingdom," as an unclean thing. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." How absolutely impossible must it at once appear to us, ever to work out for ourselves such a righteousness as shall stand the scrutinizing gaze of Him "in whose sight the heavens are unclean, and who charges His angels with folly"! Yet this was the kind of thing these Israelites were attempting; and I fear there are many in our midst to-day who are guilty of the same deadly error. A zeal of God—*yet unsaved*. "Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, are not submitting themselves unto the righteousness of God."

"How is such a righteousness as you describe obtainable?" I hear one say. "How can I stand before God in the day when 'the books' are opened, if the only question will be—'Guilty, or not guilty?' He will by no means clear the guilty; who, then, can stand before Him?"

Self-righteousness is not the only righteousness. There is "a righteousness which is of God by faith." "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Surely that is "glad tidings of great joy" to any baffled and perplexed soul! The Jews, who had "a zeal of God," began at the beginning of the law, we said. They began at the wrong end—"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness." Precious truth of God: the foundation of the Gospel is a fulfilled law. The law gives us *first* duty, and then privilege: the Gospel gives us *first* privilege and then duty. Jesus first, the bearing of His yoke next. The law begins with commands, and ends with blessings, but the blessings are like inviting fruit hanging upon some lofty branches, which fallen human nature can never reach; the Gospel, on the other hand, *begins* with promises and ends with precepts.

You who are trying to establish your own righteousness, who rise early and rest late, and go about all day trying to please God and gain His favour by your own works, and who, every night, are obliged to write "unclean" upon all your endeavours, let me say to you, that it is the precious commandment of a gracious God, that you are to begin at Jesus Christ. Not at Mount Sinai, but at Jesus Christ. Begin with Him, and you begin at the right end. You begin then with a law kept for you. "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness," and His never-to-be-forgotten name is "The Lord our Righteousness."

The object of the law, as given by God, was to give life by obedience. It was—do, and live. Unable to keep that law, we live the life in Christ through His obedience: and it is Christ's righteousness, and that only, imparted to us through faith, that will stand the test of the last great day.

"Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"Bold shall I stand in that great day:
For who ought to my charge shall lay
While, through Thy blood, absolved
I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?"

"This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined Nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue:
The robe of Christ is ever new."

*Coningsby,
Lincolnshire.*

A SERMON FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John xiii. 17.

I. "These things;" that is, your duties. You have duties, wherever you are.

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters and servants.

2. At school, respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. On the streets, good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will (which is only another name for duty). This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties, you will become more skilful. So you improve in reading, writing, and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. This is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in duty, in doing it for love to God and man; then you will be happy every day on earth, and for ever happy in heaven.—*The Myrtle*.

FULLY PERSUADED.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT.

"FOR which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."—2 Timothy i. 12.

Much depends on the spirit of mind in which we receive, profess, and propagate the Gospel. The Gospel produces this state of mind. Faith, love, joy, zeal, hope come by hearing. The Gospel quickens these graces. Its chief design is to lead the sinner to the Saviour, and to

consecrate the saved one to His service. The Holy Spirit uses the Gospel for these purposes. "It is the power of God unto salvation."

No apostle better knew the Gospel than Paul, and no one was more thankful for it, more zealous for its diffusion, and courageous in its defence. He had been initiated into its truth, had proved its worth, and was willing to sacrifice his life for it. Timothy is naturally timid, and needs a friend to stimulate him. With much wisdom and affection Paul sought to do this. He refers to his own experience that it may be helpful to him. May we also share in its advantages. The text applies to Paul as a Christian, also a believer saved by Jesus Christ.

I. His conviction that Christ was the true Saviour. Once Jesus Christ was a strange Saviour to him. His convictions were opposed to Him. He proudly rejected Him, and madly persecuted His followers. He tells us afterwards that he did this in ignorance, confessed its sinfulness, and shared the Divine mercy. Christ compassionates his case, appears to him in glory, enlightens, pardons, and saves him. He is in an instant convinced that He is the true Christ, and at once ventures on Him for salvation. He feels that he is lost without Him, but with Him fully, freely, and for ever saved.

"For I know whom I have believed." I know Him, for I have seen Him; He has specially manifested Himself to me, and made me a recipient of His truth and grace. I know Him as the Christ of the Old Testament prophecies, and as the Christ of the New Testament history. I know Him as the Son of God, and as the Saviour of the world. I know Him as saving me by His sacrificial death, quickening Spirit, and glorifying power as the risen Lord. He had found not merely the true

religion, the true Gospel, but the true Christ, the true Saviour.

II. His *consciousness* of personal interest in Christ. Some know Christ as the Saviour, but not as their Saviour. They know that He is the Saviour, but they do not feel that He has saved them. Some know the Gospel, but not the Saviour. They have a knowledge of its several truths; can explain, reason on, and defend them, but have no spiritual interest in them. Some place their trust in this knowledge, think they are safe because of their knowledge, but have no vital interest in the Saviour.

The Apostle does not say, I know *what*, but *whom* I have believed. He trusted in a personal Saviour throughout his Christian course. As to his conversion, he says, "When it pleased God to reveal His Son in me." As to the truths of the Gospel and their effect, he says, "Christ is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." When he speaks of the Christian life, he says, "Christ lives in me: the life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." When he speaks of preparedness for heaven, he says, "Christ in you the hope of glory."

III. His *consecration* to the service of Christ. He was under law to Christ. The love of Christ constrained him. He had been redeemed from the curse of the law by Christ, made a partaker of the freedom of the Gospel, and desired to devote his life to Him who had thus loved and redeemed him. Loving Christ he keeps His commandments. He delights in the law after the inward man. To him, as actuated by love, the laws of Christ are not grievous, but joyous. He confesses that he is not his own, but is bought with a price, and seeks to glorify Christ by his life and death.

IV. His *consolations* derived from Christ. He speaks of himself as a sufferer, but the view of the text consoles him. He expected suffering, and to be sustained and comforted under it. In this he was not disappointed: as the text expresses it: "For which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed." In another of his letters, he says, "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also our consolation abounds by Christ." Our personal sufferings are also for the social good, helping others to be patient and hopeful. Precious promise! "My grace is sufficient for you."

V. His *confidence* in relation to his final safety and happiness. Intimate knowledge leads to confidence. "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." I have made a deposit; I have committed my dearest interests, life, treasure, hopes, happiness into His hands. He is the Guardian of my deposit; He is able to keep all for me. I can trust all with Him. "My life is hid with Christ in God, and when Christ who is my life shall appear, then shall I also appear with Him in glory." I know the happiness that shall be mine at His coming, and I rejoice in the prospect.

VI. His *commendation* of Christ to others. This is the design of the text, of the ministry of the Apostle, and of the continued publication of the Gospel. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, the chief of sinners." The dying saint commends the living Saviour, that careless sinners may become anxious, seekers be encouraged, and saved ones be zealous in the service of their Lord.

Blunham.

THINGS TO THINK ON.

It was the saying of a heathen that he who would do good must either have a faithful friend to instruct him, or a watchful enemy to correct him.

A teacher of the Freedmen in one of the Southern States was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said, "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes." "Then take hold and lift." There are a great many Christians in our churches and Sabbath-schools who expect to go to heaven that would do well to strengthen their hope of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they let their brethren bear alone.

Flavel says, "Oh, it is better to be preserved sweet in *brine* than to rot in honey. None stand upon firmer ground than those who see nothing in themselves to stand upon. He who leans upon his own arm usually benumbs it and makes it useless."

They are on the way to ruin who gather all to themselves and live in unrestrained worldly pleasure. Waste brings want; want which they are the worst prepared to meet who have lived in selfish indulgence.

Men need not keep a record of their good deeds: not one of them will be forgotten by the Faithful and True Witness.

Often think that you hear the voice of the Good Shepherd as He comes to your class, inquiring of the little ones, "Children, have you here any meat?"

No man can safely go abroad, that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak, that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern, that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command, that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice, but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Confidently and boldly as we may offer our prayers, and largely as we may expect, the answer is ever more than the petition. For indeed, in every act of His quickening grace, in every God-given increase of our knowledge of God, in every bestowment of His fulness, there is always more bestowed than we receive, more than we know even while we possess it.—*Maclaren*.

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.—Salvation is full of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity;" "Whosoever would be My disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow Me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is His people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, that men took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang their death song amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two aeronauts, hanging in mid air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown. Ample fields were contracted into small patches; the lake was no larger than a looking-glass; the broad river with ships floating on its bosom seemed like a silver thread; the wide-spread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village; the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who rises to hold communion with God, and anticipating the joy of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—*Thomas Gulhrig*.

Reviews.

The Child of God: His Life and Liberty; His Path and Glory. By H. F. WETHERBY. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row. Also by the same Author and Publisher, *The Gospel of Our Salvation.*

THOUGH we have many books on the Christian life, we cordially welcome this: its intellectual freshness, spiritual power and scriptural discrimination will make it very useful to many who are but feeble in the divine life, while the experimental and matured Christian cannot fail to read it with profit and delight, as through its clear and vigorous words he beholds his life and liberty, his path and glory clearly portrayed.

The *Way of Salvation* also is a valuable book to put into the hands of an earnest seeker, who through its clear Gospel teaching will not only be guided to peace in Christ and His finished work, but also to a knowledge of those higher truths which lie at the root of all true progress and holiness.

The Herald of Mercy. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Row.

THE volume for 1883 of this monthly messenger for humble homes is a very attractive little work, full of reading and pictures that will be appreciated by the people, both young and old. At the low cost of one shilling here is the opportunity of making a present that will be cheering and profitable to any young readers.

England and Madagascar. A Letter to the Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G. By DAWSON BURNS.

DR. BURNS has written a most telling and timely letter, and, we think, cannot be read by the most earnest sympathisers of her Majesty's Government without grave desires to

know if all has been done for this interesting and ill-used people that might have been done.

The Preacher's Analyst will in future numbers give its readers some choice productions from American preachers:

The Use of Scripture in Extempore Prayer. Henderson, Rait, and Spalding, Marylebone Lane. Second edition.

A WORTHY attempt to lead to the more frequently putting our petitions before Our Heavenly Father in the language of His holy Word.

The Baptist Magazine has a very interesting Paper on "The Voluntary Choir," also some worthy pages devoted to the memory of Robert Moffat.

The paper in *The General Baptist* by the Rev. Thomas Goadby, B.A., on "The Value of a Capable and Competent Ministry," an address at Bradford at the public meeting on behalf of the college, is a worthy and thoughtful contribution, and makes the October number of special value. "A Prophetic Warning," a short discourse by Mr. Spurgeon; also a prayer meeting address on "Preaching to Sinners," with much other profitable matter, go to make the October *Sword and Trowel* a good average number. *The Baptist and Freeman* have served us well in their late numbers with supplements containing good reports of the Leicester meetings.

The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society, The Ragged School Union Quarterly, the Evangelical Christendom, British Flag, Missing Link, and Life and Light are to hand, and contain much that is precious and healthful.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

BRISTOL: CLIFTON.—On September 25th, Rev. John Penny announced to the church at Buckingham Chapel by letter his intention of resigning the pastorate, to take effect at the close of the year.

HAYLE, CORNWALL.—The Rev. J. H. Bennett has resigned the pastorate of the church here.

HAY.—Rev. Newton Vanstone, from the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Hay.

ST. PETER'S.—Rev. James Crofts has informed the church at St. Peter's of his intention to resign the pastorate.

Rev. H. Dunkley has accepted the pastorate of the newly-formed church worshipping at the Lecture Hall, Walthamstow.

PRESENTATION.

Rev. W. E. ARCHER, on retiring from the regular work of the ministry, after a pastorate of nearly 23 years, was presented, on the 22nd of September, by the church at Sutton-in-Craven with an illuminated album and a purse containing 120 guineas. The membership, which was about 120 when Mr. Archer commenced his pastorate, is now 304.

A social meeting was held at John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, on the 2nd ult. to bid farewell to the Rev. T. Harley, who had closed his ministry there on the previous Sunday. Advantage was taken of this occasion to present Mr. Harley with a purse containing £71, as a mark of the esteem in which he was held by the congregation.

Rev. R. Howarth, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the church and congregation at

Heaton, Bradford, with an elegant and costly secretaire, as a token of their esteem and good wishes.

Rev. John Bennett, having been compelled by ill-health to resign the pastorate of the chapel at Wood Green, where he has laboured for three years, a valedictory meeting was held on the 25th September, when Mr. Bennett was presented with a handsome timepiece, accompanied by a purse of gold, in testimony of the regard in which he is held by the church and congregation. It is stated that during Mr. Bennett's ministry an addition of fifty had been made to the membership of the church. Rev. W. G. Horder (Congregationalist) and D. Macrae (Presbyterian) delivered fraternal addresses.

A meeting in connection with the church at Burnham, Somerset, was held on Wednesday, the 26th ult., to bid farewell to the Rev. G. Hudgell, who for the past seven years has held the pastorate which he has been compelled to surrender through ill-health. Mr. Pople, the senior deacon, occupied the chair, and having spoken of the great esteem in which their pastor was held, not only amongst them, but by a large circle of friends who had written letters expressive of their regard and sympathy, presented on behalf of the friends, as an expression of their affection, a tea and coffee service, with tray, value sixteen guineas, and a purse of gold, which contained forty guineas, and which was subsequently augmented by £10, the gift of another generous friend. Mr. Hudgell responded with much feeling, and addresses were subsequently given by Revs. H. Moore, H. Gilmore, A. Oram, S. Arnold, and Mr. Finch, who each bore testimony to Mr. Hudgell's Christian character,

the faithfulness of his labours, and the blessing he had been to the church and to the friends who had visited the place.

BRENTFORD PARK CHAPEL.—Rev. A. F. Brown, on retiring from the co-pastorate, was presented on Monday, October 1st, with a purse containing £50, accompanied by an illuminated address. Addresses were delivered by Rev. W. A. Blake, J. H. Blake, W. Edwards, J. Ingram, and A. Smith, and by Messrs. J. Collier, J. Lowe, and R. Holly.

RECOGNITIONS.

CHESTER.—Recognition meetings were held on Tuesday, September 18, at Grosvenor Park Chapel, Chester, in connection with the settlement of Rev. A. Mills, formerly of Dereham, Norfolk. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Rev. R. Richards. Tea was provided in the schoolroom, and a public meeting afterwards held in the chapel, at which Dr. Hodgson presided. Mr. T. Lovewell, senior deacon, stated the circumstances which led the church to invite Mr. Mills, who in reply stated how he had been led to accept the pastorate. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Mr. W. P. Lockhart, and to the church by Rev. J. H. Atkinson. Revs. S. W. Bowser, B.A., J. Bennet Anderson, John Williams, F. Barnes, B.A., H. Ward Price, and other gentlemen took part.

Special services were held in the Belgrave Road Tabernacle, Leicester, on Sunday, September 23rd, in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Miller Hamilton, of Regent's Park College, as pastor of the church. Rev. James Thew preached in the morning; and Rev. Charles Williams in the evening. In the afternoon, Rev. R. Caven, B.A., conducted a service specially for young people. At the public meeting on the following evening, Mr. Councillor Woode presided, and congratulated the church on the settlement, expressing a hope that the union formed would be a long and happy one. Mr.

Edward Sills, the senior deacon, gave a short sketch of the history of the church, and spoke of the unanimity of the invitation given to Mr. Hamilton, and of the present satisfactory condition of the church. Rev. Charles Williams gave an address on "Church Life and Work." Rev. J. G. Greenhough, R. Y. Roberts, and Alderman Bennett also took part in the proceedings.

LONDON: WANDSWORTH.—The recognition services in connection with Rev. C. E. Stone's settlement at Chatham Road Chapel took place on Tuesday, September 11th. In spite of badness of weather the attendance at the tea was good, and at the public meeting the chapel was nearly full. Rev. John Teal (of Woolwich) presided, and gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor on behalf of the church. The following ministers also took part in the meeting:—Revs. E. Wright, J. Hutcheson, J. Martin, J. Frost. A presentation was made to Rev. J. Teal by Mr. Andrews, deacon, on behalf of the church, in recognition of his kind assistance during their late unsettled condition.

Rev. G. Robinson has been recognised as pastor of the chapel at Hugglescote. The charge to the minister was given by Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of Nottingham College, and that to the church by Rev. W. Evans. Revs. W. Chapman, H. Wood, E. Stevenson, C. W. Vick, C. Haddon, F. Pickborne, G. H. Bennett and F. Watmough took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. Rendell was recognised as pastor of the church at Earls Barton, Northants, on Monday, the 8th of September. Rev. Dr. Culross, of Bristol College, Rev. T. Brown, Northampton, and other ministers, took part in the proceedings.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE foundation-stone of a new tabernacle at Battersea, to accommodate about 2,100 persons, and to

be erected at an estimated cost of £3,500 for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. T. Lardner, was laid on Tuesday, October 9th, by Mr. H. B. Marshall, C.C., who, on receipt of a silver trowel, mentioned that this was the forty-fourth trowel which he and his wife had received as memorials of their humble endeavours to use well and wisely the wealth with which it had pleased God to bless them. Rev. J. P. Chown, President of the Baptist Union, afterwards delivered an address. A public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Olney. The receipts upon the day amounted to nearly £500; a bazaar in aid of the building fund is announced to be held during the present month.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The building operations of the new Baptist Tabernacle are now rapidly approaching completion. The roof has been covered in, most of the plastering has been finished, and the workmen are now preparing for fixing the pews, &c. The building is situate in Calverly-road, and is of Gothic design. On September 17th an entertainment was held at the Town Hall, presided over by the pastor, Rev. J. Smith, when songs, recitations, and readings were given, and several of the friends brought in their collecting books, upwards of £94 being raised. On September 19th the workmen engaged at the chapel, nineteen in number, were entertained by the building committee to a supper at Mr. Finch's. Rev. Jas. Smith (pastor), who presided, and Mr. G. Finch (treasurer), replied on behalf of the committee, the meeting being brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHURCH consisting of 90 members has been constituted in connection with Woodbury Down Chapel, opened on the 12th of September, with Rev. W. R. Skerry as pastor. Rev. T. Vincent Tymms presided, and the

service was brought to a close with a celebration of the Lord's Supper.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.
—Baptist Chapel, West Drayton.
—On Sunday, September 23rd, special sermons were preached in the morning by the pastor, Albert Smith, and in the evening by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, editor of the *Baptist Messenger*. On Tuesday, September 25th, a tea and public meeting were held. Addresses were delivered by Revs. R. Sewell, J. Fletcher, A. F. Brown, Chas. Cole, E. B. Pearson, and the pastor.

The Autumnal meetings of the Beds Baptist Association were held at Pepperstock. The afternoon was wholly taken up with the business of the Association, and the evening meeting, which was largely attended, was presided over by Rev. James H. Blake, and addresses were given by Rev. T. G. Atkinson, of Dunstable, T. E. Edwards, of Wellington Street, Luton; D. Mace, of Stotfold; H. W. Taylor, of St. Albans; A. Walker, of Houghton Regis; and the President. The evening was of a deeply solemn and stirring character.

MAZE POND CHAPEL, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.—On Sunday evening, October 14th, a harvest thanksgiving service was held, the sermon being preached by the pastor from the words, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." Some special hymns and anthems by Sir J. Goss and Dr. Stainer were capitally rendered by the choir.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—September 16, Seven, by E. E. Probert.
Bedford.—September 23, Three, by—Watts.
Belfast.—October 2, Regent-street, Five, by E. T. Mateer.
Birmingham.—September 28, Circus Chapel, Three, by J. J. Knight.
Caerphilly.—October 7, Four, by W. Morgan.
Cardiff.—October 1, Two, by T. Thomas.
Chadsmoor.—September 18, Two, by W. B. Haynes.
Chester.—September 19, Two, by A. Mills.

- Clough Fold.*—October 6, Six, by J. Jefferson.
Coalville.—October 4, Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by T. Hagen.
Coleford.—September 19, Seven, by T. Williams, B.A.
Combs-Martin.—September 23, Three, by J. Glover.
Croyde, Devon.—September 2, One; 16, One, by B. W. Osler.
Deonport.—October 4, Morice-square, Two, by R. Sampson.
Eastbourne.—September 26, Two, by W. Osborne.
Eye, Suffolk.—September 30, Three, by J. Hollinshead.
Franksbridge.—September 23, Two, by T. D. Jones.
Glyncorrug.—October 6, Nine, by J. L. Jones.
Golcar.—October 7, Two, by W. Gay.
Great Broughton.—September 16, Two; October 1, One, by J. McNab.
Great Grimaby.—September 30, Eight, by E. Lauderdale.
Halstead.—September 27, Five, by E. Morley.
Haverfordwest.—October 7, Two, by D. O. Edwards.
Hellfield.—September 22, Five, by W. Giddings.
Hornchurch.—September 18, Eight, by E. Dyer.
London:—
Brixton.—September 30, Cornwall-road, Three, by E. P. Barrett.
Gordon-road, Peckham.—September 26, Four, by T. H. Court.
Leytonstone.—September 30, Four, by J. Bradford.
St. John's Wood.—September 24, Abbey-road, Fifteen, by W. Stott.
Longford.—September 16, Union-place, Four, by H. J. Hodson.
Lord's Hill, Snailbeach.—September 28, One, by W. Jenkins.
Machen.—October 7, Four, by Dr. Lloyd.
Maesbyerllan, Brecon.—September 23, Two, by G. H. Llewelyn.
Merthyr, Bethel.—September 16, Five, by E. Lewis.
Nantyglo, Bethel.—September 30, Two, by J. Pugh.
Ogmore Vale.—October 7, Three, by E. Aubrey.
Pengarn.—September 16, Three, by J. Parrish.
Preston.—September 27, St. George's-road, Six, by H. Harris.
Pontlotyn.—September 16, One, by I. Cool.
Pontypool.—September 16, Three, by D. Thomas.
Portsmouth.—September 17, Lake-road, Six, by T. W. Medhurst.
Rhymney.—September 23, Three, by H. Phillips.
Southsea.—September 30, Two, by J. P. Williams.
Stafford.—September 30, Three, by W. B. Haynes.
Swansea.—September 30, Seventeen, by A. E. Johnson; Four, by T. D. Matthias.
Tenby.—September 4, South-parade; One, by T. Evans.
Vochriw, Glamorganshire.—September 16, Two, by I. Cool.
Waterhouses.—September 12, Three, by R. W. Dobbie.
Wincanton.—September 9, Two, by G. Hider.

MY NEEDS.

BY THE REV. N. A. PRINCE.

I NEED Thy light;
 For here 'tis night.

I need Thy thought,
 With mercy fraught.

I need Thy blood—
 A cleansing flood.

I need Thy voice
 To help my choice.

I need Thy power
 In each dark hour.

I need Thine arm
 To shield from harm.

I need Thy care
 To foil each snare.

I need Thy love
 On earth,—above!

I need Thy joy—
 My tongue's employ.

I need Thy hand,
 To make me stand.

For these my needs
 My faith e'er pleads

Thy light impart
 To cheer my heart.

Thy pardon give,
 And bid me live!

This love from Thee
 Gives life to me!

THE ETERNAL NAME.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“His name shall endure for ever.”—Psalm lxxii. 17.

No one here requires to be told that this is the name of Jesus Christ which “shall endure for ever.” Men have said of many of their works, “They shall endure for ever;” but how much have they been disappointed! In the age succeeding the flood, they made the brick, they gathered the slime, and when they had piled old Babel’s tower, they said, “This shall last for ever.” But God confounded their language; they finished it not. By His lightnings He destroyed it, and left it a monument of their folly. Old Pharaoh and the Egyptian monarchs heaped up their pyramids, and they said, “They shall stand for ever,” and so indeed they do stand; but the time is approaching when age shall devour even these. So with all the proudest works of man, whether they have been his temples or his monarchies,—he has written “everlasting” on them; but God has ordained their end, and they have passed away. The most stable things have been evanescent as shadows and the bubbles of an hour, speedily destroyed at God’s bidding. Where is Nineveh, and where is Babylon? Where the cities of Persia? Where are the high places of Edom? Where are Moab, and the princes of Ammon? Where are the temples or the heroes of Greece? Where the millions that passed from the gates of Thebes? Where are the hosts of Xerxes, or where the vast armies of the Roman emperors? Have they not passed away? And though in their pride they said, “This monarchy is an everlasting one: this queen of the Seven Hills shall be called the eternal city,” its pride is dimmed; and she who sat alone, and said, “I shall be no widow, but a queen for ever,” she hath fallen, hath fallen, and in a little while she shall sink like a millstone in the flood, her name being a curse and a by-word, and her site the habitation of dragons and of owls. Man calls his work eternal—God calls them fleeting; man conceives that they are built of rock—God says, “Nay, sand; or worse than that—they are air.” Man says he erects them for eternity—God blows but for a moment, and where are they? Like baseless fabrics of a vision, they are passed and gone for ever.

It is pleasant, then, to find that there is one thing which is to last for ever. Concerning that one thing we hope to speak to-night, if God will enable me to preach, and you to hear. “His name shall endure for ever.” First, *the religion* sanctified by His name shall endure for ever; secondly, *the honour* of His name shall endure for ever; and thirdly, *the saving, comforting power* of His name shall endure for ever.

