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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1864.

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PATERNOSTER-BOW

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ABBEY ROAD CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

MINISTER—REV. W. STOTT.

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER,
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

OUR BANNER.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."
—Psalm lx. 4.

MOST writers upon this Psalm, after having referred the banner to the kingdom of David, say that there is here a reference to the Messiah. We believe there is. Nor is that reference an obscure allusion. In the Lord Jesus we find the clue to the history and the solution of the prophecy. He is the banner—he is the ensign that is lifted up before the people. He is the Jehovah Nissi, "the Lord my banner," whom it is our joy to follow, and around whom it is our delight to rally. We shall not stay to prove this, though we might readily do so. The banner here intended is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ in the majesty of his person—in the efficacy of his merit—in the completeness of his righteousness—in the sureness of his triumph—in the glory of his advent. If you read it, with an eye to him, you have the meaning at once: "Thou hast given Christ as a banner to them that fear thee, to be displayed because of the truth." Now let us consider *our Lord Jesus Christ*—first, *as he is compared to a banner*; secondly, *by whom he is given*; thirdly, *to whom he is given*, and fourthly, *for what purpose*.

I. The banner was far more useful, I suppose, in ancient than it is in modern warfare. Times have changed, and we are changed by them. Yet we speak with reverence still of the old flag. There is still some meaning when we say—"The flag that's braved, a thousand years, the battle and the breeze." The soldier still loves the flag of his country, and the sailor still looks with patriotic pride to the flag that so long floated at England's mast-head. Our metaphor, however, rather points to ancient than present usage.

We should notice, first of all, that the banner was lifted up and displayed *as the point of union*. When a leader was about to gather troops for a war, he hoisted his banner and then every man rallied to the standard. The coming to the standard, the rallying round the banner, was the joining with the Prince, the espousing his cause. In the day of battle, when there was ever a difficulty and a likelihood that the host would be put to flight, the valiant men all fought around the banner. Its defence was of the first and chief consequence. They might leave the baggage for awhile, they might forsake the smaller flags of the divisions, but the great banner, the blood-red banner that with prayer had been consecrated—they must all gather round it and there shed their best blood. Christ, my brethren, is the point of union for all the soldiers of the cross. I know of no other place where all Christians can meet. We cannot all meet—I am sorry that we cannot—at the baptismal stream.

There are some who will not be baptized. They persist still in the sin of putting drops of water for the ordained flood, and bringing infants where faith is required. We cannot all meet even around the table of the Eucharist; there are some who put aside their brethren, because they do not see eye to eye with them; and even the table of the Lord's Supper has become sometimes a field of battle. But we can meet in the person of Christ; all true hearts can meet in the work of Christ. This is a Gospel that we all love, if we be Christians, and far hence be those who are not. Hither to thy cross, O Jesus, do we come. The Churchman, laden with his many forms and vestments; the Presbyterian, with his stern covenant and his love of those who stained the heather with their blood; the Independent, with his passion for stern liberty and the separateness of the churches; the Methodist, with his various intricate forms of church government, sometimes forms of bondage, but still forms of power; the Baptist, remembering the ancient pedigree and the days in which his fathers were hounded even by Christians themselves, and counted not worthy of that name—they come, they come! Multitudes of opinions divide them; they see not eye to eye; here and there they will have a skirmish for the old landmarks; and rightly so, for we ought to be jealous, as Josiah was, to do that which is right in the sight of the Lord, and neither decline to the right hand or to the left. But, to the cross! To the cross! To the cross! and then, all weapons of internecine war being cast aside, we are brethren, fellow-comrades in blessed evangelical alliance; we are prepared to suffer and to do for his dear sake. Forward then, Christians, to the point of union! Much as I value thorough reformation in times of peace, little care I for aught beside the cross in the day we defend our coasts, or when the hosts go forth to battle. Is our crusade against the powers of darkness? With the salvation of sinners for my one undivided aim, little care I for anything but the lifting up of my Master's Gospel, and the proclamation of the Word of mercy through his flowing blood.

Again, the banner, in time of war, was the great guide-star; it was the direction to the soldier. You will remember what special care they took in the day of battle that in case the standard-bearer should fall there might still be some means of guiding the warriors.

“And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a deadly fray,
Press where ye see my snow-white plume amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.”

So to this day the cross is the great guide of the Christian in the day of battle. There is no fear that it shall ever fall; we need not be alarmed that Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, shall ever fail. Fix your eye upon him, Christian—“looking unto Jesus”—and if you would know which way to fight, fight in his footsteps, imitate his every action, be your life his life, be your death for his death. Let it be life by virtue of the death; never need you stop to ask directions; the life of Christ is the Christian's charge. You need not turn to your fellow-believer and say, “Comrade, what are we to do just now? The smoke of battle gathers and the cries are various; which way shall I go?” Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God, press forward, saying, “God hath given to me a banner because of the truth. In these two respects, as the central point for rallying, and as the direction to the warrior, Christ is our banner.

And the banner, let it be remembered, is always *the object of chief attack*. The moment the adversary sees it, his object is to strike there. If it be not the most vulnerable point, it shall be at least the point where the adversary's power is most felt. Did they not of old aim their shots at the flagstaff to cut down the banner? Whenever the old Knights of the Red Cross fought the Saracens they always endeavoured to make their steel ring upon the helmet of the man whose

hand held the crescent, the standard of Mohammed; ever the fight was bloodiest around the standard. Sometimes, when the battle was over, if you walked the field you would see it strewn with legs and arms and mangled bodies everywhere. In one place there would be a heap where they were piled one upon another, a great mountain of flesh and armour, broken bones and smashed skulls, and you would ask, "What is this? How came they here? How trampled they so upon one another, and fought in pools of human blood?" The answer would be, " 'Twas there the standard-bearer stood, and first the adversary made a dash and stole the banner, and then fifty knights vowed to redeem it, and they dashed against their foes and took it by storm, and then again hand to hand they fought with the banner between them, first in one hand and then in another, changing ownership each hour. Well, dear friends, Christ Jesus has always been the object of attack. You will remember when justice came forth against the elect it made five rents in the great banner, and those five rents all glorious are in that banner still. Since that day many a shot has sought to riddle but not one has been able to touch it. Borne aloft first by one hand and then by another, the mighty God of Jacob being the strength of the standard-bearers, that flag has bidden defiance to the leagured hosts of the flesh and the devil, but never has it been trailed in the river, and never once carried in jeering triumph by the adversary. Blessed are the rents in the banner! for they are to-day the symbol of our victory. Those five wounds in the person of the Saviour are the gates of heaven to us. But, thank God, there are no more wounds to be endured. The person of our Lord is safe. His Gospel, too, is an unwounded Gospel, and his mystical body is uninjured. "Not a bone of him shall be broken." Yes; the Gospel is unharmed after all the strife of ages. The infidel threatens to rend the Gospel to pieces, but it is as glorious as ever; modern scepticism sought to pull it thread from thread, but has not been able so much as to rend a fragment of it. Every now and then fresh adversaries have found out some new methods of induction or of declamation, essaying to prove the Gospel to be a lie, and Christ an impostor. Have they succeeded? Nay, verily; they all have to fly the field. The good old banner of the Lord Omnipotent, even Christ Jesus, still stands erect above them all. We have had, therefore, three things—the rallying point, the guide-star, the object of attack.

And why should the banner be the object of attack but for this very reason—that it is *the symbol of defiance*. As soon as ever the banner is lifted up, it is, as it were, flapped in the face of the foe. It seems to say to him, "Do your worst—come on! We are not afraid of you—we defy you!" So when Christ is preached there is a defiance given to the enemies of the Lord. Every time a sermon is preached in the power of the Spirit, it is as though the shrill clarion woke up the fiends of hell, for every sermon seems to say to them, "Christ is come forth again to deliver his lawful captives out of your power; the King of kings has come to take away your dominions, to wrest from you your stolen treasures, and to proclaim himself your Master." O, there is a stern joy that the minister sometimes feels when he thinks of himself as the antagonist of the powers of hell. Martin Luther seems always to have felt it when he said, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let the devil do his worst!" Why, that was lifting up his standard—the standard of the cross. If you want to defy the devil, don't go about preaching philosophy—don't sit down and write out fine sermons, with long sentences, three quarters of a mile in extent—don't try and cull fine smooth phrases that will sound sweetly in people's ears. The devil doesn't care a bit for this; but talk about Christ, preach about the sufferings of a Saviour, tell sinners that there is life in a look at him, and straightway the devil taketh great umbrage. Why, look at many of the ministers in London! They preach in their pulpits from the first of January to the last of December, and nobody finds fault with them, because they will prophesy such smooth things. But let a man preach Christ, let him declaim about the power of Jesus to

save, and press home Gospel truth with simplicity and boldness, straightway the fiends of darkness will be against you, and, if they cannot bite, they will show that they can howl and bark. There is a defiance, I say, it is God's defiance; his gauntlet thrown down to the confederated powers of darkness—a gauntlet which they dare not take up, for they know what tremendous power for good there is in the uplifting of the cross of Christ. Wave, then, your banner, O ye soldiers of the cross; each in your place and rank keep watch and ward, but wave your banner still; for though the adversary shall be wroth, it is because he knoweth that his time is short when once the cross of Christ is lifted up.

We have not quite exhausted the metaphor yet. The banner was ever a source of consolation to the wounded. There he lies, the good knight; right well has he fought, without fear and without reproach; but a chance arrow pierced the joints of his harness, and his life is oozing out from the ghastly wound. There is no one there to unbuckle his helmet or give him a draught of cooling water; his frame is locked up in that hard case of steel, and though he feels the smart, he cannot gain the remedy. He hears the cries, the mingled cries, the hoarse shouts of men, that rush in fury against their fellows; and he opens his eyes—as yet he hath not fainted with his bleeding. Where, think you, does he look? He turns himself round. What is he looking for? For friend? For comrade? No. Should they come to him, he would say, "Just lift me up, and let me sit against that tree awhile, and bleed here; but go you to the fight." Where, where is that restless eye searching, and what is the object for which it is looking? Yes, he has it; and the face of the dying man is brightened. He sees the banner still waving, and with his last breath he cries, "On! on! on!" and falls asleep content, because the banner is safe. It has not been cast down. Though he has fallen, yet the banner is secure. It is even so to every true soldier of Christ. We fall, but Christ does not. We die, but the cause prospers. I have told you before, that when my heart was most sad—sad as it never was before nor since—that sweet text, "Him hath God the Father exalted, and given him a name that is above every name," quite cheered my soul, and set me again in peace and comfort. Is Jesus safe? Then it never matters what becomes of me. Is the banner right? Doth it wave on high? Then the fight is ours still; the adversary hath not won the day. He hath felled one and another, but he himself shall be broken in pieces, for the banner still glares in the sun.

And lastly, the banner is the emblem of victory. When the fight is done, and the soldier cometh home, what bringeth he? His blood-stained flag. And what is borne highest in the procession as it winds through the streets? It is the flag. They hang it in the minster; high up there in the roof, and where the incense smoketh, and where the song of praise ascendeth, there hangs the banner, honoured and esteemed, borne in conflict and in danger. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ shall be our banner because it was in the last day, when all our foes shall be under our feet. A little while, and he that will come shall come, and will not tarry. A little while, and we shall see Jehovah's banner furled.

"Sheathed his sword; he speaks! 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world are the kingdoms of his Son."

And then Jesus, high above us all, shall be exalted, and through the streets of the holy city the acclamations shall ring, "Hosanna, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

II. Let us turn to our second point for a moment. It is this, Who gave us the banner? *By whom given?* Soldiers often esteem the colours for the sake of the person who first bestowed them. You and I ought to esteem the Gospel of our precious Christ for the sake of God who gave him to us. "Thou hast given a banner." God gave us the banner in old eternity. Christ was given by the eternal Father, from everlasting, or ever the earth was, to his elect people, to be the

Messiah of God, the Saviour of the world. He was given upon the cross, when, having been given in the manger, the Father bestowed every drop of the Son's blood, and every nerve of the Son's body, and every power of the Son's soul, to bleed and die, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. "Thou hast given us a banner." That banner was given to each one of us in the day of our conversion. Christ became, from that time forth, our glory and our boast. And he is given to some of us, especially, when we are called to the ministry, or when the Holy Spirit's guidance puts us upon any extraordinary work for Christ. Then is the banner in a direct and especial manner committed to our care. I know there are some here who have had this banner given them to carry it in the midst of the Sunday-school. Some of you have it. A dear sister here has it. A beloved brother has it to bear it in the midst of many of this congregation. The young men of our college, of our evening classes, and many others of you have that banner, that you may bear it in the streets, that you may lift up the name of Jesus in the causeways, and in the places of assembly. And, in a certain measure, shall all of you have that banner given to you, that in your sphere of duty you may talk of Jesus, and lift up his dear name.

Now, inasmuch as God himself gives the banner, with what reverence should we look upon it, with what ardour should we cluster round it, with what zeal should we defend it, with what enthusiasm should we follow it, with what faith and confidence should we rush even into death itself for its defence!

III. Ask again *to whom is this banner given?* The text says, "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee." Not to all men. God has a chosen people. These chosen people are known in due time by their outward character. That outward grace-wrought character is this, they fear God. Now, they that fear God are the only persons that ought to carry the banner. Shall the banner be put in the drunkard's hands? Shall the great truth of Christ be left to those who live in sin? O, it is a wretched thing when men come into the pulpit to preach who have never known and felt the power of the Gospel themselves. Time was, but times are changed somewhat, when in multitudes of our parish pulpits men whose characters were unhallowed preached to others what they never practised themselves. To such the banner ought not to be given. Men must fear God, or else they are not worthy to bear it. Moreover, none but these can bear it. What they bear is not the banner; it is but an imitation of it. It is not Christ they preach; it is a diluted thing that is, not the Gospel of Jesus. They cannot proclaim it to others till they know it themselves. It is given to them that fear God, because they will have courage to bear it. Fear is often the mother of courage. To fear God makes a man brave. To fear man is cowardly, I grant; but to fear God with humble awe and holy reverence is such a noble passion that I would we were more and more full thereof, blending, as it were, the fear of Isaac with the faith of Abraham. To fear God will make the weakest of us play the man, and the most craven of us become heroes for the Lord our God. Now, inasmuch as this banner is given to those that fear God, if you fear God it is given to you. I do not know in what capacity you are to bear it, but I do know there is somewhere or other where you have to carry it. Mother, let the banner wave in your household. Merchant, let your banner be fixed upon your house of business. Let it be unfurled and fly at your masthead, O sailor! Bear your banner, O soldier! in your regiment. Yours is a stern duty, for alas! the Christian soldier hath a path of trial that few men have. God make ye faithful, and may you be honoured as the good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Some of you are poor, and work hard in the midst of many artisans who fear not God. Take your banner with you. Never be ashamed of your colours. You cannot be long in a workshop before your companions will pull their colours out. They will soon begin talking to you about their sinful pleasures, their amusements, perhaps their infidel principles. Take your banner out likewise. Tell them that it is a game two can play at; never allow a man to show his banner without your

showing yours. Don't do it ostentatiously; do it humbly, but do it earnestly, and sincerely. Remember your banner is one that you never need be ashamed of; the best of men have fought under it; nay, he who was God as well as man hath his own name written on the escutcheon. Surely, then, you need not be ashamed to wave it anywhere and everywhere.

"Be great in act as you have been in thought."

"Presence of mind and courage in distress
Are more than armies to procure success."

IV. And indeed this was our last question—*what was this banner given to us for?* Our text is very explicit. It was given to us to be "*displayed because of the truth.*" It was to be displayed. In order to display a banner, you must take it out of its case. Members of this congregation, brethren in the Church, I pray you study the Scriptures much. I would not have men attempt to preach unless they have some power. To go forth without some study would be like a man attempting to do execution with a gun that had much powder in it and no shot. Do unfurl the banner; to this end husband well your time. Young men, save your spare hours to study the Bible. Steal them from your sleep if you cannot get them anyhow else. Sunday-school teachers! be diligent in your preparations for your classes. Get your banner out of the case. It is of little service lifting it up in the midst of the ranks without its being unfurled. See that ye know the holy art of unfurling it: Practise it; study it; be well acquainted with him who is the wisdom of God and the power of God. And after the flag is unfurled, it needs to be lifted up. So, in order to display Christ, you must lift him up. Lift him up with a clear voice as one that has something to say that he would have men hear. Speak of Him boldly as one who is not ashamed of his message. Speak affectionately, speak passionately, speak with your whole soul, let your whole heart be in every word you say, for this it is to lift up the banner. But besides lifting up the banner you must carry it, for it is the business of the standard-bearer not merely to hold it in one place, but to bear it here and there if the plan of battle shall change. So bear Christ to the poor lodging-houses, to the workhouses, to the prisons, if you can get admittance, to the back streets, to the dark slums, to the cellars, to that poor attic, to the crowded rooms, to the theatres; and you especially who are private Christians, and not preachers, bear it from house to house. We had a complaint the other day that some of you had been going from house to house to try and talk to others about their souls; you had entrenched upon the parochial bounds of the authorized gamekeeper. I pray you entrench again. What is my parish? The whole world is my parish, and the whole world is your parish. What does it matter to us if the world be parcelled out amongst men who probably do little or nothing. Let us do all we can. No man hath any right to say to me, "Visit in such and such a district, not here—this is my ground." Who gave it to you? Who gave him lordship of the world or any portion of it? "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The earth is your field, and no matter upon whose district, territory, or parish. Let me encourage you that love the Saviour. You have the pure Gospel; go and spread it. Let nothing confine you or limit your labours except your strength and your time. Still, after all, if we carry the Gospel and lift up the banner, it will never be displayed even then, unless there is wind to blow it. A banner would only hang like a dead flag upon the staff if there were no wind. Now, we cannot produce the wind to expand the banner, but we can invoke heavenly aid. Prayer becomes prophecy when ye say, "Awake, O, heavenly wind, and blow, and let this banner be displayed." The Holy Spirit is that gracious wind who shall make the truth apparent in the hearts of those who hear it. Display the banner, talk of Christ, live Christ, proclaim Christ everywhere. He is given to you for this very purpose. Therefore let not your light be hid or put under a bushel. "Ye are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men." Let the old flag be held up

by fresh hands. Go ye forth in new times with new resolves, and may ye have constant renewings as new opportunities open before you.

O, but are there not some of you who could not bear this banner? Let me invite such to come and take shelter under it. My Master's banner, wherever it goes, gives liberty. Under the banner of Old England there never breathes a slave. They tread our country, they breath our air, and their shackles fall. Beneath the banner of Christ no slave can live. Do but look up to Jesus, relying upon his suffering in your stead, and bearing your sins in your place and room, and forthwith you shall have acceptance in the Beloved, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ. So may God enlist you beneath his banner to his glory. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT BY THE WAY.

BY THE REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

"He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

SWEET thought with which to enter upon another year! Believer, Jesus cares for you. Obscure, despised, unworthy though you deem yourself to be, the Lord has an interest in you.

Are we not tempted sometimes to think that we are too small, too insignificant to be under the notice, or to occupy the concern or attention, of the God of heaven—that it is inconsistent with his dignity to be occupied with the petty interests of his creatures? Infidel philosophy may argue thus, but what a contrast with the teaching of him who said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? And consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Plainly does the Great Teacher affirm that, while there is nothing in conscious or inanimate nature that is too vast for his power, there is nothing too minute for his care. He controls the greatest, he appoints the least. He is God all-sufficient; nothing can exist without his support, nothing can transpire without his knowledge, nothing can result without his permission.

While God cares for all, and "is good to all," he specially careth for you, O humble believer in Jesus, bought with the Saviour's blood, and sealed with the earnest of the Spirit as a child of God,

and an heir of glory. There is not an angel in heaven for whom God so cares as he cares for you. Yes, you, who feel sometimes that you are alone, unloved, uncared-for, unthought-of. We too much lose ourselves in the crowd, and merge ourselves into the mass, forgetting our individual interest in the special care of a covenant-keeping God. May the Holy Spirit enable each believing reader to realize the personal application of this precious truth so rich in consolation. *He careth for you.*

What kind of care is this? how may we describe it?

1. *It is paternal care.* "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." How full of meaning the Saviour's words, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." *Knowing* your wants, how well *able* is he to supply them, seeing that the "gold and the silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills;" and not more able than *willing*, for he is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who *changeth* not. The most friendly breast will one day cease to feel, and those hands that have often ministered to our necessities will one day be cold in death; but when "my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." *Your heavenly Father careth for you.*

2. *It is conjugal care.* In the Lord of glory, in the person of the Son of God, the union is formed. "Thy Maker is thy husband." We read of the "bride the Lamb's wife." The figure is expressive of closeness of interest, and

warmth of affection. The heavenly Bridegroom supplies all the wants of his bride out of his own fulness, protecting her by his power; she cannot be poor while he is rich, nor weak while he is strong, and, guided all through the wilderness, she shall at last come up out of it leaning upon her Beloved. *Your Husband careth for you.*

3. *It is regal care.* The Lord of glory is the King of saints, and his subjects are brought to his throne to confide in his care and rest in his continued protection and all-wise government. He has made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, and says, "Where I reign you shall reign, and when I sit on my throne you shall sit down with me." *Your King careth for you.*

4. *It is pastoral care.* David said, the "Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He remembered how he had led his flock by the still waters—how he had made them to lie down in shady nooks by the side of the river—how in the summer's heat he had led them on the high hills that they might have the cool air, and how, when the winter set in, he had led them into valleys that they might be hidden from the cold. Well could he remember the tender care with which he protected the lambs and carried them, how carefully he tended the wounded flock, and how he went after and brought back the wanderers. All this David well remembered, and then looking up in the exercise of a living faith he said, "The Lord is my Shepherd." And he is *thine*, thou weak and trembling lamb—*thine*, thou wayward, wandering sheep; and all this will he do for thee, for he says—"I know my sheep, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." *Your Shepherd careth for you.*

This care is *perpetual*; in all the various difficulties, in all the multiplied sorrows, in all the tribulation through which thou shalt pass this year, remember, thou pilgrim to a better land, that he who has borne thy sins carries thy sorrows, and bids thee cast thy care upon him with the promise that he will sustain thee; and never shall a time come when it will cease to be true, "*He careth for you.*"

Blackheath.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEMBERS OF OUR CHURCHES.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,
Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," &c.
MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
—During the year which has past, you have openly professed your faith in, and your oneness with, Jesus, by being "buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Read the whole of the sixth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and carefully ponder over its teaching. In your baptism, you confessed you were sinners, deserving eternal death. You professed to receive, with heartfelt thankfulness, the free, full, unmerited salvation of God in Christ. You declared your willingness to rest confidently on the faithfulness of God, for the fulfilment of his promises, in order to your final perseverance. Pray earnestly that your faith fail not. You have been led by the Holy Spirit to accept of Jesus as your only and all-sufficient Saviour. Ever look to him, and lean on him alone. You have unreservedly given up yourselves to the guidance, teaching, and sanctifying operations of the Holy Spirit. See that you ever keep this in remembrance; and beware lest ye be found leaning to your own understanding. You have not only made an open profession of your faith in Jesus, you have also publicly dedicated yourselves to the service of Christ. You are not your own; you are the Lord's, body, soul, and spirit; therefore, you are bound to glorify and to serve the Lord with all your powers. It must be your constant, earnest, pleading desire to forsake sin for ever, and to cleave to holiness. By your descent into the water, you voluntarily professed to die to sin. By your immersion beneath the water, you said, "I am buried with Christ." By your emersion out of the water, you have declared your deliberate intention, by the help of God, to live and to walk in newness of life. That these professions may be carried out, you must ever be found "looking unto Jesus." It is only as your eyes are constantly directed upward unto God, for help and guidance, you will be enabled to act out the pur-

poses of your consecration unto your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

You are now united to the fellowship of Christ's Church, and expect to enjoy the communion of saints. In order to this, you must ever love your brothers and sisters in Christ, and seek to merit their love in return. Bear in mind, love will always beget love. Strive, to avoid whatever is likely to tend to discord. Desire at all times to act as a peace-maker, for Jesus declares such to be blessed. Shun with abhorrence all feelings of envy, malice, and pride. Individually, by your earnest prayers, good works, and consistent life, aim to promote the happiness and prosperity of that church of which you form a part.

May the remembrance of your consecration to God refresh you through life, preserve you from backsliding, and lead you often, in private before God, to renew your voluntary engagement to be the Lord's for ever. And as you think over your many failures in the past, may you, by God's grace, resolve, with firmer dependence on the Spirit, and less confidence in self, to cleave closer to Jesus. So prays your brother in Christ Jesus,

Glasgow.

T. W. MEDHURST.

YEARLY TALES.

BY THE REV. H. WATTS.

THROUGH the mercy and goodness of God, we have been spared to see the commencement of a new year. The old year, with all its changes, is now lost in the eternity of the past. Now we enter upon another year without knowing what shall befall us. We may not live to see its close, or we may. If we do, we shall again have joys and troubles, losses and gains, triumphs and defeats. We do not expect to be always singing, nor do we fear that we shall be always groaning. We look out for sunshine as well as storm, for day as well as night, and have faith to believe that all things work together for our good. Well, whatever may be our lot, let us, with bared brows, thank God for a new year. It is something to be alive, more still to be healthy in body, and better far to be healthy in soul. For these and ten thousand kindred mercies, let us adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say,

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name."

In the Word of God I find a very remarkable statement—one that has often arrested my attention, and one which, if meditated upon, may positively do us good on the present occasion. It is a passage which has relation to the fleetness of time, and it runs thus:—"We spend our years as a tale that is told," Psalm xc. 9. Is it true? Let us see.

Some of us this past Christmas, perhaps, after partaking of good Christmas fare, sat down by the fireside, and whilst the huge log sent its flame and sparks and smoke up the roaring chimney, we passed away the time by listening to short tales, told us by good-natured narrators, some of them making us merry, and others making us sad. Did you, reader, as you sat by that bright fire, and listened to one of those tales, think that it was a type of human life? The voice that interested you then is not now heard; the tale that pleased you so much, you only half remember; the humorous part, that so tickled your fancy and made you so merry, hardly now calls forth a smile; and the tear dropped at the narration of an affecting incident is lost for ever. The tale is told: and its remembrance only serves to illustrate the nature and brevity of human life. As life speeds, the years seem to become shorter instead of longer; and when the termination of life approaches, the beginning will nearly be forgotten.

How are we spending our years? If we spend our years as a tale that is told, let us take care that our years shall make a good tale. Some tales are good, and some bad; some have a useful tendency, others a corrupt tendency. Among the latter we may class most novels and romances. A good tale is not a story merely that contains stirring incident, humorous narrative, well laid plots, and fine poetry; a good tale will be of such a character as to make us better after reading it than we were before; and if the tale we read has not that tendency, however talented may be the author, it had better be thrown into the waste-paper basket, or cast into the fire. "Good love-stories," as they are called—stories praised to the skies by sentimental young ladies, whose idea of

a good story is embodied in the phrase "love at the beginning, an elopement in the middle, and a marriage at the end"—are not often good, though they are often the types of the lives of their advocates, doubtless. Let us not be represented by such types; rather let us seek grace of God, that our lives may be represented by well-written tales full of solid matter, inculcating good only, shedding a hallowed influence on all around, kindling love in many breasts, and ever tending to make the world nobler, freer, happier. Such lives may be *spent*, but they are never *lost*. They are treasured up in the memories of the great and good when their owners have passed away, seeing that it is written, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

If we spend our years as a tale that is told, let us live as if our tale is to *come to an end*. Reader, as all tales have an end, your tale will be some day brought to a conclusion. You may be planning schemes, plotting, adding scene to scene, but every paragraph brings the end of the tale nearer. The God who said, three thousand years ago, "Return, ye children of men," says "Return, ye children of men" still. The man full of health and vigour and warm blood to-day, shall, by God's mandate, be a cold, lifeless mass of flesh to-morrow. The pestilence shall walk in darkness; fevers shall yearly carry off their thousands; sudden deaths meet men as they walk along the streets; the cold, icy finger of the dark and dreaded enemy touches the hearts alike of the king and the pauper, the old and the young; and so they all pass away as a tale that is told. If you are not prepared for the finishing stroke, you will have to tell your tale in hell; only as you live for Christ will you be prepared at the last to lay down your active pen, at the completion of the closing sentence, with a trembling hand but joyous heart. No life tales close well but those that close with Christ.

To spend this year wisely and well, let us seek, by God's help, to have some *brighter scene written in the story* than we had last year. Reader, if you are unconverted, your worldly glory, your gaudy show, your ribald songs, your boisterous laughter, your ungodly companions, may all look pretty and pleasant

in the tale now, but when the tale comes to be read in the light of God's judgment, they will all look repulsive and awful. These are the bright scenes: those that give a man to see that he is at peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ; those that unveil to him, day by day, the beauty of the Saviour's passion, and the worth of his blood, righteousness, and salvation; those that unfold to him experimentally the power of the Spirit's graces in the human heart and in the daily life, all tending to the subjugation of sin, the exaltation of holiness, the good of man, and the glory of God; those that give him the feeling of constant safety, enabling him to realize that whether waking or sleeping, amid the motley throng or in solitude, living or dying, with him all shall be well. In other words, those that enable him to triumph in the thought that, should his tale be finished at once, he is right for heaven. These are the bright scenes that form the bright tale. With these scenes, it matters not though our years are spent as a tale that is told. Let them, in such a case, roll on faster and faster; while they only bring the sinner nearer to wrath, they bring us nearer to our eternal home—in that home to tell our tale to heaven's wondering hosts, who, with us, will thank God for its beginning, and worship him for its end.

Golcar.

THE NEW YEAR'S HIDDEN GIFTS.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WITH hands full of blessings comes the New Year—holding forth to us much that we can see, keeping back in the hidden recesses of its clasped hands still more. Very pleasant are its visible gifts—new year's wishes and congratulations, the hearty grasp of hands that are warm and true, love-lamps fresh lighted to bear with us through the dark future, and, above all, the unfailing promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

But these are not its hidden gifts. These are what it bears on its surface when first it is ushered into our presence. Very pleasant and precious are they all—love-tokens from our Father in heaven, who cares for us and our hap-

piness, and will have us singing songs of gratitude and trust to him.

And the New Year's hidden gifts are as good as those which it brings openly. And as, one by one, the treasures from its casket are exhibited, we shall see how each one is a blessing in disguise.

That is one—that loss in the coming month, which as yet you know nothing of. Fearing no diminution of earthly good, you are stepping gladly over the threshold separating one time from another. But the new year has a hidden gift for which you will not eagerly open your hand. Care, anxiety, and tribulation, instead of prosperity and ease! Not a pleasant change—but a blessed one, or it would not be made.

That sickness, which shall take the bloom from your cheek, and the sparkle from your eye, is another of the new year's hidden gifts. And it comes straight from a Father's loving hand—a hand that cannot err. You would rather not have it, you shrink back from the prospect; but it is a blessing, nevertheless.

That bereavement!—but here our hearts cannot help crying out, Anything but that, O Lord! Let not that be one of the new year's hidden gifts. Well, again may we shelter ourselves under the Almighty love of our Father. He will send us no sorrow that is not absolutely necessary, and that does not bring a blessing in its wake.

Altogether unlooked for and unexpected may be the new year's hidden gifts, and of a very variegated character. Some which, if we knew of, would fill our hearts with joyous expectation; some which would overcloud the new year with fear and misgiving. How grateful should we be that the future is thus hidden from us: how resolutely trustful of the unfailling kindness of our Friend.

Gladly and fearlessly may we go forth to greet the new year, knowing that it is but a messenger of love. Our language should be, "Choose Thou for us, only prepare us for whatever Thou hast prepared for us."

THE LORD'S REMNANT.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF
CHELTENHAM.

In the worst of times the Lord has preserved a remnant, and has had a people

for his praise. He has never been without a seed to serve him, and a generation to call him blessed. When the ten tribes were carried away into captivity, and the cup of Judah's iniquity was full, the prophet came forth to testify that the end was come, and to proclaim the most terrible and sweeping judgments; yet then, even then, he adds, "*But they that escape of them shall escape, and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning, every one for his iniquities,*" Ezek. vii. 16. Just so it is now, the Lord has his mourners, his witnesses, and such as think upon his name.

THE REMNANT. The Lord's people have generally been represented by a remnant, which is but a part of the piece, and generally a small part—a portion cut off, or left, when the rest has been disposed of. So the Lord has always spared some, and there have always been "a remnant, according to the election of grace." They shall escape the desolating and destroying judgment, the common ruin into which the multitudes sink, the due desert of their sins. They escape by God's great mercy, not on account of anything in them, but because the Lord has a favour towards them. God's mercy to them is manifested through the interference of Jesus, who has engaged to do all that is necessary to secure God's honour in allowing them to escape. The interference of Jesus secures for them the teaching and guidance of the Holy Spirit, who leads them to the cross, and guides them to a place of refuge. The operation of the Holy Spirit awakens prayer in their hearts, and produces faith in Jesus; and crying to God from a sense of danger, and exercising confidence in the Saviour, they escape, not only from a deserved hell, but from all penal evils pronounced against sinners. They escape, and escape completely, thoroughly—they are delivered, and delivered eternally—as the prophet said, "*They that escape of them shall escape.*"

THEIR CONDITION. They shall be on the mountains; having fled from their natural homes in the towns and villages, they shall betake themselves to the caves and dens of the mountains. It indicates that their circumstances may be dreary, cheerless, and lonely. So many of those who escape from the,

wrath to come, in consequence of their ignorance of Gospel privileges, the working of unbelief in their hearts, a want of suitable ordinances and means of grace, the fierce temptations of Satan, and being destitute of the society of truly spiritual persons, are in a lonely, cheerless, and uncomfortable condition, like the dwellers on the mountains. "They shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys." The dove is naturally timid, gentle, and defenceless, and leaves its pleasant grove in the valleys where it had built its nest, being startled and alarmed, and betakes itself to the mountain's side. So the Lord's people are induced to withdraw from the pleasures, amusements, and associations of the world, to seek in silence and in solitude the peace and comfort which they need. "All of them mourning, every one for his iniquity." Sin and mourning are inseparably connected—he who sins, must sooner or later mourn. The Lord's people, like doves, are naturally mournful, and they have so much to mourn over. They mourn for iniquity, for the fault, charging it upon themselves, making no excuse for it, nor endeavouring to palliate it. They mourn also for the effects of sin, especially, because it dishonours God—God to whom they are laid under such deep obligations, from whom they have received so many mercies, and to whom they owe so much love. Also, because it grieves the Holy Spirit; that blessed Comforter, who quickened them when dead, and lightened them when dull, led them to Jesus, spoke peace to their souls, and took up his residence in their hearts. Also, because it interrupts fellowship and communion with the Father and the Son, and so prayer sinks into a mere duty, and the closet becomes a tiresome place, and the ordinances of the Gospel are like dry wells. So also it burdens the conscience, disturbs the peace of the mind, and fills the soul with confusion and distress. It gives power to Satan to accuse and torment us, and opens the mouth of enemies to speak against God and his cause. On these and many more accounts they mourn, every one for his iniquities.

Am I one of the Lord's doves? Am I characterized by meekness, gentleness, and love? Am I one of those who mourn

for my iniquities, sitting alone, dropping the wing, and pouring out my plaintive cries to the Lord? Do I mourn heartily, ingeniously, and frequently, on account of my departures from the Lord? There is no escaping from endless mourning, without godly sorrow for sin; they who laugh now shall weep, especially if they laugh at sin; but they who mourn now shall be comforted, if they mourn for their iniquities. Better be a mourning dove, though despised, than a prating parrot, though admired. Too many professors are like parrots with a gay plumage—they learn to repeat the sayings of the godly. They say many gracious things, but without grace; they mimic the true Christian, but have no experience of Divine things within them. They know nothing of a broken heart for sin, or of secret mourning before God, on account of secret sins, or the hidden evils of the heart. Of doctrines they can talk, and for ordinances they can contend, but they do not perceive or realize that "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The tears we shed for sin, out of love to holiness and God, sparkle like gems in the eyes of the Lord.

SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

OUR periodicals of late have contained affecting accounts of storms, which have occasioned wrecks and ruin, both by land and by sea; and our sympathies have been excited towards the sufferers of this temporal destruction; but, as Christians, how much more intense should be our sympathies for the millions around us exposed to storms which endanger their everlasting perdition! For thus saith the Scripture, "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, and fire, and brimstone, and an horrible tempest," Psalm xi. 6. But it is also written, "A man shall be a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," Isaiah xxxii. 2.

This article, therefore, is designed to direct our readers to the only safe shelter from the storms of life.

And, first of all, to direct you to Christ, as the only shelter from the curse of the law.

You will admit, surely, that you are a sinner, and "sin is the transgression of the law," the voice of which proclaims, as in notes of thunder, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them!" And that none may vainly hope to escape that curse, it is also written, "Whosoever offendeth in one point, he is guilty of all." Whatever, then, may be your character among your fellow-men—whatever your self-estimation—the curse of God's broken law hangs like a surcharged thunder-cloud over your devoted head, warning you to flee from "the wrath to come." And, be it remembered, there is no shelter from this impending storm but in the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. If, therefore, you would escape you must flee for your life—leave both your sins and your righteousness behind—abandon all your refuges of lies, and cast yourself at the foot of the cross, where blood cleanseth from all sin.

This same precious Saviour is also a shelter from the *storm of temptation*.

Even to the believer, who has happily "fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the Gospel," the wilderness of this world will be found a stormy region. Satan is a powerful, subtle, unrelenting adversary; sometimes transforming himself into an angel of light, with the cunning of a serpent, he will lay in wait to deceive; at other times, like a roaring lion, he will seek to devour. Be not surprised, then, if you, as an awakened sinner, are fleeing to the cross of Christ, that he should throw you down and tear you as he did the poor demoniae when he was going to Jesus to be healed.

"For Satan trembles when he sees
The feeblest saint upon his knees."

The temptation may be in the form of scepticism, of self-righteousness, of unbelief, and even of blaspheming despair. "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape." Christian reader, "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." And be sure you do not give Satan occasion to harass you, by indulging in any known sin of the heart, of the temper, of the lip, or the life; for,

as one has truly said, "The haft of Satan's hatchet is commonly made of the Christian's own wood." He first tempts to sin, and then for sin. But in every temptation your safety will be in flight. We say unto you as the angel said unto Lot, "Escape for thy life;" for what Zoar was to Lot, that is Christ to the tempted believer, seeing "we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; but was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin." O, blessed shelter from the storm! And is it open? Yes. And may we enter? Yes, for "yet there is room;" Jesus himself invites us.

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same."

With equal confidence also may Christ be regarded as a shelter from the *storms of affliction and trouble*. It is his voice we hear when the waves roll high, and the tempests roar, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous," personal and relative. We are too prone to seek our rest here, and to say, when all is smooth and downy, "This is my nest, and I shall die in it." But, to arouse us from our carnal security, God either puts a thorn in the nest or permits a storm to scatter it to the winds. We may greatly prefer to lie down in the green pastures and to be led by the still waters; but our way often lies through the thorny road, and the troublous sea.

"So rough and ragged is the way
To some poor pilgrims' feet;
In all they say, or think, or do,
They opposition meet."

But this will endear Christ to us the more as our "hiding-place from the storm and our covert from the tempest." "His name is a strong tower, into which the righteous run and are safe."

There is, however, another cheering thought—that he whose sympathy extends to every member of his mystical body will be our shelter from the *storm of death*, and hush that storm into a calm. The writer has known many during his long pastorate who have been "all their lifetime in bondage for fear of death," yet, when the last great change has come, they have been conducted peacefully and even joyfully through the

valley they so much dreaded. One poor, nervous, trembling pilgrim he knew, who, although a sincere, humble, and gracious soul, always feared the swellings of Jordan, but when the time drew nigh that she was to pass over, her son was reading to her one of her favourite hymns—

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,”

and she exclaimed, “*Stop, Thomas, you must not read it so; they are not stormy banks now—they are green and beautiful!*” and then, with a peaceful smile, she passed through the waters she had so much dreaded, and landed safe on Canaan’s shore, where

“Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.”

The universe does not present a spectacle of greater moral sublimity than the death of a believer. He has made Christ his hiding-place, and he is safe. His frail bark may long have been tossed with tempest on the ocean of life, but now the rough winds have obeyed the voice which said, “Peace, be still,” and there is a sweet calm which nothing can disturb, while a gentle gale wafts him to the desired haven.

How different the death of an impenitent, unconverted sinner unless physically or mentally stupified! To such the very mention of dying is intolerable, and every device is tried to banish the thought of the coming storm; but the thunders of the Almighty must be heard, and where then will the Christless sinner flee? Convictions stifled, Sabbaths profaned, warnings unheeded, counsels despised will all be vividly remembered in that last hour.

Many such fearful scenes has the writer witnessed. One was that of a person who had been a Sunday-scholar, and afterwards a hearer of the Gospel, but not a doer, “a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God.” At length she was laid upon her death-bed, and the minister she had so often heard was sent for, and never will he forget that visit. No sooner had he entered the dying chamber than, fastening her eyes upon him with a fierceness of agony that was terrible to look upon, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, as with the shriek of a demoniac, “*O! those sermons! O! those sermons! Would to*

God I never had heard them! They will rise up in judgment against me!”

All attempts to calm that storm were ineffectual; prayer was offered, Christ was spoken of as “a covert from the tempest,” but crying again with increased vehemence, “O those sermons!” she fell back and expired. Never before had that minister witnessed so affecting and heartrending an illustration of a rejected Gospel being “the savour of death unto death.”

Reader, if thou hast trifled with the voice of God as heard in providence in thy conscience, and in the ministry of the Word, take a warning ere it be too late, and you also be given up to the hardness of your heart.

Christian friends, heed not the storms of life; they will soon be past, and you will stand on the crystal sea, beneath a cloudless sky; you will ere long reach the “city of refuge,” and be safe for ever. No foe will ever scale its jasper walls, or force its pearly gates. The arch-enemy will never molest the worshippers in that eternal temple. “The Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day ye shall see them again no more for ever.” And as the Israelites sang their song of triumph, so much more will the ransomed of the Lord have occasion to shout of victory through the blood of the Lamb.

“Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed,
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.”

Bury St. Edmunds.

BORROWED BUT BEAUTIFUL.

BY THE REV. J. TRALL.

“Who is she that looketh forth—fair as the moon?”—Sol. Song vi., 10.

MILTON supposed Adam to have begun his morning hymn in these strains:—

“These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous
then,
Unspeakable!”

Listen to the poetic effusions of Dr. Young’s gigantic intellect, all but contemporary with the author of “Paradise Lost:”—

“How is Night’s sable mantle labour’d o’er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
The conscious Moon, thro’ every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall,
On Contemplation’s eye, her purging ray.”

Having been recently invited, by another section of the one Church, to take part in services connected with the re-opening of a sanctuary set apart to the worship of the Triune Jehovah, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded to manifest fraternal sympathy and esteem. The solemn engagements of the day over, and the shrill whistle of the railway engine reminding me that I had arrived at the station the most convenient for my purpose, I left the carriage, gave up my ticket, spoke a kind word to the ticket-collector, and then made up my mind richly to enjoy all the quiet of a secluded walk to my suburban home. High in the firmament shone fully the silvery moon—"the Governess of floods," "the Queen of heaven"—pouring out, with becalmed beauty, her softened rays, thus cheering the heart of the solitary traveller. How beautiful, thought I—how beautiful, even as seen in our English sky, is this glorious luminary! Can it possibly be *more* beautiful as beheld in the tropics? Do I read the truth in the following assertion? "In the Eastern parts of the world, where the atmosphere is pure and transparent, and the heavens as bright as they are glowing—in these countries the moon is of exceeding beauty. If the sun 'rules the day,' the moon has the throne of night, which, if less gorgeous than that of the sun, is more attractive, because of a less oppressively brilliant light, while her retinue of surrounding stars seems to give a sort of truth to her regal state, and certainly adds not inconsiderably to her beauty." Now, of course, this witness is true. Well, then, may Inspiration refer us to so noble an object as descriptive of the Church of the Living God. My mind pursued this course of reflection, while I could not divest myself of the conviction that, indeed, the Church is "fair as the moon." Three or four thoughts engrossed my attention as I pursued my homeward way—thoughts from which, I trust, the readers of our MESSENGER will gather both instruction and comfort. So may it be.

My first thought was this: "The Church is 'fair as the moon,' inasmuch as, at present, *she only reflects the light which she derives from the Saviour.* The moon, in itself, is not a light body. No;

it merely derives brilliancy by means of light *borrowed of, or drawn from,* the sun. Thus, that light so drawn she reflects, and, in this way, becomes a body diffusing light around, and cheering the otherwise gloomy path of the benighted traveller. Beautiful, but borrowed. Well, now, beloved, compare this with the Church. Let such an idea be considered in connection with the people of God; and, while that Church will appear "fair" she will be so only as the moon is fair, that is, as reflecting light drawn from another quarter. True, in reviewing the Saviour's redeemed people, we discover among them many eminent and distinguished believers. We are arrested by, here and there, a star of the first magnitude. We notice Joseph, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, all of whom were pre-eminent in their day. They were "burning and shining lights," emitting borrowed rays, and thus blessing those around them. Yes, brethren, and precisely such have been many honoured individuals who have succeeded the worthies now mentioned. The Church is a kind of centre to which the great and good of all ages have been gathered, and yet, let the numbers of such devoted Christians be as large as they may, not one of them has possessed a particle of light of his own. No; all that they have enjoyed they have drawn from another. Man, by nature, is not light, and holy, and heavenly in himself. It is only just in proportion as he partakes of the Spirit of the Saviour that he shines forth, and reflects the glory of the Divine image. Ah, just this these worthies tell us themselves! Hear Paul—"But we all, with open face, beholding as in glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." All self-boasting is excluded. "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" "For by the grace of God, I am what I am." What a grateful acknowledgment of borrowed illumination!

"He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day."

My second thought was this:—The Church is "fair as the moon" is fair,

inasmuch as she is liable to occasional darkness and eclipse. Should any object come between the moon and the sun, the sun's rays are then kept back, and the moon, in consequence, becomes dark and eclipsed. Moreover, it matters not how complete may have been the appearance of the moon previously, let an object intervene, and at once there is an eclipse. Yes, and mark you, my reader, *this always happens at full moon!* Now, brethren, what a striking representation of the Church is this! Ah, alas! we are all of us subject to spiritual change and declension, and this happens when we become eclipsed. Is it so now? My reader, art thou eclipsed? Art thou walking in darkness, and having no light? Are you not rich in Christian experience, as you used to be? Do you say, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness?"

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

Is it so? and is your wonder excited as to how the sad change has been brought about? How is it that the name of Jesus, once all loveliness and attraction, is now less charming? that you do not sigh, as you formerly did, for greater conformity to his image—for the time when you shall be near him and like him? Alas! is all changed, and are you searching for the cause of this spiritual gloom and obscurity? O beloved! this difficulty is easily solved. You had forgotten that, for the present, you were only "fair as the moon" is fair. You emitted rays borrowed from his glory, and, being careless of retaining his smiles and brilliancy, having allowed something to come in between your soul and your Saviour, you are eclipsed. You "walk in darkness, and have no light." And, beloved, this will always be the case with us if we cease to be watchful and diligent. If secret closet devotion be passed by, if the Sabbath be neglected, and the sanctuary overlooked; if business, pleasure, possessions, friends, nay, more, children, grandchildren, even if these come in the way, O the eclipse! "Lovest thou me more than these?" Mark the comparison, "*More than these?*" "Hard work," says my reader. Yes, and

the brilliant maintenance of a cloudless Christian course is hard work. Poor Peter, see him there; he warms himself by the fire. Ah! he had need to—he is cold in more respects than one; he is "afar off" from the Sun of righteousness. The fear of man has caused an eclipse. Ah! indeed, and it is well-nigh, if not completely, total. The rays of the Sun do not shine upon him as they used to do. Fear and presumption intervene, and now, as the eye of faith fails to see the Saviour, denying him is a very easy matter. A soul spiritually eclipsed! May sovereign grace preserve us from so terrible a calamity! Dear Newton seems once to have felt it. Hear him:—

"Dark, like the moon without the sun,
I mourn thy absence, Lord,
For light or comfort I have none
But what thy beams afford."

But lo! the hour draws near apace
When changes shall be o'er;
Then shall I see thee face to face,
And be eclipsed no more."

Well, follow me, my reader, for, as I continued my evening ramble, my third thought was this—The Church is "fair as the moon" is fair, inasmuch as although sometimes dark and eclipsed, *there shall certainly be a return of light, brilliancy, splendour.* The eclipse of the moon is not its extinction; darkening it is not putting it out. No. So, far from this, astronomy teaches us that a total eclipse of the moon can never continue more than fifteen minutes. After this the marvellous revolutions of the heavenly bodies shall cause the removal of the intervening object; the rays of the sun will again diffuse their effulgence, and "the mistress of the night" shall emerge from her obscurity apparently all the more beautiful for her constrained seclusion. Ah, how exactly true of the Church collectively, how true, also, of the individual believer! The history of God's saints reminds us of some dark ages. Her horizon has been frequently beclouded. A desponding prophet once exclaimed, "I only am left alone, and they seek my life." We cannot forget the trials and persecutions endured by the apostles and martyrs. We have read of the dark and cloudy days of the sixteenth century—a time when Popery with giant strides, threatened the extinction of God's Church and cause. Then there was an eclipse. A momen-

tary concealment of glory. But it passed away. Luther was raised up, to stem, by his eloquence and fortitude, the otherwise overwhelming current, and God, in him, graciously appeared. Yes! and just thus it ever has been, it ever shall be, or the very name of Christianity would be blotted out. The eclipse shall give way to renewed, if not increased, magnificence. So, too, beloved, in the case of *individual believers*. With some of these there has been eclipse. For a time God has withdrawn the light of his countenance, and sad effects have followed. Still, we may expect his promised return. He tells us this—"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." My brother! dost thou mourn his absence? Cry mightily, "O Lord, return for thy servants' sake, the tribes of thine inheritance," and "return" he shall. Ah, happy Peter! So here again we meet with thee! Why, man, what aileth thee? Whence thy confidence, thy "boldness"? Surely, thou hast been warmed by other fire than that which blazed in the palace of the high priest! Yes, truly! The darkness has gone off. The eclipse has passed away. Glorious beams from the Sun of Righteousness again shine upon him, ay, and they outshine all beside; and now hearken to the mandate from yon judicial bench. The "rulers" say, "Peter and John, you can go; but we command you not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus." Yes, just so. Why do not these "rulers" say, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon"? For *them* the one demand is about as reasonable as the other. One parting word for you, gentlemen, from Peter: "Peter answered and said, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Glorious assertion! No eclipse now. "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." My God, to thee I pray—

"O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more."

By these reflections I was reminded, lastly, of a fact stated by astronomers, which is this:—To whatever changes the moon may be liable, as seen from the sun, she always appears full. And is it not so with the Church? Who is it that calls her "a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing"? "Thou art beautiful, O my love! as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem." "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." "The Lord thy God is mighty; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing." As seen from the sun—*always full*. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Blessed Jesus! and dost thou thus look upon me? Then, surely, thou dost behold me with very different eyes from those with which I behold myself. I am but too conscious of infirmity and defilement—"I am black." Yes, and if I can add "comely," it is because *thou* dost say, "Thy renown was perfect through my comeliness, which I have put upon thee, saith the Lord God." Well, this shall satisfy. Thou dost look upon me with eyes of affection that can discover neither fault nor deficiency, and while I *dare* not presume, I *will* not despair. No; rather I will follow on in my heavenly course, till, as on eagle pinions, I soar right away to my central Sun, singing, as I approach my celestial home,—

"Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
I will behold no spot in thee!
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms." |

Woolwich.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

BY THE REV. G. COBB.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—John xiii. 7.

It is no small consolation for us to know that "our God ruleth in the heavens," and "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." But it is especially precious to remember that, as his children, our Father seeks our good in all he does: that his power and wisdom combine to make "all things work together for good to those who love him, and are the called according to his purpose." Thus we rejoice that while a general Providence rules the world, a special

Providence watches over the heirs of God. We cannot grasp this consoling truth too tightly; it will often irradiate the dark pathway with heavenly light; fire our souls with holy courage and vigour, when otherwise, under the weight of our trials, we should tire and faint. Full often it will reflect the cheering rainbow on the dark cloud, and enable us with confidence to sing,—

“With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.”

This, however, is often a matter for faith rather than reason. If we allowed our conclusions to be drawn from appearances, we should often, like dear old Jacob, err, and say, “All these things are against me.” We need to watch against that hasty spirit that would judge his wise designs while yet they are but imperfectly developed; rather let us patiently wait, knowing—

“His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.”

May we never dare to try his deep designs by our shallow thoughts, but ever remember that, “as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.” When the winds of Providence are contrary, and our thoughts, like the troubled waves, are agitated, let this gentle rebuke, administered to Peter, come to our timely aid, checking our impetuosity and calming our fears, with “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

There are some special seasons when it will be well for us to cast the anchor of our faith on this rock of eternal truth, that we may safely outride the storm.

1. *When his providence appears inconsistent with his love.* We say appear, for every trying providence is but the wise ordination of his love, the full ripe fruit of his love, yea, “every dark and bending line meets in the centre of his love.” Unbelief has often suggested that our poverty was opposed to this truth. How many of God’s people—the aristocracy of heaven—have been poor. It is still generally true, that “God has chosen the poor of this world” to be “rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom.” Some of the choicest of the plants of paradise have, for a time, bloomed in this desolate waste; like the apostle who suffered both hunger and nakedness, they are

called to tread this trying way. Let such remember, it is no dishonour, though often very painful, to be poor. Let the fact of Jesus having left his foot-prints in this valley of humiliation gladden their hearts, and enable them to rejoice that, even in this respect, they are assimilated to their Divine Lord, “who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor.” Hereby the glory of our God is promoted. Our poverty makes way for a brighter display of his paternal love and faithful care; it leaves a margin in which we may often record, “Answers to prayer.” All is well, then. Let us believe it now, waiting for the blessed hereafter to reveal the rest. *Afflictions*, at first sight, may also appear to argue against his love. How often this has been, and still is proved, “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” How frequently have we seen the gold cast into the melting fire, while the heavenly refiner has carefully watched the process, till his own image was reflected in the molten metal, and all around bore witness to the purifying effect of the flame. How often have we, in visiting such upon their beds of pain and sickness, sat with delight at their feet to listen to their testimony of his compassion, who, like as a father pitieth his children, pitieth those who fear him. We almost envied them their sorrows for the sake of their joys; fully according with their declaration, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” Thus the dark cloud is tinged with a silver lining. If, in passing through such an ordeal, we may be unable to perceive the object he has in view, or the blessing resulting from these dispensations, let us patiently wait, singing,

“When I know not what thou doest,
I’ll wait the light above.”

So also we may have often thought *bereavements* to be irreconcilable with his love. Who has not been called to weep over the loss of those in whom the pleasures and joys of life were bound up? Who has not at such a time felt the dark, rebellious thought, the wicked insinuation, “If he loves me, why these sorrows?” But it was only for a moment that sense obscured the vision of faith; speedily our souls regained their calm dignity; we rejoiced in the friendship of him, who never dies. True the storm

had torn up a goodly cedar, and for a moment our tears fell on the withering leaves; but soon every tear was dried, every murmur hushed, and we found all this tearing and rending had but made way for the cheering beams of the sun of our souls. We bowed our heads in meek submission, saying, "The will of the Lord be done;" and when frequently the wound has begun to bleed afresh, this has been as the oil and wine of healing. My Father has done it—his object is my good; it is mysterious, but "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain."

So again as to the *everyday ills of life*. We might have supposed, in our ignorance, that every pricking thorn, every poisonous weed, every rough stone, would have been removed from the pathway of the saints; instead of this, as we find daily, "many are the afflictions of the righteous." How prone we are to think Divine love defective, and to murmur at our lot. But let this reconcile us to all the daily ills of life—they come not to us as to other men, but are the full ripe fruits of an unerring purpose. Patience, my soul, soon

"We shall see and know
All we desired or wished below."

2. This assurance may cheer our souls, *when his providence appears to be contrary to his Word*. These can never but strictly agree, his ways and his Word; the one is the revelation of his will, the other the execution of it; and the most bending line does not deviate in the least degree from the straight course of his wise design; yet he may test our faith in his promise by permitting his providence, to all human vision, to forbid its accomplishment. Thus it was with the Father of the faithful, when he received the mysterious command to offer up his darling Isaac, the promised son, as a burnt sacrifice, which appeared alike opposed to reason and revelation. And as in his case, so in ours, the faith that takes God at his word, and holds him to it, and under such circumstances trusts and obeys, shall never be disappointed, but rewarded with new revelations and additional promises. Thus it was with Israel before Pihahiroth; the command was to "Go forward." Why did not his providence forbid? Well, to reason apparently it did, not to faith; for as they

moved the sea made way, and the waves of difficulty became walls of security. So whenever his providence comes in contact with his word of promise or command, let us confidently trust, and implicitly obey, yielding not one iota to our unbelieving fears; for though all be inexplicable now, we shall know hereafter.

3. Then again, how mysterious are the ways of Providence *when they appear subversive of his glory*. His glory is the main object in all he does, whether in creation, redemption, or providence; and it is a matter as firmly settled in our faith as the throne of God, that every event shall be brought under tribute to his glory; yet, to the eye of sense, it often appears far otherwise. How consoling, then, is this assurance at such a time! These thoughts have been suggested to our minds, *when the Lord has removed an honoured servant in the midst of his usefulness*. He had, perhaps, from his youth up, ardently desired to be eminently successful. Many and fervent were his petitions for this favour; weary and painful were his studies for this object; sparkling and brilliant were the gifts with which he was endowed: rich and savoury were the unctions of the Holy One resting upon his heart: yea, the blessing had already begun to descend copiously, exciting large expectations of long-continued success in the hearts of all around, when on a sudden, while we are gazing on, lo! his sun goes down while it is yet day: this goodly plant of the Lord's planting withers before our eyes, while yet it stands covered with the blossoms of promising fruitfulness. Thus our hopes are blighted, our expectations cut off, and God's glory apparently subverted: our souls are made to feel afresh that there is but one arm upon which we can securely lean—but one heart upon which we can count with unwavering confidence—but one changeless Friend who "ever lives;" and we rejoice in him anon as the great Head of the Church, the Shepherd of his chosen flock. The lesson was deeply needed. Unconsciously, it may be, we had been looking upon the servant as only the Master should be viewed. While favoured to read the record of his grace, as written in the hearts of saints and sinners around, it was the pen, rather

than the hand that used it, that received our homage.

Then, again, it is so *when Satan is allowed to hinder the advancement of Christ's kingdom in any locality*, though he cannot overturn the sovereign purpose, hinder the gracious design, or prevent its final triumph. Let us never fail to regard him as a chained foe; never lose sight of the hand that grasps alike his chain and earth's sceptre. The light of heaven shall reveal that, far from his kingdom having been retarded, or his glory subverted, the enemy had unwittingly advanced effectually the one and promoted largely the other.

How frequently, too, *our efforts and designs for the promotion of his glory are frustrated*. We trust we are actuated by this motive in all we do. We lay out our plans, we devise our schemes, yea, we already anticipate their success; when anon, he who never errs lays us aside by affliction, and we sigh over our "schemes overturned and projects crossed." But all this may more successfully promote his glory. We must feel our weakness, see our defects, and lament our failings; thus self is mortified, pride is abased, and his glory advanced more than it could have been by our active service.

His glory appears to us to be beclouded also *when he permits the feet of enemies to trample our characters in the mire*. We had prayed and desired to shine as lights in the world—to keep our garments unspotted from the world, that all might see we were not of the world; when alas! some evil report has enshrouded our characters in darkness and our souls in gloom; the pure white garments of practical holiness are soiled by base aspersions, and the tongue of slander proclaims us one with the enemies of the Lord. These things sorely distress the soul. At other times we, like Samson, have been strong in the Lord, when we have taken up some mighty cross and borne it hence; but now our courage and strength appear alike fled, and prostrate in weakness we sigh unto the Lord with one of old, "What wilt thou do unto thy great name?" Unbelief asks, could not this have been prevented? Doubtless; then how mysterious! Ah, but there comes an hour when the secrets of all hearts shall be proclaimed; there

is a throne upon which the Searcher of all hearts shall sit, and before which his enemies and friends shall stand face to face; then, before an assembled universe, he shall wipe off every aspersion, silence every slanderous tongue, justify his despised servants, own them as those who suffered for his sake, and declare that in them he is well pleased and abundantly glorified. If it should ever be our lot to be thus tried, let the words of James calm our souls—"Be patient, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord;" let the assurance of Jesus be our solace and stay, "Thou shalt know hereafter." May the consideration of these things check our murmurings. Let us view them in the light of eternity, and by faith commence the song they will then inspire. Soon we shall cordially acquiesce in all, for every bending line will be seen to run parallel with our eternal bliss. All our powers shall unite to praise him "who hath done all things well." In the darkest seasons, let us "trust and not be afraid," calling in to the aid of our faith this word of consolation from the lips of Jesus, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Framsden, Suffolk.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JAMES CUBITT.

THE subject of this memoir was born at Neatishead, Norfolk, in the year 1808. He was blessed with eminently pious parents, who early taught him the way of peace. His father died when he was only six years of age, and this event appears to have made a deep impression on his mind, and is frequently referred to in his journal of after years. Of the closing scene of that father's life he retained the most vivid recollection until his last day, and frequently referred to it. He invariably spoke of him and of his mother in terms of the greatest affection, and joyfully anticipated meeting them in the heavenly world.

At the age of about fourteen he removed to Norwich, and there took an active part in the Sabbath-school, in his turn delivering lectures to the children, and also occasionally preaching in a destitute village near. The latter engagement, however, he soon relinquished, feeling that, not being a member of a

church, he was acting inconsistently. In the year 1828 he was baptized, and united himself with the church under the care of Mr. Prentis, and in 1829 was accepted as a student of Stepney College. It was then a rule of the college to place the junior students for a few months with some minister, for preparatory instruction; and, consequently, he, with three others (Messrs. Brock, Middleditch, and Griffiths), were sent to the Rev. W. Hawkins, pastor of the church in Agard-street, Derby.

He derived great pleasure and profit from Mr. Hawkins' instructions, and from intercourse with the members of his church. Here also the students were much engaged in preaching, both in Derby and in the surrounding towns and villages. At the close of six months he left Derby, with much regret, and entered upon his studies at Stepney, but his health failing, he was again permitted to retire to Derby, where he spent the greater part of his college course. He always referred to his residence in that place as one of the happiest parts of his life, and his labours there and in the neighbourhood were owned by the Lord in the conversion of many souls. The last few months of his college course were passed at Stepney, and during that time he frequently supplied at New Park-street, as Dr. Rippon was then far advanced in years, and incapable of preaching much.

In the early part of the year 1834, he accepted an invitation from the church at Ilford, Essex, to become their pastor, in which place he laboured with considerable success for about three years, when the active part he was compelled to take against erroneous doctrines and practices in the church made it desirable that he should seek another sphere of labour. Some friends at Stratford-on-Avon being at that time anxious to raise a Baptist cause in that town, united themselves in Christian fellowship, and requested him to become their pastor, to which request he acceded, and removed there in January, 1837.

Here he preached much in the open air in the neighbouring villages, which were very destitute of Gospel ministry; but his exertions proved too much for his health, and after remaining there for about four years, he was obliged, for a

time, to give up preaching, and consequently lived for twelve months in London without any stated engagement. At the end of that time, he received a unanimous invitation from the church at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, which he accepted, and entered on his labours there in August, 1841. He continued in this sphere until the autumn of 1848, when he removed to London, and after remaining there a few months, took charge of the church at Thrapston, Northamptonshire, where he laboured for twelve years, a period which was marked by much peace and happiness in the church, and by the conversion of many souls to the Lord.

In July, 1861, thinking that a change might be beneficial to himself and to the church, he accepted an invitation from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, to become one of the tutors of his college, and removed to London to fulfil that engagement, the duties of which he continued to discharge, with pleasure and profit to himself and others, until the beginning of the present year, when he was so unwell, that the physicians he consulted decided that nothing but entire rest would benefit him. He therefore retired, for a season, as it was thought, but finally, as the Great Head of the Church had ordained, from active life, and sought to recruit his health in visiting friends in different parts of the country. For a time he appeared benefited by rest and change, but disease had gained too great a hold on his naturally feeble frame, and he fell asleep in Jesus on August 5th.

His sufferings for the last six months were at times very great, but were always borne with Christian patience and resignation, he frequently exclaiming, in the midst of excruciating pain, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done."

His love for, and interest in, the college were very great, and he was very anxious, had it pleased the Lord to spare his life, to be engaged in some way in promoting the welfare of the young men connected with it. But he was quite ready to depart and be with Christ. For some time past he had a presentiment that his work was nearly done, and he was waiting for the coming of his Lord. He was always eminently a man of prayer, but for the last few

months of his life his seasons of retirement were increasingly frequent. He walked with God, and enjoyed great peace in his soul.

He was interred, by his own desire, in the graveyard adjoining the Baptist Chapel, Thrapston, the services being conducted by the Rev. Frank White, Minister of Paradise Chapel, Chelsea, and late Senior Student of the Metro-

politan Tabernacle College. Great love and respect for his memory was manifested by the inhabitants of Thrapston and the neighbourhood, of all classes and denominations; and it is hoped that the earnest desire and prayer of their late friend and pastor may be realized, that his death and burial may prove the means of life to many souls.

M. J. C.

Reviews.

The Burning Bush Not Consumed, &c. London: John Gadsby, Bouverie-street.

THIS volume is not a history of God's suffering Church, as we thought when we looked at the title, but a book of Christian casuistry, in which is fully treated the evidences of adoption under a sense of wrath or hardness of heart. No doubt it will help considerably the beclouded and doubting children of God.

The New Sunday-School Hymn Book. Edited by E. HODDER. London: Jackson, Walford, & Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

ONE hundred and thirty-six well-selected hymns, with many original ones, in stiff covers, for twopence. It cannot fail to be widely circulated.

The Child's Book of Praise. Edited by Rev. C. VINCE. H. Barclay, Birmingham; and Virtue & Co., Paternoster-row.

HERE is an excellent collection of really good and suitable hymns for children, and one hundred and thirteen for one penny.

The Book of Christmas Carols. By the same Publishers and at the same price.

EQUALLY worthy of extended circulation.

The Bible Viewed in its relation to the Faculties of the Mind. A Lecture. By the Rev. GILES HUNTER, Loughborough. London: Simpkin and Co.

AN admirable theme, and well discussed and illustrated. It ought to be read by all our young people especially, but it is adapted for universal edification.

Easy Questions on Scripture History. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.

THESE are twopenny books, which are intended to exercise the minds of the young in the form of questions on the wondrous events of Bible history. They seem admirably adapted to serve the end contemplated.

Celestial Paradise. Being the Outline of a Sermon on the Death of Mrs. Kersley. By Mr. JOHN PELLE. London: Creswick Nichols, 30, St. Martin's-lane.

PLAIN, pious, and edifying.

Choose a Master. By T. D. MARSHALL.

Joining the Church. By the same Author.

Ringing the Bells. By G. MARSHALL. London: George Hunt, 32, Duke-street; Powtress & Co.

THESE are graphic and striking tracts, well adapted to insure attention, and to direct the thoughtful and enquiring to Jesus the only Saviour. We trust they will be widely circulated.

Old Jonathan (for November) is fresh and interesting as ever.

The Little Gleaner. Plain and useful.

Baptist Magazine (for December). A number of average good articles.

Gardeners' Weekly Magazine and Horticultural Cabinet (for November). Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq.

REFLECTS with everything that may be expected in such a periodical.

Poetry.

THE NEW YEAR.

"Lo, I am with you always."

Thy word is sure and steadfast, O our God!

We place our hands in thine, and go thy way;

Thou hast been with us every step we trod,

And thou art with us on this New Year's-day;

We cannot see the path that lies before,

But thou wilt stay with us till life is o'er.

This is enough, O God; we need not fear

That aught can harm when thou art by our side,

That any grief that shall molest us here

Shall injure those with whom thou dost abide;

All, all is safe when thou remainest by,

At thy calm presence terror well may fly.

Bless us then, Father, on this New Year's day,
And cheer and comfort us with words like
these;

Throw thy bright smile across our hidden way,
And let us hear thy voice amid the breeze;
Go thou before us every step we take,
And lead us heavenward for the Saviour's sake.

For us and all our loved ones, Lord, we crave
Just this, that thou wilt do as thou hast said,
That thou wilt make us trustful, strong, and
brave,

And lead us through this year, as thou hast led;
So shall we safely go the narrow way,
And read thy blessing on each passing day.

MARIANN FARMINGHAM.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

"Welcome to the new year!"

I thought a Christian sang,

As on the air of midnight

The merry joy-bells rang.

"The old year has departed,

With all its joy and grief,

In life's eventful volume

We turn another leaf.

"Welcome to the new year!
Although I cannot see
The trials and the sorrows
That it may bring to me,
I know that God my Father
In love appoints them all;
His grace will be sufficient,
Whatever may befall.

"Welcome to the new year!
The thought to me is blest,
That I am one year nearer
To my eternal rest.
Lord Jesus, help me ever
To wait, and watch, and pray,
Expecting, Lord, thy coming
To call my soul away.

"Then welcome to the new year
That ne'er shall have an end!
The age of joy eternal
That I with Christ shall spend.
Nor sin nor sorrow enters
That fair abode of bliss,
Where I shall be like Jesus,
And see him as he is!"

Wallingborough.

THEODORA.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

VERNON CHAPEL, BAGNIGGE WELLS-ROAD.—Mr. C. B. Sawday, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting in the above place.

GEORGE-STREET, HULL.—The Rev. John Hiron, late of Brixton-hill, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church worshipping at the above place, and will commence his pastoral duties (D.V.) on the first Sabbath in January.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND.—Under the auspices of the Baptist Irish Society, and in consequence of the unanimous and most cordial invitation of the infant church in Portadown, the Rev. John Douglas, late of the Independent College, Manchester, and not long since baptized by Mr. Carson, of Tubbermore, has undertaken the duties of the pastorate. Mr. Douglas's settlement has already been owned and blessed of the Lord.

MELBOURNE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The oversight of the Baptist church in this place has been accepted by the Rev. H. T. Wardley, until the last few days a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in Worcester, where for twelve years he has laboured, with much wisdom, patience, and success. On Sunday, the 6th Dec., Mr. Wardley preached his farewell sermons at Worcester, and on the Monday evening follow-

ing the handsome sum of 100 guineas was presented to him from his friends in the city generally, as well as those of his own congregation, as a substantial testimony of the respect which he has won to himself from all as a minister of the Gospel, and of the affection which he has inspired in many who have been more intimately acquainted with him. At the same time an elegant service, work-table, &c., were presented to Mrs. Wardley from the ladies of the congregation. Having embraced the doctrine of believers' baptism, the distinctive tenet of the Baptist denomination, Mr. Wardley is, of course, considerably influenced by conscientious reasons in leaving Worcester (much to the regret of all who know him) to take the charge of the Baptist church in this place, where he has every prospect of a happy and honourable career amongst an earnest and a warm-hearted people. Mr. Wardley carries with him the sympathies and good wishes of a sorrowing flock, and we can but hope that he may meet with all the success and happiness his friends anticipate. It is rather singular that the pulpit so lately vacated by Mr. Bailey in favour of infant christening, liturgy, surplice, &c., should be about to be occupied by a gentleman who has just renounced all these for Mr. Bailey's former convictions. Mr. Wardley commences his labours at Melbourne on the first Sunday of the new year.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

CULLINGWORTH.—On Thursday, December 3, 1863, a very interesting service was held in the Baptist chapel, when Mr. A. Spencer was recognized as the pastor. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by two of the deacons—Mr. Binns and Mr. Green; also by Mr. A. Spencer, Revs. W. E. Goodman, of Keighley; H. Dawson, of Bradford; and A. Ashworth, of Bramley. Mr. James Briggs occupied the chair. The addresses were of a sound and practical character. The attendance, considering the weather, was very good. As the funds of the Baptist Missionary Society are somewhat low, a collection was made at the meeting on its behalf.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

CLAY-CROSS, DERBYSHIRE.—A large room was opened for worship at the above place on Sunday, January 4, 1863, by Mr. T. Smelt, Dronefeld. The friends were formed into a church on January 18th, and twelve persons partook of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, administered by Mr. T. Cresswell, of Heanor. Four have been added by baptism. With others previously baptized, our present number is twenty.

OPENING SERVICES.

ISLINGTON.—St. George's Hall, St. George's-terrace, was opened as a preaching-station, in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Lord's-day, November 22. Service will in future be conducted in the morning at 11; evening, half-past 6.

PILLOWENLY ENGLISH BAPTIST CHAPEL, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The above chapel was opened for Divine worship on Sunday, November 15th. The place is commodious, and will comfortably seat 600 persons. On Sunday morning, at six o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held in the chapel; and at seven a numerous congregation had assembled to listen to the first sermon, preached by the pastor, the Rev. Evan Thomas, from Gen. xxviii. 22. At eleven o'clock, half-past two p.m., and six p.m., the Rev. D. Evans, of Dudley, preached. Each of the discourses were delivered with a pathos and earnestness which riveted the attention of the crowded assemblies. On Monday evening the Rev. D. Evans again preached. On Tuesday evening the Rev. J. Williams, of Stow-hill, preached, when the ordinance of baptism was administered to seventeen candidates. On Wednesday evening the Rev. N. Thomas, of Cardiff, preached on the duties of the brethren who were recognized as deacons. On Thursday, the 19th, a monster tea-meeting was held, when not less than 1,200 persons partook of tea; after which a public meeting was held, at which the pastor presided. Prayer was offered by Henry Phillips, Esq. Ad-

dressess were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Thomas (Pontypool), N. Thomas (Cardiff), J. Williams (Newport), E. Roberts (Bethel), T. L. Davies (Maindee), J. Morgan (St. Bride's), and J. Williams (Pontheery), all of whom congratulated the rev. chairman, and wished him God-speed. Sermons were also preached on November 22 by Revs. J. Owen (Liverpool), and W. Spilsbury (Newport). The collections toward the building fund were liberal.

NORTHAMPTON.—The church and congregation here, presided over by the Rev. J. T. Brown, and of which Dr. Ryland was once the pastor, having for a long time required a new place of worship, at length set about its erection, and on Thursday, November 26th, the place was opened. The site is the same as before. The new chapel will comfortably seat 1,100, though its cost was but £4,647. The opening services brought together a large number of persons from the town and neighbourhood, and at each of the services the chapel was crowded to excess. The morning service was commenced by the pastor, who offered a most appropriate prayer. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, of London, from Gal. vi. 6. Before the conclusion of the morning service the pastor offered some remarks as to the position of the building fund. He alluded to the several villages that had aided in subscribing money for the chapel, and mentioned Clipstone, Gulsborough, Long Buckley, Haockleton, Blisworth, Rowde, Bugbrooke, and Milton. His old friends at Nottingham had subscribed upwards of £70, and the manner in which they came forward quite surprised him. He had made some applications by letters to persons at a distance, and he had received prompt and generous responses from all to whom he had written. Dinner was provided, the company consisting chiefly of visitors from the neighbourhood. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Perry, and speeches were made by Mr. Brown, Mr. Landels, and Mr. Mursell, of Leicester. The Rev. J. H. Hinton preached in the evening. The £4,647 to be paid for the erection of the chapel is only a portion of the actual outlay, the purchase of additional ground and the erection of large schoolrooms having consumed some thousands more. The contributions before the day of opening amounted to £4,460, and it is reported that liberal collections were made after each service.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

ISLINGTON.—The Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A. (late of Devonshire-square), will preach on Lord's-days at Barnsbury Hall, Barnsbury-street, Islington, until the erection of Highbury-hill Chapel. Morning, eleven; evening, half-past six.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—The Sunday and day school anniversary will be held on Sunday, Jan. 10.

Sermons will be preached by the Revs. Dr. Burns, W. A. Blake, and J. H. Blake. A public meeting will be held on Monday evening, January 11th, at seven o'clock, George Hanbury, Esq., in the chair. The Revs. Dr. Burns, J. Clifford, C. Marshall, T. D. Marshall, and W. Stott will address the meeting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOROUGH-GREEN.—Interesting services were held in the above place on the afternoon of October 1st, for the purpose of raising funds to build a minister's house. Addresses were delivered by brethren Pells, Jull, Malyan, and Norton. About £50 was contributed.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.—We are requested to state that the Rev. J. E. Cracknell, of Blackheath, has accepted the secretaryship of this society. The institution is much in need of funds. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Cracknell, Lee, Blackheath, S.E.

PARADISE CHAPEL, CHELSEA.—On Wednesday, December 9, a tea and public meeting was held in the above chapel, W. Olney, Esq., in the chair. Addresses were given by the Revs. F. J. Cole, G. D. Evans, and A. G. Brown. The pastor, the Rev. Frank H. White, made some interesting and gratifying statements relative to the new chapel about to be erected, from which it appears that the church has greatly increased since the commencement of Mr. White's pastorate, and that the necessity of a larger building, in a more accessible locality, has for a long time been felt. Such a step, however, seemed impracticable, until Sir Morton and Lady Peto generously offered to secure a piece of ground, and guarantee half the cost of the building, provided the church at Paradise-walk would undertake to collect the remainder. This offer was gratefully accepted, and an admirable site secured in White Lion-street, Lower Sloane-street, adjacent to the New Chelsea Barracks. The chapel is to accommodate 1,000 persons, with school-room, &c., attached. The entire cost is estimated at £3,500, the whole of which, it is hoped, will be raised before the day of opening. Towards the attainment of this object the contributions of Christian friends are earnestly solicited, which will be thankfully received by the pastor, the Rev. Frank H. White, 4, Blomfield-place, Fimlico, S.W. The merits of this effort are abundantly attested by the recommendations of several well-known servants of Christ, of which we would call attention to the following from the Rev. C. Spurgeon:—"My dear friend, Mr. Frank White, has worked hard in that inaccessible place so blunderingly called Paradise-walk; his ministry has been blessed to the conversion of many, but he now sees what I have long seen, the imperative necessity of leaving Paradise and walking elsewhere, an emigration which, I trust, will be for the good of thousands. The church at Paradise-walk is very small, and quite unable to erect a structure such as the denomination requires; but with the help of Christian friends, the task will be accomplished. I shall give Mr. White my most earnest aid, and trust that all lovers of Jesus will do the same. The edifice will be of such a character that I may safely guarantee that no money will be wasted, either in expensive ugliness or trifling ornament." From the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel:—"From my knowledge of the faith and zeal of my Christian brother, Mr. White, I heartily wish him success in his endeavours to build a new chapel, which is very much needed

in the neighbourhood." From the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury:—"The need of the new chapel for which my friend Mr. White is making his application to the Christian Church is urgent. He has my best wishes for success, and any help in my power is at his service."

METROPOLITAN CHAPEL BUILDINGS.—The addition of nearly a thousand people every week to the metropolis is a fact that at once appeals to the energy of every Christian denomination to supply the necessary accommodation for religious worship. In this work the Baptists ought to take their share. Hence we had with pleasure the proposal of Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., to erect four chapels in the suburbs of London. The gratifying success of his efforts at Bloomsbury and Regent's-park may well encourage him in his present proposal. He offers to defray one-half of the cost of the four chapels, provided the Baptist Building Fund will lend the other half on its usual terms—viz., without interest, and repayable by instalments in ten years. We learn that the Baptist Building Fund is quite ready to receive donations for this special purpose. If, therefore, the denomination in London desire to secure these four chapels, contributions must be specially made for the purpose, and we should think that the respected ministers who have given their recommendations to this scheme cannot more effectually assist the cause than by giving a collection in their own chapels to this fund. They would have this satisfaction in thus rendering their aid—to know that the money subscribed would never be diverted from the purposes of chapel-building, as the repayments of the loans made would be ever enabling the society to make fresh loans, and perhaps before long those who now subscribe may be glad to obtain a loan of £500 or £1,000 from this very fund, should they become involved in building a new chapel for themselves. And besides, we notice in the constitution of the society, that every church contributing £10 per annum to its funds is entitled to nominate one representative on the committee, thus securing to the churches themselves the proper control of the fund for the future. We do not think that contributions should be confined to the churches in London; in fact, these new chapels are required for the accommodation of the thousands who are every year coming up from the provinces to London. And, moreover, hitherto the contributions to the Baptist Building Fund have come almost entirely from London, while the funds have been almost as entirely dispensed in the country.

BAPTISMS.

- BALLYMENA, Ireland, Oct. 11—Two; Nov. 1, Two; Dec. 6, One, at the age of 70, by Mr. C. T. Keen.**
- BATH, Widcombe Chapel, Nov. 1—Ten, in the river Avon, by Mr. J. Huntley, in the presence of an immense number of spectators.**
- BECKINGTON, near Bath, Dec. 6—Five, by Mr. Cloake.**
- BEDFORD, Nov. 29—One, by Mr. H. Killen.**
- BOSTON, Lincolnshire, Nov. 29—One, at Salem Chapel, by Mr. J. K. Chappell.**
- BRAMLEY, Yorkshire, Dec. 6—Eight, by Mr. A. Ashworth.**
- BRITON FERRY, Welsh Baptists, Glamorganshire, Dec. 12—Thirteen, by Mr. J. Rowlands. All from the Sunday-school. The church here is**

- in a flourishing condition. Our pastor's labours are much blessed.
- BURSLER**, Stafford, Nov. 29—Eight, by Mr. T. Phillips.
- CASCOE**, near Knighton, Radnorshire, Nov. 1—Two; Nov. 29, Two, by Mr. D. Evans, of Knighton.
- CARDEFF**, Tredegarville Chapel, Oct. 7—One; Dec. 25, Five; Nov. 29, Two, by Mr. Alfred Tiley.
- CAMBRIDGE**.—During the past year Mr. Keed, the pastor, baptized twenty-nine persons.
- CHATTERIS**, Cambs., Nov. 1—Four, in the river, by Mr. E. J. Silverton, minister of Zion Chapel.
- CHELSEA**, Paradise-walk, Nov. 11—Five, by Mr. F. H. White. One had been a Christian for 22 years, knowing the Master's will but doing it not.
- CHUDLEIGH**, Devon, Nov. 1—One, by Mr. Doko.
- COATE**, Oxon, Oct. 15—Eight by Mr. B. Arthur.
- CRADLEY HEATH**, Worcestershire, March 29—Six; Dec. 13, Ten, by Mr. F. W. Brace.
- CULLINGWORTH**, Yorkshire, Nov. 1—One, from the Sabbath-school, by Mr. A. Spencer.
- DEBBY**, Agard-street, Dec. 6—Four, by Mr. J. Baxendall. (By special effort among our people I have increased the number of subscribers to the MESSENGER more than threefold for next year.—J. B.)
- DEVONPORT**, Hope Chapel, Dec. 3—Five, by Mr. T. Horton. Four of the above were scholars, and one a teacher, in the Sabbath-school. Others are seeking admission into the church.
- DRIFFIELD**, Ang. 30—Seven; Nov. 29, Two, by the pastor, Mr. Bowden.
- DUBLIN**, Bolton-street, Dec. 9—Two, by Mr. Charles Morgan, in the Baptist chapel, Lower Abbey-street, kindly lent for the occasion.
- FORTON**, near Gosport, Nov. 8—Eight, by Mr. J. Smedmore. Nine candidates are waiting for next baptism.
- FRANKSDEN**, Suffolk, Dec. 6—Six, by Mr. G. Cobb.
- GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, Nov. 29—Five, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- JAMES' TOWN**, Island of St. Helena, Oct. 4—Five, by Mr. Janssch, the bandmaster. Two corporals and two privates, late St. Helena Regiment. Others are inquiring the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.
- KINGTON**, Herefordshire, Sept. 14—Two; Dec. 3, Five, by Mr. C. W. Smith.
- LANEPORT**, Nov. 29—Fourteen, by our pastor, Mr. E. G. Gange. On Dec. 6th these, with seven others, were received into the church. During the first year of his ministry in this place our pastor has baptized 124, and added by letter 32 others—making a total increase of 156. The good work of the Lord is still going on. There is a large number of inquirers.
- LISVANE**, Glamorganshire, Dec. 6—Thirteen, by Mr. D. Edwards.
- LONDON**, Grafton-street Chapel, Fitzroy-square, Nov. 30—Seven, by Mr. C. Marshall.
- , Orchard-street, Dec. 3—Four; Dec. 10, Three, by Mr. T. D. Marshall.
- , New Park-street, Southwark, Dec. 2—Sixteen, by Mr. W. H. Burton, student in Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.
- , Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate-street, City, Dec. 16—Seven, by Mr. G. Malins, at New Park-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.
- , Vernon Chapel, Bagnidge-wells-road, Dec. 6—Four, by Mr. C. B. Sawday.
- , Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, October—Nine; Nov. 23, Eight, by Mr. J. Harrison. Our correspondent says:—"I circulate among my friends about thirty-two MESSENGERS monthly. Could not others do the same?"
- LONG SUTTON**, Lincolnshire, Feb. 25—Three; April 1, Two; Sept. 23, One; Nov. 11, Two; Dec. 2, Two, by Mr. W. Dyson.
- NEWTON ABBOTT**, Devonshire—In the new chapel, Dec. 20, Two (mother and daughter), by Mr. Whitehead, late of Shotley-bridge.
- PETERCHURCH**, Hereford, Dec. 13—Four, by Mr. D. Sinclair. [Accept thanks for the pastor's pulpit recommendation.—Ed.]
- PILLOWENLLY**, Newport, Monmouthshire, Nov. 17—Seventeen, by Mr. Thomas, in the presence of about 1,000 spectators. The BAPTIST MESSENGER is becoming exceedingly popular in this neighbourhood.
- PRESTON**, Pele-street, Nov. 29—Six, by Mr. Webb.
- ROTHERHITHE**, Midway-place Chapel, Dec. 9—Five, by Mr. J. W. Munns. One making the sixth in one household.
- STAFFORD**, Newport-road, Nov. 22—Two, by Mr. W. H. Cornish. The Lord is greatly blessing the labours of our pastor.
- ST. BRIDE'S**, Monmouthshire, Oct. 25—One; Nov. 22, One, by Mr. J. Morgan.
- THORNTON**, Bedfordshire, Nov. 29—One, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. Her father (a small farmer) has turned her out of doors through her determination to leave the Established Church and be baptized. Mait. x. 35-39.
- TORINGTON**, Devon, Dec. 13—Twelve, by Mr. W. Jeffery. Many are waiting for the next baptism.
- TREFORES**, Pontypridd, Dec. 3—Three, by Mr. E. Morse.
- WANDSWORTH**, Nov. 26—Three, by Mr. Genders, at the new chapel, East-hill.
- WOOLWICH**, Queen-street, Nov. 29—Two, by Mr. Teall.
- WORCESTER**, Dec. 2—Three, by Mr. H. E. Sturmer. These make twelve baptized during the year.

DEATHS.

On October 24, at Hook Norton, Esther Stratford, aged 67. This aged Christian was called by grace in early life. For many years she has borne intense sufferings with great Christian patience, showing plainly the influence which God's grace exerted over her. Never, amidst the greatest suffering, was she heard to speak complainingly; but, on the other hand, thanking God for the few comforts she could enjoy, and grateful for a hope of that heaven to which she is now gone. Her end was perfect peace.

On November 23, at Wern Fawr, Thomas, the only child of Mr. Edward Davies (brother of Dr. Davies, of Haverfordwest College), in the 18th year of his age. He was well-beloved by a large circle of friends, who deeply lament his death. May the God of all grace comfort his sorrowing widowed father.

EPHRAIM.

BY REV. C. H. SPUEGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Ephraim also is like a silly dove without heart."—Hosea vii. 11.

THE race of Ephraim is not extinct. Men are to this day very much like they were in the days of the prophets. The same rebukes are still suitable, as well as the same comforts. As man has altered very little, if at all, in his outward bodily conformation, so has he not varied in the inner constitution; he is much the same to-day as he was in the time of Hosea. In this congregation, in the midst of this City of London, we have too large a company of those who are "like the silly dove without heart."

To proceed at once with the text, I want you to notice four things: first, a saintly similitude; secondly, a secret distinction; thirdly, a severe description; and lastly, a serious consideration.

I. Here we have a *saintly similitude*. "Ephraim is like a dove." The people are not compared here to the eagle that soareth aloft and scenteth its prey from afar, nor to the vulture which delights to gorge itself with carrion; they are not likened to any foul and unclean bird which was put aside under the law; but the very figure which is constantly chosen to set forth the beauty of holiness, to describe the believer, and to picture the whole Church, nay, that very emblem by which we set forth him who is holiness itself, God the Holy Spirit—that very emblem is here used in its measure to those who were without heart as a dove. "Ephraim is like a dove"—it is a saintly similitude. Let me remind you that, in all congregations there are those who are *like* doves, but not Christ's doves, who never build their nests in the clefts of the rock, in the bosom of the Saviour. They are *like* doves; you can never tell them from genuine believers, and like doves they are perfectly harmless; they do no mischief to others in their lives. You may track them, if you will, and never find them in the ale-house; they sing not the song of the drunkard; no man ever loses anything in business by them. Men may have their pockets picked in the streets, but never by them. Persons may go staggering home under a wound, but that wound never comes from their hand; there is no uncleanness in their heart and no slander on their tongue; they are amiable, admirable; we might almost hold them up for examples. Alas! alas! that we have only to look within to find that they are not what they seem.

Moreover, being like doves for harmlessness, they are also like them for loving good company. We find not the dove flying with a host of eagles, but it consorts with its own kind. And O! how some of you are never happier than when you are either in the tabernacle or else in some of the classes formed by various members of the congregation! You also find such a pleasant excitement in the prayer-meeting that you are not absent from it except when you are prevented by business. You love being where God's people go; their hymns are sweet to your ears, in their prayers you find some sort of comfort, and in the ministry of the Word you take delight. You fly like a cloud and like doves to their windows, and it is a joy to us to see you do it, and yet it may be that, although you know how to congregate like doves, you are "like a silly dove without heart."

Moreover, these persons are still more like the dove, in that they have the same meekness, apparently, as distinguishes the dove. "They hear as my people hear, and sit as my people sit." They are not sceptics; they never object to the exposition of the doctrines to which they listen; they pick no holes in the preacher's coat—they have no particular fault to find either with the style or the matter of his discourse; they decorously frequent the house of God, and behave themselves in a seemly manner when there; nay, more than that, they do seem with meekness to

receive the Word, but not to receive it as engrafted into their own hearts; they even receive it with joy when the seed is scattered on them, but having no root in themselves, the good seed comes to nothing. O, my dear hearers, it is a great subject for thanksgiving that so many of you are ready and willing to listen to the Word with great and profound respect; but I do beseech you to remember that you may in this be likened to the dove, and yet, for all that, you may be taken in the same net and destroyed with the same destruction as that which fell upon the Ephraimites, who were "like a silly dove without heart."

The dove, you know, is a cleanly feeder, and so we have many who get as far as that. They know the distinction between the precious and the vile; they will not feed on law, they can only live on grace; they have come to know the doctrines of the Gospel, and they feed on them—upon pure corn well winnowed. You have only to bring in a little free-will, and straightway they know the chaff from the wheat, and refuse to receive it; they cast it away as refuse metal, which is of no value to them. But while they have an orthodox head, they have a heterodox heart; while they know the truth and feel it, yet still it is not the right kind of feeling; they have never so received it as to incorporate it in their very being; they have accepted it with the same sort of belief, and in somewhat the same manner, as Simon did in Samaria; but after a while, when trouble and persecution shall come, and wax too hot, they will turn aside.

But I have to add yet further here that there are some of these persons who are like doves in another respect still more singular. As a dove is molested by all sorts of birds of prey, so these persons do for a time share the lot which befalls the people of God. Why, there are some who for the mere coming to the house of God get nicknamed. They are not saints, but they have to bear the rebuke of saints; and I know some, who have turned out great sinners, that have for a time put up with much scoffing and rebuke for the sake of Christ. When pointed at in the street, it has been part of the manliness of their character to acknowledge that they did frequent such a place of worship. Though their soul has never been stricken by the Divine Word, yet it has become so sweet in their ear that they are willing to bear some degree of reproach and scoffing for the sake of it. I should not like to be compelled to say precisely where the saint is to be distinguished by outward signs, for really the counterfeits now-a-days are so much like the genuine, that it shall need the wisdom of the infallible God himself to discern between the one and the other. We can have false faith, false repentance, false hope, and false good works. We have all sorts of shamings—paint, varnish, tinsel—and we may so grain that a skilful eye shall scarcely know whether it is the genuine wood or the artist's skill. There are ways of preparing metals, and sometimes the alloy shall seem to have in it for some purposes qualities which the unalloyed metal might lack. O Lord, searcher of hearts, do thou search us, lest we should have applied to us saintly names, and possess a saintly reputation and character, and hold saintly offices, and after all be cast away with the rubbish over the wall, and left to be consumed for ever and ever! But enough on that point.

II. We have now to call your attention to a *secret distinction*. "Ephraim is like a dove *without heart*."

This implies a lack of understanding. The dove knows but little, and experience scarcely teaches it anything. We may almost spread the snare in the sight of that bird, and yet it will fly to it; it is so silly. It does not seem to possess, at least to the outward eye, the wits and senses of some others of the feathered tribe. It has little or no understanding. And O how many there are who are like the dove externally, and have no real knowledge of the truth! They rest in the letter, and think that is enough. I solemnly believe that there are thousands that have not the shadow of an idea of the meaning of the words which they hear every Sabbath-day in a form of prayer. They go through those prayers; that they would

do if those words were put in any other way. Doubtless they would get as much good out of them, if they were thrown together anyhow, as they do out of the beautiful and magnificent array in which they are marshalled. Many who come and hear the most simple preachers go away and say, "It is a riddle to me; I cannot understand how people will sit and listen to that." Either they condemn them as trite, or as fanatical. They cannot understand them. You may fetch a clodhopper, and set him before the masterpiece of a painter, and tell him, "That picture is worth sixty thousand pounds." He looks, opens his mouth, and looks again, and he says he can't make anything of it; he can't see where the money could go. He'd sooner have carts, and horses, and pigs, and cows, and sheep. He sees nothing in that. Well now, to an extent, we might almost sympathise with him; but the high art critics despise the man at once for having no soul above his clod. And it is just the same in spiritual things. Exhibit the glories of the person of Christ, and the matchless wisdom of the plan of salvation; that man can see nothing in it—'It is, no doubt, a very good and very proper thing'—he will attend to it, and so on, and then he goes to church, and thinks he is pious, sits in his seat, and goes through the routine, and then supposes he is reconciled to God. O! how many such silly doves we have fluttering in and out of our places of worship. As a good old preacher said, there were scarce seats for the saints on account of the number of simpletons that came to listen.

But, again, they were silly doves without heart, because, lacking an understanding heart, they also lacked a decided heart. Sometimes, however, the dove would be slandered if we should use her as a metaphor in this respect. Have you not seen the dove, when, from afar, with her quick eye, she has seen her cot, fly straight away, over miles of sea and land, straight to her beloved home? There she could not be used as a metaphor of the ungodly, but of a child of Jesus, who thus flies to him over the wild waves of sin. But perhaps you have seen the dove as first she rises in the air, and then flies round and round. She deliberates in order to find out which is the right direction, and, when she has made up her mind, away she flies straight as an arrow to the goal. But while she is fluttering about she is an apt emblem of some men. They are undecided whether for God or Baal. They halt, to use Elijah's figure, between two opinions. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If God be God serve him, but if Baal, then follow him." On Sundays they go to church, but on Mondays they put it off; the weather is too rough, or something else prevents them going to the prayer-meeting. On Sunday they say—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing away,
To everlasting bliss."

But on Monday or Tuesday the sound of the wheels in the street and the noise of them that buy and sell put the music of Jerusalem out their ears, and they would fain go back to the world again. Ah, they are silly doves, without understanding and without decision. Nay, there are some who may be said to have a sort of decision for a time; but they are like the dove in that they are without resolution. The dove seeks to fly in one direction; somebody claps his hands and she changes in a moment; or else he sprinkles a handful of barley on the ground and, though she was flying yonder, she is over here again. How many persons there are of that kind, setting their faces to Zion, intending to join the Church; perhaps they have seen the elders and the pastor, and been accepted; but after a little time they say, "Well, they did not know all about it; there are more frightful things than they dreamt of in it! Like Pliable they would go to heaven, but they get into the Slough of Despond, and there is queer stuff there that gets into the ears and mouth, and so they get out on the side nearest home and tell Christian he may have the brave country all to himself, for they don't like the miry places on the way. Or it may be that some old companion comes up from the country and he will treat them

to some place of amusement; or perhaps it may be stronger than that. Or there is the gain to be got in some branch of business that is not quite so honest as it might be; but does not the money count as well? Isn't it as good to spend? Will not other men think it worth twenty shillings to the pound, however it may have been gained? These people, who seemed so true and warm-hearted, are like the silly dove without resolution, and fly away again to their old haunts and become just what they used to be.

So likewise there are many, like a dove, without bold hearts. They never turn upon a persecutor. They never stood in the gap with Mr. Valiant-for-Truth holding the sword in their hand. They cannot open their mouth to speak for Jesus, but they run away when they ought to stand out like a lion against their foes; they never give a reason for the hope that is in them. We have plenty of Baptist churches educating cowards by the score. They never come out before the whole Church—that would be too trying for their nerves. They are never expected to come out boldly on the Lord's side. Too often baptism is administered somewhere in a corner when as few as possible are present, and in that way, where we ought to have lion-like men, we breed those who hide their principles and are ready to amalgamate with any sect of people so long as they can but bear the name of Christians. I would to God, dear friends, we had bolder men for our Lord and Master. Be as full of love as you can, but take care that you mix iron with your constitution. Silly are the doves that have no bold heart for God. The day will come when only the bold heart shall win, and the faint heart shall be shut out as the fearful and the unbelieving who are to have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

Too many also there are like a silly dove in that they have a powerless heart. If you visit a great manufactory where there is a large engine, you will notice that the amount of power used in the factory is proportionate to the amount of power by the steam-engine. If that should work but feebly, then the wheels cannot revolve but at a proportionate rate, and every part soon discovers that there is some lack of motive power. Now, man's heart is the great steam-engine of his whole being, and if he has a heart that palpitates with swift strokes it will set his whole nature in motion, and that man will be mighty for his Lord and Master; but if he has a little insignificant heart that never did glow and never did burn and never did know anything about the warmth and life and heat and power and benediction of God's love, then he will fritter away his time, knowing the right and doing the wrong, loving in some sort the thing that is beautiful but still following that which is deformed, giving his name to God, and giving what little strength he has to the other side. Brethren, I would to God there were not so many in all our communities that have but a pigeon's heart, or a dove's heart, or no heart at all. The root of the matter lies here, these Ephraimites have not got renewed hearts, and so they fail. Verily, verily, it is true to this hour as in Jesus' day, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Men do strive to see it in their own way. But until the effectual grace of God comes down to turn their hearts from the great and extraordinary confidence which their proud flesh has in their own works they never will see, they never can see, the kingdom of God. How many like Ephraim, then, have the heart altogether wrong because it is not renewed, therefore it has none of those qualifications which tend to make the man what he should be.

III. With great brevity, we notice in the third place a *severe description*. "Ephraim is like a *silly* dove." It is a fine word, that word "*silly*." Hardly do I know another that is so eminently descriptive. There may be some sort of dignity in being a fool, but to be silly—to attract no attention except ridicule—is so utterly bad, that I do not know how a more sarcastic epithet could be applied. "Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart." And why silly? Why, it is silly, of course, to profess to be a dove at all,

unless a dove at heart; silly of you to enslave yourselves with the customs of a country of which you are not a citizen—to bind yourselves with the rules of a family of which you are not a member. We find men, when they go to another country, if there is a conscription there, only too willing to plead their own nationality, in order to escape it; and yet we have persons who will serve in the Christian conscription, who give as God's people give, and outwardly do what God's people do, and yet they are not in the nation, but are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. Is not this silly—to take the irksome toil, and not to get the joy and the benefit of it? You are silly to go and work in the vineyard, though you have never eaten of the clusters, and never can unless your heart be set right in the sight of God. Isn't it silly, then, to profess to be a dove at all, and yet not to be a dove? Isn't it silly, again, to think that you can pass muster when your heart is wrong—to fancy that if you fly with the crowd you shall enter heaven without being seen? Dost thou think to deceive Omniscience? Dost thou think Infallible Wisdom will not discern thee? Dost thou think to enter heaven while thy soul is estranged from God? Then indeed thou art worse than a fool; thou art "silly" to think such a thing. How canst thou thus hope to deceive thy God? What more silly than to play fast and loose in this way? Silly to sing the song of Zion and then the song of lasciviousness. There is something dignified even in the devil himself; there is something awful about the grandeur of his wickedness, because he is consistent in it; but there is nothing of that in you, because you are here and there, everywhere and nowhere. You are this and that—everything by turns and nothing long. And don't you see what you do? Some of you are so silly as to run to your own condemnation. You know that to be without God and without Christ will ruin you, and yet you do that which keeps you from going to Christ; you hug the sins that prevent your lying hold on him, and still dandle upon your knee the lusts which you know will shut the gates of heaven against you. Like Ephraim you are silly enough to trust in that which will be your ruin. Some of you rest upon good works, or hope to be saved by good feelings. You go to Egypt and to Assyria. The two powers which had oppressed Ephraim were still the powers in which he trusted. You are silly again, because when there is so much danger you do not fly to the place of shelter. O silly dove, when the hawk is abroad not to seek the clefts of the rock to hide itself in its dove-cot! And how silly are some of you! Day after day, year after year, Satan is hawking after you; the great fowler is seeking your destruction; but the wounds of Christ are open to you, and the invitation of the Gospel is freely given to you, and yet, so silly are you that though you know better you prefer the pleasures of the day to the joys of eternity. Yet I know not that you do *prefer them*, only somehow or other you are too silly to make the preference, and you go on like a child that is playing on the hole of the cockatrice, making mirth over your damnation, too artless, too silly to make up your minds either for heaven or hell. I know there are some such in this house to-night. Would God that the arrow would find out the right persons; but too often these doves are silly in another respect, that they will not let the appeals come home to them. They say, "It can't be me, for I go to Mr. A's or Mrs. B's class; it can't be me, for I go to the prayer-meeting; I contribute to the college and every good work," while all the while it means just you who do it for your own whims, but not for God, who give God anything but your heart, who are ready to make a sacrifice of all, except that you refuse that which he asks of you—"My son, give me thine heart." It was considered to be a sign of great calamity when the Roman augur slew a bullock and found no heart, and it is the worst of all calamities when a man has no heart to give to God. "This people draweth nigh to me with their lips, but their heart is far from me," is one of the complaints against Israel of old, and one of the sins which made the prophets weep and Jerusalem to be ploughed like a field.

IV. I close with just a word upon the fourth point, and that is a *serious con-*

sideration. There are one or two things I would say solemnly, softly, and hopefully. O that they may stick upon the memory and the conscience of many.

Those of you, my hearers, who have been sitting in this tabernacle, some of you ever since it was built, and before then in other places under our ministry for the last nine years, and yet are just the same as you used to be, ought to recollect, how many there are of your class who are not saved. It is no rare thing to find the attendant of the sanctuary an unbeliever. It is a common thing to find the child of converted parents, the lad educated at the Sabbath-school, the man who has always had a seat in God's house, still having no hope, and without God in the world. Think of that! Be not deceived; the Gospel will harden such people as you are. Speaking after the manner of men (for with God all things are possible, and a sovereign God doeth as he wills), it does seem less and less probable that you ever should be called by grace after you have sat and listened to the Word so long. The voice that did startle now soothes you; the manner that once attracted the eye and sometimes seemed to touch the heart, fails to do either; and the very truth that once went over your heads like a crash of thunder, has so little force in it now, that you sleep under the sound thereof. Think of that, you that are like a silly dove without heart. Remember, too, that some of the vilest sinners that have ever lived have been manufactured out of this raw material. Some of the grossest men were once credulous and apparently meek-hearted hearers of the Word, but they sat under the preaching of the Gospel till they grew ripe enough to deny God and curse him. The unsanctified hearing of the Gospel has sometimes produced more gigantic specimens of sin than even the devil himself. Beware, my hearer! I know you will say with Hazeel—"Am I a dog that I should do this thing?" Yes, there is dog and devil enough in you, unless you have been changed by grace, to do that thing and twenty other things that you have never dreamt of yet. Think what a multitude of souls in hell, there is like you—silly doves without heart. Many of the population of that place of wailing once heard the Gospel, heard it with gladness, and received it for a time. But they had no root, and so the impression withered away. They never had been called effectually by grace, and never had been renewed, though they had all the outward semblances of holiness. They have gone! You might hear their howls if ye had ears. Hark! Even now your soul may listen to their groans and moans, the lesson of all which would be, "Make your calling and election sure, and be not satisfied with the name to live while you are dead." May the Spirit of the living God stir you up to this, for, if not, I have one more consideration, and that is this—*remember how soon you may be in hell yourself.* And they who go there, if they have been such as you are, go there with a vengeance. To go from under the shadow of the pulpit to the pit is terrible. To go from the sacramental cup in the church to drink the cup of devils in hell, from the song of saints to the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of lost souls; from all the hallowed joys of God's Sabbath, of God's house, and of his Word down to the unutterable infamy of spirits that have no love to God, but curse him day and night. My hearers, that may be your lot within an hour, a week, a year. It matters not what the period may be, for, if it ever be your lot, the time past shall seem to have been but the twinkling of an eye for its joy, though it may appear to you to have been ages for the awful responsibility which the day of mercy will have entailed upon you. "Repent and be baptized every one of you." As Peter said so say I. If ye have not as yet received Christ lay hold on eternal life, and O that the Spirit of the living God, while I generally preach the Word, may particularly apply it, finding out his own chosen and gathering them out of the ruins of the Fall that they may be jewels in the crown of the Redeemer. The Lord make us doves, but not "silly" doves "without heart."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

BAPTISM.

An Address to Baptists.

BY THE REV. WILSON CABE.

I ADDRESS myself to Baptists this evening. It is important you should understand your own profession. There are certain moot points among you. For example, if I were to ask you if "John's baptism was Christian baptism," you would either look confused, or give different answers, and support them with different reasons. Now, I believe that a great many questions might be settled without dispute, by a clear, lucid statement of the plain matter-of-fact. I plunge myself, therefore, into no controversy this evening; at least I shall not do so wittingly. Let it suffice that I plunge these brethren and sisters, with a full understanding of the historical association in which we stand, and the sacred act of faithful obedience we perform. The simple ordinance of "believers' baptism," though it leave no mark in the flesh, as circumcision did, is presented to us in Scripture as a matter of overwhelming significance. Narrow was that river in Cisalpine Gaul over which Julius Caesar conducted his army; yet the world rung with the story. "The Rubicon crossed"—and any schoolboy might tell you the portentous consequences that hung upon the event. Thus, too, "baptism," importing much at first, has gathered deeper and deeper volume of meaning. Its intensity of profession has increased, and not diminished, in the progress of time, while the history of the Church has been in course of gradual development. We begin with John's baptism. You ask, was it Christian baptism? Do not be impatient. It was the germ whence Christian baptism sprung. And as the oak is in the acorn, so was the faith we hold contained in John's ministry. John was in the wilderness preaching "repentance." He called the people of the Jews out into the wilderness. The place of his ministry had a mystic significance. It reopened in a figure their religious history. Nothing could have been more suggestive to the Jewish mind. And when

the multitude was drawn out into the wilderness, he rebuked them for their sins; showed them that they had forfeited all right and title to the promised land under the old covenant; and taught them to acknowledge, by baptism, that if they ever gained deliverance from Gentile thralldom, and came into full possession again of the land promised to their fathers, it must be by the way of the wilderness as of old, with a new title, under the conduct of another prophet. Baptism was significant then.

It grew more definite presently, when John pointed to Jesus of Nazareth, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." If merely involving repentance before, it now comprised a faith; and that faith Jesus himself acknowledged; for he, or rather his disciples, baptized those followers who espoused the profession of his name, and the acknowledgment of his authority to mediate with God on their behalf.

But when the Saviour had died and risen again, Baptism, without undergoing any change, either in the mode or in the subjects, became a more emphatic testimony of the Gospel. The Saviour's mediatorial work on earth being finished, the Father's testimony of acceptance being given, and the Holy Spirit's seal being set upon the vicarious sacrifice, which fulfilled John's prophecy concerning him, Baptism could not fail to be now in the accumulated fulness of the Godhead—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When the risen Lord, therefore, had announced what authority he had received, as the first-begotten from the dead—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth"—he commanded his disciples accordingly to baptize in the triple name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Observe that baptism had advanced upon *repentance*, and upon *faith* in what Jesus would do, to a full assurance of faith in the new covenant ratified by the Divine Trinity.

You would have thought it could go no further. In one sense it could not; in a certain sense it could. Baptism,

presently, when the Spirit was given—when the Church was formed—when the disciples were called Christians—involving the complete renunciation of Judaism, which it had not previously, in any palpable manner, implied. Henceforth “circumcision” was an abandoned rite, and “the Passover” an ordinance obsolete to those who had become new creatures in Christ, and to whom now all things were new.

Could “baptism” furnish a stronger and more energetic testimony than this? Yes, it could; it was destined to answer a further purpose. You know Christ and his apostles had predicted the special drift with which heresy would invade the Church; and how, by alliance with the states of the world, the whole mass would be leavened with wickedness. The design of the adversary was unfolded, by the voice of the Spirit, to the churches. Balaam-like, he would corrupt the people whom he could not destroy. Yet it has pleased the Holy Ghost to make this ordinance of believers’ baptism the standing protest against the doctrine of the Nicolaitans, which thing is hateful to the Son of God. “Nicolao,” you must understand, as Archbishop Trench has shown, is merely the translation of Balaam’s name into Greek; Balaam and Nicolaos each meaning “destroyer of the people—the *laity*.” You know how this has been attempted in the Church by the setting up of the *clergy*. Baptism is thus, from age to age, the form of witness; it is the Rubicon which true and faithful disciples have to cross, whosoever they be, that espouse the Gospel in its integrity. As for those really Christian people who do not conform to the New Testament injunction in this, they are like the good kings of Judah who did not remove the high places. There is a blot on their escutcheon. We are in little danger of exaggerating the importance of baptism. In the relation we bear to the Church of Christ, our baptism is a sacred tribute of homage to our Lord. I do not want to make you bigots, but I do wish to stir you up to jealousy. You know there were twelve tribes of Israel after the flesh; and yet Judah, of all the twelve, was the most faithful. So there are various denominations of Christians, and we may well strive to adhere, in the

the most clear, unmistakable manner, to the authority of our King, observing all the ordinances and statutes which he hath delivered unto us.

But now I will turn away from our combined testimony as a Church, to our individual testimony as believers. And as in its history, so in its application; I take it there is a fourfold aspect which the ordinance of baptism wears, including Repentance, Faith, Fellowship, and Fidelity.

With repentance we must start; for baptism has lost nothing of its primitive meaning, whatever additional meaning it has subsequently acquired. Beloved, ye have had no deep godly conviction of sin, unless the Lord has brought you out into the wilderness. Our fathers received the Gospel as a pure gratuity from heaven. The multitude of professors, like the nation of the Jews in John the Baptist’s day, cling to the ragged remnants of an old traditionary religion, hiding the real hopelessness of their circumstances in vain and empty ceremonials. Proud Pharisees and Sadducees! Ye boast of your country, but it is a fief of the Roman empire; ye boast a temple, but its glory has departed; ye boast a priesthood, but it has no Urim and Thummim. So is it, too, in the midst of modern Christendom. You may have been brought up in the outward forms of Christianity, but all their spiritual character being utterly lost, you must be drawn out into the wilderness, to inquire anew for the way of life; and then, being led out, you must have your own corruption and helplessness unveiled and unmasked. Think not to say within yourselves, “We have Abraham to our father.” Presume not to say, “We belong to the goodly Church of the Reformation.” Talk no more so arrogantly, “We belong to the Wesleyan body, and John Wesley was a useful man.” Why, Father Abraham’s name was the last straw at which the rich man caught in hell; and do you think a lesser name will serve you on earth? No, no; you had need be emptied of every boast, and reprov’d of your sins, to prepare your heart for the reception of the Saviour. History often furnishes the clue to personal experience. God is pleased to deal with the individual soul according to the same rule that he deals with the whole

host. I think it is so here. Christ has as much, and as truly, a harbinger in the believer's heart, as he had in the world, or in the Jewish nation. The baptism administered on the day of Pentecost was as much the baptism of repentance as when John was baptizing in Bethabara. Peter said unto them, "Repent and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Observe, too, that this repentance, if it be the genuine precursor of faith, involves a divorce and estrangement from all hopes by that law which has recorded your condemnation.

Do I address any local preacher? You tell me, "My usual way of putting the Gospel before the people is this:—Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; it is faith that unites to the Saviour; only believe, and your union to him is cemented." This is a modern, but, I venture to think, rather a defective way of stating the matter. Read, once again, that great exposition of sound teaching which is contained in the Epistle to the Romans. You will find there, that we must first become dead to the law by the body of Christ; and the second thing is, that we be married to another, even to him that is risen from the dead. I have listened to those Revivalist ministers who preach in your theatres—earnest Christians, but not always sound theologians; and when they have published the terms of visible union to Christ, I have felt inwardly disposed to forbid the bans. It is a species of adultery to espouse any soul to Christ that is not first dead to the law. I should say, "Is your first husband dead?" If not, you are not at liberty to be married to another. Perhaps some will say, "Are you not putting something before Christ?" But this is a mere specious objection to a sober truth. John the Baptist was sent before Christ. Repentance was a distinct feature of baptism before faith came. We preach, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ;" and some one comes to me, and says, "What is it to believe?" I make answer to him, "Well, my friend, tell me what you think it is." And he begins by informing me how he was brought up; what opinions he has always held; and, while he regrets that he has

not been always quite so consistent as he ought to have been, still, he supposes that if the old cogs and wheels of his heart had a little fresh oil poured into them, he would be all right. Hence I find that I have *preliminary* (John the Baptist) work to do. I must tell him that, in order to believe, he must begin by disbelieving. Until you are emptied of all your own conceits, there is no room for Christ in your heart. It really is, to a considerable extent, a work of superfluity to explain what it is to believe. It is very much like trying to instruct a damsel in the art of love; for we all know that when the lover appears, her heart will spontaneously turn to him. There was no occasion for any mortal man to introduce Christ to John the Baptist. John was secretly prepared. "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and resting upon him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." Just so with thee, poor convinced sinner! Thy heart has been subjected to a preparatory discipline. There you are out in the wilderness. You have left the world and its fashions; you have left your old religion and its ceremonies. And now, as soon as ever you perceive the Spirit descending on the Word; as soon as you see the Holy Ghost resting on Jesus, you will own him the anointed of God, the ambassador of heaven to your soul. Believing will then be instantaneous peace to your heart. But if I set about telling you *how* to believe, I shall be perverting the faith into something for you to do, instead of something for you to receive.

We proceed with *faith*. Now let me impress upon you a sterling fact. The Gospel is introduced to us as a growth, and it is a growth likewise in the heart of true disciples. I put this down as an axiom, a fundamental position, that applies to the introduction of pure doctrine in general, as well as to any special matter, such as we now have in hand. You remember the Passover faded away like a dissolving view, and the Lord's Supper sprung up in its place. Whilst they were eating the Passover, Jesus took bread and brake it. Then you might have expected that it would become an annual festivity. No such thing. It grows up into the custom of disciples every week, and gives to the

Lord's-day its most striking characteristic. Actually the Lord's-day was not the great rest-day in the Primitive Church. The old Sabbath was that, so far as it went. It was not the great preaching-day to the multitudes, for the Jewish synagogue opened better opportunities on the seventh than on the first day. But it was the great fellowship-day, when Christians gathered together in sweet communion. Do not, therefore, misunderstand me when I say, that "faith" is gradually wrought in the believer's heart; or I will put it better when I say, "Christ is formed in the heart by faith." Your imagination may fill up the picture, if I quote the text:—"My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, till Christ be formed in you." At an early stage, the believer is a weakling, feeding on milk; then he grows up, and is able to digest the strong meat. Baptism is the Rubicon through which we are all called to wade. Every disciple must go through it in spirit, if not in the letter. As there is one faith, so there is one baptism, and only one. As we step in, we are immersed into the death of Christ. This is to deny all other lords, and accept "Jesus only." But we embrace him in his resurrection, as well as in his death. We are to come up and walk with him in newness of life. What lies beyond the Rubicon, my dear friends, you do not know; but you are enlisted to follow him who hath called you, whithersoever he goes. It is an overwhelming vow you record this day. What should you think if you heard that a man was shot, in New York, for refusing to voluntarily enlist in the army? Well, you say, I should think it rather strange; who would shoot him? Not the soldiers, surely; for till he is enlisted, he is not amenable to the discipline of the army. But what would you think, if you heard that a man who had enlisted was shot for deserting, when the regiment was required to march a little further than he had expected? I think I hear you say, I should not be surprised at that at all. Mark it well, then; if you are ever found out of the rank-and-file of God's sacramental host, you are a deserter, and you will be at the tender mercy of military law. Still we receive you on the first pro-

fession of your repentance towards God, and your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And from this hour we demand of you, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, to go on to perfection. If you refuse to obey marching orders, when we bid you onward in the length and breadth of Christian doctrine, your blood be upon your own heads. You are baptized into the name of the Father, so take heed ye despise not his electing love; ye are baptized into the name of the Son, so beware ye despise not his perfect sacrifice; ye are baptized into the name of the Holy Ghost, so trifle not with the Divine sovereignty, or the priceless love of him who is the zealous Minister and gracious Comforter in the Church.

Baptism is the introduction to a *fellowship*. Understand that. "They that gladly received the word were baptized . . . and they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship." Let there be nothing loose or unsettled in your mind with respect to this. I have so lately urged upon you the ignored claims of the Church, that I refrain from amplifying. But know this of a surety, that all the love-letters of the Holy Ghost are addressed to the churches, or else to the pastors thereof. I do not know what to say to those isolated professors who are members of no communion. Peradventure the Lord will direct me to prophesy to you another day. There is a kind of *charity* in these days, that boasts a large amount of general affection, without a particle of particular love; and it appears to me that the Holy Ghost has designated it as a spiritual breach of the Seventh Commandment. Most certainly it must appear a more monstrous crime in the eyes of a Holy God; than it is usually accounted among self-indulgent professors of religion. What do you think was meant when those primitive believers had "all things common," except that all contributed, and derived from, the common fund? O what a number of nominal church members we have, who expect to draw out all the sympathy of the church toward themselves, and yield nothing to the love of strength of the community. Not a few think that the pastor and the members ought to spend all their time

in nursing them; and yet, beyond paying the minimum of a pew-rent, no one knows that they ever enriched the church or the members—no, not even with a prayer. Ridiculous notion of fellowship! I believe a pastor's visits should be almost limited to the sick among the flock, and a large proportion of his time should be devoted to the outlying world. The overgrown babies, who have been many years members, but need as much dandling, coaxing, toying, and amusing as if they were not out of their swaddling clothes, are rather a curse than a blessing. I look upon them like idiot children, of whom we sometimes say, "It is a great mercy when it pleases God to take them." Your baptism is an absolute introduction to fellowship, or it is a mistake on our part to receive you.

And, finally, so far as I know, it is a protest of *fidelity*. I say, "so far as I know," because it is impossible for any believer to tell what future honours God has in reserve for an ordinance which has been the most sublime pledge of purity in Christian profession. Of course, brethren and sisters, you record your veto this day against hereditary religions, against State churches, against modern innovations of all kinds. You come here with the most refined tenderness for primitive statutes, as they were delivered to us by Christ and his apostles. The vast bulk of unbaptized Christians know that this is a weak point with them. They will beg you not to broach the subject. They never attempt to vindicate their position. All they do is to express a hope that it is a matter of minor importance. They pitifully ask your charity, and cry out for mercy at your hands. "Do not let it divide us," say they; "it is a matter of indifference." In wilful sin they live, trusting in the mercy of God to pardon them. "Let us turn the subject," they say. Brethren, I admonish you not to turn the subject, but let your own minds be better informed. It is not an empty form. God has honoured, and he does honour, its due observance. Never enrol yourselves in the list of flimsy, half-hearted Christians, who always yield to courtesy, and never stand to principle. Be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know

that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CELESTIAL SONGSTERS.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

"They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—Rev. xv. 3.

I AM exceedingly fond of singing. My soul is attuned to sacred harmony. What part of Divine worship can possibly be more cheering or delightful? What sight on this side of the heavenly temple can be to a good man half so pleasant and exhilarating as that of a large assembly, at the close of a Sabbath well spent, rising with one consent, and as with one voice, to sing in the strains of our immortal Watts:—

"The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A yonder feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood.
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home?"

We say nothing of those sublime productions which have immortalized the names of the great masters of this noble science. We pass by the magnificent choruses of Handel—choruses which well-nigh appal by their singular grandeur and magnificence. We can dispense with all these; but O, the songs of the sanctuary! Herein we must unite. For this exercise we have, too, an example Divine. Yes, after that last supper, in the immediate prospect of Gethsemane, with its sweat of blood, and Calvary with its throes of mortal agony—in sight of all these our Master united with his disciples in singing a hymn. O, to have heard *him* sing! Strange, passing strange, that there could have been either betrayal or denial, after having heard those lips discourse sweet sounds in that sacred song! "Lord, what is man?" Moreover, this exercise is continued in our Father's house. We cease the praying, but not the praising. Hark! Our brethren in yon temple sing. We seem to catch the strains. Echo soft and sweet finds its way across the river. Sympathy rises up in our inmost spirit. We want to help them in their glorious employment, and so we do. Yes!

"Thee they praise above the skies,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb;
Lower if our voices rise
Our subject is the same."

For "They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Space will prevent our saying aught upon the "great and marvellous works," or the "justice and truth" of their "Lord and King;" but I ask my beloved brethren, the readers of our MESSENGER, to glance awhile, with me, at the songsters and their song. "They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Well, first of all, the song of Moses was the *song of triumph and victory*. It was sung upon the borders of the Red Sea, immediately after the deliverance of Israel from the hand of the cruel and implacable Egyptians. Yes! as Moses and his brethren saw their enemies dead upon the sea-shore, a song, deeply expressive of the emotions of his heart, was uttered. Listed to a portion of his impassioned strains—"Then sang Moses this song unto the Lord, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Such was the song of Moses, and what is it but the song of triumph and victory? Now, beloved, as those who are before the throne "sing the song of Moses, the servant of God," they also sing of victory. Some of them, too, have especial reason to do this. O, the fiery trials endured by many of these illustrious songsters before the throne! Most certainly they "came out of great tribulation." Ay, and every Christian finds that in passing through this wilderness he is called to grapple with a variety of opposing influences. True, "Giant Pagan" may have been dead many a day; and "Giant Pope, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age,

and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy, and stiff in his joints, that he can do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them." Dear old John may speak the truth in these quaint expressions; still, there is much within and much without that is adapted to hinder us in our onward march. Foes human, as well as Satanic, are waging war against the people and saints of the Most High. Look at the world. Is this a friend to grace? O, how it charms and attracts! O, how it allures and deceives! How dangerous are its insinuations! How showy, and yet how empty are its pleasures! How many have been induced to yield to its tempting snares! Bunyan says:—"Whether By-ends and Demas fell into the silver-mine by looking over the brink thereof; or whether they went down to dig; or whether they were smothered in the bottom by the damps that commonly arise, I am not certain; but this I observed, they never were seen again in the way." Ah! thou inimitable allegorist, would to God thou couldest have added, "And the pit was levelled in after them!" Many a similar fall would have been thus prevented. Then, again, my reader, need I remind thee of a desperate and determined enemy in Satan? He uses "fiery darts" and mischievous "inventions;" and although he cannot destroy, yet he will worry the sheep. We have, also, an enemy within—"an evil heart of unbelief." Divine grace has effected much for us, if we are believers; yet it has not entirely rooted up all remains of depravity. No; with the apostle, we still find that "evil is present with us." And perhaps, after all, this heart may be our most dangerous adversary. There is great truth in the following quaint inscription that I once saw over the grave of an English Christian veteran:—
"Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud,
For he fought many battles at home and abroad;
But the hottest engagement he ever was in
Was the conflict with self, in the battle of sin."
Well, be it so. Wait awhile, and we shall help our brethren to sing the song of Moses, and that shall be the song of triumph and victory. Yes, the world consumed or purified, Satan confined in his own prison, and "This corruptible

having put on incorruption," every enemy vanquished, we shall have nothing else to do but to help these celestial songsters in their rapturous and delightful employ.

My reader will remember, secondly, that "the song of Moses" was *the song of grateful review and acknowledgment*. It was sung by that eminent servant of God just before he entered upon all the glories of the heavenly Canaan. With his dissolution immediately at hand, Moses gathered around him all the elders and officers of the people; doing this in order that he might rehearse in their hearing all the mercies that God had displayed towards them through all their long and tedious pilgrimage. Hence we read, "And Moses spake in the ears of the congregation of Israel the words of this song until they were ended." Yes, brethren, and the whole of it is a song of grateful review and acknowledgment. Well, and I quite believe that the Church, when glorified, may truly in this respect join the song of Moses. Even now we have enough for which to be grateful in the review of the past. We must say with Moses, "Thou, in thy mercy, hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed." Now, if this confession flows from our lips with our present finite comprehension and limited knowledge, O, what shall we say upon this matter when we shall "see as we are seen, and know even as also we are known"—when not only the events of life themselves shall be understood, but, more than this, we shall see the cause, the reason of all! Brethren, I quite believe that the light of eternity will fully convince the Christian that, however circuitous may have been the path that has conducted him to his "city of habitation," yet, after all, it has been "a right path," and could not have been better or more wisely arranged. How this glorious truth shall be revealed is a matter into which we dare not pry; but we wait, fully conscious that the half has not been told us, and that the Master speaks to us as well as to Peter, when he says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God."

We can only just glance at the second

portion of this celestial song—"the song of the Lamb." "They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Now, the distinction here made would suggest the idea that this is somewhat different from the matter already considered. "The song of the Lamb" is most undoubtedly composed of high ascriptions of praise to him by whose mercy, combined with his power, such mighty wonders have been effected. Thus, as the song of Moses extols the power manifested at the Red Sea, so "the song of the Lamb" includes acknowledgments to the hand by which a victory quite as complete will be eventually gained over enemies of a still more formidable description. And O! how well does this song become such characters. What astonishing firmness and grace did many of them manifest! They stood faithful amid general and all but universal declension, while thus they reflected great credit upon the religion they had espoused and professed.

But, beloved, the question arises, *How did they thus stand?* By what arm were they sustained while others were suffered to fall? Their song supplies the answer. They stood by grace derived from the Lamb: As it was with Paul, so was it with the whole of them. "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." As believers, they had nothing peculiar to themselves. No, they maintained their character through grace Divine. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." Thus to him they ascribe their praise. They sing "the song of the Lamb." "Unto him that loved us" their delighted voices arise in grateful praise. O yes! and to all eternity upon the same pleasing subject shall their tongues be employed; while thus shall it be with the entire Church when gathered before the throne. To each shall Jesus sustain the same relationship, and from each shall he receive the same thanksgiving. My reader, may it be ours to help them! . . . "What a rapturous song, when the glorified
through

In the spirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the subject is "Mercy Divine."

Hallelujah! they cry to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting "I AM;"
To the Lamb that was slain, and that liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

Woolwich.

INSIDE A PRISON.

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

WERE the history of gaols written, it would be a remarkable one. "Truth is stranger than fiction," says the old adage, and so we should say, after turning over the leaves of such a record as should contain the adventures of those who have been confined within the four walls of dungeons and cells. Commonly we associate the idea of vice and degradation with such places. We think of the burglar, the forger, and the murderer. Long and lonesome confinement, meagre diet, handcuffs, chains, iron-grated windows, massive doors, and turnkeys, remind us of bad rather than of good men. Albeit, a little reflection will suffice to remind us that, not seldom, they have been the portion of saints as well as sinners. The chronicles of our own land bear witness to this. They tell of the imprisonment of spiritual heroes, like brave John Bunyan and godly, though eccentric, servants of God, like fearless George Fox. Or do we turn to the book of books? The Bible points us to some of the noblest of "the noble army of martyrs" who were cast into gaol. Joseph, Samson, Jeremiah, Peter, are examples of this. It is even said of the Son of God that "he was taken from prison and from judgment," and though there is no evidence to show that he was ever confined in a particular locality, it is certain that by being "bound and led away," he was treated as a prisoner.

There is yet another most striking reference to a prison in the New Testament, and to this we now ask our reader's attention. It is contained in the following words:—"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them." (Acts xvi. 25.) A more suggestive event is not brought before us within the covers of God's Word.

1. *This incident speaks to us of happiness.* As a rule, when men of their own accord sing, they are joyful. Not then are they the victims of sorrow. Singing indicates content and cheerfulness. To wit—the honest, industrious labourer, as he plods his way in the early morn to his place of toil, may oftentimes be heard singing. The little child, as it plays with its mates

or its toys, runs about in-doors and out, sings. The musical lark, as it leaves its grassy nest and circles higher and higher skyward, sings. Why? Because these are, more or less, in the possession of happiness. The criminal at the bar of justice, the murderer on the scaffold, the mourner by the side of his departed friend's much-cherished remains, cannot sing. The reason is plain, they are not happy. When, therefore, Paul and his companion sang in prison, we may fairly conclude that that song was not a hypocritical one, expressing a joy which they did not feel, but an honest outburst of inward gladness. But what a place and what a time for happiness! Think of the place. They were not in a comfortable home, or a suitable, convenient habitation. The comforts and social pleasures of life were denied them. They were in a prison. Mark, too, the time. "At midnight." That is not an hour particularly adapted to make men happy. Dark, lonely, solemn are its associations. Superstition lifts up her finger of warning against it as a season to be dreaded. Put the two things together—a prison at midnight—and it must be confessed that there was nothing in circumstances like these calculated to call forth singing. Yet precisely under these circumstances the two prisoners were happy.

What are we to infer from this? That happiness has its seat in the inward rather than the outward. Paul and Silas were joyful, although their external situation was painful and wretched. Their hearts were right. They felt that God was with them; that his mercy, strength, and comfort were theirs; that they were suffering for his sake; that they would at last exchange earthly prisons for a heavenly paradise. This was the secret of their bliss. Would that the world would, in imagination, go into that gaol and meditate on the scene presented there. The vast majority of men are seeking rest and satisfaction of spirit in a wrong—utterly wrong and mistaken way. They are on a false track. They think that pleasant and prosperous outward circumstances will secure happiness. Wealth, luxurious diet, fashionable clothing, handsome homes, high position, great reputation—this is the world's receipt for happiness. But experience gives it the lie. Enjoy-

ment may come from these things, but not bliss. As one of our modern poets says,

"True bliss is to be found in holy life;
In charity to man, in love to God."

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." Let us only, by Divine aid, try to honour and obey our Master and Father in heaven, seek his forgiveness for the past, and his help for the present, and we shall have happiness. And just as Paul and Silas could sing, although in gaol, at midnight, we shall, though sometimes "sorrowful," be "always rejoicing."

2. *This incident speaks to us of fortitude.* Endeavour to realize the condition of the two prisoners. The suffering to which they were subjected was of no ordinary character. It was varied and severe. They had *physical* suffering. The heavy strokes of the iron rods used by the magistrates' lictors had been laid upon them, and, while their backs were smarting and wounded, they were cast into the inner prison. And what a prison it was! "We must picture to ourselves," says an eminent writer, "something very different from the austere comfort of an English gaol. The inner prisons of which we read in the ancient world were like that 'dungeon in the court of the prison' into which Jeremiah was let down with cords, and where 'he sank in the mire.' They were pestilential cells, damp and cold, from which the light was excluded, and where the chains rusted on the limbs of the prisoners." Moreover, their feet were made fast in the stocks. This was a mode of punishment characteristic of Roman cruelty. The limbs were stretched out unnaturally, until the most acute pain was caused thereby. Paul and Silas had, then, great bodily suffering. They had *social* suffering. They were the objects of popular hate. The people of the place had conspired against them. Base and groundless charges had the multitude preferred against them, and hence they were cast into prison. No friendly voice was heard in that gloomy cell; no kindly look cheered them there; none of the aids which flow from the presence and fellowship of "kindred" Christian "spirits" did they enjoy. Massive walls and strong gates separated them from their

brethren in the Lord. They had also *political* suffering. Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, and yet they had been subjected to the pain and ignominy of public scourging. This was an open and unblushing violation of law. These were their sufferings. No wonder that Paul, speaking of them afterwards, should say, "We were shamefully treated at Philippi."

But see what fortitude the prisoners displayed. Despite all their sufferings they could even sing. Their spirits bore up against all depressing influences. Their hearts were strong in the midst of every wrong which they endured.

What gave them this power? Religion. They felt that they were suffering for the best of causes; that he who had called them to suffer was present with them; that their sufferings would at last be crowned with glory, honour, and immortality. They remembered One who had borne far worse suffering for their sake; who died the most cruel of deaths that they might be redeemed; and this strengthened them in the inner man. Was theirs an exceptional case? No. The history of the Church abounds with kindred romances. It is, to no small extent, a glorious category of the fortitude which, one after another, the followers of Christ have displayed in times of trial and persecution. It may be so with you, my Christian reader. If, when trouble comes, you will but look to the Lord God Almighty, he will make you brave to suffer. If you will but seek that stimulus which the Gospel contains it will make you to defy the worst that your spiritual foes can do. Thus, while tribulation surrounds you, you may not only endure, but glory in it, knowing that you shall come out of it as "gold tried in the fire."

3. *This incident speaks to us of duty.* There are certain obligations which are absolute. Under all circumstances, and at all times, they are binding on us. Nothing can be a sufficient apology for neglecting them. Two of these duties are aptly illustrated in the conduct of Paul and Silas in the Philippian gaol. We refer to praise and usefulness. It is always our duty to be thankful; it is always our duty to do good to our fellows. Now, mark, under what *disadvantageous circumstances* the disciples in

question fulfilled their obligations. They sang praises. A prison is not the most likely place in which to find our gratitude grow. "What," it may be asked by some, "could they find to sing praises aloud in a cell?" But they did. They evidently felt that, though they had suffering, they had far greater mercies, and therefore were thankful. They prayed. For what? Surely not for themselves only, but for mankind. "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Such was Paul's declaration on another occasion. And we may be certain that now, in the dungeon, the salvation of sinners would form an important part of his prayer. Nor was that supplication a fruitless one. The gaoler of that very prison was converted. Not long after prayer was offered, prayer was heard, and gloriously answered.

If, then, Paul and Silas could be thankful in the stocks, and useful even in prison, what does this show? That no hindrances need be too great in discharging our duty. *We may always be grateful.* Granted that we have disappointments, vexations, bereavements, we may still be thankful. Our mercies are more than our miseries. Our spiritual and secular blessings outbalance our trials. One day a poor Christian woman sat down to her midday meal. It was a very poor one. Nothing but a crust of dry bread and a little cold water had she to supply her wants. But as she took it in her hand, she looked gratefully heavenwards, and said, "all this and Jesus Christ besides!" *We may always be useful.* So the Philippian gaol tells us. Have we greater difficulties in the way of our usefulness than Paul and Silas had? They could not preach, they could not exhort their brethren; their feet were in the stocks. Yet they did good. Thus may it be with us. "If we will we can be of eternal benefit to our fellow-men. We may not have large means or large talent for service; but if we will try to speak to some around us of Christ, try to make them feel their sin, try to lead them to Calvary, God will own our attempts. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." A little spark of Christian zeal may be fanned into a flame which shall warm many a soul and burn down many a sinful habit.

"Small service is true service while it lasts: Of friends, however humble, scorn not one; The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

4. *This incident speaks to us of influence.* Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises. What followed? "The prisoners heard them." Well they might. Had they seen Paul preaching in the market-place or the streets they might have passed by without staying to hear what he said. But the fact that he and his companion sang at such a time, midnight, and in such a place, a gaol, arrested their attention. The felons and law-breakers heard them. How? With surprise, "Is it possible that men can be singing now and here?" With inquiry, "How is it they sing, and what gives them such zest and spirit?" With envy, "Would that we could feel as they do!"

The inference to be drawn from this part of the occurrences of the prison is apparent. *Adherence to duty wins attention and gains influence.* Let us who are the disciples of Jesus be true to our duty, and men will see in us the beauty and the worth of religion. Let us endeavour humbly to follow his example, and we shall thereby gain moral power over those around us. There is no sermon like a good life. The best preaching is that of deeds. He who displays in his daily conduct the spirit of the Saviour is using the most effectual means for promoting the spread of the Saviour's kingdom.

Harlow, Essex.

JAVA AND ITS BAPTIST MISSIONS.

Now for the luxury of a sail from Singapore through the Dutch East Indies. The mountain breezes from Johore mingle with the gentle ocean winds, as we say farewell to the sultry isle. Our course lies N.E. until we have passed the Romania Point of the Malay Peninsula. We then veer S.E.; pass Bintang, and the Lingden Islands, where 10,000 souls are placed by the Creator to train for eternity. Crossing the equinoctial line, we then steer south for the Banca Straits, which divide the island of that name from the Dutch province of Palembang in Sumatra. The Banca island, on our north, is 140 miles in length, and about 45 miles wide. It

abounds with red ironstone and tin. Many of its 60,000 inhabitants are engaged in the mines, or pearl fisheries, so numerous amongst the shoals and sand-banks of the Banca Straits. The heat is intense. But emerging from the Straits, we again catch the refreshing breezes, as we sail direct south, for about 70 miles, to the Java Heads.

Javanese boats and prahus, laden with provisions and tropical fruits, quickly surround us. We purchase poultry, pigs, yams, pine-apples, and other luxuries. A *comprador* is engaged, and soon we continue our course down the Straits of Sunda, which divide Sumatra and Java. Fifty miles from the "Heads," we cast anchor off the port of Anger. The bay is small. At the centre we see the little town and fort, beautifully situated, in the midst of the most luxuriant tropical vegetation. A large vessel from China arrives in the bay about the same time as ourselves. It touches at this port for water and provisions; is bound for Havannah; and has about 1,500 Chinese coolies on board. Exasperated by their villainous removal from China, and by the ill-treatment they were receiving, they had attempted to take the ship, and murder the officers and crew. Several try to escape, spring into the water, but are drowned in the effort to swim on shore.* Alas! for the extensive system of slavery carried on in our day, under the title of "Coolie Emigration."

We land. The heat is fearful; but we walk through the town, and observe that its stores and shops are principally kept by Chinamen. The few Dutchmen whom we meet bear an impress in their cadaverous countenances of the effects of the climate. Their houses are models of neatness, surrounded by beautiful gardens. We rejoice in the thought, that the inhabitants of Anger have occasional opportunities of hearing the Gospel, from missionaries who land here, when passing through the Sunda Straits, on their way to or from China. It frequently occurs, that the passengers on a vessel from England to China do not catch sight of land until they see the bold cliffs of the Javanese coast.

As our object in visiting Java is to make ourselves acquainted with its old

Baptist mission stations, and with the present condition of its inhabitants, we take a carriage for a 90-mile journey to Batavia.

As we ascend the lofty hills from Anger, and move on from district to district, our minds are overpowered with the vigour, majesty, and sublimity of the primitive vegetation of the island. The groves are most luxuriant. Cocoa-nut trees, 60 to 70 feet high, bearing 30 to 40 nuts; the *pohoutjat*, which furnishes a beautiful vermilion dye; the wax-tree, from the fruit of which candles are made; the *morus papyrifera*, from which paper and cloth are made; the sugar bamboo; delicious bananas; the *jambu* fruit-tree, which possesses a delicious odour of roses; and the *mangostene*, supposed to be the forbidden fruit taken by Eve. In some of the groves we also see custard-apples, guavas, oranges, citrons, pine-apples, pomegranates, and other luxurious fruits. Crowning the hills, and on some of the plains, the noble banyan-tree is seen in its most gigantic proportions, covering immense areas, and forming numerous avenues with its pendent branches. But alas! among all these beauties and luxuries, the destroying angel lurks; and this atmosphere, laden with the perfume of fruits and flowers, is pregnant with disease and death. Fevers and cholera abound. The poisonous snake, the savage alligator, the leopards, royal tigers, and the ferocious rhinoceros, all do their work of dire destruction. Multitudes of human lives are sacrificed; and Java secures to itself the title of "the land of death." And as we drive onward through villages and towns, observe their numerous Mohammedan mosques, and learn the depraved and wicked character of the inhabitants, we conclude that over their souls death also reigns.

Passing through the Bantam province, which contains 230,000 inhabitants, we are reminded of the time when a Hindoo king reigned there, who, in the sixth century, was subverted by a Mohammedan prince. Then, commencing their labours with Gresik, the Arabian priests so extensively propagated the religion of the false prophet, that nearly the whole island was converted to Mohammedanism. And those evil missionaries are now scattered in multitudes over Java, en-

* J. D'Ewes, Esq., may be named as one of the eye-witnesses of this sad occurrence.

couraging the people to make pilgrimages to Mecca, and strengthening them in habits of licentiousness and crime.

We approach the capital. Yonder, between two projecting points of land, opposite to a cluster of small islands, is the bay, in which lies the large city of Batavia. It is surrounded by a swamp, and the space between it and the sea is chiefly mud. A glance convinces us that it no longer deserves its ancient title, "Queen of the East." Streets have been pulled down, canals half filled up, forts demolished, and palaces levelled with the dust. Nevertheless, it is still the capital of the Dutch East Indies, and, with its suburbs, contains about 60,000 people. Formerly its population was much larger; but the extent of its mortality is, perhaps, unparalleled. Sir Stamford Raffles published an authentic table of the Dutch Government, which shows, that "in 22 years and 8 months, 1,119,375 persons died, and were buried, in the several burial-places of Batavia! During that period, on an average, more than six persons died every hour!"

But, notwithstanding the perils of a residence in Batavia, our devoted Baptist missionary, Mr. Robinson, volunteered to labour in it. In 1811, he resigned a mission in Bootan, that he might occupy this very influential city. The island was then under the East India Company's government, which threatened to send him home to England, but did not carry out its threat.

With much boldness and holy zeal, he preached in English to the soldiers and officers. Twice a-week he also preached in the Malay Church, where people of all ranks attended. To proclaim the Gospel to Javanese, Malays, Chinese, and Europeans, was his earnest desire. He opened a mission-school, which was nearly broken up when the island was ceded to the Dutch. Many were his discouragements, but he laboured on in faith.

The arrival in Batavia of Mr. and Mrs. Trowt, in 1814, was hailed as an auspicious event. They were sent out by the Society. Year after year did these missionaries labour, with faithfulness and hope. Some conversions and baptisms repaid their efforts, but it was rather a sowing than a reaping time. They knew that duty and fidelity was

not to be measured by immediate success. But altogether, many jewels were added to the Redeemer's crown before July, 1821, when Mr. Robinson, after ten years' labour in Java, removed to Bencoolen, in Sumatra.

Our Baptist brethren, Mr. Supper and Mr. Deiring, were also useful missionaries of the cross in Batavia. The former devoted special attention to the Chinese, which were there found in numbers. He largely circulated the Holy Scriptures. Often did he find Chinese parents reading the Scriptures to their families. A merchant delayed his departure in order to read a Bible with tranquility and reflection. He implored a thousand blessings on it, and promised to recommend it to his countrymen. Another opulent Chinaman observed, "I have read the New Testament with pleasure; it is very fine, and it would be well if every one led such a life as Jesus Christ taught us to lead." On his return home, that Chinaman tore down all the painted images from the walls of his house, and threw them into the fire. The Lord was thus blessing the labours of our brother Supper, when, at the end of three years, he was called home to heaven.

Mr. Deiring laboured especially amongst the Malays. He circulated numerous religious books and Scriptures in their language; and sometimes, when preaching Christ to them, they seemed delighted with the service. It was a pleasing sight to witness Mahomedans so interested in the truth as it is in Jesus. Amongst the idolaters addressed, some appeared utterly indifferent whether their gods were abused or praised; others contended for idol worship.

The missionaries of the London Missionary Society, also, devoted some years of energetic effort to Batavia. Here Mr. Medhurst cast a font of Javanese types. After a missionary had been proclaiming the Gospel, a heathen man exclaimed, "It matters not where these men begin; they are sure to end in Jesus and his salvation." O that the person and work of our precious Saviour may ever be the Alpha and Omega of all his faithful witnesses!

Proceeding along the Cheribon bank, to the east we leave Batavia, and pass numberless coffee plantations, and rich lands abounding with indigo and teak.

In the Cheribon district, 216,000 inhabitants reside. In 1666, it submitted to European control. In 1800 a violent insurrection burst forth here, which subsided only with the conquering of the island by the British. After a journey of 198 miles S.E. from Batavia, we reach the capital city of the district. A volcanic mountain hangs over it. A pestilence has much diminished its population. But Cheribon is still held in high veneration, as its sultans were descended from one of the earliest promulgators of the Mohammedan faith. In the vicinity is the mausoleum of Sheik-ibn-Molana, which is almost adored by Mohammedans.