I. First, *the religion of the name of Jesus is to endure for ever.* When impostors forged their delusions, they had hopes that peradventure they might in some distant age carry the world before them, and if they saw a

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few followers gather around their standard, who offered incense at their shrine, then they smiled, and said, "My religion shall outshine the stars, and last through eternity." But how mistaken have they been! How many false systems have started up and passed away! Why, some of us have seen, even in our short life-time, sects that rose like Jonah's gourd in a single night, and passed away as swiftly. We too have beheld prophets rise, who have had their hour—yea, they have had their day, as dogs all have, but like the dogs, their day has passed away, and the impostor—where is he? And the arch-deceiver—where is he? Gone and ceased. Specially might I say this of the various systems of infidelity. Within a hundred and fifty years how has the boasted power of reason changed! It has piled up one thing, and then another day it has laughed at its own handiwork, demolished its own castle, and constructed another, and the next day a third. It hath a thousand dresses. Once it came forth like a fool with its bells, heralded by Voltaire; then it came out a braggart bully, like Tom Paine; then it changed its course and assumed another shape, till forsooth we have it in the base, bestial secularism of the present day, which looks for nought but the earth, keeps its nose upon the ground, and, like the beast, thinks this world is enough, or, looks for another through seeking this. Why, before one hair on this head shall be grey, the last secularist shall have passed away; before many of us are fifty years of age, a new infidelity shall come, and to those who say, "Where will saints be?" we can turn round and say, "Where are you?" And they will answer, "We have altered our names." They will have altered their name, assumed a fresh shape, put on a new form of evil; but still their nature will be the same, opposing Christ, and endeavouring to blaspheme His truths. On all their systems of religion, or non-religion—for that is a system too—it may be written, "Evanescient: fading as the flower, fleeting as the meteor, frail and unreal as a vapour." But of Christ's religion it shall be said, "His name shall endure for ever." Let me now say a few things—not to prove it, for that I do not wish to do—but to give you some hints whereby possibly I may one day prove it to other people that Jesus Christ's religion must inevitably endure for ever.

And first, we ask those who think it shall pass away, *when was there a time when it did not exist?* We ask them whether they can point their finger to a period when the religion of Jesus was an unheard-of thing. "Yes," they will reply, "before the days of Christ and His apostles." But we answer, "Nay, Bethlehem was not the birthplace of the gospel, though Jesus was born there; there was a gospel long before the birth of Jesus, and a preached one too, although not preached in all its simplicity and plainness, as we hear it now. There was a gospel in the wilderness of Sinai although it might be confused with the smoke of the incense, and only to be seen through slaughtered victims, yet there was a gospel there." Yea, more, we take them back to the fair trees of Eden, where the fruit perpetually ripened, and summer always rested, and amid these groves we tell them there was a gospel, and we let them hear the voice of God, as he spoke to recreant man, and said, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." And having taken them thus far back, we ask, "Where were false religions born? Where was their cradle?" They point us to Mecca, or they turn their fingers to Rome, or they speak of Confucius, or the dogmas of Buddha. But we say, you only go back to a distant

obscurity ; we take you to the primeval age ; we direct you to the days of purity ; we take you back to the time when Adam first trod the earth ; and then we ask you whether it is not likely that, as the first born, it will not also be the last to die ; and as it was born so early, and still exists, whilst a thousand ephemera have become extinct, whether it does not look most probable, that when all others shall have perished like the bubble upon the wave, this only shall swim, like a good ship upon the ocean, and still shall bear its myriad souls, not to the land of shades, but across the river of death to the plains of heaven.

We ask next, supposing Christ's gospel to become extinct, *what religion is to supplant it?* We inquire of the wise man, who says Christianity is soon to die, "Pray sir, what religion are we to have in its stead? Are we to have the delusions of the heathen, who bow before their gods and worship images of wood and stone? Will ye have the orgies of Bacchus, or the obscenities of Venus? Would ye see your daughters once more bowing down before Thammuz, or performing obscene rites as of old?" Nay, ye would not endure such things; ye would say, "It must not be tolerated by civilized men." Then what would ye have? Would ye have Romanism and its superstition? Ye will say, "No, God help us, never." They may do what they please with Britain; but she is too wise to take old Popery back again while Smithfield lasts, and there is one of the signs of martyrs there; ay, while there breathes a man who marks himself a freeman, and swears by the constitution of Old England, we cannot take Popery back again. She may be rampant with her superstitions and her priestcraft; but with one consent my hearers reply, "We will not have Popery." Then what will ye choose? Shall it be Mohammedism? Will ye choose that, with all its fables, its wickedness, and libidinousness? I will not tell you of it. Nor will I mention the accursed imposture of the West that has lately arisen. We will not allow Polygamy, while there are men to be found who love the social circle, and cannot see it invaded. We would not wish, when God hath given to man one wife, that he should drag in twenty as the companions of that one. We cannot prefer Mormonism; we will not, and we shall not. Then what shall we have in the place of Christianity? "Infidelity!" you cry, do you, sirs? And would you have that? Then what would be the consequence? What do many of them promote? Communist views, and the real disruption of all society as at present established. Would you desire Reigns of Terror here as they had in France? Do you wish to see all society shattered, and men wandering like monster icebergs on the sea, dashing against each other, and being at last utterly destroyed? God save us from Infidelity! What can you have, then? Nought. There is nothing to supplant Christianity. What religion shall overcome it? There is not one to be compared with it. If we tread the globe round and search from Britain to Japan, there shall be no religion found, so just to God, so safe to man.

We ask the enemy once more, suppose a religion were to be found which would be preferable to the one we love, *by what means would you crush ours?* How would you get rid of the religion of Jesus? and how would you extinguish His name? Surely, sirs, ye would never think of the old practice of persecution, would you? Would ye once more try the efficacy of stakes to burn out the name of Jesus? Would ye try racks and thumb-screws? Would ye give us the boots and instruments of

torture? Try it, sirs, and ye shall not quench Christianity. Each martyr, dipping his finger in his blood, would write its honours on the heavens as he died; and the very flame that mounted up to heaven would emblazon the skies with the name of Jesus. Persecution has been tried. Turn to the Alps; let the valleys of Piedmont speak; let Switzerland testify; let France, with its St. Bartholomew; let England, with all its massacres, speak. And if ye have not crushed it yet, shall ye hope to do it? Shall ye? Nay, a thousand are to be found, and ten thousand if it were necessary, who are willing to march to the stake to-morrow: and when they are burned, if ye could take up their hearts, ye would see engraven upon each of them the name of Jesus. "His name shall endure for ever:" for how can ye destroy our love to it? "Ah! but," ye say, "we would try gentler means than that." Well, what would ye attempt? Would ye invent a better religion? We bid you do it, and let us hear it; we have not yet so much as believed you capable of such a discovery. What then? Would ye wake up one that should deceive us and lead us astray? We bid you do it; for it is not possible to deceive the elect. You may deceive the multitude, but God's elect shall not be led astray. They have tried us. Have they not given us Popery? Have they not assailed us with Puseyism? Are they not tempting us with Arminianism by the wholesale? And do we therefore renounce God's truth? No; we have taken this for our motto, and by it we will stand. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," is still the religion of Protestants; and the selfsame truth which moved the lips of Chrysostom, the old doctrine that ravished the heart of Augustine, the old faith which Athanasius declared, the good old doctrine that Calvin preached, is our gospel now, and God helping us, we will stand by it till we die. How will ye quench it? If ye wish to do it, where can ye find the means? It is not in your power. Aha! aha! aha! we laugh you to scorn.

But you will quench it, will you? You will try it, do you say? And you hope you will accomplish your purpose? Yes; I know you will, when you have annihilated the sun; when you have quenched the moon with drops of your tears; when you have dried up the sea with your drinking. Then shall ye do it. And yet ye say ye will.

And next, I ask you, *suppose you did, what would become of the world then?* Ah! were I eloquent to-night, I might perhaps tell you. If I could borrow the language of a Robert Hall I might hang the world in mourning; I might make the sea the great chief mourner, with its dirge of howling winds, and its wild death-march of disordered waves; I might clothe all nature—not in robes of green, but in garments of sombre blackness; I would bid hurricanes howl the solemn wailing—that death-shriek of a world—for what would become of us, if we should lose the gospel? As for me, I tell you fairly, I would cry, "Let me begone!" I would have no wish to be here without my Lord; and if the gospel be not true, I should bless God to annihilate me this instant, for I would not care to live if ye could destroy the name of Jesus Christ. But that would not be all, that one man should be miserable, for there are thousands and thousands who can speak as I do. Again, what would become of civilization if ye could take Christianity away? Where would be the hope of a perpetual peace? Where governments? Where your Sabbath-schools? Where all your societies? Where everything that ameliorates the condi-

tion of man, reforms his manners, and moralizes his character? Where? Let echo answer, "Where?" They would be gone, and not a scrap of them would be left. And where, O men, would be your hope of heaven? And where the knowledge of eternity? Where a help across the river death? Where a heaven? And where bliss everlasting! All were gone if His name did not endure for ever. But we are sure of it, we know it, we affirm it, we declare it; we believe, and ever will, that "His name shall endure for ever"—ay, for ever! let who will try to stop it.

This is my first point: I shall have to speak with rather bated breath upon the second, although I feel so warm within as well as without, that I would to God I could speak with all my strength as I might do.

II. But, secondly, as His religion, so *the honour of His name is to last for ever*. Voltaire said he lived in the twilight of Christianity. He meant a lie; he spoke the truth. He did live in its twilight; but it was the twilight before the morning—not the twilight of the evening, as he meant to say; for the morning comes, when the light of the sun shall break upon us in its truest glory. The scorners have said that we should soon forget to honour Christ, and that one day no man should acknowledge Him. Now, we assert again, in the words of my text, "His name shall endure for ever" as to the honour of it. Yes, I will tell you how long it will endure. As long as on this earth there is a sinner who has been reclaimed by omnipotent grace, Christ's name shall endure; as long as there is a Mary ready to wash His feet with tears and wipe them with the hair of her head; as long as there breathes a chief of sinners who has washed himself in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; as long as there exists a Christian who has put his faith in Jesus, and found Him his delight, his refuge, his stay, his shield, his song, and his joy, there will be no fear that Jesus' name will cease to be heard. We can never give up that name. We let the Unitarian take his gospel without a Godhead in it; we let him deny Jesus Christ; but as long as Christians—true Christians—live, as long as we taste that the Lord is gracious, have manifestations of His love, sights of His face, whispers of His mercy, assurances of His affection, promises of His grace, hopes of His blessing, we cannot cease to honour His name. But if all these were gone—if we were to cease to sing His praise, would Jesus Christ's name be forgotten then? No; the stones would sing, the hills would be an orchestra, the mountains would skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs; for is He not their Creator? And if these lips, and the lips of all mortals, were dumb at once, there are creatures enough in this wide world besides. Why, the sun would lead the chorus; the moon would play upon her silver harp, and sweetly sing to her music; stars would dance in their measured courses; the shoreless depths of ether would become the home of songs; and the void immensity would burst out into one great shout, "Thou art the glorious Son of God; great is Thy majesty, and infinite Thy power." Can Christ's name be forgotten? No: it is painted on the skies; it is written on the floods; the winds whisper it; the tempests howl it; the seas chant it; the stars shine it; the beasts low it; the thunders proclaim it; earth shouts it; heaven echoes it. But if that were gone—if this great universe should all subside in God, just as a moment's foam subsides into the wave that bears it and is lost for ever—would His name be forgotten then? No! Turn your eyes up yonder; see

heaven's *terra firma*. "Who are these that are arrayed in white, and whence came they? These are they that came out of great tribulation; they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore they are before the throne of God, and praise Him day and night in His temple." And if these were gone; if the last harp of the glorified had been touched with the last fingers; if the last praise of the saints had ceased; if the last hallelujah had echoed through the then deserted vaults of heaven, for they would be gloomy then; if the last immortal had been buried in his grave,—if graves there might be for immortals—would His praise cease then? No! by heaven, no! for yonder stand the angels: they too sing His glory; to Him the cherubim and seraphim do cry without ceasing, when they mention His name in that thrice holy chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies." But if these were perished; if angels had been swept away; if the wing of seraph never flapped the ether; if the voice of the cherub never sung his flaming sonnet, if the living creatures ceased their everlasting chorus, if the measured symphonies of glory were extinct in silence, would His name then be lost? Ah, no! for as God upon the throne He sits, the Everlasting One, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And if the universe were all annihilated, still would His name be heard, for the Father would hear it, and the Spirit would hear it, and deeply graven on immortal marble in the rocks of ages, it would stand,—Jesus, the Son of God, co-equal with His Father. "His name shall endure for ever."

III. And so shall the *power of His name*. Do you inquire what this is? Let me tell you. Seest thou yonder thief hanging upon the cross? Behold the fiends at the foot thereof, with open mouths, charming themselves with the sweet thought that another soul shall give them meat in hell. Behold the death-bird fluttering his wings o'er the poor wretch's head; vengeance passes by and stamps him for her own; deep on his breast is written "a condemned sinner;" on his brow is the clammy sweat expressed from him by agony and death. Look in his heart; it is filthy with the crust of years of sin; the smoke of lust is hanging within in black festoons of darkness; his whole heart is hell condensed. Now, look at him. He is dying. One foot seems to be in hell; the other hangs tottering in life—only kept by a nail. There is a power in Jesus' eye. That thief looks: he whispers, "Lord, remember me." Turn your eye again there. Do you see that thief? Where is the clammy sweat? It is there. Where is that horrid anguish? It is *not* there. Positively there is a smile upon his lips. The fiends of hell, where are they? There are none: but a bright seraph is present, with his wings outspread, and his hands ready to snatch that soul, now a precious jewel, and bear it aloft to the palace of the great King. Look within his heart; it is white with purity. Look at his breast: it is not written "condemned," but "justified." Look in the book of life: his name is graven there. Look on Jesus' heart: there on one of the precious stones he bears that poor thief's name. Yea, once more, look! Seest thou that bright one amid the glorified, clearer than the sun, and fair as the moon? That is the thief! That is the power of Jesus; and that power shall endure for ever. He who saved the thief can save the last man who shall ever live; for still

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel’s veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

“ The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

“ Dear dying Lamb ! that precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.”

His powerful name shall endure for ever.

Nor is that all the power of His name. Let me take you to another scene, and ye shall witness somewhat else. There on that death bed lies a saint : no gloom is on his brow, no terror on his face, weakly but placidly he smiles ; he groans, perhaps, but yet he sings. He sighs now and then, but oftener he shouts. Stand by him. “ My brother, what makes thee look in death’s face with such joy ? ” “ Jesus,” he whispers. “ What makes thee so placid and so calm ? ” “ The name of Jesus.” See, he forgets everything ! Ask him a question ; he cannot answer it—he does not understand you. Still he smiles. His wife comes inquiring, “ Do you know my name ? ” He answers, “ No.” His dearest friend requests him to remember his intimacy. “ I know you not,” he says. Whisper in his ear, “ Do you know the name of Jesus ? ” and his eyes flash glory, and his face beams heaven, and his lips speak sonnets, and his heart bursts with eternity ; for he hears the name of Jesus, and that name shall endure for ever. He who landed one in heaven will land me there. Come on, death ! I will mention Christ’s name there. O grave ! this shall be my glory, the name of Jesus ! Hell dog ! this shall be thy death—for the sting of death is extracted—Christ our Lord. “ His name shall endure for ever.”

A GUEST.—The Holy Spirit dwells in Christians, never leaves them ; they are His temple, His habitation. They are not always conscious of His presence, yet He is in their hearts, co-operating with their mental faculties, helping them to think, to love, choose, believe, bear all the fruits of piety and goodness. They would know more of Him, and receive more help if they gave heed to His leadings, walked with Him, conversed with Him more. They often quench the Spirit, grieve Him, resist Him, yet He does not leave them. He is very patient, long-suffering and kind. He endows them with marvellous power when they are wholly obedient and trustful. It is a blessed thing to be “ filled with the Spirit.” When they are filled, sinners feel the power, and converts are multiplied. They are filled whenever they are emptied of self, and every room and recess of the heart is thrown open, and He is made perfectly welcome.

Abel Rock's Opinions and Facts.

CHAPTER XII.—RETIREMENT WITH HONOUR.

IN spite of all his fears, Frederick Owen served his time and lived to come out of prison. But, as already intimated, he did not enjoy his newly-found liberty long. A hacking cough, with crimson cheek and wasted frame, proclaimed that consumption had set in, and that no medical aid could arrest its fatal progress. But so far as he himself was concerned this gave him no sorrow. In the gaol he had found a hope beyond the grave full of immortality. There, with deep repentance, he had sought for pardon and found forgiveness at a loving, merciful Saviour's hands; and in his cell had enjoyed so much fellowship with the Lord, and comfort through reading the Word, that he almost dreaded returning once more into the world, lest when tempted by old evil influences he might, in an unguarded moment, be tripped up and fall. It was not, therefore, himself that he cared for, but his poor wife and children. He felt that he could never forgive himself for past neglect; and it cut him to the heart to think that through his evil conduct she should be left a widow to fight the battle of life for her children alone. But struck by the marvellous change in his life and conduct, she too was led to seek the Lord and make Him her portion. The joy that this gave her repentant husband can never be told. It made his home the few months that he remained in it, and that too in spite of his sufferings, a little Paradise on earth. To read

the Bible with her, join feebly in spiritual song, and kneel with his small family at the family altar, seemed to give him a foretaste of the heavenly worship which he trusted so soon to engage in and enjoy. Christian friends who heard of the case, chiefly through Mr. Rock, sympathetically rendered temporal aid, and thus contributed to lighten his burdens prior to his departure as much as possible. Promises from one or two influential quarters were also given that steps would be taken to put his wife into a way of getting a livelihood after his decease. All this cheered him much; and his gratitude to these kind friends in need, he often said, was too great for words to express.

And then came the end. Visiting him one afternoon when he had been about five months at home, Mr. Rock found him sinking fast. He had ceased almost to cough, and ever and anon fought for breath. In a slightly calm interval, however, he breathed more freely, and Mr. Rock ventured to ask him how he felt. With a steadfast gaze and half a smile he softly answered, "*I'm looking unto Jesus.*" "You cannot do better," said his visitor. There was a slight bending of the head in token of approval and then he began to doze. This was the last sign of consciousness he gave; for in a few minutes afterwards he quietly breathed his last.

In writing this narrative we have, so far as space would allow, aimed to set before the reader the folly of scepticism and the worth of Christianity in three phases. In discussing the "origin of life" we have seen that the Atheistic theory fails at

the very outset in giving any explanation whatever of the introduction of life into the world without the intervention of a Creator. In the history of Mr. Millar it has been demonstratively proved that Agnosticism, as the creed of ignorance, can give no satisfaction to an intelligent mind; and fails egregiously to afford any help or comfort whatever in the deep trials of life when such assistance and consolation is most needed. And in the sad history of Frederick Owen we have had a glimpse of the lamentable effects of infidel teaching on a member of the lower classes, and a striking proof, therefore, of the national debasement that would follow the acceptance of such teaching on the part of the masses. On the other hand, we have seen that Christianity has nothing to fear from speculative scientific criticism; that in bold defiance of all the so-called advances of "modern thought" it can safely challenge every sceptical foe, with the assurance of being able to hold its own against any comer; and that, put to the practical test, it is as powerful as ever to mitigate the sorrows and heal the wounds of suffering humanity. To use the words of a modern writer — "Chemistry never silenced a guilty conscience. Mathematics never healed a broken heart. All the sciences in the world never soothed down a dying pillow. No earthly philosophy ever supplied hope in death. No natural theology ever gave peace in the prospect of meeting a holy God. All these things are of the earth earthy, and can never raise a man above the earth's level. They may enable a man to strut and fret his little season here below with a more dignified gait than his fellow mortals, but they can never give him wings and enable him to soar towards heaven. He that has the largest

share of them will find at length that without Bible knowledge he has got no lasting possession. Death will make an end of all his attainments, and after death they will do him no good at all."

Little now remains to be told. It is cheering to know that until advancing age and growing infirmities compelled him reluctantly to retire, Abel Rock continued steadfastly at his post as the teacher of the young men's select class. When, however, he gave it up, a large tea-meeting, eulogistic speeches, and a handsome testimonial from the class and numerous friends, gave practical proof of the public appreciation of the great work that the good man had been privileged to perform. Men of standing and position in the town testified that to the solid teaching in the class they owed not only their rise in life but also the infusion of principles that had tended to make them in various ways of some use to mankind. Young men who had been sorely tempted to plunge into the vortex of infidelity and dissipation declared how they had been rescued just in time by Mr. Rock's efforts, and led to live a happy and useful Christian life. Christian parents were there who gratefully owned their lasting obligations to the aged teacher for his painstaking efforts with their sons to save them from youthful snares and pilot them safely past the perilous rocks and shoals on which so many of the young have been fatally wrecked. From other towns and places, too, congratulatory notes were sent in which ministers, missionaries, Sabbath School teachers, and other workers in the Lord's broad fields of labour, thankfully acknowledged that to the training given them in the class they received the stimulus that first prompted them to make use of the talents for public and

private usefulness that God had bestowed upon them. To all this and much more Mr. Rock replied "that for whatever good had been achieved as the result of some twenty-five years of effort of this kind he desired to give the Lord the glory. He felt that he had only done his duty, and that but imperfectly. It was to him the pleasure of his life to meet Sabbath after Sabbath with so many intelligent and inquiring young men to discuss with them themes of the greatest importance in relation to the life that now is and of that which is to come. Though compelled now to give it up, he would be glad at any time for any of the young men to visit him in his quiet home, to talk over these matters; and he would only be too happy to render them one by one any little help that would lead them further into the light. His hair had grown grey in his Master's service; his eyes were getting dim, and his limbs soon became weary; but he could thank God for this—that notwithstanding a slight failure of memory, he felt his intellectual vigour—such as it was—to be as strong as ever. He had also found that in attempting to do good he invariably got good, so that if the class was indebted to him he might affirm that in that respect he was likewise indebted to the class. It was a joy to him that the class was not going to be given up, but that an able successor had

been found for it in the person of his son-in-law, Mr. Powell. Only let them tender to him the same confidence, attention and kindness that he himself had for so many years received, then he felt certain that, with the Lord's blessing, the class would in time to come, even as in time past, prove a powerful barrier against the inroads of scepticism and a sterling agency for the promotion amongst the young of those glorious Christian truths of the practical value of which they had had demonstrative proof in the speeches that had been made and in the letters that had been read that night."

In the quiet retirement of his own home Abel Rock is now waiting patiently for the Master's call to enter upon a higher and still better rest. Some few years have passed away since the above meeting was held, and the venerable servant of God, deprived by death of the loving partner of his joys and sorrows, feels daily that he would like much to join her in the Home above. But still he avows himself perfectly willing to bide the Master's time. His *opinion* is that that time will prove in the end to be the best, and he has no doubt whatever that as a *fact* when that time comes he will not only be found ready but will have "richly supplied unto him the entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

H. W.

SURE SIGN OF THE MILLENNIUM.—This is a saying attributed to the eccentric Rowland Hill: "We talk much of the millennium and of the signs of the times. I know of but one infallibly true harbinger of that event. When you hear of or see a Jew and an Arab, a Hindoo and a Chinese, an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian, a Baptist and a Congregationalist, a Lutheran and a Methodist, all united with one heart and soul in a prayer-meeting, then Satan will run away, and the angel will seize him in his flight, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up for a thousand years."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"I AM HIS."

BY REV. J. CLARK.

Song of Solomon ii. 16.

I AM His by sovereign election : by His own free and eternal choice. His love for me is no new affection. He chose me ages since. "I have loved thee," He says, "with an everlasting love." His love is like nothing earthly. Earthly love may perish and decay ; and it sometimes does. But this can never change. He who is my Maker and Friend is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." No ! His love can never alter. It was mine before this world was formed : it is mine now, and will continue mine through all the ages of eternity. He chose me because He wanted me. The thought is almost too wonderful, but it is true. He wanted me ; so He won me, and bought me with His precious blood. Neither principalities nor powers will ever be able to wrest me from Him. "I am His," and so He called me from folly and from sin, and brought me "out of darkness into His marvellous light." He called me, that, wearied as I was, I might find rest in Him ; that when I was tempted He might succour me, and when in danger be with me and deliver me.

"I am His," and I know it by His own gracious, tender, loving words, coming to me every day with fresh sweetness and power. When I am weak, He says, "In Me is thy strength found" ; "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and when I am tried, troubled, or

distressed, He says : "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Am I afflicted ? He is a brother born for adversity. Do I want a home ? He tells me that He has gone to prepare a place for me. Oh, His words are precious ! and every word is true.

"I am His" by an "everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." It is a sacred, holy, wondrous covenant, signed, and sealed, and ratified, in all things made secure. "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever ; yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies. I will betroth thee unto Me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord." No need for loneliness, no need to sigh for earthly friendship : I have all I need in Him.