From Cheribon, our journey is continued 150 miles further east. We pass the Gedge Volcano, 10,650 feet high, and see in the distance the summits of a few other burning mountains, of which there are no less than 38 on the island. We arrive at Samarang, the central and second capital of Java. The Magelan river passes the city in its way to the sea. Crossing a ditch, stone parapet, and ramparts, we enter the capital. Much activity prevails. Numerous trading prahus and junks lie along the river-side. Small groups of traders and merchants are seen disposing of their wares. The commerce of Samarang is extensive. It is the depôt of this quarter of the island, which produces rice, sugar, coffee, and pepper.

In the city and suburbs 20,000 people reside; and in the Samarang district 1,518 villages are found, with a total population of 307,000.

Samarang was a station of the Baptist Missionary Society for years. Mr. Bruckner, and Mr. Jabez Carey, a son of Dr. Carey, laboured here with most encouraging success. Mr. Jabez Carey was favoured with considerable congregations; multitudes heard the plan of salvation from his lips. At one period, a very gracious influence of the Holy Ghost appeared to attend his ministrations, and genuine conversions to God were the result. Mr. Bruckner's principal work was the translation of the New Testament into Javanese. The undertaking was particularly difficult, in consequence of the intricacy of the Javanese characters. The sounds of the consonants were comparatively simple:—

Ha; na; cha; ra; ka; da; ta; sa; wa; la; pa; da; ja; ya; nia; ma; ga; ba; ta; ng'a. But in addition to these, there were seven characters for contractions; eight vowels; twenty characters used for forming compounds; eight other peculiar forms under which some of the letters occasionally occur; ten numerals; and 53 other characters of the Aksara Budda, or ancient alphabet. Each form of this trebly elaborate alphabet had a mystical or symbolical meaning. It therefore required no small amount of perseverance and Divine help, so to grapple with the language, as to communicate all the inspired thoughts and facts of the Holy Book, in a distinctly comprehensible form, to Javanese minds. But all the needed help was granted him. The translation was completed, and was the greatest boon the Society could have conferred on the 4,615,000 inhabitants of Java.

Mr. Bruckner went to Calcutta, to prepare the type and superintend the printing. No sooner had he commenced than he was attacked by a dangerous illness, which compelled him to desist, and take a voyage to Malacca. On his recovery the work was completed. The Bible Society granted £500 towards the expense. On his return to Samarang, Mr. Bruckner carried a considerable number of Javanese tracts and Scriptures. They excited extraordinary attention. Crowds, from great distances, surrounded his house to obtain them. "Inèè surat dari Intchi Yaso" ("These are the books of the Lord Jesus"), said they. Of a young Javanese, he inquired whether the books were read in his neighbourhood, and what people thought of them? He replied, "Certainly they are read, and when we read them, we can only weep over them."

This deep interest in the truths of Christianity extended to the eastern districts of Java, as far as Soorabaya, the third capital, where these missionaries largely preached the Gospel of Christ; but the southern districts, now governed by a Susunan, who resides at Sourka Kerta, a city of 105,000 inhabitants; and by a Sultan, who resides at Djokjo Kerta, a city of 90,000 inhabitants, are to this day, it is feared, left in Mohammedan, or heathen darkness. The Baptist missionaries to Java have

all gone home to glory. The Society is now devoting its attention to other spheres of heathenism, and Java is left to the care of a few Dutch missionaries. But it is feared that there are still mul-

titudes in Java who never hear that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them," 2 Cor. v. 19.

J. R. P.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FAENINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

KATE'S WISH.

"WHAT does the doctor say?"

"Well, he says he will give me his opinion when he comes in the evening. Kate, if you could have your wish, which would it be?"

"O! I wish, I pray that I may go."

Yet she was not old—that invalid lying there between life and death. There were no wrinkles in the white forehead from which her dark hair had been brushed away. Her eyes were not dim, and the thin hands that moved so restlessly over the coverlid had known nothing of the toil of years.

But the young heart was not unscathed. She had known, by very painful experience, what it was to bear the yoke in her youth. She had knelt, alone and unpitied, crying the Psalmist's cry, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." One by one the joys that make life pleasant had been taken away. Those who had smoothed her way with loving hands, in her days of childhood's helplessness, were lying in the narrow bed, wrapped in the last long sleep. Others, who had taught her to hope and to trust; who had made life look like a bright dream, and taught her to build frostwork castles, had destroyed them with their own relentless hands. All her earthly hopes had failed her. The life that stretched out before her was an arid desert, where the march would be difficult and lonesome.

Is it any wonder that she looked longingly at the cool land of Canaan lying beyond?—that she preferred going to its living waters, and resting at the feet of the Saviour whom she loved? Her existence had been a fever-dream—a constant whirl of excitement and sorrow. Her faithful friends and true had

finished the journey, and were enjoying the reward. Her thoughts were full of the home where they had gone. She listened to catch the glad notes of the new song, and longed to join it. She thirsted for the peace of the holy land—sighed for its quiet and repose. There were the friends of her youth, and the kindred for whom she yearned. Here, the only friend she possessed was the one watching by her bedside, who had hitherto been scarcely a friend—little more than a mere acquaintance.

Yet tears had come into those eyes at Kate's eager reply, "O I wish, I pray to go!"

The answer to that prayer was, "Thou shalt not die, but live."

During that day, on which many a shrinking spirit was hurried into Eternity—many a voice that shrieked out for time silenced in death, Kate was slowly drifting back again into the life for which she cared so little. In the evening the medical attendant gave his opinion unhesitatingly, and she received it with tears.

"Why should I live, when others, whose lives are so much more useful, are taken?"

"Ah! Kate, it is, perhaps, because there is some good work for you to do. Perhaps the Master has some commission which he will entrust to none other than yourself."

Kate mused upon these words, scarcely believing them, as she lay upon her bed too weak to move; thought of them when the light came back to her eye, and the bloom to her cheek; remembered them when that mysterious love of life which so seldom forsakes us stole into her heart again, and made her re-

joyce in the budding of the young spring flowers, and the songs of the newly-awakening birds.

Two months after they were spoken, an inquiry was made which affected her. "Who will help us?" The cry came from a band of earnest workers, who were endeavouring to follow the example of the sinless Saviour. The co-operation of some good woman was greatly needed—a tender, loving, gentle woman, yet one who counted not her life dear so that she might win souls; a woman who would go unattended, save by her own ove and purity, into one of the haunts of vice, and filth, and disease, and strive to rescue therefrom some of her sinful, fallen sisters. Kate volunteered. One earthly hope had begun to bud in her heart—the hope that she might be useful. She looked delicate for so trying an ordeal, but her earnestness overcame the scruples of the friends who decided for her.

With firm step and courage that would not be daunted, Kate began her work. Of course, she was sneered at, insulted, tried in every way. The women would not listen to her; the boys learnt a few new slang phrases having especial reference to her womanly manners. But she had seen for herself; she stood on the verge, and looked down in the gulf which had swallowed up the poor wretches who once were women, and vowed to live for their restoration.

Nothing daunted her. Day after day, with her Bible in her hand, prayer in her heart, and love in her mild, quiet eyes, she went down the close alley, and talked to whoever of the women would hear her. All her womanly tact was brought into play. She performed her mission so delicately, yet so adroitly, that even those who mocked could not help but admire her. So she worked for weeks, seeing no results, but agonizing for those poor lost souls, and trusting in the Saviour's willingness to save unto the uttermost.

At length, one evening there sat with her in her little parlour one who had been rescued. Kate could scarcely speak for her tears of joy; but she did not withdraw her hand from those which clung to her so wildly; she cheered the

poor creature, who prayed her to save her from the pit of destruction.

"O, but for you I must have been lost! Why did you not come before? Is it now too late to be saved? Pray for me, pray for me! Never let me leave you; never let me go back to that place again!"

But she did go back! Kate talked to her, prayed with her, wrestled for her, until the peace that passeth understanding filled the poor bruised heart. She removed her far from temptation until she was firm in the faith, and then took her with her to the old haunts, that she might lift her voice in tones of entreaty and warning. And again God blessed the means. Yet again and again, until *fourteen* had come away from the den of wickedness, and begun to live the new life in Christ Jesus.

Think of that!—*fourteen* brought into the Saviour's fold!—*fourteen* less on Satan's, *fourteen* more on the Lord's side!—*fourteen* rescued through the instrumentality of one! Kate was humbled, as she deserved to be; but one song of thanksgiving was ever on her lips:—"Lord, I thank thee that thou didst not grant my selfish wish."

Ah! we may all say that, though, alas! our reasons are not so good as Kate's. The home of the weary is very fair and beautiful, and its waving palms may allure our spirits from earth. But we have all a *life-work* to accomplish. It is selfish, and weak, and wrong to wish to shirk it. The call will come in good time, but it is better to live than to die. Life is the very highest blessing next to salvation; it is not a thing to be cast lightly away; it is a treasure for which we should be unfeignedly thankful, which we should cherish and care for, and fill full of good deeds.

And let all to whom life has been a sorrowful, disappointing thing, know this—that it is more pleasing to the Life Giver to see his children perform his will, than to hear them idly sighing to be at rest; and that there is for each some good work, the performance of which will lend, even to this life, something of the pleasure and rest of that which is to come.

Reviews.

The Rosary: a Legend of Wilton Abbey. A Christmas Tale. By WM. GILBERT, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

AN elegant volume, and one of fascinating interest. Its talented author, whose justly-earned fame, by his well-written "Shirley Hall Asylum," will obtain additional literary honour by this admirable Christmas tale, the interest of which is kept up from the first sentence to the last.

Self-love, and the Morals of the Future. By O. F. ROWTH. London: W. Freeman.

THE author has written this small treatise under the idea that the principle of self-love is often misunderstood, and greatly undervalued, and that, as it includes a desire for the welfare of the whole man, and for both worlds, that it should be used in all its forms in the social education of the masses—that its lowest appeals are adapted to many who are unfitted for its loftier associations. The work is well worthy of a careful reading.

The Baptist Handbook for 1864. London: J. Heaton and Sons, 42, Paternoster-row.

AN indispensable work of reference to all things connected with the ministry, churches, and institutions of the Baptist denominations. It ought to be found on every Baptist vestry table in the United Kingdom. Its price (sixpence) places it within the reach of every one.

The Baptist Messenger and Evangelical Treasury for 1863.

THERE hundred and twenty-eight pages of closely-printed matter, substantially bound, and filled with the choicest articles of evangelical theology and practical religion. Large as its monthly circulation is, it ought to command a very extended additional sale in its completed form. There are few volumes equal to it, in its real intrinsic worth.

Try and Try Again. Being an Outline of the Lives of Two Youths who became Clergymen of the Church of England. By OLD JONATHAN. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row.

A PERFECT gem of a book. The subject one of interest to every youth with a spark of emulation in his soul, and the whole getting up—type, paper, engravings, and binding, so as to constitute it one of the charming "Gift Books" of the season. "We do not wonder that this edition is the eighth thousand. We hope many thousands more will find their way into the family and school libraries of our land.

Christian Work for Gentle Hands. Thoughts on Female Agency in the Church of God. By JOHN DWYER. London: Treasider, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A MOST felicitous title and equally interesting theme. The work, too, goes fairly into the whole subject, briefly, yet satisfactorily. We should like the book to be circulated by hundreds of thousands, and trust when publisher and author are fully remunerated by the sale of it in this most beautiful form, that they will issue it at a price so cheap that we may circulate it broadcast through our congregations. Female agency is, no doubt, one of the great questions of the day, and, if zealously taken up and carried out, would, beyond doubt, add greatly to the efficiency of all our religious and benevolent institutions. All ministers and philanthropists should read it and assist in getting it into general circulation.

The Christian Sentinel.—The British Flag. London: Nisbet and Co.

THOSE who have friends in the army or navy should circulate these excellent and cheap periodicals, issued by the Army Scripture-readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society, at 4, Trafalgar-square, where good men, both Churchmen and Nonconformists, are working for the moral and spiritual welfare of the British Army.

Poems. By B. H. FARQUHAR, Author of "The Pearl of Days." London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

THE celebrated writer of that Sabbath Prize Essay, "The Pearl of Days," here comes forward in a volume of poems, religious and amusing. The latter are chiefly intended for children. Without possessing a very high poetical character, they are greatly above mediocrity, sweet in spirit and diction, and every way adapted both to please and improve. We trust the volume will be extensively circulated.

Missionary Scenes. Baptist Missionary Society. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

A PACKET of most exquisitely executed pictorial cards, illustrative of the men and scenes of missionary labour by the Baptist Mission. Here are views of cities, islands, temples, public buildings, and portraits of Fuller, Pearce, Knibb, Carey, &c. An admirable present for the elder scholars of our Sabbath-schools, and for children in general.

Good Beginnings; or, Tales for the Young. By HUNTLEY HEATH. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

IN this little book of fifty pages we have four tales well adapted to please and instruct the young.

Chant Book: a Selection of Psalms and Hymns from Holy Scripture. Arranged for Chanting by THOMAS HARTLEY, Fairhurst, Blackburn. 3rd Edition. London: Elliot Stock.

A WELL got-up book, perfectly answering to its title, and well suited to congregational worship.

The Mothers' Friend. Edited by ANN JANE. Vol. IV. New Series. 1863. London: Jackson and Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

A WORK which may both assist and cheer Christian mothers, and which deserves to be generally known and read around the hearths of old England.

Six Sermons on Important Subjects. By CHARLES GORDELIER, of Hepzibah Chapel, Mile-end.

THESE sermons were preached in New Broad-street Chapel, City, and are, in the subjects and structure and style, well adapted both to instruct and impress. The discourses are the legitimate offspring of the text, and they are alike clear, faithful, and thoroughly imbued with the evangelical spirit of the Gospel. Such preaching must, under God's blessing, do good, and as they read well, we trust they will exert a holy influence beyond the sphere in which they were delivered.

Baptism Scripturally, Critically, and Historically Considered in its Nature and Subjects. By JOHN BOWEN. Published at 4, Reform-street, Dundee.

FOR one penny we have twenty-four pages of well-selected, well-digested, and well-arranged material in favour of New Testament baptism, including both the subject and nature of that ordinance. The friends of Christian truth and purity on this

subject may confidently put this tract into the hands of inquirers. We wish it abundant success.

Two Letters on Jewish Proselytes, Infant Baptism, and Baptists. By E. ARTHUR, Minister, Coate, Oxon. Published at the "Witney Express" Office.

LETTERS abounding with good sense and scriptural truth.

Old Truths. Edited by Rev. JOHN COX, Ipswich. No. I. (January.) London: Houlston and Wright.

THIS is a new Quarterly Christian Magazine, conducted by one whose praise is justly among the churches. This first number contains twenty articles of varied character, but all embracing interesting themes, worthy of grave consideration. It is admirably got up, as to type and paper, and we shall rejoice if it should be the means of a more thorough kindly discussion of subjects on which God's people may differ in opinion, as it is only by proving all things that we can obtain the truth and hold fast that which is good.

The Ragged School Union Magazine (for January). London: Kent and Co.

EXHIBITING more vigour than usual.

The Mothers' Treasury (for January). London Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row.

AN admirable penny monthly, full of good things and beautifully got up and illustrated. Mothers, buy it and circulate it.

Old Jonathan (for December), The Sewer (for December). Both good.

Poetry.

"HE SHOWED UNTO THEM HIS HANDS AND HIS SIDE."

(John xx. 20.)

We read how Christ, when risen from the tomb,
Appeared to those he loved,
Showed them his hands and side, dispersed their gloom,
And all their doubts removed.

Jesus is now from mortal eyes concealed,
The veil we cannot lift;
Yet is he not unto his saints revealed
Through faith, his precious gift?

And there are some who cry, "Lord, give faith:
We know that thou hast died—
O, make us feel our interest in thy death,
Show us thy hands and side!

And may the Spirit to our hearts reveal
That they were pierced for us;
Sacred emotions we should surely feel
When gazing on thee thus."

Yes; then, from bosoms clouded now and cold,
 Black unbelief shall fly,
 While tongues unloosed, in faith divine made bold,
 "My Lord! my God!" will cry.

And O, what love in sinners' hearts will glow,
 When first they have believed
 That Christ for love of them bore wrath and woe,
 And cruel wounds received!

Before the Lord their spirits humbly bow,
 The while their eyes grow dim
 With tears of grief for sin, beholding how
 Their sins have wounded him.

Then do they know that on those hands once bored
 Their names engraved abide,
 And feel the virtues of the stream that poured
 From out that pierced side.

Thus saints are favoured here—what will it be
 When heavenly bliss they gain,
 And on the throne with open vision see
 The Lamb that once was slain?

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

THE CHANGE.

"Old things have passed away; all things are become new."

Life has an aspect new and strange, e'en 'mid the things of earth,
 To those who have been born again, in the new celestial birth;
 New hopes, new fears, and new pursuits must cluster evermore
 Around the better life they live when the old dark days are o'er.

With earnest, longing, weeping eyes they gaze amid the night
 On the home that lies all fair beyond, and bathed in fadeless light;
 Once 'twas a dull, uncared-for place, but now its turrets stand
 All beautiful and spotless, in the sighed-for Fatherland.

The miser heaps his hoarded gold, and on the victor's brow
 They place the crown of well-earned fame; but the Christian cares not now
 As once he used to care for the fading things of time;
 New wishes urge him onward to the land of the sublime.

The dying lift their frightened eyes to the gloom that hangs o'erhead,
 But the Christian sees a light from heaven spread aye about his bed:
 The old, old fear of death is past, and his heart is joyful now,
 For he knows the crown of deathless joy is waiting for his brow.

Thus pass the old, old things away, and thus the peaceful new
 Come in the radiance of heaven upon the holy few
 Who with glad eyes look homeward to the Father's shining seat,
 And press toward that gladsome home with never-halting feet.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE AGED SAINT.

"How old art thou?"—Gen. xlvii. 8.

My age, compared with thine, eternal God,
Is but a speck, a shadow, measured rod ;
Thou art from everlasting just the same,
While I but yesterday from Adam came.

Thy years to ages yet unborn will last,
While I shall wither as the fading grass ;
No change can e'er affect thy throne or power,
While I am waning as the evening hour.

But thy eternity's my hope, my stay,
Unchanging is thy grace, thy love, thy way ;
On thee in youth and age, Lord, would I rest
And feel I am, and must be, ever blest.

No matter, then, how oft the summer's sun
Has o'er my head his annual courses run ;

Nor will it much distress my soul to know
The present is the last thou wilt bestow.

For threescore years and ten is all the time
On earth that I may duly deem as mine ;
For fourscore years would but a burden be,
While earlier death would set the Christian free.

O! thou whose years can never know an end,
Nor change, nor age, nor sorrow thee attend,
Extend thy mighty arm and me embrace
Till I in glory see thee face to face.

I shall behold thee on thy matchless throne,
And triumph in redeeming love alone ;
With shouts of victory by the bleeding Lamb,
I'll sing thy praises through Immanuel's land.
Windsor. S. LILLYCROP.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

HABLINGTON.—Mr. T. G. Atkinson, late of Little Ilford, Essex, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church here.

NAYLAND, SUFFOLK.—The Rev. J. J. Williams, late of Falkenham, has accepted a unanimous invitation of the church and congregation here.

MR. J. W. NICKOLAS, from Pontypool College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at Newbridge.

THE Rev. J. Edelsten Taylor, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church meeting in High-street, Ilfracombe, to become their pastor.

MR. J. E. GORDON, formerly lecturer for the Leeds Secularist Society, has, after a course of study in Cavendish College, Manchester, received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Astley Bridge, near Bolton, Lancashire.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

BEAUMARIS.—On January 1st, Mr. Isaac James, of Pontypool College, was ordained pastor of the Baptist churches at Beaumaris and Llangoed, Anglesea. Sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Morgan, D.D., of Holyhead; J. D. Williams, of Bangor; J. Thomas, of Amlwch; and W. Thomas, of Liverpool.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

FALKENHAM.—The Rev. J. J. Williams having resigned the pastoral charge of the church in this place, the friends presented him with an address and a purse containing £15.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND.—On the appointment,

by the Baptist Irish Society, of the Rev. John Taylor to Tandaragee, County Armagh, the members of the Baptist church at Portadown presented him with a copy of the Works of the late Dr. Alexander Carson, of Tubbermore. About eighty of the friends of the cause sat down to tea. Addresses were delivered by several ministers, some of whom were the representatives of other Christian denominations. Mr. Douglas, the pastor, presided on the occasion. Mr. Taylor's services are much appreciated in and around Tandaragee; and there are many gratifying tokens of the Divine blessing attending his ministrations.

WHITTLESEA.—On Monday, January 4, the members of the church at Zion Chapel, Whittlesea, met to recognise the kindness of God to them as a church on their tenth annual gathering. A meeting was held in the afternoon, when a very welcome and suitable address was delivered by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Ipawich. In the evening the friends met again, when Mr. Leach (late of Northampton) presented to the pastor, Mr. D. Ashby, a purse containing upwards of ten guineas, as a new year's gift from the members of the church and congregation, which being acknowledged, very able addresses were delivered by Mr. Leach and Mr. Wilkins; at the close of which Mr. Ashby presented a copy of Cassell's Illustrated Bible, Cruden's Concordance, Denham and Watts' Hymn-books splendidly bound in morocco, to a young friend (a member of the church) as a token of the esteem of the friends for her five years' gratuitous services at the harmonium. The meeting was evidently marked with much Christian feeling.

SOUTHAMPTON.—A very interesting meeting was held December 31, 1863, at the Baptist Chapel, East-street, which was arranged, by the female Bible-class of the above Sunday-school, to present a testimonial to their teacher, Miss Ellen Lankester, and to celebrate the eighth anniversary of her coming among them. The officers of the church and of the school were invited, and the pastor, Rev. R. Caven, B.A., presided. Tea was provided, after which the meeting commenced by prayer. A short history of the class was then given by their teacher. Since January, 1856, above one hundred young women have joined the class, and attended regularly. The class now numbers forty members. Many answers have been given to earnest prayer, and much fruit to untiring efforts. Several of the class have given themselves to God, and devoted themselves to his service. At the close of this statement the pastor, in the name of the class, presented their teacher with a handsome rose-wood work-box, as a token of their affection, and of their appreciation of her self-denying labours among them.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

HEPHEZBAH CHAPEL, MILLS-END GATE.—A devotional service was held on Tuesday evening, 5th January, in connection with the formation of a new Baptist interest in this place, and the settlement of Mr. C. Gordalier as the pastor. The Rev. J. H. Blake, of Bow, presided; and the Revs. W. A. Blake, Robt. B. Finch, and others took part in the service, after which the formation of the church took place. The circumstances which led the friends to unite in this step having been stated, a resolution containing the names of twelve persons, the basis of their fellowship (open), and a brief summary of doctrine was then submitted and agreed to, the brethren recognizing each other by the right hand of Christian fellowship; a second resolution inviting Mr. Gordalier as the pastor to take the oversight of them in the Lord was unanimously adopted. Mr. Gordalier, in accepting the pastorate, gave to each member the right hand of fellowship. On the following Sabbath evening the Lord's Supper was administered, when twelve visitors, representing eight churches, including two from the Church of England, united in the sacred and solemn remembrance of the Saviour's sufferings and death.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.—On February 14 Mr. J. Webber, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, is engaged to re-form the church at Rehoboth, lately under the care of Mr. Edwards.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will preach at Shouldham-street Chapel, Edgware-road, on Tuesday evening, February 9th, in aid of the day and Sunday-schools. Service commencing at seven o'clock.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S-COURT, DEAN-STREET, SOHO.—On Tuesday, February 9th (D.V.), a tea and public meeting will be held, to commemorate the 12th anniversary of Mr. J. Bloomfield's pastorate. Tea at half-past five o'clock, tickets 9d. each. Public meeting at half-past six o'clock. John Thwaites, Esq., will preside. The following ministers have promised to attend and take part in the service:—Brethren Foreman, Dickerson, Milner, Alderson, Pells, Chivers, Green, Anderson, Glaskin, Higham, and others, and will speak on the following subjects:—1. The Inspiration of the Scriptures; 2. The Original Creation and Condition of Man (Gen. i. 25); 3. The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil of which Man was Forbidden to Eat (Gen. ii. 17); 4. The Tree of Life and the Flaming Sword which Kept it (Gen. iii. 24); 5. The God-man Restoring that which he Took not Away. No collection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRAMLEY, LEEDS.—On Christmas-day the annual festival of the Baptist chapel was held in the boys' school-room. 360 partook of a substantial tea; after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Rev. A. Ashworth. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Trickett, J. Wade, W. Morthrop, Littlewood (a student from Hawdon College), T. Lambert, J. Fawson, W. Heaton, and J. Thackery.

PAIN'S CASTLE, RADNORSHIRE.—On Christmas-day our annual tea-meeting was held, when 260 persons sat down to tea at seven o'clock in the Baptist chapel. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. Griffiths, of Portway (Independent), and a very interesting lecture was delivered by the Rev. F. Evans, of Llangynider, on "The Life and Times of the Rev. W. Knibb, late Missionary to Jamaica." Several pieces were sung by the singers. The profits will be given towards paying off the debt remaining on the chapel, which was, six years ago, £100, and now, through the efforts of a few faithful members, and the aid of tea-meetings, brought under £20.

WEM, SALOP.—The annual tea-meeting in connection with the Baptist cause here was held on Monday, December 28, at the British School-room. In the evening a public meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, presided over by the pastor, the Rev. T. Corby. Prayer was offered by Mr. J. Stokes, one of the deacons. Addresses were then delivered on "The Importance of the Cause of God, and the Best Means of its Advancement," by the Revs. T. Clark, of Market Drayton; G. Smith, Independent; T. How, of Shrewsbury; and J. Pattison, Independent.

JUBILEE OF THE FORMATION OF THE BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY, KINGS-GATE CHAPEL, HOLBORN.—On Monday evening, December 7, a public meeting was held in the above chapel, to cele-

brate the jubilee of the formation of the Baptist Irish Society, which took place in Eagle-street meeting-house on the 6th of December, 1813. Also to do honour to the memory of the former pastor of the church, the late Rev. Joseph Ivimey, through whose indefatigable labours the society was originated, and who continued to fill the office of secretary from its formation until his decease in 1834. Nearly 150 friends had tea in the lecture-hall, after which the public meeting assembled in the chapel. The Rev. J. Hoby, D.D., occupied the chair. There were present also the Revs. S. Green, F. Trestrail, C. J. Middleditch, C. Woollacott, S. Wills, D.D., W. Miall, C. Room, J. Stent, J. S. Stanion, P. Gaat, R. Bayne, Thos. Pewtress, Esq., Joseph Ivimey, Esq., J. Hill, Esq., Wm. Heaton, Esq., &c., &c. After singing and prayer by the Rev. R. Bayne, the chairman gave an interesting account of the late Rev. Joseph Ivimey, and some important facts in reference to the origin of the society. He then called upon the Rev. Francis Wills, the pastor of the church, to read a statement, which he had prepared from the historical records of the church, and the original minutes of the first meeting held to organize it, in which the names of esteemed and honoured men were mentioned, including Revs. Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland, Sutcliffe, J. Saflery, and others. Several resolutions were submitted to the meeting, and unanimously adopted. The speakers were the Revs. S. Green, F. Trestrail, and Thos. Pewtress, Esq. (the respected treasurer); also Revs. W. Miall, W. Heaton, Esq., and Rev. C. Room, Rev. J. S. Stanion, Rev. C. J. Middleditch, and Rev. Francis Wills. In proposing the vote of thanks to the chairman, there were two interesting facts alluded to. In 1858, the jubilee of the foundation of the Sunday-schools in this church was celebrated, and the Rev. Dr. Hoby presided. This evening they assembled to celebrate the formation of the Baptist Irish Society, and Dr. Hoby occupied the chair, having been a member of the church since the formation of the society. The chairman very touchingly acknowledged the vote of thanks, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing the doxology and pronouncing the benediction.

BAPTISMS.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Jan. 3—Nine, by Rev. W. Stokes.

BOROUGH-GREEN, Kent, Jan. 3—Two, by Mr. W. Frith.

BRABOURNE, Kent—Two, by Mr. Marchant, a student in the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College. It was pleasing to the friends here that Mr. Marchant should not only preach for them during his vacation, but also that he should baptize in this his spiritual birth-place, es-

pecially as one of the candidates was his dear sister.

BRAMLEY, Leeds, Jan. 3—Eight, by Mr. A. Ashworth. One from the Independents.

BRIGHTON, Queen-square, Dec. 3—Thirteen; Dec. 31, Eight, by Mr. J. Wilkins.

CARDIFF, Tredegarville, Dec. 25—Four; Dec. 27, Nine, by Mr. A. Tilly.

CHODLEIGH, Devon, Jan. 3—One, by Mr. W. Duke.

CREWE, Cheshire, Earl-street Chapel, Jan. 1—Five; Jan. 3, Four, by Mr. W. J. Roade.

DUBLIN, Bolton-street, Dec. 31—One, by Mr. Charles Morgan, in the Baptist chapel, Abbey-street, kindly lent for the occasion.

EVERJOHN, Radnor, on Christmas-day—Two, by Mr. G. Phillips. One was from the Independents.

FARNBOROUGH, Kent, on New Year's-eve, at the Baptist Chapel, Bridge-street, kindly lent for the occasion—Five, by Mr. G. Webb.

FRESHWATER, Isle of Wight, Nov. 15—One; Dec. 27, Two; and three backsliders restored to the fellowship, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Jan. 3—Three, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. We began the year by taking ten dozen copies of your valuable MESSENGER.

HISTON, Cambs, Dec. 25—Two, by Mr. G. Sear.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, Jan. 10—Six, by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Nov. 19—Seventeen; Nov. 26, Eighteen; Dec. 3, Eighteen; Dec. 17, Eleven; Dec. 31, Nineteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Dec. 27—Five, by Mr. J. Pells.

—, Spencer-place, Goswell-road, Jan. 3—Five, by Mr. P. Gast.

—, Stepney, Old-road, Dec. 2—Four, by Mr. J. Webster.

NAUNTON, Gloucestershire, Nov. 22—Three, by Mr. A. W. Heritage.

NORTON, Hants, Dec. 27—Eight, by Mr. J. Smedmore.

PILLGWENLY, Newport, Monmouth, Dec. 30—Nine, by Mr. Evan Thomas.

PORTADOWN, Ireland, Jan. 10—Two, by the pastor, Mr. Douglas. In this neighbourhood and that of Tandaragee there is a great awakening.

PRESTON, Pole-street, Dec. 27—Six, by Mr. Webb. Two were Sunday-school teachers connected with the Church of England.

SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, Nov. 1—Three, by Mr. R. Cayen.

STAFFORD, Jan. 3—Three; Jan. 6—Three, by Mr. W. H. Cornish. One from the Sunday-school, and one far advanced in life.

TRUENIGH, Beds, Jan. 3—One, by Mr. W. K. Dexter.

WAINSGATE, near Hebden-bridge, Jan. 3—Eight, by Mr. J. Bamber.

WAKEFIELD, Nov. 1—One; Jan. 3—Two, from the Sabbath-school, by the pastor, Mr. Catterall.

WHITTLESEA, Jan 3—Two, by Mr. D. Ashby. One a teacher in the Sabbath-school, the other a scholar.

WINSLOW New Baptist Church, Dec. 27, at Swanborough Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion)—Ten, by Mr. Robert Sole, from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

DEATHS.

On January 4th, at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, Frederick Frappe, aged 35. He joined the Baptist church, Tetbury, in April, 1851, and continued a consistent member of it till the day of his death. His death was improved by the Rev. T. H. Jones, on Sunday evening, Jan. 17th, in an excellent discourse from the following words, "I know whom I have believed."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEST BROMWICH.—We are much obliged, but cannot find room for the verses.

J. S. B., Brighton.—Shall not be forgotten.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

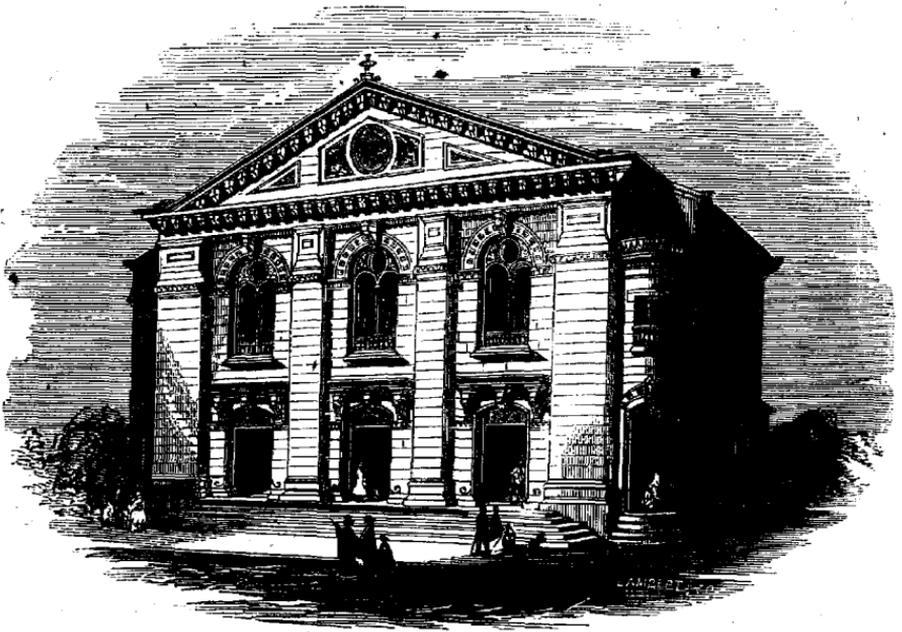
Statement of Receipts from November 20th to January 18th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. J. Avery (Cossey)	0	2	6
A Bushel of Wheat	0	5	0	Mr. J. N. Carter	1	0	0
Mr. C. Brown	5	0	0	J. Griffiths, Esq., Wotton-under-Edge	10	0	0
Collections at Maiseyhampton, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	14	0	0	Mr. H. Gifford	0	9	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth	7	0	0	The Female Catechumen Class	36	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Paradise-walk, Chelsea	3	0	0	A Friend, per E. B.	10	0	0
A Friend at Cheltenham	0	10	0	A Friend	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0	Mr. G. Clark	0	5	0
Mr. Chilvers	5	0	0	Mr. Hubbard	5	0	0
Mr. John Knott	1	0	0	Mr. Flood	0	10	0
Moiety of Collections at Foot's Cray, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	20	0	0	Profit of Tea-meeting at Tabernacle	121	12	5
John Olney, Esq.	5	0	0	Iota	0	2	0
Miss Morris	1	0	0	A Friend at Campden	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Beckett	5	0	0	Mrs. Marsh	0	2	6
John Sherrin, Esq.	5	0	0	Miss Marsh	0	3	6
Anonymous	0	17	0	J. W. Brown, Esq.	10	0	0
R. Harris, Esq., Leicester	10	0	0	T. R. Phillips, Esq.	10	0	0
Rev. B. D. Smith, Monmouth	2	0	0	G. Lowe, Esq.	1	1	0
A Friend at St. John's-wood	1	0	0	Collection at Cheltenham, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	36	0	5
Moiety of Collections at Colchester, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	12	13	0	The Lord's Tithe	3	12	0
Mr. T. D. Marshall	3	3	0	A Friend at Ashford	1	2	6
Mrs. Hayward	5	0	0	D. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. Hitherton, Edinburgh	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. J. Steventon	1	0	0	Mrs. Tyson	12	10	0
Mrs. Smith	2	10	0	A Friend, per Mr. Marohant	0	11	6
Mrs. Barker	5	0	0	Mr. Fuller, Ashampstead	1	0	0
Mrs. Bickmore	5	0	0	Mrs. Lewis, Chester	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Walker	0	7	6	A Friend, per Mrs. Lewis	5	0	0
Miss Marshall	3	3	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov. 23	20	6	8
The Male Catechumen Class	15	0	0	"	30	36	10
Collected by Mrs. Jephth	0	13	0	"	Dec. 7	37	17
H. Silverlock, Esq.	5	0	0	"	14	21	14
Mr. J. Clark (Cossey)	0	2	6	"	21	60	0
				"	28	30	12
				"	Jan. 4	34	8
				"	11	20	3
				"	18	20	10

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

CHAS. BLACKSHAW.



**NEW CHAPEL, RYE HILL,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.**

The above chapel is in course of erection for the Baptist Church and Congregation formerly worshipping at New Court Chapel, Westgate-street. It stands entirely detached, looking upon a populous district, in the direct line that connects Scotswood-road and Elswick-lane—the lower and the upper arteries of the township of Elswick.

The architecture is of an ornate Italian style, from plans furnished by Mr. James Cubitt, of London. The dimensions of the chapel are 81 feet long by 54 feet wide, and with a gallery on three sides. It will accommodate twelve hundred persons. In the basement there is a schoolroom 66 feet by 54 feet, adapted for about six hundred children, besides class rooms for senior scholars. The estimated cost is £4,500, of which at present about £2,000 has been raised. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the pastor, Rev. Wildon Carr, Belgrave-terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

GOD'S WRITING UPON MAN'S HEART.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."—Jeremiah xxxi. 33.

THIS is not the language of the old covenant, but of the new covenant. The prospects of life held out in the law have all dissolved into a ministration of death as the penalty of disobedience. Its voice might have once captivated hearts that knew not their own weakness. How spake it? "Do this and live; keep my commandments, and you shall receive in return for your obedience, singular blessings upon earth and rest in heaven." But that old covenant, since the fall, no man has kept, or can keep. Surely, if any persons could have kept it, those to whom it was originally given were the most likely to do so. They were a separated people. They were removed into the wilderness, far from evil associations. They were miraculously fed out of the granaries of heaven. They received their drink in an equally marvellous manner out of the smitten rock. They had God himself in the midst of them. They had his pillar of cloud to cover them by day, and his pillar of fire to lead them by night. In all their difficulties they could appeal to Moses. If there had been any inadvertence or mistake, they could turn to Aaron, and he, by the sprinkling of the blood, could set them right again. They were placed where they had not altogether the trials and the temptations of the rest of mankind. They were so cut off and separated that I may well compare them to

"A garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground."

And yet even in that favoured soil, which was so well tilled and so well husbanded by God, it was utterly impossible that perfect holiness could grow, and therefore the law was broken. Even the seed of Israel, circumcised and blessed with covenants and promises, and having the immediate presence of God in their sanctuary, could not keep the law,—a clear lesson to us that "by the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." You cannot perfectly obey God; you cannot work out a righteousness of your own; you cannot do that which God commands you. Look to the flames which Moses saw, and sink, and tremble, and despair, if you wish to be saved by your own works.

Now that old covenant has passed away with regard to the Lord's people. As many of us as have believed in Christ Jesus are now under a new covenant, which is after quite a different tenure. It does not say, "Do this and live;" but it says, on God's part, "I will give you a new heart; I will forgive your sins; I will bless you with my presence; I will make you holy; I will keep you holy; I will preserve you in my ways; I will bring you to myself at the last." And all this is vouchsafed without any conditions that render the fulfilment precarious, for whatever conditions there were devolved not upon the sinner but upon the substitute; as though God should say, "I will do this if my only-begotten Son Jesus Christ will give his blood for your remission, and work out a perfect righteousness for your acceptance." That has been done; and now, as far as you and I are concerned, the covenant of grace is promise, pure promise, nothing but promise; and all that we have to do is, as poor, guilty, helpless, needy souls, to sit down at the feet of our gracious God, and receive from him those wondrous blessings which the covenant has secured to all the faithful.

One of the blessings of this new covenant is heart-writing. "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." It is of that I am going to talk to-night, and instead of having different heads to the sermon, we will just offer a few observations, which have, we think, a very intimate connection with this point of writing upon the fleshy tables of the heart.

Our first observation is, that with the tables of stone Christians have nothing whatever to do.

Nay, do not stagger nor be astonished. I know there are certain places of worship where these two tables of the law stand right over the communion table; but they have no business there, for we can never have any communion with God upon the footing of the law. If there must be anything there, if there must be any symbol at all there, then the Roman Catholic is right when he puts there the cross, or a picture of the crucifixion. We put away all symbols lest they should become idolatries, but if there must be anything, the cross is the proper thing over the communion table—not the two tables of the law; for on the footing of the law God never did have communion with man, and he never can have, since man has fallen. With the two tables of the law as they are written upon the stone the Christian has nothing whatever to do.

You know me too well to suspect me of being an Antinomian; yet I will not try to detract from the force of the expression which the Holy Spirit has taught us, "Ye are not under the law; ye are under grace." All the ten commandments the Christian loves. They are his rule of life, and he desires to keep every single word that God has ever commanded to the sons of men. But as they stand on those tables of hard, cold rock, I have nothing whatever to do with them. Moses dashed them from his hands in holy rage, and surely, as I see their broken fragments there, I can only say that I have done precisely what Moses did, and have broken those tables to pieces too. Even Moses cannot keep the tables in his hand without breaking them, nor can I do any better than he. God rules his people not by law, but by love. They do not walk in holiness because they must, but because they wish to do it. The rule which governs them is not "Do this and live, do that and perish;" but this—"I have loved thee with an everlasting love; what wilt thou do for me?" The quote two good lines of old Master Quarles, which just give the sense I want—

"Leave thou the stony tables for thy Saviour's part;
Keep thou the law that's written in thy heart."

As for the stone tables, Christ has kept them and fulfilled them, and therefore they have lost their force to crush you. The table on your heart is your rule, your guidance, and your law. See to it that you be not disobedient to the revelation of Christ in you the hope of glory.

There are many of my hearers to-night who are always dealing with the tables of the law. You are trying to get to heaven by what you can do. O! my dear friend, thou canst not keep the law; why dost thou try to do it? It is too high, too heavenly, too broad, too spiritual, for thee. It affects thee in thine imaginations, thy thoughts, thy words, thine actions. Why, thou breakest it every moment. Thou hast broken it since thou hast been in this house. Think not, then, to do an impossibility. And even if thou couldst keep it in the future, it would do thee no good, for thou hast already broken it, and to try to preserve what thou hast already broken is most absurd. If thou hadst an alabaster box in thy hand, and thou hadst broken it to shivers, however careful thou mightst be of the broken fragments yet thou couldst not put them together again. Thou hast most effectually cut the throat of all thy hopes of ever being saved by the law. O! man, wherefore dost thou try to do this when Christ has kept the law? Dost thou think that Christ would come all the way from heaven to keep the law for thee if thou couldst keep it for thyself? If thou couldst be thine own Saviour what need for him to be stretched upon the cross, and to bleed, and agonize, and die? Does Christ do that which is not necessary? O! proud soul, proud soul, to think to do what only a Saviour can accomplish! Come now, and leave thy doings, thy filthy doings, for all thy righteousnesses are but as filthy rags. Come now, and leave thy virtues and all thy boasted deeds, and look thee to where he hangs who has woven a garment without seam from the top through-

out, and has dyed it in the crimson of his own blood. Put this on thee, and thou wearest heaven's court-dress, and thou shalt one day stand among the peers of Paradise; but without this, thou art naked, and poor, and miserable. I counsel thee, buy of him fair raiment, of the fine linen which is the righteousness of the saints. With the law as engraved on stone, then, the believer has nothing to do, but his business is with the law as written with the Spirit of the living God upon his heart.

Our next observation is, that the old heart is not fit for God to write his law upon. Somebody said once that the human heart, in infancy at least, was like a piece of white paper, and that there might be anything written on it which we pleased. Little did that person know, little had he even guessed concerning a human heart; for the heart is blotted, blurred, blacked, smeared, smudged, fouled, stained through and through, even at the very beginning. "Behold I was born in sin and whopen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." There is no such thing as a white surface upon the natural heart, and God never did try to write a sentence on the natural heart yet, and he never will, because he knows right well that that heart is not a fit place for his holy law to be written. If it should be possible for him to put it upon that black heart I think he would not do it, for it is an impure thing, and God will never write his perfect law upon an imperfect parchment like a depraved heart. It is too vile, too abominable for God to touch. "All that can be done with the old, natural, human heart, is for God to mortify it, to pierce it through and through with the spear which pierced the side of Christ. "Death to the old Adam! death to the old Adam!" is the cry of the Gospel, but as for modifying him, it never tries to do it, for the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor can the leopard its spots. The thing is looked upon as hopeless, and is given up to die, and the sooner it dies the better for you and for me. No! God will not write upon it, for it is foul and blotted, and because, moreover, it is too abominable for him to touch.

Equally too impossible is it for God to write upon the old heart because it is stony. He did write once on stone, and the tables were broken, and he will not write on stone a second time. He has tried stone already, and, as we have before said, the first tables of stone were broken, and as to the second tables of stone, I know not where they are; they are lost, as if the very thought of goodness had been lost to man by nature. And if God should write upon a stony heart this would be the result, that the heart with the law written upon it must soon be broken and destroyed. What! shall he write on such an unstable, treacherous, deceitful thing as an unrenewed heart? As well might you write upon the sand; or, worse still, go write your name upon the treacherous billow and expect to find it handed down to fame. But God writes not on water thus. He will not take his great pen into his hand to write on such a medium as the heart which "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "Ye must be born again." "A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you." "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. O God." Let that prayer be breathed by you as you realize the unfitness of the old heart for God to write upon.

The old heart, then, being put out of the question, there is a new heart produced by the Holy Spirit. Transcending the greatest wonders in nature is this bestowment of a new heart. You know, dear friends, that a tree, if it have its branches cut off, may have new branches; and there are some crustaceous animals which, when they lose a claw or a foot, have fresh ones grow again; but you never heard of an animal losing its heart, and then having a new one. The thing is impossible. But this wonder of wonders God does in us. He gives a new core to our very being, a fresh life-fountain to the whole of our existence. Well; when this new heart comes into us it must have something written on it. A heart with nothing in it would be too preposterous for imagination. Look at all God's

works, and they have all something written on them. Even the black brow of tempest has God's name of terror written upon it in letters of lightning. Do not the thunders roll like drums in the march of the God of armies? Is not the Eternal himself mirrored in tempest upon the bosom of the stormy sea? Even the fields, whether they be black with winter or golden with autumn's crown, still bear the impress, either of Divine power, or of Divine love. God has written the whole world over. There is not a slab in the great palace of creation which is left unsculptured. Everywhere there are great hieroglyphs, which skilful men and initiated spirits love to read. And shall there be nothing on the heart, when God has taken the trouble to make it twice over, when he has made that heart anew? If there were nothing on the heart at all, it were no heart. A heart without something in it is just a dull, dead vacuum, and not a fit heart for such a creature as man. What was the new heart made for, to what end, and to what purpose, if it do not bear some inscriptions of the Divine life? The devil would soon attempt to write on it, if God did not write there. Is it not the very best way to keep a man from filling a bushel with chaff, to fill it full of wheat first? So, for God to write on the new heart, is not this the safest method to keep that heart pure for himself, so that no word of the language of hell shall be written there? If that heart were left empty what would happen? Is it not written concerning the man's house that was swept and garnished, that the evil spirit came back to it? Why? Because it was empty; if there had been a tenant in it, if the strong man armed had kept the house, the old tenant could not have gone back. And so, when God has thoroughly written out the whole of his law upon the tablet of a sanctified heart, there will be no possibility that sin shall ever be written there. I know it is an incorruptible seed that cannot sin, because it is born of God; but that very thing which makes it an incorruptible seed, the very life that is in it, makes it swell, and grow, and germinate. As the heart is God's heart, and a renewed heart, there must be God's writing upon it. God does not send books into the world which are but blank paper. He does not produce as his epistles, that are to be known and read of all men, mere empty sheets. No, there must be upon the new heart some of the handwriting of God.

Pray the Lord to give thee a new heart, poor soul, or if thou hast it already, ask him now to write upon it. Say in the words of that verse—

"There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep inscribe his law;
And every motion of our soul
To swift obedience draw."

And say, IS NOT THE HEART THE VERY BEST PLACE TO WRITE THE LAW IN?

I cannot conceive a better to put it in than the heart. A certain minister preaching from that text, "Thy law have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee," had three heads to his sermon: first, the best thing—"Thy word;" secondly, in the best place—"have I hid in my heart;" thirdly, for the best of purposes—"that I might not sin against thee." A very well divided sermon. The heart is the best place, because, you know, it is in his heart that a man carries his jewels. When Little-faith was met down Deadman's-lane by those three villains, they robbed him of all he had, but they did not steal his jewels. The reason was because he carried them in the casket of his heart. Some men wear their religion as men wear their hats, where they can be snatched off by a thief or be blown away by the winds of temptation, or be laid aside to suit their own convenience when they get into the devil's drawing-room. But the true Christian carries his religion in his heart, and as he cannot pluck his heart out, as that is always safe in the very centre of his soul—so is his religion. Fair weather or foul weather, good company or bad company, it is all the same; in a losing market or in a winning market; whether men cry "Hallelujah" and "Hosanna," or whether they cry, "Crucify him, crucify him!" the man is still the same, because he has got his principles in his heart, which is the best place for God's law. Putting the law into

the heart signifies that it is put where it will be loved and where it will move the whole man. If you can put a thing into a man's heart, you know, you have put it into the man's entire being. We have heard of a certain shepherd who had a flock in a meadow. A stream of water that ran into the meadow was very foul and muddy, so the shepherd digged some new channels; but after he digged them, the water was still not very clear. He cleared out the channels again and again, but still, after a little time, the water was again impure. It was better than it had been before, when flowing through the muddy channel, but still it was not such as he could wish it to be. At last some one said to him, "Why do you not purge the fountain higher up upon the hill, where the spring comes bubbling up all pure; there is a mass of mud and filth there, and then the water comes down the hill-side laden with all this impurity: purge it there—purge it near the fountain head." So when man gets purified at the fountain, when he gets the law in the fountain, then it is that he is sure to be all right as to the streams of his actions. You cannot put the law, then, in a better place than in the heart, because there it will be preserved, and there it will actuate the entire man. Lord, grant to me and to mine that we may have the law thus safely locked up in the golden casket of a renewed heart.

Still it must be admitted THAT IT IS VERY HARD TO WRITE ON HEARTS.

That same old poet whom I quoted just now—Quarles—pictures God as saying—

"What I indite
 'Tis I alone can write,
 And write in books that I myself have made,
 'Tis not an easy trade
 To read or write in hearts.
 They that are skilful in all other arts,
 When they take this in hand,
 Are at a stand."

It is not easy to read hearts, and it is harder work still to write on hearts. We can sometimes write on people's heads; that is comparatively easy. You may get a thing into the intellect, you may get it into the brains somehow by sheer dunning and argument, but to get a thing into the heart is not so very easy.

"He that's convinced against his will
 Is of the same opinion still,"

and, though convinced, he still goes on in the same path, pursuing the thing which he knows to be his own worst enemy. There are no slaves but those who serve their enemies; and those are the greatest slaves who are slaves to their own soul-destroying lusts. It is not an easy thing to write on hearts. When there are many conversions certain simpletons are apt to think that there is something in the preacher. Suppose some one had gone to a battle-field, and had picked up the stone with which David smote Goliath's head, he would have looked at it and said, "Well, it must be a very wonderful stone that could have killed a giant," and then, after turning it round and looking at it a little time, he would say that it was very like any other stone that came out of the brook—very like any other smooth stone that might be put in a sling—and very likely he would throw it down in contempt, and think nothing of it. Well, that is how some people do with God's ministers. They will say—"Well, there are so many conversions; he must be a very wonderful man," and then they find him wonderfully like any other common-place talker, and so they will think nothing of him. Ah, simpleton! dost thou not know that it is not the stone but the sling, and not even the sling, but the God who directs the stone to the giant's brow? And so it is not the man, but the man's Master, and it is the Spirit of God that makes the Word effectual. But what would you think if that stone should talk thus—"O, what a fine stone am I! I killed thee, Goliath! What a fine stone am I! The daughters of Jerusalem ought to rejoice over me in the dance, and they ought to 'sound the loud timbrel' and say, 'Glory be unto thee, O Stone, for thou hast smitten the giant's brow!'" What would the Angel of Wisdom say, but—"O! foolish pebble of the brook! Son of the dirt and of the dark and miry

sea-bed! There is nothing in thee any more than in thy fellow-stones that slept with thee in the flowing crystal; had David picked another the work had still been done as well, and inasmuch as he chose thee, boast not of thyself as though there were ought in thee." Beloved, when you or I are privileged to do anything for Christ let us recollect that we are only the poor stone out of the brook, that there is nothing in us, and that unto God must be all the glory. This is hard work, writing upon hearts. I confess that I never could—and I never expect to be able to write on a heart—God's holy law. No, beloved; the heart is locked up too tight for us to get at it; but God has the key, and he opens it as a man would do his own writing-desk, and he knows how to open the sheets one after another, and begin to write with his own pen the blessed commandments of his new and perfect law. Jesus is the great writer, for Jesus knows hearts. He is Divine and Omniscient, and therefore he knows hearts. But he is a man; every pang that rends the heart has rent his heart. He had a pierced heart, and there was a terrible writing upon his heart when the spear wrote there this great word—"WRATH"—"the wrath of God on account of sin." He knows what heart-writing means. Deep on his heart are inscribed his people's names. He understands heart-writing, and he can do for his disciples what has been done in him. He has such a gentle hand, such loving fingers, such a great heart to move that hand that he is the great heart-writer, and there is none that can match him in writing upon human hearts.

Now, do you know that when Jesus Christ writes upon the heart, he writes by his Holy Spirit, and uses his Word as the pen?

There are several pens that God uses, and one is his Written Word. This is a gold pen, with a diamond point. It is marvellous how God can sometimes write on the heart with a text of Scripture, a promise, a threatening, a word of doctrine, of exhortation, or of rebuke. When he writes with that diamond pen there is never any mistake, never any scratching or catching in the paper, but all is well written then.

Then he sometimes writes on human hearts by his ministers. Mr. John Berridge once preached a sermon upon a different text from mine, but I may run into his sermon, and quote from it. He says that ministers are like pens. There are some of the University ministers, he says, and they try to make them the same as people make steel pens now-a-days; they make them by the gross, and though they have their excellencies, and many of them are highly educated men, yet they also have their deficiencies. John Berridge compared himself to an old goose quill. He said he could not make such fine lady-like up-strokes as the University steel pens could, but he thought that God often made heavier down-strokes on the heart by him than ever he did with the University gentlemen. And that is the case with some of us. We have to be nibbed several times before we are fit to write with at all, and when we do write we sometimes make a sorry blotch of it; but yet the Lord does help us, rough and ready as we may be, to make some heavy down-strokes on the sinner's conscience; and if this be done it is a reason for thankfulness, and we will bless the Lord for it. Pens, however, must sometimes be nibbed, and so ministers must sometimes feel the sharp knife of affliction so as to make them more fit to preach God's Word.

Need I remind you, beloved, that a pen cannot write of itself? There, just take that pen, and lay it down on the paper. Can that pen write "Paradise Lost"? Why, it cannot even stir; it cannot write a single letter of the alphabet, much less can it write a poem. And so is it with the minister. He can write no truth in the sinner's heart and conscience except his Master holds him in his hand; but when the Master begins to write, O! then, how well it is done, and how the white paper of the new heart receives the Divine handwriting, and it remains indelibly there!

Neither would it avail for writing that there be the best pen in the world without ink; and the analogy in this case is with the Holy Spirit. The minister must be dipped in this ink. He must have much of the Holy Spirit with him, or else it is

no matter—he may be a goose-quill, or he may be the more polished steel; he may have been well-nibbed, he may have written much in his time; but he can write nothing now without the ink. My friend Cook tells me that he has often heard Mr. Irons say, as he went to his pulpit, “O, for an unction from on high! O, for an unction from on high!” And methinks this may be the preacher's prayer whenever he goes to preach—“O, for an unction from on high! O, for much of this Divine ink—much of the Holy Spirit.”

Surely we may praise and bless the Lord whenever we see his commandments written upon a human heart; because it is God's law, it is Christ that writes it, and it is the Spirit of God who is the agent, through the Word, by whom that writing is put there. O! let us join in hearty thanksgiving to Father, Son, and Spirit, the covenant-keeping God, who writes his law in our hearts.

And it may be well to make a special note of this—**GOD'S LAW IS THE MATTER WHICH IS WRITTEN UPON THE NEW HEART.**

I do not think it is the law, as it stands in the letter, either in Exodus or in Deuteronomy, but it is the spirit of the law that is written upon the Christian's heart. With regard to the law as a letter we may say, “The letter killeth;” it is the Spirit, the essence of the law, which the Christian is to mind, and which is printed on his heart. Under the old law the Jew was often put to much inconvenience. For instance, the law of the Sabbath, as it then stood, was, “In it thou shalt do no manner of work.” Now, some Christians always read it in that way even to this day; but, when the Saviour was on earth, his disciples rubbed the ears of corn together in the fields and ate thereof on the Sabbath day. The Pharisees complained of this, but the Saviour replied to them that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; that the Sabbath was really never meant to be a fixed and tight bond which was to crush us, and make us feel like slaves during the time it lasted; but that it was made for our use, to be devoted to the best and highest of purposes. They would never have healed anybody on the Sabbath. O, that they thought was dreadfully wicked. But Jesus Christ had hallowed the Sabbath-day by acts of mercy. And now he gives to the Christian a day of rest, not, indeed, such a day of rest as it was to the Jew; but he gives us this, that we might perform works of mercy, works of piety, and works for necessary uses. These we do perform, and when we do so, there are some who cry out that such and such a Christian is not a Sabbatarian. No, and the Christian man has no need to be. His law of the Sabbath is not the old law, as he finds it in Deuteronomy or Exodus, but the law of the Sabbath as he finds it according to Christ, which is this, that the day is a day of rest and holy pleasure, a day in which we are to serve God with all our might; and any kind of work which is wholly God's work, and in which we can serve God; is a work which we are permitted, nay, which we are enjoined to perform. So it is with all the law, if you just run your eye through it. The Christian man does not go back to his book and say, “Well, I feel very angry; I should like to know whether I may kill my brother.” No, he has got it in his heart, and he does not want to kill anybody. He knows that he that is angry with his brother is a murderer, and so he turns round and says, “I forgive you; I forgive you freely.” Sometimes persons come and ask us delicate questions, which involve some degree of uncleanness. It will occasionally be, “May such and such a thing be done?” where you can clearly see traces of lust. Now the Christian never asks that. He has got the law in his heart, and he does not want to know whether this and that may be permitted as a sin of the flesh, but he remembers that “he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart,” and so he spurns the sin. The law written on his heart is enough for him, and he delights in the law of God after the inward man, without everlastingly going to the letter—the killing letter—and reading in that the condemnation of offences rather than the promptings of holy motives. The law of God is perfect; let us say naught

against it; but it is not so glorious as the law which Christ has brought in, and which he exhibited in his own person. The glory of the law was great, but the glory of Christ's Gospel is greater far. Remember, Christian, that there is to be written on your heart the whole of God's law, but it is the spirit of that law and not the letter of it which is to be written there, and what that spirit is ye know, for our Great Teacher epitomized it in one word, and that one word is "LOVE;" love, that furnishes the impulse while it prescribes the duty.

The man who has got God's law written in his heart will go right without a book—he will go right without having somebody at his elbow to nudge him. And why will he go right? Why does the steam-engine go? Because it has got steam within it, and the proper machinery, and so on it must go. You do not see twenty horses dragging a steam-engine along, do you? Not as a general thing, certainly, or else steam-engines would be of very little use. Now, there are some folks who want to make laws to make other people good. That is not the way in which Scripture goes to work; but Scripture just alters the man's heart, puts new machinery in him, puts the heavenly steam into him, and then he cannot help going. You are not to have a law with twenty policemen behind it to drag a man to do right. That is not the thing to do. The man must be renewed by Divine grace, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus, and then, by the force and strength of that new nature, the law being written in his heart, he hates that which is evil and cleaves to that which is good. Some people cannot understand this. They know they will not do what is right themselves except they are flogged it, while they do what is wrong at every opportunity from an evil bias. But the Christian is a different man. He has been horn again, and now he would want flogging to do evil, and even then he would not do it; but he wants no driving to that which is good, for the ways of God are his pleasure, and the pleasures of sin he hates. May we all in this sense have the law written on our hearts. And what will that law be? Why, this word—"LOVE." Love is the law of the Gospel. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." This is the law of the Christian, and this is the law which is written on his heart. This is the sum and substance, the quintessence, the distilled essence of all the ten commandments. You may forget those ten commandments, O believer, if you will but remember this new law which is written on your heart—"Love, love, love!"

Last of all, the writing preserves the heart and the heart preserves the writing.

Some of us who have a large correspondence sometimes have a grand burning. There are a lot of letters on my table, very possibly written by some of you, which will never get answered; but if people will write ten times as many as anybody can answer, they must not expect to get answers. Still, there they are, and sometimes there comes to be a general blaze, and while we are burning the letters up, every now and then we say, Ah, I'll keep that. Why? Well, it is in the handwriting of somebody we loved, but who is now dead, and we say, Yes, I'll keep that; just put that away in one of the pigeon-holes, and there let it lie amongst the "interesting letters." I will keep that; I will not burn that; it has got my father's handwriting upon it, and he is gone; or my mother's name is there, and she is dead; I will keep that; put that away. So when God comes at last to look at all the writing of the universe there will be a general burning by-and-by, but he will come to one heart, and he will say, Yes, keep that; that has my law written on it, and wherever I see my law I see my dear Son's handwriting; he himself died upon the cross that this heart should not be burned; I will keep that. If you have God's law written on your hearts it will preserve you.

So, too, the heart preserves the writing. The Pharaohs have written wonderful inscriptions in Egypt upon their stone tombs, yet some of these have become defaced through the lapse of years.

"Time has a mighty tooth,
And bites the granite through."

But when a thing is written upon an immortal heart, then no time can change it. The heart that had God's law written on it years ago had it still written there in the last expiring moments, as he talked with God upon his dying bed. The flesh has been committed to the grave, but the handwriting is not gone, for the heart on which it was written has soared aloft, and there it is now before the eternal throne; and when the sun has grown dim with age, and the moon has waned never to wax again, and the stars have quenched their tiny lamps, when

'The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind,"

just as a moment's foam dissolves into the wave that bears it, and is lost for ever; when all the universe that God has made, except the heaven, which is to exist for ever, shall have passed away, then the handwriting of God upon that heart will be as clear and as legible as it is now. Ay, and if ye can fly on seraph's wings through eternity—far, far away, till time seems a spot too small to be discerned by the keenest eye; if you have sped on till God has made and destroyed as many worlds as there are grains of sand by the sea shore; till he has piled up, and dashed to pieces again, as many mighty universes as there are drops in the ocean—changeless even then, the imperishable writing of the Divine Hand shall still glitter on the immortal, eternal hearts that God has made and quickened, that they might be the pillars on which he might write the memorial of his love and holiness. O! that my heart might have this writing on it. Brethren, I pray that it may be the case with you and with all of us. But remember, the old heart must be broken, and the place to get a new heart is at the foot of the cross. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." "He that believeth on him shall never be confounded." He that trusts in Jesus builds upon a rock; he builds for eternity, and his happiness shall be secure.

The Lord send you away with his own blessing, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JESUS ALWAYS THE SAME.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF
CHELTENHAM.

WHAT a changeable world we live in! Everything within us and without is changing. Our frames how variable, our friends how changeable! Yet our souls want something permanent on which to rest, some one unchangeable with whom to walk. For this we must turn away from all creatures, and fix the eye and the heart on Jesus alone. He is the same—always the same. Hence the Apostle's testimony, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Heb. xiii. 8. Holy Spirit, lead me to think of Jesus, and to write of Jesus, so as to glorify his dear name.

Jesus is the same in his PERSON. He cannot change. His humanity is pure and perfect, and it is united to, and in-

habited by, his Divinity. He is truly God, and really man—God and man in one person. He cannot be improved, for he is all perfect; nor can he be deteriorated, for his Divine nature preserves his humanity from that. Jesus is what he was; Jesus ever will be what he is. Whatever change may take place in me, or in my friends or relations, no change can ever take place in Jesus. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Jesus is the same in his OFFICES. He is the same wise, holy, and condescending prophet, who, by his Spirit, reveals the mind of the Father to us. He is the same great and gracious High Priest, who, having atoned for our sins by his blood, ever liveth to make intercession for us. The blood he shed for our ransom on the cross, he ever pre-

sents to his Father for our security; so that, being reconciled by his death, we shall be saved by his life. He is the same glorious and condescending King. On the throne of his Father, he rules all worlds for our good, and is looking forward to the time when God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and all his enemies shall be put under his feet.

Jesus is the same in his word. His promises are like the ancient mountains, and his threatenings like the inexhaustible ocean. Heaven and earth may pass away; but his word shall never pass away. We may depend on what he has spoken, for all that he has said shall surely come to pass. Others may be unable to fulfil their word, but Jesus will make good every tittle of his. Others may violate their word, but Jesus never can. His word endureth for ever, and the thoughts of his heart, embodied in his words, to all generations.

Jesus is the same in all his varied ~~affections~~. He is the same in his grace. Never was he more gracious than now, nor will he ever be less gracious to any that believe on his name. He is the same in his mercy. Never did he sympathize with his people in their sufferings more than he does now, nor will he ever sympathize with them less. He is the same in his faithfulness, not only true to his word, but faithfully filling every relation he has assumed. He is the same in his holiness, and is the Holy One of Israel, who on earth appeared as holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. He is the same in his love, for having loved his own, he loveth them unto the end. There are no fluctuations in his love, no ebbing or flowing in this ocean. His love is everlasting; like his Divine nature, it is without variableness or shadow of turning.

Jesus is the same in his TEMPER AND DISPOSITION. He is still the Lamb, though in the midst of the throne. He is still meek and lowly of heart; and he who waited for sinners, looked out for sinners, and received sinners, in the days of his flesh, does so still. He never did break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, nor will he. His loving kindness is as great, as good, and as tender as ever. There was nothing

in him to alarm a timid, bashful child, therefore the children allowed him to take them up in his arms and bless them, and he is as gentle and as loving now. Patient love and meek mercy appear prominently in the temper and disposition of the ever-blessed Jesus.

Jesus is the same in his DEMANDS UPON US. He still demands our unhesitating faith in what he says, our cheerful obedience to his commands, our heart-whole trust in his sacrificial death, and our constant preference of him to all besides. He demands of us that we confess him before men; and that we be decided in his cause. Not health or wealth, friends or relatives, ease or comfort—no, nor life itself, must be preferred to him. He requires the person, the whole person, and all that belongs to the person, to be brought to his altar, surrendered for his acceptance, and consecrated to his service and praise. Less than this never did satisfy our adorable Redeemer, and less than this never will, for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

If Jesus Christ is always the same, then he is truly and properly God, for God alone is absolutely unchangeable. But Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, therefore he is the true God and eternal life. The language of the God of Israel exactly becomes him: "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." If Jesus is unchangeable, then the foundation of our faith and hope is firm, for on him they rest, and on him alone. As, therefore, Jesus is the Rock of Ages, the long-ried stone which God hath laid in Zion for a foundation, building our faith and hope on him, we can say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." If Jesus is ever the same, then the fountain of our comfort is inexhaustible. Brooks may dry up, and if we are left to depend on creatures for comfort, we may be left miserable and unhappy; but the ocean is ever full, and if we live on Christ for our comfort, we shall never know what it is to want a friend, or a source of sweetest consolation. If Jesus never changes, then the prospects of the Church are most animating. Is not the Church his body?

Is not the Church his bride? Has he not given himself for his Church, and promised to glorify her with himself? What, then, may not the Church expect to receive from Christ, and to enjoy in union with Christ? Is Jesus immutable? Then the punishment of impenitent sinners is certain. He has warned them most solemnly. He has set before them the consequences of living and dying in sin most faithfully. He has told them of the worm that dieth not, and of the fire that is unquenchable. He proclaims his willingness to save, complaining of some that they would not come unto him, in order that they might be saved by him. If Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, then we may go wherever he sends us, and do whatsoever he bids us, with confidence and courage. He who commanded the winds and the waves and they obeyed him, he who raised the dead and fills devils with fear and alarm, is our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Friend; and he has said, "Lo, I am with you always." Do we wonder, then, that he bids his disciples not be troubled let what would happen, directing them as they had confidence in his Father to have confidence in him? I wonder not. O! my soul, rejoice, rejoice; thy Saviour is always the same; trust, ever trust in him, for he will stand by thee, appear for thee, and at length glorify thee with himself.

SPIRITUAL HELPLESSNESS.

BY THE REV. A. TESSIER.

"For without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5. MAN, in a natural state of mind, is not conscious of his own weakness. Repentance and faith are to him within the reach of his own powers, and the need of Divine operation to produce such effects are matters of suspicion. Though broken to pieces by the fall, he imagines himself to be as whole as Adam in his unfallen condition. He is like the subjects of certain diseases, which lead them to suppose, even when the finger of death is upon them, that they shall recover.

The common acknowledgment of sinnership is but a consent to that which cannot be denied; but a sense of sinnership, such as the convicted conscience

feels, is not common to man. A drowning man will catch at a rope, but men subject to a worse death will let the rope slip through their fingers. The world, before the coming of Christ, had ample opportunity, if it possessed the power, of effecting its own regeneration. For a time it seemed as if God had let the world alone to work out its own devices. Left to itself, how hideous was the conception let the darkness of past generations tell, and the black catalogue of crimes that rises before us in the pages of inspiration. Imagination had pictured a sort of earthly paradise that culture and refinement could produce. Philosophy had put forth all its power. It tried and failed at the gate of all our Edens. The flaming sword was seen. We would, but could not enter in. All human schemes have failed to render man less obnoxious to Divine justice. I wonder not that we find objectors to the doctrine of man's spiritual helplessness, for men are not disposed naturally to receive any humbling truth. There are teachers who seem to have lost altogether a sight of the utter weakness of man, and instead of extinguishing, inspire the presumptuous hope that a moral life is all that God requires, and, in the very face of Calvary, proclaim salvation by the deeds of the law. The glories of the Cross are obscured by such teaching as this. These men are lauded to the skies. The world greedily devours such doctrine, though it has a tendency to destroy. Those who lift up the voice in opposition to such teaching are called uncharitable. But are we to sacrifice truth for the sake of charity? Never. Better to be called uncharitable a thousand times, and stigmatized by the name of bigot, than, for the sake of winning a charitable name, to sacrifice one golden grain of truth. This is the charity that makes God a liar, and such charity must be itself a lie. This is charity—to love the truth too well to cover it, to love the souls of men too well to pander to their prejudices for the sake of winning a charitable name. The spiritual helplessness of man ought ever to be taught in such a way that, under a consciousness of it, men are led to fly to One upon whom help is laid. However unpalatable the truth may be to a mind alienated from God, great lessons

of man's impotence are taught us in the Bible. The Word of God represents faithfully the character of man. His image is clearly seen in this glass. He may start back at the picture, but there it is in all its living reality. His state by nature is well illustrated by blindness and deadness, language that clearly teaches the true weakness of man.

There is nothing in the Bible that would lead man to trust in himself. The ground upon which he stands gives way beneath him as he learns that a man is not justified by the deeds of the law. And as a shipwrecked mariner clings to the rock for safety, so he, to avoid destruction, clings to the Rock of Ages. No; there is nothing in the Word of God calculated to deceive the sinner. Miserable, poor, blind and naked—this is a representation of his state. He may, in his poverty, think himself rich, but this is only an idle dream of the fancy that can give no satisfaction to the soul. The mind can only rest in truth; dreams cannot satisfy. Truth is as the pole, to which our minds, like the needle in the compass, turn, and there they rest. How admirably adapted, then, to the wants of the mind is the Gospel! The mind rests in a discovery of Christ. The lesson of weakness is not taught without the other, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." To teach man his own spiritual helplessness is the work of the Holy Spirit, and no man really knows it until obliged to confess it in the face of all his shipwrecked hopes. Until the sinner sees the great gulf separating him from God he thinks he can open up a way of communication for himself, but the feebleness of the attempt is but a demonstration of his weakness. The dying man would raise himself, but falls back exhausted by his own efforts. Conversion is the time when God convinces us that we are helpless sinners; and though for a season we may hope to obtain peace with God by our own varied efforts, yet the consciousness still of alienation which remains within makes us cry after the spirit of adoption, by which we can say, "Abba, Father!" A sense of sinnership, a view of Christ on the Cross—these are antidotes against pride. Pride cannot live where Christ dies. Till we have really closed with

Christ, the sense of sin is deepened; the gulf that separates us from God seems to get wider and wider; we appear to stand upon the very edge of destruction; and when, after various efforts to relieve ourselves, we at last fall into the hands of the Saviour, the character of his atonement and the sense of his love—these strike at our pride and lay it low. In his humanity we find cause for deep humility, in his spotless innocence we may learn our own depravity, in his sacrifice we see the awfulness of the curse; in his Cross, our shame. From a feeling of weakness and utter unworthiness, we cry—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall,
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all."