I know "I am His" by His manifold gifts, new every day, seen and unseen. All His gifts are "love gifts" in the highest and truest sense. Many are the temporal and spiritual treasures which He gives me. He brings me to His table, even unto His banqueting house, and His banner over me is love. Then He says ; "I will supply all your need : all things are yours."

I know "I am His" by His marvellous acts. I have no need to bear the lightest burden, because He says : "Cast it upon Me ; thy burdens are My burdens, and thy cares, My cares." I can have no grief which His love cannot lighten, no sorrow which His heart will not share. He is my help in every time of need. He paid my debt, conquered my enemies, and brought me

nigh to God. He doeth all things well.

Oh, shame to walk in the shadows! shame to walk with sad and tearful countenance since "I am His." Let me look up to Him and trust Him implicitly and wholly; trust Him with everything; trust Him at all times. O my soul, "Be not afraid, only believe."

He has done so much for me; what can I do in return? "I am His;" He has a right to my time, my strength, my love, my thoughts, my all. I will own no other master, I will submit to no other Lord. His law is a law of love; let me yield cheerful and unquestioning obedience. I must allow no sin to come between my soul and Him. He cannot look upon iniquity. I must love what He loves. Let me never swerve from His side—never disregard His voice.

I should never be ashamed to own Him; rather let me say at all times, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

Why should I dread to die? Death is but the black usher to lead me into the bright and beautiful palace of my Beloved. Heart and flesh may fail, but my Lord will not forget me. In yonder halls of light He awaits my coming.

"I AM HIS."

Nictaux, Nova Scotia.

FAITH PROVED.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 Peter i. 7.

FAITH is one of the first signs of spiritual life in man. It is one of the first requirements of the Gospel: it is a spirit that relies on its truth, and is receptive of its blessing.

Without faith a man remains unsaved. Trace the subject of faith by your experience. Faith does not save, yet it is called saving faith: it confides in Him who does save us.

Faith exercised. It is not an impulsive, but an habitual, spirit. We do not believe the Gospel or in Christ once for all; we daily believe. It is a growing spirit. It comes by hearing, and it grows by hearing. Those who have little or no opportunity of hearing, have little or no faith. Those who hear rightly, and continue to hear, continue to believe. Increased light leads to increased faith. This is the confirmation of faith. We live by faith.

Faith tried. All faith is not real—not lasting. Amidst revival services many are said to believe. The realness of their faith is often questioned. It is asked, "Will they stand the test?" The Apostle wrote in an age of severe testing—"the fiery trial." Some threw off their first faith, left their first love, cast away their confidence. There may be inward tests of fierce temptations—the fiery darts of the enemy—temptations to sin, to turn from the way of Christ. There may be the outward tests of adversity, personal, social, circumstantial, requiring much prayer, patience, and trust in God.

Amidst these, fidelity to Christ must be cherished and exemplified. Christ will be true to His engagements, let us be true to Him. He is no deceiver, and let us not deceive ourselves. He assures us that His presence shall be with us, His Spirit help us, and His Father's love will not fail us. Faith thus sustained shall not fail us. Christ, the living Lord, is the source of its life, strength, growth, endurance, and final triumph.

Natural spirit may sustain a person under favourable circumstances, and for a time under unfavourable. But it is self-sustained and must fail. Faith has Divine resources; it distrusts self, and confides in Christ for all. "The life the Christian lives in the flesh, he lives by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him, and gave Himself for him." This Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. "Influenced by such faith we shall obey Christ, seek to please Him; shall stand right, be found in an expectant attitude at the final appearance of our glorious Lord," when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe. "Then shall He present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

W. ABBOTT.

Blunham.

THE CRADLE.

"THE CRADLE!" exclaims the reader; "that is a strange subject to write on. Pray what about it?" A great deal. The cradle is a most important institution. It means much to married folks. When first it is introduced into a house, how popular it is! Its contents are the theme of almost endless talk. "A little child shall lead them;" that is fulfilled in many households. The small new-comer "leads" the whole family. "Baby" is the grand consideration. It makes home different indeed from what it was—brighter and better than before. Eve named her first-born Cain, which means a possession or treasure; it was mother-like to do so. "Children are an heritage of the Lord," said a certain father; and so they are.

But it does not follow that because we have got a thing, we know what

to do with it. If Solomon could say, "he that getteth a wife getteth a good thing," we may with equal truth say, "He that getteth a child getteth a good thing." But many do not seem to know what to do with the "good thing." Not a few appear to let the "olive branches" grow up anyhow, without proper pruning, soil, air, and water.

We must ourselves be what we want our little ones to be. There is a term repeatedly used by them which is both amusing and solemn: "Let us play at" so and so. Ah! they are players, actors, mimics. The little man apes the big man. Nowhere do we see such imitation as in the nursery. In our Lord's day "children, sitting in the markets," "piped" and "danced," "mourned" and "lamented," and they do so now. Weddings, funerals, parties, preachings, none of them are forgotten. The looks and words, gestures and actions, of father and mother, are reproduced in the boy and the girl. "What will you take, sir?" said a waiter to a youth who sat by his father's side at a public dinner. Mark the answer: "I'll take what father takes." In more cases than one "boys take what father takes." Imitation is a law of our nature. Therefore, God help us to be good; for if we are not, they will not be.

We would next put in a plea for patience. There is no good to be done without it. "The world is his who has patience. As much may be affirmed of the juvenile world. An emperor of China once discovered a large family composed of wives, children, grandchildren, and servants, dwelling under one roof. All was harmony and affection. When he asked the head of the household how he secured this peace, he replied, "PATIENCE, PATIENCE." Children are often thoughtless and

wayward. They disobey. Self-will soon displays itself. Now and then there is a miniature volcanic eruption of passion. Some are excessively dull. If we are to cure them of these distempers, we must be long-suffering. Chastisement is necessary, we know. It is necessary to punish. Nevertheless, severity must be avoided. "A good [slap]" may have a bad effect. "A downright flogging" may prevent upright conduct. Setting tasks, putting in corners, sending upstairs, will not do half so much as affectionate forbearance. It is a great mistake to make a show of authority. It should be *felt* rather than displayed. When little ones were brought to Christ, He "put His hands on them," and blessed them.

That act of our Lord reminds us of another duty. While we do all that in us lies for our children, let us remember that they are God's children also. We may be sure that He loves them and will hear us when we commend them to Him. We should pray on their behalf. If it is correct that—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of,"

it is emphatically true that more is wrought by it than the *family* dreams of. Every Christian may be called Samuel, "asked of God;" and how many have been "asked" by their parents? Could the history of the Church be fully known, we should find it to be an eloquent proof of the power of family prayer. "When I was a little boy," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt my-

self checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a solemn voice, saying, "Do not this great wickedness, and sin against God."

We conclude as we began, by "magnifying" the cradle. Its importance cannot be overrated. Make the cradle right, and the pulpit, the platform, the shop, the office, the field, will, in due course, be right also. Bring the young full under the influence of religion, and the whole world will be benefited.

Leominster Tract.

"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

"IF I could remove your cough by an act of mine, you would soon be well. The Lord could do this in a moment, but He does not; therefore, as you happily believe, the continuance of it must be best. When it shall be no longer necessary or salutary, He will remove it; for He delighteth in our prosperity; and they who love and trust Him are never in heaviness of any kind an hour sooner or longer than there is need for it.

"Faith can satisfy the spirit that the Lord does all things, and all things well; but I know by painful experience of what stuff the flesh is made. But the best thought is that He who loves us knows our pains, and considers that we are but dust. He is all-sufficient and faithful to strengthen us to any assignable degree that our situation requires! whether our path may be through the flood or through the flames makes no difference, provided He

be with us. The cases of the young men in the furnace and of Daniel in the den: both were apparently dangerous in the extreme, but the certain safety was exactly equal in both.

"If old age gives me a prospect of death, sickness, like a telescope, often presents a clearer view, while it is, as I hope, with you as yet at a distance. Perhaps, when you were ill, you could perceive the objects within the veil, beyond this visible diurnal sphere, more distinctly than at other times. I have known but little of sickness of late years. I attempt to look through the telescope of faith, which gives reality and substance to things not seen; but the glasses are cloudy, and my hands shake, so that I can obtain but very imperfect and transient glances; but a glance into the heavenly state is worth all that can be seen here below in the course of a long life. If the Lord be with us (and He has promised that He will) in the approaching transition, we may go forward without fear."—*John Newton to Hannah More.*

THE BEST FRIEND.

(FOR THE YOUNG.)

WE are always very fond of kind friends, those who do all sorts of little kindnesses, and make us a present from time to time, get us out of some trouble, and in many other ways help us on in life's rugged way. There are many who may do this kindness to those around them if they looked at the great Model which we find in the Bible in the history of Jesus.

1. *Jesus is the best Friend.* He is the best for He has done the greatest kindness for us. He gave His sacred life for us on the cross. He is truly the best Friend.

2. *Jesus is the truest Friend.* He will never deceive us: what He has promised us He will surely fulfil. You know that He has promised many beautiful things in holy Scripture, especially to those who love Him—those who do His will. Many pretend friendship and promise large things. Alas! after a little time they forget, and do not carry out what they promised. We turn away with a certain amount of disappointment. Such, dear young friends, is the friendship very often in this changeful world.

3. *Jesus is the children's Friend.* What! a Friend for the young? Yes, of every clime: all who love Him as their Saviour He will receive joyfully, and will dearly love them. He took little children up in His arms when upon earth and blessed them. He did not drive them away. No, indeed; He is the children's Friend. He will be your Friend. Who will have Him for their never-ending Friend, whose friendship will never cease, even after the wreck of this material universe?

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent,
Plymouth.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

OPPOSED to Christian sympathy is selfishness, which is as old as sin. It was selfishness that led to murder; and there was surely selfishness as well as guilt in Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Is not this thought at the root of much of that unkindness that is so common? We say, "Must I be always sharing sorrow and toil, must I be always carrying the burdens of others as well as my own? Must I put off my own feeling of sadness to

attempt to be glad with others? I have enough to do with my own cares and pleasures, without considering other people." This is just that spirit of *self* that is always coming between us and good, between us and other men, between us and God. George Eliot has exactly described the influence of selfishness in these words: "A tiny speck held close to the eye will blot out all the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot. I know no speck so troublesome as selfishness." It is this speck that comes between us and a universe of love.

A delicate musical instrument, if played upon roughly and harshly, will give no sweet sounds, but discords, and perchance the strings will be broken, and the instrument become dumb; but give it into the hands of a true artist, who plays with perception, feeling, and delicacy, and it yields ever-fresh tones, ever-sweeter harmonies. Such an instrument is the human heart. Let it be in the company of one who knows nothing and cares nothing for its feelings and capabilities, and we can foresee the result. A heart full of enthusiasm, that noble gift of God—an enthusiasm showing itself in thought, or in action, or in endeavour—meets with or perhaps lives with one whose life interprets Cain's question, Why should I be troubled with this silly ardour? am I my brother's keeper? and the enthusiasm that might have done good work for God and man is chilled and smothered by uncongeniality.

And in the same way with care. Many a man and woman with a heavy sorrow, a life-long heartache—because they live with those whose view is that the grief of others is nothing to them, for they are not their brothers' keepers—

become cold, hard, and soured for life.

It is terrible to think of the great dearth of Christian sympathy that there is in Christian hearts. It is surely this lack that makes true friendship a thing so uncommon. Long ago Lord Bacon remarked that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals. The friendship that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other." And Bacon's idea of friendship was a highly Christian one, "for," he says, "it redoubleth joys and cutteth grief in half; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to a friend but he joyeth the more, and no man imparteth his grief to a friend but he grieveth the less." Surely this is just the thought of St. Paul, that we should "rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

In this matter we certainly do not "do as we would be done by." All Christians feel in a greater or less degree the blessing and strength of the sympathy of Christ Himself. We love to think of Him joying with us in our gladness, and compassionate with us in our sorrow. Whether our trouble be of "mind, body, or estate," we know the comfort of Christ's promises and Christ's life, which support us in it all. We know that He too suffered, He too knew anguish, He too could weep for grief. And in our happiness we also know we have our loving Lord's sympathy; for was not His first act after His own fasting and solitude in the wilderness to come to the happy wedding, and cast a charm and give a consecration to the purest joys of home? Was He not contented even to put aside for the moment the dread thought of His own approaching suffering and death, that He

might share the social and happy feast of the Passover with His disciples? Sooner than damp the joy of the widow whose son He had raised from the dead, did He not waive His own right to that man's new life, and deliver the child to his mother? Well may the great German writer, Niebuhr, say, "The God of the New Testament is heart to heart."

But cannot we Christians now do for each other something of this that Christ does so lovingly for all of us? can we not, coming out of the coffin of a selfish heart, where there is only room for one—and that one ourself—try a little more to rejoice with the happy and grieve with the sad? When any one with whom we have lived in close relationship has gone to his long home, death takes each failing on our part towards that person, each little coldness, each slight unkindness, and brands it on our hearts, making us long to have the chance again given to us to show how different, how loving, kind, sympathetic, considerate, we would be. But if we have lived in the bond of sympathy and love, death has no power to break that bond. The chain of memory, the bands of love, will still bind the hearts below with the heart that has gone to the Father.

Let us then strengthen that chain of sympathy while we can, by trying to get more true appreciation of the thoughts, aspirations, griefs, joys, in short, of the character of others, and by trying to attune ourselves to them. If we get the "love of Christ" into our own hearts, by clinging closer and closer to Him, by making Him more and more our Friend, it will "constrain us" to love the brethren. Love for the Great Head of the Body will help us to love our co-members in It, and thus to fulfil the apostle's bid-

ding, "That the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

"WHEN I am weak, then am I strong." (2 Cor. xii. 10.) A strange paradox, yet constantly beneficial in the believer's walk. Not when my natural vigour is sufficient, not when I think I can do any thing and every thing, but when I see my own power gone, when I can do nothing of myself—then, looking off from self—looking up for Divine help—then "am I strong," for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." We think we are too weak to do the Lord's work: the fact is we are too strong. We think of what *we* can do instead of what *the Lord* can do. Our strength is our weakness, and our weakness is our strength.

I see this very plainly in the life of the Apostle. We have it in 1 Cor. xv. 10, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me." So too, is it in this passage in 2 Cor. xii. He had the promise "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness," ver. 9. So he gloried in those things which manifested his powerlessness. And why? "That the power of Christ might rest upon him." So, too, in Col. i. 29. He did not strive and labour through his own natural energy and determination. He recognised a power working mightily in him and with him. "I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily."

If I would work successfully, I must cherish the same spirit. I

must constantly remember my utter inability to do the least thing aright of myself. I have neither the will, the wisdom, the strength, nor the perseverance to labour in His vineyard. I have a mighty foe ever at hand to hinder me, I have to contend with sloth, deadness, love of praise, worldliness, and the fear of man, in my own heart. I have to work for souls in a world at enmity with God. But my sufficiency is of God. He chooses "the weak things to confound the mighty" that His may be all the glory. He hath promised me the almighty aid of His Holy Spirit. All power in heaven and in earth is in the hand of Christ, and He imparts it to all who rely solely upon Him. Therefore why should I doubt or fear? I shall go forth in the strength of the Lord. And in His strength will I labour on, and fulfil the work He hath given me to do.—*Rev. G. Everard, M.A.*

VINEYARD LABOURERS.

VINES require constant attention; and in a large vineyard there are grades of helpers, each discharging his particular work. So in the Church the Lord has His labourers. There are workers of every class. To us, as Christians, the voice comes: "Go, work to-day in My vineyard." Life is but a day. Some there are who do not enter the vineyard till the eleventh hour, whilst others begin work at the ninth, or at the sixth hour of the day. Alas! that any should be found standing all the day idle!—doing nothing; nothing for the good of the vineyard—nothing for the honour of its glorious Proprietor. There are some deterred from doing anything by

what is regarded as absence of talent, or lack of opportunity. Dear sirs, what is wanting is rather an honest and earnest wish to do good. The humblest of us will find or make opportunities adequate to our abilities, every day, *if our hearts are set on service*. None of us are too weak to accomplish some good. Nor need we step out of our domestic or social position to be effective agents in the Lord's vineyard. And, oh! the blessedness of such service! There is an eternal festive evening for the vineyard labourers coming, when each shall receive according to his toil. Meanwhile there is the *spiritual* health which springs from toil—and there is the blessed satisfaction of witnessing the results of our efforts—beholding the vines grow, and the clusters ripen under our own care. When that worthy and devout man of God—Harlan Page—was dying, he had the joy of looking back over a life of usefulness, and of being confident that he had been the instrument, in the hand of infinite grace, of saving scores of immortal souls. But let none suppose that his joy was all concentrated in that parting hour. Oh, no! every word of warning or invitation he uttered—every act of kindness he performed—every intercession for individuals he presented, had a reflex influence. He was blessed in the act, and made the means of blessing others. So shall we find it. Then, brothers, let us arise to work for Christ. "The night cometh when no man can work."

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;

If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,

Redeem the time.

Reviews.

The New Handbook of Sunday School Addresses, designed for the Use of Sunday School Teachers and those who are called to work among the Children in the Church, the School, or the Home. By the Rev. ROBERT TUCK, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a valuable work for workers. The Introductory Address is full of hints and cautions of a very proper and well-thought character, while the volume itself is made the more serviceable from the good indices and divisions of contents. We have here addresses for anniversaries and special occasions, the seasons of the year, home conversations, infant-class addresses, closing school addresses, extending to one hundred and thirty; sermons for separate services, addresses for missionary meetings and for teachers' meetings, prayer meetings, &c., &c., and a closing chapter for senior classes. This is a truly comprehensive book, full of good thought and good arrangements, and cannot fail to well repay the small outlay in expense and time which may be devoted to the study of its instructive and helpful pages. We have gone through it carefully, and can sincerely recommend it to our readers.

The People's Bible Finger Post: a Novel and Attractive Guide to Bible Subjects, with Notes and Anecdotes in Parallel Columns. By the Rev. E. J. BARNES, K.C.L. Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. Elliot Stock.

WE like the plan and materials given us by the author. The illustrations begin with Genesis and carry us through Revelation. Our only fault with it is that the work does not supply us with more matter of

the same kind. It would seem to us that much of the blank in the columns might have been used with advantage, with satisfaction to the author and the reader. The Scripture readings on various subjects is, however, a chapter which will be acceptable to the reader, and is worth all that may be the price of the book.

Hymns by the late Rev. John Ryland, D.D. A Memorial Gift. By CHAS. CORDELIER, 25, Devonshire Road, Hackney, London.

THE greater part of these hymns are now published for the first time from the originals, and is enhanced in value by a good authentic biographical sketch of the author. The Church of Christ is indebted to Mr. Cordelier's love for the reproduction of many of the old hymns and works of our favourite hymn writers. He has a holy passion for this work, and has been distributing liberally in our various hospitals many hundred of copies of our grand old hymns in volumes and in sections, we understand at considerable personal sacrifice. This is enough for one brother to do; but if any one wishes to encourage the work, it will be further proceeded with on the compiler receiving contributions for that purpose. Should any of our readers wish for any of the old hymns of nearly all of our favourite hymn writers, we advise them to apply to our old friend and brother, Mr. Cordelier.

The Preacher's Analyst. Elliot Stock.

AMONGST a good specimen of many outlines of sermons has one sermon of considerable power from the American pulpit—"The Last Great Prayer Meeting," by W. M. Blackburn, D.D.; also a paper by the Editor on the White Ribbon Army. It makes us feel very grave as we

read his thoughtful, critical remarks. Alas! what are we coming to? Things which ought to be dealt with in the most careful manner, is made corrupting food for the public market if you will only introduce the matter under some ribbon army. We are praying for Christians to become men and women instead of being led into everything that presents itself because it is introduced with showy titles.

John Ploughman's Almanack, 1884.
Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack, 1884. Passmore and Alabaster.
Price 1d. each.

WITH a new year in prospect, our friends will not forget the calendars that are provided for them. John Ploughman's broad sheet is adorned with pictures as usual. It is suited for workshops, class-rooms, and

kitchens. *The Illustrated Almanack* is a neat little book, with texts of Scripture for every day in the year, editorial and other articles, and woodcuts, &c., to the number of sixteen or seventeen. A prettier tract you cannot give away at Christmas.

Baptist Worthies: By DR. LANDELS.
No. 8, John Foster, Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

QUITE a treat. Young men, read this tractate, written by one capable of estimating one of the most deeply thoughtful men of the past generation.

A Brief Narrative of the Army Scripture Readers' Work during the last Campaign. Trafalgar Square.

IT shows clearly that the work of this Society is indispensable in the British soldier's interests. We see by the *British Flag* the Society needs funds,

THE DIARY OF THE YEAR.

I AM writing the closing sentence of my diary's closing page:
Each day I have added something: so now, in the year's old age,
I would turn o'er the written volume, and ponder what I have done;
For the clock has but one more circuit, ere the grey year's course is run.
Where have I been, I wonder, as the days and the seasons fled?
What are the written records? Is it only where Jesus led?
What have I left behind me? Tracking the Master's feet,
Have I deepened the holy impress He left on life's busy street?
What have I said? I have spoken in the name of my Lord and King;
But was it always His message I tenderly sought to bring
To the aged one and the children, to the careless ones in their sin?
Have I always striven to utter the whisper He breathed within?
What have I done? Just nothing, that pleases me as I would;
And so, if my joy were resting on doing or being good,
The joy of my heart would falter; but, thanks to the Father's love,
I joy in my Saviour's doings, on earth, and in Heaven above.
And so, as the diary closes, the record of my poor deeds,
I bring it now, in the midnight, to the spot where my Saviour bleeds;
And there at His feet I lay it, while the crimson drops fall fast,
Till, lo! my deeds are forgotten: 'tis only His deeds that last.
How changed my diary!—telling of failure, fear, and fault!
'Tis written by Mercy's finger, with the blue of the cloudless vault.
Its blood-red capitals charm me, while its golden borders tell:
I may read it now with singing, for He doeth all things well.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. FRANK JOHNSON formerly of Lydbrook, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Usk.

Rev. Alex. Bisset, late of the South Free Church, Peterhead, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of Whyte's Causeway Church, Kirkcaldy.

Rev. H. C. Field, late of Crossleach Street Church, Stalybridge, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Milnsbridge, Yorkshire.

Rev. J. Alex. Brown, M.R.C.S., late of Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cottage Green, Southampton Street, Camberwell.

Rev. H. Knee has resigned the charge of the church at Peckham Park Road, having accepted the pastorate of Counterslip Church, Bristol.

Rev. Arthur W. Oakley, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Broughy Ferry.

Rev. C. B. Chapman has resigned the pastorate of the church at Alperton.

Rev. R. T. Sole has resigned the pastorate of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. C. D. CROUCH, before removing to Worthing, was presented by the members, congregation and Sunday-school at Shoreham with a framed engraving of Mr. E. G. Lewis's picture of the Baptism of Christ, "as a token of their love and esteem."

Rev. Henry Knee having accepted the pastorate of Counterslip Church, Bristol, a farewell meeting took place on November 5th, when a testimonial of regard and esteem was presented to himself and Mrs. Knee

in the form of a tea and coffee service, with urn on tray, value £50.

At a public meeting, at Hornton Street Tabernacle, Kensington, on Thursday, November 1st, a purse of six guineas was presented to Miss Hawes, daughter of the pastor, as a testimonial from the church and congregation of their appreciation of her services at the harmonium.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. H. ERNEST CROFTS, late of Kelso, received a public welcome, on the 8th October, as pastor of the church at Wednesbury. Mr. R. Williams, chairman, presided, Revs. F. H. Platten, H. Bonner, J. Walker, W. Wallace, A. A. Cole, J. C. Whittaker, C. Pates, G. Dunnett, H. Balls, and H. H. Snell delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. G. L. Wyard was publicly recognised on the 30th of October, as pastor of the church at St. Austall, Cornwall. At the public meeting, Mr. T. Stocker presided. Revs. S. Newnam, J. S. Wyard (father of the pastor), J. S. Page, J. Lewis, W. Boulter, and W. F. James took part in the engagements.

Rev. W. Bampton Taylor, of Regent's Park College, was ordained on the 30th of October, as pastor of the church at Chesham. Rev. Dr. J. Clifford, of London, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. T. R. Stevenson the charge to the church. Revs. E. Stevenson, C. Pearce, J. Hood, J. H. Calloway, J. F. Smith, A. Boshier, J. Pither, and T. Armstrong took part in the proceedings.

Rev. George Wright was publicly recognised on the 24th of October, as pastor of the church at Kingston-on-Thames. The sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Rogers. At the evening meeting, Mr. Charles Wood-

raffe presided, and addresses were given by the Revs. J. O. Fellowes, B. C. Ethridge, J. Teall, E. H. Brown, J. Durden, W. Jones, J. Olney, T. Anderson, C. F. W. Wood, Mr. A. Lockhart, and other friends.

Rev. A. W. Latham was publicly recognised on the 15th of October, as pastor of the church at Lydbrook. Rev. T. Williams gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D. R. Morgan addressed the church.