The experiences of the believer are many, but all go to teach him that without Christ he can do nothing. His trials, his disappointments, and even the character of his successes, show him the source of all his strength. The armour of Saul is often thrown aside, and the sling and the stone made the means of victory. There is, however, a fullness of grace in Christ. The manna still falls, and the water gushes from the smitten rock. To the hungry, Christ says, "I am the bread of life." To the thirsty, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." The Apostle's experience is ours:—"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." As a plant grows encircling some tree for its support, so our faith must grow leaning upon Christ. Conscious of our own weakness, may we go on from strength to strength, till at last, in Zion, we appear before God.

Coleraine.

HOW DO YOU HEAR?

BY THE REV. H. WATTS.

To some this question may seem to be unimportant. Accustomed to sit from Sabbath to Sabbath under the sound of a preached Gospel, they think it enough to attend the house of God regularly, hearken to the preacher respectfully, and go home at the conclusion of the service most complacently. But this is not enough. A manner of hearing is required, without which a constant

attendance on the services of the sanctuary will prove of little benefit. Jesus himself endorsed this statement, when, after giving the parable of the Sower, he exclaimed, "Take heed therefore how ye hear," Luke viii. 18. We may, therefore, according to his testimony, hear both profitably and unprofitably. That you, reader, may judge how you hear, I will endeavour to place before you eight kinds of hearers. They are to be found in most congregations; and all that I ask of you is to let conscience speak, and testify to which class you belong.

1. There is the *thoughtless* hearer. No one can accuse him of want of thought concerning his worldly interest. If he expects trade to be dull, or the markets to fall, or an impending calamity to hang over his head, his anxiety is intense, and his cautious movements demonstrate his forethought. The wants of his body, the necessities of his family, the political well-being of society, are all thoughtfully looked after. Yet, careful about many things, he neglects the one thing needful. He hears the Gospel's good news, but it gladdens not his heart; he hears the call to repentance, but turns not to God; he is pointed to the crown of heaven, but will stoop to pick up the straws of earth; he is warned of the wrath to come, yet refuses to flee from the city of Destruction. If man speaks he would be attentive, if God speaks he pays no heed. And so he mocks God in his house; and it is possible that from that house he may be cast into the bottomless pit; for, said the great allegorical Dreamer, "Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven."

2. Sometimes in the congregation there is the *sceptical* hearer. The infidel in God's house may be an anomaly, but it is on some occasions a fact. There are men bad enough to come to God's house, not to hear truth, but to see what holes they can pick in the preacher, what imaginary contradictions they can find in the Bible, and what doctrinal revelations they can select to carp at and misrepresent. From the house of God they will often speed to the ale-house, and then, in the congenial company of their infidel associates, while their senses are being drowned in intoxicating drink, they will glory in the

relation of their blasphemies. But this is not to be wondered at, when we read that Voltaire could receive the "sacrament" regularly, merely to be able to deny his infidelity, if accused of it; and Collins and Shaftesbury could partake of it in order to qualify themselves for civil office. Fine characters these to talk about the hypocrisy of the priests! Sceptic, take heed how thou dost hear. Even in his house God watches, and notes thy every thought, word, and action; and thou shalt learn yet, if thou repentest not, that to dare to attend the sanctuary for such horrible purposes is among the greatest crimes that deserve punishment in the world to come.

3. Then we have also the *curious* hearer. He hears the Gospel from many ministers. If a strange preacher comes into the neighbourhood he is sure to be after him. The "odd" minister is generally his favourite. If any new doctrines are proclaimed his itching ears are ready to catch the sound immediately. "He does not like sameness; give him a little drollery; let him have a man who can tickle his fancy with startling things fresh and new; that is the man for him." And to hear such a man he will travel mile after mile, make the acquaintance of every chapel in the vicinity, and put up with any amount of inconvenience. The curious hearer wants his fancy pleased, not his heart touched. If, however, God was his teacher, he would learn that the Gospel is not a funny Gospel, but a solemn Gospel; not a Gospel for the fancy, but a Gospel for the soul. Then he would learn to talk less about the preacher and his manner, and more about Christ and his salvation. But he has to learn that yet.

4. Prominent in the congregation is *anybody else's* hearer. There are many of this class. They always hear for other people, never for themselves. Perhaps the minister preaches about "pride." Instantly anybody else's hearer fixes an eye upon some poor girl who has an extra ribbon on her bonnet, or a fine shawl thrown over her shoulders, and gives her a withering glance. Perhaps there is in the sermon a reference made to "honesty in business." Anybody else's hearer knows somebody in the chapel who has failed in business, and paid his creditors one-and-ninety pence in the pound; so he

accordingly looks at him triumphantly, as if to say, "There now, that's for you; you've caught it." It may be the minister denounces self-righteousness. Now, as a matter of course, anybody else's hearer never supposed that he had any self-righteousness; it is not likely, therefore, that it will be easy to make him see that, in so unmercifully judging others, he may have more than all who suffer from his censures. Looking, then, away from himself, at the mention of "self-righteousness" he glances at another supposed pharisaic individual. If the "backslider" should happen to be mentioned, he instantly picks out some fallen one, and gives him a look of horror. And when he arrives at home what does he talk about? Just this, and no more—"How the minister has given it to So-and-so; how he watched him, and saw him turn pale as death." Thus he wastes his precious time in hearkening for others, and never reflects upon the fact that he will have to answer for himself at the bar of God.

5. We may next note the *heady* hearer. He has a creed in his head, but, unfortunately, it has never wrought any good effect in his heart. Square, orthodox, and strictly Calvinistic, he attends God's house to see if the minister comes up to this "standard." Few men pay more attention to the doctrine propounded than he does. "Sound in the faith" himself, he can hear nothing but what is "sound" from the pulpit. Agree with him in ninety-nine things out of a hundred, yet differ in the last, he will cut you off smartly as "not contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," and charitably hope that you are not "a letter preacher." Poor fellow! He has evidently never studied, notwithstanding his contention for "the truth," Isaiah xxix. 21. If he would read that passage, he would learn the doom pronounced on those "that make a man an offender for a word, and lay a snare for him that reproveth in the gate, and turn aside the just for a thing of nought." Such characters God threatens to cut off. Those who have true religion in their hearts learn to "judge not, lest they should be judged," and are taught to exercise the grace of charity towards brethren who differ. But the heady hearer knows little of this, seeing

that he lives on his creed instead of living upon Christ.

6. Then there is the *forgetful* hearer. He sits under the sound of the Gospel, is touched by its warnings and admonitions, makes vows in God's house to reform, and then goes away to act like the man described in James, who "beholds his face in the glass, then goeth his way and straightway forgets what manner of man he was." How numerous are these forgetful hearers! Reader, art thou one? How many vows hast thou made when affected in God's house, and afterwards forgotten?

7. We must not pass by the *undecided* hearer. He has attended chapel for a number of years, hopes that the time will come that he shall boldly avow himself on the Lord's side, join the Lord's people, and walk blameless in the Lord's ordinances, but has not decided when that time shall be. Reader, if thou art one of these do not trifle with God or his ordinances. The Word of God demands decision. Your opportunities may soon be taken away. Procrastination has ruined many. Take care it does not ruin you.

8. Lastly, we may note with approbation the *salvation-seeking and salvation-loving* hearer. Such a hearer comes to God's house not merely to see and be seen, not because it is customary or fashionable, nor even because it is a duty to assemble for worship, but because he would embrace the privilege accorded to him of being permitted to enjoy the services of the sanctuary, hearken to the Gospel's joyful sound, and aid, by his presence and action, in extending the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth. God's Word is his meat and drink, and he proves constantly that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Thus he is not only a hearer of the Word, but a doer, and is blessed in his deeds. Now reader, in which of these eight classes are you found? Happy are you if you can say, "I belong to the last;" for salvation-seeking and salvation-loving hearers hear to the saving of the soul.

Golcar, Huddersfield.

BRAINTREE CHURCH.

THE OLDEST NONCONFORMIST CAUSE.

(Letter to the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—Dr. Evans, in his recently-published volume on the "Early English Baptists" (p. 77), cites the following quotations out of "Strype's Memorials":—"Setonaries appeared now in Essex and Kent, sheltering themselves under the profession of the Gospel, of whom complaint was made to the Council. These were the first that made separation from the Reformed Church of England, having gathered congregations of their own. The congregation in Essex was mentioned to be at Bocking; that in Kent at Faversham, as I have from an old register. . . . The members of the congregations in Kent went over to the congregations in Essex, to instruct and to join with them." And (p. 78), "In January 27th, a number of persons, a sort of Anabaptists, about sixty, met in a house on a Sunday, in the parish of Bocking, in Essex." According to these Memorials, there were Baptist congregations existing at Faversham and Bocking as early as the reign of Edward VI. (1547-1553.) That at Faversham, I understand, has been for many years extinct. As it may interest your readers to know that the other is still extant and flourishing, and, from all probability, has *uninterruptedly* enjoyed this long career, I will, with your kind permission, give a brief account of this ancient church, as I gather it from the church book, now in my possession.

As the relative position of Braintree and Bocking may be a little puzzling to strangers, I would just explain, that they are the two parishes in which the present town of Braintree stands, and divisible by only the main-street, or road, called the Rayne and Coggeshall Roads. In olden times Bocking was the chief place, being an extensive mart for the woollen trade; but in course of time, owing to the decline of the woollen and rise of the silk trade, and as in the case of many other towns throughout the country, the order has been reversed, so that Bocking has had to follow in the wake of Braintree.

From the materials now before me, it seems that during the pastorate of the Rev. John Hornblow, the old chapel be-

came the subject of protracted litigation in the High Court of Chancery, owing to which, as well as to the unpleasantness hereinafter referred to, and other causes of a domestic nature, the earliest records were destroyed. Referring to these proceedings, it is recorded that "even the trust-deed had been missing for 50 years, and another had been forged." This deed, together with a few other papers, was, some years after the demise of Mr. Hornblow, discovered in the possession of a Mrs. Johnson, of Coggeshall; so that by means of these papers, and other collateral evidence, we are now in possession of a correct record, dating as far back as the reign of Charles II. (1660), some one hundred years after the time to which Strype refers as above. It appears that a General Baptist Church was then existing in Braintree, and which, under a succession of pastors, gradually became a Particular Baptist Church. The congregation, in the reign of Charles, met in premises, since the property of a Mrs. Wright, in Back-lane, then called Sanford Pond-lane, Braintree. Afterwards, they met in a place belonging to W. Humphreys, coach-builder, now to Mrs. Smee, on the opposite side of the adjacent Rayne Road, and in the parish of Bocking. After that they assembled in a cottage belonging to W. Cartwright, in Coggeshall Road, but on the other side of the street, and, consequently, in Braintree parish. This cottage was afterwards purchased by the congregation, during the ministry of a Mr. Draper, fitted up for a place of worship, and soon enlarged to twice its original size. Mr. Draper was succeeded by a Mr. Slaughter, and Mr. Slaughter by a Mr. Hume, who was a native of Patiswick, Essex. Mr. Hume was succeeded by a Mr. Wright, a General Baptist; and Mr. Wright by John Watkins, who went over to Amsterdam in the year 1778. John Watkins was succeeded by Mr. Hornblow in 1779. The Rev. John Hornblow was a native of Halsted, Essex, but a member of the church under the care of the Rev. Abraham Booth, in London, by whom he was recommended to the church at Braintree. During his ministry, the chapel was enlarged to accommodate about 400 persons. At the outset of his ministry, a most unpleasant difference

arose between him and a Mr. Perrott, M.D., an occasional preacher and communicant, but a member of the church at Birmingham, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. William Turner; which, on the 8th of November, 1780, was submitted to the arbitration of the Revs. Robert Robinson (chairman), John Reynolds, Abraham Booth, William Clark, Isaac Gould, John Hitchcock, Humphrey Larwell, Thomas Stevens, and James Brown. Notwithstanding this unpleasantness, his ministry seems to have been greatly blessed for a period of nearly forty years. The church numbered 50 members at his death, in 1816, all of whom have since died. Of Mr. Hornblow it is stated, that he was a man of unimpeachable character and highly esteemed, and in his views sympathized with those of his pastor, Abraham Booth, and Dr. Gill. The Rev. Richard Miller, from the church at Old Ford, and a student at Stepney, succeeded Mr. Hornblow, and was ordained December 23rd, 1817. Mr. Miller resigned 14th April, 1822. There were added to the church during his ministry 35 members, four of whom are still living. Our dear brother, I believe, is also living, and in one of the Midland Counties.* The pulpit was then supplied, from 21st April, 1822, to October, 1823, by the Rev. William Ragsdell, from Thrapston. The Rev. George Washington Wilks, from Diss, supplied it from Oct. 12th, 1823, to Dec. 22nd, 1825. Thirty-four members joined the church during these two years, but only two now survive. The church, at this time, seems to have fallen a prey to the demon Antinomianism, which was the means of reducing the church and congregation to a wretched condition, both as to number and sentiment. Mr. Wilks was succeeded by the Rev. William Humphries, from Horton College, April 16th, 1826, who continued his ministry up to the day of his death, which occurred June 13th, 1845. During these nineteen years there were 126 members added unto the church. The present commodious chapel was built, in lieu of the old one, in the year

* Since writing the above, I have noticed the death of the Rev. R. Miller, of Branston, Northamptonshire, on Dec. 2nd, announced in the Freeman, which two names I presume to be identical.

1833, at an expense of £1,882. The church also, during Mr. Humphries' ministry, adopted, at some sacrifice, the open communion principle. The Rev. David Rees, who had also been a student at Horton, removed from Isleham, Cambs., and commenced his pastoral labours at Braintree, on the 18th January, 1846. Mr. Rees closed a ministry of upwards of thirteen years, and left England, the second week in April, 1859, to take the oversight of the church at Geelong, Australia. There were 117 members received into the church during these thirteen years. The present minister, who, like the last two, studied at Horton, was settled here from Haddenham, Cambs., on the 26th of June, 1859.

From the above facts, which comprise only a brief extract from a lengthy statement in the church-book, we gather the following results:—

1. That the present records assure us that there was a *General Baptist Church* already existing in the time of Chas. II.

2. That it was fully ascertained, when these were gathered, that earlier records of the church had been mislaid, or destroyed.

3. That this *General Baptist Church* worshipped at different times at Braintree and Bocking, and *vice versa*.

4. That in the quotations from Strype, we are informed of a cause at Bocking, whose views* were in harmony with those of *General Baptists*, and so far established in the reign of Edward, that the threats of Councils availed not to destroy it.

It may be, in my opinion, legitimately inferred, that Strype's account renders it improbable this cause could become extinct much before the 17th century. The lost records, had we been in possession of them, would have, doubtlessly, carried us back into some (may be, a considerable) portion of that century, and even the preceding one. Supposing, therefore, that the church was broken up, or the means of grace suspended, at the close of the 16th, or the beginning of the 17th century, it could be for only a brief interval, when it would be again reorganized. But as there is little or

* These views are, in various places, described by him as those of "Anabaptists," "Free Willers Men," "Palagians," and "Arians."

no ground for such a supposition, the very probable conclusion is, that the Baptist Church at Braintree has enjoyed an *uninterrupted* existence over a period of more than 300 years, and has the honour of being one of the two which

"first made separation from the Reformed Church of England, having gathered congregations of their own."—
Yours truly,

JOHN MOSTYN, Pastor.

Braintree, Dec. 18, 1863.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FABNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

A HAPPY time to the Christian is that spent at the Lord's table. Away from all the cares of the world they come; they leave behind them, or they wish and strive to do so, the vexations of the petty life they are living; they bid farewell to the thoughts of loss or gain, the worry and bustle of the counter or the kitchen, to spend an hour in the very vicinity of the cross, close to Jesus, close to Calvary's scenes of love, to watch as did the women of old the Saviour who has "so loved the world," the dying Friend, who counted not his life dear that he might save his brethren.

Many a heart-ache is brought into the cool and peaceful retreat of the sanctuary—many a tearful eye, so dimmed that it cannot see the right way—many weary feet that have pressed up the steep hill-side, until they are tired and bleeding from the crags and thorns; many a sighing spirit whose cry through the long week has been "O that I knew where I might find him!" many a thirsty longing soul, whose plaintive sigh goes up among the angels' hymns, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

So come they, with their loads of sin and sorrow, to the gladdening stream of Zion on whose banks they may lie and drink and be satisfied.

There is an aged brother who has come a long way through the thirsty land where no water is; here his dim eyes peer into the future and see the land of rest beyond. Here is the mother whose tender eyes can scarcely help

looking back to the home she has left, and the dear little ones so closely entwined round her heart, but who longs for a sight of the King in his beauty, who would fain live nearer to him for an hour at least. And into her spirit also steals the peace that passeth understanding, the hope that maketh not ashamed. Here is the young man whose pulse beats high with life, whose hopes are full of resolution and ambition, but whose heart has been softened by the incomprehensible love of the Redeemer—who would fain lose some of his worldliness, who prays to be made strong and stable in the faith; and he too drinks of the refreshing streams and hears the words of the best Friend ringing holy music in his heart.

Whatever of wealth or station may be theirs in the outer world, here where Jesus is their hopes and aims and desires are one; they are all poor without him, and with him they are richer than princes. Whether the world esteem them learned or ignorant, they possess the best knowledge; for they have been trained in his school, of whom it has been asked "Who teacheth like him?"

Great love stirs the hearts of the communicants at the Lord's table; they meet to remember their best Friend; in the few silent minutes of the solemn service, they think of him and his unutterable love, and are drawn closer to him by each recollection.

"This do in remembrance of me."

In remembrance of his love. And, O Christian! let thine own heart gush over at the thought. Love him better; love all the brothers and sisters, who are dear to him; let there be no unforgiveness,

no shadow of envy in the hearts of those who thus remember Jesus, nor pride, nor uncharitableness. On the threshold of the sanctuary we may well drop all that has made us sin^{ners} during the week. Here at least we should endeavour to recommence that heaven toward which we are treading our various paths.

The Saviour remembers us. In all our sorrow, all our temptation, all that makes the way seem long and dreary he lovingly thinks of us, watching us in the strife and showing us his salvation.

"In remembrance of me." We are apt to forget even him who thinks of us so kindly. But soon we shall be where there is no more death. Then there will be no more forgetfulness, no more need to drink the wine of remembrance. For we shall see him there, not in glimpses only, not merely in sacramental seasons, but we shall *live* with him whom our souls love.

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

A KIND VISITOR.

WINTER had set his frosted signet on streamlet, brook, and pond, bared the trees, whitened the house-tops, tinged with roseate hues even usually pale faces, and rendered the air beautifully clear, when Ellie Burtenshaw, hatted and cloaked, wended her way past the skaters and down the lane to the hitherto unknown cottage of an invalid. Willingly had Ellie left friends and the pleasant fireside to set out on this visit, for to be a sufferer was to be the recipient of her love.

The knocker of the pretty one-storied cottage is raised, and ere it fell, a prayer for power to speak the due word in season. For the sake of a mutual friend, Ellie receives a kind welcome, and is at once ushered by the pious widow into the one bed-room, made cheerful and comfortable by the hand of a mother's love. A flush of weakness suffuses the young girl's face as she returns with a pleased look her visitor's greeting. The mother then speaks of her daughter's never-ceasing inward pain, and outward signs of agony; how an operation was performed at the hospital, amid the fear of instant death; how she had been brought home to die, but had lingered on for ten weeks, during which time she had found pardon through Jesus' blood, and was now quietly resting in full view of Death, who for her had lost its sting.

Ellie's surprise at the recital of these touching details was lessened when the mother presently remarked, "My daughter is deaf, miss, and cannot hear unless you considerably raise your voice."

Ellie takes a seat close to the bedside of

the sufferer, and gazing on the face over which some three-and-twenty summers had swept, learns more fully the power of Divine strength, which enables those large dark eyes to tell out such quiet happiness, while the lips speak so plainly, though so silently, of physical agony, and while youth whispers of happy scenes, which imagination paints in glowing colours. "What can I say to cheer?" the visitor asks herself. Then the words flow almost unconsciously, "And so you are always in pain? But no more pain in that happy realm to which you are fast hastening; no moments of mute agony there, for flesh and blood cannot enter within the portals of your heavenly home. I know of one who suffered even as you do, but with it was that which made it distressing to all who entered his room. Such is not your case, dear friend; therefore you may let a fresh little spring of gratitude well up heavenward, amid all your anguish. You think that you cannot work for that dear Saviour who has ransomed you from the service of sin. Nay, you are working for him; you are teaching to those around you valuable lessons of Christian patience, and the might of the enduring strength at hand for all Christ's lambs. We are not all privileged to suffer while we work for Jesus; you must hear his voice saying, 'Your work, my child, is to be still, and know that I am God.' And although you may be only waiting, it is nevertheless work, and your special work, because coming from above."

The patient now talked, and, among other things, told of the treatment re-

ceived at the hospital, the skill of the doctors, the hours when she and many fellow-sufferers had tossed to and fro, to and fro, longing—O, how much!—that the nurse would show the impress of Jesus on her actions, and drop a word of heavenly guidance and comfort on their anguished souls. One nurse wished to do this, but a rule forbade her speaking to those out of her ward.

"But had you no minister or visitor?" asks Ellie, in astonishment.

"Ah! miss, I once thought as you do, that there were visitors at every hospital, but there are not. We had a Testament within our reach, but many of us were too ill to read, or if we did read, we wanted advice with an almost unearthly desire, as we felt ourselves suspended over the very brink of the grave.

"A clergyman came two or three times during the week, stood in the centre of the fourteen beds, read rapidly a chapter from the Bible and a prayer from the Church Service, nodded a good morning to each patient, and was off again. Some could not hear, and others, owing to pain and his rapid reading, could not understand; therefore he left us in a worse condition than he found us, for the strain of natural curiosity, and the attempt to hear, had augmented our bodily, while it eased not our spiritual pain.

"Several died and are dying, anxious to tell out their doubts, and to learn

more of the saving love of Jesus. Thanks be to God for a pious mother and a Saviour beyond!" exclaimed the dying one, as she finished her recital.

Ellie rose, and bending over her, and pressing lightly the pale forehead, with her lips, said, "You own Jesus is precious unto you, and that you know what it is to be supported by him in times of great need; then do not fear or tremble at the glimpse of the valley of the shadow of death, but rest assured that the same Jesus will stay with you all the way through, until you land on the shores of the Canaan above."

Another kiss on the brow, and Ellie is again in the open air, pondering the lessons just set before her, and learning deeper gratitude and contentment, and more earnest desires to do more for the sufferers within the walls of the hospitals.

Dear friends, much is done for those sick ones, but more remains, and is needed to be done. Could you not go in on the days opened to the public, and read and talk of Jesus to those weary ones afflicted with diseases of body and soul? You would find plenty of occupation. Begin with those who have no friends visiting them, or with those who are smarting under the non-appearance of some expected earthly friend, and, doing all as unto God, thou shalt not lose thy reward. J. S. B.

Brighton.

Reviews.

Bunyan Library. Vol. XII. *Hinton's History of Baptism.* London: J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row.

This work, written by the late Rev. Isaac Hinton, of St. Louis, revised by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, with a preface and an appendix by F. W. Gotch, LL.D., is the last volume issued of the Bunyan Library. The title at once indicates that this is distinctly a denominational work, and supplies, within a reasonable compass, the history of baptism, both from inspired and uninspired writings. So long as baptism is controverted as to its nature, symbols, and significance, it is important that the members of our churches, and especially our young people, should have, in addition to the testimony of the

New Testament Scriptures, all the light that history and scholarship throw on the subject. All this is fully met in this admirable volume. Here is brought into some three hundred and sixty pages a thorough digest of the whole question. As now revised and published, it cannot fail to be of the utmost importance in upholding one of the Lord's ordinances in all its parity and integrity. Every Baptist library, and every home where absolute homage is paid to the authority of the Divine Word, should have this excellent manual, as a book of reliable information and reference. Like all the preceding volumes of this series, it is well edited, printed, and got-up, and is worth many times the small sum at which it is published.

The Young Heroes of the Bible; or, Illustrations of the Power of Youthful Piety. Three Lectures. By the Rev. SAMUEL NEWTON, of the United Methodist Free Church, Newcastle-under-Lyne. Newcastle: T. Bayley.

THE worthy author of these excellent lectures is a devoted and useful minister of that rising body of Wesleyans, the United Methodist Free Church. He has felt the great importance of trying to win over the young men of his congregation to the service of the Saviour, and hence the preparation and delivery of these admirable lectures. In the godly heroism of Moses, Joseph, and the Hebrew children, he finds both the principles and models of religious patriotism worthy of the imitation of the young men of the present age. The lectures are full of thought, forcibly expressed, and well-sustained throughout, and cannot fail, whether heard or read, to be useful. We trust they will be extensively circulated, and be made a blessing to that important class for whom they are so distinctly adapted.

Loving Words of Caution, Counsel, &c., for Such as are Seeking to be Like their Lord. In Poetry and Prose. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A SMALL, neatly got-up book, of twelve chapters, full of pious thought in rich variety, and fully sustaining the promise on the title-page. We feel assured it cannot be read without spiritual profit, and we hope it will be widely circulated.

The Life of Jesus. A Fact, not a Fiction. A Response to M. Renan's "Vie de Jesus." By J. H. GAGE. London: H. J. Tresidder.

MR. GAGE has presented in these ninety-two pages a vigorous and thorough review of Renan's assumptions, fancies, and fallacies. There is thought enough, and of the right kind, to have filled a good volume; but we are glad that in this telling and compressed form it may be read by our young men, who have not time for more elaborate treatises. Mr. Gage has evidenced in this work his fitness for the task he has undertaken, and we cordially recommend it.

The Detection of Sin. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A FORTY-EIGHT page book, forcibly illustrating the truth, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Well adapted to impress the thoughtless, and lead, under the Divine blessing, to a sense of the heinousness and certain punishment of unrepented transgression.

The Cross and Common Sense; or, the Working Man's Gospel. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A USEFUL little book, exhibiting the common-sense principle as taught in the Divine system of reconciliation by faith in the person and work of the Saviour.

Letter to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Exeter, on Some Portions of his Late Charge. By DEMOTIKOS. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A TALENTED and withering critique on the polemical, semi-Popish, and assumptious sayings of Samuel of Oxford, in his recent charge. The insolence of some of the State Church bishops and clergy is becoming intolerable, and we wonder whether they had not better prepare for the re-establishment of the Star Chamber. Demotikos, therefore, should be read with thanks, and largely circulated.

The Blank Page, and What will you do with it? A New Year's Address. H. J. Tresidder.

AN excellent and telling little book.

The Critical School and Jesus Christ. A Reply to Renan's "Life of Jesus." By EDMUND DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D., Pastor of the Evangelical Church of Breslau. Translated by L. CORKRAM, Authorized Translator. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

AN admirable and well-sustained attack on Renan, from another standpoint, and well adapted to convey a clear view of the hollowness as well as the mythological character of that dreaming Erench author. As this work of Presensé can be had for a shilling, we trust it will meet, as it richly deserves, with a hearty and general reception among British readers.

Sisters' Dreams—Visions Celestial and Grave. By J. B. B. London: Elliot Stock.

A SWEET little book, full of holy ideas, and expressed in most readable metre. Flora's dream is most exquisite; indeed, the whole is just the kind of reading to please and profit children and young people.

The Sunday-school Teacher's Commentary on the New Testament. With Explanatory Notes and Hints for Teaching. By BUSTACE CONDER, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. No. I. 32 pp.

THE plan of this new commentary is admirable, and the execution, as given in this first number, is most satisfactory. We shall watch the progress with great interest, and hope it will supply to our Sunday-school teachers all that is necessary for their difficult and onerous work. It is well got-up, and cheap.

Mercy and Judgment. A Sermon on the Death of Henry Kent, a Sabbath-school Teacher. By GEO. WRIGHT, Beccles. Beccles: R. Crisp.

A PIOUS, edifying discourse.

Teetotalism versus Alcohol, &c. By Rev. SAMUEL COULING. London: Tweedie, 337, Strand.

A REPRINT of a good article from the *Weekly Temperance Record*.

The Five Pound Note. One of a series of little tracts worthy of patronage, published by Colingridge, whose *Old Jonathan* for January is as vigorous and varied and well illustrated as ever.

The Baptist Magazine for January.

AN excellent number. Mr. Vince's article on "Once a-day Worshipers" should be reprinted in a cheap form, for universal distribution in our congregations.

Hibberd's Gardener's Weekly Magazine for January. London: C. Allen, 20, Warwick-lane.

REPLETE with all that gardeners or floriculturalists can need or desire.

Ragged-school Magazines for February.

A WELL-SUSTAINED number.

Events of the Month. A Magazine of News, Literature, Science, and General Information. Part I., January, 1864. London: J. and C. Mozley, 6, Paternoster-row.

A NEW serial, which, if carried out fully to justify its title, cannot fail to be valuable, especially as a work of general reference. We like the first part, and hope the undertaking will succeed.

Poetry.

SEED-TIME.

Seed-time is here, and brings to mind
The words of Christ the Lord,
Concerning one who went, we find,
To scatter seed abroad,
And some 'midst stones and thorns was sown,
Some by the wayside fell,
The rest on good ground, which alone
Took root and flourished well.

Christ's servants now his Gospel sow,
Like grain upon the sod,
But it will only thrive, they know,
In hearts prepared by God.
Though long the seed may be concealed,
Yet after many days
Some fruit Divine 'twill surely yield
To God's eternal praise.

This truth now comes to mind afresh—
A truth of import deep—
That if we sow unto the flesh
Corruption we must reap.
In mercy, Lord, thy help bestow,
Let grace within us reign,
That we may to the Spirit sow
And endless life obtain.

As we behold how in the ground
The seeds by myriads fall,
Doth not our memory linger round
Th' inspired words of Paul?
He tells how each believer's clay,
Sown in corruption here,
Shall glorious rise at God's great day,
And like to Christ appear.

O wondrous change for bodies vile!
From sin and pain set free,
Joined to the soul, beneath God's smile
To live eternally!
Then well may those Christ died to save
This glorious anthem sing—
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
O death, where is thy sting?"
Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We look across the river,
It is rapid, and deep, and wide,
But our hearts are sighing ever
For the joys of the other side.
We look and shrink and shiver,
But were the passage o'er
We should stand by the side of our Father,
And never leave him more.

There are tears on our eager faces,
But we know they will all be dried
When we sit in the land of plenty,
There on the other side;
There is no time of fading,
There is no winter's cold,
That is a home whose beauty
Shall never grow dim or old.

Here we have anxious longings
For the word to bid us glide
Over the path of waters
Safe to the other side.
For there is eternal summer,
There is the faultless song.
And the weary spirit sigheth
To join the waiting throng.

Ah! they are waiting, waiting,
And watching every tide,
Till the hour when we shall gather
There on the other side.
O that the night were ended!
O that the day were come!
O that we might pass the waters
And reach the peaceful home!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WINTER-TIME.

"He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?"—
Psalm cxlvii. 16, 17.

I sit within my cheerful home,
While all without is wild and lone;
The sky, with leaden clouds o'ercast,
Frowns darkly on the moaning blast;

The lonely traveller's hurrying feet
Sound loudly through the echoing street;
The frost upon my window-pane
Tells me of Winter's dreary reign.

In icy chains is bound the stream,
No daisy decks the village green;
My rose-trees, gay in summer-time,
Are mantled now with frozen rime;
The evening air is damp and chill,
White mists creep up the distant hill,

A weird-like voice flits o'er the wold,—
"O! who can stand before his-cold?"

Father, I lift my eyes to heaven,
Grateful for all thy mercies given,
And as thy throne present this prayer—
"May the poor be thy special care!"
Lord, when my Summer years are flown,
And Autumn's hand my path hath strewn,
Remove me to yon radiant shore,
Where Winter-time is known no more.
Hillmorton, Rugby. J. W. O.

Denominational Intelligence.

TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will observe, as an embellishment of our present number, a front view of the new Baptist chapel in course of erection at the ancient town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In occasionally introducing pictures of such edifices into our Magazine, we feel that a higher end is answered than the publication of an advertisement which asks sympathy and help in respect to any particular enterprise. The welfare of the denomination and its aggressive movements in town or country must engage the attention of a large portion of the hearty Baptists who look monthly for our chronicle of the news of the churches. We take the opportunity of advertizing to Newcastle as affording an agreeable illustration of the wakeful activity with which our pure New Testament principles are being advocated and held up before the eyes of the people, premising only that the facts we advert to are upon the authority of a correspondent in the town.

It is generally known that, in the history of the Baptists, reference would constantly be made to the town of Newcastle, not so much on account of the number and strength in which they have mustered there, as because it has been for many years distinguished as the home of a small band of sterling and faithful men, whose names are sacred in memory, and whose descendants in many cases still adorn the same profession. The Old Church at Tutill Stairs still survives in a substantial cause at Bewick-street; and the congregation for whom the above chapel is being built is an offshoot of the same worthy stock, with an honourable history of nearly fifty years to look back upon, and we should hope a more illustrious future to look forward to. At present there is only one chapel in the town to represent the whole denomination, and that neither large nor attractive in its external appearance, although it is neat and convenient in its internal structure, and central in its situation. We advert to this as a fact which ought to excite anxiety among those leading men of our body

who wish to see our colours flying wherever the Gospel is preached. The Baptists have certainly been rather conspicuous in Newcastle during the past two years, from the fact of the "New Court" Congregation occupying the Town Hall; and those who know Mr. Carr will not doubt that he gives prominence to the old-fashioned orthodoxy of doctrine and discipline both in season and out of season.

The erection of this chapel appears likely to give our denomination a fresh opening on the banks of the Tyne. The plot chosen in the western suburbs will be significant to those who are acquainted with the district. During the last 10 years, an entirely new neighbourhood has opened up here. Elswick, as the site of Sir William Armstrong's extensive works, and the nursery of his famous "gun," must be familiar enough to every one who is watching the history of our own times; but comparatively few know that the township of Elswick now comprises a population of about sixteen thousand persons, the lower ground being studded with the tenements of skilful mechanics, employed at Armstrong's, and Hawthorn's, and Stephenson's workshops, while the upper part, with its parades, terraces, and villas, has become a favourite locality for the residence of commercial and professional men. Up to the present time, there has been no chapel of the Baptist or Independent persuasion throughout all this district. The first effort to supply the deficiency is certainly conceived in a very tasteful manner. As the building rises it excites general admiration, and promises to be one of the most commodious, as it will undoubtedly be the handsomest chapel in the town. We are a little disposed to find fault with our friends, for entering upon the undertaking with so small a proportion of the requisite funds in hand. But we believe they have found a substantial apology in the necessity that has driven them to seek release from the heavy rental they have to pay for the Town Hall; and they have not unwisely considered that in embarking upon a design in

harmony with the requirements of the neighbourhood, rather than limiting it to the smallest accommodation that would suffice for themselves, they act in a generous spirit, and may expect generous support. We sincerely wish them God speed.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

MR. T. J. EWING expects to vacate the pulpit at Waterbeach, Cambs, on the last Sunday in March, and is open to another engagement.

THE Rev. William Choetham has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, New Mill, Tring, Herts.

BARDWELL, SUFFOLK.—Mr. John Brett has resigned the pastorate at the above place. Mr. John Barrett has again accepted his former charge.

NEW MALDON.—Rev. J. Pearce has resigned the pastorate of the church at Malden, Surrey, and is open to engagements. Address, 70, Tiverton-street, Newington.

THE Rev. J. E. Cracknell has resigned the pastorate at Blackheath, and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church-meeting at Cambridge Chapel, Cheltenham, the scene of the labours of the late respected and beloved Rev. James Smith.

OLD FORD, BOW.—The Rev. J. H. Blake, late of Sandhurst, has accepted the pastorate of the church at the above place, and commenced his stated labours on the 7th February. Mr. Blake will continue his connection with the Baptist Building-Fund.

SHAFTESBURY HALL, ALDERSGATE-STREET.—The Rev. G. Malins, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, after supplying the pulpit during the last few months, has accepted the cordial and unanimous call of the church to become its pastor, and commenced his labours on Lord's-day, February 14th.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

LOWER EDMONTON.—On Tuesday, Jan. 26th, the Rev. D. Russell, from the Rev. O. H. Spurgeon's College, was recognized as pastor. The afternoon service was commenced by the Rev. B. Kennedy, of Tottenham, by reading and prayer.

The Rev. G. Rogers, theological tutor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, gave appropriate and impressive admonitions to the pastor; the Rev. J. Smith, of Enfield, offered prayer, and the Rev. J. Edwards, their late pastor, gave the charge to the church. After taking tea in the schoolroom, there was an evening meeting, at which the pastor presided. The following gentlemen addressed the audience: Revs. R. Wallace, J. Chalmers, M.A., of Tottenham; G. Rogers, J. Edwards, W. M. Robinson, of Ponder's End; J. Mark, of Winchmore-hill; and Mr. J. Jackson, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. Mr. Russell has much to encourage him in this his first pastoral sphere.

OPENING SERVICES.

GRANTHAM.—The opening services of the first Baptist chapel erected in Grantham, situated in Wharf-road, were commenced on Thursday, the 21st January. The chapel will seat about 300 persons. The contract for the building amounts to the marvellously cheap sum of \$495; the total cost, with extras, £520. The preacher on the occasion was the Rev. Henry Dowson, of Bradford, Yorkshire, who preached two excellent sermons, afternoon and evening. At five o'clock a tea-meeting was held in the Exchange Hall, High-street, when 350 persons sat down to tea, the trays being all given by the ladies who presided. Before leaving the tables short congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Watts, Golcar, Huddersfield, and A. F. Coles, of Collingham. On Sunday, 24th January, two sermons were preached, morning and evening, by the Rev. H. Watts. These interesting services were concluded on the following Sabbath, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Morton, of Collingham. Collections were made on each occasion, the total amount realized being £25.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

ILFORD.—OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Mr. Pells will preach here (D.V.) on Good Friday morning, March 25th.

BRIGHTON.—BOND-STREET.—Mr. Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, will preach here (D.V.) on Lord's-day, March 13th, and Wednesday evening, 16th.

HEPZHIBAH CHAPEL, DARLING-PLACE, MILE-END-GATE.—On Good Friday evening, seven o'clock, Mr. Gordelier will preach at Hephzibah Chapel, Darling-place, Mile-end-gate. Subject, "The Substitutionary Death of the Son of God."

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, ORAWFORD-STREET, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—On Good Friday a social tea-meeting will be held at half-past five o'clock. Public meeting at 7. Addresses will be delivered by Revs. J. H. Blake, J. Batey, J. Baker, R. Beasley, J. Pearce, and A. Thomas. The Rev. W. A. Blake to preside.

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUEEN-STREET CHAPEL, WOOLWICH.—The services of the eighteenth anniversary of the Dorcas Society were held on Tuesday, January 26. The spacious school-rooms were filled with friends assembled at tea; and in the evening an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, from 2 Cor. viii. 9. The chapel was crowded, and a liberal collection showed the interest felt in this society. Never before were the operations of the committee more vigorous than at the present time; for nearly 300 cases of sickness and poverty have been, within the past year, attended to by the visitors, and assisted from the funds at their disposal.

BAPTISMS.

- ABERGAVENTY**, Frogmore-street, Jan. 31—Two, by Mr. J. Bullock. One a teacher in the Sabbath school.
- BEDFORD**, Feb. 14—Seven, by Mr. H. Killen.
- BIRMINGHAM**, Cannon-street, Dec. 27—Six; Jan. 31, Twenty-five, by Mr. W. L. Giles.
- BOROUGH GREEN**, Kent, Feb. 7—Four, by Mr. W. Frith. Thirty-four have been added during Mr. Frith's two years' pastorate. Others are inquiring.
- BEAMLEY**, Leeds, Feb. 7—Four, by Mr. A. Ashworth.
- BRIDGEND**, Glamorgan, Hope Chapel, Jan. 31—Two, by Mr. Cole.
- BRISTOL**, King-street, Jan. 31—Eight by Mr. F. Bosworth, after a powerful address by Dr. Gotoh.
- BRITON FERRY**, South Wales, New English Baptist Chapel, Jan. 17—One, by Mr. H. Thomas.
- CARDIFF**, Tredegarville Chapel, Jan. 24—Four; Jan. 31, Six; Feb. 14, Five, by Mr. Alfred Tilly.
- CRADLEY HEATH**, Feb. 7—Six, by Mr. F. W. Bruce.
- EBBW VALE**, English Church, Feb. 7—Two, by Mr. Lewis.
- FELTHORPE**, Norfolk, Feb. 4—Six, by Mr. J. Clarke. Mr. Clarke's labours have been much blessed during the four months he has occupied the pulpit.
- LANGHARNE**, Bethel—Since the opening of the above place in May last, Seventeen have been baptized by our pastor, Mr. D. Davis.
- LONDON**, Grafton-street Chapel, Fitzroy-square, January 3—Five, by Mr. C. Marshall.
- , Highgate, Southwood-lane, Feb. 11—Three. Minister's name not given.
- , Bryanston Hall, Orchard-street, Jan. 14—Four, by Mr. T. D. Marshall.
- , Vernon Chapel, King's-cross-road, Jan. 31—Seven, by Mr. O. B. Sawday, before a large and attentive congregation.
- LOOE**, Cornwall, Jan. 20—Nine; Feb. 17, Two, by our pastor, Mr. H. Redstone.
- LUMB**, Lancashire, Dec. 23—Two, by Mr. W. Jackson; Feb. 6, Eight, by Mr. T. Bury, of Oswaldtwistle.
- NEATH**, Tabernacle, Jan. 31—Two, by Mr. B. D. Thomas.
- , Bethany, ditto, Jan. 24—Two; Feb. 14, One, by Mr. B. Evans.
- ODDEN**, near Roehdale, Feb. 7—Five, by Mr. L. Nuttall. Upwards of eight hundred were present to witness the administration of the ordinance.
- PADHAM**, Lancashire, Jan. 31—Two, from the Sabbath-school, by Mr. R. Brown. Our school and congregation are steadily increasing, and our various meetings are well attended and sustained.
- PETERHEAD**, Aberdeenshire, Jan. 11—Two; Feb. 7, Three, by Mr. Alexander Beattie.
- PISGAH**, Pyle, Glamorgan, Dec. 16—One; Dec. 20, Three; Feb. 1, One, by Mr. B. James.
- PRESTIGE**, Jan. 32—Two, by Mr. W. H. Payne. One from the Sunday-school. Being the first time a baptism had taken place on Lord's-day evening, the chapel was thronged.
- RAGLAN**, Monmouthshire, Jan. 7—Five; Jan. 31, Two. Minister's name not given.
- SOUTHAMPTON**, Carlton Rooms, Feb. 7—Eight, by Mr. J. Collins.

STOW-HILL, Newport, Monmouthshire, Nov. 26—Three; December 30, Ten; Feb. 5, Four, by Mr. Williams.

SWINESHED, Lincolnshire, Jan. 31—Three, by Mr. R. Arnold. One of the candidates was 72 years old.

TREDEGAR, English Baptist Church, Monmouthshire, November 8—Two; December 6—Seven, by J. Lewis.

DEATHS.

THE REV. JAMES SNEATH, CRADLEY.

"They glorified God in me," was Paul's touching testimony as to the estimation in which others held him for his many-phased Christian character, and his marvel-working ministerial course. But the epistle must be written or ever it can be subscribed, and brought out to the light before it can be known and read of men. As, therefore, geologists rifle the bosom of the rocks to learn the lessons taught by fossil remains, "the graceful fern or finny vertebrated lizard," so the object of religious biography is to rescue from the wrecks of time the names of the pious dead for the benefit of the living. This is simply what is sought by this short sketch. The writer does not more certainly consult his own taste in the matter than defer to the sound sense of his deceased friend on the subject, when he is satisfied to allow facts to speak for themselves. What these are worth remains to be seen. James Sneath, the subject of this brief memoir, was born at Biddings in Derbyshire. Of his early history little is known, yet enough to mark him out as a child of Providence, "a vessel of mercy prepared aforetime unto glory." While he was yet a boy, a Baptist brother, a pious old man from Nottingham, settled in the neighbourhood, who, affected by the abounding ungodliness of the place, resolved to do something for its moral elevation. Accordingly, beginning at the beginning, viz., with the young, he opened his house on the Lord's-day to receive, for purposes of religious instruction, the children of his poor neighbours. To this school, therefore, little James was sent; nor in vain, for, by God's sanctifying blessing on the truth taught there, he was made "wise unto salvation." Having thus received good at the hand of the Lord, this young disciple now sought, yielding to the force of a mysterious spiritual impulse, to become, in time, the almoner of the Divine bounty to others. When about seventeen years of age, therefore, he began to preach the Gospel of the grace of God to which the Lord gave testimony, so that, some years subsequently, he was thought by the Rev. C. Stovel, who buried him in baptism, to be a fit person to engage in evangelistic efforts in some rural district. Just then, a Home Missionary being wanted for the Forest of Teesdale, Mr. Sneath was recommended by his pastor to the Rev. C. Roe, the secretary of the association, on whose behalf he was engaged for that sphere of labour. Here the zealous preach-

ing of the Word, extensive house-to-house visitation, and the adoption of other scriptural means were blessed to the conversion of many souls, so that a church was formed, a chapel together with a minister's house erected, and other signs of success discovered. Eventually, however, a wider sphere of usefulness challenged the enterprising spirit of this truly Christian worker, when he removed to Brough, in Westmoreland. Here again a chapel was built, many believers were added unto the Lord, and our friend was ordained as pastor of the church. While at Brough he introduced the Gospel into no less than fifteen of the surrounding villages, situated at a distance of from one to twenty-eight miles from the central station. In several of these villages there was no place of worship of any kind, while in one of them a Gospel sermon had not been preached within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, although she had resided there for forty-eight years. A diary kept by our brother at this time shows how truly apostolic were his efforts to do good, preaching eight or ten times a week, travelling on foot some ninety miles or more, besides visiting hundreds of families with tracts, &c. As was to be expected, much precious fruit sprang from this bountiful sowing, not only in the form of moral and social elevation among the people, but also in true scriptural conversions, instances of which were to be reckoned, not by scores merely, but by hundreds. In 1841, our beloved brother made another remove to South Shields, where he entered upon his most important field of ministerial activity. Our cause there at that time was in a most depressed condition. The ways of Zion mourned. In a chapel that would hold six hundred persons, with as many hundred pounds' debt upon it, he preached his first sermon to a congregation of fourteen souls. By the blessing of God upon his ministry—a ministry that was not only purely evangelical, but eminently spiritual—within four years or so after his settlement the sanctuary was filled, freed from debt, and the church increased with men as a flock. But his self-sacrificing zeal was fast consuming him, as preaching four or five times on the Sabbath, either in or out of doors, besides nearly every night in the week for a considerable period, in addition to attention to other duties, was likely to do. His health so seriously failed that the faculty insisted upon his removal from Shields to a warmer region, if he would save his life. This was one of the greatest trials Mr. Sneath ever knew, but thus the Lord willed, so his servant meekly submitted. His oft-repeated resignation was accepted at length by a deeply-attached flock, when in the year 1848 he removed to Bromsgrove. The pastorate of this church was relinquished after a too brief term with the intention of following his early fast

friend, Mr. Roe, to America. But circumstances so changed as to lead him to conclude that it was the will of God he should continue to labour in his own beloved fatherland. The later period of our friend's life was divided between the church at West Bromwich and Cradley, at which latter place he fell asleep in Jesus, November 28, 1863, aged 62. Though for years feeble in health, the indomitable will that swayed him sustained this servant of Christ at his work, when others less resolute at heart would have shrunk from the yoke, so that he fell in full harness. Up to the last his ministry, which was always adapted to godly edifying, was always fruitful in conversions. It was the pleasing melancholy privilege of the writer to give the right hand of fellowship to five or six persons whom he had buried by baptism but a few weeks before. He preached with more than his wonted energy twice on the Lord's-day previous to his death, nay, even attended the Monday evening prayer-meeting, appearing usually well; was seized on the Wednesday evening, and died on Friday morning. His funeral sermon, preached by him who performs this labour of love, at the request of the bereaved family and flock, was listened to by a crowded congregation, composed of persons belonging to all sections of the Church of Christ, a fact which is in itself no mean testimony to his eminent worth. "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation."

Cossey.

R. NIGHTINGALE.

MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

Died, at Stratford, Jan. 11, after a brief illness, Mr. John Freeman, for many years a deacon of the church at Bow. He was well known as a ripe scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman, and was a frequent contributor to the pages of the BAPTIST MESSENGER. His end was truly peace. The interment took place at the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, the Rev. J. H. Blake conducting the service; and on Lord's-day evening, the 24th, Rev. W. P. Balfour preached a sermon at Bow Chapel to a crowded audience. All seemed sensible that the church below had suffered a great loss.

MRS. S. GOODMAN.

On the 28th January, Mrs. Sarah Goodman (wife of Mr. W. Goodman), Cranfield, Beds, fell asleep in Jesus, aged 55 years. She died in the full assurance of faith, after a long and painful affliction, borne with Christian resignation to God's holy will.

WILLIAM WESTON.

William Weston, of Buntingford, Herts, was born in Sussex. At thirty years of age he settled in Buntingford. His first act was to protest against opening shops on Sunday, closing his

own as an example in the face of much opposition. There being no Baptist church he identified himself with the Independent. He was an earnest Christian, a "lover of good men." In his ministers ever found a friend, the troubled a counsellor, and the poor a benefactor. He was the founder of the British school at Buntingford, as well as Sunday-school teacher for forty years. On the first Sabbath in January he was well as usual, at chapel twice, and sat down at the table of the Lord; the day following he was seized with a shivering fit, which he regarded as a sign of death, but without the least fear. "Death is near," said he; "I see him coming; I am resting on the Stronghold, and I find it secure." Thus supported in the dark valley, he fell asleep in Jesus, at the age of 78 years. He was followed to the grave by a numerous circle of friends; and as a public mark of respect most of the shops and private houses were closed. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Sir,—Will you allow me to announce, through your columns, that our esteemed friend, Joseph H.

Allen, Esq., has, through continued ill health, been compelled to resign the office of treasurer to the Baptist Building Fund? The committee deeply regret the loss of his valuable services. I have, however, pleasure in stating that James Benham, Esq., of No. 19, Wigmore-street, W. (lately one of the honorary secretaries), has kindly acceded to the unanimous request of the committee, and accepted the appointment in Mr. Allen's stead, and to him all communications should in future be addressed.

Let me also add that the liberal offer of Sir Morton and Lady Peto, to erect four Metropolitan chapels, defraying one-half the entire cost themselves, is on condition that the other half is provided by special contributions to the Baptist Building Fund; but this condition has not yet been met by the denomination; I should be glad, therefore, if you would direct attention to the advertisement in the present number of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

ALFRED T. BOWSER, Hon. Sec.

33, Moorgate-street, London, E.C.,

February, 1864.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article received from the Rev. J. Teall, of Woolwich, (Royal Service,) will appear in our next.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from January 18th to February 18th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Carter, Sidmouth...	0	2	0	W. F. C. ...	13	1	0
T. Cox, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Mr. Hellier ...	1	1	0
M. E. G. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Jenkins ...	2	0	0
In Memory of Mercy ...	1	0	0	Mr. Mills ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Patrick ...	0	5	0	Mr. Rowton ...	5	0	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge ...	5	0	0	Mr. Mead ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Windmill	2	11	6	Mrs. Thorne ...	1	10	0
A Birthday Offering ...	5	0	0	Mr. Murrell ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Brooker ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Balchin ...	0	5	6
J. Nottidge, Esq., Ramsgate	10	10	0	Mrs. Goldston ...	0	5	0
A Member of the Church ...	0	10	0	Mr. Whitehead ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple ...	1	0	0	Mr. Cubitt ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Vickery ...	1	0	0	A Widow's Mite ...	0	5	0
Mr. Haddock ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Easty ...	1	0	0
Rev. J. A. Wallace, Edinburgh	20	0	0	Mr. T. Dare ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Page ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. Warmington, Colchester, and			
Collection at the Baptist Church,				Mr. J. Clark ...	0	2	6
Fenny Stratford ...	4	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Higgs and Family	21	0	0
Mr. Olney ...	5	0	0	Mr. Huntley ...	10	0	0
Mr. W. Olney ...	5	0	0	Mr. Heath ...	3	3	0
Mr. H. Olney ...	5	0	0	Mr. Bone ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Scott ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Olney ...	5	0	0	A. D. B. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Marsh ...	2	0	0	Mr. Lumall ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cook ...	2	0	0	Weekly Offering at Tabernacle, Jan. 24	26	10	4
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington,
CHAS. BLACKSHAW,

"TIMES THE TEMPTER'S POWER TO PROVE."

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil."—Matt. iv. 1.

WHAT a terrible incident! Well may our hearts be moved with fear, and our blood run chill, as we read it. Our adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. We are taught by our Lord Jesus to pray—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." What we are taught to seek or shun in prayer, we should equally pursue or avoid in action. Very warily, therefore, should we endeavour to avoid temptation, seeking so to walk in the path of obedience that we may never be guilty of tempting the devil to tempt us. We are not to enter the thicket in search of the lion. Dearly might we pay for such presumption. The lion may cross our path or come to our houses, and doubtless he will, but we have nothing to do with hunting this lion. He that meeteth with him, even though he winneth the day, will find it sharp work and a stern struggle. Let the Christian pray that he may be spared the encounter. Our Saviour, who had experience of what temptation meant, thus earnestly admonished his disciples—"Pray that ye enter not into temptation."

But let us do as we will, we shall be tempted. God had one Son without a sin; he never had a Son without temptation. The natural man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards," and so the Christian man is born to temptation just as certainly and necessarily. It is our duty to be always on our watch against Satan, because we do not know when he will come. He is like a thief; he giveth no intimation of his approach; like the assassin, he will steal upon his victim. If Satan acted always above-board, if he were a bold and open adversary, we might deal with him; it is because he meeteth us unawares, and besetteth us in dark and miry places on the way, that we have need to pray against temptation, and have need to hear the Saviour's admonition, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." Still, still, wise believers, those who have had experience of the ways of Satan, will have found that there is a method about his temptations, that there are certain times and seasons when he will most probably attack the child of God. It often happens that a Christian is put on a double guard when he expecteth that he is in double danger. The danger may then be averted by his preparation to meet it. Prevention is better than cure; it is better to be so well armed that the devil will not attack you, than to endure the perils of the fight, even though you do come off conqueror. We have observed—you have all done so who know anything of the spiritual life—that the most likely times for Satan to attack a Christian are those he deems unlikely. In carnal security you are most insecure. "In such an hour as ye think not, the Prince of this world cometh." Just when you would have said—speaking after the manner of men—"I am safe," then it is that you are in danger. When Mr. Carnal Security has said, "There is no need for us to be in perpetual alarm; evidently the Prince Emmanuel smiles upon us, and the Holy Spirit dwelleth in us; we are the children of God; let us sit at the table and feast; let us eat, drink, and be merry"—it is at that very time that you might hear a sound as of one who saith, "Arise, let us go hence, for this heart has become polluted; I will no longer shed abroad the conscious delights of my presence in it." Beware, dear friends, of the devil; beware of him most when you think you have least need to beware of him.

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For a key-note to our meditation to-night, I propose to take the word "Then," as it stands in the forefront of our text. I think there will be found something of instruction here, especially to young believers, as to the times when Satan will most probably beset them, and they will, very likely, be surprised to find that the very times when Satan will be likely to attack them, according to the judgment of experience and the examples of God's Word, are the times when we should have thought him least likely to do so. I want you to observe the time of our Saviour's temptation—first, with regard to the circumstances which preceded it, and then the circumstances which followed it. When we have noticed those two things, we will take the whole case, and see if we do not still derive some instruction from it.

I. First, observe the circumstances which preceded the temptation of our Saviour in the wilderness.

Jesus had been especially in a devout frame of mind before he was led into the wilderness. It is recorded by Mark that our Saviour, when he was baptized, was praying. He was ever a man of prayer. This is, indeed, a characteristic of the Saviour; and if we should be asked, what was there peculiar in Christ which distinguished him from other men, besides his outward holiness and his inward consecration, we should have said, the habitual exercise of a spirit of prayer. It is recorded that Jesus, as he was baptized, was praying; and yet after this prayer was offered, after Jesus had thus worshipped at his Father's throne, the temptation came. So, you may have been in your closet, and had a season of especial refreshing; the Lord may have manifested himself unto you, as he doth not unto the world; in your private devotions; but do not therefore conclude that you are rid of Satan's temptations. You shall no sooner, it may be, have passed out of the closet than you shall be challenged to the conflict. The communion shall cease and the combat shall begin. Satan knows that you have been doing mischief in his cause in your prayers. Have you not been bringing blessings down from on high? Have you not been shaking the walls of the spiritual Jericho, and doth he not therefore hate you? Satan hath the same hatred of you that we find in all bad men; and we know that all bad men are always more angry when good men are more busy. So Satan becomes the more Satanic when he knows that you have been unlocking the treasury of God to make those rich whom he would have poor. Why, your prayers, if I may use so daring a speech, have been instrumental in opening blind eyes, quickening dead hearts, unlocking the doors of spiritual prison-houses, and shaking the gates of hell; and do you not think that Satan will attack you now? Expect that Satan is at the closet doors; and if, when you are lax in devotion, you are not tempted, yet rest assured that whenever you are much in prayer you may expect Satan to be exceedingly enraged against you. Why, do you not see, dear friends, that it is not to his advantage to let you continue in the act of prayer? He knows that when you grow more like your Master, you get more of the Holy Spirit in you, and, therefore, it is to his interest to spoil this spirit of prayer; and so he meets you, as it were, with his great club in his hand to knock you down. "Pray! will you?" saith he. "No, that you shall not, for I will tempt you. Pray! will you?—grow strong and laugh me to scorn? No, that you shall not," saith he; and he leaves no stone unturned to try if he can lead you away from the heavenly, soul-enriching enjoyment of private prayer. Now, if such a thing should happen to you, don't be surprised, as though some strange thing had occurred. It was so with your Lord. He prayed, and temptation came; and when you have been in prayer you may expect to be tempted of the devil.

So, too, our Saviour had been engaged in an act of public obedience unto his Father's will. You will not forget that he had been baptized. He went to the Jordan's brim, and gave himself into the hands of the Baptist, that he might lie immersed beneath the Jordan's waves. "Thus it becometh us," saith he, "to fulfil all righteousness." Some persons after baptism are favoured with great joy,

as the Eunuch, to wit, "he went on his way rejoicing;" but this is no rule. It will often happen that after the public avowal, after our public confession of faith, there will come a time of unusual struggling and conflict. We are not to say, dear friends, "I know I have done right because I feel so happy;" you have done right, if you have fulfilled God's command, whether you feel happy or no. The witness of the Spirit to an ordinance is not your happiness after the ordinance, for it may so happen that instead of happiness following immediately after your obedience, you may have to enter into a terrible conflict with the Prince of Darkness. Little children must have little rewards for every service that they do while they are little children, but those sons and daughters of the family who have had their senses exercised do not expect to have sweetmeats given to them every time they are obedient. Nay, they can be obedient, and yet take medicine from a father's hand, and consider even the bitter medicine to be as sweet a proof of acceptance as though it had been some sweet thing, such as they had in their younger days. We are not to be always children—not always little babes. It was because the Eunuch was but a babe in grace that he went on his way rejoicing, but stronger believers will often be tried as Christ was. They will come up dripping from baptism to go down dripping into the floods of another river of deep temptations and sorrow. You must not always expect the Lord's Supper even to yield to you excessive comfort, or if it yield you comfort, yet you may expect that Satan will meet you very soon after. The more soul-enriching ordinances become to you, the more probability there is that you will be tempted after them. If there is a pirate out at sea, what ship does he attack? An empty one? Nay, nay, but that which has been to the mines and is coming home with a rich freight. Then saith the pirate, "Up with the black flag; now is our time for prize money." And when you have been to baptism or the Lord's Supper or to prayer, and your soul has grown rich through fellowship with the Lord Jesus, "Now," saith Satan, "it is my time. I will attack the heavenly-laden ship, and see what spoil I can get."

Not only had our Saviour been devout and obedient, but he had also been in an exceedingly humble frame of mind. He was baptized by John. John said, "I have need to be baptized of thee, but the Master puts it, 'Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.'" Talking of what is becoming! The Son of God speaking not only of what is right, but of what is becoming and expedient! This shows how holy was his mind as to humbleness before God; and yet he is tempted. When we are proud we may expect to be tempted, or rather we are tempted already, for the devil hath at least one of the meshes of his net over us; but when we are humble, when God has been pleased to make us lie low at the foot of his throne, we perhaps think that now no temptation can come. Let us not be quite so sure. Where did Christian meet with Apollyon? Do you remember? It was in the valley of humiliation. Not on the mountain top, but in the valley, where the shepherd boy said he who was down there need fear no more. The shepherd was right in one sense; but there are some of us who, in another sense, need to be watchful and afraid even there. Satan doth so hate humility that he will spit all his venom on it: he doth so thoroughly abhor that sweet flower, the perfume whereof God doth delight in, the prayer of a humble and contrite heart, that he will pour all his malice upon it. If thou hast had a broken heart Satan and thou wilt never be friends, for thou dost fulfil the promise: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman; between thy seed and her seed." God hath put an enmity which never was in your heart before between you and Satan. Your brokenness of heart is an evidence that God put that enmity there; of grace alone cometh such experience. Your antagonist, seeing that enmity against him in the fact of your humiliation and contrition before God, will do his utmost to tempt you, if he can, to commit sin.

We find that our blessed Lord was on this occasion favoured with a divine seal and token of his Sonship. From the opened heavens the Spirit, like a dove, descended

upon him, and a voice came from the excellent glory, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Will he now be tried by the arch-fiend? Did the devil hear that? He has much too quick ears not to have heard it. He therefore must have known that Christ was God's well-beloved Son, and has he the impudence to attack him? Yes, so great a fool is the devil, that he will thrust his hand into the fire and burn it; he will attack a child of God, though he must know that he cannot overcome him. So stultified is he by sin that he will rush upon the thick bosses of God's buckler, and stand in conflict with the Spirit, who is infinitely stronger and greater than he. Now, beloved, you, perhaps, have had some very sweet witness with your spirit that you are born of God. "Abba Father," has been upon your tongue all day. When you knelt down to pray, the sweet beginning of the Lord's prayer was the beginning and end of it all, "Our Father which art in heaven;" and you took your mercies as coming from a Father's hand, and your sufferings and chastisements as from the same paternal love too. I hope you are not sitting down, and saying, "Now my battle is over; my victory is won for ever." Beloved, if you do, you reckon without your adversary. You are thinking you are in port, while as yet you are only midway on the ocean. You are thinking about sweet fields before you have fairly crossed the swelling flood. Come thou and be wise, lest that arch-deceiver take thee unawares. If thou hast hope of thine adoption, be still on the watch-tower, lest Satan come against thee. The surer I am that I am a child of God, and the clearer that is made to appear to other people, the more the devil will make me a target for his arrows. I am borrowing many a good figure just now from one dear friend who has written upon this subject fully and largely. He says, quoting an old divine, "A man never goes forth to shoot his own fowls. When he goeth forth with his gun it is against wild birds. And so the devil never goes out to tempt his own children; that is not necessary; they are his already; but when he knoweth that a man is a child of God, and is, as it were, a wild bird to him, then he goes out against him." The more surely, then, you are known to be a child of God, the more certainly will Satan be against you.

Again, to return to the narrative, we are told by Luke that Jesus Christ was full of the Holy Ghost. He was full of the Holy Ghost, and yet he was tempted. Why? Because the Holy Spirit is never given in vain, and, if given to us, it is as a preparation for conflict, in order that we may have strength proportioned to our need. And again, where the Holy Spirit is given the evil spirit will soon labour, for the very reason I have referred to before, because, where God's treasure is, there the thief will try to break in. I think it was one of my predecessors who said nobody ever broke into a Baptist minister's house, because it was well-known there would be nothing for them to get, but thieves often broke into other people's houses because they knew there was treasure there. So the devil does not go after people who are without grace: "Why," saith he, "there is nothing there for me to steal;" but if you are full of grace, then you may expect the arch-adversary to come and attack you. When old Farmer Jones went home on Friday evening nobody went to watch for him on the road; but it was on a market night, when he had been selling wheat, and some fellow had marked him on the Exchange taking money—it was then that the foot-pad stopped him and robbed him of his gold. The devil knows when you are getting rich, and full of the Holy Ghost. Now he thinks there is something worth his time and trouble, and so he speeds with dragon wings to the place where this rich child of God is, and he waylays him, that he may attack him and cast him down. Well, there is never a better time to fight the devil than when you are filled with the Spirit. So the devil is a fool for meddling with you then. There never was such a fool as the devil is, and though he hears us say that now, he knows it; he is a fool, and will be to the end of the chapter, till my Master puts the bit into his mouth and the bridle to his jaws, and hurls him down to the regions where he shall dwell for ever. Thus much then for the preceding

circumstances. I think we may ring the alarm. This may be a note of warning to you, even though you may have been in devotion, and have performed acts of obedience in the most humble and acceptable manner, and received tokens of adoption, and are full of the Holy Ghost.

II. Now, to change the strain, the succeeding circumstances are worthy of your serious reflection. Jesus Christ was just beginning his public ministrations. As one saith, "So long as Jesus Christ had nothing to meddle with but the chips in his father's carpenter's shop, the devil never tempted him; but now that he was beginning to proclaim glad tidings to the poor, the devil will attack him." While we have nothing to do in the cause of God, and are secret and retiring, it may be we shall escape, but no common temptation will happen to the man who is engaged in unusual labour. Satan will find some extraordinary means of tempting him whom God put upon extraordinary service. Satan is very much afraid of all beginnings except one. He loves the beginning of sin, for it is like the letting out of water. He cannot bear the beginning of a new life in the Christian—"Behold, he prayeth!" "Ah," saith the devil, "I hate that first prayer." The beginning of repentance Satan loves not. There is the letting out of water indeed! The beginning of a holy project, the beginning of a Christian ministry, the beginning of some ardent missionary, the opening up of some new field of Christian labour, the devil hates. If he can nip these things in the bud he knows they cannot come to perfection. So Jesus is beginning to preach the Gospel, and Satan will attack him. To what may we trace the attacks of Satan just at these beginnings?

A primary cause is Satan's malice. No sooner is Christ acknowledged openly to be anointed of the Holy Ghost to preach glad tidings, than the devil saith, "I will shoot my arrow at him. This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours." So in the beginning of the Christian life, and especially at the outset of the Christian minister, Satan says, "Here is another God-ordained man, here is another raised up against me," and there is another arrow directed at the child of God. It is the devil's complimentary arrow on the earnest soul when first God launches it in life.

Another cause is Satan's craftiness. He can foresee where we cannot. When there is a good project in hand many an unbeliever says, "O, there is nothing that will come of it; it is a Utopian design, fanaticism projected it, and enthusiasm will carry it out for a little, but it will be all a bottle of smoke." Do you hear the devil? He is saying to himself, "I know the beginnings are good. I have crushed too many of them not to know the look of them." "Ah!" saith he, "if I leave this alone all Jerusalem and Judea will go after them. I must crush this at once." There is a hellish industry about him. He knows that his kingdom stands upon a rickety foundation. Therefore he is always anxious. Like a man at sea in a leaky ship, who is afraid of every wind that blows, so is the devil afraid of every new thing and every fresh device of divine grace, and when he sees the beginnings he thinks, "I will destroy the beginnings, I will break down the foundations, and then the walls can never be built." We may attribute then temptation at the beginning of the Christian life or Christian effort to Satanic craft as well as to Satanic malice.

A further reason why you are thus tempted and tried is, that God, in his wise providence, is now testing you to see whether you are a fit man for his work. Before a fire-arm is sold it is taken to the proof-shop, and there it is loaded with a charge, perhaps four or five times heavier than it will ever have to carry at the ordinary sportsman's hand. The barrels are fired, and if they burst in the proof-house no great hurt is done; whereas it would be exceedingly dangerous if they should burst in the hand of some unskilful man. So God takes his servants. Some he will make special use of he puts to the proof, perhaps loads them with five times more temptation than he means they should ordinarily have to

endure, in order that he may see, and prove to on-lookers, that they are fit men for the Divine service. We have heard that the old warriors, before they would use their swords, would bend them across their knees. They must see whether they had the right stuff or no before they would venture into battle with them. And God does this with his servants. Martin Luther had never been the Martin Luther he was if it had not been for the devil. The devil was, as it were, the proof-house for Martin Luther. He must be tried and tempted by Satan, and then he becomes fit for the Master's use.

Our Saviour himself became perfect through his sufferings. Through his temptations he became able to succour those that are tempted, for he was tempted in all points like as they are. And you, Christian, will never be of great service in God's Church without temptation; you shall neither be able to strengthen the weak, nor comfort the faint-hearted; you cannot teach the ignorant, or inspire with courage the wavering, unless you have yourself been taught in the school of experience. John Bunyan, who teaches all the ages, and will teach us till we meet in the Celestial City, must himself be taught, in five long years of dark despair, the ruin of the creature and the glory of free-grace. I believe you will find it to be the case in regard to most of the preachers whom God has signally honoured—in fact, I think, in regard to all preachers who have been of great use in the Church—that there has been a preparatory struggle in the wilderness, a preparatory forty days' fasting, before they have come forth to labour in the Church.

"Well!" says one of my hearers, "I don't know, but I think I have found something out to-night. I came into this tabernacle, and this was my state of mind. I have been lately undertaking some new project, and ever since I have thought of it and commenced it I have had such a gloom of heart as I have never known before." My dear friend, I think I have told you the reason of this. Take it as a favourable omen. Satan knows that your project will do a serious injury to his kingdom, and this is why he is endeavouring, with his entire strength, to divert you from it. I am sure you and I would do the same if we were engaged in the same struggle as Satan is, and as he has a vast deal more sense than we have, he will not be likely to leave that stone unturned. Go on, brother; go on. If you tread on a dog he will bark, and you may depend upon it you have trodden upon him when he does bark, and so you may know you have done mischief to Satan when he begins to roar at you. Go on; make him roar more. Never mind his roaring; make him roar again. Ay, stir him up; stir him up if you are in God's service, and count it a triumph when you hear a growl. It is a good sign that angels are singing when devils are howling. It is a good omen that you are progressing when Satan is so endeavouring to cast you down.

III. Taking the case of the Saviour being tempted, as a whole, we may offer a few reflections. A holy character does not avert temptation. Perfect, spotless, without any propensity to sin, yet is Jesus tempted. In him the Prince of this world found nothing. When Satan tempts us he strikes sparks on tinder. But in Christ's case, when the devil tempted him it was like striking sparks on water, yet he kept on striking. Now if the devil goeth on striking when there is no better result than that, how much more will he do it when he knows what inflammable stuff our hearts are made of. Expect it, then; though you become never so sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and destroy sin after sin and lust after lust, you will have this great dog of hell barking at you still.

The greatest distance from the world will not ensure you from temptation. When we mix with the world we know that we shall be tempted. In our business, in the banking-house, in the farm, on the vessel, in the street, we expect that in the world we shall have temptation; but if you could get out of the world you would be tempted. Jesus Christ went right away from human society into the wilderness, and "then was he tempted of the devil." Solitude is no preservative against

temptation from Satan. Solitude has its charms and its benefits, and may be useful in curbing the flesh, and certainly in checking the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but the devil should be worsted by other weapons than that of solitude. Still he will attack you even there. Don't suppose, then, that it is only the worldly-minded that have dreadful thoughts and blasphemous temptations, for even spiritual-minded persons may have to endure the same, and with the boldest character and the holiest position there may yet be the darkest temptation.

The utmost consecration of spirit will not insure you against Satanic temptation. Christ was consecrated through and through. His baptism was real. He was truly dead to the world. Truly he lived only to his Father's work. It was his meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent him; and yet he was tempted. Your hearts may glow with a seraphic or cherubic flame of love to Jesus, and yet the devil will try to throw cold water upon it, and to bring you down to Laodicean lukewarmness.

Nor will the highest form of grace, the greatest development of a spiritual mind, prevent our being tempted; nay, the most eminent public service and the most favoured private communion will not keep us from being assailed. Saith one, "At what time may the Christian take off his armour?" If you will tell me when God permits a Christian to lay aside his armour, I will tell you when Satan has left off temptation. Inasmuch as we are to do as the old knights did in war time, to sleep with the helmet and breastplate buckled on, you may rest assured there is good need for it. At the very time we think not, the arch-deceiver will be on the watch to make us his prey. The Lord keep us watchful in all seasons, and give us a final escape out of the jaw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear.

Alas! there are some here who are not thus tempted, and who are, perhaps, congratulating themselves, and saying, "I was never tempted like that." Ah! you are never emptied from vessel to vessel; you are settled on the lees; and why are you left to be so quiet? Is it not because there is no spiritual life in you? You are dead in trespasses and sins. You are the devil's own; therefore why should he hunt you? A man doth not go forth with a lasso to hunt a horse that stands in his stable ready bridled and saddled for him to ride whenever he likes, but he goeth forth to hunt the wild horse that is free. So the devil knows that he has you bridled and saddled, and that he can ride you whenever he pleases, and he does not need to hunt you; but he will hunt the free Christian upon whose back he cannot place a saddle, and into whose mouth he cannot fix a bit. I wish you were tempted. I wish there was something in you worth the devil's efforts. There is not. May God renew your hearts and give you a right spirit. Remember that the way of salvation is to trust Jesus. Do that and you are saved. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. If you are believing in Jesus—trusting in Jesus only—wholly and entirely, with your whole heart, then you are saved; then you may defy the power of hell, and come off more than conqueror. May the Master bless these words, to the warning of many and the comfort of some, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE WINGS OF WEALTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,

Author of "Our Great High Priest."

THERE are three points of vast importance for which I would claim attention, in connection with this subject, "The Wings of Wealth."

I. *That wealth may be made into wings,*

and so become the means of carrying rich blessings hither and thither. But before this can really be done two other things must take place. The possessor of wealth must unreservedly give himself to God, and then he must as unreservedly surrender all he has for God's service and glory.

All blessing is from God, and God will not bless what we give, or testify his approbation thereof, but on the above conditions. We must feel the force of the words, "Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price;" and also imitate those who gave themselves to the Lord and then to others, by the will of God; and then we shall be able to respond to the various exhortations, "To do good and to communicate,"—to "Do good to all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith." Thus acting from right motives, we shall "Make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," and "lay up for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come."

But besides these blessings which will come to the liberal soul, who will be blessed in giving, he shall be honoured to bless others. Riches, prayerfully, properly, and liberally distributed, will prove wings to carry bread to the hungry, comfort to the afflicted, sympathy to the sorrowful, truth to the ignorant; and that truth, owned and blessed of God, will impart salvation to lost souls. Money of itself is powerless; money hoarded is injurious; money scattered by the hand of love, and watered well with prayer, is a power for blessing. Money turned into bread, clothing, tracts, books, and Bibles, may, through God's goodness, be useful for the body and soul, for time and for eternity.

Then do not cage up, do not imprison a thing so useful; let it fly abroad, and ask God to direct its flight and speed its mission.

II. *Wealth may make itself wings and fly away.*

For saying this we have Divine authority. The words are found in connection with a warning against cherishing too earnest desires after worldly wealth, or making haste to be rich. "Labour not to be rich, cease from thine own wisdom. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away, as an eagle towards heaven."—Prov. xxiii. 3, 4, 5.

The marginal reading is remarkable, "Wilt thou cause thine eyes to fly upon that which is not?" This ought not to be, yet how often is it done. Then the eye thus "caused to fly" is an evil eye,

and such a person becomes full of darkness. His moral perceptions are blunted; he becomes absorbed in an object which God has prohibited, and he makes all manner of excuses for it, and then often, when he has gained his end, that which he has caused his eye to "fly after" flies away from his eyes, and goes fast out of sight, even as an eagle which quickly speeds its flight beyond human ken.

It is said that riches certainly make themselves "wings," and it is easy to see this in the case of the spendthrift, who gets possession of some one's hoarded earnings; a few months suffice to scatter what took many years to scrape together. Sometimes, also, the slow hoarder is tempted to become a speculator; he "makes haste to be rich," and loses all. It may be before a man's hairs are very grey he may gain and lose a fortune two or three times over. If people knew all the means he has used, and all the feelings he has been the subject of, and the persons he has injured, they would not envy him.

It is sad to see professed Christians sweating and toiling in the race, and yet such things are done, and some such are very liberal at times. It may be as a palliative to conscience.

The most careful worldlings sometimes prove that riches make themselves wings. Some money-getters seem determined to prove that money can not only be got but kept. To them they think the certainty of this text shall never apply. But sometimes it does, notwithstanding all their pains and care. They invest in freehold land with a real good title—or in ground-rents that can never fail to yield an income—or in the funds, which are sure to be good security; and then they will take care never to speculate, never lend, or become security for any one. But still the wings are growing. Strange revolutions in affairs turn up—things happen a long way off—favourite children, or their husbands or wives, turn out so different from what was expected. The wings are grown, the flight begins; and slowly, slowly, perhaps, the loved, the almost worshipped riches "fly away."

III. If neither of these things happen, if wealth is not made into wings, and if wealth does not make itself wings, if a man lives to hoard successfully, and to

worship his hoards for many long years—if he lives without giving, or giving at all proportionate to his means, and dies without losing his yellow god—then something terrible is sure to happen. *Wealth will be a dead weight upon the soul through life—probably a torment to the mind in death—and CERTAINLY a source of misery through eternity.* “Ye cannot serve God and mammon,” is a solemn declaration of him who cannot lie, who intensely loves souls; who turned away, with holy disdain, from an offer of all the “kingdoms of the world and the glory of them,” and who “died to redeem us from the present world.” Solemn were the warnings which he gave respecting the heart being overcharged with the cares of this life, and of the seed of the kingdom being choked by the “uncertainty of riches” and “the lust of other things.” And *hark!* “Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.” And *hark!* again. In hell he (the rich man who did not make his wealth into wings, and whose riches did not make themselves wings and fly away) “in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.” And yet one more *hark!* as the words come pealing down from heaven to earth: “Son, remember that thou in thy life time received thy good things.” O, let these words go pealing over the earth, for in our day they are much needed.

A number of persons on board a stranded ship were obliged to cast themselves into the waves, in order to swim to shore. One of them bound a large quantity of gold about his person, and, in consequence of the weight, sunk in the ocean, while all his companions escaped. How must he have hated his gold and cursed his folly, when sinking in the deep! More dreadful still will be the feelings of those whom the love of the world drowns in perdition! As they sink amidst the billows of damnation, how fearfully will those words sound in their ears, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

The late Mr. John Kingsland recorded in his journal a remarkable fact. An English gentleman, of large property, was passing through a wood in his carriage, when some person exclaimed, “The richest man in the parish will die

to-night!” He went home and took to his bed, and sent for his physician, saying, “I am the richest man in the parish, certainly.” In the morning, however, he heard that the *poorest* man in the parish had died. When told that the pauper was eminently pious, he said, “Then he has gone to heaven, and, as an heir of glory, was really the richest man!” The gentleman became from that time serious, and soon introduced into the town the Gospel, which his neighbour loved with such success.

May many “go and do likewise,” Christian, do you put your light, or whatever you have from God, in the dark lantern of selfish enjoyment? If you do you will get no real good from it yourself. Bring forth all you have for the good of others. Fling the light abroad. Scatter blessings all around you. Shine, and you will bless. While thus acting, your light will increase in the using, “For they that love God (and love will show itself in obedience and imitation) shall be as the sun when it goeth forth in its might.”

Serve God and your own generation according to his will *with what you have*. Serve him *where you are*. Do good as you can amidst trials, temptations, and sorrows. Do not wait for fair weather or calm leisure; these may never come. Do not envy others their ease and their plenitude. God’s strength is perfect in weakness, and his approbation is not according to *quantity* but *quality*. “If there be first a willing mind it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” Put wings on your wealth, whatever it may be, and whether small or large let it fly abroad. Send many prayers after it, and, through the merits of Jesus, you shall meet it again in heaven.

Ipswich.

A WORD OF WARNING; OR, THE GREAT WRONG.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN.

“But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.”—Prov. viii. 36.

THERE are a great many wrongs in the world, no doubt, and likely to be while it continues to be what it is—a place of sin and death. But here we have brought before us the greatest of all wrongs—the very captain of the army—a wrong

which exceeds, and, indeed, embodies every other wrong—wrong done to the soul. “He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.” Who is it that utters this language? We may say the Lord Jesus Christ himself. Then there is an infallible and awful connection between our conduct in relation to Christ and the wrongs which we inflict upon our own spirits. Yes, indeed! but how few believe it! Men, for the most part, who hear or read of Christ, believe that they can think about him, speak about him, write about him, just as they please, and that it is of very little consequence; neither their thinking, nor speaking, nor writing has any influence over *them*: they may conceive falsehood, write disparagingly, utter blasphemy, but it matters not. O dear, no; it has no influence over *them*. They simply think, they speak, they write; it is soon done, easily done, and they have done with it. And these things pass from them pure as the virgin snow on the top of some lofty mountain, upon which plays for a time the beams of heaven, and leaves it just as it was before. Nay, friend; “He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.” It is so. You may not know it, nor believe it; think very little about it, or not think at all, or that it is a very harmless affair; but “wrongeth his own soul,” says Wisdom. These words will find you out. Your thinking, speaking, writing about Christ *has* done a work—and most in yourself—upon yourself. There *are* marks, wounds, wrongs, into the bitterness of which, the sorrows of which, the sufferings of which, through the merits of Christ, may you never enter. Men may concentrate their intellectual power, and pour forth the very essence of their mental strength, through beauteous, nervous, well-selected words, seeking the dishonour of Him, whom ignorantly they hate; but notwithstanding their artistic praise, poetic ecstasies, and elaborated scorn, the result in their own experience will be, “He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul.” The world may, and, doubtless, will applaud, but these words, these awful words, will brand the righteous curse of God upon the soul. We say *righteous* curse, because none ever despised Christ, or sinned against Christ, but under the

influence of a prejudice which closed its eyes against the light. Then the sins which we commit against Christ come back again upon us; yes, and, like armed warriors, pierce and wound the soul. Reader, hast thou thought that thy conduct towards Christ was of small moment? It has been either right or wrong. If wrong, it was sinful; if sinful, it has pierced thy soul. Thou hast wronged thyself. Thou hast spoken and written about Christ. Well, now, hast thou studied his words as He directs thee to study them?—believed as He tells thee thou must believe in order to know him?—obeyed, as He tells thee thou must obey in order to understand him? If not, and yet thou hast dared to speak, to write—take heed, beware!—thou hast already dishonoured him, and so wronged thy own soul, that, as a libeller and self-convicted hypocrite, he can righteously appoint thee a place with the deceivers and the deceived. But there is mercy even for thee, if now, distrusting thyself, and, from the depths of thine own degradation, and self-treachery and false-heartedness, thou wilt cry—honestly cry—unto him whom thou hast misrepresented, for that light, which he only can give, and by which only he is so revealed to the soul, that we can see and believe, and, while thousands despair, exclaim, “My Lord, and my God!”

Hammersmith.

ROYAL SERVICE.

BY THE REV. J. TRALL.

“THERE, you have done with the Queen, and now I hope you will *fully* serve the King.” So spake an amiable, excellent, and devoted Christian woman, of my acquaintance, as her husband entered their neat and happy dwelling, and laid upon the table an honourable and highly complimentary discharge from the service of her Majesty, in the Royal Marines. For a long series of years had this worthy individual gone in and out of the ranks, studying the welfare of the men under his supervision, and securing the esteem and confidence of those high in command, who had spoken of him as “one of the best men in the British forces.” Yes, not only in this our happy island home had my friend done all in his power for the honour of

the name of an English soldier, but, in lands remote, under a burning tropical sun, and surrounded by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," even there a gracious Providence had mercifully preserved him; while, alike in the performance of home and foreign duties, had his name and character been respected and esteemed. Now, however, his term of service has expired, and the old soldier goes and asks for that which is his rightful due, a discharge from the service, and release from future dangers and responsibilities. Then, too, as a reward for past faithfulness, he receives a pension sufficient to mark a consciousness of worth on the part of those who will have the granting thereof, and to provide for the comfort of a comrade who has discharged his duties so honourably, and, consequently, retires into comparative seclusion, taking with him the respect of all concerned. Now, this soldier of the Queen had long given to all around him the best evidence that he could supply that he was "a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" I mean the evidence of a consistent and holy life. His deep interest in everything appertaining to the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the welfare of the saints and people of the Most High God, clearly evinced the fact that he belonged to the "hidden ones." Still, he was a "secret disciple." No church-book contained his name, simply because "the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace" had, so far, been withheld. No wonder, then, that a devoted Christian wife should say, under such circumstances, "There, you have done with the Queen, and now I hope you will fully serve the King." Now, my beloved friends, the pious readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER will be at no loss to understand the meaning of this expression. It refers to full and entire consecration to the work of our illustrious Redeemer. Moreover, as some into whose hands this number will fall may be secret and retiring disciples, to such we say, "Suffer the word of exhortation." We hope that from this time you will fully serve the King.

Now, then—first of all, mark you—ours is *Royal service*. We serve the King. True, we have nought to do with Windsor

Castle, nor Buckingham Palace, nor Osborne's marine retreat; yet we serve the King. Our Jesus is King. Thus he appeared to the awe-stricken, yet enraptured John. "He hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS; and on his head were many crowns." Want of space prohibits our looking at all these different emblems of office and majesty, but we must glance at some of them. His brow is adorned with the crown of Godhead. Yes, there rests that, by virtue of which he dispenses all bounty, and disposes all events.

"He sees, with equal eye, as Lord of all,
A hero perish, and a sparrow fall,
Atoms and systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble bursts, and then a world."

Not more certain is it that the boisterous tempest, and raging, angry billow obeyed his behest as *man*, than it is that that "Peace, be still," was the command of our JESUS GOD. Ah! this crown, so glorious in itself, and so rightfully his due, some men would snatch from the head that it now adorns. Their puny intellect attempts to comprehend more than his infinite wisdom. Hence they quibble, find fault, and deny, while they try to reduce the eternal "Word" to their own level, and call in question his Divinity and Godhead. Well, let them do so. What saith the Scripture? What! Harken. Is the pardon of sin a Divine inalienation? "The Son of Man hath power to forgive sins." Is God omniscient? "All the churches shall know that I am he that searcheth the reins and hearts." Is God omnipresent? "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Is God omnipotent? "I am Alpha and Omega, the Almighty." Is God self-existent? "Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." Is God eternal? "His goings-forth have been from of old, from everlasting." Is God to be beloved? "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." Is God to be obeyed? "Ye serve the Lord Christ." Is God to be trusted? "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Is God to be adored? "Let all the angels of God worship him." O, brethren! no reserve is intimated. The properly and rightfully divine is attri-

buted to our Jesus, in the most unqualified manner and the most substantial degree. How true is it that we serve a King!

Then again, our King wears his crown as *Mediator*. This was placed on his head by the eternal decree of heaven. "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." So spake Jehovah. Yes, the kingdom of the Messiah is founded upon a decree, an eternal decree of God the Father. It was the result of the counsels of the Divine wisdom and the determinations of the Divine will, neither of which can be altered. This decree was secret. It was what the Father said to the Son when "he possessed him in the beginning of his way, before his works of old," but it is declared by "the faithful witness." Our Priest he may be—nay, is; but "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedeck." Mark the order, for in that mysterious character were united the priestly and regal offices. No such other instance occurs; but the union is found in the person of our King, Jesus. Hence, holding this office in his Church, for that Church he legislates. "The rod of his strength" is the sceptre of his authority, and *He*, and *only He*, is "The head of the body, the Church." O! ye monarchs and princes, tarnish not with your touch a deposit so sacred. In him is invested supreme rule, and kings and queens, however dignified and honoured they may be, must acknowledge here his right to reign.

Not less certain is it, that, as King in Zion, our Jesus occupies the throne in the hearts of his willing and devoted people. Yes, for they are not only subject to his universal dominion, but, in conversion, they become the subjects of his spiritual rule. Herein consists the difference between "the man that serveth God, and the man that serveth him not." No saved individual will ever withhold from Jesus the supreme homage to which he is entitled. The Prophet describes the determination of all such minds. "O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." Thus, as their Redeemer, they allow him to wear the crown, and the grand occupation of eternity will be

to "cast their crowns before the throne," and to shout "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent-reigneth."

"My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King, this heart would love,
And imitate the best above."

Well, now, in a few words—secondly. This acknowledged kingship of Jesus implies, on our part, *service*. *We serve the King*. It must be so. This is his own criterion of loyalty. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." We read of some who "profess that they know God, but in works they deny him." But we may feel assured that of all such traitors God has no gracious knowledge. No; rather, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Now, this service has certain peculiarities. I look at my friend's discharge, and by it am reminded of some of these. Let us read them. "No entry in the defaulter's book." Capital! "Well done, good and faithful servant." No picket, then, had arrested him. No sentinel, with stern demand, "Who goes there?" had received from him an improper reply. No court-martial had sat to investigate charges brought against him. No guard-room has ever closed its massive door upon him. No; there it stands—written, too, with military precision—"No entry in the defaulter's book." O, my soul! what sayest thou to this? Is this the report of thy Captain? Has thy service been thus uniformly what it should be? Nay, I am aware of many deficiencies. I have not been so faithful, so diligent, so attentive to every call of duty as I might have been. Opportunities for doing good and getting good have been neglected. My prayer must be, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord;" and if, through grace so sovereign and unmerited, thou dost write "No entry in the defaulter's book," against my name, O, thou blessed Jesus! thou shalt never hear the last of it. No, I will sing, long as eternity shall continue—

"Grace bade me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine;
And grace accepts my feeble song,
The glory, Lord, be thine."

Now, let us look again. "Character

exemplary." First-rate, surely. A soldier with a character exemplary! Only think of his temptations. Look at the movements of many by whom he is surrounded, and with whom he has to do. If "evil communications corrupt good manners," how very difficult must it be, in the barrack-room, from year to year, so to live as to secure this encomium. Here, however, it is. It was deserved, or it would not have been written. My reader, thou Christian soldier, you and I may look at this as a representation of what is very desirable in connection with ourselves. Nothing is so likely to answer the quibbles of the sceptic, or to "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men," as a "character exemplary." Brethren, none of us can afford to lose sight of this fact. Here lies the power of the Christian pastor. Yes, let heaven's "ambassador" be fully conscious of the dignity of his position; let him demean himself as suited to his ennobled vocation, and then he is the centre of a circle, ever widening in its extent, ever increasing in its influence. From that man are emitted rays of special glory. *borrowed*, we gladly admit, but not, on that account, the less refulgent and beautiful. All this is equally true of every private member of the one Church. It matters not what is his position. Whether the palace announce his majestic glory, or the mud-wall hut, in the centre of yon quiet glen, conceal him from observation and gaze, only let his character be exemplary, and the man is a *power*. True, he may not be understood, but he must be admired. Scriptural truth, beloved, is all this. Paul, in effect, tells the Corinthians, that if each one uses his influence aright, be it more or less, then "the one that believeth not, falling down on his face, will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." Blessed Spirit! help myself and my reader to keep a character exemplary, well worthy of imitation.

Well! have we done with my friend and his discharge? Not yet. We must look again. "*Five good-conduct badges.*" Just so. The "character" obtains these. They are an evidence, not only of upright conduct, but, moreover, of attentive, consistent vigilance. So with our graces. Their exercise conduces to their

increase. We add one to another. Small may be the commencement; scarcely perceptible the beginnings of the Divine life; but we "add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," and so on, till we "attain to the full stature of the measure of a man in Christ Jesus." He who has risen in his profession, so as to gain those marks of distinction that lead to future honours and reward, was once the raw recruit. Yes, and the faithful Christian soldier will, another day, be addressed by his "Captain," in the "Well done!" that shall announce special approval, while it is the evidence of past faithfulness and vigilance.

One thought more shall close this paper. All the honours and distinctions gained by my friend culminate in a *pension*. Yes; his reward is not only present, but future also. Long as he lives, he will receive from the treasury of a grateful country an assurance that his services are not disregarded; and, what is better than that, provision is made for his ease and comfort. Repose, then, old soldier, upon the implements of past fatigues and dangers, as thou canst do with all safety; for I read—"*Corp. C. may claim a pension for every day for good conduct.*" And, mark you, my reader, these words are written with *red ink*. Specially noticeable. Meant, above all others, to arrest the attention. Of course, for here is the reward. O, beloved! and is it not so in the army of our illustrious Leader? Yes; a pension every day. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." All this is grace; but what is grace but the earnest of glory? "Ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Is it certain that we have grace? then equally certain is it that we shall have glory. "The Lord will give grace and glory." Yes; and grace is glory. Grace is glory in the dawn, and glory is grace in the day; grace is glory in the bud, and glory is grace in the flower; for he hath said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O my God! Is this the conclusion? Do all my fightings, and all my fears, and all my momentary triumphs, also, lead to this termination? They do. "Faithful is he that hath promised." Very well! Then—

"Nearest the throne and first in song,
I shall my hallelujahs raise;
While wond'ring angels round me throng,
And swell the chorus of my praise."
Woolwich.

AN OLD PROVERB AND ITS MEANING.

BY THE REV. T. B. STEVENSON.

"Harm watch, harm catch." This adage is quite true. Look for calamity and you will get it. Go forth to meet trouble half-way, and it will soon make its appearance. Be timid and you will pay dearly for it. It is so in reference to the body. Physiology affords striking and amusing examples of it. If you stand in great fear of a certain epidemic you will be almost sure to suffer from it. Nervousness is like a card of invitation to fever. When the Asiatic cholera visited our shores who were among its readiest victims? Those that were continually alarmed about it. "Harm watch, harm catch."

The fact is that dread of troubles and difficulties so incapacitates men as to make them their slaves. Everyday life presents instances of this. If you have to write a certain important letter and are tormented with the thought that you are not equal to the task, what follows? Why, you are sure to write it badly. As far as the penmanship goes, your hand will tremble at every up and down stroke that you make. As far as the composition goes, your mind will get confused, and you will express yourself awkwardly and perhaps very obscurely. As far as the object of the epistle goes, you will probably, in your excitement, partially forget it, and have to add a postscript to make up the deficiency. Let a man go to the house of a superior, haunted, as he goes and when he arrives, with the feeling that he is not sufficiently well-versed in etiquette to conduct himself politely, what is the result? The poor fellow is sure to make some "hole in his manners," and return home discomfited with the consciousness of having acted like a bore rather than a gentleman. "Harm watch, harm catch."

The old saying embodies a great and important principle; a principle, moreover, of which all human experience is, more or less, illustrative. What is that

principle? It is this: things are what we make them. The world is as we are. The eye takes with it what it sees. St. Paul affirms this when he says, "To the pure all things are pure." As a certain American poet has well said,

"It is the soul's prerogative, its fate
To shape the onward to its own estate.
It ever multiplies its joy or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Yes, man reduplicates himself: you see
In yonder lake reflected rock and tree;
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
Now rests, now stirs as if a breeze were there
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
The world, O man, is like thy food to thee;
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
Reflected back."

In reference to *nature* this is the case. The mood in which we look at the world is almost everything. The landscape is cheerful or sombre according as we are cheerful and sombre. Yonder is a glorious scene. Venerable and lofty hills lift their rugged heights toward the clouds; noble and sturdy trees that have withstood the ravages of centuries outstretch their branches; delicate, fragrant, and various-coloured wild flowers adorn the beautiful greensward; the sky is clear and cerulean, looking like a broad ocean over-head; birds sing in their leafy homes or warble as they circle their way higher and higher on the wing; husbandmen busy themselves in tilling the productive soil or reaping its fruits, and cattle repose quietly in the grateful shade. But how altogether different this one view appears to those two men yonder! It fills one with delight. Not so the other: it rather makes him melancholy. To the first it is inspiring; to the second it is nothing of the kind. How comes this difference to pass? It is because the spectators bring to the landscape opposite frames of mind. The sad soul saw no joy and light, the peaceful and happy one saw peace and happiness all around. "Harm watch, harm catch."

We come now to a more solemn and important exemplification of the principle in question. It holds good in reference to the *Bible*. Of course we do not mean that "the oracles of God" are like those of old heathendom, giving a vague answer to our inquiries, and making assertions which are capable of a double meaning. By no means; but we do most distinctly and emphatically

affirm that, in understanding the Word of Jehovah, much depends on the *spirit* in which we read it. It is the holy, earnest, devout heart that truly interprets it. It is he who, knowing the natural weakness and darkness of human nature, asks and obtains the quickening and enlightening power of the Spirit that originally dictated it, and he alone, that rightly comprehends it. Greatly is he to be pitied, who goes blundering and stumbling over the wide field of revealed truth, with no other guide than the flickering taper or dark lantern of reason.

Yes. Dictionaries, lexicons, and the like may be of service in helping us to know the significance of Scripture. Learning is not to be despised. Science and literature may be made efficient handmaidens to religion. Albeit, if we have no further aid than this, our perusal of the Old and New Testaments will be to little purpose. God's demand in reference to studying his truth, as well as in reference to all other service, is this—"Give me thine *heart*." Intellect must ever be accompanied by right feeling. He who would appreciate the Bible must possess the spirit of the Bible. Again and again are we enjoined to "take heed *how*" we "hear." "Without *holiness* no man can see the Lord." "He that is willing to do the will of my Father, shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." "Light is sown for the *righteous*." These are but specimens of many similar passages.

In view of the fact in question it is not hard to understand that infidels and sceptics find so many difficulties in the Scriptures. They go to it looking for and expecting them. Who can marvel that he who takes up a book with a sneer on his lips, and a smile of contempt on his face, finds no food in it? How should he? He goes to it blind, and then ridicules it because it gives no light! The Bible never promises truth to the undevout and unbelieving. This being the case we need not be surprised that he who opens it in a cavilling hypercritical spirit finds no beauty and sees no glory in it. We have read somewhere of an astronomer, who fancied one day he had made an extraordinary discovery. Looking at

the sun through a telescope he distinctly noticed a huge black body of some kind which seemed to overspread a large portion of its surface. Nor was that all. The mysterious object moved, and with something like awful rapidity. What could it be? Had some sudden and dreadful calamity befallen the orb of day? Was it being destroyed? The good man was alarmed and puzzled for a while. At last it struck him that it might be as well to examine his instrument. This he did, and the investigation soon proved fatal to the wonderful discovery. He found an insect on the glass! In like manner the difficulties which sceptics find in the Bible are very often in themselves. Let them examine the medium through which they look at the "Sun of Righteousness." The blots are on it, not in him.

So then, my reader, if we are to turn the good old book to good spiritual account, we must mind how we peruse it. Prophets will not tell us their meaning unless we listen devoutly. Apostles will not speak clearly and distinctly except we have an ear willing to learn. Prayer must go hand in hand with study. Light beams from the temple of revealed truth, glory issues from its holy of holies when we are upon our knees. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." He who honestly says that will never wait long without the voice of the Most High.

"Harm watch, harm catch." This is true of *human nature*, as well as of nature and the Bible. Look for nothing but evil in your neighbours, for instance, and you will see nothing but evil. Prejudice is mighty in its influence over us. Is it not so? Some one describes a certain person to you—telling you how proud he is, or how suspicious he is, or how obstinate he is. Well, what happens when you meet with him? You see the particular vice—pride, suspicion, or stupidity—which your friend predicted. So of good qualities. Advertise a fellow-citizen well by talking of his excellencies, blow the trumpet of his fame long and loudly by expatiating on his virtues, and, as the result of this, there will be numbers who will gaze in mute wonder at his every gesture, and listen with silent admiration to his every word, as if he were something more than human!

What we have all, therefore, need to seek and ask of heaven is a clear moral and spiritual vision. We shall not seek in vain. "I counsel thee to buy of my eye-salve that thou mayest see." So still speaks he who, in the days of his flesh, compassionated and healed the blind. Let us only go to him simply and earnestly praying the fulfilment of the promise he has given, and our experience will be this—"And immediately they received sight and followed him."

Harlow, Essex.

THE WATERFLOOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES DAVIS.

"Let not the waterflood overflow me."—
Psalm lxxix. 15.

THE devastation and death caused by the bursting of the Bradfield reservoir have touched the heart of England. The condensed cloud and dew trickling in myriad streams from a wide amphitheatre of hills and collected in one vast body to feed physical life and mechanical power in Sheffield, have burst upon the valley below, not as a stream of blessing, but as a deluge of destruction. While thinking of the calamitous effects of this flood, we can hardly fail to remember the many waterfloods which in this life threaten to overflow us. Let us, then, meditate upon some of those evils set forth in the Scriptures as a flood.

1. *The waterflood is an emblem of sorrow.* This psalm is the utterance of a sufferer. In the first verse we have his prayer for deliverance, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul." The image is that of one battling with the billows, and is well nigh swallowed up. Nor does this exhaust the depth of meaning. Remembering that in this psalm the sufferings of our Saviour are depicted, it was true in the strongest sense "the waters came in unto his soul." In all our sufferings, therefore,

"Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll
To overwhelm His holy soul."

If, then, "the Captain of our salvation" was immersed in the deep waters of sorrow, shall we, when overtaken by the waterflood, marvel as though some strange thing had happened unto us? But as even He shrank from the deeper waters of suffering and cried, "Father,

save me from this hour," we may without sin pray, whilst struggling in the depths, "Let not the waterflood overflow me." Nor shall we pray in vain.

"Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?"

2. *The waterflood is an emblem of temptation.* In the Apocalypse we read, "And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood, after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood." A graphic picture, this, of Satan's attempts to destroy the Church by persecution and temptation! There is a twofold action in a flood, which strikingly illustrates the power of temptation. There is the *direct* force of water against an object, and there is its disturbing and *undermining* power. Some of the houses in the recent flood were thrown down by the sheer *battering* force; others were *undermined* and swept away. So, sometimes, Satan dislodges a man from his religious position by an overwhelming rush of temptation; at other times he insidiously undermines the foundations of piety, so that the Christian assailed by stealth hardly knows his danger till he falls with a mighty crash. In the case of the reservoir it was the *combination* of these two forces that caused the gaping chasm whence leaped destruction and death. There was the direct pressure of the water against the embankment, and its washing power around the foundation. The higher the flood rose, the greater was its tendency to ooze through beneath the foundation, and to loosen and weaken the whole superstructure, so that the strength of the wall was lessened just when the greatest pressure bore upon it, and the mass of masonry, solid as it was, proved unequal to bear the tremendous strain. Thousands of professors have failed in like manner. Apart from the sustaining influences of the Holy Spirit, no Christian ever has or ever can resist the flood of temptation. We have all noticed, at the sea-side, how the hard rocks have been honey-combed and hollowed into deep caves by the action of the sea. The massive rock defies the most furious onset of the raging billows, but the more *subtle* and *unseen* action of the waves, year after year, has brought

down many a proud cliff in huge piles of ruin. Remembering, then, our own weakness and the strength of temptation, let us look to "the hills whence cometh our help," and let us adopt the prayer, "Let not the waterflood overflow me."

Bristol.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER AND THE YEAR OF SHINING.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILSHIRE.

"Holding forth the word of life."—Phil. ii. 16.

THERE is something unutterably sublime in prayer—a sinner going in before the mercy-seat to offer the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, to render the homage of a grateful spirit, and to hold communion with a reconciled Father. How that sublimity increases when the worshippers multiply, and, in their sincerity, plead for others! The sight, then, must have been inconceivably grand which presented itself during the first week of this year, the "week of prayer;" then the whole earth was, as it were, encompassed with prayer, the members of the universal Church, hand in hand, encircled the footstool, and sent up one comprehensive litany—"THE KINGDOM COME!" This was a decided manifestation of the oneness of the Church. The members of the various communities waived their doctrinal differences, and blended their sighs, desires, and cries to their common Lord, endorsed with a unanimous Amen! Such a sight, such a sound, is hopeful, to say the least. But, brethren, it is comparatively easy thus to meet. If there be a sublimity in united prayer, what shall we say of individual devotedness to Christ's kingdom? what shall we say of the effect of united shining "as lights in the world?" In prayer we have to do with the great God; in working we deal with Jehovah and human souls; our labours, owned of the Lord, are blessed to our fellow-sinners. Contemplate the universal Church—each professed member of Christ—"holding forth the word of life;" imagine the flood of light which would be reflected upon the moral darkness of the world, and then estimate, if you can, the grand effects of such action. Fellow-readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, it must be

ours to shine forth during this year of 1864, and thus endorse the prayers of the week. To this I would urge you, Consider seriously the POSITION OF THE UNENLIGHTENED! The voyage to eternity is rendered very difficult by the many rocks, quicksands, and dangers of the way. For the most part they are hidden. A misty darkness envelopes the voyager, and renders a pilot necessary. Alas! too many despise our guidance. Our fellow-men are exposed to all the dangers an avowed enemy and a perverted judgment can throw in the way. The under-current, adverse winds, and the resistance to a proper guide, are so strong, that we wonder not that men wander on in blindness and are lost. We are reminded in the 15th verse of this chapter of the sinner's crookedness and perversion. Does not this refer to his divergence from the centre of all good? Are not sinners going in opposition to God's straight path, going, in their own way, astray from God? Is it not seen in their neglect of the word of life—omitting to cultivate the principles of life, and refusing to come to Christ that they may have life? Are they not *perverse*? They are persons of opposite natures, thoughts, aims, and habits to us; hence they will oppose our principles, misconstrue our motives, and be disposed to find fault. They have too close a relationship with the Prince of Darkness to sympathize with holiness. Their hearts are not light, hence blindness, misconception, perversion!

It is upon such, we, as believers in Jesus, are to EXERT A MORAL AND SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE during this year. Every act of ours has an influence upon men in some way. Very often it is unconscious, silent, and indirect. Strive always to use it for good. The unregenerate world is in darkness; Christians are the lights, they are to be as beacons along the rocky shore, warning of danger and leading to safety. Let the year be free from "*murmuring and disputation.*" Difficulties we shall doubtless have, but let us "Be still and know that he is God." We may meet with enemies of the cross, but let us avoid disputation as far as possible, because much injury is often done when such discussion is carried on between men of light and darkness. Experience can only make

us able debaters, especially in religious matters.

Our influence is to be exerted in the *positive exhibition* of the *moral grandeur* of our Christianity. Men may misinterpret our words, but not our actions. If a saint shine out in all the greatness of a Christian, there is a force brought to bear none can resist. Hence we are always to appear in our true dignity—*"Sons of God."* We are to show ourselves in our purity, *"blameless,"* as also in our *sincerity*. This is the power and influence we are to exert—of a god-like example, pure and without rebuke; this the result of imitation of Jesus. May it be ours!

We are also to *"hold forth the word of life."* While we show them by our lives what Christianity is, we must invite them to HIM who is *"the Life."* The Gospel is the word of life, in contrast with all human systems. We are witnesses of its power; this is our mission. Men cannot find out the way of life for themselves; their fellow-sinners, travelling in the same darkness, cannot *hold it forth*; we must, therefore. By our example, invitation, conversation, contribution, defence of the truth, we must *"hold forth the word of life."* Men and brethren, seek to give the world correct views of the religion of Jesus. The world is dark; the Church has the light. Let it shine forth. *"Arise and put on your beautiful garments."* Let your lives demonstrate more than ever, during this year, the glory, excellency, power, divinity, and beauty of your religion. Yea, *"let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."*

Penance.

A TEXT OFTEN MISQUOTED.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,

Author of *"Bays of Light,"* &c.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Malachi iii. 8-10.

WE have often heard a portion of this

text misapplied and misquoted, by brethren who have been called on to lead our devotions at the week-night prayer-meeting. They have quoted the passage as though it had reference to proving God in prayer, instead of Christian liberality. It is a truth, that if we prove God by earnest, believing, in-breathed prayer, he will pour us out the blessing we ask; but this is not the teaching of this particular passage. Here we are told to prove God by bringing our tithes—our free will offerings into his storehouse, and are promised, on doing so, that an abundant blessing shall be poured out upon us. It is a portion of God's Word which is too much neglected by professing Christians; but which when obeyed never fails in bringing its peculiar blessing. Ministers, from a fear of offending some of their hearers, and of hurting the minds of others, do not enforce the paramount claims of the Lord's treasury sufficiently in their pulpit ministrations. Church-members, either through ignorance or thoughtlessness, or both combined, do not sufficiently consider that God claims a portion of their income for the support of his cause. It is high time both ministers and church-members were awake to a full sense of their solemn responsibility in connection with this part of their Lord's revealed will.

Let us briefly consider a few plain facts. They who withhold their money from the cause of God, do *"rob God,"* and embezzle his goods. This is the charge God, by his prophet, brings against Israel, and verily it is a charge we are warranted in bringing against many professing Christians. The covetous man may call his covetousness prudence, forethought, and other fine names, but God calls it robbery. He says to all such, *"Ye have robbed me."* And what follows as the proceeds of this robbery? *"Ye are cursed with a curse."* He who defrauds God of that portion of his property which justly belongs to God, must expect God's curse upon the whole of his property.

They who contribute freely—who bring their tithes into God's storehouse—who are liberal in their donations towards the carrying on of the worship of God's house shall be blessed with an abundant blessing. He who withholds

from God is none the richer, but is the poorer. He who gives to God is none the poorer, but is the richer. No man is a loser by what he gives to God; neither is God a debtor to any man. Do you object to this? Then put it to the test. Prove God by giving more largely for the spread of the Gospel, and for the support of your minister, and see if he will not "pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."—Prov. iii. 9. Consider what we say on this matter, act upon it, and the Lord shall bless you more abundantly, and give you understanding in all things. Before laying down this paper, ask yourself one question: "How much money am I giving to aid in supporting my pastor, and in spreading the Gospel?"

Glasgow.

HOW TO REMOVE TROUBLES.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

THE troubles of the Christian are numerous and multiform. The remark of the old patriarch of Uz is specially true in the Christian's case, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." But while he has more troubles than the thoughtless worldling, who has no inward trials, he has also *more comforts under them*. David said, in one of his peevish moments, "The wicked are not troubled like other men"—i.e., godly men; and "he was envious at the prosperity of the wicked," who "spreadeth himself like the green bay-tree," &c. Yet David could also say, in a time of more serious thoughtfulness, "Although my house is not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure: this is *all my salvation and all my desire*, though he make it not to grow." Thus "the man after God's own heart" removed his troubles from his mind by resting on the provisions and promises of a covenant-keeping God.

When the resolute, determined, martial, and victorious Hannibal crossed the Alps with his Carthaginian army, and the tawny sons of Africa had been greatly diminished in number by hunger, cold,

and precipitation over the Alpine glacial crags, Livy tells us that the remainder cut their way through the rocks, after they had softened them with vinegar, to "thunder at the gates of Rome." Perhaps the vinegar was *undaunted resolution and indomitable fortitude*. However that may be, the lesson taught is, that when troubles present themselves it is useless to sit and fret and weep—a thing which never helped a troubled soul yet—but to meet it manfully, and with a spirit of determination; and if by no other way, to cut through the vinegar-moistened rocks, or a mighty Athos, for a victory. The Christian has every reason to say in confidence to every opposing trouble, "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." The help and promises of God are, with the use of the appointed means, a good guarantee that "we shall come off more than conqueror through him who loved us." The Scriptures afford *spade, pickaxe, and vinegar*; and it is for us to work with these under those aids of Providence and grace that ever secure the issue on the side of the Divine glory. Yes, "the Christian is THOROUGHLY FURNISHED *unto every good word and work*." O, then, believers, "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Take courage, grow not weary. Be Hannibals among the "good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Borough-green.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLLEGE: ITS MISSION AND WORK.

BY MR. EDWARD LEACH.

Who has not wept over the sorrows of illiterate parsondom? Hanging our harps upon the willows, we lament the lack of opportunities that might be afforded to assist ministers in performing a great work. As the world's plowers plow upon their backs, and make long their furrows, some hardening surely is needed, that they may bear the incisions. When men are sent out to wrestle they are properly trained. The soldier without exercise is as useless for emergencies as a statesman without discretion. A minister ought to be trained to bear the brunt of the world's cynicism and strategy. To witness a parson floundering about, when caught

in a keen man's device, puts one in mind of the clumsy way in which countrymen endeavour to jump in sacks at fairs. Some don't believe in educated ministers; "rough and ready" is their motto. My fine friend—sweet expression of a Regent-street *dilettante*—is anxious to boil down all uneducated parsons into one agglomerated pulp. But some of my readers, perhaps, think otherwise, and would never care for the education and acquirements of that soft, lady-like clergyman who has suffered four years' attenuated martyrdom at _____ College. You fancy his manners have been so refined, that from their fineness you cannot behold them. And so, between those who hate kid-gloveism and admire coarseness in parsons, and those who worship education in the mind and overlook grace in the heart, we are to have no colleges for assisting men in fighting the Lord's battles. Alas, poor parsondom!

It is not every one who thinks ministers should be daintily educated, or grossly ignorant; and one of these is Mr. Spurgeon. For this reason, he has, of course, been assailed with hot-headed abuse from distinguished members of certain cliques. Though they love putting their fists in his face, he won't return the compliment. He might flaunt, though he never has, the boast of Ajax—

"Losing they win, because their names will be
Ennobled by defeat who dare contend with
me."

But Mr. Spurgeon, like all sensible men, found something suggestive in the most pugnacious of epithets. He knew that at many colleges men were turned out with brain enough for their work, but without disposition for it. He, on the other hand, saw that education was not sufficient to constitute a good preacher. So Mr. Spurgeon took a middle course, and proposed to establish a private college, where men who believed they had been commissioned by God for the ministry, could be taught a plain education. Like the magnificent institutions raised by Immanuel Wichern and John Falk, in Germany, this movement was insignificant at the commencement. These noble Germans were at first as unprepared for the gigantic results as Mr. Spurgeon. Commencing ten years ago

with one young man, Mr. Spurgeon's college has now seventy, strong-hearted, all ready for active service. This, of course, has been a matter of astonishment to many. When the college consisted of about twenty students, some good old stage-goers were alarmed. This enthusiastic young man would find his dreams the offspring of an overheated brain; and all the old files throughout the country scraped a miserable tune to a ditty about bankruptcy. Still, however, the college has prospered, and £3,000 is now annually required, and is given, for its support. The best of it is, that it does not rely upon the usual means of obtaining sums of money for its sustenance, but depends upon prayer and a simple faith in Christ. That trust is never misplaced; and the result is, therefore, that the college is never in debt. This admirable institution, in its catholicity, embraces that tribe of servants in the Lord's vineyard for whom no church particularly cares, the street-preachers, the itinerants, and Scripture-readers. Nearly two hundred of these persons—shall I not call them watchmen on the unoccupied towers?—meet in evening classes, and enjoy the educational advantages of the institution. This is quite a new element in the constitution of ministers' colleges, and the idea does credit to the large heart that first suggested it.

We live in sorry days. The devil is whipping clever men into his service, and some of the finest intellects are surrendered to his power. If ever there was an important era in the history of God's Church, it is now. The ring-leaders of the most subtle, and, consequently, of the most dangerous, form of scepticism are to be found filling posts of honour in the "Church by law established," and they have gained the ear of the most popular newspapers, which are used as common sewers, through which their atheistical poison flows. There is no time for Christians to quarrel with each other. The age of cliquism has not as yet died out, but its power for evil is fast decreasing. Christians must be united, and rise up as one man to counteract the growing evil of the insidious scepticism of 1864. My firm belief is, that out of the institution which Mr. Spurgeon has organized will spring a

number of well-trained soldiers, whose might and daring for the truth shall equal the audacity of those who now seek to crush it. Mr. Spurgeon—whose motto is, as he once hinted, *Spur-ge-on*—has for some time past been considering the means of extending still further the operations of this institution, of which he is the president. There is plenty of room in England for more of his young men; and it only requires more funds to enlarge the borders of the college. Applications from different causes are being continually received by the pastor of the Tabernacle, for ministers; and it is very evident that the demand is greater than the supply.*

Besides being a school for the education of men who shall fight against the hydra-headed monster, Atheism, Mr. Spurgeon's great aim has been to teach the best way of getting at the hearts of the ungodly, and especially the much-neglected working classes. For this purpose, he teaches his students to fraternize with the sons of toil, and to become masters of the choice old Saxon language which he himself knows so well how to use—the only language, in fact, which the common people understand. I don't want fine, middle-class, stuck-up gentlemen, says Mr. Spurgeon, in effect, but hard-working men, to whom preaching is a passion. These are the only men who can expect to be of any real service among the ungodly. Furthermore, the object of the promoters of this college is, in one sense, to make iconoclasts. There are idolaters among Christians; and exclusiveness and uncharitableness are idols, before whose potent power many fall down and worship. It is to break down the wall of partition which has been for too many

years separating different portions of Christ's flock from one another, that these young men enrol themselves in the Lord's service. They are not taught to basely act the coward in presence of those who don't agree with them, or to make allowances for the doctrinal perversions of those who *won't* see the truth as it is plainly revealed in Scripture; but they are trained for the purpose of healing the schisms in the Church; for gently dealing with those who determine to shut up one eye and open wide the other. Indeed, to foster Christian brotherhood should be the work of every minister of the Gospel.

And, in short, there are places to be counted, if we only knew them, by the hundred, in old England, where the truths of Scripture are never preached; where there is no uplifting of the Cross, and no administration of Christian baptism; and where, instead of the proclamation of Bible doctrines, nothing is heard but Puseyism and stiff morality. England is more heathenish than quiet, comfortable, and charitable Christians are aware. For the purpose of burning out heresy, for proclaiming the acceptable news of salvation to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and knitting together in one holy bond of love the divided Church, this college was founded. It does not depend upon any appeals to charity for support, but relies on the promises of Christ. If it is his work he will support it; if not, let it go to wrack and ruin! But of the proofs of the former, a long roll of evidence might be adduced. It is God's work, and happy are those Christians who have the power of supporting it. The monthly record, in the BAPTIST MESSENGER, of the receipts and subscriptions, does not as yet take up an entire page; but it would gladden Mr. Spurgeon's heart to see it do so, and would confer benefits upon one of the most deserving institutions in Christendom.

Camberwell, S.

* Since this was written, it has been decided by the energetic elders and deacons of the Tabernacle to raise a fund for assisting the students to build new chapels when they become pastors. £5,000 are to be collected, more than £3,000 being already subscribed. Mr. Spurgeon, with his usual spirit, headed the sum with £100.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

CARED FOR.

WILLIAM and MARY JONES were not rich in this world's goods. But they were nevertheless children of the kingdom. Together had they obeyed the Lord's command, together enrolled themselves among his people. They loved the same good old way, and walked together in the narrow path. For many years, side by side, they had journeyed to the house of God, and their shilling had been regularly supplied whenever collection Sunday arrived. They were grateful for the mercies which were showered upon them, and sought in return to do some little good for the Master whom they loved. Thus quietly and peacefully passed their lives away, like a calm, smooth river scarcely ruffled by the summer winds.

But a change came.

A catastrophe, unforeseen and unexpected, swept away their means of livelihood. They were plunged into sorrow. There seemed no escape. All the furniture that had been their pride and joy in bygone years must be sold, to meet the heavy demands upon their slender purse. And nothing but ruin stared them in the face.

In their deep desolation they were not helpless, or hopeless. William seemed to be suddenly grown aged, but he took the well-worn Bible upon his knees, and read out the grand old psalm which has comforted many a sufferer ere now, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

They knelt and poured into their heavenly Father's ear their tale of woe. They could not run to their neighbours and burden them with it. The innate refinement of their natures prevented that. Their impulse was to hide their sorrows from prying and unsympathetic eyes. But he who seeth in secret knew all about it. He heard, for there was no need to hide it from him, all the groans of their spirits, the cries of their aching hearts, and he poured into their wounds the oil and

wine of his own infinite love. And they arose strengthened, in that he had made them strong.

Still the tears came with the day of deepest trial.

"I am no longer young, Mary, and it is hard to begin life again, with our little all taken from us."

"Yes, yes, but let us trust in the Lord, and be of good courage. We can work yet, and we shall surely never starve."

And thus they encouraged each other. But the days of waiting were long and wearisome. Work did not always come when it was needed. And when it came, sometimes the good man found it too much for his failing strength, and was forced to forbear. And so they struggled on, until even poor Mary lost her faith, and would say, with tears in her dim eyes, "O William, we shall have to end our days in the workhouse after all."

But Christ's people are cared for. They will never be forsaken. For loving eyes watch them, and a strong arm is stretched out to aid them. His compassion fails not, his love knows no bound. And all things are under his sway.

"End your days in the workhouse," Christians who have grown old in the Master's service! O no! The Lord's people had sat around his table, and afterward, when the minister had reminded them that Jesus said, "The poor ye have always with you; me ye have not always," they had contributed towards the support of the needy with cheerful hands, and grateful hearts.

Moreover, Mr. and Mrs. Jones's silent suffering had been noticed by some of the friends. And they had such an opportunity of helping them as could not be refused. Brothers and sisters should not mind receiving favours of each other. And now, in their need, such a supply came as they had never

hoped for. Not given in a niggard grudging spirit, but freely, kindly, and heartily.

So William and Mary Jones did not end their days in the workhouse. They were cared for, and loving hands ministered unto them, and kindly voices poured into their hearts words of consolation. And when at last they bade farewell to earth, it was while sympathizing friends stood around,

watching them from the river's brink. Believe in Jesus; never fear; Jesus cares for you too well to let you really want any good thing. He never forgets, never neglects you. And his people, following his example, care for you too. Thus tended, loved, protected, leave all your woes in his hands, saying only—

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.”

Reviews.

The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography. By the Rev. JOHN KIRK. London: H. J. Tresidder and John Mason.

A CHARMING subject—the mother of the illustrious, sainted Wesleys! The execution seems in every way worthy of the theme. Mr. Kirk has entered on his work in the right spirit, and his admirably written work must become a great favourite, not only with Wesleyans, but with the whole true catholic Church of the Saviour. An admirable portrait of Mrs. Wesley, excellent type, paper, and binding, will make it a delightful and acceptable gift book, and we hope the mothers of England will be the better for its publication. In case of new editions, we should like portraits of the sons to accompany that of the mother.

Leaves from the Tree of Life. Seven Sermons. By the Rev. S. COWDY. Second Edition. London: Elliot Stock.

SERMONS that will bear reading, and which have sundry excellences that specially commend them to our approbation. Brief, spiritual, direct, full of rich thought, and in a style to fix the attention, and with popular, edifying illustrations of the themes presented.

Wanderings in Cornwall and Devon. By T. H. MILLS. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THE writer of this volume of 140 pages has given the result of his tour and observations on those two western counties of England, both so justly celebrated and yet so totally distinct as to scenery, manners, occupations, &c. Travellers will not only be aided as to what is worth seeing and how to see it, but the description will well repay general perusal, and as such we trust it will be widely circulated and read.

Promises Proved: a brief Record of Facts, &c., in relation to the Lord's Work in connection with the Spitalfields Gospel Missions. By W. J. LEWIS. London: Morgan and Chase, 3, Amen-corner.

A RECORD well worthy of perusal, and calculated to strengthen faith, heighten hope, and incite labourers to extra zeal and labour.

People's Edition of British Poets: Poetical Works of Cowper. A New Edition. With Illustrative Notes and Life of the Author. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. (Part I.)

THIS handsome edition of the poets is published in parts, price sixpence, and promises to bring our favourite authors within the reach of the people. The notes will add greatly to the worth of the work, and we hope it will have abundantly remunerative support from the reading public. We shall watch with interest its progress and results.

Once and Then; or, Christ Suffering and perfectly Glorified. By A. W. W. London: Tresidder.

ON opposite pages, with illustrations, are given the texts referring to the Saviour's sorrows and glories. The exposition in verse is easy and apposite. To fix the themes on the memories of the young, the design is excellent, and we hope it will meet with the hearty patronage of Christian families.

Instructions to the Anxious Inquirer and the Young Convert. By J. M. HEWSON. London: Elliot Stock.

EVANGELICAL in spirit and scripturally practical in its tendency, pleading for faith, baptism, and righteousness of life.

Nos. 832-3 of the *Weekly Tracts—Without Money and Without Price; Show Your Tickets.* By Rev. T. W. MEDHURST. London: 62, Paternoster-row.

TWO excellent four-page tracts, well adapted to arrest attention and impress the mind.

Of the *Magazines*, we are pleased with the *Baptist Magazine* for February and March, both of which contain good original articles and well-written reviews. *The Sower*, *The Gleaner*, both good. *Old Jonathan*, for February and March, alike excellent for letterpress and engravings. *Evangelical Christendom*, for March, is thoroughly replete with good things. “Calvin's Conversion” and “The late Duchess of Gordon” must please all Christian readers. *The Gardeners' Weekly Magazine*, for January, is up to the mark, besides containing a full index for the last year's volume.

Poetry.

IN THE NIGHT.

In the night when silence reigneth, and my spirit cries to Thee,
O Thou who'rt never weary, then my hope and solace be ;
Stand near me in the darkness, and on my Father's breast
O give the aching heart relief, the weary spirit rest.

In the night of woe and anguish, thou whose name is ever Love,
Though all beside forsake me, do not thou afar remove ;
But linger near me, Saviour, while the torrent wildly blows,
Till, while thou art watching o'er me, e'en my sorrow shall repose.

In the night of dire temptation, thou the waters canst control,
O stay the sweeping billows, lest they overflow my soul,
And whisper, as thou erst hast done, the blessed words of peace,
Till the night of darkness pass away, the hour of trial cease.

In the night of death, whene'er it comes, O Father be Thou nigh,
And speak amid the gloom profound, that I may not fear to die ;
That I may trustingly go forth, to the world beyond, unseen—
To the land of perfect happiness, where the Saviour long has been.

Yea, till the morning dawneth with its glad and sacred light,
O Father, never leave thy child alone amid the night ;
That I may sing more gratefully, a burst of gladsome praise,
To the Saviour of my troubled soul, the Guardian of my days.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THROUGH THE LATTICE.

Sol. Song ii. 9.

Through the lattices of the law
Ancient Jews the Saviour saw ;
But those types and shadows dim
Now have been fulfilled in him,
And his sacred charms, we know,
Through the Gospel lattice glow.

When the holy Book is read,
And the Spirit's light is shed
On the words of seer and sage,
Showing Christ in every page,
Saints delighted view their Lord
Through the lattice of his Word.

And how blissful is the hour
When, with sacred, melting power,
The Beloved shows his face
Through the preached Word of grace,
While his sweet and loving voice
Makes believers' hearts rejoice !

Or when, gathered round the board,
In remembrance of their Lord,
His dear children feast in faith
On the emblems of his death,
O how oft with grace divine
Christ will through the lattice shine !

And at other seasons, too,
Saints on earth their Saviour view.

Every glimpse a foretaste is
Of the glorious world of bliss,
Where the Church, redeemed by grace,
Sees her Jesus face to face.
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

LINES ON THE PRIMROSE.

O sweetest and fairest, pale rose of the valley,
Though thy petals are tender and frail ;
Yet we hail thee with gladness,
For thou driv'st away sadness,
And sunny bright days dost foretell.

Thy presence and beauty remind us of duty,
As thy sweetness falls soft on the air ;
In thy rich leafy bowers,
Thou lovest the sweet showers,
To wash thee and make thee look fair.

Thy home is the hedge-row where white lilies grow,
And thy bed it is mossy and green ;
Where the bright water springs,
And the sweet linnet sings,
Thy soft velvet form may be seen.

The dew-drops of morning thy bosom adorning,
Ere the sun-rays are shining on high ;
Thou art there in thy glory,
To tell the sweet story,
That spring-time and summer are nigh.

WM. STOTT.

Denominational Intelligence.

OUR DENOMINATIONAL MEETINGS.

FOREIGN MISSION.—Prayer meeting, at the Baptist Mission House, April 21st, Thursday, at 11 o'clock; Rev. Dr. Steane will preside. At 7 o'clock in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, will preach in Welsh, at Jewin-crescent chapel. On Lord's-day, April 24th, sermons will be preached at the various chapels in London. On Tuesday morning, the 26th, the subscribers' meeting will be held at the Mission House. On Wednesday morning, 27th, the Rev. D. Katters will preach at Bloomsbury Chapel; in the evening the Rev. J. Maclaren, of Manchester, will preach at Surrey Chapel. On Thursday, the 28th inst., the annual public meeting will be held at Exeter Hall; Lord Radstock will preside. The Revs. O. H. Spurgeon, A. Saker, J. Kilsby Jones, and Thomas Evans will address the meeting. On the evening of the same day, the annual meeting of the Young Men's Association will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting will be held at Kingsgate-street Chapel, at half-past 6. J. O. Marshman, Esq., in the chair. Three missionaries from India, one from Ceylon, and one from Western Africa, will address the meeting.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.—Jubilee meeting, Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road, Wednesday evening, April 20th, at half-past 6 o'clock. Chairman, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Speakers, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, G. D. Evans, Stewart Grey, John Stock, Charles Stovel. Members' meeting, Friday morning, April 22nd, Mission House, Moorgate-street, at 11 o'clock. Jubilee sermon, evening of same day, at Kingsgate-street Chapel. Rev. T. F. Newman will preach. Annual meeting, Tuesday, April 26th, at half-past 6 o'clock, at Bloomsbury Chapel; Sir S. M. Peto, Bart. M.P., in the chair. Speakers, Revs. John Aldis, J. P. Mursell, Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, and S. B. Pattison, Esq.

BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—Annual meeting, Monday evening, April 25th, at Bloomsbury Chapel, at half-past 6.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.—Annual meeting, Wednesday evening, April 20th, in the Library of the Baptist Mission House, at 7 o'clock. The Rev. C. M. Birrell in the chair.

BAPTIST UNION.—The annual session will be held on Monday, April 25th, at the Mission House. The Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, to preside.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

The Rev. J. Flory, late of Squirriss-street, is open to an invitation from any church desiring help. Address, 4, Libra-road, Old Ford, Bow, London.

ECOTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Mr. James Harrison having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Ecton, is at liberty to supply any destitute church that may require his services. Address, 13, Vernon-street, Northampton.

ROMNEY-STREET CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.—Mr. Preston Davies, who has supplied this pulpit since August last, has accepted a further invitation to supply until the end of May next. We are happy to say that this cause, which has for so long been in a low condition, is giving signs of a revival; and, from information received, we believe the Lord is blessing the labours of his servant there.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

YSTRADYFODWG.—On Monday evening, February 22, a meeting was held at Nebo Chapel, Ystradyfodwg; when Dr. Price, Aberdare, delivered a popular and most instructive lecture on "Bunyan and his Times," to a crowded audience. Rev. E. Roberts, Pontypridd, presided. At the close of the lecture Mr. E. Davies, one of the deacons, presented to his young pastor, the Rev. J. Rufus Williams, seventeen vols. of "Nichol's Series," being the whole number published. Mr. Davies means to present to Mr. Williams the whole series, being sixty vols. The pastor, with much feeling and in appropriate terms, acknowledged the gift of his excellent friend. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Price, and the Rev. Messrs. Roberts, Pentypridd; Jenkins, Treherbert; and Hughes, Dinas. One of Mr. Williams's constant hearers, Mr. B. Davies, Shopygarag, had ordered a book to present to Mr. Williams; but as it not arrived, on the following day Mr. Williams was presented with a £1 by another friend to buy whatever book he pleased with. Both pastor and church are of one heart and one soul.

OPENING SERVICES.

UPTON CHAPEL, BARKHAM-TERRACE, OPPOSITE BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.—The above chapel was opened for Divine worship on Tuesday, March 22. The Rev. W. Brook preached in the morning from 2 Sam. xxiii. 5; the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in the evening from 2 Kings xiii. 14-19. A dinner was provided in the large room at Taylor's Depository, and tea in the school-room of the chapel. A public meeting was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, March 23, at which Mr. Alderman Abbiss presided. Addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen:—Rev. R. Robinson, York-road; Rev. P. J. Tarquand, York-street; Rev. G. D. Evans, the pastor; William Olney, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Cox, one of the deacons. Mr. G. Moore, of the Tabernacle, concluded with prayer.

STOUDON, BEDFORDSHIRE.—The new chapel in this village, erected in place of an old barn which has been used for years as a preaching-station of the church at Snefford, was opened on Thursday, February 18th, when the Rev. Dr. Maclaren (late of Glasgow) preached to an overflowing congregation. At the close of the service, the friends took tea together in an adjoining barn, where a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Dodwell (treasurer of the building fund) to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed for his kind exertions in connection

with the erection of this place of worship. After the meeting had been addressed by the following friends:—Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, Rev. G. Short, B.A., Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Purser, student of Regent's-park College; Rev. P. Griffiths, Rev. H. Fairfax, Independent, Shillington, and Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh, the meeting was closed with prayer and the benediction by Mr. Whitmarsh. The collections throughout the day were excellent.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—On Thursday, Jan. 14th, this elegant edifice, of which the foundation stone was laid in July last, was opened for public worship. The style of the building is Gothic. The exterior is plain, substantial, and imposing. The interior is light and attractive, and admirably adapted both for speaking and hearing, while the platform is visible from every sitting in the place. It has an end and side galleries, and will seat 780 persons, while the school-room, which may be made available by lowering sliding shutters, will hold 300 more. The Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury, preached on Thursday, Jan. 14, and the Rev. W. Launde's, of Regent's park, in the evening, and on both occasions the congregations were large. On Sunday, Jan. 17, the services were continued. The Rev. Dr. Angus preached in the morning; the Rev. W. Collings, of Gloucester, in the afternoon; and the Rev. Henry Bayley, pastor of the church, in the evening. On Tuesday, January 19, a public meeting was held in the chancel, W. Olney, Esq., of London, in the chair. The Revs. W. G. Lewis, J. E. Giles, W. Collings, L. H. Byrnes, A. Mackennal, W. Higgs, Esq., and J. Stiff, Esq., addressed a large assembly. On Thursday, January 21, the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Bedford Chapel, preached. From the report read by the secretary, J. East, Esq., it appears that the total cost of chapel and school-rooms is £2,750; of this the builder generously gives £250, reducing the amount to £2,500; of this sum about one half has been raised, exclusive of promises. The collections and donations amounted to £120 8s. 3d.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

CAVE ADULLAM, OLD-ROAD, STREPEX.—On April 5, the annual meeting of the Building Fund will be held. Tea at five. Tickets sixpence each. Several ministers are expected. Mr. Webster to preside.

SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.—The second anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. J. Baldwin will be held on Tuesday, April 19th, when two sermons will be preached; in the afternoon by Mr. Sears, of Laxfield; in the evening by Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh. Services to commence at half-past two and half-past six o'clock. Tea at five o'clock. Tickets sixpence each. Collections after each service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFTER the 31st March, the address of the Rev. J. H. Blake will be St. Helena House, 1, Park-road, Grove-road, Victoria-park, instead of 11, Acacia-road, St. John's-wood.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION.—Our readers will be glad to know that the deficiency in the society's funds, which amounted a few months since to nearly £8,000, has been to a great extent supplied, the amount being reduced to about £1,500.

WOOLWICH.—On Tuesday, March 15th, the anniversary of Zion Chapel took place, when Mr. J. Foroman of London, preached afternoon and evening. A tea-meeting was held between the services, to which nearly 300 sat down. The col-

lections amounted to £41 1s. 6d. The chapel has been opened now twelve months; during the year 24 have been added to the church, and others are on the way to follow in the footsteps of their Saviour. Our motto still is, "Upward and onward."

QUEEN-STREET CHAPEL, WOOLWICH.—On Tuesday, Feb. 23rd, one of the largest meetings ever held in the spacious school-rooms attached to this place of worship took place in furtherance of the objects of the London City Mission. Every available spot was crowded with friends assembled for tea, after which a public meeting was held. The pastor of the church, the Rev. J. Teall, presided, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, the several missionaries of the town, and Messrs. Whiteman and Waller, two of the deacons of the church. Mr. Pearce, the senior missionary, then addressed the assembly. The tea was provided at a merely nominal charge by one of the deacons of Queen-street, so that the profits and the collection may go to the funds of this useful society.

STAFFORD.—The building at present occupied by the Baptist church having, through God's blessing, become far too small to accommodate the congregation now meeting there, the members have considered it their imperative duty, as well as their distinguished privilege, to extend the borders of their tent. But in consequence of their entire inability to accomplish so great a work themselves, they are constrained most earnestly to solicit aid from the brethren of the denomination and the Christian public generally. The alterations now contemplated will increase the sittings 300, and the liabilities £400, making in the aggregate about 500 sittings and a debt of £800, which debt it is trusted by the blessing of God—who hitherto hath helped us—will now be entirely liquidated. The committee are anticipating, and arranging for, the laying of the foundation stone on Easter Monday, particulars of which will be advertised. The case is well known to the following gentlemen:—Rev. B. C. Young, Colesey; Rev. T. P. Carey, Wolverhampton; Rev. T. L. Abington, Hanley; Rev. W. Jackson, Bilston; Rev. T. M. Thorne, Winchester; Rev. J. Smith, Pontesbury; Rev. F. F. Medcalf, Middleton Cheney; Rev. H. Harding, Towcester; Rev. S. B. Brown, Salford. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. W. H. Cornish, 6, St. Paul's-terrace, Salford; or Mr. J. Lovatt, Newport-road, Stafford.

BILSTON.—The Baptists at Salem Chapel held a special tea meeting, on Tuesday, February 9th, at which sixty-three tables were given to raise a restoration fund to defray the expense of rebuilding that part of their pastor's residence called the study, which the violent gale on the morning of the 3rd of December had destroyed. Stephen Thompson, Esq., was called to the chair. The Rev. W. Jackson, in opening the proceedings, praised the people for the kind and prompt manner in which they had taken the matter in hand, and thanked God for graciously preserving his life, which must have been sacrificed had he been in the room when the calamity happened. Able and eloquent addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. L. Giles and T. Ness, of Birmingham; D. Evans and A. Major, of Dudley; B. Young and F. Perkins, of Colesey; T. Harrison, of West Bromwich; G. Curnock and J. W. Bam, of Bilston. The attendance was large. The proceeds amounted to nearly £30. The meeting was felt to be a happy and successful one.

STREPEX.—The church and congregation meet-

ing for worship in Grosvenor-street Chapel, Commercial-road, gave a congratulatory tea-meeting on Tuesday, 23rd Feb., to their pastor, the Rev. J. Harrison, to commemorate his 3rd anniversary and the 2nd of his pastorate. The rooms at the Wesleyan Seamen's Chapel, where the tea was provided, were crowded. After tea the friends assembled in the chapel adjoining. Mr. Harrison, on taking the chair, said he did not know what they were going to do save by the title of the meeting, and the programme which had only just been handed to him. The officers, Messrs. Wickers, Decosta, Clemoes, and Mace, then spoke, and congratulated him on his success at Grosvenor-street, and on their expectation of soon commencing their new-chapel, having got nearly half the money as suggested by Mr. Spurgeon, and with an appropriate speech and a few verses begged his acceptance of a purse of gold and three volumes of Dr. W. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Mr. Harrison, in a feeling and grateful address, thanked his friends for their kindness, and prayed that he might be long spared to preach the truth as it is in Jesus. A selection of vocal music added much to the pleasure of the evening.

WINSLOW, BUCKS.—For many years the cause of God has been very low in this town. Last June a few earnest-hearted friends banded themselves for the purpose of forming a Baptist cause in this place. They built a temporary chapel capable of holding 200 persons. In September they made application to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for a student to open to them the Word of life. Accordingly one was sent, and in ministering to the people, and conversations with them, he has found them a very earnest and prayerful people. During these six months the student's labours have been greatly blessed. He had the privilege of baptizing ten on the 27th of Dec., this addition making 24 in fellowship. The temporary place has now become too strait for the congregation. After much prayer for guidance, it has seemed right to the church that some effort should be made to get a chapel. A piece of ground has been purchased, and a plan and estimate for a chapel been accepted. The cost of the whole, including ground, chapel, vestries, lighting, &c., is £600. The chapel will be made to hold about 400 persons. The people here are very poor. They have already the promise of about one hundred pounds. Any Christian friends, feeling constrained to contribute, are earnestly appealed to. Their contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Robert Sole, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

BAPTISMS.

ARMLEY, Yorkshire, at Call-lane Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion—Nine, by Mr. J. Sturtard, home missionary; seven of the number from the Sabbath-school.

BARNLEY, Yorkshire, March 6—One, by Mr. J. Compston. The above candidate had been connected with the Established Church from her childhood.

BRAMLEY, Leeds, March 6—Three, by Mr. A. Ashworth.

BRISTOL, The Pithay, March 6—Eleven, by Mr. Showell, after a sermon by the pastor, Mr. Davis.

BRYNMAWR, Tabor, April 19, 1893—One; May 17, Three; July 19, One; Oct. 4, Three; Nov. 29, Eight; Feb. 28, 1894, Two, by Mr. M. Phillips.

CHUDLEIGH, Devon, Feb. 7—Two; March 6, One, at Brookfield Chapel, by Mr. Doko.

CREWE, Earl-street Chapel, Feb. 7—Three, by Mr. W. J. Road.

CREWE, Feb. 3—One; Feb. 23, Three, by Mr. E. Morgan. Three of the above are teachers in our Sabbath-school.

DERBY, Agard-street, Feb. 20—Five, by Mr. J. Baxandall; one a member of the Independent body.

KWIAS HAROLD, Herefordshire, Dec. 6—One; March 6, Four, by Mr. T. Williams. Our congregation continues to increase.

EAST PARLEY, Hants, March 6—Three, by Mr. G. R. Tanswell. One of the above has been for several years a member of an Independent Church. Another (Mr. Samuel Vosper, Wimborne) is from the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and a local preacher. Before the administration of the ordinance, Mr. Vosper preached a very searching sermon from Matt. iii. 58.

FENNY STRATFORD, Bucks, March 13—Seven, by Mr. G. Walker, from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College. Five of the above from the Sabbath-school and two teachers. We are pleased to hear that Mr. Walker's labours are much blessed, and that many are asking for the good old way, that they may walk therein.

GLANUDDEN, March 20—Two, by the Rev. W. E. Watkins. One had been for several years connected with the Welsh Methodists.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, February 28—Four, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

HUNSLY, Leeds, March 6—Five, by Mr. R. Ward.

KINGTON, Herefordshire, March 3rd—Five, by C. Wilson Smith.

LANDPORT, Lake-road, Feb. 3—Twelve, by Mr. E. G. Gange; March 2, Two.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, March 13—Four, by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LIANHIDDEL, Monmouthshire, Feb. 14—Three, by Mr. S. Jones.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Feb. 25—Fourteen, by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

—Stepney, Old-road Baptist Chapel, March 2—Four, by Mr. J. Webster.

—Vernon Chapel, King's-cross, March 13—Six, by Mr. C. B. Sawday. One of the candidates a youth of fifteen. We entertain an interest in the prayers of God's people that our dear young pastor may continue to realize an abundant blessing resting on his earnest labours.

LOWER EDMONTON, Feb. 3—Three, by the newly-settled pastor, Mr. D. Russell.

NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, Stow-hill, March 6—Four, by Mr. Williams.

NEWTON ABBOT, March 6—Three, by Mr. F. Pearce.

NORTHAMPTON, College-street, Feb. 29—Nine, by Mr. J. Mursell, of Kettering, for the pastor, Rev. J. T. Brown. The above was the first baptism in the recently-erected chapel at the above place.

PETERHEAD, Aberdeenshire, Feb. 21—Three; Feb. 28, One; March 6, One, by Mr. J. Craig. March 13, Two, by Mr. Wm. M'Lean. There is a great awakening here, and many are giving themselves to the Lord and to his people. We need much a faithful labourer among us.

PLYMOUTH, George-street Chapel, March 2—Nine, by Mr. T. O. Page.

PORTADOWN, Ireland, Feb. 27—Three; March 3, One, by Mr. Taylor, pastor of Tandragee. These are first fruits of this station recently opened by the Committee of the Baptist Irish Society. Within the last five months eight have been baptized in connection with this station.

PRESTEIGN, March 13—Two, by Mr. W. H. Payne. One has had to encounter much opposition in his resolve to follow Christ's example.

PRESTON, Pale-street, Feb. 23—Six, by Mr. Webb.

ROMFORD, Salem Chapel, Feb. 28—Three, by Mr. J. Gibbs, in the presence of a large audience.

RUSHDEN, Old Meeting, Jan. 31—Two; Feb. 28—Two, by Mr. R. E. Bradfield, the pastor. One of the above was from the Church of England; one from the Wesleyans; a teacher from the school; and a scholar making the fourth from a family of orphans.

SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK, March 6—Three, by Mr. J. Baldwin. Two young persons, man and wife, the other an aged man.

SHEWSEBURY, Wylie Cop Chapel, Feb. 28—Two, by Mr. Joseph Smith, of Pontesbury.

STAFFORD, Feb. 7—Two; Feb. 10, Two, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.

TURLEIGH, Beds, Feb. 29—Two, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. Several others are inquiring.

WATERBEACH, Cambs, March 20—Six, by Mr. Ewing.

WORSTAD, Norfolk, March 6—Seven, by Mr. J. H. Smythe. Others are inquiring.

WYCOMBE, Oxford-road, March 6—Three, by Mr. Stenbridge.

DEATHS.

MRS. ELIZA FLORY.