Rev. George Hugo Heynes was recognised on the 23rd of October as pastor of Claremont Chapel, Bolton. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Dr. Culross. At the evening meeting Alderman Snape, J.P., of Darwen presided, and after hearing an address from Mr. Heynes, said it appeared to him that if their young friend entered upon his ministry in the spirit he had just expressed, the church had a prosperous career before them. Revs. C. Williams, T. B. Johnstone, G. Williams, and H. H. Scullard delivered fraternal addresses, and gave Mr. Heynes a hearty welcome to a ministerial brotherhood.

Rev. R. W. Dobbie, of Rawdon College, was publicly recognised on the 10th of October as pastor of the church at Waterhouses. Rev. J. M. Stephens delivered the charge to the church. Mr. J. Raw, the secretary of the church, mentioned that as their present building was too small, they were raising funds for an enlargement; although the estate belonged to owners who were Roman Catholics, they had most liberally offered additional ground for the use of the Baptist denomination.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. Carey B. Berry, as pastor of the church at Cullingworth, Bingley, Yorks, were held on the 13th of October. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of E. Wadsworth, Esq. Mr. Green, as senior deacon, related the circumstances which led the church to invite Mr.

Berry to become its pastor a second time; and Mr. Berry, after saying that nothing but ill-health could have induced him to give up his missionary work in the West Indies, gave his reasons for accepting the invitation. Revs. Thos. Derry, C. A. Davis, S. K. Knight, J. Taylor, J. Kitchener, and H. C. Atkinson delivered addresses.

Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. T. Gardiner, late of Sulgrave, as pastor of the chapel at Roade, North Hants, were held on the 16th of October. A sermon was preached by Rev. H. Bradford. At an evening meeting, Rev. J. T. Brown presided; addresses were given by the Revs. T. Gardiner, T. Arnold, H. Bradford, H. Trotman, H. W. Fidler, A. Pickles, and T. Baker

NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL-STONES of a new chapel at St. Mellons, to be erected on a very eligible piece of ground presented by Mr. Allen, were laid on Friday by Alderman Cory and Councillor Thomas. The new chapel will provide accommodation for 400 worshippers. There will also be two vestries and a room above to seat 150 school children. Rev. Dr. Davies, president of the Haverfordwest College, who had been formerly associated with the church at St. Mellons, delivered an address on the occasion. The old site will not be built on. Round it is the old burial-ground, and it is intended to extend this by the addition of the site, and ornamentally lay out the whole.

The new chapel at Elm Road, Beckenham, the twentieth erected in twenty years through the instrumentality of the London Baptist Association, was opened on the 31st of October, with a sermon by Rev. C. Stanford. It is in the Early English style, capable of seating 400 worshippers, but the addition of galleries will increase the accommodation to 850. The cost of the building, including the site and organ, is upwards of

£5,000; the completion of the plans will involve an expenditure of £2,000 more. At the public meeting, Col. Griffin, who presided, said that the building of churches in suburban districts, in spite of a disposition in these days to disparage it, was one of the most valuable forms of Christian effort which the churches could take up. Rev. S. H. Booth, the pastor, in his address, expressed the hope that in twelve months they might be clear of their incubus of debt. Rev. Dr. Angus, T. V. Tymms, and W. Cuff, delivered addresses. The sermon in the evening was preached by Rev. J. P. Chown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAKE ROAD CHAPEL, PORTSMOUTH.—The Evangelists associated with C. H. Spurgeon, Messrs. W. Y. Fullerton and J. Manton Smith, have been holding a successful mission at Portsmouth during the month of November. Services have been held every evening, except Fridays, and three times each Lord's day, besides special meetings for men only, for women only, and for children. The meetings have been largely attended, and many persons have professed to have found peace by believing in Jesus. The Revs. W. J. Stayner, W. M. Compton, H. R. Passmore, W. Griggs, and T. W. Medhurst, the pastor of the church, have taken part in the services. A large choir, under the lead of Mr. W. E. Green, and a band of Christian workers, have rendered very efficient services, which have greatly contributed to the success of the meetings.

UNDER a church belonging to the Franciscan monks, at Latrun, about three miles north-west of Jerusalem, a baptistry has been discovered. It is built in the form of a cross, being about five feet deep and ten feet long.

AT the autumnal meeting of the Surrey and Middlesex Baptist Association, held on the 30th of October, at Twickenham, Rev. J. L. Thompson read an impressive paper on "The

Lost Chord of our Present-day Christianity." Mr. H. Beddow gave a report of evangelistic work. Rev. E. W. Tarbox was elected as chairman for the ensuing year, and Rev. E. H. Brown as secretary.

A CENTENARIAN CANDIDATE FOR BAPTISM.—The American religious journals report that a woman, 108 years old, in Whitfield county, recently expressed a wish to be baptised. A Baptist journal, commenting on the above, says—"It is never too late to do the right thing."

REV. W. L. LANG, having been compelled by reason of failure of health to resign his position as travelling secretary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, the committee have passed a resolution acknowledging the value of Mr. Lang's services. They cordially invite him to become a member of the committee, and trust that his health will soon be fully restored.

THE annual festival in commemoration of the opening of Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, was held on the 14th and 15th of October, when Revs. Dr. J. Clifford, Dr. Dawson Burns, and Robert P. Cook, pastor of the church, conducted the Sunday services. At the Monday evening meeting, Mr. E. Cayford presided. Revs. Dr. Clifford, J. O. Fellowes, Dr. Spencer, R. Mitchell, and R. P. Cook were among the speakers.

WE are glad to know it is proposed to raise a testimonial to our friend, Rev. W. Poole Balforn. He is now quite laid aside, not likely ever to resume his work again. We trust the appeal will meet with a hearty response. It is recommended by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Angus, and other ministers. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. John Bigwood, Chesham Road, Brighton, and Mr. S. Comber, 6, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton.

RECENT DEATH.

IN MEMORIAM.

On October 12th Mrs. Matilda Medhurst, the beloved mother of the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, entered into her heavenly rest, at the age of 73 years. She was a member, from the commencement, of the Drummond Road Church, Bermondsey. Her pastor, Rev. B. Brigg, preached her funeral sermon on Sunday evening, October 21st. Her end was unruffled peace.

BAPTISMS.

Aberavon.—October 21, Four, by O. Waldo James.
Astley Bridge.—October 30, Four, by G. Williams.
Atworth, Wilts (near Melksham).—November 1, Seven, by W. Field.
Bacup.—October 28, Five, by E. A. Tydeman.
Batley, Yorkshire.—October 31, Three, by A. Cooper.
Bessels Green.—April 29, Three; September 30, Two, by Rev. James Cattell.
Blackburn.—October 21, Thirteen, by M. H. Whetnall.
Blaenavon.—October 11, Six, by O. Tidman.
Blaenau Gwent.—October 21, Five, by T. Towey Evans.
Bristol.—October 23, Thrissell-street, Six, by C. Griffiths.
Brockhurst, Hants.—October 24, Seven, by W. M. Compton.
Carlton, Beds.—October 14, Three, by F. King.
Carmarthen.—November 4, Three, by T. L. Thomas.
Chepstow.—October 31, Two, by A. J. Davies.
Clough Fold.—October 6, Six, by J. Jefferson.
Crosskeys, Newport, Mon.—October 14, Nine, by C. H. Watkins.
Edenbridge.—October 23, Two, by R. H. Powell.
Golcar.—November 7, Five, by W. Gay.
Griffithstown.—November 4, Three, by J. Tucker.
Haslingden.—November 4, Two, by P. Prout.
Heaton, Bradford, October 28, Two, by R. Howarth.
Hereford.—October 31, Five, by J. Williams, B.A.
Idle, near Bradford.—October 28, One, by J. Lee.
Kettering.—October 31, Four, by H. B. Robinson.
Knighton.—October 10, One, by W. Williams.

Littleborough.—October 28, Six, by J. P. Newman.
Llanidloes.—November 1, Five, by I. Edwards.
Llanwenarth.—November 4, Two, by J. Morgan.
Llandyfan.—September 30, One, by M. Jones.
London.—
 Clapham. —October 28, Grafton-square, Eleven, by R. Webb.
 Chiswick. —October 14, Four, by W. E. Lynn.
 Forest Gate. —October 28, Two, by J. H. French.
 Kensington. —October 29, at the Tabernacle, Five, by J. Hawes.
 Putney. —October 29, Three; October 31, Five, by W. Thomas.
 St. John's Wood. —October 25, Abbey-road, Three, by W. Stott.
 Streatham, S.W. —October 31, Lewin-road, Four, by A. McCaig.
 Tottenham. —October 21, West Green, Eight, by G. Turner.
 Whitechapel. —October 28, Little Alie-street, Four, by R. E. Sears.
Lumb, Lancashire.—November 4, Fourteen, by H. Abraham.
Lyme Regis, Dorset.—October 28, Three, by F. Marks.
Middlesbro'.—October 28, Welsh Chapel, Three, by T. Jones.
Merthyr.—October 21, One, by B. Thomas.
Nantyglo, Mon.—October 28, One, by J. Pugh.
Neuport, Mon.—October 28, Seven, by A. T. Jones.
Oncestry.—November 4, Five, by G. Archer.
Pembroke.—October 17, Seven, by E. Thomas.
Pole Moor, Huddersfield.—November 4, One, by J. Evans.
Portsmouth.—October 31, Lake-road, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.
Redditch.—October 11, Four, by J. Hope.
Rochdale.—October 10, Two; 28, One, by D. O. Davies.
Rhymney, Mon.—October 28, Three, by H. Phillips.
Skipton, Yorkshire.—October 7, Two; November 7, One, by W. Judge.
Stafford.—October 28, Three, by W. B. Haynes.
St. Neots.—October 24, Two, by T. G. Gathercole.
Southsea.—October 28, Elm Grove, Eight, by J. P. Williams.
Swansea.—October 28, Four, by A. E. Johnson.
Thurleigh, Beds.—October 21, Five, by G. Chandler.
Tunbridge, Kent.—October 31, Six, by T. Hancocks.
Ulverston.—October 28, Two, by R. Scott.
Winchester.—October 7, City-road, Two, by J. Blomfield.
Ystrad.—October 14, Three, by M. H. Jones.

THE
BAPTIST YEAR BOOK

AND

ALMANACK FOR 1884,

CONSISTING OF

SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MEDITATIONS

For Every Day in the Year.

METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE :

TOGETHER WITH

THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London:

61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1. Tu. For the love of money is the root of all evil, 1 Tim. vi. 10.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is to trust nobody, to get everything, and save all you get; to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend.

2. W. Which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, 1 Tim. vi. 10.

To heap interest upon interest, to be mean and miserable and despise, and riches will come as surely as disease and disappointment.

3. T. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, 1 Tim. vi. 9.

When pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, death comes to finish the work; the body is buried, and the spirit goes—Whither?

4. F. Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, Heb. vii. 25.

This approach to God begins in repentance, a sense of guilt; want creates desire; desire expresses itself in prayer, and faith sustains prayer.

5. S. But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, Heb. xi. 6.

God's promises and perfections sustain faith. Hence the mighty law of God is loved in His work and Word. Infinite in wisdom and power.

6. Sun. Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them, Heb. vii. 25.

"He is safe and must succeed
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead."—Cowper.
 An intercessor is a third person coming between two others; he stands related to both, and is accepted by both.

7. M. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, Heb. vii. 25.

Men are lost and needs to be saved. Our want of faith in the Healer is the reason we miss the blessing. Have confidence of it, and it will give you a good hope through grace.

8. Tu. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea, Ps. xciii. 4.

"With all tones of waters blending,
 Glorious is the breaking deep;
 Glorious, beautiful, without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep."—Keble.

9. W. Thy testimonies are very sure, Ps. xciii. 5.

God's revelations of Himself. His promises are true and faithful. All who would dwell with Him must be pure in thought and life.

10. T. Understand, ye brutish among the people: ye fools when will ye be wise? Ps. xciv. 8.

This was the special aggravation of their sin, that being God's people, they should disregard His claims and providence.

11. F. He that planteth the ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the eye, shall He not see? Ps. xciv. 9.

God must needs hear and see. It is not said that God has ears and eyes; but that the powers which he bestows on his creatures, He must needs possess in perfection.

12. S. He that chastiseth the heathen shall He not correct? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not know? Ps. xciv. 10.

He who by his Providential dealings "is ever educating and teaching the nations. Will He not detect and punish the tyrants and oppressors of the human race?"

13. Sun. Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law, Ps. xciv. 12.

However much our sufferings may come from man, there is a blessing in them, and God will help them to gain it.

14. M. When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up, Ps. xciv. 8.

When he seemed as one already fallen, God upheld him; when sad and anxious thoughts increased, the comfort of God's Word and the display of His mercy sustained him.

15. Tu. But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge, Ps. xciv. 22.

The Psalm brings before us the conflict between good and evil. Now the wicked are proud and headstrong, they forget and despise God. But He will uphold and sustain the good.

16. W. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation, Ps. xcv. 1.

Let us exult, sing with joy. The Psalm invites to a great banquet of rejoicing, not in the world, but in the Lord.

17. T. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms, Ps. xcv. 2.

Present His praise beforehand, presenting ourselves before Him. "Him early seek with thankful joys"—Keble.

18. F. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods, Ps. xcv. 3.

Three special reasons are given why He is a great King. He is Creator, and He is the Shepherd and guide of His people.

19. S. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand, Ps. xcv. 7.

To-day all this will be realised: the Lord will be your God and Shepherd if ye will hear his voice.

"Even now 'tis so:—this day, this hour;
 If ye will hear his word of power."—Keble.

20. Sun. The Lord is my light and my salvation whom shall I fear? Ps. xxvii. 1.

God, as ever, infusing joy and brightness into his lot however dark in itself, in this confidence nothing can appal Him.

21. M. That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, Ps. xxvii. 4.

One thing he desires above all others, the only thing that he cares for, that he may live perpetually in the presence of God.

22. Tu. One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, Ps. xxvii. 4.

The noblest privilege and truest dignity of a human being is that he is capable of communion with God, and he sums up all in this one, earnest prayer that he may so live.

23. W. To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple, Ps. xxvii. 4.

The reason why he desires to live in God's presence is that he may fix the eye of his soul on the attractive loveliness of God, and think of Him who so reveals himself.

24. T. For me to live is Christ, Phil. i. 21.

He lived from Christ; Jesus was the fountain of his life. The new life must be sustained: he lived out Christ and for Christ.

25. F. And to die is gain, Phil. i. 21.

Why so? Because it is an advance on life; it is the removal of all hindrances to the accomplishment of the supreme end of life; only to those whose life is Christ.

26. S. For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself, Rom. xiv. 7.

We belong to Christ, and in the fulfilment of honour, of gratitude, and of love, we must live to Him. All are under this obligation.

27. Sun. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord, Rom. xiv. 8.

Many live and die without coming to themselves; when we give ourselves to the life that Christ points out, we come to our true self, our true dignity, and blessedness.

28. M. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living, Rom. xiv. 9.

Manhood is the pattern of Jesus Christ; this higher life is the way of nobility, of power, benevolence, and duty.

29. Tu. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men, Rom. xii. 18.

Tranquillity is the fruit of struggle; let that be your aim your disposition, that which you strive after.

30. W. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but give place unto wrath, Rom. xii. 19.

This is in direct opposition to "the law of Mosour." Let there be no battle between you and your enemy. Let it out, give it room to cool, do not act hastily.

31. T. Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord, Rom. xii. 19.

We are living in a world which God governs, and under a system which carries its own penalty for wrong, which is punishing evil and rewarding good.

1. F. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, Rom. xii. 20.

Conquer his wrongs by your benefits; never allow yourself to be so far defeated by another's evil as to seek to repay it with evil.

2. S. For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head, Rom. xii. 20.

Treat others according to the law of love, and it will tend to burn out the wrong that is in them.

3. Sun. But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, Mark x. 14.

There is a pride in worldly wisdom in denying that God can bless where man can do no act of himself, which might well displease the gracious Lord.

4. M. Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, Mark x. 14.

Little children are all sufferers; a duty to bring them to Christ, a cruel wrong not to do so.

5. Tu. And both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage, John ii. 2.

Let our rule be so to enter society and so to act, as to welcome Christ's presence, and then we shall be safe.

6. W. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, John ii. 2.

This miracle sets forth the nature of His great work: An ennobling of the common and transforming of the mean; a turning of the waters of earth into the wine of heaven.

7. T. And manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him, John ii. 2.

The glory of the only begotten of the Father, Christ stands forth as the Creator dealing as He wills with His creatures, new degrees of faith being attained.

8. F. But Jesus did not commit Himself unto them, because He knew all, John ii. 24.

He did not open all His heart to them, because they would not open all theirs to Him. They were incapable of receiving all that He had to give.

9. S. For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light we shall see light, Ps. xxxvi. 9.

Out of God all is darkness, but they who are taken up into Him are bathed in His light and filled with spiritual joy.

10. Sun. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit, John iii. 6.

The nature we receive from our parents is like theirs—corrupt, fallen, and sinful; the nature we receive at conversion is like its Author—spiritual and Divine.

11. M. So is every one that is born of the Spirit, John iii. 8.

The effects of the work of the Spirit are plain, while the working of the Spirit is a hidden mystery. Are we hearing the fruits of the Spirit?

12. Tu. That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, John iii. 15.

Life should be a continued looking to Christ, one act of faith, Jesus on the cross should draw our hearts to Him.

13. W. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life, John iii. 16.

The greatness of the Father's love, the breadth of that love, the sacrifice of the freedom of the offering.

14. T. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved, John iii. 17.

God's purpose—redemption; the result of Christ's coming is the condemnation of some, but its purpose was the salvation of all.

15. F. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, 1 Cor. ii. 2.

The cross of Christ is the centre of all truth; there is a vast and varied range of doctrine flowing from it, in which Paul was careful to instruct his converts.

16. S. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, 1 Cor. ii. 9.

These words refer to the blessedness of the Gospel dispensation. The Gospel is a Divine mystery into which God had introduced them that believe.

17. Sun. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, 1 Cor. ii. 10.

The Holy Spirit acts as a Revealer in two ways: He communicates the truth to the soul, and He disposes the soul to receive it.

18. M. Comparing Spiritual things with Spiritual, 1 Cor. ii. 13.

Unfolding spiritual things to the spiritually-minded; by a comparison of one part of the Bible with another we arrive at the truth.

19. Tu. That ye may be sincere, Phil. i. 10.

We are in danger of being insincere; the sources of this danger are many. Hypocrisy was the thing which drew from Christ the most vehement and repeated condemnation.

20. W. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways, Jas. i. 8.

That is a hypocrite, a man with two souls: the one his real self, which rules his aims and forms his character; the other his feigned self, not what he is, but what he pretends to be.

21. T. That ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence, Phil. i. 10.

By trying things that differ, to ascertain what things are worth loving. Such a life is a blessed one, and finds its consummation in the coming of Christ.

22. F. Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, John i. 47.

Christ read his heart and character. He caught sight of an eminently honest face; truthful, open, candid, guilelessness.

23. S. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile, Ps. xxxii. 2.

No attempt to silence the voice of conscience, or trifle with its verdict, entire openness with God; there is nothing dearer to God than this.

24. Sun. And the sheep hear His voice, and He calleth His own sheep by name, John x. 3.

There is a very intimate personal knowledge and affection between the Shepherd and the flock; He has a separate care for each of them.

25. M. And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, John x. 4.

A striking picture of the loving and trustful relation between pastor and flock; he walks before them, teaching and admonishing, and by his example showing them the way.

26. Tu. All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers, John x. 8.

Such took upon themselves to guide the sheep without God's command; stealing away souls from the truth and robbing God of His own.

27. W. I am the door, John x. 9.

Christ is the entrance to grace here and glory hereafter; it is by Him that we shall enter into heaven.

28. T. I am come that they might have life, John x. 10.

Life not to deaden to the interests of common, everyday life; He confers a new moral and spiritual life.

29. F. And that they might have life more abundantly, John x. 10.

Christ gives a sacred life, rich, overflowing in all that is healthy, beautiful, excellent; a force in at work which is not sickly or feeble.

1. S. I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep, John x. 11.

The Good Shepherd gives not only His loving care and tender guidance, but life itself for the sheep.

2. Sun. I am the Good Shepherd and know My sheep, and am known of Mine, John x. 14.

Jesus Christ compares the close and intimate knowledge between Himself and His sheep with that which exists between Himself and His Father, the knowledge of an all-loving heart.

3. M. Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again, John x. 17.

His laying down His life is the cause of the Father's love. Christ's will was to earn (as man) the crown through the cross.

4. Tu. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all judgment, Phil. I. 9.

The Gospel in the religion of love; the features of this love are absolute unselfishness, intelligence combined with practical wisdom.

5. W. But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you, John v. 42.

He knew them by His Divine insight, and saw their hearts empty of the love of God and full of the love of self. He was full of love and empty of self.

6. T. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words, John v. 47.

Those who reject or neglect the light and the evidence God has given them will not be likely to learn new truths or advance to higher knowledge.

7. F. And this He said to prove him, for He Himself knew what He would do, John vi. 6.

Our Lord would try Philip's faith, not to satisfy Himself concerning it, for he knew it, but to show him how dim and weak it was.

8. S. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? John xiv. 9.

Jesus knew he was desirous to learn, and he shed new rays of light on the dimness of his faith. The human mind sees as yet dimly; soon we shall know even as God knows us.

9. Sun. But He saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid, John vi. 20.

When troubles and trials beset us, we must not think Christ has forsaken us. He may send us into the storm, but he is near to save.

10. M. And He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men, Matt. iv. 19.

Christ says this imperatively and affectionately to saint and sinner, and this let every one do, for it is our life.

11. Tu. And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise, Luke x. 37.

A loving act does more good than a windy exhortation. What we need is not more good talking, but more good actions.

12. W. And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one towards another, 1 Thes. iii. 12.

What you do for love you can do no longer for mere gain. The higher motive drives out the lower.

13. T. For ye have need of patience that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise, Heb. x. 36.

We need this in the many perplexities of life, in dealing with each other; in no department more than in dealing with human character.

14. F. Knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience, Jas. I. 3.

Patience is not weakness, it is moral strength; it is the conscious repression of resistance to a perfectly holy will.

15. S. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, Jas. I. 4.

Let the gradual perfection of patience be reached by quiet, firm submission to God's will: under the heat of fire it grows.

16. Sun. But without thy mind would I do nothing, Philemon 14.

Paul refused to stand on his rights; true Christian courtesy is a combination of consideration, humility, and love.

17. M. And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, 1 Peter iii. 15.

Gain clear ideas of Divine truth, that you may be apt to reply to objectors: self-conceit and self-importance only irritate.

18. Tu. For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing, 1 Peter iii. 17.

There is no need for us to go out of our way to court persecution; if it comes when we are simply doing our duty, then we simply bear what Christ bore. He suffered.

19. W. Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Matt. xi. 3.

The best are tried with painful passing doubts. Suspense is intolerable, the agonies of doubt must be dissolved.

20. T. Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see, Matt. xi. 4.

A model answer to the doubts of an honest and true heart. He offers the evidence he asks. He names those proofs of his divine mission which it is the fashion now to disparage, to suspect, and reject.

21. F. The blind receive their sight, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them, Matt. xi. 5.

Christ names those works which no other did or could do. His entire moral and spiritual manifestations is the standing miracle of Christianity, of which time cannot touch the eternal value.

22. S. A man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, Acts ii. 22.

Christ claims to be the incarnation of all truth and grace. It was this view of His work and mission with which his disciples went forth to win the world to Him.

23. Sun. For if the mighty works which were done among you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, Matt. xi. 21.

When Christ denounced the chief sins of His time, He says the guilt consists in the persistent blindness to the witness borne by His works. They obstinately refused to recognise His claims upon them.

24. M. Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Matt. xi. 28.

This invitation means what it could mean from no other lips. He alone can make it good; He alone is the true repose and satisfaction of sin-laden souls.

25. Tu. For He is our peace, who hath made both one, Ep. ii. 14.

From what He did, what he was—he is, there streams power to still the disquiet of sin in our souls, to quell the storms of passion and the murmurs of self-will.

26. W. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, Rom. v. 1.

As many as receive Christ he gives power to rise, through obedience, into the serene light and liberty of the children of God.

27. T. And blessed is he whosever shall not be offended in Me, Matt. xi. 6.

Those who do not reject Me because I do not fulfil all their mistaken ideas of what they think I should be.

28. F. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, Matt. xi. 15.

There is something more to be gathered by the willing and attentive listener than appears on the surface; they that listen aright will make answer, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

29. S. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find, Matt. vii. 7.

Prayer is the absolute necessity of the soul; it is the soul's food, its daily meal, without which the soul must dwindle, starve, and die.

30. Sun. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, John vii. 17.

Christ tells us here that we must do in order to believe. Do first, and conviction will come; obey and you will believe.

31. M. That your love may abound more and more in knowledge and all judgment, Phil. I. 9.

A clear knowledge of the truth and a true estimate of even as they may arise. Love without judgment is apt to go wild, while clear views without love will not venture much for Christ.

1. Tu. Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice and will rejoice, Phil. i. 18.

Divine truth works independently of the motives of those who declare it, and God is often pleased to use very unworthy instruments to accomplish His purposes.

2. W. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, Ps. ciii. 2.

David calls on those to praise God for His mercies: we are reminded how prone we are to forget to render thanks when they are due to God.