On February 6th, at Esher, Surrey, Mrs. Eliza Flory, aged 82, relict of Rev. B. Flory, Baptist minister, Spalding, Lincolnshire, fell asleep in Jesus. The funeral sermon was preached by her son, the Rev. J. Flory, on Sunday evening, Feb. 21st, at Esher, from Rev. vii. 14.

THE REV. JAMES SPURGEON.

The Rev. James Spurgeon, grandfather of the highly esteemed pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has been called home. He finished his earthly course on February 12th, at the age of 87 years. Mr. Spurgeon was born at Halstead, Essex, in 1776, and was ordained to the ministry

of the Gospel in 1806. After sustaining the pastorate of the Congregational church at Clare, Suffolk, for five years, he accepted an earnest invitation to settle at Stanbourne, and remained there the rest of his life, a period of more than half a century. All that was mortal of the good and venerable man was committed to the earth on Sunday afternoon, February 21st, at the close of the afternoon service. Some thirty of his children and grandchildren surrounded the grave in the yard adjoining the chapel. A suitable and very impressive sermon was preached from 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, and 8, by the Rev. Mr. Bridge, an intimate friend of the deceased, to a crowded and deeply interested congregation. At the Tabernacle the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, preaching from Matt. x. 22, paid a loving tribute to the memory of his honoured grandfather, remarking that "he began while yet a youth to preach the Word. Sprung of ancestors who had loved the Lord and served his Church, he felt the glow of holy enthusiasm. Having proved his capabilities, he entered college, and after the close of its course, settled in a spot where for more than fifty years he continued his labours. In his early days, his sober earnestness and sound doctrine were owned of God in many conversions both at home and abroad, and at the age of four-score years he preached on still, until laden with infirmities, but yet as joyful and as cheerful as in the heyday of his youth, his time had come to die. I am thankful that I had such a grandsire. He talked on his dying bed as cheerfully as men do in the full vigour of their health, of the preciousness of Christ, the truthfulness of the promises, the immutability of the covenant, and the infallibility of the Divine decrees."

MR. JOHN BISHOP.

Recently, Mr. John Bishop, in the 67th year of his age, for 43 years a member of the Baptist Church, Kington, Herefordshire. Our good brother proved in his life whose servant he was; and has left behind a good name that will be precious in the remembrance of all his brethren.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from February 18th to March 18th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. F. Warrington, Colchester (amount omitted in last month's statement)...	5	0	0	Mr. Downing	5	0	0	
Mr. Passmore	5	0	0	Mr. Knight, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon...	2	2	0	
Mr. Johnson	1	0	0	Mr. Bacon, Lower Edmonton	2	2	0	
Mr. W. E. Balfara	2	2	0	A Friend, per Rev. J. H. Barnard	1	0	0	
D.*	1	0	0	Mr. Glenn, Barking	1	0	0	
Mr. J. Corderoy	5	5	0	Society of Collections at Exeter, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	25	0	0	
Mr. J. Hector, Blandford	1	0	0	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0	
Collected by Mrs. Jephs	0	14	6	Rev. E. Compton	1	0	0	
Mrs. Bromner, Hunsley	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. Carr, Chumleigh	5	0	0	
Mrs. Bousfield	2	2	0	Mr. J. Lawrence	0	5	0	
Mr. J. Stiff	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 22	29	1	5	
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	1	0	0	"	29	23	9	
Mr. and Mrs. King	1	0	0	"	Mar. 7	22	14	
A Poor Man	0	2	0	"	"	14	18	4
Church-rates	2	10	0					
Society of Collections at Torquay, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	23	17	7				£199 0 6	

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

* We insert the following letter addressed to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for its thorough Christian heartiness.—Ed.
 "Dear Sir,—You have opened your month wide—doubt not, O, doubt not but your God will fill it. Not a promise has he given us but he will fulfil as our needs require. They are the keys with which we unlock his treasury. I send you my mite for your college. He who sits over the treasury knows its value. I cease not to pray for you.
 "D."

A VISION OF THE FIELD!*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"For, behold, I am for you, and will turn unto you, and ye shall be tilled and sown."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 9

THESE words were addressed to the mountains of Palestine. Albeit that they are now waste and barren, they are yet to be as they were in the day of Israel's grandeur. God will turn to them, and the vines shall yet crown the summits, and there shall be harvests yet upon the mountain tops. The mountains of Israel were a soil of glass, in which you could see, at a single glimpse, the condition and character of the people. While the Israelites were obedient to God, the mountains dropped with new wine, and the Kittle hills seemed to melt with fertility. Honey dropped from the rock, and wine appeared to be distilled of the very flint. As soon as ever the people sinned, God gave them over to their enemies, and straightway, irrigation being neglected, and the culture of the soil no longer profitable, the mountains became as blank and barren as though they were a howling wilderness. And again, when the people repented and turned to God, then the soil began to cover the mountains, carried up there by the industry of the people, the sides of the hill were terraced, the waste places began to blossom, and the vines were once more filled with clusters. You could thus see the history of the people in the aspect of their hills.

I intend to take the hills of Israel as a representation of our own state—of our own heart. As they really did mirror and set forth the state of the people of old, the metaphor becomes peculiarly attractive. Man's heart by nature is like a waste field; there is no hope for that field unless God turn to it in mercy; and when he doth turn to it he will have to till it; for not until after tillage, with any hope of success, can it be sown.

I. *Man's heart by nature is like a waste field.* A waste field produces no harvest. Reaper, thou shalt never fill thine arms with sheaves, the axle of the wain shall never creak beneath the load of harvest, and the swains shall never dance with the maidens at the harvest home. There let the field abide, and the fruit it will yield in a whole century will not be sufficient to feed a single individual. Such is man, we say, by nature. He brings forth no fruit unto God. Leave him alone and he will live unto himself. Perhaps he will be a respectable sinner, and, if so, he will selfishly spend all his life in trying to provide for himself alone or, for his family, which is but a part of himself. He will go through the world from his birth to his sepulchre without a thought of God. He will never do anything for God. His heart will never beat with love to him. He may sometimes, out of sheer selfishness, go with others to worship, but he will not worship God, whatever deference he may show to the outward form. His heart will be in perfect alienation from the God that made him. He will live and he will die a strange monstrosity in the world—a creature that has lived without his Creator. Perhaps, however, he will be a disreputable sinner. He will live in sin—find his comfort in drunkenness—perhaps in lust—possibly in dishonesty; but anyhow, he will bring forth nothing that God can accept. Methinks I see the great God coming to look at the man, even as a farmer might come to look upon his fallow field. What can God see? Is there a prayer? Yes, he says a few forms of prayer, but they are dead, lifeless things, and God cannot accept them. Does he see any praise? Perhaps a shrivelled hymn growing up in the corner of the field, but since there is no heart in it, that rots and dies, and God abhors it. He looks the whole field through. There is no thought for God—no consecration of time to God—no desire to honour God—no longing to live to produce in the world fresh glory to God—to raise up to him fresh voices that shall

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praise his name. No, he lives unto himself or to his fellow men, and having so lived, he dies. Now you know that there are a great many people who think, "Well, if I do good to my neighbour, and if I am kind to others, that is enough;" and they expect to have some reward. Now, mark you: every servant expects his master to pay his wages; and if you serve your fellow men, they ought to reward you. Let them give you a statue, or let them emblazon your name on the rolls of fame. Let them sound down your exploits to future generations. But if you have not done anything distinctly and avowedly for God, there is nothing for God to give you. What have you brought forth unto him? Nothing whatever; and we do say it, and know how sadly true it is, that the natural heart of man never produces so much as one single grain that God can receive as being honourable to him;

"Like brutes they live, like brutes they die.
Like grass they flourish till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death."

but unto thee, great God, they render neither prayer nor praise, nor heart-felt love, nor reverent adoration. They pass through this world as though there was no God.

Worse than this; the field that has never been ploughed or sown does produce something. There is an activity about human nature that will not let us live without doing something. Unless you should shut yourselves up in a cell like a monk, or live on the top of a pillar, like Simon Stylites, you cannot very well pass through life without doing something; and I suppose that even Simon Stylites did something, for he led other people to be as great fools as himself. And even monks do something by losing service which they ought to have rendered, and spending their time in laziness. "No man liveth to himself." No wheat! no barley! no rye! Very well, then, there will be darnel, and cockle, and twich, and all sorts of weed. So it is with the unrenewed heart. It produces hard thoughts of God, enmity against the Most High. It produces evil imaginations—wrong desires; and as these ripen they produce ill words—idle, or, it may be, lascivious words, and perhaps atheistic blasphemous words; and as these ripen they come to actions, and the man becomes an offender in his deeds perhaps against man—certainly against God. He lives, but produces sour grapes. The apples of Gomorrah hang plentifully upon him.

I know I am describing some here present. Many have done no good in their lives. Measuring their lives by the standard of God, they have done nothing. On the other hand, they have done much of evil, and have brought forth fruit unto sin. Nor is this the worst of it. The bad farmer, who lets his field all run to weeds, does mischief to the neighbouring farm. Here comes the wind, willing to waft seed—good seed if it can find it—into other soil. It will take the down of the flower seed, and bear it into a garden where it will be wanted; or, if it must, it will carry the seeds of the thistle; and so, when it comes sweeping by the farmer's neglected field, it does damage to all the fields in the neighbourhood. It is so with the sinner. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Is he a father? His children grow up to be as ungodly as himself. Is he a master? Then his men, like him, break the Sabbath, and neglect the ways of God. Is he a workman? Then his fellow workmen who are younger than himself take umbrage at his example; they are led into sin while they blindly follow in his wake. Whatever station of life you put him in he does mischief; the more eminent he is, the more eminently mischievous. I do not allude now to those who are grave offenders against the laws of society. I mean those good decent people who have no fear of God. I do think they do very much mischief, for the devil's cause gets respectable through having them on its side. Those who persistently live in violation of Divine law, and who do not bend their necks to the yoke of Christ, may be very amiable, very moral, and very excellent. If so, in a certain sense the more is the pity, because they get an increase of power

to do evil, for others say, "if such good men as these can live without religion, and live despising it, why should not we?" Thus a bad cause, which would be hissed off the stage if there were none but rascals to side with it, still walks respectably in the light of day because of these persons who back it up. God deliver you, my dear hearers, from being like a field that does mischief unto others! Beware, thou upas tree, lest thy poison get thee the reward of hell fire! Beware, thou cumberer of the ground, standing there, and sucking nutriment out of the soil, and cursing the other trees of the vineyard, lest the sharp axe should soon feel thy core, and lay thee level with the ground!

A waste field resembles the heart of man in that all the good influences that fall upon it are wasted. Comes there sunshine: it produces no harvest on the fallow land. Here are the precious drops of dew glistening in the morning; but they cannot produce an ear of corn. And here fall the sweet smiling showers of rain, that make the new-mown fields all fragrant, but this field gets no good from it. It is even so with you by nature. You have the blessings of Providence, but they do not make you grateful. You have even the blessings of the outward means of grace, but they excite no longings in you towards God. Surely, my dear friends, if this has been the case long with you, you must be nigh unto cursing. And yet the waste field does produce something good—something worth looking at; for have you not seen the gorgeous poppy, and the finest specimens of the ranunculus growing in the field that was never stirred? And there is the dog-rose yonder, and the fox-glove, and the forget-me-not, all springing up, and flourishing where there should have been furrows. And so a man may have many a pretty thing about him, and yet not be near to God—many a fair flower—ay, as red and as conspicuous as the poppy; and he may shine among men, and men may talk much about him; but, as the Lord liveth, if the Lord's plough has never gone over him, the bright blushing weed is but a weed still, and a curse and a pest, as the farmer knoweth right well. Let those here present who are in such a state see an apt emblem of themselves every time they pass a piece of waste ground. Let them look, and say, "There, that is just what I am, and what I shall be to the end of my life, unless the grace of God shall interfere."

II. *There is no hope for this field, unless God turn to in mercy.* Even so, unless the Lord turn to men no good will ever come of them. The text says, "I am for you, and I will turn unto you." Man never does of himself turn unto God, and that for obvious reasons. We are sure he never can, for he is dead in trespasses and sins. We are certain he never will, for by nature he hates anything like a new birth; and if he could make himself a new creature he would not, for Christ has expressly said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Man is unwilling to give up sin—he loves it too well; unwilling to be made holy, for he has no taste for spiritual things. God, then, must come to man; for how can man, being naturally dead, and naturally unwilling, ever come to God? Experience tells us that he will not. When did you ever find a man who had come to God who would say that he came of his own natural inclination? All the saints on earth will tell you that it was mighty grace that made them willing in the day of God's power. If there be any man that came to God of himself, I can only say that I know I am not he.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God."

If any unconverted person here will tell me that he can turn to God when he likes, I ask him why he does not turn now. What damnation must be his when, according to his own confession, he has a power which he will not use! Sinner, talk not vainly of what thou canst do! Man! thou canst burn in hell, and thou canst fit thyself for the flames, but this is about all thou canst do for thyself. Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in God is thy help found. If ever thou art saved it must be by another power than thine own, and by another power than that which dwells in

thy puny, wicked heart. God must do it. If you wait till your waste field ploughs itself, or brings forth a harvest, you shall wait till doomsday. And if I wait until my hearers save their own souls, and turn unto God themselves with full purpose of heart, I may wait till these hairs are grey, or till these bones are carried to the tomb. If you have turned, my dear hearers, you know that the Lord has done it. Give unto him the glory. If you have not been converted, God help you to cry unto him to-night, "Turn us, and we shall be turned." Look unto him who is exalted on high to "give repentance and remission of sins." Seek ye unto him and ye shall live. The Lord grant that saving work may be begun in your heart to-night!

III. *When the field is to be put under cultivation it must be tilled.* And when God turns to any man in his mercy there has to be an operation, a tillage, performed upon his heart. The farmer, unless he is a fool, would never think of sowing his corn upon a field that is just as it was when fallow. He ploughs it first. Although we are to scatter the seed everywhere, upon the wayside as well as upon the good ground, God never does. Common calling comes to every man, but effectual calling comes only to prepared men—to those whom God makes "willing in the days of his power."

Now, what is the plough wanted for? Why, it is wanted, first of all, to break up the soil, and make it crumble. It has got hard; perhaps it is a heavy clay, and then it is all stuck together by the wet, and all baked and caked together when the sun shines on it. Or, perhaps it is a light soil. Well, this may not need much ploughing; but still it will cake over, as we all see even in our little gardens. After the rain has gone, the sun comes, the whole cakes over, and there will be no place for the seeds to thrust in their tender roots. The corn will not sink down into the soil unless the soil is broken, and the more thoroughly pulverized the soil becomes—the more like dust you get it, the more hope there is that the seed will take good root.

In such like manner must human hearts be broken. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The more thoroughly pulverized the heart becomes, the better. Hence there needs to be the sharp plough of the law driven right through the heart, to break up its crust and split the clods; and then must come that blessed plough of the cross, which is the best plough that ever went across a field yet; that blessed plough of the cross, which, as it goes over it, turns up the soil—even the very heart of it—and makes the sinner feel his sin, and hate it, too, because of the love of God which is shed abroad by Christ Jesus the Lord. Thus you must be tilled, then, that the heart may be broken, for the seed will never get into an unbroken heart. And the plough is wanted also to destroy the weeds, for they must be killed. We cannot have them growing. To spare the weeds would be to kill the wheat. The plough comes, and cuts some weeds in two; others it turns over, and throws the heavy clods on, and leaves them to lie there and be buried; others it turns the roots of up to the sun, and the sun comes and scorches them, and they die. Some soils need cross-ploughing; they need to be ploughed this way and the other way, and then they need some one to go through the furrows afterwards, and pull up the weeds, as the men and women do, or else they will not be all torn out of the soil. And I am afraid that many of us who have been ploughed have many weeds left in us yet. The field must not only be ploughed, but the weeds must be killed; and so it must be with you, my dear hearers. If the Lord save you, he must kill your drunkenness; he must kill your swearing; he must kill your whoredom; he must kill your lying; he must kill your dishonesty. These must all go; every single weed must be torn up; there is no hope for you while there is a weed living. True, I mean not these weeds which still exist even in the regenerate; but even they must be doomed to-night. John Wellman, a quaker, tells a strange story of himself. One night, after he had been reading the Scripture, and as he lay awake, he heard a voice, saying, "John Wellman is dead;" and, being a quaker, he was greatly struck therewith, and wondered how it was that

he could be dead. He asked his wife what his name was, and she said, "John Wellman;" whereupon he perceived that he must be alive. At last, he understood it to mean that he was dead to the world; that he was henceforth no longer what he was, but a new creature in Christ Jesus. O! it will be a blessed thing for you, my dear hearers, when it is said, "So-and-so is dead." There is a man I used to know—I wish I did not know him so well; I used to meet him every day fifteen years ago. He and I parted company fifteen years ago. He would not go with me to Christ, and so I went without him. I became a new man, and he is dead; and O! I wish he were buried, for sometimes I have to drag his dead body about with me, and, as it putrifies in my nostrils, I have to cry, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" That rascally old man is named Charles Spurgeon. I wish he were buried; and the sooner he is buried the better. May it come to pass with you that you may die in that sense! And though the old man may still be rotting, O what a blessed stroke is that which takes the life out of him, so that he can no longer reign over you, but the new man reign supreme.

Ploughmen tell us, that when they are ploughing, if the plough jumps, the work is done badly. They must plough it all alike—from end to end, from headland to headland. If the plough jumps, it has gone over some weeds or knots, and not torn them up. O! I would like always so to preach that my plough may never jump. I sometimes say a hard word because I do not want my plough to jump. I want to tear up all the knots, and not leave one in the ground. If one sin be tolerated, or one malicious desire be spared, the life of God can never be in us. The Lord make a clean sweep of the weeds, and burn them all.

Well now, mark you, in this tilling there are different soils. There is the light soil and the heavy soil; and so there are different sorts of constitutions. There are some men who are naturally tender and sensitive. Many, too, of our sisters are like Lydia: they soon receive the Word. There are others that are like the heavy clay soil; and you know the farmer does not plough both soils alike, or else he would make a sad mess of it. And so God does not deal with all men alike. Some have, as it were, first a little ploughing, and then the seed is put in, and all is done; but some have to be ploughed and cross-ploughed; and then there is the scarifier and the clod-crusher, and I know not what, which have to be rolled over them before they are good for anything; and perhaps, after all, they produce very little fruit. There are different constitutions, and so different modes of action. Let this comfort some of you who have not been so much alarmed as others have been. Different soils must have different methods, and Christ does not deal with all men precisely in the same way in his heavenly tillage. God is like a farmer who has a large variety of different implements. You go into the shed of a man who is a high farmer, and what a number of implements there are there! I mentioned some of them just now, but there are far more than I can talk about; and my heavenly Father has all kinds of implements. Sometimes it is providential trial. One man lost a child; another buried his father; and yonder one who had to take his wife to the grave. Some have temporal losses: business becomes bad; perhaps they are out of work and half starving; others are stretched upon the bed of sickness, and others are brought near to the grave. These circumstances are all so many different kinds of ploughs with which God ploughs the soil of our hearts. The implements which the Lord uses are likewise different. Ministers are, some of one sort, and some of another; even the same minister is not always the same sort of instrument. There are some Sundays when I know some of you find me a terrible scarifier, for I come down upon you, and there is very little comfort; and sometimes I come down upon you like a clod-crusher; for the minister has to become all things to all men to accomplish his Master's work. But ye must be tilled, for there is no sowing the ground until it has been first stirred about.

And, you know, the farmer has his time for ploughing. Some soils will do best

at one time, and some at another. There are some soils that break up best after a shower of rain, and some do best when they are dryest. And so there are some hearts—ay, and I think almost all hearts—that are best ploughed just after a shower of heavenly love has fallen upon them. They are in a grateful frame of mind for mercies received, and then the story of a dying Saviour comes to them as just that which will touch the springs of their hearts. Anyhow, dear friends, I would first like to put the question round; have you been tilled? has your heart been turned up? have the secret things been discovered and brought to light, just as the plough turns up the ant's nest? have you been brought to know your own corruptions? are there straight furrows right through you, so that you can cry out, "O God, thou hast broken me in pieces, be pleased to come to my help?" Then I am glad of it. You are ready to despair of yourself, but I am not ready to despair for you. You tremble, but I rejoice; not that ye are made sorry, but that ye sorrow to repentance, after a godly manner. God has broken your heart; and I know that he will bind it up. If he has ploughed you he will sow. "I will turn you, and ye shall be tilled and sown."

IV. *Unless God has tilled the heart it cannot be sown with any hope of success.* After ploughing there comes the sowing. When the heart is ready, God sows it—sows it with the best of wheat. The wise farmer does not sow tail corn, but, as Isaiah says, he casts in "the principal wheat." The seed which God sows is living seed. If a farmer were to sow boiled seed that had lost its life, what would be the good of it? But he sows living seed; and so the truth which Jesus Christ preaches and bids us to scatter is living wheat—living seed; and when that drops into the soil God watches over it. The worm may come, and the crow may come, but none of these shall get the seed;

"For grace insures the crop,"

and up it shall spring—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." It shall grow, for God has prepared the soil for it.

Now I want to drop a seed or two. Let me scatter a handful. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Trust Christ, and you are saved. There—I saw a handful of that go on the way-side; and another handful went upon some of you that are choked with thorns; but if there be a broken heart here, it fell upon good ground, for that broken heart said, "What! if I trust Christ shall I be saved?" Yes, you will—saved in a moment—every sin forgiven you in a moment, for Jesus Christ took your place and stead, and suffered all the punishment of your sins; and therefore God having been just in punishing Christ instead of you, can let you go free, and yet be as just as though he had sent you to hell. If you trust Christ, the merit of his suffering, and the virtue of his righteousness, shall be yours now. You shall go your way rejoicing, because you have "peace with God through Jesus Christ." Wilt thou believe or not, sinner? God give thee to trust Christ to-night! And if thou doest, then I shall know that God ploughed thee, that God prepared thee, ere he bade me scatter in the seed. Let those of us who know the power of prayer drag the harrow across the field, for when the seed is once in, it wants harrowing. So let us preach the Word, and so let us pray that the seed may take root, spring up, grow, and bring forth a hundredfold. So we shall be saved, and so God shall be glorified.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SYMPATHY FOR THE SORROWFUL.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

"Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee."—Ps. lxxix. 11.

THIS psalm was most probably written

when Jerusalem was destroyed and her children led captive. The lamentation of Jeremiah (see 4th chap.) describes this sad scene in terrible detail. Here this devout pleader remembered the

prisoners who were taken captive; nor was the plea presented in vain, as Psalm cxxvi. testifies.

There are prisoners who do not sigh nor cry. They are slaves, but do not feel their chains; let us sigh and cry for them, for sad, most sad, is their condition. There are "prisoners of hope"—those who have felt the quickening power of God, but are not walking at liberty. The grave-clothes are not yet taken off. Let us remember such seeking, sighing souls, for the Lord does not overlook them, and will not break the bruised reed. There are prisoners who say, "Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name." These have found liberty, but have not been watchful and diligent, and the enemy has prevailed over them. Let us specially pray for backsliders, and for those entangled in erroneous doctrine. There are prisoners of Providence—sick and aged saints, who sigh for the privileges of God's house, and for the fields of usefulness. These we should bear upon our hearts.

In one sense all saints are prisoners. The body is the prison of the soul, in which we groan, being burdened, 2 Cor. v. 4. This prison will soon fall, and then will come liberty. Ere long the prison itself will be changed into a palace, and then will come glorious liberty, Rom. viii. 21-24; 1 Cor. xv.

Learn from the whole to cultivate a spirit of sympathy in prayer. Let us seek to realize what it is to "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep." Let us never forget Christ's sympathy. He was once bound and bruised. Well he remembers it; and the unction is upon him, in order that "he may bind up the broken-hearted, and set at liberty them that are bound."

"Our Advocate for ever lives,
For us in heaven to intercede;
For us the Comforter he gives,
And sends him in our hearts to plead."

Ipswich.

DAVID AND THE THRESHING-FLOOR OF ARAUNAH:

A WORD ON THE MAINTENANCE OF GOSPEL ORDINANCES.

BY THE REV. B. H. CARSON.

2 Samuel xxiv. 18-24.

WHY would David buy the threshing-

floor of Araunah? Considerations were not wanting which seemed to say that such a course was not necessary. He was an absolute monarch, and might therefore at pleasure appropriate not only the goods, but the persons of his subjects (1 Sam. viii. 11-17). Moreover, the case was one of the most pressing character. Thousands of the people had already perished of the plague, and Jerusalem itself was threatened (2 Sam. xxiv. 15, 16). Shall a moment, then, be lost in questions of *meum* and *tuum*? But, perhaps more potent still, by the friendly Jebusite the floor with all that it contained was placed at the king's disposal. "As a king," we read, Araunah "gave unto the king," remarking as he did so, "Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him," and adding these earnest words, "The Lord thy God accept thee!"

Still David would not accept—he would buy the threshing-floor. "And the king said unto Araunah, Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price." "So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver." Now was not this a very strange course? We are not surprised that a man of David's type of character should decline to take as his own what, after all, really belonged to another. Neither are we disposed, urgent as the circumstances were, to find fault with him for delaying the sacrifice till he could treat with Araunah. But what could induce him, now that all necessity for anything like injustice was removed—now that the property he desired to possess was freely offered to him—what could induce him to decline the gift? Especially, why was he so resolute in this course? He not only strongly negatives the proposal of Araunah and speaks of a purchase, but he expresses his determination thus only to deal in the business, "Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price." Now, why was this? We cannot for a moment imagine that he was influenced by a feeling of pride. Never was there a humbler man—never perhaps so humble a monarch. Besides, in his language there is not the slightest appearance of haughtiness; while the occasion itself was certainly anything but favourable to a show of independence. As little can we think that regard for Araunah's circumstances explains the

matter. Had this alien subject of the king been a poor man, he might properly have hesitated before accepting so much at his hands, especially as he himself had sufficient means. But nothing of this kind appears in the inspired narrative. On the contrary, we are rather left to infer that Araunah was a man of substance. How otherwise could he offer so large a gift, unless indeed we are to suppose—which, however, the circumstances of the case forbid—that, like the poor widow in the Gospel, he offered his all. Evidently what he proposed to give he was well able to spare. Why, then, was not his kindness accepted, more particularly as it was so hearty and so thorough?

Apart from the text of the inspired writer, no one, we are sure, could even guess at the reason. Though it ought to be the first, it is perhaps, as matters now stand, the very last that would occur to the mind. David would not accept, but buy the threshing-floor, *that he might be at expense in the service of the Lord.* "And the king said unto Araunah, Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." Now here is something for modern Christianity to look at. David could have had all the materials for the service he was about to celebrate for nothing; nay, to decline them, considering the princely generosity of Araunah, must have given him pain; yet that he might not lose the privilege of offering his own unto God, he would not have them except "at a price." He was not merely prepared, *if so required*, to bear his own charges; but *in no other way* would he present his offering. In his own emphatic language, which it is instructive to repeat, he would "not offer unto the Lord his God of that which cost him nothing."

Now here there are one or two lessons which it were well for us to learn—which perhaps were never more required than at the present day. In the first place, let it be distinctly marked, *that a cheap religion is not necessarily the true one.* With a goodly number cheapness is the test of truth. Confounding, as they do, the maintenance of Christian ordinances with the work of bringing men to Christ, they at once infer that that

alone is the true religion which is "without money and without price." Now, we are not surprised at this. Looking at the matter as these persons do, no other conclusion is possible. Beyond all doubt, to evangelize the world should, *to the world itself*, involve no expense. To men, till they are brought within the pale of Christian influences, and made willing to spend and be spent for Christ, the Gospel ought to be without charge. Hence such Scriptures as these, "Freely ye have received, freely give;" "*To the poor the gospel is preached;*" "*They went forth taking nothing of the Gentiles.*" But does it follow from this that to God's people, in God's house, there is to be no outlay in the maintenance of God's ordinances? Yet this is the conclusion to which some would carry us. They abhor expense, because, they say, religion should be free. If they are asked to unite with their brethren in erecting or improving the house of prayer, they cannot see the necessity for such a thing; it is a sinful outlay of money, and they will have nothing to do with it. Or, if you speak to them about contributing to the support of the pastor, you are reminded, and that with an evident bitterness of spirit, of the "hirelings" of whom our Lord speaks, or you are told that pastors ought to engage in some lawful calling, and not be a burthen to others. Even to missions they will not contribute, not but—if they are to be believed—they would have the world converted; but the work, they allege, should be done by every man going forth at his own charges; or, if this is impossible, by a gradual spreading of the truth from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, and from country to country. They are delighted with any man, no matter how otherwise unlovely or censurable, whose Christian labours are without charge; and if within their reach a church is to be found, the expenses of which are naught or next to naught, with that church they are sure to unite. In a word, their view of matters is the very antithesis of that of David. They will serve the Lord, but it must be *with that which costs them nothing.*

But again, from the transaction at the threshing floor we may learn, that the maintenance of Christ's ordinances is an *individual* duty. All the requisites

for the service David was about to celebrate, he could have had without charge; this even had Araunah not been disposed freely to offer them. Yet so much as a stick he would not take from the friendly Jebusite. For the ground on which to build his altar, for the wood with which to burn his sacrifices, for those sacrifices themselves, he would pay. The business was his own, and not Araunah's, and should not be attended to at Araunah's expense. What a rebuke this to the adherents of our national Establishment. Unlike David, they worship God, not at their own, but at their neighbours' cost. There is no individual action in the maintenance of Divine ordinances. To the individual everything is free—the house in which he worships, the minister who prays and preaches for him, the precentor who leads his singing, the sexton who points him to his pew, nay the very elements in the sacrament. In the most literal sense, he offers unto the Lord his God of that which cost him nothing. How can enlightened and evangelical Episcopalians abide such a state of things? I had rather never appear at the altar of God at all, than appear there at my neighbour's cost. Not to remark on the injustice of the thing, is it not in the last degree mean, and, we may add, in the last degree unchristian? Why should I serve the Lord at another's expense? Why, especially, should I oblige another to pay for the privileges I enjoy? If I am a pauper, let me seek in alms the means of worship. If within myself I have those means, let me use them. In no case let me violate the plainest principles of honour and honesty, by accepting from a reluctant public the maintenance of my religious services. (Isa. lxi. 8.)

But are they among us acting a much better part, who do nothing, or next to nothing, in supporting Christian ordinances. They enjoy, equally with their brethren, the privileges of Christ's house; but the burthen of maintaining those privileges they "will not touch with one of their fingers." If a chapel is to be built, or if a chapel is to be repaired, you may ask their subscription, but you shall either fail in obtaining it, or it will come forth with a grudge, and an amount so small as not to deserve

a place in your list. Yet these very persons, when the work is completed, may be found among the first to fill and occupy the pews; sitting, moreover, with as much dignity, and as much ease, as if they had borne their full share of all expenses. And then, as to the maintenance of the pastor, they seem never to think that the Scriptures have a word to say on the subject. Judging by their practice, if you took them to be a fair exposition of apostolic teaching, you would suppose pastoral maintenance unknown to the Word of God. They either give absolutely nothing, or what they do give is so trifling, and withal bestowed with so much of the appearance of a charity, that you would rather they had never offered it. Yet—shall we say it?—these brethren, more, perhaps, than any others, exact of their pastor. Let them now learn to be honest in their religion. Let them not join "robbery" with their "burnt-offerings." If they must have the pastor's "labour," let them not withhold the pastor's "reward." (Gal. vi. 6.)

The transaction with Araunah suggests another thought, and with this we shall conclude. *The value of our services depends very much on the sacrifice, or self-denial, they involve.* We are not prepared to say that a religion without cost is a religion without value; and yet something not very far from this is true. Why would not David accept the gift of Araunah? Because he would not "offer unto the Lord his God of that which cost him nothing;" that is, as plainly as words can say it, he would not present a sacrifice which, *as from him*, had no value. Who would thank you for a present made from *another's property*? And will any one say that a gift which has cost the donor much, will not be proportionably valued by the party receiving it? In this, beyond a question, lies the secret of David's persistency in the matter of the threshing floor. He could have no objection, in itself considered, to accept the kindness of Araunah; but he wished to have something of his own to present to the Lord; something that, having put him to expense, would be a fitting expression of his high appreciation of his service, at whose altar he appeared. Otherwise God might have addressed him, as he does

the Jews, respecting the "lame and the blind" brought in sacrifice. That covetous people loved their property more than their God, and, consequently, gave to him only what was worthless to themselves. But with indignation their gifts are rejected. "If ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i. 8.)

And will they now be accepted of God who scarcely less openly insult him in his service? Alas! how many, even of the professed followers of Christ, seek to serve him with that which has cost them nothing. Virtually the "lame and the blind" are brought into his house, and he is asked to receive what a superior among men would reject as utterly worthless. Services that involve no sacrifice, no self-denial, no renouncing of one's own interests that those of Christ's kingdom may be promoted, are an empty show. They express nothing, and can express nothing, except it be the vanity of their minds who engage in them. The case stands thus. You are a professing Christian; when it suits your convenience you attend a place of worship, and unite with others in the exercises of religion; but this is all, or nearly all, you do. What now are your services worth? If your own estimate may be taken, they are worth just nothing. You have neither bought the ground, nor built the altar, nor purchased the sacrifices, nor procured the wood. Indeed, so far as your contributions are concerned, your services could have had no existence; nay, we are led to fear that rather than contribute to their maintenance you would suffer them altogether to cease. Now what is the inference? That in your own view your religious engagements are of no value. To this conclusion you are inevitably brought. Your estimation of anything can be known only by what you are prepared to give for it. If, then, the part you take in the worship of God has no value in your eyes, what can it possibly have in his before whom you come to appear? Will God's estimate, think you, rise higher than your own? If to you your religious exercises are so supremely unimportant, that you will not

mark your sense of their worth by contributing to their maintenance, can you really believe they will be otherwise regarded by the great God? O the folly, the madness of the man who offers to the Lord that for which he would not himself, perhaps, give a sixpence! No wonder David would not take for naught Araunah's threshing-floor. He would not insult Jehovah by serving him as many now do. He would show, by a willingness to pay for them, that he himself valued the services in which he was about to engage; and sure we are that, like the liberality of the Philippians in maintaining an apostle of Christ (Phil. iv. 18), those services were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God."

Tubbermore.

THE HISTORY OF LITTLE FAITH.

BY THE REV. H. WATTS.

I HAVE a firm belief that if all God's children upon earth were gathered together we should find more Little Faiths among them than Great Faiths. If we set out in search of one who might be denominated "Great Faith" we might have to take a good walking journey; if, however, we set out to seek for one called "Little Faith," we should in all probability find him in our own immediate neighbourhood. Great Faith dwells on high; Little Faith gropes below. Great Faith rejoices in the full blaze of noon-day sunlight; Little Faith feels thankful for evening twilight. Great Faith draws near to the Throne of Grace with holy boldness: Little Faith draws near with great trembling. Great Faith sits down at the King's banquet and feeds on the richest dainties: Little Faith feels grateful if he can but pick up the crumbs that fall from the Master's table. Great Faith looks forward to the future without fear: Little Faith trembles at every shadow and only beholds the future veiled in clouds of obscurity. Yet Great Faith and Little Faith are brethren. We have sometimes seen two brothers so opposite in points of feeling and disposition that we could hardly believe that they belonged to one family, were it not for their exterior likeness. One brother is bold, the other timid; one

attempts great things, the other small: one would face a host, the other is frightened at the appearance of danger: yet they have the same parents and have been brought up under the same roof. As this relationship then exists between Great Faith and Little Faith, the lesser brother must not be overlooked in our admiration of the greater. As Little Faith wears, as well as Great Faith the image of Jesus, his history is surely worth recording. At present we can only give the outline; but perhaps the reader may be able to supply what may be wanting from the record of his past experience. Let us then consider—

1. *Little Faith's birth.*—Little Faith, though he doth not honour God so much as Great Faith, yet hath a heavenly origin. Faith being “the gift of God,” and of “the operation of God,” it is only found to exist in those who are born of God. Unless we are born again we shall not be found possessing this fruit of the Spirit. Now Little Faith is generally born amid midnight darkness and confusion, and is made manifest by his cry. That cry is “God be merciful to me a sinner,” or, “Lord, save or I perish,” or Lord, help me.” It is a cry always expressive of helplessness, feebleness, and want. Pain is felt within, but from whence it proceeds the sinner knoweth not. He is brought into felt darkness and cries for light. He is hungry and cries for food. He is naked and cries for clothing. He is in trouble and cries for relief. He breathes in a new atmosphere, and cries because of its peculiar sensations. Wherever Little Faith is born, he thus gives evidence of the possession of Divine life communicated from above.

2. *Little Faith's growth.*—Little Faith will never be so large and steadfast as his brother Great Faith, still he grows. His cry gets stronger and is repeated oftener; he gets a firmer hold of the promises; he beholds more clearly the way of salvation; he learns to rely more firmly on the Saviour. As he grows he can feed, too, on stronger food than at first. The doctrines of grace do not stagger him as they did. Instead of rejecting them he begins to look upon them as the foundations of his hope. Sin becomes more hateful, holiness more lovely, and Christ more precious. Thus it is the province even of Little Faith to

“grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus.”

3. *Little Faith's work.*—Part of Little Faith's work is to fight foremost among his foes in an army of “doubts and fears.” Wherever Little Faith is you will find this army hovering about. It is a very lively army, and frequently appears when least expected. Sometimes Little Faith puts one doubt to the rout, and then another, but the whole army he can never kill. They often harrass him on all sides, and when he thinks he has conquered all, a host surrounds him, and he has to fight again. But Little Faith will not give up. Taking hold of a good club called by the name of “Promise,” with that club he does great execution. He hath to fight, too, with temptations, some within and some without; and even with the great Apollyon himself. At times he is ready to give up. He fears that all will be lost. But God supports him; bears him up, and makes him more than conqueror, enabling him in spite of foes to hold on his way. Little Faith hath also to work for God. Perhaps he has to come before the church to declare what God hath done for his soul. How he trembles! Looking up to some of the “Great Faiths,” and measuring himself by their standard, he concludes that as he cannot boast of great things, as they can, his testimony will be of little avail. And what if his mouth should be closed when he should give his testimony? Perhaps they will not accept him: how great, then, will be his disgrace! Or if they do accept him, suppose he should not honour his profession, or endure unto the end? Thus he is afraid to ally himself with the members of his own family. Perhaps Little Faith has to encounter the foes of truth. The infidel may assault him with “Scripture contradictions,” “common sense arguments,” “metaphysical distinctions,” “geological discoveries,” and “scientific revelations,” until Little Faith, who is at best but a simple and unlettered soul, is quite overwhelmed. But at last he comes to this point, “Well, I cannot answer this and I cannot answer that: but I have the witness of the truth of Christianity in my own heart; and when you can tell me why I have felt that I am what the Bible describes me to be, and give me

something better than the remedy it provides, then I'll give way." As no infidel can do that, Little Faith clings to the good old Book, and goes away singing—

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
He gives a light to every age,
He gives but borrows none.

Perhaps Little Faith is set to do a *work for the church*. He is certain to think that it would have been better if some one else had been put in his place. And it sometimes happened that Little Faith has to ascend the pulpit. This may be considered strange, but it is only right. It may be hard work for him, but it is a good job for others; for if Little Faith never ascended the pulpit, Little Faith would seldom get any ministerial comfort in the pew. Thus Little Faith hath to work against evil, and for good, in the world and in the church, and all through life, that through his feeble action God may get some glory.

4. *Little Faith's death*.—There is perhaps few things that trouble Little Faith more in life than death. He looks forward to that dark rolling turbid stream called "The River of Death," and wonders whether he shall get safely through. He wants dying grace in a living hour. But the time comes when he enters the stream. Then One who has said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee," stands by to fulfil his promise, and conduct him safely to the other side. And so he crosses; but just as he is about being lost to sight, Heaven shines upon his countenance, and his last utterance proves that even for Little Faith—

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

5. *Little Faith's eternal destiny*.—Though Little Faith dies, he is not extinct. Looking upwards by faith, we see millions pressing round the throne of Jesus. Near to the person of Jesus stands one clothed in white raiment, waving the palm of victory, and wearing on his head the crown of glory. Who is he? That was Little Faith, but he owns that name no longer. His name now is "Full Sight;" for faith with him is lost in sight, and he sees with vision undimmed in a land of unclouded

light. He has now done with every doubt and fear, every temptation, every spiritual foe, every toil, and every cross; he is near his Christ: in his heaven, among his own company, and dwelling in his own eternal home. So, sinner, you see it is a mercy to have a little faith. If thou art an unbeliever, even the destiny of Little Faith shall not be thine. "He that believeth not shall be damned." But Little Faith, though he often deserves chastisement for his distrust, is for all that loved of God, bought with the Saviour's blood, sanctified by the Spirit; and with cries heard, prayers answered, and deeds accepted, shall at the last be "presented faultless before the presence of God's glory with exceeding joy."

Golcar, Huddersfield.

THE WATERFLOOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES DAVIS.

(Continued from page 101.)

3. *The waterflood is an emblem of calamity*. In the days of Noah the flood destroyed a world. So complete was the ruin wrought by the moving wall of water in its midnight march that an eye-witness says, "I saw before me the path of this appalling flood; but I saw what might more readily have been imagined, the seared and scathed passage of a fiery blast." Many have lost their earthly all. Like Job they have been bereft of property, friends, and relatives by one fell stroke. A crushing calamity this, yet many a Christian has found such a calamity to be a rich and eternal gain. In his prosperous days his affections were centered within the circle of his earthly treasures—now they are transferred to heavenly objects and imperishable possessions. The loss of earthly good has brought him nearer the Supreme Good. Before he was impatient under crosses, and murmured at the slightest disappointments—now he humbles himself "under the mighty hand of God." Now, when a heavy blow falls upon him, when his heart is wrung with grief, he cries, "Not my will, but thine be done," and sings in the storm,

"Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;

Still all my song would be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee."

4. The waterflood is an emblem of death. Mournfully are we familiar with the plaintive lament, "Thou carriest them away as with a flood." As that Sheffield flood bore along many a corpse in its cold bosom, so the whole human race is being swept down the river of time into the ocean of eternity. Death-dealing agencies are around us on every hand, yet with what unconcern are men drifting down to death, and to the tremendous realities beyond! As the current glides along—

"With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home
Whence not one soul can e'er return."

Just because the precise time of death is uncertain, the certainty of the event makes little impression. In the fair scene which has just been turned into a "valley of the shadow of death," groups of holiday-makers laugh and sing as though a voice did not ring through the desolation, "Be ye also ready." Reader, the waterflood of death will soon be upon you. Are you living daily in view of this solemn event? Have you fled to him who is "a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest?" Beware of false refuges. A man in the late flood took refuge with his wife and six children on the roof of their cottage, but in a few moments it was swept away as though it were so much pasteboard, and, with a piercing shriek, the whole family sank into the turbulent stream to rise no more! Listen to the inspired declaration, "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place," but "he that believeth shall not make haste."

Bristol.

BREATHINGS AFTER ASSURANCE.

BY MR. G. COBB.

"Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."—
Psalm xxxv. 3.

How many readers of the MESSENGER may see in these words, as it were, a photograph of their own secret desires! They, like the psalmist, have their doubts; these are a source of daily distress; and feeling assured that only his voice could dispel their fears and satisfy

their souls, they daily cry, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." How kind of the Holy Spirit to leave these words upon record, that thus the desire of his own implanting might be expressed in words of his own coining. This class, whose experience these words express, are ever prone to give way to their doubts, and, like trees we have seen beside the brook, they bend towards the stream of their grief, which, in return, becomes a slight source of nourishment to their fragile hopes; they strike their roots into the stream, rather than upon the rock; they live by feelings, rather than by faith. Thus it is they are only babes in grace, never reaching the stature, or possessing the strength, of those who are their juniors in the faith. Yea, they are often ready to conclude their case is beyond the reach of the Great Physician. Let all such take heart, since David has penned these words, or while saints live to testify that such was once their bondage; but they have heard the mandate, "Loose him, and let him go." Some of us, having for several years experienced this distressing uncertainty, and being now, through grace, enabled to live more by faith on the Son of God, who gave himself for us—to rejoice in him, rather than to put confidence in the flesh—we feel deeply for such, and esteem it no small honour to be used of the Master for their consolation and deliverance. Yet, while we encourage them, we must not their doubts; for these are alike detrimental to the soul—stealing their comfort, and paralyzing their strength, and dishonouring to their Lord. Our present object is, not to discuss the causes of doubt, so much as to encourage all such to carry them to the throne of grace, entreating that God would say unto their soul, "I am thy salvation."

I. First we may notice, that nothing less will satisfy the doubting soul.

1. The careless one may be content with the empty sound falling upon the outward ear, but he wants it spoken to the heart. He sees so much of the preciousness of Jesus, and his salvation, that he envies those who lay their heads on his bosom and call him "My Lord, and my God." He never neglects the means of grace.

He goes at all seasons, with the hope that the Master may call him, as he did Zaccheus of old, and say, "This day is salvation come to thine heart." And while he waits for this, he esteems all ordinances as nothing, unless he sits under the shadow, and eats the fruit of the Tree of Life. Let all such be comforted. He who did not overlook the Ethiopian eunuch, or Cornelius the Centurion, in their anxiety, will not overlook them.

2. If attendance merely under the sound of the Word will not satisfy, *neither will any amount of joy experienced in hearing it suffice.* Such souls are often favoured to enjoy much; the good news falls on their ear, like stray notes of heaven's harmony. The very name of Jesus is music to their ear. The tale of his love, like the south breeze, causes the long-frozen streams of their affections to flow. The fact that he is a Saviour fills them with the joy of hope, though they dare not say he has saved them. They, like Ruth, in going forth to glean in the Gospel field, have gathered many a handful of comfort, upon which they have lived for many a day; and yet they are ignorant of their relationship to Boaz their Lord. All this is very blessed in its place, but not satisfying; the soul wants something more. They have had joys; now they pant for himself. They have seen his face; now they want to repose on his bosom. They have a good hope; now they sigh for full assurance. They have had a gleam of hope stealing into their souls, and revealing the darkness; and it makes them pant the more for the clear light of day. Their lips are unsealed to utter now and then a note of praise, which makes them the more impatient to join the full chorus of those who sing, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Their condition is very much like that of Mary. She was beloved of the Master, and felt, in return, a kindling of affection for him. She was seeking, most diligently, her Lord—yea, was standing in his very presence, and conversing with him, yet her eyes were holden and she did not know him. It remained for Jesus to pronounce her name in the accents of love. That one word would reveal himself and satisfy her soul, so the sorrow of seeking should

be swallowed up in the joy of finding. Thus, poor doubting one, it is with thee; one word will be enough; therefore do we encourage thee to repair to the throne of grace, to pray that he would "say unto thy soul, I am thy salvation."

3. The dealings of God with others is very encouraging; and often, while reading of a Manasseh and a Saul, he has heard the angel of comfort whispering, "There is hope for thee; grace can soften thy heart and subdue thy corruptions." He is never tired of standing with Jesus in the Pharisee's house, or the temple, while he dismisses the harlot spotless, and the adulterer without a stain; for here Mercy, with her celestial voice, is heard above his fears, affirming, "I can remove thy guilt as far from thee as the east is from the west; can cast thy sins into the depths of the sea; yea, wipe them from the very memory of God."

All this is very precious as a substitute for assurance, but it is not that itself. It strengthens the soul to wait, and raises the expectations high; but it is not the triumph of one who can say, "The Lord is my light, and my salvation." It lights up the soul with the stars of hope, but it is not the full blaze of day. I know, says such a one, he has saved others, but I want to be sure he has saved me. I know, Lord, he pleads, thou hast spoken peace to others;

"With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven."

4. *Much less will not the opinions of others silence his doubts and give him rest.* Many are content with the name to live; he wants the principle of life. It may be enough for many to manage affairs so as to secure the good opinions of their fellow-professors, but he wants to be right in the eyes of him who searcheth the heart. To be called a Christian, to be esteemed a child of God, to be regarded as one of God's elect, to be looked upon as a living soul, and to be accepted and received as a brother, may be the *ultimo* of many; to know that no suspicion rests upon the mind of any around as to their sincerity, may be enough for some; but he wants to be a sincere disciple, and to know it upon the testimony of God. Not that the

good opinion of his fellow-brethren is not highly esteemed and appreciated; nor that it does not tend greatly to encourage him to hope, at least, when he cannot be sure; especially if he has the consciousness that it has not been his object to deceive; that he has been careful not to allow his tongue to outrun his heart. Yet there is the possibility that others may have mistaken excitement for experience, conviction for conversion, reformation for regeneration, gifts for grace, light in the head for love in the heart. Such souls are ready enough to condemn themselves, and to suppose that, if others knew all the inward workings of their vile hearts, they would be set down as hypocrites and deceivers. If all the saints on earth should pronounce them "saved," yet one word of his would be more assuring; yea, if he speaks it to their hearts, they could rejoice though all men stood in doubt of them.

5. *Nor is the written word alone enough.* Others, after long tossing on the sea of doubt, have anchored upon some word of truth, that, like a rock, lifted its head above the surging waves; but while others anchor upon the rock, they are driven against it by the violence of the storm; thus the word of truth threatens to wreck their hopes and destroy their expectations. It is only in the hands of the Spirit that the word proves to be a sword to slay our doubts, or a bandage to bind up our broken hearts. It is only when the Spirit speaks through it that it silences our fears and assures our hearts. This the anxious one feels, for he sees enough in the word, if only he could lay hold of it, if only he were quite sure its consolations were for him; therefore, when he reads his heart breathes this prayer, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

6. *The living voice of the ministry is alike powerless, apart from the operations of the Divine Spirit.* Nothing is more humbling to us as ministers, nothing demonstrates more our weakness, than the fact, that not only can we not arouse the careless, but when the soul pants for God's salvation with intense anxiety, our best efforts to point out the way of peace to such are often miserably unavailing, though to our own hearts there appears enough to meet

any case. We are often used of God, but alone we are powerless. We may unfold the character of Jesus, but it is his to give, the eye of faith. We may discourse of mercy and grace, but it is his to give the ear of faith. We often say it to the ear, but only one voice can "say to the heart, I am thy salvation."

II. Let us hastily make some observations upon a second point. *How does God say this to the soul? In what direction am I to be looking for the sound?* This we think to be a very important point. Mistakes here have kept many a soul in bondage; have rivetted the fetters of the enslaved, and kept the iron bars of doubt before the door of liberty. How many are waiting for what they may never have, and are looking for what they have no right to expect! The writer, when first he saw the simplicity of faith, was ready to exclaim, "What! is that all? What a pity I had not known this before." Yes; it was, as in Naaman's day, far too simple for our proud hearts. One who has long been in this condition, said to me the other day, "Why, sir, I have been a believer a long while, only I did not know it." Thus it may be with the reader. God is saying, "I am thy salvation," but you have no ear to hear, because he does not speak just as you expect to hear it.

1. Perhaps you are waiting for feelings. Many put feelings before faith. You say, "If I felt it I should believe it." Nay, if you believed it you would feel it; for faith begets feelings, not feelings faith. The Lord has given some such a blessed sense of pardoning mercy, that they have been well-nigh beside themselves for very joy; but thousands of God's saints have never had such ecstasies, and none are warranted to look upon them as the sole evidences of his love.

2. Some are even waiting for visions and revelations. They expect to have some supernatural intimations of their pardon, because others may have had. We would not deny that such things do occur. We have known some cases, but let none expect them. Let none trample under foot the ordinary evidences of grace, and refuse to be comforted because he has not been so favoured.

3. Far oftener the Lord speaks by his Word. This is a sure evidence, to

which we do well to take heed. The Lord has made the Gospel to come home to your heart with great power; stripping you of every fancied excellency; overturning every false hope; driving you from every sheltering refuge to the Cross, to say—

"Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

You know something of its sweetness, too, for there is no story like redeeming love, no tale like the tale of Calvary to you. Do you want a clearer evidence of your election than this? This was enough for the Apostle. He said, "Knowing, brethren, beloved, your election of God; for our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power," 1 Thess. i. 4, 5. You have not only heard of Jesus, but the word has been like a silken cord, drawing you to the Crucified One. Often, after having heard of him, you have repaired to your closet, cast yourself, by faith, upon his mercy, crying, like the Leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Now, as Jesus said, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" "No man can come unto me, except my Father which hath sent me draw him;" "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;" dost thou want a better evidence that thou art interested in the purposes of the Divine Trinity? No love to Jesus would have glowed in your heart, if the holy fire had not been enkindled by the Spirit. No repentance or faith had sprung up in thine heart, if the Heavenly Dove had not first dropped the seeds there. Would the Spirit have done all this for thee, if thy name had not been written in "the Lamb's book of life, and on the Saviour's heart of love?" Does not God, in all this, say to thee, "I am thy salvation?" Thou didst long hope to better thy condition by the self-righteous efforts of the flesh, till, worn out at last, thou didst sink at his feet with thy load, saying—

"Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this soul should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die."

You have carried out this resolution you are there still. Now, did ever a soul perish there? Did Jesus ever send one away from his feet unsaved? How was it in the case of the leper, the palsied

one, the adulterer, the harlot, and the woman in the press? Did he not speak the forgiving word, and send them away in peace? If thou art at his feet, too, just so surely art thou forgiven—saved. O, believe his words, and go in peace. Remember he says, "He that believeth on him is not condemned," John iii. 18. "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall never come into condemnation," John v. 24. The apostle Paul "preached through this man the forgiveness of sins;" saying that "all who believe are justified from all things," Acts xiii. 39; and, in writing to the Romans, he says, that "whom he called, them he also justified," Rom. viii. 30. All this is not because of any peculiarity of feelings, but because Jesus had died for such. Let not the anxious one fear to rest his hopes on these sayings of God; they are far more substantial than feelings or visions.

4. Then there is the inward consciousness that he has not deceived himself; that he is saved through Jesus, "accepted in him." There are seasons when a still, small voice testifies, "Thou art an heir of glory. What is all this, but the witness of the Spirit? O for grace to look from self to Jesus, and from sin to Calvary. O for an ear to hear the voice of our Father, and faith to rely on his word, as daily he whispers to our hearts, "I am thy salvation."

Framsdén.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(Sixth Journey.)

JAVA TO THE SPICE ISLANDS.

FROM the Javanese "land of death" we must hasten away to other lands. A prahu conveys us and our baggage from Samarang up the Magelan river to the roads. There a British vessel receives us, and soon we are bounding over the deep blue sea. Our course is northward, until we sight the Buang Point, then we steer due east.

Near the point, we see the Japara volcano, an immense burning mountain. As night approaches, its lurid flames, belching forth with awful fury, light up the heavens above, and cast a glare on

the crests of ten thousand ocean waves. The Lord "looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." "The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice, hail-stones, and coals of fire." "He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men." Why, then, do not the Javanese, who have suffered so much from volcanoes, hear the voice which thus speaks to them by terrible things in righteousness?

We sleep in safety, as the vessel ploughs its way along the Sea of Java, which divides it from Borneo. In the morning a few large vessels, with flags of various nations, are seen. Prahus from the Spice Islands are very numerous. The run along the northern side of the great chain of islands which form the southern boundary of the Indian Archipelago is interesting in the extreme. The fishing boats, or "flying canoes of Java," as they are styled, are each morning objects of our surprise and admiration. Long narrow boats, with four men in each; they look like huge spiders, crawling over the dark blue sea. Sometimes, under their large triangular sails, they appear to fly.

Passing the island of MADURA, which is 90 miles long and 30 broad, with 311,775 people nearly resembling the Hindoos in religion and manners, we are led to rejoice that Baptist missionaries proclaimed the gospel in the Surabáya harbour, in the Madura Straits, only one mile from that important island. We may hope that some of the Madurans heard from the lips of our brethren the glorious glad tidings. Near to this spot, a family of Chinese was found which for six generations had not worshipped idols; and some Dutch Christians held prayer meetings, and circulated Malay New Testaments among the heathen.

Travelling south-east from Madura, we come abreast of the island of BALI, 70 miles long and 30 broad. We look in vain for harbours or good anchorage. Its coast is iron-bound. From its perpendicular cliffs rich and extensive plains slope higher and higher, until they seem to form one large round mountain, culminating in a volcanic peak 8,000 feet above the sea. On the higher slopes are seen numerous lakes of pure fresh water, which irrigate the low lands, and seem

inexhaustible. Thus God provides the means of fertility for an island which has no rivers. Thus he supplies the need of 800,000 souls who live in Bali, and, alas! glorify him not as God.

The Baliens substitute Brahma, Buddha, and Mahommed for the living Jehovah and Jesus, the one incarnate Christ. This is the only island in the Archipelago where Brahminism and Buddhism exist undisturbed under the same governments.

Each of the eight states of Bali has its own independent sultan, who controls his subjects by placing himself on the borders of a lake, and then regulating the supply of the precious fluid in proportion to their obedience or disobedience to his imperious commands.

The prevailing religion is Hindooism. It separates the people into four castes, the Bramana, Satria, Wisia, and Sudra. Only about one in every 200 of the people are Mohammedans. Brahminical divinities abound, and Hindoo ceremonies are extended into most of the transactions of life. Some of the severest sacrifices continue to be enjoined, such as the burning of a widow on the funeral pile of her husband.

Females are obliged to do the work of the house, the market, and the field; and are rewarded with the privilege of burning with their dead husbands. Slaves are immolated to the manes of their late mistresses; and hundreds of females are sacrificed at the funeral of a sultan. These are either stabbed or burnt, or leap alive into the burning pit, from which there is no escape.

Women are, nevertheless, on an equality with the men, and though polygamy prevails, they are strangers to the vices of drunkenness and libertinism. The men are very fond of opium smoking and cockfighting, and consequently are indolent. But the ground is so productive there is little poverty. Cotton of excellent quality and in great abundance is found on the island, but the people care little for its cultivation. They have much native manliness of character, and retain all the fire of their savage state. They are not tributary to the Dutch, but maintain their independence. They are blessed with missionary instruction from the Utrecht Missionary Union. And when the Balien traders visit Singapore,

Sumatra, and Java, some of them have listened with attention to the Gospel as proclaimed by the missionaries of the London and Baptist Missionary Societies.

The next island we see on our eastward course is Lombock. Its volcano rises as a majestic background, 8,100 feet above the sea. On Lombock, to this day, wives may suffer themselves to be burned or *krised* after the death of their husbands. Let us stop and look at one of these sad scenes. We land on the island with Mr. Tellenger, and accompany him to Ampanan. The *gusti* of the place has just died. One of his three wives has resolved to let herself be *krised* for his honour. She is still young and beautiful; but she wishes "to accompany her husband on his long journey to the gods, and to be his favourite in the other world." After taking many baths, and clothing herself in the richest manner, she eats and drinks with her friends, chews sirrah, and prays. Four small bamboo platforms have been erected in front of the house. Under these is a pit to receive the blood that may flow. 'Tis four in the afternoon. The *gusti's* body is brought out, and placed on one of the platforms. A priest of Mataran approaches, and removes the cloth from the body. Young people then wash it; cover it with a net; and decorate it with flowers. The priest then sprinkles it with *chor* or holy water, and blesses it. He prays, sings, and makes various mystical antics.

The women then bring out the widow. Her arms are crossed; she is clothed in white linen; and crowned with flowers of the chrysantheum Indicum. Calmly she stands before the corpse, raises her arms, and prays. Women then approach her with bouquets, which she raises above her head and returns. She approaches the corpse, kisses it in various parts, then takes off her rings, and crosses her arms on her breast. Two women take hold of her arms. Her adopted brother approaches, and asks her if she is determined to die. She nods her head in assent. He asks her forgiveness for being obliged to kill her, and at once seizes his *kris* and stabs her on the left side of her breast. The wound is not deep, she remains standing. The man throws down his *kris*, and runs away. A man of consideration approaches her, and buries his

kris to the hilt in the breast of the infatuated woman. Without a cry she sinks to the ground, but is not dead. Women place her on a mat, roll and press her, to cause the blood to flow quickly. Again she is stabbed with a *kris*, between her shoulders. "The last flutter racks her tortured frame." The scene is changed. She is standing before her Almighty Judge. Her body is then burned with that of her husband.

Our blood runs cold to witness such scenes. O! why are there no messengers of peace! No missionaries of the Cross, for the diabolical heathen of Lombock? Plead thine own cause. O God, for 'tis time for thee to work.

With shame and indignation we rush to our boats, and row off to the vessel. The light winds blow, and we glide smoothly along the end of the Allass Strait. To the north are the Paternosters, low-wooded coral islands. Having passed beyond the influence of Dutch protection, no more flying canoes enliven the scene. To the south no smoke rises from the numerous inlets along the coasts of these beautiful islands, to indicate the peaceful abode of human beings. Over the dense green jungles a death-like stillness reigns supreme.

Now we are off the large island of Sumbawa, 180 miles long and 40 broad. Perhaps to the heathen of the Archipelago there never was a more awful display of Divine power than that which occurred in 1815, when the Tomboro Volcano, on the north-east of Sumbawa, burst forth with the most alarming fury. Its awful thunderings were heard for hundreds of miles. Its red-hot stones and ashes were thrown in vast quantities over the adjacent islands. They even reached Bencoolen in Sumatra, 970 miles distant! On Java, 300 miles distant, the eruption seemed awfully present. Even there, showers of ashes covered the houses, streets, and fields to the depth of several inches. Houses shook with the tremendous explosions, and the sun was darkened. From Sumbawa itself, the whole mountain next Sang'ir appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction. In Pekaté no vestige of a house was left. And it was affirmed that "of not fewer than 12,000 souls in Tomboro and Pekaté at

the time of the eruption, only five or six survived." "Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thy judgments are made manifest?" "Let the heathen be judged in thy sight; put them in fear, O Lord, that the nations may know themselves to be but men."

Our eastern voyage carries us from these awful regions past Comoro, another volcanic island, to Floris, which is 220 miles long and 60 broad. A Dutch journal says:—"On the island of Floris there lives a race called on the south coast *Rakka*, who not only devour their enemies, but with whom custom requires that the son should out the body of his deceased father in pieces, and sell the flesh to the inhabitants at the high price of its weight in gold.* This flesh is greedily eaten by the people as a great delicacy. If the father was heavy and of great size, the son considers himself particularly fortunate. The population of Endore, on the same island, is also very greedy of human flesh. But these cannibals confine themselves to the heart, which, with incredible dexterity, they extract from the body. It is then cut into very small pieces, and eaten raw by the bystanders.

Our space will not permit us to describe the islands Andenara, Lomblen, Pantar, and Ombay, which we pass before we reach Timor, an island 250 miles long and 40 broad. At the town of Delly the Portuguese flag is seen flying. The Dutch and Portuguese between them claim the whole sovereignty of the island, but some of the native chiefs disclaim all subordination. Some of them resemble South Sea Islanders rather than Malays. They cultivate rice, maize, sago, and cotton. Gold is found in several of the rivers both in lumps and grains. The native population is thinly scattered over the island. They need the missionary of the cross.

Standing along to the north end of Timor, and passing between Pig and Goat Islands, we plunge out upon the Banda Sea, and travel northward till we arrive at the Moluccas or Spice Islands. In the far distance the great island of CEREM is seen, but we steer to the southwest of it, and land on the island of AMBOYNA, 32 miles long and 10 broad. When the English took it from the

Dutch in 1796, they found 515,940 pounds of cloves in the warehouses. It then contained 45,252 inhabitants, of whom 17,813 were Protestants, and the rest Chinese, Mahommedans, or slaves. In 1814 the government of Amboyna consisted of several islands, almost within sight of each other. The Mahomedan villages were governed by hereditary chiefs. There the Koran is read in the Arabic tongue. Idolatry was practised in some of the islands, but in the so-called Christian villages were churches and schools supported by the government. They were originated by the Dutch.

A pupil of Dr. Carey's having been appointed "Resident," he became anxious to promote real Christianity and Scriptural education among the islanders under his care. Through his influence with the East Indian Government, an application was made to Dr. Carey for a missionary to superintend the Amboyna schools. His son Jabez, who had a short time before been baptized, was appointed to the post. Only three days was allowed him to get married and pack up for the voyage. On the evening of January 25, 1814, he was solemnly set apart for the work. Half an hour before the ordination service commenced his brother Felix arrived from Rangoon in Burmah! Thus providentially was the missionary Ward, and dear Dr. Carey, with his two sons, Felix and William, permitted to lay hands on Jabez. It was but a short time before that Dr. Carey had printed off the first sheet of an edition of the Malay Bible for Amboyna, so that his whole heart went with his son, as he walked off from the chapel to the boat in which he was conveyed from Calcutta to Sangur Island, where he joined the ship.

On his voyage to Amboyna he stopped at Batavia, which he thought "the best place he had ever been in." Here he studied the Malay language with the Missionary Robinson. Cheered with communion with him, he pursued his voyage and arrived in Amboyna full of hope.

Forty-two schools scattered over the Amboyna group of islands were at once placed under his care. Three hundred and three of the scholars were under his own immediate superintendence. These were connected with the town of Am-

* Gold is found in the rivers of Floris.

boyna. In December, 1815, he visited the islands of SAPAROOA and HAROOKA. The sea was rough and his boat was early upset.

In May, 1816, Amboyna was visited with a dreadful hurricane, which destroyed thousands of spice trees. Many houses were blown to the ground, but Mr. Jabez Carey was preserved. One or two lives were lost, and some roads were impassable. Streets were covered with *paggars* or sago walls, parts of houses and large trees. But torrents of heavy rain, and occasional earthquakes, did not prevent his indefatigable labours. He visited island after island, instructed the teachers, rectified abuses, and preached the Gospel of Christ. When about to visit the large and populous island of CEREM he remarked, "Of course I must take particular care of my life, and perhaps shall have a guard allowed me by Government."

In October, 1816, he visited the islands of CEREM, SAPAROOA, HEELA, HAROOKA, BOONOWA, MANIPPA, and KEELONG. After leaving BOONOWA, he landed early in the morning, at the desolate Keelong. Not discovering any inhabitants, he prepared his breakfast on the shore, and had just finished when he was surprised by a number of pirates, who landed from four large boats. The pirates appeared afraid of Mr. Carey's musket and handful of men, and walked off. The missionary and his staff thought it wise to fly to the opposite side of the island, which they reached in safety. Here they found some fishing boats, which in nine hours conveyed them to Manippa. From thence they returned to Cerem. Everywhere the Lord preserved his faithful servant, and made him extensively use-

ful. Some of the schoolmasters in HAROOKA had fallen into idolatry, but through the influence of Mr. Carey, *within a single week, the chiefs destroyed five idol temples, with everything belonging to them.* He had become fluent in the Malay language, and thus was enabled to exert a most beneficial influence on the upper classes. The few ignorant clergymen on the islands were prepared to receive his instructions, and the schoolmasters who had to preach in many of the churches were better qualified for their important work. Conversions to God occurred. The Bible, supplied by the Baptist missionaries of India, and other religious books, printed in Malay, with the Roman character, became extensively read. Truth was spread abroad and the name of the Lord was glorified.

With such multifarious engagements Mr. Carey had but little time to travel to the mountain heights, where the savage aboriginal *Alfoores* resided. Some called Christians were mingled with those wild heathen. Very little was known of the so-called religion of the *Alfoores*. They were accustomed to destroy their own species in order to recommend themselves to the women they intended to marry. "I hope," said Mr. Carey, "I may be instrumental for good to some of them." But he is gone home to glory. The Amboyna Mission has been relinquished by our society. Six missionaries supported by the government have taken up the work. And it is hoped that the *Alfoores* savages have more Gospel light than what they formally obtained from the few semi-enlightened people who possessed the Bible and tracts left in their care by the one solitary missionary of the Cross.

J. R. P.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

MAY MEETINGS.

EVEN before the *Baptist Messenger* is in the hands of its readers, London will have had its usual thousands of Baptist visitors, intent upon witnessing the interesting services held at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. The "May Meetings," so called, although very many of them

are held in April, are golden times in the lives of many—times to be looked forward to, and longed for, through the dark winter months; times to be remembered gladly and gratefully through all the summer hours; times in which to gather good thoughts and form holy

resolutions; times of joyous meeting between friends long absent; and times when, while enjoying communion with the brotherhood, many also see the "Master of Assemblies," "The King in his beauty."

But missionary meetings are not times of receiving only. They are emphatically times of giving. One of the greatest blessings to be derived from them is the exercise of Christian liberality—the pleasure of doing good, the experience of how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. Certainly they will be the happiest attendants who can go away feeling that their hearts have been touched by the things they have heard, and who have responded generously to the appeals that have been made. It is never meet that Christians should be misers. The Father whom they love is always giving. His hands are ever scattering blessings from His treasury; he supplies daily his creatures' need. And shall not the children of his love try to be like Him? The Saviour who has redeemed them "pleased not himself." Everywhere, and at all times, he was aiming to do good; no weariness, no hunger, no homelessness, made him selfish, or forgetful of the wants of others. And shall not those whom he has sanctified be remarkable for their liberality? Shall not they be kindly, ungrudging givers of the blessings which have been lent to them?

We do things darkly here. When a collection is made, that which is most present to the mind of the responder is probably the thought of a sacrifice which the donation will entail upon himself. His five shillings is put into the plate, and seems to be swallowed up in the other and larger gifts. It is true the speaker has just strongly appealed to the people on behalf of the Missionary Society, but the heathen are a long way off, and the five shillings are a very trifle to the society, though not at all trifling to the man who has given them. He will never know whether any good has been done through his instrumentality. He will not dare to take to himself any of the triumph when next year the report is read, and good has been accomplished. For means only are ours, results rest with a higher power.

Ah! but not a single penny given prayerfully by one whose heart is right,

shall be lost. Jesus sits at the treasury still, and watches the gifts that are deposited. Let each be given specially, and thoughtfully, not because we do not like to pass the plate without, but because we wish to have a share in the blessing, because of our love to the Saviour we really desire to aid his cause.

And the five shillings shall be taken care of. Far away where the Gospel is only just dawning upon the minds of the people, a New Testament shall find its way into the hands of a dying man, groping after a Redeemer in the dark; and his face shall grow bright with a thankful joy. Yonder, where a mother is struggling into a better state, who looks upon her children with tears in her eyes, and longs to show them the way that is not yet clear to herself, the missionary's voice shall point her to the light of the Cross, and speak of the great Saviour of mankind. There when the passions of men are blind, and hot, and strong—where they have no care for the right, no thought for the lives which they take ruthlessly away, the softening influences of Christ's Gospel shall steal over the troubled waters, and a new life shall dawn upon the outcasts.

Even here we should not like to have no part or lot in this matter. But hereafter, when the secrets shall be known and understood, how thankful will some have to be, that their liberality supplied the means which God has so greatly blessed!

Therefore let all who attend the May meetings go with generous hearts, and open hands. For much has to be done. Much has already been done. All honour to those who have so greatly lessened the debt of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. All honour to those who have already given to Bible, Building, or other funds. And let them be assured that they will never regret having done too much for Jesus, or having given too much to his cause.

Dear friends, may you all who have been privileged to attend these gatherings have had "good times" there; and those who will only hear the echoes at a distance, who can only read the accounts instead of having been bodily present, have the pleasure of knowing that they have a share in the good work going on, and that they will not be among the absent in the universal meeting above,

Reviews.

The Harmony of Science and Faith. An Attempt to Ascertain how far Belief in Holy Scriptures is Affected by the Progress of Modern Scientific Discovery. By the Writer of the "Bible in the Workshop." London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row.

SINCE the days of the late Dr. Dick, when his "Christian Philosopher" came forth, and attained at once a universal popularity, we have seen no work at all comparable to the admirable book under notice. First, the title is fully justified: it is what it professes to be. Secondly, it exhibits a most thorough investigation of the subject, in which ripe scholarship and a profound philosophical spirit are exhibited on every page. Thirdly, the style is as popular as the subject is interesting, and that is agreeably readable, and brings down to the average capacity the greatest subject within the reach of human reason. All young men, but especially students, city missionaries, and Sabbath-school teachers, should at once possess it, and if they patiently assimilate the intellectual food here provided, there can be no doubt that both their mental and moral growth will be materially advanced. We are delighted with the work, and it has our heartiest commendation. We are glad to see it has been dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we trust, while it will be extensively read by the lower and middle classes, that it will find its way among the higher orders of society.

Jesus Only. A Guide to the Anxious, &c. By J. O. JACKSON. Fourth Thousand. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

A SWEET book of evangelical fruits and flowers, all diffusing the fragrant odours of the Saviour's precious teachings and work. Thirty pieces of refreshing readings in prose and verse, in which precepts, promises, and experiences are all found in an available and edifying form, and well suited to the anxious seeker of salvation, as to the afflicted disciple in the room of solitude and affliction.

Hidden Springs. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

FEW men have so rapidly risen to pulpit and authorship popularity as Dr. Parker, of Manchester. His writings have ever been distinguished by great vigour, rich variety, and popular forms of expression. The present work, in addition to the author's usual excellencies, presents bold and original views of disputed passages of Scripture, some of which will startle the readers of our general books on theology. Of course all such human explications must be read with care, and the statements tested by an appeal to the general teaching of God's Holy Word. But the great essential doctrines of

evangelical truth, in harmony with their practical bearings on the mind, are here vividly presented, and most assuredly the discourses and hints collected in this volume will tell both on the minds and hearts of Christian readers. The sermons are thirteen in number, and these are followed by a brief exposition and practical remarks on texts of Scripture, and the whole concludes with several short forms of prayer of a truly spiritual and excellent character. No doubt the volume will attain a wide-spread popularity.

A Full Review and Exposure of Bishop Colenso's Profane Fictions and Fallacies in Part II. of his Work on the Pentateuch and Joshua. By HON. JUDGE MARSHALL, of Nova Scotia. London: W. Freeman, Fleet-street.

THE honourable author of this work did good service to the cause of Bible truth in his review of the bishop's first volume, and here he has renewed the attack at all points with weapons of invincible force. His critique is thorough and complete, and he has brought both learning and a ripe knowledge of the Word of God to bear on the Natal prelate. We advise all who feel interested in the momentous questions involved to read the judge's work, which, with other excellencies, has those of plainness and brevity; and withal it is so cheap as to be within the reach of all classes of religious people.

A Manual of Bible Truth, &c. By SAMUEL GREEN. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS most excellent manual is designed to aid in that most important department of education, catechetical instruction. The author here gives a full outline of the great truths concerning God, man, redemption, moral and religious duties, the Church of Christ, death, and the world to come. The book is thoroughly Scriptural and unsectarian, and admirably adapted to promote the Biblical advancement of our young people.

The Lost Ministry. A Sermon. By Rev. W. H. WYLLIE. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS discourse is published by the request of the Huntingdon Association of Christian Churches, before whom it was preached. The lost ministry is that of the whole Christian membership which must be restored for the revival of the Church and the salvation of the world. We fully endorse the idea, and it is one so vastly important, that we trust this excellent and seasonable sermon will be generally read by all our churches.

Old Truths. Edited by the Rev. JOHN COX, Ipswich. April. No. 2. London: Houlston and Wright.

THIS most handsomely got up theological quar-

terly, edited by Mr. Cox, cannot fail to be acceptable to those holding the views of which it is the exponent and advocate. The present number contains well-written articles on some eighteen different topics, among which are several that would edify all classes of evangelical readers. Some of the brief criticisms and new readings of Scripture texts are very suggestive.

The Lost Child. A True Story. London: Emily Faithfull, Princes-street, Hanover-square.
A SWEET and telling story in verse, which cannot

fail to please and delight the children of our fire-sides.

Old Jonathan, for April, is varied and good as ever. So the *Little Gleaner*. The *Quarterly Reporter of German Baptist Missions* is unusually interesting, in connection with labours bearing on the seat of war.

The *Baptist Magazine* for April is an average number, but we fear is in danger of becoming the organ of our educated people to the exclusion of the masses of our churches.

Poetry.

MAY.

The voice of song is in the land, and perfume in the air,
The sunbeams flash upon the fields, the young leaves sparkle there,
A thousand gaily-tinted flowers are springing from the sod,
A thousand gladsome hearts cry out, "Let us give thanks to God."

Give thanks to God! The old earth wakes as if from wintry sleep,
And music rings throughout the woods in choros loud and deep,
The dancing wavelets sweetly play their grandest symphonies,
And the great human heart of man lendeth its sympathies.

Give thanks to God! The sun has bathed the hoary mountain side,
The valleys laugh in joyous song where streamlets softly glide;
But I ween the deepest joy of all is to the Christian given
Who says, "My Father made them all, this earth and yonder heaven."

Give thanks to God, for if he make this world of sin so fair,
O what must be the joy of heaven, and what the beauty there!
Soon shall the Father call us home, full soon on joyous wing
Our souls shall gain the cloudless land where it is ever spring.

MARLANNE FAERNINGHAM.

THE LAMBS AND THEIR SHEPHERD.

(Founded on a passage in a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, from Isaiah xl. 11.)

Within the fold of Jesus
How many lambs we find!
To these—his tender weaklings—
The Lord is ever kind.
The gift of God the Father,
For them the Shepherd died,
And now within his bosom
They blessedly abide.

What infinite compassion,
What boundless love and care,
Is shown by Christ thus deigning
His little ones to bear!
How near they are to Jesus;
He bids them not depart—
He does not put them from him,
But has them near his heart.

Familiar, hallowed converse
The loving Shepherd holds
With the lambs that in his bosom
He tenderly unfolds.

They tell to him their secrets,
And Jesus tells them his.
O what on earth is sweeter
Than fellowship like this?

And then such perfect safety
Is in that bosom found,
For arms of love almighty
The feeble lambs surround.
The foe must slay the Shepherd
Or ever he can kill
One lamb that in his bosom
He sheltereth from ill.

Are we thy lambs, Lord Jesus—
The objects of thy love?
If so, then may it please thee
The blessed fact to prove.
O may the lamb-like spirit
Be visible in us,
And in the Shepherd's bosom
May we be carried thus.

Wellingborough,

THEODORA.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

DEVONSHIRE-SQUARE.—The Rev. W. T. Henderson, late of Banbury, commences his labours here on the second Sunday in April.

SEVENOAKS, KENT.—Mr. J. Jackson, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, having supplied the pulpit here for six months, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

MADELEY, SALOP.—Mr. W. H. Knight, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church, and commenced his labours on the last Sabbath in March.

KINGSGATE CHAPEL, HOLBORN.—The Rev. Francis Wills intends retiring from the ministerial duties of the church at the above place, as soon as arrangements can be made to elect his successor.

WOODSTOCK, OXON.—Mr. T. G. Hughes, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at the above place to become its pastor, and commenced his labours on the first Lord's-day in April.

GREAT WILBRAHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Mr. A. Peet having supplied us nearly twelve months has been invited to become our pastor, but declines. His last Sunday is May 1st. He is open to supply churches requiring a pastor. Address, 36, St. Loya's, Bedford.

LANCELEY, ESSEX.—The Rev. O. Smith, after a pastorate of eight years in connection with the Baptist church, being about to remove to Hadleigh, Suffolk, preached on the 27th ult. a farewell sermon to a crowded and deeply-affected congregation. The removal of Mr. Smith to another sphere of exertion is most keenly felt by those amongst whom he has so long and faithfully laboured; their good wishes for his temporal and spiritual welfare are shared by the ministerial brethren in the neighbourhood, including the highly-respected rector of the united parishes of Clavering and Langley.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bow.—Services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. H. Blake (late of Sandhurst) as pastor of the church meeting here were held on Thursday, March 31st, 1864. Rev. W. A. Blake, of Shouldham-street, opened the meeting with prayer. Rev. C. Woollacott gave an address on "Protestant Nonconformity;" Rev. J. A. Spurgeon on "Christian Love;" Rev. W. Stott on "The Duty of the Church to the World." The Rev. J. P. Balfern presided, and gave some suitable advice to the church, the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, and other ministers, taking part in the service. On the following Wednesday evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A.

HIGHGATE.—On Thursday, the 7th ult., interesting services were held at the Baptist Chapel, Southwood-lane, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. Heskins Barnard, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. In the morning, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a crowded audience from Ezekiel xxxvi. 9; and in the afternoon addressed the friends assembled for dinner at the Highgate Working Men's Institute. At the recognition service held in the chapel at 6 o'clock, the Rev. J. Corbin, of Hornsey, made the usual inquiries of the church and pastor. Thomas Bousfield, Esq., one of the deacons, replied on behalf of the church; the Rev. J. H. Barnard gave a simple and affecting account of the steps by which he had been led to personal dedication to the Gospel work, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, and eventually to Highgate. The Rev. George Rogers addressed some admirable counsel to the pastor, and the Rev. Josiah Viney offered some excellent and judicious advice to the church. The other parts of the service were conducted by the Rev. Samuel Manning, the Rev. S. S. Hatch, former pastor of the church, Mr. Gracey, and the Rev. W. Brock, jun. The services were well attended, and were followed during the ensuing week with meetings for special prayer.

WELCOME TO THE REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.—On Monday, April 4th, a tea and public meeting was held at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, when, in connection with the anniversary services, a public welcome was given to the Rev. J. E. Cracknell, the recently chosen pastor of the church. Rev. Thomas Haynes occupied the chair, and after prayer, spoke in feeling and appropriate terms of the late pastor, Rev. James Smith, who, he said, preached a full and free Gospel. He now cordially welcomed Mr. Cracknell, who, he believed, was well suited to fill that position which the church had called him to occupy, and then gave him the right hand of welcome, amidst the manifest approbation of a large meeting. The following ministers addressed the friends assembled:—Revs. T. Macpherson (Presbyterian), B. Smith (Wesleyan), Dr. Brown (Independent), W. G. Lewis (Baptist), and W. G. Sargeant (Wesleyan), each spoke upon the words which appeared in large ornamental letters across the gallery, "Welcome our Pastor." They heartily welcomed Mr. Cracknell to the town and to their pulpits. Mr. Cracknell said he felt honoured by the presence of so many of his ministerial brethren; he greatly rejoiced in the good feeling that existed among the ministers of the town, and he thanked the ministers and friends for their company and warm reception, and, after a few words to the church, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman.

This was seconded and supported by the deacons, who desired to express their hearty thanks to the Rev. Thomas Haynes, and the ministers of the town, for their kind assistance rendered the church when without a minister. Praise to God closed a meeting that will long be remembered by those present. Mr. Cracknell's address is Rose-villa, Leekhampton, Cheltenham.

BLACKHEATH.—At a social meeting held here, the church and congregation presented their late pastor, Mr. Cracknell, with a purse of money, and Mrs. Cracknell with a very handsome teapot, on the occasion of the removal of Mr. Cracknell to Cheltenham.

QUEEN-STREET CHAPEL, WOOLWICH.—On Good Friday about fifty of the officers and teachers of the Sunday-school connected with this place of worship invited their superintendent, Mr. Waller, to take tea with them, and through the pastor, the Rev. J. Teall, presented him with a very handsome gold pencil-case, engraved with his initials, as a mark of their esteem and gratitude for his efficient and untiring co-operation with them in their arduous labours. On March 30th, after a large public tea-meeting, a magnificent rosewood harmonium was presented to Mr. W. H. Combes, by the friends at Queen-street, which bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. W. H. Combes, by the church and congregation at Queen-street Chapel, Woolwich, in thankful recognition of his gratuitous services as leader of the singing, March 30th, 1864." Mr. Teall, on behalf of his people, made the presentation, and a very pleasant evening was spent, with Miss Teall presiding at the instrument, and addresses interspersed with music and singing.

OPENING SERVICES.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—The Baptist chapel and school-room in the above town, after being closed for seven months for enlargement, were opened on Thursday, March 17, when two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. Chas. Vince, of Birmingham. The pastor, Rev. John Parker, and Rev. Stephen Dunne, of Aitch Lench, taking part in the services. The congregations were very good, and the collections amounted to £25. We are pleased to be able to add that nearly every sitting in the chapel has been taken.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

LITTLE STAUGHTON, BEDS.—Mr. W. Abbott, of Blunham, will preach the annual sermon to the Sunday-scholars on Whitsunday afternoon, May 15.

BOURGH-GREEN.—The anniversary will be held on Whit-Tuesday. Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, will preach in the morning at a quarter before eleven, and evening at a quarter-past six. Mr. W. Palmer, of Homerton, in the afternoon, at a quarter before three. Dinner and tea will be

provided. Collections after each service in aid of the cause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—On Good Friday evening a tea-meeting was held in connection with Stow-hill Baptist church (Mr. Williams pastor), the object of which was to consider what steps could be taken towards reducing the debt in the new chapel. A gentleman very liberally offered to give £300 if the church and congregation would raise £700 in twelve months. The challenge was accepted, and considerable sums were promised towards the object.

AUDLEM.—The half-yearly meeting of the Cheshire Association of General Baptist Churches was held at the above place on Tuesday, April 5th. At half-past ten the service was introduced by the Rev. T. Clark, of Market Drayton; after which an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Maden, of Macclesfield, from Phil. i. 18. After partaking of a cold collation—the providing of which afforded another proof of the generous hospitality of the Audlem friends—the ministers and representatives again re-assembled at two o'clock for the transaction of business in connection with the association; at the conclusion of which a public tea was held, and a large number assembled for the evening meeting. Earnest and effective addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Pedley, of Wheelock-heath; Mr. Pedley, jun., of Crews; and the Revs. J. B. Lockwood, Nantwich; T. Clark, Market Drayton; and J. Maden, Macclesfield.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—MEETING TO WELCOME THE REV. F. H. HIBBERD.—A tea and public meeting to welcome the Rev. F. Hibberd, Baptist minister, took place in December last in the Masonic Hall, York-street. The meeting was numerously attended. The Divine blessing was supplicated by the Rev. Mr. Shephard. Captain Williams, of the ship La Hogue, was requested to take the chair. The chairman recounted the circumstances which had preceded Mr. Hibberd's departure from London, and bore testimony to that gentleman's Christian zeal and activity whilst on the La Hogue. He congratulated them on having obtained the services of Mr. Hibberd, and trusted that his labours might be productive of mutual happiness and blessing. Mr. T. B. Rolin stated that in the early part of the present year the church with which Mr. Hibberd was connected was deprived of the pastoral care of the Rev. R. Moneymont, and had in last April written to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, requesting that he would obtain for them a suitable minister. A fortnight after the receipt of their communication, Mr. Spurgeon forwarded a reply, which informed them that he had secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Hibberd. He entertained their sympathies and prayers on Mr. Hibberd's behalf. The Rev. S. O. Kent next ad-

dressed the meeting. He was glad in having that opportunity of extending the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Hibberd, and he was especially gratified in being able to do so in the presence of an assemblage which was composed of persons belonging to all denominations. The Rev. Mr. Hibberd followed. He said that after much earnest prayer and deliberation he had consented to become their pastor, and trusted that henceforth there might be a bond of undying love between himself and his church. A Christian minister should have liberty to labour unreservedly wherever and however he could do good, and should not be shackled by any unworthy conditions. He not only deserved liberty, but he needed their love. He concluded by an apt quotation of some lines by Wesley descriptive of the Christian's future blessedness. The Rev. J. Eggleston had great pleasure in being present to give his most hearty welcome to Mr. Hibberd. The Rev. J. B. M'Curie rejoiced in being able to offer a warm welcome to Mr. Hibberd, whom he recognized as an accredited and acceptable minister of the Gospel. The Rev. R. Hartley believed that Mr. Hibberd was the right man in the right place. He was well qualified for the work he had to do, and he trusted that his efforts might be abundantly blessed. The Rev. Mr. Johnson was anxious to accord to Mr. Hibberd a kind and hearty Christian welcome. There were many things to encourage him; he congratulated the William-street Church as well as their pastor, and assured them of his cordial co-operation. Besides the ministers who took part in the proceedings, there were present on the platform the Revs. Messrs. Curnow, Langford, and Voller, as well as a number of other gentlemen. The meeting was closed with devotional exercises.

BAPTISMS.

- AUDLEM, Cheshire, March 27—One, by Mr. J. Lockwood.
- BARDWELL, Suffolk, April 3—Three, by Mr. Barrett.
- BEDFORD, February 28—Two, by Mr. H. Killen.
- BURY ST. EDMUNDS, March 31—Seven, by Mr. J. Barrett (for Mr. Elven.)
- CHELTENHAM, Cambray Chapel, March 20—Fourteen; April 17, Ten, by Mr. J. E. Cracknell, the pastor.
- DARLINGTON, Durham, Welsh Baptists, Jan. 17—Two, by Mr. D. Lewis, of Witton-park; March 25, Seven, by Mr. S. Howells, of Middleborough, Yorkshire. It appears the above cause was established Dec. 20, 1863, by Mr. S. Howells; six persons were then formed into a Christian church, since which time several have united with the little band.
- DRIFFIELD, Feb. 28—Two, by Mr. A. Bowden.
- EAST DERHAM, High-street Chapel, March 3—Four, by Mr. J. L. Whitley. Two of the candidates were father and son; one from our village preaching-station at Hoe, the other from the Primitive Methodists.
- FORTON, Hants, Victoria-street Chapel, March 20—Nine; April 24, Seven, by Mr. J. Smed-
- more. "The Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad."
- GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, March 1—One; April 2, One; April 3, Three, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- GREAT WILBRAHAM, Cambridgeshire, March 27—Four, by Mr. A. Poet.
- HENYOCK, Devon, April 10—Five, by Mr. Wills, for the pastor, Mr. Tucker. Two of the candidates were connected with the Established Church.
- HISTON, Cambs, on Good Friday—after a sermon by Mr. Williams, of Haddenham—Three, by the pastor, Mr. G. Sear. After the ordinance about 100 friends partook of tea together, and addresses were delivered in the evening by the Revs. T. J. Ewing, T. A. Williams, J. Wishey, and the pastor, S. Preston, Esq., of Cotton End, occupied the chair.
- KNIGHTON, Radnorshire, April 3—Two, by the Rev. D. Evans, in the River Toner, in the presence of a large assembly.
- LLANFANGEL, Cruornry, Zoar Chapel, April 10—Two, by Mr. E. Compton.
- LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 21—Eighteen; March 24—Twenty; March 31—Nineteen; April 4—Fifteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.
- , Shouldham-street, April 17—Two, by Mr. W. A. Blake.
- , Stapey, Grosvenor-street, March 24—Five, by Mr. J. Harrison. One for Mr. H. D. Northrop, Independent.
- , Mare-street Chapel, Hackney, March 31—Five, by Mr. W. G. Lewis, for the pastor, Mr. D. Katers.
- , Paradise-walk, Chelsea, Jan. 27—Two; March 23—Four, by Mr. F. White.
- , Upton Chapel, Barkham-terrace, Wednesday evening, March 30—The first administration of believers' baptism was celebrated in the newly-erected chapel at the above place. Five persons were immersed, after an impressive address on the subject by the pastor, Mr. G. D. Evans. These, with six others, were received into fellowship on the following Sabbath.
- LOWER EDMONTON, March 31—Three, by Mr. D. Russell.
- LUMB, Lancashire, April 2—Seven, by Mr. J. Bury, Oswaldtwistle.
- LYDBROOK, Gloucestershire, April 3—Nine, by Mr. T. Watkinson, at the Baptist Chapel, Cinderford, kindly lent for the occasion. The Rev. P. Pree, the pastor at Cinderford, preached on the subject of baptism.
- MARKYATE-STREET, Herts, Old Baptist Meeting, March 31—Three, by Mr. T. W. Wake. Two from the Sunday-school; the other had been a member of the Wesleyans more than seven years.
- NEATH, Glamorgan, Tabernacle, March 20—Ten, by Mr. B. D. Thomas.
- NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, Stow-hill, March 31—Nine (making 108 since the chapel was opened in April, 1863), by Mr. Williams.
- RAGLAN, Monmouthshire, March 20—Four, by Mr. B. Johnson.
- RHYMEY, English Tabernacle, March 20—Two, by Mr. J. Lewis, Tredegar.
- ROMSEY, Hants, July 12, 1863—Four; August 30, Five; Nov. 23, Six; March, 1864, Seven, by Mr. C. Chambers.—[We have in this instance complied with our correspondent's request, although unusual and undesirable to report baptisms of nine months ago.—Ed.]
- SHEWSEBURY, St. John's-hill Chapel, Feb. 28—Two, by Mr. T. Baugh.

SOUTHAMPTON, Carlton Rooms, March 31—Six, by Mr. J. Collins.

THURLEIGH, Beds, March 27—Two, by Mr. W. K. Dexter.

TORINGTON, Devon, March 27—Nine, by Mr. W. Jeffery.

TREHERBERT, near Pontypridd, April 1, in the river Rhonda—One, by Mr. L. Jenkins. The candidate being an old lady in her 83rd year, gave to this baptism a peculiar interest—Christ receives in the eleventh hour. "Come and welcome, sinner, come."

WATCRET, Somerset, March 27—Two, by Mr. Priake.

WINDLOW, Bucks, March 27—Three, by Mr. Sole, from Rev. O. H. Spurgeon's College, at Swanbourn, kindly lent for the occasion.

WOOLWICH, Queen-street, April 17—Two, by Mr. Teall.

YORK—On Sunday evening, March 27, the first administration of the ordinance of Christian baptism in connection with the new cause in this city, took place in the Lecture-hall, when four persons were immersed by Dr. Evans, of Scarborough, after an able discourse by him on the subject. The observance of the ordinance was witnessed by a very large congregation. The baptistry is erected under the platform, and answered the purpose admirably. This baptism has created much interest here, and it is hoped much good will result therefrom.

DEATHS.

MR. JOHN SMITH.

On December 24, 1863, Mr. John Smith, aged 70, senior deacon of the Baptist Chapel, Brixham, Devon. Our good brother proved by his life and conduct whose servant he was, and has left behind a name and example not soon to be forgotten. When laid aside by affliction he spoke much of the preciousness of Christ, and of the realms of the blest, saying, "I shall soon be there." He was interred on New Year's-day. His funeral sermon was preached Jan. 3, by the pastor, Rev. W. W. Leakey, from Num. xiii. 10.—Also Mrs. N. Smith, wife of the above, who was suddenly called home on March 24. Both manifested the spirit of Jesus in their life, and are now gone to reign with him.

J. H. ALLEN, ESQ.

Of the time and means of Mr. Allen's conversion I have no information. I understand that it was at an early period of his life, while residing at the City of Norwich. He joined the church at St. Clement's, under the ministry of Mr. Puntis, and afterwards St. Mary's, under the venerable Joseph Kinghorn, and he was chosen deacon of the church. After an honourable and useful course for some years, he retired from business, and removed to the Metropolis. He united himself with the church under the pastorate of Dr. Steane, and became a deacon there, where his earnest labours and fervent prayers were highly valued. He afterwards gave his influence to assist the then weak cause at Salem Chapel, Brixton-hill. His native energy and tact found ample scope in those benevolent and religious societies which distinguish the present day. He was chosen on the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society; was one of the first treasurers of the Bible Translation Society; eleven years was treasurer of the Baptist Building Fund; one of the treasurers of the Baptist Fund; and a manager of the Widows' Fund. In 1856 he went to reside at Aston Clinton, Bucks. The Baptist Church at that place had been nur-

tured by his first wife, and to promote its welfare was an object which lay near their hearts; and whilst living at a distance he contributed annually to the support of the ministry there. He became a deacon of the church, and preached occasionally in the place and neighbourhood. The schools, as well as the congregation, received his earnest attention. Until within a short period of his decease he retained and attended to his various offices in the church and denomination, with the energy, punctuality, and care which ever distinguished him. During the last few months Mr. Allen's health rapidly declined. Advice from eminent men in town and country, and visits to Brighton and Bath, proved of no permanent benefit. Circumstances called him to Kettering. A few days after his arrival he became much worse; and, notwithstanding great suffering, he was calm and peaceful, firmly relying upon the glorious Redeemer. He knew in whom he believed, and into his hands he committed the keeping of his soul—patient, prayerful, thankful, waiting, but longing to depart. On early morn, Feb. 27, his sufferings ceased, and he died in the Lord. On Saturday, March 5, his remains were deposited in the cemetery at Kettering, according to his own request. The Rev. James Mursell and Rev. T. Toller officiating at his interment. Mr. Mursell improved his death at the Baptist chapel on Lord's-day, March 6, from Acts iii. 33, 37. At Aston Clinton there were three sermons on Sunday, 16th, all bearing on his removal.—J. B. WALCOT.

THE REV. W. GIBBERD.

The Rev. W. Gibberd, of Great Brickhill, Bucks, was called to his rest on Wednesday, 9th March. His remains were interred in the ground adjoining the chapel on the following Wednesday. The Rev. J. B. Walcot addressed the spectators.

J. H. SMALL, ESQ.

On Friday, March 13, aged 69, after a long and painful illness, born with Christian fortitude, Joseph Harpham Small, Esq. Mr. Small had been connected with the Baptist denomination for more than half a century, and for the last fourteen years was an active member and deacon of the church meeting in Salem Chapel, Lignorpond-street, Boston, Lincolnshire.

MRS. JOHN DOWNIE.

On March 23rd, at 3, Wesleyan-street, Glasgow, Mrs. John Downie, beloved wife of Mr. John Downie, the senior deacon of North Frederick-street Baptist church, Glasgow. The funeral discourse was delivered by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, on Lord's-day, April 3rd, from 1 Cor. xi. 1. Our departed sister, forty years ago, was converted through instruction imparted at a Bible-class, under the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Sheriff, at that time the minister of St. Ninian's Established Church. She continued a member of the Established Church of Scotland during a period of about twenty years, but at length discovered that believer's immersion alone was "noted in the Scripture of truth." On Oct. 23, 1842, she was buried with Christ by baptism. She then connected herself with a Scotch Baptist church. On the Rev. J. Taylor's becoming settled in Glasgow, she united with the church under his pastoral care, where she continued until his removal. She then left, and with forty-eight others, formed the church now meeting at North Frederick-street, on August 24th, 1851. From the time she confessed her faith in Jesus, up to the time of her death, she maintained a conversation consistent with her profession. It was her privilege to see all her

children decide for Christ. Just before she "fell asleep," she said to those who surrounded her bed, "I am dying; follow on, follow on, meet me in heaven." On being told that one when dying had said, "Stick to the blood," she replied, "That's it, that's it." On several occasions she said to her pastor, "I am not trusting to anything in myself, but wholly to what Jesus Christ has done for me."—T. W. M.

DR. EVANS.

The Rev. Ellis Evans, D.D., late minister of the Baptist church, Cefn-mawr, who had been for some time ill, breathed his last on Monday, March 28th. Dr. Evans was baptized at Dolgelly; by the church at this place he was urged to exercise his talents as a preacher. He was admitted at Abergavenny College in the year 1811, where he remained for two years. Subsequently he settled as pastor of the Baptist churches at Llanefydd and Llansannan. He remained here about six years. In 1819 he removed to Cefn-mawr in connection with Rhosllanerechrugog and Brymbo. At this time the number of members forming the Baptist Church at Cefn-mawr was 15, since the church has increased to upwards of 400. Now Rhos and Brymbo have each its own minister. Also, during Dr. Evans's ministrations, and through his instrumentality, under the blessing of God, churches have been established at Garth and Fron, who also maintain a minister. Six years ago, feeling his inability to minister to the spiritual wants of the church with the same vigour as heretofore, he resigned the pastorate, and the church settled upon him a retiring salary. In 1861, Jewell University, America, presented him with the honorary distinction of D.D., in consideration of his services to the denomination both as preacher and author. The rev. gentleman had been for the last forty years engaged in gathering together materials for a "History of the Baptists"—for such a work he was, by his extraordinary reading and untiring researches, eminently qualified. But owing to the want of patronage necessary for such a project, the publication of the work was delayed until very lately. It is, however, to

be hoped that the large mass of material collected by him, the work of his life, will not be lost.

MRS. SAMUEL RICE.

On March 30, Mrs. Samuel Rice departed this life, aged 52. Our deceased friend was baptized by the Rev. C. Stovel, and became united to the Baptist church at Wollaston, Northamptonshire, on July 29, 1863, since which time she has adorned her Christian profession by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. It was her especial delight, though often at great inconvenience to herself, to attend the prayer-meetings held by the female members; and in her last illness a friend who visited her received her dying request that they should be continued. On one occasion, when her husband and children were weeping, she said, "I cannot weep, the Lord has been so good to me; I've nothing to weep about." Three days before her departure she sang a verse of that beautiful hymn, "We sing of the realms of the blast." Her last words were, "My dear Redeemer's coming." Her death was improved by her pastor, Mr. Joseph Knighton, from a text chosen by herself, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

MRS. S. PARSONS.

On April 9th, Mrs. Sarah Parsons, aged 36, who for five years was an honourable member of the Baptist church, Sandy, Beds. After a complication of peculiar trials, and an acute and lingering disease, while taking an airing in an invalid chair, was suddenly removed to her eternal rest.

MRS. S. LEWIS.

On April 10th, at Studley, Warwickshire, aged 35, Mrs. Sarah Lewis, wife of Henry Lewis, and daughter of John and Eleanor Shrimpton. She died enjoying complete victory over the fear of death through the blood and righteousness of that Saviour whose presence she enjoyed.

MRS. GROOM.

On April 11th, in her 56th year, Jane, the beloved wife of John Groom, Esq., of Upper New-wood.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 18th to April 18th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Davies	1 0 0	Mrs. Page	0 5 0
Mr. Stevenson	1 0 0	Mr. Beaber (Dublin)	2 0 0
A Friend (Edinburgh)	1 0 0	Mrs. Matthews	0 10 0
A Friend (Warboys)	1 0 0	Mr. Flood	0 10 0
S. B. P.	0 10 0	Mrs. Hineckley	0 2 6
Mrs. Best (Helston)	1 0 0	The Misses Johnson (Bolton)	2 0 0
Mr. J. Best	0 10 0	Mr. J. Neal	2 2 0
Mr. W. B. Selway	2 2 0	Mr. Whittaker	5 5 0
S. N. (Rieckley)	0 10 0	Mr. J. Rogers	10 0 0
Mr. T. Powtress	5 0 0	Half Profits of Lecture at Bethnal-green	10 0 0
Mrs. Almond	5 0 0	Half Profits of Lecture at Grantham	10 4 0
S. S.	0 5 0	Collected at Lyonshall, per Rev. C. W. Smith	1 0 0
Major-General Booth	32 6 0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Mar. 21	31 9 9
Profit on Sale of Mottoes	3 6 1	"	28 20 8 8
Mr. Croker's Olaus at Tabernacle	5 5 0	"	Apr. 4. 20 8 8
Mrs. Tyson	12 10 0	"	11. 29 10 11
Mr. W. F. Willson	5 5 0	"	18. 16 15 0
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 0 0				
Mr. Sims (Cheltenham)	5 0 0				
Mr. Coombes	1 0 0				
A Friend	0 16 0				
							£256 16 7

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

SILKEN CORDS.*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."—Hosea xi. 4.

No man ever does come to God unless he is drawn. There is no better proof that man is totally depraved than that he needs to be effectually called. Man is so utterly "dead in trespasses and sins," that the same Divine power which provided a Saviour must make him willing to accept a Saviour, or else saved he never will be. You see a ship upon the stocks. She is finished and complete. She cannot move herself, however, into the water. You see a tree; it is growing; it brings forth branch, leaf, and fruit, but it cannot fashion itself into a ship. Now, if the finished ship can do nothing, much less the untouched log; and if the tree, which hath life, can do nothing, much less that piece of timber out of which the sap has long since gone. "Without me ye can do nothing," is true of believers, but it is just as true, and with a profounder emphasis, of those who have not believed in Jesus. They must be drawn, or else to God they never will come. But many make a mistake about Divine drawings. They seem to fancy that God takes men by the hair of their heads, and drags them to heaven, whether they will or not; and when the time comes, they will, by some irresistible power, without any exercise of thought or reasoning, be compelled to be saved. Such people understand neither man nor God; for man is not to be compelled in this way. He is not a being so to be controlled.

"Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still."

As the old proverb says, one man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty men cannot make him drink; so a man may be brought to know what repentance is, and to understand who Christ is, but no man can make another man lay hold upon Christ. Nay, God himself doth not do it by compulsion. He hath respect unto man as a reasoning creature. God never acteth with men as though they were blocks of wood, or senseless stones. Having made them men, he doth not violate their manhood. Having determined by man to glorify himself, he uses means to show forth his glory—not such as are fit for beasts, or for inanimate nature, but such as are adapted to the constitution of man. My text says as much as this—"I drew them with cords;" not the cords that are fit for bullocks, but "with the cords of a man." Not the cart-ropes with which men would draw a cart, but the cords with which a man would draw a man; and, as if to explain himself, he puts it—"I drew them with bands of love." Love is that power which acts upon man. There must be loving appeals to the different parts of his nature, and so he shall be constrained by sovereign grace. Understand, then, it is true that no man comes to God except he is drawn; but it is equally true that God draweth no man contrary to the constitution of man, but his methods of drawing are in strict accordance with mental operations. He finds the human mind what it is, and he acts upon it, not as upon matter, but upon mind. The compulsions, the constraints, the cords that he uses, are cords of a man. The bands he employs are bands of love.

This is clear enough. Now I am about to try—and may the Lord enable me—to show you some of these cords, these bands, which the Lord fastens round the sinners' hearts. I may be the means, in his hands, of putting these cords round, but I cannot pull them after they are on. It is one thing to put the rope on, but another thing to draw with all one's might at that rope. So it may be we shall introduce the arguments, and, by the prayers of the faithful now present, God will be pleased, in his infinite mercy, to pull these cords, and then your soul will be sweetly drawn, with full consent, with the blessed yielding of your will, to come and lay hold upon eternal life.

Some are drawn to Christ by seeing the happiness of true believers.

A believer is the happiest being out of heaven. In some respects he is superior to an angel, for he hath a brighter hope and a grander destiny than even cherubim and seraphim can know. He is one with Christ, which an angel never was. He is a son, and has the spirit of adoption in him, which a cherub never knew. There are some Christians who show this happiness in their lives. Watch them, and you will always find them cheerful. If, for a moment, a cloud should pass over their brow, it is but for a moment, and soon they rejoice again. I know such people, and glad am I to think that I ever came across their pathway. Wherever they go they make sunshine. Into whatever company they come, it is as if an angel shook his wings. Let them talk when they may, it is always for the comfort of others, with kindness upon their lips and the law of love upon their hearts. Some young persons, watching such Christians as these, are led to say, "I wish I were as happy, I wish I were as joyful, as they are; they always have a smile upon their face." And I do not doubt that scores have been brought to lay hold upon Jesus, being drawn by that cord of love. And O! let me say to you, dear friend, it is a most fitting cord with which to draw you; for if you would know the sweets of life, if you would have peace like a river, if you would have a peace that shall be with you in the morning, and go with you into your business—that shall be with you at night, and close your eyes in tranquil slumber; a peace that shall enable you to live, and shall strengthen you in the prospect of death—nay, that shall make you sing in the midst of the black and chill stream—be a Christian. My testimony is, that if I had to die like a dog; if this life were all, and there were no hereafter, I would prefer to be a Christian, for the joy and peace which, in this present life, godliness will afford. Godliness, with contentment, is great gain. It hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Thou wouldst be happy, young man: then do not kill thy happiness. Thou wouldst have a bright eye: then do not go and put it out. Thou wouldst rejoice, with joy unspeakable: then do not go into those places where sorrow is sure to follow thine every act. Wouldst thou be happy, come to Jesus. Let this cord of love sweetly draw thee.

Another cord of love—it was the one which brought me to the Saviour—is the sense of the security of God's people, and a desire to be as secure as they. I do not know what may be the peculiarity of my constitution, but safe things always have I loved. I have not, that I know of, the slightest grain of speculation in my nature. Safe things—things that I can see to be made of rock, and that will bear the test of time, I lay hold of with avidity; and I was reasoning thus in my boyish spirit:—Scripture tells me that he that believeth in Christ shall never perish. Then, if I believe in Jesus I shall be safe for time and for eternity too. There will be no fear of my ever being in hell; I shall run no risk as to my eternal state; that will be secure for ever. I shall have the certainty that when my eyes are closed in death, I shall see the face of Christ, and behold him in glory. Whenever I heard the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints preached, my mouth used to water to be a child of God. When I heard the old saints sing that hymn—

"My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity cannot erase;
Impressed on his heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, 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."

my heart was as if it would leap out of this body, and I would cry to God, "O that I had a part and lot in such a salvation as that!" Now, young man, what do you think of this band of love? Do you not think there is something reasonable and something powerful in it to secure yourself against all risk of eternal ruin, and that,

by the grace of God, in a moment? "He that believeth on him is not condemned." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands." What say you to this? Doth not this attract you? Doth not this band draw you? Lord, draw the sinner—draw the sinner, by the sweet temptation of security, and let him say, "I will lay hold of Christ to-night."

Certain Christians will tell you that they were first drawn to Christ by the holiness of godly relatives, not so much by their happiness as by their holiness. There is an Eastern fable, that a certain man, wishing to attract all the doves from the neighbouring dove-cotes into his own, took a dove and smeared her wings with sweet perfume. Away she flew, and all her fellow-doves observed her, and, attracted by the sweet incense, they flew after her, and the dove-cote was soon full. There are some Christians of that sort. They have had their wings smeared with the precious ointment of likeness to Jesus, and wherever they go—such is their kindness and their consistency; their gentleness, and yet their honesty; their lovely spirit, and yet their boldness for Jesus, that others take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, and they say, "Where does he dwell, for I would fain see him and love him too?" I am afraid I cannot attract you, sinner, in such a charming way as that, but I would have you read the lives of godly men. Study the actions, perhaps, of your own mother. Is she dead? Then remember what she used to be—what her life of devotedness to God was; and I charge you by the love of God, by her many prayers and tears, by the pity of her soul, and the yearning of her bowels towards you, let your mother's example be one of the cords of a man to draw you towards God. Lord, pull at that cord! Lord, pull at that cord! If the cord be round about you, and the Lord pull at it, I will have good hope that you will close with Christ to-night.

You see, we only show the cord, and then we leave it, hoping that, perhaps, one or another may be taken by its power. But now for another. We believe that not a few are brought to Christ by gratitude for mercies received. The sailor has escaped from shipwreck, or, perhaps, even in the River Thames he has had many a narrow escape for his life. The sportsman has had his gun burst in his hand, and yet he has been himself unharmed. The traveller has escaped from a terrific railway accident, himself picked out of the *debris* of the broken carriages, unhurt. The parent has seen his children, one after another, laid upon the bed of sickness with fever, but yet they have all been spared; or he himself has had loss upon loss in business, till at last it seemed as if a crash must come; but just then God interposed in a gracious Providence, and since then the tide of prosperity has set in. Some have thought over these things, and said, "Is God so good to me, and shall I not love him? Shall I live every day despising him who thus tenderly watches over me, and graciously provides for my wants?" O! sirs, methinks this cord of love ought to fall about some of you. How good has God been to you, my dear hearer. I will not tell your case out in public; but you have sometimes talked with a friend, and you have said, "How graciously has Providence dealt with me!" Give the Lord thy heart, young man. Thou canst do no less for such favour as he has shown thee. Mother, give Jesus thy heart; he well deserves it, for he has spared its being broken. Woman, consecrate—may the Lord help thee to do it!—consecrate thy heart's warmest affections to him who hath thus generously dealt with thee in Providence. He deserves it, doth he not? Wilt thou be guilty of ingratitude? Is there not a something in thee that says—"Stay no longer an enemy to so kind a friend; be reconciled; be reconciled to God by the death of his Son?" May that cord lay hold of some of you, and may God draw it, and so attract you to himself.

Persons whose characteristic is thinking, rather than loving, are often caught by

another cord. I do not know what may be your mode of thinking of things, but it strikes me, if I had not laid hold of Christ now, if anybody should meet me, and say—"The religion of Christ is the most reasonable religion in the world"—I should lend him my ear for a little time, and ask him to show it me. I have frequently caught the ears of travellers, and held them fast bound, when I have tried to show the entire reasonableness of the plan of salvation. God is just. That is granted. If God be just, sin must be punished. That is clear. How can God be just, and yet not punish the sinner? There is the question. The Gospel answers that question. It declares that Christ, the Son of God, became a man; that he stood in the room, place, and stead of such men as were chosen of God to be saved. These men may be known by their believing in Christ. Christ stood, then, in the place and stead of those whom I will now call believers. He suffered at God's hand everything that was due to God from them. Nay, he did more. Inasmuch as they were bound to keep God's law, but could not do it, Christ kept it for them; and now, what Christ did becomes theirs by an act of faith. They trust Christ to save them. Christ's sufferings are put in the stead of their being sent to hell, and they are justly delivered from their sins. Christ's righteousness is put in the stead of their keeping the law of God, and they are justly rewarded with a place in Paradise, as if they had themselves been perfectly holy. Now, it strikes me that that looks reasonable enough. In everyday life we see the same thing is done. A man is drawn for the militia; he pays for a substitute, and he himself goes free. A man owes a debt; some friend comes in and discharges the bill for him, and he himself is clear. The ends of justice are answered through substitution. Now there seems to me to be something so unique about the whole affair of God taking the place of man, and God suffering in man's form for man, that justice may by no means be marred, that my reason falls down at the feet of this great mystery, and cries, "I would have an interest in it; Lord, let me be one of those for whom Jesus died; let me have the peace which springs from a complete atonement wrought out by Jesus Christ. My brother, I wish I could draw thee with this: but I cannot. I can only show thee this cord, and tell thee how well it would draw thee; but if thou rejectest it, thy blood shall be upon thine own head; and I know thou wilt reject it, unless the mighty hand of God shall begin to tug at that band of love, and draw thee to Jesus.

A far larger number, however, are doubtless attracted to Jesus by a sense of his exceeding great love. It is not so much the reasonableness of the atonement as the love of God which shines in it, which seems to attract many souls. There once lived in the city of London, in the days of Queen Mary, a rich merchant, a man of generous spirit, a Lollard, one of those who were subjected to fine and imprisonment, and death for the truth's sake. Near him there lived a miserable cobbler—a poor, mean, miserable creature. The merchant, for some reason unknown, had taken a very great liking to the poor cobbler, and was in the habit of giving him all his work to do, and recommending him to many friends. As this man would not always work as he should, if the merchant saw his family in any need, he would send them meat from his own table, and frequently he clothed his children. Well, notwithstanding that he had acted thus, had often advanced him sums of money, and had acted with great kindness, a reward was offered to any one who would betray a Lollard, or would discover such person or persons as read the Bible, to the magistrates. The cobbler, to obtain this reward, went to the magistrates and betrayed the merchant. As God would have it, however, through some skillful advocate, the merchant escaped. He forgave—freely forgave—the cobbler, and never said a word to him about it; but in the streets the cobbler would always turn his head the other way, and try to get out of the way of the man whom he felt he had so grievously ill-treated. Still, the merchant never altered his treatment of him, but sent him meat as usual, and attended to his wife and children if they were

sick, the same as before; but he never could get the cobbler to give him a good word. If he did speak, it was to abuse him. One day, in a very, very narrow lane in the city—for the streets were narrow, and narrower still were the lanes—the merchant saw the cobbler coming, and he thought, "Now is my time; he cannot pass me now without facing me." Of course, the cobbler grew very red in the face, and made up his mind that if the merchant should begin to upbraid him, he would answer him in as saucy a manner as possible. But when the merchant came close to him, he said, "I am very sorry that you shun me; I have no ill-will towards you; I would do anything for you or for your family, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be friends with you." The cobbler stopped, and presently something came into his eyes; presently a flood of tears came down his cheeks, and he said—"I have been such a base wretch to you that I hated you, for I thought you never would forgive me; I have always shunned you, but when you talk to me like this, I cannot be your enemy any longer. Pray, sir, assure me of your forgiveness;" and he began to fall on his knees at once. That was the way to draw him with the cords of love, and with the bands of a man. And in a nobler sense, this is just what Jesus Christ has done for sinners. He has offered you mercy; he has proclaimed to you eternal life, and you reject it. Every day he gives you of his bounties, makes you to feed at the table of his Providence, and clothes you with the livery of his generosity. And yet, after all this, some of you curse him; you break his Sabbaths; you despise his name; you are his enemies. And yet, what does he say to you? He loves you still; he follows you, not to rebuke you, but to woo, and to entreat you to come to him, that you would have him for a friend. Can you hold out against my Master's wounds? Can you stand out against his bloody sweat? Can you resist his passion? O! can you? By the name of him who bowed his head upon the tree—who cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" can you hold out against him? If he had not died for me, I think I must love him for dying for other people. But he has died for you; you may know this if you trust him now with your soul, just as you are. This is the evidence that he died for you. O may God enable you to trust Jesus now, drawing you with this band of love, this cord of a man.

There are many more cords, but my strength fails me, and, therefore, I will mention but one more.

The privileges which a Christian enjoys ought to draw some of you to Christ. Do you know what will take place in these aisles to-night if the Holy Spirit should lead a sinner to trust Christ? I will tell you. There he stands. He is as big a sinner as there is out of hell. He knows it; he is wretched; he has a burden on his back. If that man is led to look to Christ to-night, his sins will roll off from him at once; they will roll into the sepulchre of Jesus, and be buried, and never have a resurrection. In a moment he will be clothed from head to foot with white raiment. The kiss of a Father's love shall be upon his cheek, and the seal of the Spirit's witness shall be fixed upon his brow. He shall be made, to-night, a child of God, a joint-heir with Christ. He shall be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. He shall be clothed with the righteousness of Jesus. He shall go to his house, not wretched, but as though he could dance for joy the whole way home. And when he gets home, it may be never so poor a cottage, but it will look brighter than it ever did before. His children he will look upon as jewels entrusted to his care, instead of being burdens, as he once said they were. His very trials he will come to thank God for; while his ordinary mercies will be sweetened and made very dear to him. The man, instead of leading a life like a hell upon earth, will live a life like heaven begun below; and all this shall take place in an instant. Nay, that is not all. The effect of this night's work shall tell throughout his entire life. He shall be a new creature in Christ Jesus; so that when the time shall come that his hair is grey, and he must stretch himself upon his bed and breathe out his last, he

shall, in his last moments, look back upon a path that has been lit with the grace of God, and look forward across the black river to an eternity in which the glory of God shall shine forth with as great a fulness as a creature can endure. This is enough, surely, to tempt a sinner to come to Jesus. This must be a strong cord to draw him. O, man! Jesus will accept you; he will accept you now, just as you are. Thousands he has received like you; let heaven's music witness to the fact. Thousands like you he receiveth still. Some of us can bear our testimony to that. Come and welcome, then; come and welcome. Never mind thy rags, prodigal; a Father's hand will take them off; never mind thy filth; never mind thy having fed the swine. Come as thou art; come just now.

I hear somebody saying, "Well! I am inclined to come, but I do not know what it means." To come, then, is to trust. You have been trying to save yourself. Do not try any more. You have been going to church, or going to chapel, and you have been trying to keep the commandments; but you cannot keep them. No man ever did keep them, and no man ever will keep them. You have been, in fact, like a prisoner who has hard labour. You have been walking upon the treadmill in order to get to the stars, and you are not an inch higher. After all you have done, you are just where you were. Now, leave this off; have done with it. Christ did keep the law; let his keeping it stand in the stead of your keeping it. Christ did suffer the anger of God; let his sufferings stand to you in the stead of your sufferings. Take him now, just as you are, and believe that he can save you—nay, that he will save you—and trust him to do it. It is all the Gospel that I have to preach. Very seldom do I finish a sermon without going over this simple matter of trusting Christ. There are some, perhaps, who inquire for something new. I cannot give it to you; I have not got anything new, but only the same old tale over and over again. Trust Christ and you are saved. We have heard in church-meetings, that, on several occasions, when at the close of the sermon I have merely said such as that, it has been enough to lead sinners into life and peace; and, therefore, we will keep on at it. My heart yearns to bring some of you to Christ to-night, but I know not what arguments to use with you. You surely do not wish to be damned. Surely you cannot make the calculation that the short pleasures of this world are worth an eternity of torment. But damned you must be except you lay hold on Christ. Doth not this cord draw you? Surely you want to be in heaven. You have some desire toward that better land in the realms of the hereafter. But you cannot be there except you lay hold on Christ. Will not this cord of love draw you? Surely it would be a good thing to get rid of fears, and suspense, and doubt, and anxiety. It would be a good thing to be able to lay your head on your pillow, and say, "I do not care whether I wake or not;" to go to sea, and reckon it a matter of perfect indifference whether you reach land or no. Nay, sometimes the wish with us to depart preponderates over that of remaining here. Do you not wish for that? But you can never have it except by laying hold on Christ. Will not this draw you? My dear hearers, you, whose faces I look upon every Sunday, and into whose ears this poor, dry voice has spoken so many hundreds of times, we do not wish to be parted. I know that to some of you this is the very happiest, as well as the holiest spot you ever occupied. You love to be here. I am glad you do, and I am glad to see you. I do not like to be separated from you. When any of you remove to other towns, it gives me pain to lose your faces. I hope we shall not be separated in the world to come. My beloved friends around me, who have been in Christ these many years—you also love them. We do not wish to be divided. I would like that all this ship's company should meet on the other side the sea. I do not know one among you that I could spare. I would not like to miss you who sit yonder, nor any of you who sit here; neither the youngest nor the oldest of you. Well, but we cannot meet in heaven unless we meet in Jesus Christ. We cannot meet father, and mother, and pastor, and

friends, unless we have a good hope through Jesus Christ our Lord. Will not that cord of love draw you? Mother, from the battlements of heaven a little angel is looking down to-night, beckoning with his finger. He is looking out for you, and he is saying, "Mother, follow your babe to heaven!" Father, your daughter charged you, as she died, to give your heart to Christ, and from her seat in heaven her charge comes down to you, with as great force as it came from her sick bed, I trust, "Follow me, follow me to heaven." Friends who have gone before—godly ones who have fallen asleep in Jesus—in one chorus, say to you, "Come up hither; come up hither, for we without you cannot be made perfect." Will not this band of love draw you? O! will not this cord of a man lay hold upon you, and bring you to the Saviour's feet? The Lord grant it may; but, as I have said, I can only show the cords. It is his to pull them; and they will be pulled if the saints will join in earnest prayer, invoking a blessing upon sinners. The Lord do it, for his love's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

WHERE IS THE SCAFFOLDING ?

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

It was once my lot to sojourn, for a time, in one of the neat and attractive towns of the west of England. A spot is this which is still sacred to my feelings by many pleasurable associations. There I have taken "sweet counsel" with beloved brethren, some of whom have "fallen asleep," and others, who "remain unto this present," are in different places, and even in different countries, executing the commands of "the Captain of our salvation." Along the banks of the winding river, meandering through this lovely valley, did we stroll, talking of the great work to which our lives were to be consecrated, and endeavouring to gladden each the heart of his friend by the recollection that, although conscious of much individual weakness, still, "our sufficiency is of God." Now and then our reverie would be broken in upon by the shrill whistle of the railway engine, comparatively a new thing in those days, and reminding us that we were thrown upon times of progress and advancement. Times in which all the powers we possessed would be called into exercise, if we would "be strong, and quit ourselves like men," thus keeping pace with the spirit of inquiry and research now excited. Returning from our rambles, and retracing our steps towards the town, one object in the distance would be sure to arrest attention. This was the lofty and magnificent tower attached to one of the churches. This was, probably, the

chief architectural ornament of the place. From the days of Queen Elizabeth it had been the pride of the successive generations of inhabitants, while no visitant or traveller passing through could fail to notice this truly imposing pile. Yea, respecting this object a tourist, many years ago, made the following entry in her journal:—"One of the two parish churches is adorned with a beautiful Gothic tower, a relic of ancient architecture very common in the west." Well, after two or three years' sojourn in this beautiful part of our lovely land, myself and my brethren were scattered. We had to buckle on the armour and to go forth "To the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Years rolled on, and again did I find myself gazing upon this venerable object of my early admiration. Now, however, the tower is surrounded, up to the very top of the pinnacles, with a most elaborate and costly scaffolding. Indeed, I was told that hundreds of pounds were expended in thus making provision for restoring the decayed parts of the tower of "Old St. Mary Magdalene." Yes; for this fabric, like all things terrestrial, had given unmistakable evidence of the ravages of time, and the crumbling effect of change and weather. That very building upon which the unfortunate Monmouth had unquestionably fixed his gaze, when engaged in bloody campaign in the valley hard by, had, at length, given way, and must be restored. This restoration is, however, impossible. Advice is taken. Architects and men of

great judgment in these matters, blended with much experience, also examine and report, and their decision is this:—"To restore the tower would be unsafe." What then? Is the neighbourhood to be deprived of this relic of ancient skill, and the town to lose this ornament of architectural beauty? No. If it cannot be restored, its lineaments can be sketched and preserved, and then "Old Magdalene" can be taken down and built anew. And this is to be done. The old fabric rapidly disappears. The foundation-stone of "New Magdalene" is laid, after an imposing procession, with masonic pomp, and if wealth and aristocratic influence can accomplish this object, it will, certainly, be conducted to a successful issue. Again years roll on. The new edifice rises, slowly, but surely, amid the surrounding scaffolding. "The top stone" has been brought on "with shoutings" which make the valley ring again. A grand opening day brings together, once more, the friends of the undertaking, and the whole, finished, is pronounced to be a complete success. Ah! And now, again, I find myself amid these scenes. A "brother beloved" has been gathered to his rest, and sorrowing survivors address to me the language of invitation—"Run down, and go with us to father's grave."

"Friend after friend departs!

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,

That hath not here an end."

Rest in peace, my brother, for we part to meet again. The quiet village graveyard contains all that was mortal of thee, and "the trumpet shall sound;" then "this corruptible shall put on incorruption." Well; and there stands the tower, O, how beautiful! Why, Sir Christopher Wren himself might have felt proud had he designed such a structure. I hope it will stand well, and that the charming country around may not be again the platform upon which shall be enacted scenes of cruelty and injustice such as marked the early days of the old tower. "Give peace in our time, O Lord." But what has become of the scaffolding? Why, it appeared to be as firm and durable as care and money could make it. Screwed and bolted together, it seemed capable of sustaining any pressure, while wind

and storm produced thereupon but trifling effect. Now, however, it is gone. Not a vestige thereof remains. The builder has removed it all, and, while the tower itself stands with glorious independence, the question again returns—What has become of the scaffolding? We cannot tell. Some of it, doubtless, was thrown away with the rubbish collected together during the progress of the building. The occupants of the cottages close at hand may have begged some of it to kindle the fire on their homely hearth. The workman, every now and then, threw a stick of it across his shoulder, upon which to hang his tool-basket, as he bent his steps from his labour to his rest, again to meet the smiles of wife and children. Yes; and, as he threw down his load, hear him—"Here, wife, this is useless now, it is only a piece of the scaffolding. Chop it up, and burn it if you like." There were some very lofty poles there, screwed together to make the requisite height, but these are gone. Probably some of them may be used again, but most of them are rotten, thrown aside as unsafe—hence, useless, and fit only to be consumed. They can be done without now, for they were only scaffolding. And now it may be asked, What is the moral of all this? Why are these facts presented to the attention of the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER? Simply for this reason. Frequently, in the Scriptures of truth, is the Church of God represented by the figure of "a building." True, it is not a tower, but it is a *Church*. Nay, it is **THE CHURCH**, a "building fitly framed together." Let us read a passage or two in proof of this. "Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith." "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Now, my reader, mark this; in the erection of this holy

and spiritual temple scaffolding is employed. The building itself is "a spiritual house." All the members are "lively stones." "Polished after the similitude of a palace." Yes; and every one of them rests upon "the foundation." They may be small. Their position may be secluded, nay, more, altogether hidden, or they may be large, prominent, and even richly ornamental, still every-one of them has its bearing upon the foundation. Ah! Here is the palace of royalty. Look at that splendid cornice yonder. See, it crowns the building. It overlays the wall, and is of great beauty and ornament also. To an inexperienced eye it looks as though it would topple over, and crush all beneath it. But no; its bearing is more weighty than its projection. The wind may howl, and the storm may rage, but of displacing these carved "top-stones" there is no danger, for they lie firmly upon the wall, while the whole of them rest upon the foundation. Aye, my friend, whose eye scans this page, and just so is it in the church. "Built upon the foundation." And "the foundation of God standeth sure." O, my soul! Herein consists thy safety. Not in thy graces, much less in thy gifts, but alone in thy connexion with thy bearing upon the foundation.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Yes! on that "Rock" I am safe; but all outside the building is *only scaffolding*. Let us survey this temporary erection. Look at that corner-pole there, apparently the strongest, and, certainly, the highest of all. From its summit floats the flag in the breeze of heaven, expressive of the well-being and comfort of the men below. Ah! is not *this* the man upon whose lips have hung listening multitudes, as, from that pulpit yonder, he delivered sentiments full of beauty, and with seeming faithfulness, but who, alas! has never "heard," has never "seen with his eyes," has never "looked upon," has never "handled the Word of life." He has forgotten that ears that hear him now will be for ever filled with the anthems of the redeemed, or vibrate with the wail of the despairing and the

lost. He never thought that eyes that gaze up into his white from the pulpit he proclaims to them the salvation of Christ will soon see the Judge of all the earth. "O, my soul!" Who is sufficient for "a work so great—for duties so serious—for responsibilities so overwhelming? Not the scholar or the orator merely. No; none save the man who is baptized with the Holy Ghost." All others will sob out, some day. "They made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." "After I have preached to others," like a scaffold-pole, I am "a castaway." Hard by this object of mournful interest stands another, apparently of equal importance and utility. It seems to retain its position firm and upright, while, between the two, the putlogs get a satisfactory bearing, and the builders can climb with safety. Here, methinks, I discover a representation of that man whose ear is ever open to the cry of distress and calamity. The stream of whose benevolence never ceases to flow. Whose cheque-book and banking account could attest with what frequency and to what extent he has aided the cause of philanthropy and religion. "Call upon that gentleman," says my friend, if I appeal for pecuniary assistance, "he never refuses a case." Ah! but, sad truth! He just stops there. His money may have led others to a Saviour of whom, alas! he, personally, has no experimental knowledge. He intends that his "charity should never fail," while, probably, upon that plank, he means, some day, to float himself across "the river." Not on the building, then, to such an one, we say, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou thoughtest that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God." Let us look again. There is that *cross-beam* there, tied from pole to pole, upon which rest the planks and bricks, and which is, evidently, a most essential part of the scaffolding. Without such as this the poles would be altogether useless, for, after all, it is the putlogs that make the temporary erection complete. My friend, *the Sunday-school teacher*, a lovely, upright character art thou, but, alas! lacking the "one thing." Well!

may not this part of my figure apply to thee? Sabbath after sabbath pretty eyes, brilliant with light and intelligence, gaze upon thy countenance as, to "the little ones," thou speakest of a Saviour's love. Yet! after all, concerning that love thou canst not say "we speak that we do know." Many of the workers together with thee can so express themselves. They are saved, but as to thyself, this love has heights which thou hast never tried to measure, it has depths that thou art not anxious to fathom. Punctual in thy attendance, and, to a certain extent, interested in thy work, still scaffolding only, because "not of this building." Try, my friend, to imagine what would be the effect if, while you are speaking some day of the duty and blessedness of praying to Jesus, and asking your scholars to avail themselves of this privilege, one of the tiny listeners should look up, and with childlike simplicity, should propose this question, "Teacher, do you ever pray?" Surely, my friend, the religion that is essential to the happiness of those beneath thy care, is equally important to thyself personally. Aye! and much of thy present usefulness, and, certainly, all thy future reward and felicity depend, not upon thy teaching to others the way to the Saviour, no, but in coming to him thyself. Yes. The Master's language shall confirm this statement. "Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like: he is like a man which built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock." These remarks might, with ease, be prolonged, but space forbids. May the Holy Spirit apply the truth to myself first, and then to my reader. Glorious, most glorious, is the prospect presented to the mind of the Christian as he anticipates the completion of this "spiritual house." Every "stone," in its proper position, beautiful in its symmetry, and all the result of the wisdom of a Divine architect. Yes! And finished it certainly shall be. We may ask, another day "where is the scaffolding? This may not be found, but touching the building itself we have

no misgivings." This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." There stands the building, but O, the scaffolding! Where, where, where is the scaffolding?

"The puny works which feeble men
Now boast, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
Shall perish in one common fire."
Woolwich.

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

THIS may truly be designated a reading age. The press is teeming with new publications, and it is not too much to say of it, to a great extent, it is "like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." But it is matter for fervent gratitude that there is also much sanctified intellect which is as "a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon."

There is, moreover, not only such a diversity of reading, but of readers. Coleridge said there were four classes of readers. The first might be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs out and leaves not a grain behind; a second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same condition—or it may be something worse; a third class are like a jelly bag, which allows all that is pure to pass through and retains only the dregs; the fourth class may be compared to the workers in a diamond-mine, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the precious gem.

These remarks of course apply only to uninspired books, and the best of these being the productions of erring men, must be read with due caution and discrimination. The chaff must be winnowed from the wheat—the dross from the gold—the diamond from its incrustations. Many into whose hands this article may come, may not have much leisure for reading; we recommend such therefore to procure by purchase, by loan, or through the

libraries of literary institutions, the best abridgments of the history or science they wish to study.

Having selected your book, read it *carefully*. Pass not on from page to page, till you are sure you understand the author, or make a note of the difficulty for further inquiry.

It is a good practice also to write out the most striking parts, not in the very words of the author, but in your own, by which means you will familiarize your mind to valuable thoughts, and engrave them more deeply on the tablet of your memory.

If two or more friends agree to read together, each suggesting such remarks or inquiries as may elicit mutual reflection, or discussion, the pleasure and the profit will be considerably enhanced.

It is however of *religious literature*, we desire more especially to speak. Here, vital interests are involved. It will be comparatively harmless to err on a point of history—to be misled as to the distance of a planet—the exact position of an island—the age of a fossil, or the classification of a plant or an animal; but to mistake with regard to the things which pertain to salvation, would be to peril our eternal welfare. In all your theological reading, therefore, bring the author's sentiments to the unerring testimony of Divine revelation.

You have no inspired book on astronomy, geology, botany, or secular history; but on the Divine science of religion, you have "a more sure word of testimony to which you will do well to take heed."

"To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Guard also against being misled by the seeming aptitude with which *texts* are quoted; turn to the sacred volume and study them in their *connexion*, and ascertain the harmony or discord of every human sound, with the grand key-note of Divine revelation. And now our remaining space must be devoted to a few suggestions as to the best method of reading the Bible.

Other books you may read cursorily and superficially, but the Bible is the Word of God, and demands your patient and reverential study. If you read ever so little, be sure you "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it." It is food not

merely for your intellectual but for your spiritual and immortal nature. It is the knowledge which is "able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Read it, therefore, deliberately, reflecting on every sentence, yea, on every word, imitating the patient and industrious bee which passes from flower to flower, extracting the honey from each, for it is only by this method you will find it as David did, "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

Above all, read the Bible *prayerfully*. You would consider it no small privilege if, while reading some book in which you were deeply interested, you had the author always at hand to explain his meaning. This privilege have all believers. The Spirit who first indited the sacred page is promised to unfold its meaning to all who, like the Psalmist, devoutly pray, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Luther's advice is admirable, to "pause at every verse of Scripture, and shake with prayer every bough of the tree of life, that its precious fruit may fall into our lap."

At first sight this may seem a method only suited to the student, the minister, or the profound divine, but to the humblest Christian it will be found an effectual means of "instruction in righteousness." You may then make the Bible a complete *manual of devotion*. Spread it before you and read it on your knees, and you will want neither matter nor words for communion with God. Is it a *psalm*? It is then a most appropriate vehicle in which you may pour out your heart's sorrows, joys, or wants, in strains of penitence, gratitude, or supplication. Is it a *doctrine*? Bless God for it, and while you praise him for the doctrines of grace, do not neglect to pray for the grace of the doctrines. Is it a *promise*? Plead it, as Jacob did, "Thou saidst I will surely do thee good." It may be, unbelief will suggest concerning these great and precious promises, that they are too good for you to ask, as when the Emperor Alexander promised a munificent present to one of his favourites, the astonished subject modestly said the gift was too great for so humble an individual. The lofty monarch replied, "I consider not what is fit for thee to

receive, but what is fit for an emperor to bestow." We too should remember for our enlargement in prayer, while we might well hesitate to ask the least mercy for our own sakes, we cannot ask too largely for his sake, whom the Father heareth always. Is it a *precept*? Then it supplies matter for deep humiliation on account of our imperfect obedience and earnest prayer for grace to obey it.

One more counsel we offer our readers is, that they not only study the Bible, but *transcribe it in their lives*. It will then be translated into a universal language, which all may read. Thousands around us may never peruse the sacred page, who will read it in the living character of a holy life, and may thus be allured to study the original, and thereby be made wise unto salvation.

Should these lines be read by any who are sceptical or regardless of the sacred volume, we affectionately remind them, if they despise God's Word inviting them, they will surely feel God's wrath taking vengeance on them. If they make light of the promises they will feel the weight of the threatening. Rather may it be a lamp unto our feet to guide us to the Saviour and ultimately to the glorious immortality it reveals.

Bury St. Edmunds.

THE PHARISEES CONDEMNING CHRIST.

BY REV. E. MORGAN.

"We know that this man is a sinner."—John ix. 24.

THE most bitter and unrelenting foes of our Lord during the period of his personal ministry were the Pharisees. All his proceedings were watched by them with a zeal that nothing could exhaust, as one act of sympathy and kindness succeeded another; and as Jesus increased in favour both with God and man, feelings of contempt, wrath, and envy filled their breasts. They hated him because of his integrity, despised him because of his poverty, and envied him because of his growing popularity. They sometimes sat under his teachings, but it was not to be benefitted by his instructions or to accept his words of truth and soberness—it was not honestly to examine his claims to the Messiahship, or to enter into fair and manly disputation with him: their object was to take hold of him in his words,

that so they might deliver him to the governor. To destroy and crush his influence was what they desired to effect, and they felt assured that ultimately they would gain their end. Jesus having healed a man born blind, the man was brought before a council of Pharisees for examination. In order to depreciate the cure and lower the gracious Benefactor, both in the estimation of the healed one and of all those who should hear of the event, they say to the man, "Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner." The reason why they came to such a conclusion on this occasion was because Jesus had performed the miracle on the Sabbath-day, but at the same time, as the guides of the people, they pretended to give the result of a careful investigation of his character and claims. The true ground of their hatred and persecution of the Just One was their envy. They did not want to lose their hold of the people, and they knew the contest for their affections lay between Christ and them. They endeavoured to convince the multitude that he was an impostor, and envy led them to do this. It was envy that induced them to bargain with Judas for his betrayal—it was envy that caused them to find false witnesses to appear against him in the court—it was envy that caused them to say when Pilate wished to liberate him, "We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself to be the Son of God"—it was envy that caused them to join in the cry, "Away with this man! and release unto us Barabbas"—envy urged them on to imbrue their hands in his blood, but this feeling could not have free course, nor triumph so gloriously, unless it seemed to have some foundation to rest upon; so they contented themselves with a very formal examination of the claims of him whom the Father had sent and sealed, stating, as the result of their inquiry, "We know that this man is a sinner."

I. We notice a few of the apparent grounds on which this change was founded.

1. They thought Jesus to be a sinner because he associated with sinners. Their great complaint was, "This man receiveth sinners." They did not see how he could keep himself unpolluted in their company or that he could have any motive in associating with them except complacency in their conduct. Jesus allowed sinners of every grade to come to him, and he even sought their society when they did not.

come to him. For this the Pharisees condemned him.

2. Jesus observed none of the customs and ceremonies of this sect except those which had been divinely enjoined. They sounded a trumpet before them when they gave alms. Jesus never did a benevolent action that he might be seen of men. They performed their personal devotions in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets. Jesus went up into a mountain to pray that he might pray in secret. When they came out among their fellow-men they made broad their phylacteries and enlarged the borders of their garments. Jesus appeared in the ordinary garb of a Galilean—a coat woven from the top throughout. They would not eat food unless they had performed certain purifications. Jesus does not seem to have conformed to this observance. When they fasted, they did it with great display. Jesus commanded his disciples not to fast as they did, that they might have honour of one another and of men. Because he did not fall in with their practices, they esteemed him a fanatic, to be despised and rejected of men.

3. This sect regarded Jesus as a sinner because he claimed to be the Messiah. Josephus informs us that in the reign of Herod the Great, about a year or two before the birth of Christ, six thousand Pharisees spread the news through the nation that soon another king would arise who should dethrone Herod and have supreme authority in the land. This shows that their views were carnal; they expected a temporal prince, and because Jesus, when he came preaching the kingdom, did not appear as some great one, nor attempt to liberate the Jews from under the Roman yoke, they felt certain that he could not be the glorious person of whom Moses and the prophets did write, and, without further inquiry, they condemned him as an impostor.

4. The Pharisees rejected Jesus because he claimed to be the Son of God. In his discourses before his enemies he spoke as though he thought it no robbery to be equal with God. He said that he and the Father were one, that he was before Abraham, and that he should one day appear as the Judge of all mankind. This his foes considered his master-crime; it was blasphemy, and deserving of death. On these grounds the Pharisees opposed Christ, persecuted him, and were determined to destroy him; and on these grounds they called him a sinner.

II. The injustice of the charge laid against Christ. Had the Pharisees fairly examined the claims of Jesus, they would have been met by a class of facts that would have proved their charge to be entirely groundless; had they been willing to come to the light, the works of Christ were sufficient evidence that he had come forth from God; but they were wise and prudent in their own esteem; so the glorious realities of the kingdom were hidden from them, and revealed to babes. The result of further inquiry would have been—1st. That Jesus never countenanced sin. Sinners love sin; they throw the rein to their sinful passions, and revel in iniquity; they work all uncleanness with greediness; they are led on by the deceitfulness of sin from one stage to another, till they are past feeling, and reformation is almost impossible; but Jesus never encouraged sin. The place where sin held her court had no charm for him; he did not wish to dwell amidst scenes of vanity and vice. When he associated with sinners, it was not to partake of their sins, but to bring wanderers to the path of virtue. He was the good Shepherd, who went into the wilderness after the sheep that had gone astray, to bring them back into the green pastures, and beside the still waters of his holy religion. His conduct was very unlike that of sinners in general, and this, at least, his enemies should have known, but that they were wilfully blind.

2. Jesus was perfectly free from sin. He was the only absolutely sinless one that was ever found among the sons of men. He was pure in thought, and word, and deed. He never swerved from the path of rectitude; he never, at any time, transgressed his Father's command, and could say to him, "Thy law is within my heart." His inward purity was constantly coming to light; it shone before men. Enemies were challenged to detect and expose a flaw in his moral conduct, and could not. He was the Lamb of God. How strong must be the prejudice and hatred that could, in the face of this unspotted sanctity, say, "We know that this man is a sinner."

3. Jesus, in his private life, and in his public ministry, opposed sin. He reproved the deeds of darkness, and urged those whom he freely pardoned to go and sin no more. Though merciful to sinners, he was the avowed enemy of sin. When it

lay hidden under a cloak of hypocrisy, he tore the cloak away, and exhibited the monster in his true proportions. How boldly did he oppose the sinful and hypocritical conduct of the scribes and Pharisees. What holy severity kindled in his soul, and flashed from his eyes, when he said to them, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" How could such a stern opposer of sin be himself a sinner?

4. Jesus came into the world to destroy sin. The whole race of mankind was under its power, and exposed to its awful consequences. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, inasmuch as that all had sinned. How shall men be set free from this dreadful universal bondage? A day-spring of hope visited the world when the angel said unto Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Jesus came to destroy sin. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Much had been done by men to remove the guilt of sin; the blood of human and other victims had streamed for ages on heathen altars, but the stains of guilt were not effaced. Jewish sacrifices only served to point the worshipper to

"A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they."

This nobler sacrifice, this more precious blood, was at last found; blood that cleanseth from all sin streamed from the person of the Son of God on the cross. This is the only means of pardon, peace, and purity for man. Through this infinite atonement the guilt of sin could be removed, and man become reconciled to God. The published merits of the redeeming work of Christ is the Gospel of the ever-blessed God to a lost world. When this Gospel shall have been preached to all nations, then many of the awful crimes and much of the unbounded wickedness of the present day will be unknown; and though the Gospel, even in the millennium, will not annihilate all the evil, yet the separation that will take place between the just and the unjust, in the judgment morning, will free the earth from all remains of impurity, and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. If this earth then become the abode of the saints,

Paradise, with its holy joys, will be restored, and angels will descend and freely mingle with Adam's redeemed race. If Jesus came into the world thus to destroy sin, he could not be a sinner.

The inviting character of the adorable Jesus is that of a Saviour from sin. He would never have been thought a sinner if he had not come to save sinners. "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." He took upon him our nature, and redeemed us from under the curse of the law by being made a curse for us. What wondrous condescension! what unspeakable love was it that the Prince of Life and Glory should stoop to such indignity and reproach! But the shame is for ever past. He who was considered a sinner, and was thought as such to be stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted, is now honoured and adored by all the hosts of heaven as the King of saints. "Redeemer God" is the noblest title we can give him. This is the name that is above every name. It binds heaven and earth together; it is the only prevailing plea before the throne of grace, the only foundation for a sinner's hope; and its honour should be the principal aim of the Christian's life. It is a pledge of safety to the redeemed before the throne; and it speaks of life, and bliss, and pardon, bought with blood, wherever it is published on earth. It is as ointment poured forth in the assembly of the saints, and to sinners it is a strong tower, into which they run and are safe. It shall endure for evermore; it will be engraven as in the rock in the memories of all who have ever heard it, whether they be lost or saved. It shall be heard in every anthem that rolls around the throne on high, and mingle with the wailings and cursings of the lost in their prison of fire. The sinner's Saviour must have the glory due to his name; and when millions of ransomed and renewed ones shall stand before him and hail him as the Lamb slain for mortals, he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

Crews.