3. T. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Ps. ciii. 3.

Without a sense of sin and hope of pardon there can be no real gratitude. God's benefits will not be remembered; God heals our souls as well as our bodies.

4. F. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, Ps. ciii. 4.

It is not enough to deliver from sin, disease, and death:—
 "First frees thy life from danger and from pain,
 Then crowns thee with benignant, tenderest love."—Rebie.

5. S. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's, Ps. ciii. 5.

God feeds both soul and body, so far as the soul is concerned with Himself. He is the Bread of Life, and makes us able to mount heavenward.

6. Sun. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, Ps. ciii. 13.

Forgiven and reconciled to God, yet we are weak and frail. God has a Father's heart towards us, knowing all our helplessness and need of help.

7. M. O. Lord, how manifold are Thy works; the earth is full of Thy riches, Ps. civ. 24.

The survey of the universe causes him to break forth into admiration:—
 "The boundless earth by Thee is stored;
 Her household and her stock is thine."—Keble.

8. Tu. And they which heard, being convicted by conscience, went out one by one, John viii. 9.

The shaft struck home; He made them judge themselves; they saw He read them through and through, and they dared not stay.

9. W. Jesus said unto her; neither do I condemn thee, John viii. 11.

I do not pronounce judgment on thee; I came to save, not to judge. He let her go in peace; forgiven much, she would love much in return.

10. T. Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man, John viii. 15.

Christ contrasts His own gentle, loving dealings with sinners with the harsh, narrow-minded, and uncharitable judgments of His hearers. He in His perfect knowledge and perfect love refused to condemn the guilty.

11. F. And they that weep as though they wept not; the time is short, 1 Cor. vi. 29, 30.

Life is always brief and uncertain, so we should sit as loose as possible to the joys and sorrows of the present.

12. S. And if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know, 1 Cor. viii. 2.

Such as confide in their own self-conceit upon their superior knowledge, such in all ages who wrest the words of Scripture and justify their disobedience to the laws and discipline of Christ.

13. Sun. But to us one God, the Father, of whom all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ by whom all things, 1 Cor. viii. 6.

The Father is the source and fountain of all that exists; the Son is the Agent—by whom the universe was created for the glory equally of Father and Son.

14. M. If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, 1 Cor. viii. 13.

A Christian is not alone; he is one of a great family, he is bound in all things to respect the feelings, opinions, and even the infirmities of others.

15. Tu. The grass withereth, the flower fadeeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever, Isa. xl. 8.

The fleeting, unsubstantial tenure of human life, but the revelation of truth, love, and power, these, like God, unchangeable.

16. W. And the world passeth away; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever, 1 John ii. 17.

The world, with all that it offers, is doomed to decay, but he who has submitted to God, he shall win the gift of eternal life.

17. T. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, Acts xiii. 36.

Such earn the scribes', yet noblest of all epitaques; whose thoughts have been rich, examples guided, and lives served, mankind.

18. F. Judge in yourselves: is it comely for a woman to pray unto God uncovered? 1 Cor. xi. 13.

The perfection of beauty in nature, in the human form, in religion, is artless, and adorned with gentleness, modesty, and purity.

19. S. Seek the Lord and His strength; seek His face evermore, Ps. cv. 4.

A call to seek God's help and favour in all ways and at all times; His strength delivers from all dangers; and His face lights all darkness.

20. Sun. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, 1 Cor. ix. 27.

Self-denial, moderation, occasional fasting, with prayer adapted to subdue the animal and bring it into order, health and usefulness.

21. M. But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, Acts i. 8.

Divine results bespeak Divine power; to know and love God, to grow into the Divine likeness, such was the power of the message and the spirit attending it.

22. Tu. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, Phil. ii. 12.

We should trust in God as if He did all, and labour ourselves as if we did all.

23. W. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and do of His good pleasure, Phil. ii. 13.

It is good for us to be checked, crossed, and disappointed, to feel our need of Divine power; this work of grace is God's.

24. T. Among whom ye shine as lights in the world, Phil. ii. 15.

The Christian shines, not through trying to shine, but through the unconscious beauty of a godly life. This is the surest way of doing good, and it is within every one's power.

25. F. Holding forth the word of life, Phil. ii. 16.

Not necessarily as a preacher or teacher, but in daily life, by a consistent walk and conversation.

26. S. But God had mercy on him; and not on him only, but on me also, Phil. ii. 27.

Life is a great mercy when spent in God's service; and the longer we live, if only it be to His praise, the greater will be our future blessedness.

27. Sun. This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as He also is a Son of Abraham, Luke xii. 9.

A memorable day for the sinner: he was waiting ready to receive, and he by moral and spiritual descent blessed with faithful Abraham.

28. M. I tell you that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out, Luke xix. 40.

This is a sort of proverb, meaning that nothing could silence the cries of triumphant joy.

29. Tu. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, 1 Cor. ii. 9.

There is no selected child of God who can live a careless and inconsistent life without unrest; be proud, and have peace; unloving, and see and know what God has in store for them that love Him.

30. W. I lay me down and sleep; I waked for the Lord sustained me, Ps. iii. 6.

When you lie down commit yourself to God; trust Him with yourself, as you must do when you die.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.					
1st d.	13th d.	25th d.	1st d.	13th d.	25th d.
4.31	4.13	3.57	7.23	7.42	7.58

May,

MOON'S CHANGES.		
F. Q., 2nd d., 5.8 M.	F. M., 16th d., 48 M.	
L. Q., 18th d., 4.31 M.	N. M., 21th d., 10.37 A.	
F. C., 31st d., 4.56 A.		

1. T. Salvation belongeth unto the Lord. Thy blessing is upon Thy people, Ps. iii. 8.

Deliverance is with God; therefore he is safe. A prayer which finds its counterpart in the wonderful prayer of Christ on the cross.

2. F. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee, Ps. lvi. 3.

Times of fear are the test and triumph of faith; many have fought against fear and conquered.

3. S. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in Heaven, Matt. vi. 9.

This prayer has in it the germ of all prayer; it recognises paternity; not a despot; not a fate, but our Father, and combines love and reverence.

4. Sun. Thy kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

That is the outgoing of benevolent desire for the universality of God's rule; for the development on earth of the abounding wisdom and goodness of God.

5. M. Thy will be done in earth as in Heaven, Matt. vi. 10.

That is the sovereignty of our Father; our allegiance, fidelity, loyalty, with the desire that it may be experienced by all.

6. Tu. Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi. 11.

That is, enough support, maintenance, everything that constitutes life; the germ of all application for outward want.

7. W. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, Matt. vi. 12.

Asking pardon from a consciousness of sin, the germ of all confession. There is no pardon for the unpraying.

8. T. And lead us not into temptation.

Putting ourselves into the guidance and providence of God in all the perils and dangers we have to pass through.

9. F. For none of us liveth unto himself, Rom. xiv. 7.

Out of all lives, actual and possible, each one appropriates unto his own. This is a world of hints only, out of which each seizes what it needs.

10. S. But deliver us from evil, Matt. vi. 13.

There is evil enough in man; God knows it is not our mission to detect and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

11. Sun. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, Ps. cvii. 6.

This, the great lesson of the psalm. God hears at once. Troubles are like spurs to make us run to God; having recourse to Him we are relieved.

12. M. He sent His word and healed them, Ps. cvii. 20.

Both in the natural world and in history the word of God is not only the expression of His will, but His messenger and His work.

13. Tu. The righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth, Ps. cvii. 24.

God's cognisance of the oppressed gives joy to the upright; and the boastful insolence of the wicked is put to silence.

14. W. Whoso is wise will observe these things, Ps. cvii. 43.

The wise will consider and understand, will see God's guiding hand in the events of his own life and in the destinies of nations.

15. T. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good, Ps. cvii. 1.

There are few whose personal experience cannot supply instances of God's goodness. That is the special subject which this psalm suggests.

16. F. The Lord shall send the God of thy strength out of Zion, Ps. cx. 2.

The symbol of Christ's power is the cross, a rod of greater power than that of Moses. Through all times and amid all enemies Christ's kingdom holds its own.

17. S. Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek, Ps. cx. 4.

Christ's people are both priests and warriors; they can only maintain their warfare by priestly self-consecration; so as priests they can only preserve their purity by constant conflict.

18. Sun. He shall drink of the brook on the way; therefore shall he lift up the head, Ps. cx. 7.

Whatever of truth and righteousness man has is from the fountain after which we in this desert ought to thirst, that we faint not in the way.

19. M. Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus, John xi. 5.

Blessed family, to be thus loved by the Son of God; welcome sickness, welcome sorrow and death itself, if only with them be the love of Christ.

20. Tu. Therefore his sisters sent unto Him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick, John xi. 3.

They said not "Come." To One that loved it is enough to send tidings, enough that He knew it; for He does not love and forsake.

21. W. He abode two days still in the same place where He was, John xi. 6.

This did not look like love, and many of God's dealings with us do not look like love; they perplex, they may be for the good of others.

22. T. But I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give Thee, John xi. 22.

High and low ideas mingle here, and we think of Christ as answering by prayer what He has by oneness with the nature of God.

23. F. Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life, John xi. 25.

In these words Christ would draw Martha up to the higher and truer views of His own Divine nature and person. He is that life, spiritual and eternal.

24. S. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die, John xi. 26.

These words breathe a tone of hope, and triumph, and power; a bright ray of light through the dark clouds of grief and death.

25. Sun. Jesus wept, John xi. 35.

He weeps with those that weep; He does not rebuke or despise human sorrow, He shares it, and thus sanctifies it.

26. M. Whither shall I flee from Thy Spirit Ps. cxxxix. 7.

Our first feeling when we realise the presence of God is one of awe, we shrink from Him, would escape it if we could; the fact that we cannot brings us back to God.

27. Tu. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, Ps. cxxxix. 9.

The simple meaning is the expression of belief—the omnipotent power of God. Heaven is as near to us on sea as on land.

28. W. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be night about me, Ps. cxxxix. 11.

The heartstricken, lonely, doubting sufferer, who sees only a step before him, he can pray, "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

29. T. The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee, Ps. cxxxix. 12.

The consciousness that God is everywhere, in breadth and height, not only strikes him with awe, but brings with it a sense of rest and safety.

30. F. How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, Ps. cxxxix. 17.

Thankful wonder at God's designs concerning him; meditation on God's love, finding work for one who is awake.

31. S.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding, Prov. iii. 13.

Information gained by study is more precious than when borrowed from others. So the knowledge of God and His word, gained by experience, is most valuable.

1. Sun. The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools, Prov. iii. 35.

¹ Sometimes this is the case in this world, but certainly in the next world. The elevation of such often ends in shame and disgrace.

2. M. And the common people heard Him gladly, Mark xii. 37.

Jesus pitied their distresses; behind His word of wisdom was the nerve of power, and behind this power was the pulse of love.

3. Tu. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize, 1 Cor. ix. 24.

All run, but one is crowned in the earthly; all must run in the heavenly race, and all may win the crown.

4. W. Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become sounding brass, 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

The man who is the truest saint is the man who has the most efficient love, gentleness, and sweetness.

5. T. Doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil, 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

Love does not relish evil, does not search for it, does not receive it in report, does not gloat over it, derives no satisfaction from it.

6. F. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, 1 Cor. xiii. 6.

Love takes no delight in aberration, in anything that mars; is not interested in studying the crimes which others commit.

7. S. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up, Jas. iv. 10.

A great humbling is a great blessing; sometimes it comes direct from God, often through man as His instrument; hard to bear, yet needful.

8. Sun. Behold, the world is gone after Him, John xii. 19.

The world will go after Christ now, and carry palms and sing psalms; but when will the world's heart go after Him?

9. M. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto eternal life, John xii. 25.

Self-sacrifice is the door to eternal life; self-renunciation, a life of self-denial, will lengthen out into an eternity of glory and blessedness.

10. Tu. If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, him will My Father honour, John xii. 26.

The terms of discipleship: walk in Christ's path of self-sacrifice; such will the Father approve, recognize, and welcome.

11. W. Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour, John xii. 27.

This cry does not so much ask for escape from the terrible crisis as for deliverance out of it. He means, Carry Me safely through His agonies.

12. T. Now is My soul troubled, John xii. 27.
 A foretaste of Gethsemane: the same sorrow, amazement, cry for help, and the same entire resignation to His Father's will.

13. F. But for this cause came I unto this hour, John xii. 27.

That He might endure the cross and anguish, He placed the cup to His lips that He might drink it to the dregs.

14. S. Father, glorify Thy name, John xii. 28.

This is the voice of the ardour of obedience; through His passion and death He knew man could be saved and God's Kingdom established in the world.

15. Sun. Now is the judgment of this world, John xii. 31.

The cross of Christ has, like a magnet, a twofold power, of repelling and attracting; here we see its repelling power, in the next verse its attractive power.

16. M. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all unto Me, John xii. 32.

Christ draws by His love seen in the cross; by His calls, invitations and attractions. Some will not listen, and they do not come to Him.

17. Tu. Having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end, John xiii. 1.

To the last He thought not of self, but of them. On the cross He cares for the thief, and saves him, and provides for the desolate mother.

18. W. Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, John xiii. 3.

What would be faith in us is in Him knowledge. He knew His coming glory. It is to Him a certainty.

19. T. What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter, John xiii. 7.

Its true meaning and spiritual teaching, a lesson of humility and love: the great act of love of which it was a picture.

20. F. If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me, John xiii. 8.

From the outward act he turns to the inward meaning: viz. this act is but a sign of an inward cleansing, apart from which you have portion in Christ.

21. S. He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, John xiii. 10.

There is for us a continual walking in the dirty pathways of the world, so there must be a constant washing. The devil, says Luther, lets no saint reach heaven with clean feet.

22. Sun. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet, John xiii. 14.

Be ready to do the commonest and lowliest services for others; Christ's real servants imitate their Master.

23. M. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you, John xiii. 15.

He now taught in act what He before taught in word when He said, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

24. Tu. Or that he should give something to the poor, John xiii. 29.

Our Lord's usual habit—His loving and thoughtful care for the destitute, the helpless; for such he specially cares.

25. W. Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him, John xiii. 31.

All that His heart, glowing with love, had yet to say was compressed into this short space of time; words full of heavenly love flowed from His lips.

26. T. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, John xiii. 32.

God did so in the wonders of the cross, the rent veil of the temple, in the resurrection, and the conversion of souls.

27. F. A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another as I have loved you, John xiii. 34.

The eleventh commandment, a new, a closer bond of love, a new, a higher pattern of love, His own example of love.

28. S. By this shall all know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another, John xiii. 35.

By love are Christ's followers to be known; it was so in the early times: "See how these Christians love one another!" What shall we say now?

29. Sun. The Almighty, we cannot find Him out. He will not afflict, Job xxxvii. 23.

God never smites with both hands: with one He strikes, the other to bless, to heal, and purify.

30. M. But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, Gal. vi. 14.

The cross of Christ is the pledge to us that the deepest sufferings may be the condition of the highest blessing: the ign. not of God's displeasure, but of His widest love.

1 Tu. I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee, Job xlii. 5.

Humility for ourselves, charity for others, abasement before God: these are the gifts that may be gained by distrust, by doubt, and by difficulty.

2 W. Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, Ps. cxii. 4.

Out of doubt comes faith, out of grief there comes hope, with each new temptation a way of escape, each difficulty some new explanation.

3 T. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, Pr. cxi. 4.

"The fear of God is wisdom's crown,"—Keble. Understanding of, insight into, what is good, sound discretion, discernment.

4 F. A good man showeth favour and leneth: he will guide his affairs with discretion, Ps. cxii. 5.

The Psalmist takes the character described in the preceding verse, and declares his blessedness: one element of this blessedness, he will conduct his business successfully.

5 S. Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, Ps. cxii. 6.

He stands fast and unshaken during life, and after death his name is held in perpetual honour.

6 Sun. He hath dispersed, he hath given, to the poor, Ps. cxii. 9.

Paul quotes this as an encouragement to Christian beneficence, as showing that God can and will supply to the beautiful means of performing acts of kindness.

7 M. I am the way, the truth, and the life, John xiv. 6.

Jesus Christ being the Way, He is the Truth, which alone can save from straying into false paths, and the life which alone can quicken and support in passing along the true way.

8 Tu. If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also, John xiv. 7.

Jesus Christ is the Word, revealing God to man, in Himself God cannot be seen or known by man; it is only by knowing the Son that we can know the Father.

9 W. Philip saith unto Him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us, John xiv. 8.

How true a thought did Philip speak, even if he had not the idea in his mind. What else will wholly and for ever "suffice" except the vision of God!

10 T. If ye love Me, keep my commandments, John xiv. 15.

Full of love and tenderness are His parting words; and this is no stern injunction, but a gentle pleading. Obedience is ever the true test and evidence of love.

11 F. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, John xiv. 16.

One who supports, encourages, and strengthens; not simply one who consoles, but one who takes the part of another, is an advocate.

12 S. The Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, John xiv. 17.

Descriptive of the work of the Spirit, teaching and confirming the truth. The Spirit enlightens the mind and sanctifies the heart.

13 Sun. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you, John xiv. 18.

Christ calls His disciples little children, and now He says He will not leave them orphans, destitute and helpless. He comes when the Spirit comes.

14 M. But ye see Me: because I live ye shall live also, John xiv. 19.

No sign of the bodily eye, but of the soul: the spiritual life flows from Christ, and His own draw from Him the true life.

15 Tu. He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, John xiv. 26.

Not all sorts of human knowledge, but all things needful for the salvation of the soul. These would be mainly the truths concerning Christ.

16 W. Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you, John xiv. 27.

Christ's parting legacy is word of power: He imparts that perfect and serene contentment which He always had in Himself.

17 T. I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save, Isa. lxiii. 1.

That despatched that agonized form, is the invincible Conqueror. He has been able to put His words into deeds, His promise into performance.

18 F. Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah? Is. lxiii. 1.

Out of that dark hour and fierce agony was brought the redemption, the civilization, and the sanctification of the human family.

19 S. Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, 2 Tim. ii. 3.

The example of a good soldier, pure, just, and noble-minded, is, beyond all other examples, encouragement to the weak and wavering everywhere.

20 Sun. This glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, Isa. lxiii. 1.

This is Christ Himself: it is the spirit, the eternal spirit, of His life and of His death, of His words and His acts.

21 M. And he went up and looked, and said, There is nothing, 1 Kings xviii. 43.

This is one of those parables of nature which we may apply in many directions; it expresses the truth, that out of seeming nothingness there arises the very blessing most desired.

22 Tu. While they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight, Acts i. 9.

This little cloud which had shrouded Him from their sight was full of blessings; Christ was gone, but Christianity was coming; the nobler, greater works.

23 W. O that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, Isa. lxiv. 1.

There is the perplexity and misery of mankind, and little to relieve it; hold on—knowing, fearing nothing; trusting, hoping all.

24 T. The memory of the just is blessed, Prov. x. 7.

In the blank desolation of sorrow the voice that cheers is silent; the heart that warms is cold in the grave, but out of that under memory comes at last a cloud of blessings.

25 F. But by the grace of God I am what I am, 1 Cor. xv. 10.

The grace of God is not the unreasoning power of a relentless fate, but the goodness and wisdom of the Supreme Intelligence, to whom nothing is so precious as virtue and purity, and nothing so hateful as vice and corruption.

26 S. As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die, 2 Sam. xii. 5.

There was still the spark of genuine indignation which was still possible to rouse against wrong and injustice when he heard of it in others.

27 Sun. And let us not be weary in well-doing, Gal vi. 9.

Think not lightly of any effort that can save any human being from misery and want. A word of compassion goes a long way; the pressure of the silent hand is never forgotten.

28 M. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you, John xv. 3.

Ye are justified; persevere in goodness and wisdom; bring forth fruit; the word of God is the instrument of sanctification.

29 Tu. Abide in Me, and I in you, John xv. 4.

Severed from Christ by cleaving to Him in faith, love, and obedience; he builds in us by imparting to us his grace, and giving life to our souls.

30 W. For without Me ye can do nothing, John xv. 5.

Severed from Christ we are helpless: the utter helplessness for good of the man who is not in Christ is most plainly declared.

31 T. As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you, John xv. 9.

Is this our love to Christ, or his love to us? It is that love with which he loves us.

1. **F.** If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love, John xv. 10.

This is the proof of our love to Christ and the only way to retain His love to us. The Son perfectly fulfilled the Father's will, and abides in the perfect enjoyment of the Father's love.

2. **S.** These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, John xv. 11.

The joy of Christ is His own sacred bliss; this great joy Christ imparts to his own.

3. **Sun.** And that your joy might be full, John xv. 11.

These beautiful words come from the thought of abiding in His love; it is because of that, his measureless love to us, that He gives his joy, and the knowledge of that is the source of our joy.

4. **M.** Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? John i. 46.

We should not only live for ourselves, but also for the good of the world. Truth compels us to be aware of the faults of others, charity compels us to look for the graces and virtues.

5. **Tu.** As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, Isa. lxvi. 13.

The mother is the first to manifest affection, and the last to abandon hope. In God there is the thoughtful affection of the father, and the more delicate sympathy of the mother.

6. **W.** Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, John xv. 13.

He who died for his friends also died for his enemies; no one can show greater love than this; this is to be the pattern of our love.

7. **T.** But God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, Rom. v. 8.

God's love is great beyond all human love, because we were neither just nor good, but enemies against him when Christ died for us.

8. **F.** Hereby perceive ye the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, 1 John iii. 16.

To die may or may not be our duty; the devoting and spending our lives on behalf of others, which sometimes may be to die daily.

9. **S.** Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you, John xv. 14.

Blessed they to whom such words are addressed; true, there is a condition of that blessedness.

10. **Sun.** Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends, John xv. 15.

They were servants; they called him Master, looked to him with reverence; now He lifts them closer to himself.

11. **M.** Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, John xv. 16.

The election and power to bear fruit, and the grace to perform, are His, not theirs; he has selected them to be as the sign between their calling and glory.

12. **Tu.** If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before you, John xv. 18.

A true disciple of Christ will strive to love all, yet he will not always be met by answering love; may only have bitter hatred, as Christ had.

13. **W.** If ye were of the world, the world would love his own, John xv. 19.

The Christian's opposition to the ways, habits, and pursuits of the world, which arouses its enmity; they are a rebuke, even if a silent one, to the wicked.

14. **T.** And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning, John xv. 27.

We ought to be witnesses for Christ, because we have been with him in prayer and study of his Divine example.

15. **F.** It is expedient for you that I go away, John xvi. 7.

Christ's departure was good and profitable. He must die to win for their gifts and blessings, and ascend to impart these blessings.

16. **S.** I have yet many things to say to you, but ye cannot bear them now, John xvi. 12.

These deeper and more heavenly truths, concerning himself and his kingdom; they were too weak and frail to comprehend these more heavenly truths.

17. **Sun.** When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth, John xvi. 13.

In their writings we have a full disclosure of all essential truth; this was complete and final; there will be no new revelation.

18. **M.** And ye now have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, John xvi. 22.

Now weeping are even the purest earthly joys! But they that joy in the sense of Christ's presence have a joy that shall last for ever.

19. **Tu.** These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs, John xvi. 25.

That is, in parables—dark sayings, for such must many of his words have been to them; and still for us many of Christ's sayings are hard to be understood.

20. **W.** For the Father Himself loveth you because ye have loved Me, John xvi. 27.

Thus God is pleased to accept the faith and love of Christ's disciples. They may love little, but God loves much.

21. **T.** In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world, John xvi. 33.

He was about to redeem the world by his own prevailing sacrifice on the cross, and thus to master its evil; so his victory is the pledge of ours.

22. **F.** These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye might have peace, John xvi. 33.

The discourse ends with peace and victory, it is peace through tribulation, and victory after battle. Inward joy and peace.

23. **S.** Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness though manifold temptations, 1 Peter i. 6.

The normal condition of believers is to be one of joy; the exceptional one, of sadness.

24. **Sun.** Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed, 1 Cor. xv. 26.

Satan was overcome by Christ on the cross, sin is mastered by the grace of Christ, death will be finally overcome in the general resurrection.

25. **M.** Then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him, that God may be all in all, 1 Cor. xv. 28.

The grand consummation to which all the Divine dispensations tend, when we shall see God, and be satisfied with the beatific vision.

26. **Tu.** The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge, Ez. xviii. 2.

A man is weighted in the race of life by the folly and wickedness of parents. The eternal consequences of sin: all should turn from it.

27. **W.** As I live, saith the Lord, ye shall not have any more occasion to use this proverb, Ez. xviii. 3.

God's ways shall be made so clear that none shall be able to charge Him with want of equity; sinners shall confess that God is righteous in all that He does.

28. **T.** Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the Father, so also the soul of the son, Ez. xviii. 4.

All are His of right: all came forth from Him, the fountain of life: He can have no pleasure in the destruction of any.

29. **F.** The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, Job i. 21.

The resignation refers to outward blessings, as the mere clothing of life, not part of man's true self: given by God and taken away by God, as He sees best, for that true self.

30. **S.** I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications, Ps. cxvi. 1.

I am full of love, for God hears my prayers. There is no need to name the object of his love.

31. **Sun.** The Lord preserveth the simple, Ps. cxvi. 6.

Those who are free from guile and unable to help themselves he had experienced His aid at a time of great weakness.

1. M. I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord, Psa. cxvi. 13.

To receive joyfully and thankfully the abundant salvation which God has given. Our best thank-offering to God is cheerfully to accept His blessings.

2. Tu. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints, Ps. cxvi. 15.

These words tell of the value which God sets upon the lives of His servants, and of the joy with which He welcomes their departure.

3. W. Father, the hour is come, John xvii. 1.
 Nearer and nearer had been drawing that hour, the heart-laden with awful agony, and yet the heart-laden with glory and triumph in all the world's history.

4. T. Glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee, John xvii. 1.

Mark how Christ prays for that which He sees clearly before Him. Promise never shuts out prayer. His death, resurrection, and ascension were the answer to the prayer.

5. F. As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him, John xvii. 2.

This power was not fully confirmed and established till the resurrection was finished. To those who believe in and love Christ He bestows all the blessings He has procured for them.

6. S. And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent, John xvii. 3.

A deep, personal, abiding union with Christ, and this in present possession, not in mere future expectations, the life which shall live on for ever in heaven.

7. Sun. I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do, John xvii. 4.

Christ stands, as it were, at the end of his accomplished course, and looks back upon all as past. The work includes all those acts by which the great scheme of salvation was perfected.

8. M. I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world, John xvii. 6.

These men had God for their Father, and so loved Christ. They were of God, and so heard God's words.

9. Tu. I pray for them, I pray not for the world, John xvii. 9.

Christ does not mean to say that he never prays for the unbelieving world; he is not now praying for the conversion of sinners, but for the unity and perseverance of saints.

10. W. And all Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them, John xvii. 10.

Christ is glorified in His people by evidence they give of his power and life in them.

11. T. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil, John xvii. 15.

It is a blessed thing to be spared the trials and secured from the perils, and taken away from the evil to come; it is more blessed to stay and fight the Lord's battle, and to win through him the crown of victory.

12. F. Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth, John xvii. 17.

Set them apart for their holy work, fit them for that. The word has been written for our learning, and in it we have the truth of God.

13. S. And for their sakes I sanctify Myself, John xvii. 19.

He speaks of his own willing acceptance of his work as Redeemer, he freely offered himself as the sacrifice for our sins, that we might be redeemed from all unrighteousness.

14. Sun. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, John xvii. 22.

It is a glorious thing to belong to One so glorious. The glory which was bestowed on his human nature, which he gives to his people.

15. M. Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with me where I am, John xvii. 24.

Blessed will! May it be accomplished in us! Christ will it, and it is the Father's good pleasure that we may attain it.

16. Tu. And I have declared unto them Thy name, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, John xvii. 26.

That Thou mayest love them with the same Fatherly love with which Thou hast loved Me. The love poured on him overflows them also.

17. W. Wherefore putting away lying, speak the truth, Eph. iv. 25.

The name of a liar is below all names, is a name of deepest shame. To tell the truth is the first lesson we should teach children.

18. T. Speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another, Eph. iv. 25.

There is a carelessness about, there is a habit of trick, of deliberate deception, an insatiable desire for sensational gossip, regardless of truth, or minding our own business.

19. F. Let the lying lips be put to silence, Ps. xxxi. 18.

There is theological, political, controversial falsehood, false pretensions and appearances. The whole outer life may be a lie.

20. S. But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ, Eph. iv. 7.

The will of Christ regulates both the capacities and opportunities of his servants; this should teach us diligence in the use of gifts and humility in ascribing all to Christ.

21. Sun. Unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, Eph. iv. 13.

That is, to that degree of growth in Christ and capacity of his fitness which we shall attain through the use of the grace given us.

22. M. But speaking the truth in love, may grow up unto Him in all things, Eph. iv. 15.

Holding the truth as with the entire being, in the will, in the heart, in the conscience and in the understanding. Gradually we shall become Christ-like.

23. Tu. If so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jesus, Eph. iv. 21.

Truth, whether of morals or doctrines, centres round his Person, and has its sphere or element in himself who is the word of God and light of men.

24. W. Honour all; love the brotherhood, 1 Pet. ii. 17.

A keen observer of modern life said, "To believe a man with £50 a year as much worthy of respect as a man with £4,000 a year, one must be a Christian indeed."

25. T. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see, John ix. 25.

One thing they could not argue out of the man, one fact they could not explain away; so we see God in Christ our living, loving Father, and possess a life which only comes from Christ.

26. F. Honour all men; love the brotherhood, 1 Pet. ii. 17.

All have a claim upon our regard, calling forth mutual, growing, never-failing acts of love—the true bond of union between man and man.

27. S. Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward, Ex. xiv. 15.

The necessity of progress as a condition of healthy life and clearer, higher conceptions of the spiritual life; where our duty is seen God is revealed.

28. Sun. And he took the stones of that place and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep, Gen. xxviii. 11.

Jacob's heart was never so full of joy as when his head lay hardest; God is often most present with us in our deepest and greatest dejection.

29. M. I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food, Job. xxiii. 12.

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it as insects do upon the leaf, so that the life is coloured and shaped by it.

30. Tu. Though now for a season, if need be ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, 1 Pet. i. 6.

We are tried by riches more than by poverty; by health than sickness; and by prosperity, than adversity.

1. W. That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth though it be tried with fire, 1 Pet. i. 7.

The trial of faith is more valuable than gold, because faith is more precious than gold.

2. T. Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, 1 Pet. i. 8.

Now only the heart sees: according to the measure of our faith in Christ will be our love to Him, our joy in Him, and our work for Him.

3. F. A garden into which He entered; for Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with His disciples, John xviii. 1, 2.

Blessed are they who like Christ, have a place of retirement, for study, prayer, and communion with their heavenly Father.

4. S. They went backward, and fell to the ground, John xviii. 6.

This was caused by the majesty of Christ's aspect and words. What will He do when He comes to judge who did such things when taken to be judged?

5. Sun. Then asked He them again, Whom seek ye? And they said, Jesus of Nazareth, John xviii. 7.

He repeats His question: gazing with calm dignity upon His enemies, whom he could have withered with one look, had he so willed.

6. M. I have told you that I am He: if therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way, John xviii. 8.

Divine love not only makes self-sacrifice, but in making it thinks not of self, but of others. The highest instance of this is shown on the cross.

7. Tu. The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it? John xviii. 11.

These words refer to the agony and prayer in Gethsemane, that prayer was heard, as many are, not by the removal of the cup, but by strength to drink it.

8. W. Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him, John xviii. 12.

All these to bind one meek and willing captive! How foolish do all these precautions seem when we know how easily he could have frustrated them. "He is led like a lamb."

9. T. If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou Me? John xviii. 23.

This calm and gentle remonstrance of Christ forms an excellent comment on his sayings in the Sermon on the Mount. Such a command is to be understood in the spirit, not in the letter.

10. F. Lest they should be defiled, John xviii. 28.

These hypocrites would not defile themselves by entering the same room, yet they thought it no detriment to employ these soldiers to seize the innocent, and to urge Pilate to put him to death.

11. S. For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth, John xviii. 37.

Christ speaks of the truth as something real and certain, which he had made known. This was what the wise of other nations laid claim to without any foundation for it.

12. Sun. Pilate saith unto Him, What is truth? John xviii. 38.

Pilate asks, but waits for no answer; with the half scornful, half-sorrowful feeling of one who doubts whether there was such a thing as truth to be found. Has any one found it? Has it done any good to any one?

13. M. They also do no iniquity; they walk in His ways, Ps. cxix. 3.

The description of those who are blessed is carried on; their character is to live and not as God teaches, and so far as they do so they do not sin.

14. Tu. Then shall I Thy commandments, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments, Ps. cxix. 6.

When we regard all that God says, we are not ashamed or disappointed of our hope; then conscience is at rest.

15. W. But whose looketh unto the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, Jas. i. 25.

He who stoops down and gazes into it, studies it thoroughly, and abides in it: not content with thinking of it, but lives in it by deeds and obedience.

16. T. The perfect law of liberty, Jas. i. 25.

The rule of the Gospel is God's perfect will, seen in man's life, and is to us the rule of perfect freedom.

17. F. I will praise Thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned Thy righteous judgments, Ps. cxix. 7.

God's determinations respecting right and wrong, which give expression to his righteousness, such know and follow them.

18. S. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed according to Thy word, Ps. cxix. 9.

This is what is needed, a heart turned to God, true to him; this will keep from wandering. The temptations to which the young are exposed.

19. Sun. Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee, Ps. cxix. 11.

Not simply laid them in memory, but in heart; planted them as a motive of action.

20. M. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, Ps. i. 2.

He does not so much seek what it promises, or fear what it threatens: but finds pleasure in it as his guide amid the difficulties and temptations of daily life.

21. Tu. But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon the heart, 2 Cor. iii. 15.

The darkness is not in God's word, but in those who read it; the fault of unbelief is not in God, but man.

22. W. And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

Service is not constant, but perfect freedom: not fear of punishment, but love to God and man—delight in service.

23. T. Behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, 2 Cor. iii. 18.

Seeing with spiritual insight the person and character of Christ, step by step we are transformed into his likeness.

24. F. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man! John xix. 5.

Half in pity, half in scorn, he points to the meek and silent form. Such a sight would have moved any heart that was not hard as stone.

25. S. His visage was so marred more than any man, Isa. lii. 14.

His agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion, imprinted the marks of suffering upon his face and person.

26. Sun. And we hid as it were our faces from Him, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, Isa. liii.

The tears he shed, his death, the desertion of his disciples, his sufferings, only made his enemies cry more loudly for his death.

27. M. Because He made Himself the Son of God, John xix. 7.

Pilate will not condemn for the political offence of aiming at the kingdom, so he is asked to condemn for the religious one of blasphemy.

28. Tu. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid, John xix. 8.

He was impressed with the conduct of the wonderful prisoner; there was something which he could not understand and a deeper fear and awe crept into his soul.

29. W. Whence art Thou? John xix. 9.

Pilate's feeling of awe was only a passing emotion; his wretched weakness, irresolution and cowardice were the result of a wicked life.

30. T. But Jesus gave him no answer, John xix. 9.

Yet silence is often a very eloquent answer. Who can tell what look Christ may have fixed upon Pilate? That may have spoken better than words.

31. F. I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee, John xix. 10.

Can we think of a just and upright judge telling a prisoner that he has power to acquit or condemn? Pilate in his heart cares not for justice.

1. S. Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power against Me except it were given thee from above, John xix. 11.

See how the prisoner sits in judgment upon his judge, awarding to him and others their degrees of guilt. Pilate's sin was great, but the sin of others was greater.

2. S. And He saith unto the Jews, Behold your King! John xix. 14.

Pilate, vacillating, uncertain, now turns again to mockery. Before he appealed to the human feelings; now shames them with their folly.

3. M. Then delivered he Him therefore unto them to be crucified, John xix. 16.

Pilate has again and again pronounced his own condemnation: he stands out eternally the example of an unjust Judge; he knew what was right, but was too cowardly to do it.

4. Tu. And He, bearing His cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, John xix. 17.

Christ commences His journey of sorrow carrying His own cross; then it was, laid on Simon, when He could no longer bear it's weight.

5. W. He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy Son, John xix. 26.

How the loving, thoughtful care in the midst of the agonies of such a death. He loved His mother, and gave her in her hour of desolation another son to care for her.

6. T. He said, It is finished, John xix. 30.

What is finished? He that can answer this must be rich indeed in knowledge of Jesus Christ. It contains all that Christ came to do—life, sufferings, work, salvation—all.

7. F. But one of the soldiers, with a spear, pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water, John xix. 34.

This was intended forcibly to show the error of those who said the body of Christ was but an appearance, and that He did not really suffer.

8. S. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on Him whom they pierced, John xix. 37.

Looking on Him whom they pierced will finally take place at His second advent.

9. Sun. Deal bountifully with Thy servant, that I may live, Ps. cxix. 17.

In a position of danger, reproach, and persecution he asks for life, but only that he may obey God.

10. M. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law, Ps. cxix. 18.

Uncover, take away, what prevents insight into the secrets, marvels of God's rule: things which God only discloses to the teachable soul.

11. Tu. I am a stranger in the earth, Ps. cxix. 19.

A special reason why God should unfold the true meaning of His word: he has no settled home or inheritance here; he desires to find his stay and comfort in God.

12. W. My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken Thou me according to Thy word, Ps. cxix. 25.

In sorrow and depression he asks for a deeper knowledge of God's truth, and to revive him according to His promise.

13. T. I have declared Thy ways, and Thou heardest me, Ps. cxix. 26.

He has rehearsed all the particulars of his life before God, and therefore he asks that God would more and more reveal his will to him.

14. F. I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart, Ps. cxix. 32.

Joy, increase of love, greatness of understanding; not narrow selfishness—expansiveness.

15. S. Then cometh Simon Peter following Him, and went into the sepulchre, John xx. 6.

Peter's usual boldness and forwardness of action; his bitter penitence had quickened in him a new love and devotion.

16. Sun. Woman, why weepest thou? John xx. 13.

She wept because she found the grave empty; the truest ground for sorrow would have been if he had been still there. There was error in her love, but there was love in her error.

17. M. And saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus, John xx. 14.

Not a mother's bleeding heart, not a John's burning love, not a Peter's bitter penitence, but the tears of a loving, sorrowing woman win the first vision.

18. Tu. Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? John xx. 15.

Thus does Christ seek to fix the mourner's eyes upon the very grief he had come to assuage. So he did with the disciples on the way to Emmaus.

19. W. Jesus saith unto her, Mary, John xx. 16.

The Good Shepherd calls his own sheep by name. How blessed was this one word in the voice and tone she knew so well.

20. T. Touch Me not; for I am not yet ascended to My Father, John xx. 17.

Now that Christ has gone up with his glorified body we may touch him more truly and blessedly than when on earth, by faith, love, and prayer.

21. F. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you, Jno. xx. 21.

No empty courtesy, but rich outpourings of love to comfort and gladden, to prepare them for his departure.

22. S. And when He had said this He breathed on them, John xx. 22.

This tells of life, grace, and power coming from the Saviour's glorified human nature, giving them power to bestow on others the blessings of his redemption.

23. Sun. But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came, John xx. 24.

Possibly he was overwhelmed with sadness, and had no heart to be with those with whom he had so lately shared hopes which he now thought shattered.

24. M. Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, I will not believe, John xx. 25.

Words that came not from obstinate unbelief, but weakness and difficulty of believing: he was of a sad and despondent nature.

25. Tu. And be not faithless but believing, John xx. 27.

Christ hastens at once to restore the faith of the doubting Thomas: he offers him the proof he demanded. Light is for those who seek, not for the wilfully blind.

26. W. And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and My God, John xx. 28.

Thomas sees the holy form, he hears the loved voice: he breaks forth in this simple and grand confession, and Christ accepts his due.

27. T. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed, John xx. 29.

These words confirm the impression which Thomas's confession has made: how gentle and tender the rebuke!

28. F. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed, John xx. 29.

This blessedness we may share, and it is a higher blessedness than physical sight: Christ adds a new beatitude.

29. S. Whom, having not seen, ye love, 1 Pet. i. 8.

When Peter wrote these words he had this beatitude in his mind: according to the measure of our faith in Christ will be our love to him, our joy in him, and our work for him.

30. Sun. But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that believing, ye might have life through His name, John xx. 31.

The Divine reward of the life and death and resurrection of Christ is to confirm our faith and bestow upon us eternal life.

1. M. And there was great joy in that city. Acts viii. 8.

To a house where there was only darkness he brought light: brightness ran along the streets: a thought of new inspiration seemed to fill the air and life of the city.

2. Tu. Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, 1 Pet. iii. 3.

Not to spend life on making the outside beautiful: see to it that the inside is beautiful—beauty of character.

3. W. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptive, a meek and quiet spirit, 1 Pet. iii. 4.

Those things which are the highest and best in life, felt in the secret influences of life—this spirit does not need ornamenting: it is itself the ornament of the entire being.

4. T. In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, 2 Cor. iv. 4.

Spiritual blindness comes from sense, the mind, vanity, self-sufficiency, pride, unchecked by love, reverence, and humility.

5. F. That they should seek the Lord, though He be not far from any one of us, Acts xvii. 27.

God is within reach of man, He can communicate with man; bring us within the range of his voice, let Him speak to us.

6. S. Even the spirit of truth. Ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you, John xiv. 17.

The Holy Spirit is an inward and Divine presence, an abiding guest, and consciously realized.

7. Sun. That men ought always to pray, and not to faint, Luke xviii. 1.

Longing desire prays always, though the tongue be silent when prayer sleeps, then desire grows cold.

8. M. And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, Luke xviii. 7.

Nothing is more certain than that the soul will win what it wants, if it desires God it will gain Him.

9. Tu. Be not afraid, only believe, Mark v. 36.

They that truly believe have Christ in their hearts, heaven in their eye, and the world under their feet.

10. W. He will guide you, John xvi. 13.

God's Spirit is their guide, His fear their guard, His people their companions.

11. T. He will shew you things to come, John xvi. 13.

His promise their cordials; holiness is the way, and heaven is their home.

12. F. Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me, Mark viii. 34.

To take up the cross and follow Christ is an old condition of discipleship, but it is a condition which has not changed with changing time.

13. S. The saints that are in the earth and excellent, in whom is all my delight, Ps. xvi. iii.

He looks to God alone for happiness: and so he takes pleasure in God's servants, contrasts their condition with the misery of sinners.

14. S. Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god, Ps. xvi. iv.

Idolatry in any form is the parent of untold misery: hopes misplaced and disappointment.

15. M. I have trusted also in the Lord: I shall not slide, Ps. xxvi. 1.

His confidence of his own uprightnes is, as far as possible, removed from self-dependence: he maintains his hold upon God, and in this was his security.

16. Tu. He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob, whom He loved, Ps. xvii. 4.

The joy of life is to feel that it is not fatalism: that the universe is ruled not by chance, but the choice of God: what he is ever doing for his people.

17. W. As thy day, so shall thy strength be. Live by the day, you will have daily trials, and help according to your need; leave to-morrow to the Lord.

18. T. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, Rev. iii. 21.

How to think, talk, and live Christianity among those opposed to it—impossible but in the Spirit of Christ.

19. F. To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God, Micah vi. 8.

The root principle of all duty—do of all religion of the spiritual life—justice, mercy, love, and humility.

20. S. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, Jas. v. 11.

His patience was most remarkable and exemplary. God may seem to forsake you as he seemed to forsake Christ, but he never really does so.

21. Sun. And He said unto them, Where is your faith, Luke viii. 25.

Faith, which cares only for realities and for essentials, issuing in holiness, working by love, revealing itself in action by pure and loving lives.

22. M. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, Col. iii. 16.

Christ's teaching generally denotes his presence in the heart as an oracle, to be in the soul in abundance.

23. Tu. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, Col. iii. 15.

Literally as umpire. Divine peace sobers the judgment, elevates the affections, and gives self-control over the actions.

24. W. But Christ is all and in all, Col. iii. 11.

Jesus Christ gives all these things, nationality, liberty, to those in whom he dwells; and he unites all to each other.

25. T. Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, Matt. ii. 1.

This event, the coming in the flesh of the eternal Son of God, the greatest the world has ever seen or known, a second birthday of the world.

26. F. And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins, Matt. i. 21.

In old times God was known by names of power and majesty; now by names of love and mercy. Christ rescues from the power and punishment of guilt.

27. S. And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn, Luke ii. 7.

How fitting a beginning this was of the life of him who was despised and rejected of men. Who will dare to despise the poor? He said, "Blessed be the poor."

28. Sun. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men, Luke ii. 14.

No selfish joy, they praise God for his love to the human race: the best and surest peace is reached through war.

29. M. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, Luke ii. 29.

A short hymn of thankful readiness to die: time of departure at hand: now dismiss Thy servant in peace.

30. Tu. Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come, Matt. xxiv. 42.

We should always live in readiness for the coming of Christ. Look to it in hope and joyful expectation.

31. W. Be watchful, Rev. iii. 2.

Awake and watch: death and sleep are in natural things like one another, and in spiritual things they are almost one, carried out and finished as they had begun.

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN AND AROUND LONDON.

TIMES OF SERVICE:—Lord's Day, Morning at 11, Evening at 6.30; Week Evenings at 7.

Acton	C. M. Longhurst, 3, Milton villas, Acton
Addlestone
Alie-street, Little Whitechapel. TH.	R. E. Sears, 50, Grove-road, Bow
„ Great Zoar Chapel. TH.	E. Ashdown, Great Alie-street, E.
Alperton, Sudbury. TH.	...
Arthur-street, Bagnigge-wells-road	W. Smith, 14, Thornhill-crescent, N.
Artillery-street, Bishopsgate-street	...
Bagnigge-wells-road, Vernon Chapel. W.	C. B. Sawday, 2, Park-villas, Highgate
Barkham terrace, Lambeth, Upton Chapel	W. Williams, 7, Crown-villas, Kennington-road, S.E.
Barking, Queen's-road	W. B. Hobling
Barking-road	R. H. Gillespie, Abbey-terrace, Barking, E.
Barnes
Barnet, Town Hall...	...
Barnet, New	H. Bailey
Battersea, York-road	...
„ Lammas Hall
Battersea-park	T. Lardner, 6, Avenue-road, Clapham, S.W.
Battersea-rise	J. T. Braden
Battle-bridge, Belle Isle	J. Benson, Hilldrop-cottage, Hilldrop-road, N.
Bayswater, Westbourne-grove	J. Tuckwell, 88, Fernhead-road, W.
„ Westbourne-park	J. Clifford, D.D., 51, Porchester-road, W.
„ Cornwall-road	R. H. Roberts, B.A., 12, Elgin-crescent, Notting-hill
„ Talbot-road	F. H. White, 10, Chepstow-villas, W.
Beckenham	S. H. Booth, Beekenhams
Belvedere, Erith	W. Goodman, B.A. Heath-house, Belvedere, S.E.
Berkeley road, Primrose-hill	G. Scudamore, 30, Winchester-road, N.W.
Bethnal-green, Hope Chapel, Norton-st. TH.	J. Griffith, 54, Lyall-road, North Bow
Bethnal-green-road	W. H. Smith, 116, Forest-road, Dalston
Bexley Heath
Bexley, New	G. Smith, Albons-cottage, Church-road, New Bexley
Blackheath, Dacre-park. TH.	W. K. Dexter, 13, Lenham-road, Lee, S.E.
Bloomsbury Chapel	J. P. Chown, 24, Marlborough-hill, N.W.
BOBOUGH—	
Borough-road. W.	G. W. McCree, 16, Ampton-place, Regent-square
Surrey Tabernacle. W.	...
Maze-pond, Kent-road. W.	W. P. Cope, Pepys road, New Cross, S.E.
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. TH.	C. H. Spurgeon Upper Norwood, S.E. Co-pastor, J. A. Spurgeon, Croydon
Bermondsey, Lynton-road. TH.	...
„ Abbey-street	J. M. Camp, 15 Clifton-crescent, Peckham
„ New Church-street. W.	J. L. Meera, 2, Brandford-terrace, Spa-road
„ Drummond-road	B. Brigg, 4, Dockley-road, Bermondsey
Bow, Old Ford. TH.	...
„ Botolph-road
„ Parnell-road	C. F. Vernon, Leytonstone-road, E.
„ Bow-common, Blackthorne-street	...
Brentford, Park Chapel	W. A. Blake, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C., and the Butts, Brentford, W.
„ New North-road	J. Parsons, 66, Ealing-road
Brixton, North, Russell-street	C. Cornwell, 60, Crawshay-road, S.E.
„ New-park-road. TH.	D. Jones, B.A., 37, Upper Tulse-hill. Co-pastor, T. Hinckley
„ Cornwall-road	E. P. Barrett, Cornwall-road, Brixton, S.W.
„ Barrington-road	John T. Swift, 92, Kennington-park-road
„ Wynne-road	J. C. Brown, 4, Wynne-road, Brixton, S.W.
Bromley, Kent	A. Tessier, Madras Cottage, Bromley, S.E.
Brompton, Onslow Chapel. TH.	S. A. Swaine, 14 Bramerton-street, King's-road, Chelsea S.W.
Brondesbury	J. C. Thompson, 12 Gilbert-terrace, N.W.
Buckhurst-hill	H. Cousins, Queen's-road, Buckhurst-hill
Bushy	H. B. Spufford, Bushy
Circus-street, Marylebone	W. H. Russell, 27 Cambridge-street
Camberwell, Denmark-place. TH.	C. Stanford, D.D., 26, De Crespigny-park, Camberwell
„ Charles street, New-road. TH.	J. A. Griffin, 61, Lothian-road, S.E.
„ Cottage-green. TH.	A. J. Brown
„ John's-terrace, Edmund-street	J. D. Orange
„ Mansion House Chapel	G. W. Linnecar, 143, Kimberley-road, S.E.

Camberwell, Wyndham-road	J. S. Hockey, Pastors' College
Camden-road, Upper Holloway	F. Tucker, B.A., 29, Hilldrop-road, Camden-road
Camden-town, Great College-street	
Castle-street, Oxford-street (Welsh)... ..	W. Jones
Catford	T. Greenwood, Lachaire, Stanstead-road, Forest hill
Chadwell Heath	D. Taylor, 87, New-road, Commercial-road, E.
Chadwell-street, St. John-street-road. TH...	J. Hazelton, 87, Chapel-street, Pentonville
Chelsea, Lower Sloane-street. TH	W. H. J. Page, 20, Shawfield-street, King's-road, Chelsea
Chiswick	W. E. Lynn, Chiswick, W
Clapham-common. W	R. Webb, 10, Grafton-square, Clapham, S.W.
" Courland-grove. TH...	T. Chivers, 61, Larkhall-lane, S.W.
" Wirttemberg-street	H. Hall, Manor-street, Clapham
" Lynn-road	
Clapton, the Downs	T. V. Tymms, 16, Southwold-road, Upper Clapton, E.
Clapton-park	
Commercial-road	J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial-road, E.
Cranford	
Crayford... ..	E. M. Le Riche, Crayford, Kent
Crouch-hill	H. Dowson, The Firs, West Heath, Basingstoke
Croydon, Tamworth-road	J. Willis, 56, Croydon Grove.
" West	J. A. Spurgeon, 83, White Horse-road, Croydon
" Derby-road	T. Thurston, Croydon, S.E.
Dalston, Queen's-road. TH.	W. Miall, 71, Richmond-road, Dalston
" Forest-road	
" Junction. TH.	W. H. Burton, 83, Farleigh-road, Stoke Newington
Dartford	A. Sturge, 1, Highfield-villas, Dartford
Deptford, Florence-place	J. S. Anderson, 171, Manor-road, New Cross, S.E.
" Midway, Lower-road. W.	F. Joseph, 82, Barkworth-road, S.E.
" Octavius-street	D. Honour, 5, Alpha-road, New Cross
Devonshire-square, Kingsland road	W. T. Henderson, Stoke Newington-road
Dulwich, Lordship-lane	T. Perry
Ealing, Dean	A. Fergusson, 18, Argyle-road, Castle-hill
" Haven-green	C. Clarke, Ealing, W.
East London Tabernacle	A. G. Brown, 22, Bow-road, E.
East-road, City-road	
Edmonton, Lower... ..	D. Russell, 8, Queen's-road-villas, Lower Edmonton
Eldon-street, Finsbury, Welsh. W.	W. Jones
Enfield	G. W. White, Sydney-road, Enfield
" Highway	
" Putney-road	
Esher	J. L. Thompson, Esher.
Finchley, North-end	J. Chadwick, Accrington House, North Finchley, N.
" East-end	R. R. Finch, 21, Station-road, Finchley, N.
Finsbury-park	
" Gillespie-road	J. Whitteridge, 16, Union-square, New North-road
Foot's Cray	G. Simmonds, Foot's Cray
Forest-gate	J. H. French, 94, Osborne-road, E.
Forest-hill	W. C. H. Anson, 8, Derby-villas, Dartmouth-road
Fulham-road	A. Brandon, 5, Camera-street, Chelsea
Goodman's Fields, Mill-yard. (Seventh Day)	W. M. Jones, Chapel House, Mill-yard
Goswell-hall, Goswell-street	R. May, 27, Barbican
Goswell-street-road, Charles-street. W.	P. Gast, 12, Noel-street, Islington
Gower-street. TH.	
Greenwich, Lewisham-road. W.	A. C. Gray, 5, Circus-street, Greenwich
" South-street... ..	C. Spurgeon, 16, The Circus, Greenwich
Gunnersbury	W. Frith, The Mause, Gunnersbury
Hackney, Mare-street. TH.	S. R. Aldridge, L.L.B., 19, Navarino-road, Dalston
" Oval	H. Myerson, 98, Bonner-road, Victoria-park
" Hampden Chapel, Lauriston-road	John Hillman, 19, St. Thomas's-road, South Hackney
Hackney-road, Shoreditch Tabernacle	W. Cuff, Lordship's-road, S.E.
Hammersmith, West-end	W. Page, B.A., 36, Shaftesbury-rd., Hammersmith, W.
" Avenue-road (Union)	C. Graham, 2, Loftus-road, Shepherd's Bush
Hampstead. TH.	W. Brock, Manners-road, Hampstead
" New-end. W.	J. Foreman, 10, New-court, Farringdon-street, E.C.
" Child's-hill	W. Rickard, The Willows, Finchley-road
Hanwell (Union)	G. R. Lowden, Hanwell, W.
Harington	J. S. Wyard, Harington
Harrow-on-the-Hill	
Harrow, Station-end	
Harrow-road... ..	J. Munns, 79, Harro-road, W.
" St. Peter's-park	J. M. Cox, 68, Elgin-road, St. Peter's-park, W.
Hendon	G. D. Hooper, 12, Brent-terrace, Hendon
Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square. TH.	W. T. Taylor, 200, Euston-road, N.W.
Highbury-hill	W. H. King, 83, Drayton-park, Highbury
Highgate, Southwood-lane. TH.	J. H. Barnard, North-hill, Highgate

Highgate-hill-road	J. Stephens, M.A., 4, Dartmouth-park-road N.W.
Hill-street, Dorset-square. W.	G. W. Shepherd, 7, Acacia-road, St. John's-wood
Holborn, Kingsgate-street. W.	T. Henson, 43, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road
Holloway, Upper	J. R. Wood, 56, St. John's-park, Holloway, N.
" Wedmore-street. TH.	H. Bolton, 10A, Sebbon-road, N.
Homerton-row. TH.	J. Bennett, 39, Groombridge-road, E.
Hornsey, Campsborne-road	J. S. Bruce, 9, Hornsey-park-road, N.
" Crouch-end	
Hornsey Rise	
" Sunnyside-road	F. M. Smith, 4, Cheverton-road, Hornsey Rise, N.
Hounslow, Zoar	J. Curtis, Ealing, W.
" Providence Chapel	E. B. Pearson, 3, Aylesbury-villas, Hounslow
Hoxton, High-street. TH.	W. J. Orsmon, Milton House, Shackiewell
" Norton-street	
Ilford	J. Young, 3, Hainault-street, E.
Islington, Providence-place. W.	P. Reynolds, 3, Hainault-street
" Copenhagen-street	J. Bennett, 40, Albion-grove, N.
" Cross-street. F.	F. A. Jones, 21, Canonbury-park.
" Baxter-street	A. Bax, 19, Mildmay-road, N.
James-street St. Luke's	E. J. Farley, 59, City-road, E.C.
John-street, Bedford-row	
John-street, Edgware-road	J. O. Fellowes, 14, Priory-park-road, Kilburn
Kensington, Hornton-street	J. Hawes, 5, Edwards-place, Kensington
Kensington-park-road	R. G. Edwards, 103, Oxford-road, Stepney
Kentish-town, Hawley-road	E. White, 3, Tufnell-park, Holloway
" Bassett-street	M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W.
Kappel-street, Russell-square. TH.	W. J. Styles, 27, College-street, Islington, N.
Kilburn, Canterbury-road	J. Lewis
" Queen's-park	T. Hall, Chippenham-gardens, Kilburn-park, N.W.
Kingston-on-Thames	G. Wright, Kingston
Lambeth, Regent-street. TH.	T. C. Page, 92, Newington-butts, S.E.
Langham-place, Regent-street. w.	J. Adams, 68, Lisson-grove, W.
Lee, Bromley-road	
" High-road	R. H. Marten, B.A., 53, Blessington-road, Lee
Lessness-heath, Kent	
Lewisham, College-park	W. Hazelton, 2, Albert-villas, S.E.
Leyton-manoor-road	J. S. Morris, 5, Bridgwood-terrace, Leyton
Leytonstone	J. Bradford, Hainault-terrace, Leytonstone
Little Wild street. TH.	G. Hatton, 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square
Loughton	W. H. Vivian, Loughton
Malden, New	S. H. Moore
Mintern-street, Dorchester-hall	W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmes-terrace, De Beauvoir-town
New-cross, Brockley-road	J. T. Wigner, Brockhurst-road, St. John's, S.E.
New North-road, Wilton-street	W. Flack, 187, Church-road
New Southgate	D. Graey, Severn-villa, New Southgate
Norwood, Westow-hill. TH.	S. A. Tipple, Talavera-road, Upper Norwood
" Gipsy-road	J. Hobbs, 8, Zingari-terrace, Gipsy-road, Norwood
" Chatworth-road	W. F. Geoch, 4, Bloom-grove, Lower Norwood
Notting-hill. TH.	
" St. James's-square	W. T. Moore, M.A.
" Norland Chapel	W. J. Weatherhead
" Kensington-place	H. Brown, 19, Wimborne-street, New North-road
Old Kent-road, Thoroton-street	
Paddington, Church-street. w.	R. P. Cook, 32, Grove-road, N.W.
" Praed-street	W. J. Avery, 117, Warwick-road
Peckham, Edith-road	S. J. Cole, 102, St. Mary's-road
" Park-road	
" James's-grove	
" Heaton-road	
" Rye-lane. w.	J. T. Briscoe, Mersey-villa, Talfour-road, S.E.
" Gordon-road	T. H. Court, 34, King's-road, S.E.
Peckham-road	C. M. Day, 2, Eldon-villas, Peckham
Peckham-rye, Underhill-road. TH.	W. J. May, 8, Minard-villas, Hindman's-road, Peckham-rye, S.E.
Pekin-street, Limehouse	F. C. Holder, 18, Malmsbury-road, E.
Penge, Maple-road	J. W. Bond, Penge, S.E.
Pimlico, Westbourne-street. W.	J. Parnell, 25, Trigan-terrace, S.W.
" Princess-row. TH.	J. Hand, 27, Fulross-road, Brixton, S.W.
Pinner	
Plumstead	
" Conduit-street	G. E. Arnold, Woodville, Welling, Kent
Ponder's-end	A. J. Cotton, Napier-road, Ponder's-end
Poplar, Cotton-street. TH.	B. Preece, 2, Agnes-street, Limehouse
" Folkestone-terrace. TH.	
" High-street, Bethel. TU.	H. F. Noyes, 8, Grove-villas, E.
" Brunswick-road	W. T. Lambourne, 2, Avenue-road, Bow, E.

Potter's Bar...	W. Thomas, 3, Herbert-road
Putney, Werter-road	R. A. Bedford, M.A., 7, Ravenna-road, Putney, S.W.
" (Union)	
Regent's-park, late Diorama	
Richmond, Duke-street	J. H. Cooke, 6, Spring-terrace, Richmond, S.W.
" The Baths	
" Rehoboth	
Romford	J. M. Steven, Romford
Shacklewell, Wellington road	G. H. Ellis, Wellington-road, N.
Shepherd's-bush, Bolingbroke-road	W. P. Williamson, 11, Gordon-place, W.
" Oakland Chapel (Union)	W. Sanders, 5, Percy-road, Shepherd's-bush, W.
Shooter's-hill-road	R. Chettlebrough, 11, Langton-terrace, S.E.
Shouldham-street. TH	
Bobo Chapel, Oxford-street. W	J. Box, Denbigh-villa, Grove-lane, Camberwell
Speldhurst-road, South Hackney	C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, Hackney
Spitalfields, German Church	
St. John's-wood, Abbey-road	W. Stott, 16, Abbey-road, St. John's Wood
Stepney, Wellesley-street	T. Stead, 21, Gardom-street, Commercial-road
Stockwell	E. Maclean, 3, Burnley-road, Stockwell
Stoke Newington	
Stratford grove. TH.	J. Banfield, 1, Keogh-road, Water-lane, Stratford
Stratford, Gurney-road	J. H. Lynn, 5, Osborne-road, Forest-gate
Streatham	A. McCuige, Ellison-road, S.W.
Sutton, Surrey	J. M. Bergin, Sutton, Surrey
Tottenham, High-road. TH.	R. Wallace, Chapel House
" Wood-green	
" West-green	G. Turner, West-green, Tottenham, N.
Twickenham	E. H. Brown, 14, Apsley-villas, Twickenham
" St. Margaret's	J. Durden, 1, Flodden-villas, Twickenham
Upper Tooting, Nottingham-road	S. B. Rees, 3, Holderness-road
Lower Tooting	A. E. Seddon
Vauxhall, Kennington-lane	J. T. Malyon
Victoria-park, Grove-road. W.	W. J. Inglis, 10, Penhurst-road, South Hackney
Victoria Dock	J. Foster, Hazel-road, Plaistow, E.
Waltham Abbey	W. Jackson, The Manse, Paradise-row, Waltham Abbey
Walthamstow, Wood-street	H. Varley, Prospect-hill, E.
" Markhouse-common	T. Breewood, 11, Albert-terrace, Pembroke-road, Walthamstow
" March-street	H. Dunkley
" Zion	J. Copeland
Walworth, East-street. TH.	W. Alderson, 120, Boyson-road, Walworth
" Arthur-street. W	S. H. Akehurst, 89, Aizenby-square, S.E.
" Road. TH.	W. J. Mills, 75, Grosvenor Park, S.E.
" York-street	J. Chislett, 3, Albion-terrace, Walworth
Wandsworth, East-hill	J. Harcourt, 17, Spencer-road, New Wandsworth, S.W.
" Chatworth-road	J. Clarke, 2, Stanley-villas, Wandsworth, S.W.
" Chatham-road	C. E. Stone, 143, Bridge-road
" Meyrick-road	J. Bonney, Beech Lawn, Guildford
Wandsworth-road	E. Henderson, 43, Stormont-road, Clapham, S.W.
West Drayton	A. Smith, West Drayton
West Ham Park, East-road	J. Wilkinson
Westminster, Romney-street. TH.	J. Hutchison, 35, Readworth-street, S.E.
Whitechapel, Commercial-street. TH.	C. Stovel, 56, Philpot-street, Commercial-road, E.
Willesden	J. Davis, Willesden
Wimbledon	C. Ingram, 25, Courthorpe-villas, Wimbledon
Wood Green	J. L. Bennett, 2, Queen's-villas, N.
Woolwich	
" Elm-grove-street	J. Murphy
" High-street. W.	W. K. Squirell, 95, Taunton-road, S.E.
" Queen-street. TU.	T. Jones, 5, Unity-place, Samuel-street, Woolwich
" Angelsea-road. TG.	W. Osmond, 53, Palatine-road, N.
" Parson's-hill	J. Wilson, 24, North Kent-terrace, Woolwich

* * In the event of change of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Abergavenny,	E. C. Cook,	York.
Ashwater,	W. Gliddon,	Hayle.
Bolton,	G. H. Heynes,	Bristol College.
Bluntisham,	W. C. Bryan,	Pastor's College.
Black more,	G. Stevens,	Stoke Newington.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Blisworth,	H. Trotman,	Pastor's College.
Broughton,	E. E. Coleman,	Bromsgrove.
Berkhamstead,	J. F. Smythe,	Bolton.
Brearley,	Yorks, F. Allsopp,	Rawdon Collage.
Birmingham,	W. J. Harris,	Pastor's College.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Bradford,	R. S. Williams,	Blaenavon.
Birmingham,	W. Evans,	Blockley.
Bournemouth,	W. Julian,	Cheltenham.
Broughty Ferry,	J. Simpson.	
Bugbrooke,	F. J. Flatt,	Pastor's College.
Brixham,	J. T. Almy,	Ryde.
Cheshire,	Andlem, J. Towler,	Walton.
Cheltenham,	Cambray, T. J. Longhurst,	Pastor's College.
Cambridge,	Histon, G. H. Jones,	Regent's Park College.
Chesham,	W. B. Taylor,	Regent's Park College.
Donington,	R. J. Beecliff.	
Devonport,	A. Braine.	
Dorchester,	J. J. Dalton,	Frome.
Earls Barton,	A. C. S. Rendell,	Bristol College.
Egremont,	J. M. Logan,	Rawdon.
Farsley,	J. R. Fawcett,	Rawdon College.
Falmouth,	W. J. Hailstone,	Birmingham.
Glasgow,	J. Urquhart,	Kirkcaldy.
Hail Weston,	W. Davies,	Grantam.
Helston,	W. Clatworthy,	Kingkerswell.
Hemel Hempstead,	G. T. Edgeley,	Bow.
Hay,	N. Vanstone,	Pastor's College
Ingham,	A. M. Hertzberg,	Regent's Park College.
King's Lynn,	S. D. Thomas,	Walton.
King's Stanley,	E. Dakin,	Regent's Park College.
Leicester,	G. Eales, B.A.,	Dewsbury.
Littleleigh,	—Lord, Baptist College,	Manchester.
Longwynd,	W. Tulloch,	Baptist Union, Scotland.
Lydbrook,	A. W. Latham,	Pastor's College.
Lockwood,	J. Longson,	Weston.
Liverpool,	J. H. Atkinson,	Leicester.
Lancashire,	Ulverston, R. Scott,	Pastor's College.
Lincoln,	Pinchbeck, E. P. Riley,	Spennymoor.
London:—		
	Dulwich, Lordship Lane,	T. Perry, Pastor's College.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
New Barnet,	H. Bailey,	Kingston.
Notting Hill,	H. J. Weatherhead,	Bolton.
Tooting,	Upper, H. Phillips,	B.A.
Vauxhall,	T. J. Malyn,	King's Lynn.
Whitechapel,	Leman Street, R. E. Sears,	Foot Cray.
Walthamstow,	H. Dunckley.	
Manchester,	Pendleton, J. R. Glasson,	Bristol College.
Norwich,	St. Mary's, J. H. Shakespeare,	Regent's Park College.
Newcastle-on-Tyne,	F. Stubbs,	Studley.
Nailsworth,	C. Brown.	
Nantyglo,	J. Pugh.	
Nottingham,	J. Scrivens,	Brondesbury.
Old Sudbury,	A. J. Parker,	Bristol.
Plymouth,	George Street, S. Vincent,	Southport.
Pontplytton,	J. Cool,	Bristol.
Ryde,	J. Lloyd,	Whitchurch.
Rendham,	G. Hollier,	West Bromwich.
Redditch,	J. Hope,	Pastor's College.
Rawdon,	A. P. Fayres,	Armley, Leeds.
Studley,	H. J. Durrant.	
Sudbury,	W. Kelly,	Earl's Coine.
Sheffield,	E. Carrington,	Swadlincote.
Speen,	C. Saville.	
Tomes,	S. Couling, jun.,	Bristol College.
Thetford,	J. Porter,	Soham.
Tenby,	T. Evans,	Pisjah.
Tring,	H. F. Gower,	Pastor's College.
Woking Station,	F. W. Tarbox,	Addlestone.
Widnes,	P. Yeatman,	Liverpool.
Willenhall,	J. Simpson,	Broughty Ferry.
Wantage,	J. Mann,	Regent's Park College.
Woodbury Down,	W. R. Thring,	Bristol.

NEW CHAPELS.

Beckenham.	Nottingham.	Wallington.
Broughton.	Newtown.	Woodbury Down.
Coventry, Queen's Road.	New Fletton.	London—
Crewe, Union Street.	Orpington.	Battersea.
Dickleburgh.	Putney.	Bermondsey New Road.
Galashiels.	Ponkey, Wales.	Kennington Park Road.
Harrogate.	Swindon.	Notting Hill, Ladbroke Grove.
Harwich.	Southend.	Peckham, Edith Road.
Malvern.	Tunbridge Wells.	Upper Tooting.

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. President and Theological Tutor, Rev. J. Culross, D.D. ; Secretary, Rev. R. Glover. Treasurer, E. S. Robinson, Esq. Number of Students, twenty-one.

BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, BRIGHTON-GROVE (Manchester).—Founded June, 1866. President and Tutor, Rev. E. Parker, D.D., General Literature, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A. Treasurers, George Shepherd, Esq., and William Watson, Esq. Hon. Secretaries, Rev. J. Harvey, Rev. A. Greening. Number of Students, twenty.

RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804 ; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. T. G. Rooke, I.L.B. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Medley, M.A. Treasurer, John Barran, Esq., M.P., Leeds. Number of Theological Students, twenty-four.

REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1810. Number of Students, forty-five. President, Rev. J. Angus, D.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. S. W. Green, M.A. Mathematical Tutor, Rev. Dr. Newth. Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., I.L.B. Secretary, Rev. G. W. Fishbourne.

PONTYPOOL.—President, Rev. W. Edwards, B.A. Founded 1807; removed to Pontypool, 1836. Students, twenty-three. Theology, Rev. D. Thomas, B.A. Treasurer, D. Davies, Esq. Secretary, Rev. T. Lewis.

Haverfordwest.—Founded 1839. Students, twenty. President, Rev. T. Davies, D.D. Classical and Mathematical Tutor, Rev. T. W. Davies, B.A. Secretary, Rev. James Jenkins. Treasurer, Richard Cory, Esq. The College Term begins on the Third Wednesday in November, and ends on the First Wednesday in September.

NOTTINGHAM.—Instituted in 1797, and conducted successively in London, Wisbeach, Loughborough, Leicester, and Nottingham; removed to Chilwell, 1861. Present number of Students, twelve. Theological Tutor and President, Rev. T. Goadby, B.A. Classical Tutor, Rev. C. Clark, B.A., Nottingham. Secretary, Rev. W. Evans, Leicester. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, Bankhouse Loughborough.

PASTOR'S COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Instituted at Camberwell, 1856; removed to Tabernacle, 1861; and to College-buildings, Temple-street, Southwark, 1874. President, C. H. Spurgeon; Vice-President, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon; Lecturer on Natural Science, W. R. Selway, Esq.; Tutors, Revs. A. Ferguson, D. Gracey, and F. G. Marchant. Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. S. Johnson. Present number of Students, 110. Students in the Evening Classes, 300. Amount required annually, £7,000.

LLANGOLLEN, OR NORTH WALES.—Instituted at Llangollen, 1862. Present number of Students, sixteen. President, Rev. Hugh Jones, M.A., D.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. G. Davies, B.A. Treasurer, Thomas Hughes, Esq., Vrondeg, Llangollen. Secretary, Rev. H. C. Williams.

SCOTLAND.—THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION (in connection with the Baptist Union of Scotland—formerly connected with the Association). Instituted 1856. Number of Students, twenty-two. Theological Tutors, Rev. J. Coats, M.A., A. Wylie, M.A., O. Flett, and Dr. Culross (taking Bib. Criticism and Exegesis, Systematic Theology, Apologetics, Church History, Pastoral Theology, and Homiletics). During the winter months the Students take the Art Classes in a Scotch University. The Theological Session is for two months during the summer. Candidates for the Institution to apply to Rev. Oliver Flett, Paisley, Convener of Committee.

Note.—The number of Students, as mentioned above, may not be the exact number the institutions are capable of receiving, the number not being always filled up.

The Colleges named (except the Pastor's College) are entitled to give certificates, qualifying for matriculation at the University of London; and many of the students have already taken degrees and honours there.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Joseph Tritton, Esq., Treasurer; Hon. Sec., Dr. E. B. Underhill, and A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.S.S., Secretary; Association Secretary, Rev. J. B. Myers. Mission House, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. President, H. M. Bompas, Esq., Q.C. Treasurer, A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.G.S. Secretary, Mr. H. Capern, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was formed in 1816, to carry on Missionary work on the principles of the New Connection of General Baptists. Treasurer, W. B. Bembridge, Esq., Ripley. Secretary, Rev. W. Hill, Derby.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has for its object—"To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scripture from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the ground that the words relating to the ordinance of Baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and, further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the Word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D. Secretary, Rev. Alfred Powell, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY was formed to disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists. Treasurer, J. S. Macmaster, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. Simmons. Editor, Rev. J. T. Briscoe. Depot, Castle-street, Holborn, W.C.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND. (Chiefly for the Highlands and Islands).—Formed 1816. Object,—"The dissemination of the Gospel of Christ in Scotland." Hon. Treasurer, Charles Anderson, Esq., 21, Royal-terrace, Edinburgh. Hon. Secretary, Dr. Macnair, 65, Ferry-road, Leith. Superintendent, Rev. W. Tulloch, Glasgow; Collector, H. W. Hunter, Lasswade, Edinburgh. The General Committee consists of members of churches in the principal towns of Scotland. Twenty-four Missionaries are supported, in whole or in part by this Society.

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.—Formed 1842. Secretary, Rev. J. Dunlop. Offices, 96, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, SAILORS' INSTITUTE.—Mercers'-street, Shadwell, E. Established 1812. Treasurer, Thomson Hankey, Esq. Secretary, Rev. E. W. Matthews. Over forty agents in home and foreign ports.

BRITISH AND IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—Office, 19, Castle-street, Holborn, W.C. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth. Treasurer, Colonel Griffin.

GENERAL BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—President, Richard Johnson, Esq., Hitchin. Treasurer, T. H. Harrison, Esq., Greenhill, Derby. Secretary, Rev. J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.

BAPTIST UNION.—The objects of this body are said to be—To extend brotherly love and union among those Baptist Ministers and Churches who agree in the sentiments usually denominated evangelical; to promote unity of exertion in whatever may best serve the cause of Christ in general, and the interests of the Baptist Denomination in particular; to obtain statistical information relative to the Baptist Churches and Institutions throughout the world; to prepare annual Reports of its Proceedings, and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognises that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule and government, and to put into execution all the laws of Christ necessary to its own edification." The pastor of every Church connected with the Union is a representative *ex officio*; and every Church is entitled to appoint as representatives two of its Members. Every Association of Baptist Churches connected with the Union is entitled to appoint two representatives. Churches, Associations, and Ministers, are admitted on written application. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts, or loans without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Baptist Chapels. Treasurer, James Benham, Esq., 50, Wigmore-street, W. Honorary Secretary, Mr. Alfred T. Bowser. Secretary, Rev. W. Bentley. Offices, 19, Castle-street, Holborn. Hon. Solicitor, S. Watson, Esq.

THE GENERAL BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.—Formed 1865. Treasurer, Charles Roberts, Esq., Jun., Peterboro'. Secretary, Rev. W. Bishop, Leicester.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—This Fund was established, in connection with the commemoration in 1862 of the Ejected Ministers of 1862, to assist in paying for the Baptist Chapels of the Principality. Henry Lewis, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. J. G. Phillips, Hon. Secretary; with 24 Committee-men selected from all parts of the Principality.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Treasurer, T. Greenwood, Esq. Secretary, Mr. F. A. Jones, B.A. The object of this Association is the extension of the Denomination in the metropolis and its suburbs, the Committee having pledged themselves to build a Chapel every year.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Treasurer, Mr. E. Bousted. Secretary, Rev. W. C. Jones. Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Gregory. Trade Manager, Mr. C. Waters. The object of this Association—the increased circulation of religious literature—is carried out in a twofold manner: 1st. By means of colporteurs, whose whole time is devoted to the work, and who are paid by a fixed salary. 2nd. By book agents, who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them, month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE FUND is for the benefit of the Widows of Baptist Ministers, recommended by the contributors. Treasurer, J. H. Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street. Secretary, Mr. Gilbert Bligh, 12, Castle-street, Holborn.

THE SELECTION HYMN-BOOK FUND is applied to the relief of Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries. Treasurer, J. H. Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street. Secretary, Rev. W. G. Lewis, St. Albans.

THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND is for the relief of Ministers and Churches, the Education of Ministers, and the presentation of books to Students and Ministers. Treasurers, T. Greenwood, Esq., Rev. S. H. Booth, and J. J. Smith, Esq. Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 28, Bromar-road, Denmark Hill, S.E.

THE BAPTIST WESTERN SOCIETY FOR AGED OR INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS for affording Ministerial relief, managed chiefly by residents in the Provinces. Treasurer, Rev. F. W. Gotch. Secretaries, Rev. G. W. Humphreys and Mr. G. Ashmead, 19, Small-street, Bristol.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.—Formed 1866. Object: "To aid the Ministers of both Sections of the Baptist Denomination, with limited incomes, in the education of their children." Treasurer, J. P. Bacon, Esq., 69, Fleet-street, London, E.C. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth.

GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.—Committee for the distribution of funds sent out from Great Britain: Pastor J. G. Oncken, Hamburg, Chairman; Mr. P. W. Rickel, Treasurer; Pastor Wiehler, of Reetz; Pastor Kemnitz, of Templin; Pastor Wilms, of Ihrove; Pastor Beyebach, of Hersfeld. Mr. Harting, of Hamburg; Mr. Pielstick, of Hamburg, Secretary. Treasurer for Great Britain, Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W. Travelling Representative in Great Britain, Rev. F. H. Newton, 45, St. Marks-road, Leeds.

WARD'S TRUST.—John Waid, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. Dr. Angus, J. J. Smith, Esq., Joseph Tritton, Esq. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth.

THE BAPTIST UNION PASTORS' INCOME AUGMENTATION SOCIETY.—Object: "The increase of the income of well-accredited pastors, according to the claim that may be presented, and the means that may be supplied." Treasurer, Mr. S. R. Pattison, 50, Lombard-street, London. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, 19, Castle-street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—President, W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P. Treasurer, J. P. Meredith, Esq., Wandsworth. Hon. Secretary, Mr. James T. Sears, 232, Southampton-street, Camberwell, S.E. This Association was formed to utilize to the greatest advantage the Total Abstinence power existing in the churches of the Denomination.

GENERAL SOCIETIES

IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

AGED PILGRIM'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—Asylum, Westmoreland-place, Peckham. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazeldon, 83, Finsbury-pavement. Treasurer, W. Heathfield, Esq.

APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.—Formed 1829. Secretary, Rev. J. Marchant. Office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Object: "To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism." President, General Sir A. J. Lawrence, K.C.B. Treasurer, V. G. M. Holt, Esq., Whitehall-place. Bankers, National Provincial Bank of England, 212, Piccadilly, W. C. Secretary, Rev. W. A. Blake. Hon. Secretary, Colonel Sandwith.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Reedham, near Croydon.—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, H. Spicer, Esq. Hon. Secretary, Rev. Thomas Aveling, D.D. Sub-Secretary, Mr. G. Stancliff. Office, 6, Finsbury-place, E.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY, Normal School, Borough-road.—Formed 1808. Treasurer, J. G. Barclay, Esq. Secretary, Rev. A. Bourne. Central School, Borough-road, S.E.

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.—Established 1842. Treasurer, H. W. Dobell, Esq., Jun. Hon. Secs., A. H. Baines, Esq., Rev. R. W. Thompson.

INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow, N.E. Minute Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Pye Smith. Treasurer, T. Gardner, Esq., Buckhurst-hill.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—Secretary, G. A. Crowder, Esq., 55, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

MILL-HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, N.W.—Treasurer, Thomas Scrutton, Esq. Hon. Secretary, Rev. R. H. Marten, B.A. Head-master, R. F. Weymouth, Esq., M.A., LL.D.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock-hill.—Instituted 1785. Treasurer, J. K. Welch, Esq. Secretary, Mr. J. Finch. Office, 73, Cheapside.

RAGGED CHURCH AND CHAPEL UNION.—Object: "To raise funds to assist in providing buildings for places of worship on Sundays, and general school purposes during the week, for the destitute poor of the metropolis." Patron, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. President, Lord Ebury. Treasurer, A. Sperling, Esq. Secretary, Mr. W. A. Blake, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.—Formed 1799. Treasurer, G. Rawlings, Esq. Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. Canon Fleming and Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. Secretaries, Rev. Lewis Borrett White, M.A., and Rev. Dr. Green.

ROBINSON'S RETREAT, Hackney.—Built and endowed by the late Mr. S. Robinson, a member of the Independent Church then meeting at Founder's-hall, for twelve widows of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, eight of them being Independents, and four Baptists. Each widow has a separate set of apartments, and a pension of £13 per annum. Mr. Robinson also created a fund called "Robinson's Relief," from which annuities of £10 are paid to sixteen Independent and eight Baptist Ministers. Trustees, Messrs. T. B. Woolley, E. Viney, E. C. Searle, and J. Carter.

ROBINSON'S RELIEF FUND.—For Calvinistic Ministers, Baptist or Independent, resident in England and Wales. Ebenezer Viney, Esq., Treasurer, Upper Norwood. Two-thirds are to be Independents, and one-third Baptists. The grants are £10 per annum. The trustees are the same as for "Robinson's Retreat." Present number of recipients, thirty-two.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR FATHERLESS BOYS, Clapham-road, London, S.W.—Trustees, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, T. Greenwood, Esq., Wm. Olney, Esq., W. C. Murrell, Esq., Joseph Passmore, Esq., T. R. Phillips, Esq., Wm. Mills, Esq., Thomas Olney, Esq., Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds. Fatherless boys between the ages of six and ten are received, irrespective of creed and locality, but sons of Baptist Ministers are considered specially by the Trustees. Applications giving full particulars, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary or Master.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSIDENT MINISTERS.—Formed 1818. Treasurer, P. Cadby, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. Rogers, 117, Camberwell-road, S.E.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSIDENT MINISTERS.—Formed 1733. Treasurer, W. Edwards, Esq. Secretary, R. Grace, Esq.

- SURREY MISSION.—Established 1797. Treasurer, J. Tritton, Esq. Secretary, Rev. MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, 5, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Secretaries, Rev. W. Durban, B.A., Rev. S. D. Hooper.
- SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.—Formed 1803. Secretaries, Messrs. A. Benham, F. J. Hartley, J. E. Tresidder, and J. Towers. Trade Manager, Mr. Cauldwell.
- TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 96, Newgate-street, E.C. Secretary, Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D. Hon. Secretary, H. C. Nisbet, Esq.

RECENT DEATHS.

1. RICHARD HARDY, died August 11, 1882, aged 71, was born at Caythorpe, near Nottingham, January 11, 1811. When about fourteen years of age he went to reside with his uncle at Basford. He soon began to attend the Baptist Chapel, Broad-street, Nottingham, and was baptized May 28th, 1829, by the Rev. Adam Smith. In 1834 he was admitted into the Academy at Wisbech, under the tutorship of the Rev. J. Jarrom. After the completion of his studies he preached for a short time at Stamford. In November, 1840, at the recommendation of the Rev. E. Ingham, Belper, the members of the church at Queensbury invited Mr. Hardy to spend a month with them, which resulted in his being called to the pastorate, an office he faithfully held till he resigned, much against the wishes of the church, December 31, 1878. He died at Sandal, near Wakefield. He was a sound and practical preacher.

2. JOHN STARBUCK, died January 7, 1883, aged 72, was born at Walton, near Ipswich, May 2, 1810. His relatives were connected with the Baptist cause there. He removed to Leicester early in life, and became an attendant at Friar lane Chapel. In 1828 he was baptized and received into the church by the Rev. S. Wigg. For a long course of years, by preaching, speaking, and baptizing, as occasion demanded or opportunity presented, he sought to be a helper of the country churches. In 1873 he took the oversight of the small church at Maltby, near Alford, and laboured with diligence and fidelity until failing health and total blindness laid him aside. His trial was a heavy one, but he bore it in humble submission to his heavenly Father's will. He was a thorough Baptist, yet loved all who loved the Saviour. His theology was evangelical, his preaching earnest and affectionate. He viewed his approaching dissolution with serenity and joy, and as he entered the valley of the shadow of death and passed away from mortal view, he took up and made his own the sweet words of Israel's singer—"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

3. ISAAC PRESTON, died March 28, 1883, aged 59, was born at Mountsorrel, in Leicestershire, in the year 1823. He was converted in early life, and was baptized and joined the General Baptist Church at Quorndon, where he soon made himself useful; and as he gave evidence of possessing preaching ability, the church was not long in calling him out to preach the gospel as opportunity presented. In the year 1847 he entered the College at Leicester, and for three years was under the tuition of the Rev. J. Wallis, of sainted memory. At the end of his college term, Mr. Preston, in 1850, accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he remained seven years. In 1857 our brother listened to a call from Chesham, and well and faithfully served the General Baptist Church there for twelve years. His removal to North Parade, Halifax, took place in 1859; and after eight years of good solid work there, the effects of which will long remain, failing health caused him to accept a smaller and less arduous sphere of labour. Accordingly he assumed, in 1877, the pastorate of the church at Tarporley, Cheshire, where in the providence of God he ended his days. Mr. Preston's last illness was only brief. He had preached with all his usual power and pathos on Sunday, March 18, and had begun his preparation for the following Sabbath; but during the week disease laid him prostrate, and the illness terminated fatally on Wednesday, March 28, 1883. His funeral took place on the following Monday in the adjoining graveyard, at which the Revs. J. Lawton and W. Dyson officiated; and by the request of the family and the church the writer preached the funeral sermon to a crowded congregation in the Tarporley chapel.

4. REV. BENJAMIN ABBEY departed this life on April 5, in his 72nd year. Deceased laboured in the town very successfully as pastor for seven years, but having received a hearty call to the pastorate of the church at Coate (Oxfordshire) in the year 1867, he left Bideford for his new sphere, where he laboured for twenty-six years. He has always, however, felt a strong attachment to the friends of Bideford, and he determined to return and end his days among them. During the twelve months he was in the town he laboured most assiduously to promote the interest of the church, and his loving labours were crowned with much success. Unhappily he fell ill on March 31, and gradually getting weaker, he fell asleep in Jesus on the April 5. He was a member of the Bideford School Board, and rendered valuable service in that capacity. His decease was a great source of general sorrow to the church and to the whole town, for a career of active usefulness was before him, both in the School Board and in a social and religious capacity. He had secured a large room in Old Town to hold religious services in that locality, but unhappily he was seized with an illness that terminated fatally before he had an opportunity of opening the mission, though it was opened on April 1st, by Rev. W. Gillard. Of the respect and esteem in which he was held, no stronger testimony could have been shown than was exhibited by the attendance of such a vast number of friends as were present at the funeral on April 9. There followed, in addition to the chief mourners and immediate friends, several ministers of the town, the chairman and some of the members of

the School Board, and numerous tradesmen of the town, together with the majority of the members of the Baptist Church. The funeral procession proceeded to the chapel, where the first part of the burial service was gone through. Rev. D. Thompson spoke in feeling terms of the bereavement under which they were suffering, and an address was afterwards given at the grave by Rev. N. J. Rootham. The pastor, Rev. W. Gillard, officiated.

5. REV. HUGH JONES, D.D., LLANGOLLEN.—It is with deep regret that we record the death of Rev. Hugh Jones, D.D., of Llangollen, the well-known president of the North Wales Baptist College. Dr. Jones passed away on May 23, at the age of 52. Deceased had been in failing health for some time. A little time before, he had been able to attend a meeting at Chester in connection with the North Wales College movement. He left a widow and thirteen children. The funeral took place at Llangollen. By the community in North and South Wales his loss was severely felt.

6. REV. S. G. GREEN, Hammersmith, died on May 25, in his 87th year, and was laid to his rest in Hammersmith Cemetery, amidst every sign of respect. A large company of mourners assembled at West-end Chapel to witness the last offices for the deceased. The service both in the chapel and in the cemetery, was conducted by the Rev. W. Page, B.A., the pastor of the chapel. Mr. Page read two portions of Scripture—the Ninetieth Psalm and 1 Cor. xv., 20—and Rev. J. P. Chown offered prayer. An address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Todd, of Sydenham. In the year 1849 Mr. Green resigned the charge of the church in Lion-street. In 1855 he removed to Hammersmith, where for twenty-eight years he lived a comparatively retired life, carrying on for some years his Sunday School literary labours, energetic and useful as ever, so long as strength held out, on the committees of the Mission and of Regent's Park College, and conducting for some years as Secretary the Society for the Education of Ministers' Children, originated by his friend Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, and now merged in the Baptist Union. During the greater part of this time he held office as one of the deacons of the church at West-end, Hammersmith, with the successive pastors of which—the late Dr. Leechman, Mr. Philip Bailhache, and Mr. W. Page—he has been a cordial and zealous co-worker.

7. REV. DR. ACWORTH, formerly president of Rawdon College, died at Scarborough on October 13, in his 86th year. Dr. Acworth was for many years pastor of the church now meeting at South-parade Chapel, Leeds, and in 1837 became Theological Tutor and President of Horton College, Bradford, and was the first President of the new College at Rawdon, opened in 1859. He was also for many years President of the Bradford Mechanics' Institution.

8. REV. J. H. MILLARD, B.A.—We regret to have to announce the death of Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., who, as secretary for so many years of the Baptist Union, was widely known and esteemed throughout the denomination. Educated at Stepney College, Mr. Millard's most influential pastorate was at Huntingdon, which he entered upon in 1845. His work in connection with the Baptist Union will long be remembered, and when that was relinquished he was appointed, in connection with the committee of our Home Missions, to a church in Derby, where he has laboured till his death.

9. REV. CHARLES STOVEL, pastor of Commercial-street Chapel, died on Monday morning October 22, at his residence in East London, in the 85th year of his age; and with him we lose another of the few links between the living present and the historic past—the days of William Knibb and slavery and church-rates—when Mr. Stovel did most doughty service. The interment took place at Tooting Cemetery. Rev. Dr. Angus preached the funeral sermon on Sunday evening, November 4. Though Mr. Stovel continued in his pastorate to the last, his increasing feebleness had rendered his services very uncertain, and to the present generation he will be rather known for his earlier work than for his more uneventful labours during the last fifteen or twenty years. Mr. Stovel was baptized by Mr. Joseph Hawson at Staines, Middlesex. His ministerial labour commenced at Stanwell and in the immediate neighbourhood. He was admitted into Stepney College about the year 1823, and became the pastor of the church at Swanwick and Ridings, Derbyshire, 1826. In April, 1832, he was recognised as pastor of the church meeting in Little Prescott-street, Goodman's Fields, London, a church that migrated to its new and handsome chapel—the last built, we think, under Sir Morton Peto's supervision—in Commercial-street.

10. REV. THOMAS NICHOLSON departed this life on October 10, the faithful friend of the Forest Dean, aged 78. Till within a fortnight of his death the deceased had been actively engaged, but while on a visit to his son at Reading he was prostrate, and rapidly succumbed to his complaint. His end was a happy one. Writing on the eve of his death to a friend at Coleford, his son said, "He is very peaceful and free from pain; says he has not a disturbing thought, and no wish ungratified." He soon afterwards became unconscious, and calmly "fell asleep" the following morning. Born at Whitecliff, Coleford, in the year 1805 (in the farmhouse known also as the birthplace of Mary Hewitt, the poetess), Mr. Nicholson was educated at Newland Grammar School, to which institution alone, we believe, he was indebted for the training which enabled him speedily to turn to the best account the natural abilities with which he was endowed. He remained at Coleford till about the year 1828, when he removed to Lydney. His last act of kindness was to give a substantial treat to the children of the Pillowell Schools, in which, as a member of the School Board, he took special interest. By his death it may truly be said the most prominent figure in Forest history for the last half-century has disappeared. The name of Thomas Nicholson has been, and will continue to be for generations to come, a household word, as well outside as within the Forest borders. He was laid to rest by the side of his wife, in Moreton-in-the-Marsh Cemetery.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

The Baptist. One Penny. Stock, Paternoster Row.
The Freeman. One Penny. Yates and Alexander, Castle Street, Chancery Lane.

ANNUAL.

Baptist Hand-book. One Shilling and Sixpence. Yates and Alexander, Church Passage, Chancery Lane.

—*Almanack.* Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Baptist Magazine. Fourpence. Yates and Alexander.

—*Messenger.* One Penny. E. Stock, 61, Paternoster Row.

The Church. One Penny. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.

General Baptist Magazine. Twopence. Marlborough and Co.

Earthen Vessel. Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

Missionary Herald. One Penny. Marlborough, Old Bailey.

Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. Marlborough, Old Bailey.

Gospel Herald. Twopence. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.

The Young Men's Missionary Advocate. The Journal of the Young Men's Auxiliaries to the Baptist Missionary Society. One Penny. Marlborough, Old Bailey

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born 24th May, 1819, succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837; married 10th February, 1840, to the late Francis Albert, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. *Issue:* 1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born Nov. 21st, 1840.—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9th, 1841 (married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, 1863).—3. Princess Alice Maude Mary (Princess of Hesse Darmstadt), born April 25th, 1843.—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6th, 1844.—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25th, 1846 (married to Prince Christian of Augustenberg, July, 1866).—6. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18th, 1848 (married John, Marquis of Lorne, March 21st, 1871).—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1st, 1850.—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7th, 1853.—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14th, 1857.

George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, born 26th March, 1819.

George Frederick Alexander, Duke of Cumberland, cousin to the Queen, born May 27th, 1819.

Princess Augusta Caroline of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), born July 19th, 1822.

Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833, married to Prince Teck, June, 1866.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

Rates of Postage—

To and from all parts of the United Kingdom, for prepaid letters not exceeding

1 oz.....	1d.	4 oz.....	2d.	8 oz.....	3d.
2 oz.....	1½d.	6 oz.....	2½d.	10 oz.....	3½d.
		12 oz.....	4d.		

Any letter exceeding the weight of 12 ozs. will be liable to a postage of One Penny for every ounce, or fraction of an ounce, beginning with the first ounce. A letter, for example, weighing between 14 and 15 ounces must be prepaid fifteen-pence. A letter posted unpaid will be charged on delivery with double postage, and a letter posted insufficiently prepaid will be charged with double the deficiency.

An Inland Letter must not exceed one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, nor six inches in depth.

Inland Book-Post.—The Book-post rate is One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs. or fraction of 2 ozs.

A Book-Packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain or written or printed upon (to the exclusion of any written letter or communication of the nature of a letter), photographs, when not on glass or in frames containing glass or any like substance, and anything usually appertaining to such articles in the way of binding and mounting, or necessary for their safe transmission by post, but also *Circulars* when these are wholly or in great part printed, engraved, or lithographed.

Every Book-Packet must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of the contents being easily withdrawn for examination; otherwise it will be treated as a letter.

Any Book-Packet which may be found to contain a letter or communication of the nature of a letter, not being a circular letter or not wholly printed, or any enclosure sealed or in any way closed

against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book-Post, will be treated as a letter, and charged with double the deficiency of the letter postage.

A packet posted wholly unpaid will be charged with double the Book-Postage; and if posted partially prepaid, with double the deficiency.

No Book-Packet may exceed 5 lbs. in weight, or one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, and six inches in depth.

Post Cards.—Post Cards, available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom only, bearing an impressed halfpenny stamp, can be obtained at all Post Offices, at the rate of *yd.* per doz. A thicker Card is also issued at *8d.* per doz. Reply Post Cards can be obtained at the rate of *1s. 2d.* per doz., and a thicker Card at *1s. 4d.* The Reply Cards are not sold in sheets like the single cards.

Postage on Inland Registered Newspapers.—*Prepaid Rates.*—For each Registered Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet. One Halfpenny; but a packet containing two or more Registered Newspapers is not chargeable with a higher rate of postage than would be chargeable on a Book-packet of the same weight, viz., One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs., or fraction of 2 ozs.

Unpaid Rates.—A Newspaper posted unpaid; or a packet of Newspapers posted either unpaid or insufficiently paid, will be treated as an unpaid or insufficiently paid Book-Packet of the same weight.

The postage must be prepaid either by an adhesive stamp, or by the use of a stamped wrapper. Every Newspaper or packet of Newspapers must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of easy removal for examination; if this rule be infringed, the Newspaper or packet will be treated as a letter.

No Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, may contain any enclosure except the supplement or supplements belonging to it. If it contain any other, it will be charged as a letter.

No packet of Newspapers may exceed 14 lbs. in weight, or two feet in length by one foot in width or depth.

Inland Parcels Post.—For an Inland Postal Parcel the rates (to be prepaid in ordinary postage stamps), are, when not exceeding in weight, 1 lb., 3d.; 3 lbs., 6d.; 5 lbs., 9d.; 7 lbs., 1s.

Maximum length 3 ft. 6in.; maximum length and girth combined, 6 ft.

Examples:—A parcel measuring 3 ft. 6in. in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 ft. 6in. in girth, that is, around its thickest part. Or, a shorter parcel may be thicker—for example, if measuring no more than 3 ft. in length, it may measure as much as 3 ft. in girth.

STAMP DUTIES, ETC.

RECEIPTS.—For sums of £2 or upwards 1d.

Persons receiving the money are compellable to pay the duty.

For every delivery order for goods of the value of 40s. and upwards, lying in dock, wharf, or warehouse 1d. Dock Warrant, 3d.

DRAFT BILLS, ETC.—*Draft, or Order* for the payment of any sum of money to the bearer, or to order, or demand, including bankers' cheques 1d.

Inland Bill, Draft, or Order payable otherwise than on demand—

	£	s.	d.	£	£ s.
Not exceeding	5	0	1	500	and not exceeding 750 0 7
Exceeding £5, and not exceeding 10	0	2	0	750	1,000 0 10
10, "	25	0	3	1,000	" 1,500 0 15
25, "	50	0	6	1,500	" 2,000 1 0
50, "	75	0	9	2,000	" 3,000 1 10
Exceeding £75, and 1s. for every £100 up to £500.	100	0	1	3,000	" 4,000 2 0
					For every additional £1,000 0 1s

HOUSE DUTY.—Inhabited house, of the value of £20 or upwards 9d. in the £.
If occupied as a farmhouse by a tenant or farm-servant, or for purposes of business, 6d.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK REGULATIONS.

1. Open every day, Sundays excepted.—2. Even shillings to any amount, from one shilling upwards, may be put in; but no more than £30 in a year, nor more than £150 altogether.—3. No charge made for depositors' books (except when lost), then 1s. will be charged for replacing.—4. Interest $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—*i.e.*, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound per month, direct Government security.—5. Friendly and Charity Societies and Penny Banks may deposit to any amount.—6. Other savings banks (not being post-office savings banks) may be required to transfer accounts to this post-office savings bank.—7. This post-office savings bank may be required to transfer accounts to other savings banks, which are not post-office savings banks.—8. Persons opening an account at one bank may take their books and make deposits at any other post-office savings bank, or withdraw deposits.—9. No charge made for the postage of correspondence with the chief savings bank at the London post-office.—10. All or any part of the amount deposited can be withdrawn in a few days after application.—11. Provision is made for deposits by trustees, minors, and married women.—12. Officers of the post-office are strictly prohibited against disclosing the name of any depositor, or any amount paid in or taken out.