THE WASHING OF REGENERATION.

BY THE REV. J. WILLIAMS.

Titus iii. 5, 6.

It is commonly supposed that "the washing of regeneration" refers to the ordinance of Christian baptism. Those who believe in the dogma of Baptismal

regeneration maintain, that by means of baptism, in connection with the Spirit's influences, regeneration is effected. Such is a prevalent notion in the Church of England. The notion is pretty generally held, by evangelical Christians of all denominations, that baptism is a sign, or symbol, of regeneration. It is usual to refer to Titus iii. 5, and to John iii. 5, in support of these views. We incline, however, to the opinion that water baptism is not referred to in either passage, but that "the washing of regeneration" is a metaphorical allusion to "the renewing of the Holy Ghost," just as Christ's words, "born of water," is a metaphorical allusion to being "born of the Spirit." The Scriptures frequently speak of sin as a defilement, and deliverance from it as a cleansing, or purification, and water as the emblem of the regenerating, sanctifying influences of Divine grace. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 27; Psalm li. 7, 10; 1 John i. 9.

Now, while we hold that baptism is a Divine ordinance, to be observed by all Christian disciples, and have no objection to admitting that it is "an outward visible sign of this inward spiritual grace" of regeneration—though often it is administered to graceless souls—yet we do not believe that it is one of the means by which sinners are regenerated, which is taught both by Paul and Christ, if the texts we have quoted refer to baptism. It is more consonant with the general teaching of Scripture to regard "the washing of regeneration" as a figurative expression, which is explained by what follows, "the renewing of the Holy Ghost." It may be thought that the little word "*and*," indicates that there are two distinct operations intended—"the washing of regeneration *and* the renewing of the Holy Ghost." But the word here, and in John iii. 5, rendered "*and*," has often the sense of *that is*, or *even*, and is sometimes so rendered in our version. For example (James i. 27)—"Pure religion and undefiled before God *and* the Father," &c. "God *and* the Father" are not two distinct persons, but *one*. "God *even* the Father" would be a correct rendering—see Titus ii. 13. "The glorious appearing of the Great God *and*"—rather *even*—"our Saviour Jesus

Christ." It is to one person Paul evidently refers, for he speaks of the *glorious appearing* of the Great God, &c., with manifest allusion to the second advent of Jesus Christ. In 1 Cor. xv. 24, the word is rendered *even*—"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, *even* the Father." So John iii. 5, we think, should be rendered, "Except a man be born of water"—*that is*, or *even*, "of the Spirit," &c. And so, Titus iii. 5, by "the washing of regeneration," *even* "the renewing," &c.; or "by means of a washing of regeneration," *even* "a renewing of the Holy Spirit." (Turnbull.) The Apostle, like Christ, is speaking, not of what is a sign, or symbol, of regeneration, and which is not essential to it, but of the grace by which alone it can be brought about. This we regard as the doctrine taught by Paul, and by Christ, that *regeneration is a spiritual change, produced by the personal operation, or working of the Holy Spirit.* Of the mode of this operation, or working, we know nothing (John iii. 8.) Still, there are several important truths taught in Holy Scripture, respecting the Spirit's operations in regeneration, to which we do well to give heed.

1. They are *indispensably necessary*. "No sinner can be regenerated, no sinner ever has been regenerated, without the Spirit's work in his heart. "Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Christ teaches, not simply that a new birth, but that a new birth, wrought by the Holy Spirit, is necessary to admission into the kingdom of grace. Whence does that necessity arise? It is not man's want of natural power, but his want of moral disposition, or inclination, to become a new creature—not man's weakness, but his wickedness, that renders it necessary for the Spirit to work a saving change in him. The guilty sinner would plead this doctrine as an excuse, or apology, for his persistent impenitence and unbelief. It is, however, his severest condemnation. He is so thoroughly bad, that nothing short of "the renewing of the Holy Ghost" can make him thoroughly good.

2. They are carried on by the *instrumentality of the truth*. The intimate con-

nection of the Spirit's influences and the instrumentality of the Gospel is clearly set forth in Ephesians v. 26—"The washing of water" is the cleansing of the soul through the influence of the Spirit, which is effected "by" means of "the Word." See also James i. 18; 1 Peter i. 23; John viii. 33; 2 Thess. ii. 13.

Dr. Wardlaw, referring to the fact that regeneration is sometimes ascribed to God and the Spirit of God, and at other times to the truth, remarks, that "such passages are perfectly consistent with each other. They intimate the necessity, in order to the effect being produced, of the concurrence of the truth and of the influence of the Spirit; of the truth as the *means*, and the Spirit as the *agent*." The one class of passages do not mean that the truth produces the effect without the Spirit, nor the other that the Spirit produces it without the truth. It is natural to expect, in such a case, that the effect should sometimes be traced to the efficient agent, and at other times to the necessary and invariable means of that agent's operation. "Many," says Mc Lean, "are of the opinion that in regeneration the Holy Spirit operates upon the mind in a physical, or mechanical manner, previous to, and abstract from, the introduction of light into the understanding; or by such operations as are suited to work upon material subjects. But waiving this metaphysical and useless speculation, let it be observed that the operations pleaded for are of a *moral* or *spiritual* nature, suited to the rational spirit of man, to the nature and regular exercises of his mental faculties, or to the constitution of his nature, as a reasonable and accountable creature. "The Holy Spirit works by *means* upon the minds of men in their regeneration. Awakening Providences are often subservient to the end; but the Word of God is the chief means, and particularly the Word of the truth of the Gospel. Providences may be useful to awaken serious consideration and reflection, and the revealed law of God is well calculated to enforce a conviction of guilt and danger; but till the mind is in some degree enlightened in the knowledge of Christ, and the way of salvation through him, there is no

saving change actually produced. Everything short of this, however subservient to this, is not the thing itself; for such things may, and often have, failed of a gracious issue. Therefore, we have no ground to suppose that a principle of grace is wrought in the heart previous to the knowledge of the truth, or distinct from it; for the Gospel, or Word of truth, when believed in, is the very principle of grace in the heart, and so is termed the incorruptible seed."

3. They are imparted through the mediation of Jesus Christ—"shed on us"—*i. e.*, the influence, not the person, of the Holy Spirit, "is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." With what wonderful uniformity do the Scriptures set forth the merits of Christ as the ground upon which the Divine Father bestows all the blessings of salvation upon guilty man! Are we pardoned? "In Christ we have redemption through his blood," &c. Are we justified? It is freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Are we reunited to God? It is by the death of his Son. Have we received the blessing of adoption? It is by virtue of Christ's vicarious sacrifice. Have we liberty to enter into the Holiest? It is "by the blood of Jesus." Have our prayers power with God, and do they prevail? It is because they are offered in the name of Jesus. Are we happy? It is because "we joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. Have we the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the grave? It is because our robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. So Paul teaches us, that if we have received the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit, it is because God has shed them down upon us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour. The atonement of Christ is the one channel through which God communicates to us needy, unworthy sinners, "all spiritual blessings." Bless the Lord, O my soul! Although by thine own merit thou deservest nothing but eternal woe, yet by the merit of another thou hast a title to everlasting life.

4. They are received by faith. No man enjoys the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit until he believes in Christ, and only by believing in Christ. It is

not meant that the Spirit has nothing to do with the production of faith. Faith and all the other graces are of the operation of the Spirit of God. But the question before us is, by what act on the sinner's part does God shed down his Holy Spirit upon him for the purpose of regenerating him, and by means of which that result is realized? The answer is, by "the belief of the truth," or Gospel. It is by faith that we receive the Spirit's gracious operations into our heart, see Gal. iii. 2. The apostle here means to teach the Galatians that it was "by the hearing of faith," or by faith in the Gospel which they had heard, and not by works of righteousness which they had done, they had received the Spirit into their hearts. This is made clear by what he says in verses 13 and 14—"The promise of the Spirit" means the Spirit who had been promised, or the promised Spirit; and Paul shows that this promised Spirit had been received "through faith." To the same effect he writes in the following texts:—Eph. i. 13, 14; 1 Thess. ii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 13, 14. The same doctrine was taught by Christ himself, John vii. 37-39.

O how important, then, it is, that those who hear the Gospel's joyful sound, believe in it! Deplorable is the condition and fearful the prospects of all who are "hearers only." The Word will profit them nothing if their hearing be not mixed with faith. It is "faith that unites to the Lamb," which receives the renewing of the Holy Spirit.

"It says to the mountains, Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And makes such a sinner as I
As pure as an angel of light."

Newport, Mon.

"I GO A FISHING."

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

THESE words were spoken by Peter, to some of his fellow-disciples, in the interval between Christ's death and his reappearance among them. They were standing by the Lake of Gennesereth. Its blue waters were well familiar to them, and had often yielded them abundant spoil. Whether it was because he

had found out the depressing influence of inaction to those who are in grief, as they were, or whether it was because necessity urged him to do something for the supply of his wants, we know not. This, however, was his resolve, "I go a fishing." A simple and common-place incident, certainly. Albeit, simple and common-place incidents, when looked at by the eye of earnest piety in their various relations, always have some useful teachings. Let us try to discover what are the lessons of the words before us.

I. *The humility of piety.* It is true that Peter had fallen, but now he was restored. He had erred previously, but now he had seen the error of his way. Indeed, the denial of Christ, inasmuch as it produced deep repentance, and taught him his own weakness, had been overruled to his good. Therefore, at the period to which the verse in question belongs, he was a true Christian. Mark his humility. "I go a fishing," said he. He had no unmanly dread of manual labour. Its common and plebeian character did not disgust him. He was not ashamed of again taking up his old craft of fishing. Although he had been one of the companions of no other than the Divine Christ, although he had witnessed the stupendous miracles of the Incarnate God, although he had listened with rapt attention to the utterances of him who "spake as never man spake," he did not think it beneath him to return to his former occupation on the Tiberian Sea. He had been with Christ when he was transfigured on the rocky heights of Tabor; he had been with Christ when he rode in simple, yet majestic triumph into the city of the Great King; he had been with Christ when, in righteous indignation, he lifted the scourge against mercenary traders, and drove them from the temple, which they profaned with their miserable barter. Notwithstanding all this, he was not so inflated with pride as to look down in scorn upon his previous trade, but was ready, when duty called, to resume it. The hand which had wrought miracles again grasped the oar; the arm which had been lifted to exorcise evil spirits again dragged the nets; and the foot that had paced many a mile by the Saviour's side again

stepped with alacrity into the well-known barque.

What a salutary lesson there is for us here. Think no labour degrading which is not in itself wrong. Reckon no pursuit disgraceful which is engaged in in a right spirit. Real religion enables a man to descend as well as ascend. It gives him the power to rise in the social and commercial scale; it does more—it gives him the rarer and nobler power of going down with dignity and meekness. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do it all the name of the Lord." This is the maxim of the New Testament. "Whatsoever;" it matters little whether it be wearing a crown or sweeping a street; making startling discoveries in science, or toiling in some damp cellar at a menial pursuit—do it for the sake of Christ; do it with the mind of Christ; do it as part of the wonderful, yet kindly discipline of Providence, and you are doing all, as far as things secular are concerned, that God expects of you. Yes; our common life may be consecrated to him. The world's Redeemer was once a carpenter; Paul helped to make tents; and it was even to poor slaves that the apostle said, "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things." Reader, you and I may serve God in our daily business and ordinary occupations. Let us but act on the principles and imbibe the spirit of Jesus, and then our common-place affairs will be transfigured with the "beauty of holiness."

"Where'er thy fields of pleasure lie,
Where'er thy lot of labour fall,
Raise thou an altar in the midst,
And offer there a sheaf of all.
For now since once the Lamb has died,
Whose blood doth sprinkle every shrine,
Our common things may there be laid,
All hallowed unto use divine."

Mark, moreover, in passing, how rich a reward this godly humility secures. Peter did not think it too great a condescension to "go a fishing," although he had been the companion, and was the apostle, of Christ. What followed, and why? He received the boon which, of all others, his heart most desired. He came into the possession of the greatest blessing which man can enjoy. He found Jesus. He saw, heard, talked with, the loving and merciful Master. He beheld that face which beamed with gentleness

and grace. He listened to words of faithful reproof and generous forgiveness. What an ample recompense for doing the ordinary and vulgar duty to which he had been called. Never did fishing excursion bring him such large profit as this one did.

It is always so. The doing of a duty ensures the same now. A new sight of Christ; a higher and unexpected view of the Saviour; this is the portion of such as are faithful in the Redeemer's service. In truth, nothing qualifies us so efficiently for a right knowledge of Jesus—a correct understanding of his work, his teachings, his character—as a life of humble and earnest labour for him. There is an old ecclesiastical legend which will illustrate this. One day a monk was praying, in his cell, when he suddenly had a vision of Christ. There stood the Master, in all his sorrowful beauty and gentle majesty. While enraptured with the scene, the spectator heard the convent-bell ringing. This was the summons for him to feed the poor, who waited outside the gate. What must he do? If he goes, he leaves the glorious vision; if he remains, he certainly neglects his duty. He resolved to go. He departed, and gave bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty. Then he returned.

"He stood by the door, unwilling
To see the cell so bare;
He opened the door, and lo!
The Master was standing there."

In undiminished, and even greater glory, he was there still, and thus addressed the monk:—"If thou hadst remained here, I should not have done." Thus it ever is. Working for the Redeemer, even though it be menial service, insures a clearer, brighter, better view of him.

II. *The greatness of little things.* What a marvellous influence that one man, Peter, has had on the world. How marvellous in point of extent. The sermon which he preached on the day of Pentecost was the means of converting hundreds and thousands. The epistles he has written have, wherever they have gone, been a power for good. East and west, north and south, they have been, and are, eagerly read. Millions have derived pleasure and profit from them. Well has the apostle, through them,

obeyed the summons, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." How marvellous, in point of *duration*, is the influence of Peter. It is eighteen hundred years old. Statesmen have ruled, died, and been forgotten; poets have sung, died, and been forgotten; warriors have fought, died, and been forgotten; but Peter yet lives in his holy thoughts and devout emotions, as recorded in God's words. Those thoughts and emotions are at work as vigorously to-day as they were when first revealed.

Yet mark, this influence, so mighty in extent and duration, is most intimately connected with the little incident under notice, "I go a fishing." Peter's going fishing led him to Christ, and from Christ he received that authority, that power, and that stimulus which were the source of his extraordinary influence. So true is it that from small beginnings great results proceed. What looks trivial and little often ends in what is supremely important, and anything but insignificant. In our individual experience we have, surely, all proved this to be the case. Large doors and massive iron gates turn upon small hinges. It is so with the gates of experience. It is strange to look back and see how a trifle, apparently, has changed the whole career of one's history. Five minutes' walk with a friend accidentally met in the street, an illness, an accident, missing a train, being a little too late for a steamer—things like these have, over and over again, turned the stream of our lives into an altogether opposite channel from that in which it before flowed. It is even so with spiritual and moral life. A few words earnestly uttered, the finding and reading of a tract, the overhearing of a prayer or a conversation, the chance repetition of an old and familiar passage of Scripture—such are the commonplace, though blessed, means by which many a man has been saved.

Is there anything to be learned from all this? There is. *Beware how you act in reference to little means of doing good and doing evil.* Take heed how you act in relation to what are called "little sins." Small guilt produces great guilt. One apparently insignificant wrong will lead to a multitude of others. As a certain writer says, "Small infidelities

are infidelities, and will produce the greater. The little thief goes in at the narrow window, and lets in all the big ones." The man who is dishonest with a penny will probably soon be unscrupulous about a pound; and the man who is dishonourable with a pound will not be over-conscientious with a million of pounds. What people vulgarly call "white lies" are the parents of black ones. * Tampering with the truth is but the first step in a course whose consummation is the utter disregard of it. The human being who "hates his brother without a cause," "is in danger of the judgment," for he has the germ of murder in his heart. *Beware, too, how you act in reference to little means of doing good.* Do not despise them because they are little. Do we despise the acorn? No; for there is a forest inside it. Do we despise the seed? No; for it is the germ of man's bread. Do we despise the spark? No; for it may burn down houses, streets, towns. Do we despise the little child? No; for it may be an embryo statesman, poet, philanthropist, or warrior. Neither let us "despise the day of small things" as regards opportunities of usefulness. What if they are small? Use them; turn them to the best profit that you can, and you shall find that some of them, at least, will be glorious in their issues.

"A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain,—
'My brief existence now is ended;
Ontoast alike from earth and sky;
Useless to live, unknown to die.'
It chanced to fall into the sea,
And there, an open shell received it,
And after years, how rich was he
Who from his prison-house released it;
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem."

III. *A great source of comfort in sorrow* is suggested by Peter's words. He and his companions were in trouble. Jesus had left them. Imperfect were their views of him and his power. It would seem that they could hardly realize the idea of a resurrection. To say the least, doubts and fears of no light and ordinary nature conflicted with their faith. There were moments when they felt utterly and hopelessly bereaved. And in the midst of this dire grief, Peter says, "I go a fishing." The very best thing he could do. Thinking of one's

sorrows only increases them. Brooding over trouble adds to it. Work is a great alleviation of care. Do something; occupy your mind; take off your attention from the great tribulation that weighs your soul down, by engaging in some pursuit; this is the dictate of common sense and experience. Wise, therefore, was it of Peter to break the monotony of the apostles' grief by proposing that they should "go a fishing."

Are any of us in suffering? We shall do well to imitate the conduct of Peter. Are we in sorrow because we have done so little for Christ, and been such unprofitable servants? Let us "go a fishing" spiritually; cast the net of Gospel truth into the broad sea of human life. It will be a consolation to feel that however much we have neglected our duty in the past, now we are attending to it. Are we in sorrow because of bereavement; mourning the loss of loved ones whom death has taken away? Let us "go a fishing." It will be a comfort to us to feel that, though we can do no more for our departed friends, we can always do something for another and better Friend, who is "with you alway."

Are we in sorrow because of disappointment, a bright and blessed hope having been extinguished, and left us in darkness? Let us "go a fishing." This is a labour which will never altogether disappoint us; this a work which cannot entirely fail; this a pursuit whose reward is sure.

Yes; the reward is sure. Such is the lesson taught by the sequel of the apostle's resolve. He went "a fishing." It was weary work for a while. "That night they caught nothing." But by-and-by Jesus came, and they had a miraculous draught of fishes. In like manner, Christian reader, you and I may work hard for a time, and behold no fruit following our labours. But it will come. Sowing will surely be followed by reaping. Fighting will be succeeded by glorious victory. Fishing will end in success. Out, then, with the Gospel net. It is a large one, fling it wide; it is a strong one, it will bear the weight of much spoil. Do this—wait, watch, pray, and soon you shall "enclose a great multitude of fishes."

Harlow, Essex.

Our Denominational Meetings.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, we give condensed accounts of the meetings held during the month of April. Upon the whole, the retrospect of last year was a cheering one. We are happy to state that the attendance was much larger than in previous years. We trust it shows an increase of sympathy with our institutions.

BAPTIST UNION.

The annual session was held on Monday, April 25th, in the Baptist Library, Moorgate-street. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, and there was a large attendance of ministers and lay members. A devotional service was held at ten o'clock, and lasted for about half-an-hour. Mr. Mursell's inaugural address was a comprehensive exposition and powerful enforcement of the duties of evangelical Nonconformists generally, and of the Baptist denomination in particular, at the present crisis.

The Rev. J. H. Millard, the secretary, then read the report, from which we gather that during the year seven associations, comprising 160 churches, had

joined the Union, besides 28 churches which had come forward independently. The total number of churches constituting the Union was now 1,279, little more than half the denomination. Returns had been obtained from 1,701 churches, reporting a membership of 176,232. Of the 1,270 associated churches, 1,119 reported their clear increase during the year to be 1,826. The financial statement showed a balance of about £23 due to the treasurer.

An address was then given by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel. Next came a paper by the Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, on "Our Associations," containing some curious denominational statistics.

"The writer affirmed that the Bap-

tists were at present an unorganized body. Of the forty-eight churches in Bedfordshire, thirty-three were unassociated, and so on through other counties. There are 170 churches within twelve miles of St. Paul's, and 166 of those do not recognize or practise the connectional principle. In Lancashire there were twelve towns, with populations ranging from 5,000 upwards, in which the Baptists were entirely unrepresented. In Yorkshire there were thirteen towns of a similar size, in which there were no Baptist chapels. In all England there were seventy such towns, with an aggregate population of 754,000, similarly situated. London was almost as bad—Shoreditch, with a population of 77,800, having only one Baptist church; and Bethnal-green, with a population exceeding 100,000, having only four, with a united membership of 450. There verily remained much land to be possessed. In Wales the Baptists were very much more numerous than in England, and they were bound together in associations. Lancashire, with a population eight times as numerous as four Welsh counties, had 6,000 fewer Baptists. The paper concluded by setting forth the particular reasons at this juncture for strenuous effort to promote the association principle, keeping it always subsidiary to the higher aim of promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer."

THE BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The meeting of this society was held at the Poultry Chapel on Monday evening, April 18th, under the presidency of Henry Wright, Esq. The report was a very interesting document. The number of central stations in connection with the society is sixty-eight; the number of out-stations is 86; 405 members have been added to the mission churches during the year. There are fifty-five Sunday-schools, 496 teachers, and 3,468 scholars. The speakers were the Revs. W. Walters (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. P. Barnett (Birmingham), and J. W. Lance (Newport).

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

The annual meeting was held on the 20th of April, at the Mission-house. The Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, presided. After prayer by the Rev. T. C.

Page, of Plymouth, the chairman introduced the business of the evening in a few words, expressing his satisfaction at the progress the Fund was making. Mr. A. T. Bowser, the honorary secretary, then read the report. Allusion was made to the recent death of J. H. Allen, Esq., who had been for many years treasurer to the society. The vacant office had been filled by the appointment of Mr. James Benham. The report stated that the income of the society from contributions had increased from about £500 to £850 last year, and to £1,600 for the year just closed; that all the instalments on loans had been paid, some of the churches having paid off the balances before they were due; new loans to the amount of £2,200 had been made during the year. The proposal of Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., to erect four chapels in the suburbs of London, and defray one-half of the entire cost himself, on condition that the other half should be raised by special contributions to the Baptist Building Fund, to be lent on the usual terms, had at present only met with partial success. £1,750 was required for the first chapel, but only one-half had been received. The report then proceeded to state some interesting particulars about chapel-building in England, and about chapel debts. It was estimated that, in the year 1863, the Baptists spent in England above £66,000 for building purposes, and provided more than 10,000 additional sittings; that the existing debts are always likely to be over £100,000, the interest on which is felt to be a great burden on the churches, but especially on the pastors, whose limited incomes were sadly curtailed by the annual payment of interest. A new feature was recommended by the committee (and subsequently adopted), viz., that all subscribers and donors of £1 1s. or upwards, for not less than £50 together, should have the power to nominate any church for a loan of double the amount, thus giving the subscribers themselves the opportunity of determining the case they prefer to assist. The total capital of the Fund is now £10,600, but as the requirement of the denomination is £100,000, the committee have boldly determined to adopt vigorous efforts to raise that amount by collec-

tions and subscriptions during the next five years. For this purpose they seek the aid of suitable persons throughout the country to become collectors; particular attention is also directed to the fact that churches contributing £10 a-year to the fund are entitled to appoint one member of the committee. The cases assisted, during the past year, are Norwood, Anstruther, Barnstaple, Helstone, Ramsbottom, Burnley, Blackpool, Southport, Saxmundham, Fifehead, Greenwich, and Ryde. Loans are also promised to Thetford and Harrow-on-the-Hill. Mr. James Benham, treasurer, read the cash account for the year. A resolution, adopting the report and treasurer's account, was moved by Dr. Underhill, seconded by the Rev. W. Walters, and carried unanimously. The second resolution was moved by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Angus, and adopted. Its object was to provide by rule that subscribers and donors of £1 ls. each and upwards, and for not less than £50 in the whole, might nominate to the committee any church for a loan of double the amount of the combined subscriptions. The third resolution, for the election of officers and committee, was moved by the Rev. C. Wollacott, seconded by the Rev. J. H. Millard, and carried unanimously; and, after Mr. Bowser, sen., originator of the loan system as applied to this fund, had addressed the meeting, a vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

This present year being the jubilee of this society, a special meeting to celebrate the event was held on Wednesday evening, April 20, at Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road, presided over by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. Stewart Grey, Charles Stovel, John Stock, G. D. Evans, &c. The anniversary meeting of this society was held in Bloomsbury Chapel, on Tuesday, the 26th, and was, in the absence through illness of Sir Morton Peto, presided over by Henry Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale. Addresses were delivered by Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, Rev. J. Aldis, Rev. J. P. Mursell, Rev. W. Tarbottom, and S. R. Pattison, Esq.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

The anniversary of this society was held at Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn, on the 21st. J. C. Marshman, Esq., occupied the chair. The chairman vindicated the founders and upholders of the association, and observed:—"I do not say it to the disparagement of any other society, but it is the Baptist missionaries who have circulated the Word of God throughout the Gangetic valley, peopled by 70,000,000 of inhabitants. Besides, it is the Bengalee translation of Yates, improved by Wenger, that is read in all the missionary schools, and by all the converts among the 40,000,000 of inhabitants of Bengal. It is the Hindee version that has been made by Mr. Parsons, the excellence of which is admitted by the missionaries of all denominations, that is now circulated amongst the 30,000,000 of Hindoos in the north-west provinces. Coming down still further, to the Bay of Bengal, you will find that the 70,000,000 of inhabitants on the one side have been entirely dependent upon the Baptist versions; and if you look across the bay to the great empire of Burmah, you have before you 100,000 converts who look to the American Baptist missionaries for the oracles of Divine truth." The speakers were Rev. J. Parsons, C. Carter, G. H. Rouse, Dr. Underhill.

COLLEGE, REGENT'S-PARK.

Instead of the usual *soirée* held at Regent's-park College in previous years, there was on Wednesday, the 27th, a large gathering of old and present students. About a hundred sat down to dinner, and in the afternoon addresses were delivered by Rev. S. Brawn, Rev. D. Wassell, Rev. W. Brock, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. C. Vince, Rev. H. C. Leonard, and Rev. C. O. Munroe. Among the visitors present were Dr. Eaton, E. B. Underhill, LL.D., Rev. D. Katterns, Rev. E. White, and the Rev. Dr. Pattison. All found it to be a very pleasant gathering, and the hope was generally expressed that it might be repeated in future years. Similar gatherings were held by the old students of the colleges at Bristol and at Rawdon.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The services in connexion with the foreign mission were commenced by a

prayer meeting held on Thursday morning, the 21st inst., in the library of the mission house, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Steane. The annual sermon in Welsh was preached on Friday, the 22nd, at the Welsh Chapel, Jewin-crescent, by Rev. Dr. Price. The annual sermons were preached on Wednesday, the 27th: in the morning; at Bloomsbury Chapel, by Rev. D. Katterns; in the evening, at Surrey Chapel, by Rev. A. McLaren. The seventy-second annual meeting was held at Exeter-hall on Thursday, the 28th, under the presidency of Lord Radstock. From the report we extract the following:—"It will be remembered that the accounts closed with a debt of £1,176 10s. 5d. against the society. Your committee at once took steps to obtain donations to meet it, and it will be seen from the balance sheet not without success. It was hoped, too, that the causes which had produced this loss of income would soon pass away, and that the resources of the society would again flow into their wonted channels. But this hope was not realized; for up to July last there was a continued falling off in the receipts, and the executive deemed it right immediately to call the attention of the finance sub-committee to the subject. They at once directed an estimate of receipts and expenditure, based on the balance sheet of 1863, to be prepared; from which it was seen that, if no improvement took place, there would, in all probability, be a debt of £8,000 on the 31st March."

The efforts made to meet this unfortunate state of things are then duly set forth; and the results are as follows:—

"The result of these combined efforts has been a gross income for the current year of £34,419 11s. 2d., the largest which has been received since the jubilee in 1842. The total expenditure has been £31,695 15s. 8d. So that not only is the old debt paid off, and the expected deficit fully met, but there remains a balance in the treasurer's hands of £2,723 15s. 6d. It will be seen that there is the very large increase in the General Purpose Fund of £5,284 11s. 2d. Without doubt a considerable portion of this is *special*; but from want of accurate information, the committee are not able to say how much. The expen-

diture is not quite so large as was estimated, owing mainly to the care which the missionaries as well as the executive have taken to check it, without impairing the efficiency of the society's operations."

The chairman delivered a most appropriate address on the termination of the report; and in a speech full of information about the religious condition and prospects of India, the Rev. T. Evans, from Delhi, moved the first resolution, which was seconded, in an interesting speech, by the Rev. S. Coley, Wesleyan. Dr. Angus, president of the Regent's-park College, moved the second resolution, which was seconded by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this society was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the evening of Thursday, the 28th, John Easty, Esq., in the chair.

The meeting having been opened in the usual manner. Mr. Tresidder then read the report, which recorded the various means which had been employed during the past year to awaken and diffuse a missionary spirit amongst the young. The most noticeable of these were the missionary lectures which had been delivered by Mr. Templeton. The fact was also referred to that at a conference of Sunday-school superintendents and teachers held at the Mission-house, it had been resolved that as far as practicable a juvenile missionary auxiliary should be formed in connection with every Baptist Sunday-school, and that those already formed should be rendered as efficient as possible by every practicable means. The income of the society was £321 2s. 1d.; expenditure, £328 7s. 2d.; balance due to treasurer, £27 2s. 1d. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Edmond, and Rev. W. Landels.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting was held at Keppel-street Chapel, on Wednesday, the 27th, J. Thwaites, Esq., in the chair. The Rev. J. Stock, Rev. S. Collins, Rev. W. Norton, Rev. P. Dickerson, Rev. J. Woodward, Rev. J. Pells, and G. W. Eaton, D.D., addressed the meeting.

BAPTIST EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held at Little Aliee-street, on Thursday evening, April 28th. The chair was

taken by the Rev. P. Dickerson. The following friends took part in the meeting—Rev. J. Howe, Rev. J. Pells, Rev. J. Woodward, Rev. J. Stock, Rev. D. Wassall, Rev. W. Frith, and Rev. W. Norton.

Poetry.

HOME.

All earthly homes with sin are stained,
Since sin to Eden entrance gained,
And many a bitter pain and ache
The monster bringeth in its wake:
But there's a home that Scripture paints,
Prepared for all Jehovah's saints,
Where they shall be released from sin—
Where nought unholy enters in.

How many jarring notes there are,
The music of our homes to mar;
Actions or words unkind will shroud
A household in a gloomy cloud.
But God's bright smile of love and grace
Beams ever in you, glorious place—
Beams on the family above,
Perfect in union and in love.

Sometimes the members of a home
Widely apart are called to roam;
Or death around our hearth may creep,
And we beset alone to weep.
But we are sure no parting word
In Paradise is ever heard:
No death, no pain, no sorrow there,
But life and bliss beyond compare.

How oft the Christian pilgrim longs
To reach his home, to join its songs;
The thought of that to which he hastes
Sweetens the cup that here he tastes.
He pants to realize that word
So sweet—"For ever with the Lord;"
With him and like him—is not this
The substance of eternal bliss?

THEODORA.

THOU, O CHRIST, ART ALL I WANT.

Thus groans the sinner who his course is leaving,
Striving to flee from Sinai's fearful blaze;
While all around the trembling earth is cleaving,
Filling his guilty soul with dread amaze.
Before, the riven earth—behind, the fire—
Beneath, a yawning hell—above, God's ire—
Around, a noisome plague—within, despair—
But for a fainting hope that Christ is near.

His tears,
Choked by his fears,
While dread forebodings do his spirit haunt,

He groans,

With piteous moans,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

Thus cries the soul escaped from condemnation,
Its new-born joys appearing fresh in view;
The dreary waste of utter desolation,
Just safely by Almighty grace passed through;
The pit terrific left—the miry clay;
The verdant pastures gained—and shining day.
Of time oblivious, and to nature dead;
By mercy rescued, and by Jesus led.

His joys,

No faleness cloy,

But for an increase his glad soul doth pant;

He cries,

With longing eyes,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

Thus sighs the Christian when his course is dreary,
Through absence of the Saviour whom he loves—

Thus cries he when his soul, no longer weary,
Rejoices in the Presence that approves.
Thus he with tremor, at first sight of death,
Invokes the vigour of his strength'ning breath;
Thus he with rapture triumphs over fear,
Through dying grace, vouchsafed when death is near.

In life,

In the last strife,

When flesh, heart, mind, and carnal nature faint,

He sighs,

Or joyful cries,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

Thus sings the ransomed spirit bound for glory,
By death released, from earth's embraces fall.
Beyond these regions now in sin grown hoary,
It speeds its flight, in holier spheres to dwell.
Uphorne by angels' wings, it spurns the tomb;
Chiding their tardiness, it hastens home;
Bursts through the gates of light, and swift
pursues

The radiant way, until the Sun it views.

Then sings,

While golden strings

Praise, joy, and glory, fancy cannot paint.

"For aye,

"Mid heavenly day,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

R. DAVIES SMITH.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Rev. C. White, of Long Buckby, late of Haverfordwest Baptist College, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Baptist church, High-street, Merthyr Tydvil.

THE Rev. John Harper, of Rawdon College,

having accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, Horsforth, will commence his labours there on the first Sabbath in August.

CRIPPING CAMPDEN, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Mr. R. A. Shadick, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a very cordial invitation of

the Baptist church in this town to become its pastor, and commenced his labours on the second Sunday in May.

BENEFICENT CHAPEL, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—The Rev. J. Mountford, late of Sevenoaks, having supplied the pulpit in the above place for the last two months, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping there, with encouraging prospects of usefulness. His address is Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

OLD SWAN, NEAR LIVERPOOL.—For the last two years the Baptist friends residing in this rural district have been meeting for Divine worship in the Assembly-room, and have made vigorous efforts to raise a church and congregation. They have so far succeeded in their labour of love as to induce the Rev. John Turner, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, to comply with the unanimous wish of the subscribers to become their pastor for the next twelve months.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—SALEM CHAPEL, CHURCH-SQUARE.—On Lord's-day, May 1st, Mr. George Stevens commenced his pastoral labours, having responded to the unanimous invitation of the church to become its pastor. It is intended to have a tea-meeting and a recognition service, on Wednesday, 8th June, when several London ministers and some in the neighbourhood, it is expected, will take part in the service.

The Rev. W. Jeffery has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Great Torrington, Devon, and has accepted the unanimous and cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel, Penknap, Westbury, Wilts, intending to commence his labours there at Midsummer.

ANSTRUTHER.—On Lord's-day, April 10th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, preached three sermons at Anstruther, which place is celebrated as the birthplace of the late Dr. Chalmers. In the evening the Baptist chapel was crowded to excess. Anstruther is a small burgh and seaport of Scotland; it is situated in Fife, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, thirteen miles from Cupar. Its population is about 1,800. The Rev. Mr. Stuart, from Glasgow University, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church there, and will commence his stated labours early in May. He has fair prospects of success.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

MANORBIER AND COLD INN.—Services in connection with the ordination of Mr. T. A. Price, student of Haverfordwest College, were held at the above places on Monday and Tuesday, April 16 and 19. Mr. D. T. Phillips (fellow-student of Mr. Price) preached two sermons from Phil. iv. 6, 7; Luke xxiii. 33. Monday evening, at Manorpier Chapel, Revs. D. Davies, Pembroke, and M. Morgan, New Wells, Montgomery, preached. Tuesday, Rev. E. Davies, Pembroke Dock, preached on the nature of a Christian Church. Rev. M. Morgan, proposed the questions to the newly-elected pastor. The ordination prayer was delivered by Rev. H. J. Morgan, Pembroke Dock. T. Davies, D.D., Haverfordwest College, preached to the pastor; Rev. T. Burdett, M.A., to the church. In the evening, at Manorpier, Revs. G. Howard, Saundersfoot, and H. J. Morgan, preached. At Cold Inn, the same evening, the Revs. J. Williams, B.A., Narberth, and M. Morgan, New Wells, preached. The services throughout were of a most deeply interesting character.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

GLASGOW, NORTH FREDERICK STREET, May 3rd.—The members of his Bible-class presented the Rev. T. W. Medhurst with an elegant gold chain.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND.—On Monday evening, April 25th, a tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel in this town, in connection with the opening of the chapel. The Rev. B. H. Carter, of Tubbermore, having been called to the chair, Mr. Mulligan, one of the deacons of the church, came forward, and, in the name of his brethren, presented to the Rev. John Douglas, their highly-esteemed and beloved pastor, a complete set of the works of the late Dr. Carson. The presentation was accompanied by a most flattering address, to which Mr. Douglas suitably replied. The cause at Portadown is altogether one of the most hopeful in Ireland.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.—The foundation-stone of the New Baptist chapel was laid on Saturday, April 16, by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., in the presence of a large company. The secretary made a financial statement, showing that £250 are still wanted to make up the £900, the estimated cost of chapel, &c., £150 of which has been promised as a loan from the Baptist Building Fund.

CHELSEA NEW CHAPEL.—The commemoration-stone of this chapel will be laid (D.V.) on Thursday, June 30th, at 3 p.m., by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. Samuel Martin, and other friends, will take part in the proceedings. Admission within the enclosure free by ticket only. A tea and public meeting will be held in the evening at Markham-square Congregational Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Tickets one shilling each. Offerings towards the building fund thankfully received by the pastor, Mr. Frank H. White, 4, Bloomfield-place, S.W. Would each Christian reader, if able, send us something, say six postage stamps, and thus further the work of the Lord in Chelsea?

WINSLOW, BUCKS.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid at Winslow on Tuesday, May 3rd. A large and commodious tent was erected on the chapel ground, and in this tent the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to large congregations, in the morning from Romans i. 16, and in the evening from Mark vii. 82. At half-past one o'clock a cold collation was provided at the Bell Assembly-room. At a quarter-past three the tent was crowded. The service was commenced by singing. A psalm was read by the Rev. E. L. Foster, of Stony Stratford. Prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon the building about to be erected was offered by Mr. Spurgeon; after which John Neal, Esq., of London, exhibited the bottle about to be deposited under the foundation-stone, and described the contents thereof, which were a copy of the *Freeman*, the *Christian World*, the *Baptist Messenger*, and some local papers, as well as a paper giving the history of the church and an account of its present position. Henry Kelsall, Esq., of Eochdale, then laid the stone, and delivered a suitable address. Addresses were also delivered by J. Olney, Esq., of London, and by the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, and H. Killen, of Bedford. At five o'clock 400 persons partook of tea. The donations and collections during the day amounted to £227, in addition to which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who

had already given £20, promised to give the last £20 required. It was stated during the proceedings that the well-known Benjamin Keach was formerly pastor of a church in Winslow. He was afterwards pastor of the church over which Mr. Spurgeon now presides.

OPENING SERVICES.

CANTERBURY.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, ST. GEORGE'S-PLACE.—The above chapel was opened for Divine worship on March 17th. Rev. Baptist Noel preached in the morning, and Rev. J. A. Spurgeon in the evening. Total amount collected at the various services, £162.

SOUTH-PARADE CHAPEL, LEEDS.—This building, which has been closed since the 1st of February, was again used for Divine service on Sunday, April 17th, when sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. J. Makepeace, of Bradford, and in the evening by the Rev. Robert Newton Young. The alterations made include the re-yeeping of the body of the chapel, a better system of lighting, the erection of a new organ, the improvement of the Sunday-school accommodation, and general decoration of the interior, and painting of the exterior. The works have been executed at a total cost of £1,978. The services were continued on Thursday evening, when the Rev. W. Landels, of London, preached; and on Sunday, April 24th, sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Best, B.A. (pastor), and E. R. Conder, M.A.

ABBEY-ROAD CHAPEL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.—The opening services in connection with the new Baptist Chapel, Abbey-road, have just been held. Eighteen months ago no Baptist cause existed in this locality; since that time a very large and handsome chapel, to hold 1,100 persons, with extensive schoolrooms, has been erected. The first stone was laid on April 27, 1853. Already the outlay has been £7,800, of which sum about £4,600 has yet to be raised. The opening services commenced by a united communion on Thursday evening, May 5th, conducted by Rev. Dr. Angus, in which the following ministers took part:—Revs. Dr. Burns, W. A. Blake, W. Brock, jun., and J. Clifford. On Friday morning the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel preached to a large audience. After service some 250 friends sat down to a cold collation. The hon. secretary, Mr. J. C. Bowser, read an interesting report; after which addresses were given by Revs. Newman Hall, W. Stratton, Dr. Angus, F. Trestrail, W. Stott, and Mr. Nicholson. At half-past five about 500 persons sat down to tea; and at seven o'clock Rev. Newman Hall preached to an overflowing audience.

EDINBURGH.—The Baptist church under the care of the Rev. William Tulloch, formerly meeting in the Tabernacle, Edinburgh, has purchased the church at Dunoan-street, Newington, which was originally built for the Baptist denomination, but which has been occupied of late years by the Presbyterians. The building is in excellent condition, and seats about 650 persons. Its cost, including large schoolrooms adjoining, is £1,700. On Lord's-day, April 10th, the opening services were commenced. The Rev. James Paterson, D.D., of Glasgow, preached forenoon and evening; and the Rev. W. L. Alexander, D.D., Independent minister, preached in the afternoon. On Lord's-day, April 17th, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, Glasgow, preached forenoon and evening; and the Rev. James Robertson preached in the afternoon. On Monday evening, April 18th, "a fruit-soirée" was held in the chapel. The Rev. William Tulloch, pastor of

the church, presided. Encouraging addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. Johnson, Nintan, Wight, J. Dovey, J. Pirie, T. W. Medhurst, and James Robertson. The proceedings of the evening were much enlivened by the singing of several anthems by a very efficient choir.

THETFORD, NORFOLK.—The new Baptist chapel in this town was opened for Divine worship on Tuesday, April 5th, when two sermons were preached—in the afternoon by the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich; in the evening by the Rev. J. Reed, of Cambridge. The Rev. J. Sage, of Kenninghall, J. P. Lewis, of Diss, and W. Lloyd, of Barton Mills, united in the services. On the following Sunday the opening services were continued by the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, who preached three sermons to large and attentive congregations. The amount realized by the various services was £57 15s. 4d. Every care has been taken to avoid unnecessary expenditure, but the entire outlay considerably exceeds the original calculation; and about £200 more is required to free this infant church from the burden of debt. The friends at Thetford, who are chiefly poor, will not relax their efforts till every penny is paid, and they earnestly seek the kind and prompt assistance of their brethren and fellow-labourers in the kingdom of Christ that this most desirable object may be speedily accomplished.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

BEXLEY-HEATH.—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel will be held (D.V.) on the 29th of June, when two sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—that in the afternoon at three o'clock, and in the evening at half-past six. Collections after each service. Tea provided. Trains to Abbey-wood from London, twelve and four—a buss meet them.

MR. J. PELLE, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, will preach during the month of June at the following places:—June 12, Upper Holloway, Sunday afternoon; Little Alie-street, White-chapel, evening of same day; June 14, Hertford anniversary, afternoon—Mr. Chivers in the evening; June 20, Camberwell New-road, evening; June 21, Jireh Chapel, for the school, East-road, City-road, afternoon; June 26, Mile-end, opposite Stepney-green Temperance-hall, afternoon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOROUGH-GREEN.—On Whit Tuesday Mr. Paimer, of Homerton, and Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, preached very excellent sermons in the Baptist chapel. The day was fine, and the visitors from the various churches encouraging.

GLASGOW.—The second annual *soirée* of the Bath-street Baptist church, Glasgow, was held on Tuesday evening, April 12th, at the Scottish Exhibition Rooms. The Rev. J. W. Boulding, pastor, presided. A large concourse of friends were present. After the chairman's address, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst delivered an acrostical address on "How to Cheer your Pastor." The Rev. Dr. H. S. Paterson, R. Glover, Alex. Macleod, Dr. James Paterson, and H. Batchelor, gave encouraging addresses. During the evening W. Tolmie, Esq., presented to the Rev. J. W. Boulding, in the name of the lady members of the church, the three volumes of Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary, just published, and a purse of gold.

CARLTON-ROOMS, SOUTHAMPTON.—On Tuesday, April 26th, the church celebrated their third anniversary, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two admirable sermons, on behalf of our building

fund at Above Bar Chapel (Independent), kindly lent for the occasion. Mr. Spurgeon also opened a bazaar the next day at the Carlton-rooms. There was a tea in the same place at 5 o'clock, to which over 500 sat down. All the trays were given by friends; after which there was a public meeting. After prayer and singing, the pastor made a few remarks, expressing his deep sense of the kindness of friends, but especially of the goodness of God to them during the past year. The secretary (M. Parris, a deacon) then read the report, from which it appeared that some 40 persons had been added to the church, and nearly £200 to the building fund, for the erection of the proposed and much-needed chapel. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Rev. Messrs. G. Gregg (Independent), J. G. Wright (Presbyterian), and C. Chambers (Baptist), Romsey. The meeting was then closed with the benediction. The net proceeds of the two days amounted to rather more than £150, which, with over £30 given in on cards at a subscribers' meeting, on May 12, will make about £185 to add to the chapel fund. We have very up-hill work, but are determined, by God's help, to do it. Are there none of your readers willing and able to assist us? Our pastor's present address is Rev. John Collins, Henstead-terrace, Polygon-road, Southampton, by whom any donations will be most gratefully received.

BAPTISMS.

- ARNOLD, Notts, Cross-lane Chapel, April 3—Four; May 2—Two, by Mr. J. Ruff, Home Missionary, after an excellent sermon by Mr. S. Sinaly, of Nottingham.
- BARNSEBY, Yorkshire, May 1—Seven, by Mr. Compton. Six of the above from the Sabbath-school, and one from the Independents.
- BEDFORD, Mill-street, April 24—Five, by Mr. H. Killen.
- BOROUGH-GREEN, May 1—Two by Mr. Frith.
- BOVEY TRACEY, Devon, May 1—Three, by Mr. Keller.
- Bow, April 24—Eleven, by Mr. J. H. Blake.
- BEAMLEY, Leeds, May 1—Three, by Mr. J. Lord, of Birmingham.
- BRAINTREE, Essex.—(Baptisms unrecorded.)—By the pastor, Mr. John Mosty, in 1833, Jan. 4—Three; March 1—Six; June 28—Three; Sept. 7—Three. In 1864, Jan. 17—Four; May 15—Two.
- BRITON FERRY (English Baptists), Glamorgan, April 10—One, by Mr. H. Thomas.
- BURGH, Lincolnshire, April 16—One, by Mr. W. E. Thomsett.
- CANTERBURY, St. George's-place, May 10—Four, by Mr. C. Kirtland, pastor, being the first baptism in the new chapel.
- CHARENTIS, Cambs—Ten, by Mr. E. J. Silvertown.
- CHEPPING SODDURY, Gloucestershire, May 15—Three, by Mr. F. H. Holeston, two of whom are teachers in the Sabbath-school, and were formerly scholars.
- COATE, Oxon, May 8—Six, by Mr. B. Arthur, the pastor.
- COLCHESTER, Eld-lane Chapel, April 24—Nine, by Mr. Langford. One from the Sabbath-school; two from the Independents.
- CRADLEY-HEATH, May 1—Four, by Mr. F. W. Bruce.
- DERBY, Agard-street, May 8—Seven, by Mr. J. Baxandall.
- ERWOOD, Hephzibah, May 1—Two, by Mr. G. H. Llewellyn, pastor.
- GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, May 1—Three, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- GREAT ELLINGHAM, Norfolk, April 24—Three, by Mr. J. Kiddle.
- GREAT GRANSEN, Huuts, May 1—Two, by Mr. King.
- GRETTON, Northamptonshire, May 9, in the River Wellan—One, by Mr. W. Hardwick.
- HUNSLLET, near Leeds, April 23—Four, by Mr. R. Ward. Two of the above were from the Sabbath-school.
- LONDON, Grafton-street Chapel, Fitzroy-square, April 3—Six; April 24, seven; by Mr. C. Marshall.
- , Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, April 24—Five, by Mr. Pells.
- , Metropolitan Tabernacle, April 21—Twenty; April 25, Sixteen; May 5, Eighteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.
- , Romney-street, Westminster, April 24—Two, by Mr. Preston Davies.
- MORTAII, Radnorshire, May 1—One, by Mr. T. T. Phillips.
- PADHAM, Lancashire, May—Three by Mr. R. Brown. Two of the above an aged man and his wife, the other a teacher in the school.
- PILLOWENLY, Newport, Mon., Feb. 9—One; March 30—Five. [We are left to guess who was the administrator.—Ed.]
- RAUNDS, April 17—Three, by Mr. Willis, the pastor, before a crowded audience.
- RYEFORD, Herefordshire, May 8th—Five, by the pastor, Mr. B. Stephens.
- SANDHURST, Kent, April 10—Two, by Mr. F. G. Marchant, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.
- SAXMUNDHAM, Suffolk, May 1—Three, by Mr. J. Baldwin.
- SHEEPSHED, Leicestershire, May 8—Two, by Mr. J. Read. The address was given by the pastor, Mr. Joseph Bromwich. One of the two has been connected with the Primitive Methodist for several years.
- SHREWSBURY, St. John's-hill—April 17—One, by Mr. Baugh; and April 24—One, by Mr. Evans, of Snailbeach. The latter were father and son. The father being the pastor of the Baptist church at Snailbeach.
- SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, April 3—Three, by Mr. R. Gaven.
- SOUTHSEA, Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, May 8—Eight, by Mr. Tollerfield.
- SPANNINGLY, near Leeds, May 1—Five, by Mr. A. Ashworth.
- STANSBACH, Herefordshire, May 8—Five, in the River Arrow, by Mr. W. H. Payne.
- ST. MELLONS, Monmouthshire, Feb 2—Six, by Mr. R. Lloyd, of Oastleton, Monmouthshire; April 24—Six, by Mr. Morgau, of St. Brides.
- THAXTED, Essex, March 25—Six, by Mr. J. O. Fellowes.
- THETFORD, Norfolk, April 17—Four, by Mr. G. W. Oldring.
- WESTON TURVILLE, Bucks.—The first baptism took place in this village on April 29th. The chapel was well filled. The pastor preached from John i. 25; after which, five were immersed in the name of the Trinity. This village has long been under the rule of the State clergy, and great was the displeasure of the rector, to hear that some, who had not long since been confirmed by the Bishop, had renounced their confidence in rites of human invention, and followed the good old way of Scripture. We trust this will prove the dawn of brighter days in this locality.
- WOODSTOCK, Oxon, May 1—Three, by Mr. Hughes. This cause has been very low for a long time. There has been no baptism since 1851; but we

CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN.*

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

SOME words, in the course of years, change their meanings, and are used in a very different sense to what they formerly were. This is the case with several words in our present translation of the Bible. I have been just thinking of one. The Apostle, speaking of one of the privileges of the believer in Jesus, says, "*Our conversation is in heaven,*" Phil. iii. 20. By conversation now we mean oral communications, or persons speaking to each other; but Paul meant citizenship. "*Our citizenship is in heaven*; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." What a privilege! We, while on earth, are citizens of heaven. Let us, then, think of

THE CELESTIAL CITY. It is the place of God's throne, or the throne-room of the King of kings and Lord of lords, who says, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool." We are being trained and tutored on the footstool, to fit and prepare us to dwell on the throne. It is the home of the holy angels, who dwell there as children with their Heavenly Father. It is the provision made for all saints, and therefore said to be prepared for them. God hath prepared for them a city (Heb. xi. 16). It is a solid, substantial, durable heritage, and therefore said to be a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God (Heb. xi. 10). In this glory city is perfect safety, endless plenty, perpetual peace, undisturbed harmony, all-pervading holiness, and solid happiness. There is nothing left to wish for or desire. Neither pain nor sorrow, grief nor woe, vexation nor disappointment, toil nor trial, are there. It is a city worthy of the wisdom that devised it, the power that raised it, the wealth that furnished it, the grace that confers it, and the glorious and blessed inhabitants who will possess it. We will now consider

THE BELIEVER'S PRIVILEGE. "*Our citizenship is in heaven.*" By our regeneration we are born free of this celestial city; and as by our adoption we are placed among, and recognized as part of, the family of God, we are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. By virtue of God's free grace, as well as by our covenant relationship, we are free men, and are now travelling to take possession of our inheritance. Not only so, but as our citizenship is in heaven, so all our best things are there; Jesus, our head, is there; we have laid up our treasure there—our hearts, therefore, are there; our life is there, hid with Christ in God; our hope is there, which, as an anchor of the soul, entereth into that which is within the veil; our Father is there, and all our nearest and dearest relations are there. All that we prize most and all that we love best are in heaven; it is, therefore, surprising that we are not more desirous of going there, to see, enjoy, and be with them for ever.

Brethren, we are but strangers on earth. As the captive Jews were in Babylon, so are we in this world. Their hearts were at Jerusalem, though their bodies were in Chaldea; so our hearts, our affections, should be in heaven, while we dwell below. Though we appear to be servants now, and suffer many privations in this foreign land, we shall be recognized as citizens soon, and take possession of our estates there. Our liberty then will be glorious, as the Apostle, speaking of the liberation of creation, says—"The creation also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Our thoughts and desires, therefore, should be above, as we are exhorted—"Set your minds, your affections on the things above, not on things on the earth." We

* We trust our readers will excuse the omission in our present number of the usual Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, owing to an unavoidable occurrence, not likely to take place in future.

should look to heaven as to our native country, our fatherland; and as strangers and pilgrims on the earth, should abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.

How, then, do we feel toward this better country, this celestial city? How do we act in reference to it? Are we daily preparing to emigrate, to bid a long farewell to our native shores, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better? Or, are we indifferent about it? Only citizens will ever be admitted there. All citizens are made aware of their privilege, and receive the Spirit of freedom, which qualifies them for its employments and enjoyments. Reader, you are either a citizen or stranger—which is it? Inquire now. Inquire at once; because it is possible now for you to obtain your freedom, as the Ephesians did, of whom we read—“Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.” Yes, now, by a personal, direct application to the Lord Jesus, you may obtain the forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among all them that are sanctified by faith in Christ Jesus. How great the honour to be free of the holy city, the New Jerusalem, which will one day descend out of heaven from God! How glorious the state, how perfect the happiness, of all those who, as citizens of the New Jerusalem, will be called to the marriage supper of the Lamb! Lord, grant unto me that I may have part in the first resurrection, that over me the second death may have no power; and may I be called to sit down at the Lamb’s marriage supper, that so I may be for ever with the Lord.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

LOVING WORDS OF CAUTION AND WARNING.

BY THE REV. B. DAVIES.

—“But are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?”—2 Chron. xxviii. 10.

THE history of the ten separated tribes of Israel is very interesting and instructive. Therein we see the consequences of sin, gradually filling the country with rapine and violence, and at length ending in its total overthrow.

The close of this history is full of startling incidents and tragical events. Murders were frequent, regicides were common.

The kings were destitute of principle, the people indulged in the most abominable practices. The very land seemed a dark blot upon creation, a waste howling wilderness of guilt and profligacy.

“Still this dark wilderness of guilt did not want its oasis. A touching incident is recorded in the reign of Pekah. In a furious war with Judah, 120,000 of the men of that kingdom had been slain, and 200,000 women and children, with much spoil, were brought to Samaria. At the gates of that city, Oded, a prophet of the Lord, met the

victorious army, and warned them not to offend God by wanton cruelty to these poor captives, since their sufferings had been caused by unfaithfulness to their God, and there was a fearful risk that the same cause might bring similar judgments upon themselves. “Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God? The bold appeal was successful. The conquerors treated the captives with singular kindness—clothed, shod, and anointed them; gave them meat and drink; placed the feeble upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, where they were restored to their brethren.” “This beautiful incident comes over our sense as might some strain of soft and happy music amidst the bray of trumpets, and the alarms of war. It also proves that, even in the worst of times, a righteous few were found in Israel, who honoured the God of their fathers, and stood in dread of his judgments.” We feel that we should like to know something more of this Oded the prophet of the Lord, but we have nothing else recorded of him. This one act was enough to immortalize his name, and to prove his undaunted courage and holy faithfulness. Let us now make use of these noble

words for our own examination and profit. We shall notice—

I. THAT THERE ARE NONE WITHOUT SIN. This trite observation must not be disregarded because it seems to be worn out and stale; for oftentimes those truths which are most generally received, are most easily forgotten. There are two classes of persons whose instruction I seek in endeavouring to remind you of this solemn truth. (1.) Young Christians who expect too much from themselves, and also from others. (2.) Those who maintain the doctrine of perfection in the flesh.

(1.) A word to young Christians. You, my young friends, probably expected a far greater change in conversion than you have experienced. You thought it would be like some miraculous medicine of which the very first drop should cause your pain to cease instantaneously, and for ever irradicate your disease, but you still have the growing pains of grace, which are caused by the remains of sin within you.

You expected that the garden of your heart would be weeded of every sin, and that you would no more be troubled about it. You find, however, work for every day, to keep your heart with all diligence; for a very little neglect will be enough to allow these ill weeds to grow apace, and then every loathsome and venomous reptile will hide beneath their tall and rank luxuriance.

You supposed that after the first great battle all your enemies would lie dead upon the field, and that you would have naught to do but to divide the spoil, and to shout in the joy of victory; but the shouts of "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb," have hardly died away, before the field is covered with fresh hosts, and you begin to tremble lest after all you should be conquered. Fear not, young soldier of the cross. Be valiant. The battle is not over, but the victory is sure. Thy sword must not be sheathed until the garland is put upon thy brow, and the palm into thy hand.

There are two reasons which Satan has for thus deceiving young Christians by making them expect too much. (1) To put them off their guard, and (2) To dishearten them. Now, Christian, be thou always upon thy guard. Watch

for the weeds to spring up in thy garden; and pull them up by the roots. Watch for the spots of leprosy to appear upon thy heart, and go at once to the Great Physician. Watch for the coming forth of thine enemies, and meet them in thy Master's name, saying "In the name of the Lord, I will destroy them."

Never be disheartened, not even at repeated failures; try again, "let patience have her perfect work." The mountain shall be removed at last, if thou go on patiently with thy pick and shovel.

The thickest hedge which now stands firm as an impenetrable green wall may yet be cut down twig by twig, and thou shalt make thy way through.

Thy Master says "fear thou not, for I am with thee." The Christian must not expect impossibilities, yet he must not let his expectations sink too low; his motto should rather be "attempt great things, pray for great things, expect great things." He that aims at the sun will certainly shoot higher than his neighbour who aims at a bird upon the ground. He who in his ambition seeks the throne is likely to reach a higher position than he who is content to live and die a crossing sweeper. So Christians must seek to have life, and to have it more abundantly.

One caution I would here most earnestly give. Never let your repeated failures and relapses make you think lightly of sin. The man who is used to swearing may use the most awful language without a thought of its profanity; and I fear lest Christians should become so used to evil thoughts and temptations to sin as to forget how heinous they are.

2. A word to those who maintain perfection in the flesh. I believe there are such in the present day scattered amongst the churches, yet I do not know of any denomination of Christians holding such unscriptural doctrine. Our Wesleyan brethren are often charged with holding it, but they do not; and when we analyze what they mean by the term "Christian perfection," we shall find it is a very different thing to perfection in the flesh. The pious and learned John Fletcher, of Madely, says, "By Christian perfection we mean nothing but the cluster and maturity of the graces which compose the Church Militant." And he says in another

place, "With respect to the Christless law of paradisaical obedience, we entirely disclaim sinless perfection; and, improperly speaking, we say with Luther, 'In every good work the just man sinneth,' that is, he more or less transgresses the law of paradisaical obedience, by not thinking so deeply, nor speaking so gracefully, nor acting so properly, nor obeying so vigorously, as he would do if he were still endued with original perfection." We must never put a false construction upon the words of our brethren, for by doing so we widen the breach which a little explanation would close.

But if any do in reality hold the doctrine referred to, we would ask them carefully to examine their own hearts, lest they be deceived; and then to notice the remarkable fact, that of nearly all those whose characters are held up for our admiration in the Word of God, some imperfection or other is recorded—of Noah and Moses, of Abram and Jacob, yea, even of David, the sweet psalmist of Israel.

With every rose there will be found a thorn, in the purest gold some dross, in the most exquisite work of art some flaw; even so are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God.

II. THIS FACT IS TOO OFTEN FORGOTTEN. We remember our own virtues and others' failings; but if we have failings they are generally overlooked, and the virtues of others are not easily seen. But if our own infirmities are forced upon our notice, we are always ready with convenient excuses, and as soon as possible dismiss the unpleasant subject from our minds. Hence the fact that there are sins with us against the Lord is too often forgotten.

"Pride hides our follies from our eyes,
And lifts our virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals."

1. There are three classes which seem especially to forget this fact: first, "the proud." The ancient type of this class is the Pharisee whose portrait is so correctly drawn by the Saviour. His erect mien, his haughty bearing, his exalted look, his self-flattering words, and his contempt of the poor publican, all proclaim the pride of his heart. There

are many modern examples of this same class. The eloquent preacher, glorying in his talents, forgets that he is a poor lost sinner. The millionaire, thinking of his hoards of wealth, forgets the vast debts which he owes to God. The lady of fashion, dressed in her silks and lace, and bedizened with sparkling gems, forgets that her poor soul is without a covering, and that, shivering in the cold blasts of judgment, she must one day stand before the bar of the Eternal, when her costly apparel will be of no avail.

These are extreme cases. All are not eloquent preachers, or millionaires, or ladies of fashion, but these are representative characters—these are leaders of a vast host who follow in their train. Many of their followers have the meanest talents, the very scrapings of wealth, and only the cast-off silks of fashion, yet their pride is just as great, and their conceit of themselves plainly proves that they quite forget their own sins.

The proud peacock, as he struts across the lawn, seems only to think of his gay plumage; he forgets his harsh, screaming, unpleasant voice. The snow-white swan seems to admire the beautiful whiteness of his feathers, but never looks down upon his black-webbed feet. The drifted snow of winter often covers with a pure exterior the festering masses of corruption in the village churchyard. Pleasure and excitement often paint with seeming health the cheek, when consumption, like a miner, works away in the dark, and preys upon the vital parts.

Appearances are deceitful, and sometimes not only deceive others, but even the very wearers of them. Take care that you do not deceive yourselves by believing that you really are what you only seem to be, and remember that "even with you," &c.

2. The second class is those who repine at the visitations of God's providence. The Scripture teaches that there is generally a close connection between sin and its punishment, that the one follows the other as sure as the deadly ball follows the report of the gun discharged, as surely and steadily as the summer follows the spring and the winter the autumn. Yet we are apt to think that our afflictions are merely to try our faith, and more often we imagine that

they are sent without any good intent at all.

"Why should a living man complain
Of deep distress within,
Since every sigh and every pain
Is but the fruit of sin?"

Every pain we feel, and every trial through which we pass, should be heard as with many voices saying, "Even with you," &c.

"Lord, I would not repine
At strokes in marry sent;
If the chastisement come in love,
My soul shall be content.

Dost thou my profit seek,
And chasten as a friend?
O God! I'll kiss the smarting rod—
There's honor at the end."

3. *The third class* are the stern and severe judges of others. At the present time it is the glory of England that her judges are men of honour and unswerving integrity—men who hate a false oath and shake their hands from the receiving of bribes, but it was not always so. There have been times when the judge and prisoner might have exchanged places to the great advantage of justice—when the severe, uncompromising judge, forgetful of his own huge crimes, has unjustly punished the innocent. But in looking for the various species of this genius, we must not confine our attention to the judgment-seat or to the wearers of the ermine, for there are not a few who are self-constituted judges, and who would probably be far better able to pass sentence upon others if they remembered the sentiment of our text. Many an erring sister has been driven from sin to sin by the stern, unyielding judgment frown of her sex until, as a wretched outcast, without home or shelter, she has taken the fatal leap from London's far-famed bridge of sighs, or drained the fatal cup of its poisonous contents. Then, as the policeman's lantern has been turned upon her pale and streaming face, the bystander has whispered, "Had she a father? had she a mother? had she a sister? had she a brother?" No; but she had friends who, forgetting that with them there were sins against the Lord God, followed this frail mortal with their dread anathemas until she was driven to this last deed of desperation and death.

Many a backsliding brother has been excommunicated by churches whose

members, if they had acted justly, would at the same time have excommunicated themselves.

III. THIS FACT SHOULD MAKE US LENIENT IN PASSING JUDGMENT UPON OTHERS.

Early one morning the Saviour entered the temple at Jerusalem, and, as he sat teaching the people, a number of Scribes and Pharisees drew near, bringing to him a woman taken in adultery—taken in the very act. The punishment of this crime was stoning to death; but said the Saviour, "He that is without sin among you, let him *first* cast a stone at her." And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last, and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. Brethren, let your own consciences do their work, when you put on the ermine robe to sit in judgment upon others. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

There are two considerations which specially should make us lenient.

First, the thought that we may have sins quite as bad to answer for. The covetous man has no right to judge the adulterer. The liar should not sit in judgment upon the thief. The tale-bearer should not pass sentence upon the tale-maker, for the one is as bad as the other. The sweep and the coal-heaver need not disagree about which of the two is the cleanest, they have both need of the friendly aid of soap and water; so the very best Christian needs the cleansing blood of Jesus to wash away his sins. The best thing for us to do, is not to spend our time in mutual charges and recriminations, but to take each other by the hand, and say, "let us go to the fountain and wash."

But second, if we are not quite so bad as others, the preventing grace of God alone has kept us. We should have been carried down the stream had not the strong hand of a gracious God interposed and saved us.

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

In closing, if any of you, profes

non-professor, feel convicted of sin, I would remind you that—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Loose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may you, though vile as he,
Wash all your guilt away.”

May the Lord graciously show us our sins, and lead us to this fountain continually. Amen.

Greenwich.

THE SIN OF JUDAH.

BY THE REV. E. MORGAN.

“The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven upon the tables of their heart, and on the horns of your altars.”—Jer. xvii. 1. ♦

THE ever-recurring sin of Judah was idolatry, and for their perverse attachment to this sin, the heaviest judgments were poured out upon them. This sin had been established by their kings, was upheld by their nobility, connived at by their priests, and daily practised in view of that one temple that had been reared as a monument of the existence, goodness, and faithfulness of the one true God.

In Judah was God known, but no longer do they worship at his gate, hope in his promises, praise him for his mighty acts, or obey his laws; his glory they give to others, and his praise to graven images. The prophets of the Most High, weary with crying out against their iniquities, considered it equally possible that the Ethiopian should change his skin or the leopard his spots, as that the nation should forsake its idolatrous practices. The heart of the nation had once been impressible as a tender heart of flesh to the glory, goodness, and claims of Jehovah, but now it had become callous as a heart of stone. The Saviour wept over the impenitency of the men of his generation, and the almost despairing language of the weeping prophet is, “The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven on the tables of their heart, and on the horns of your altars.”

I. The sin of Judah was a deliberate act. “It was written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond.” When men had only such materials as

brick, stone, lead, wax, wood, and other other hard substances for writing on, the process was necessarily a slow one. If the writing was intended for long preservation, men sometimes sculptured it out very carefully in the rock. Job wished that his words could be written with an iron pen on lead and engraved in the rock for ever. The law was originally written on tablets of stone by the finger of God. Joshua wrote upon stones a copy of the law of God in the presence of the children of Israel. The sin of Judah had summoned into exercise the pen of iron and the point of a diamond. Idols were sometimes carved out of wood, at other times made of brass, silver, and gold formed into images, and adorned “by art and man’s device.” On the altars and temples of these idols inscriptions were often made by the priests and worshippers. These carved idols and inscribed temples and altars in the case of the Jews were swift witnesses of their sin; the horns of their altars bore testimony to the fact that they had forsaken the God of their fathers. Deliberately had they left the fountain of living waters and hewn unto themselves cisterns—broken cisterns, that could hold no water. Deliberate sin entails the heaviest responsibilities; deliberate disobedience to Divine commands, deliberate rejection of Divine counsel, deliberate neglect of Divine ordinances and religious privileges will assuredly be set down in stronger characters in the register of heaven, and for them the strictest account will be demanded by the Judge of all the earth. Nothing sears the conscience so rapidly and effectually as sins of this kind. Such sins have brought down showers of wrath upon those committing them, even in the present state. Satan’s sin in tempting our first parents was of this nature; it was skillfully arranged, and cautiously executed, with a full knowledge of the immediate results. David’s sin, which was followed by the death of his child and three days’ pestilence, was a deliberate sin and the subject of much premeditation. Ananias and Sapphira, having deliberately withheld part of the price of their possession and then lied unto the Holy Ghost, were suddenly struck down by the invisible hand of death. Peter deliberately denied his

Lord—three times did he deny him, and with regard to the space between two of these denials, we are told, “And about the space of one hour after, another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with him, for he is a Galilean.” “And Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest.” It was only the bitterest repentance accompanied with the special intercession of the Redeemer that could remove the guilt of such persistency in sin. Deliberate apostasy from Christ is a crime of fearful magnitude. “If any man sin wilfully after receiving the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins.” When iniquity is cherished in the heart, when the sinner, though often reproved, hardeneth his neck, when every barrier is broken down by the tide of his corruption, then will his conduct stand out before the gaze of angels and men, legible as an inscription, slowly chiselled in marble with a pen of iron, or written upon lead with the point of a diamond.

II. The sin of Judah was inwrought into their very thoughts and affections—“It is graven upon the tables of their heart.” The command that God had given with regard to his law to the people of Israel was, “Therefore shall ye lay up these words in your hearts and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates.” Now, the place that the Divine law should have in their affections had been usurped by the vanities practised in the service of worthless idols. Instead of teaching their children to remember the sacred precepts, they taught them to remember their altars and their groves by the green tree upon the high hill. In the heart the law should have been treasured—in the heart were their multiplied idolatries engraven—thus they had departed as far from the service of the living God as it was possible for them to stray. Instead of loving him with all their hearts, they considered his yoke too heavy a burden to bear. Once “they believed his Word

and sang his praises, but they soon forgot his works.” With blended emotions of pity, distress, and anger, Jehovah says, “O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.” When borne away by a nation strange and fierce and strong, to a land of mighty rivers, then will they hang their harps on the willows and weep—as they remember Zion. The hour of their dreary captivity is approaching, and their hearts will be either softened or crushed by the hand of the coming judgment. The estrangement of the heart from God is the bitter fruit of Adam’s transgression. By our union with him we have inherited a nature un sanctified and depraved. If this were not the case, why should not God be uniformly and constantly loved by his human creatures? Why should his chosen people, who had been so highly favoured, cease in their loyalty to him? Why should men pay homage to deities that are represented as foul, cruel, deceitful, and bloodthirsty? Why should there be, even among professing Christians, that are supposed to be partially sanctified, so much that we have to deplore? The fact that man’s heart is in a state of fearful disaffection from God, and that its removal, as a rule, is only gradually effected, is no secret, requires no carefully-wrought proof; it is written upon the pages of man’s history, “upon the tables of his heart, and upon the horns of his altars.”

III. The sin of Judah may afford us some instruction by leading us to consider that if men could be so infatuated as to reserve their best affections for vain idols, and inscribe the names and imaginary exploits of their deities on the horns of their altars, how the cold-heartedness and neglect of many of the professed worshippers of the Father is put to shame by their conduct. To many of the nations of the earth we can say, “Ye know not what ye worship.” But we know him who is from the beginning—who is God over all blessed for ever. An idol is nothing; and shall the idol-worshipper have warmer affections towards the object of his adoration than we possess? Shall heathen temples be crowded with worshippers, while Chris-

tian sanctuaries are, in many instances, visited by only two or three. Our God is in the heavens, and the heavens and the earth are full of his glory. In him we live and move and have our being, and he daily loadeth us with benefits. We should hourly raise our Ebenezers to his name, and recount his mercies day by day; thank him for his unspeakable gift, and call to remembrance ten thousand good and perfect gifts beside; forget not his benefits.

"O! enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press:
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless."

IV. The design of the prophet in stating the nature of Judah's sin was to touch their conscience, and reclaim them to allegiance to their king Jehovah. The God of Judah is anxious for the return of those who have wandered from his service. Let them come unto him with weeping, and mourning, and lamentation, and he will receive them and have mercy upon them. Though their sins be written "with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond," still he will blot them out if they sincerely repent. He keepeth mercy for thousands, and will not cast off his people for ever. But so unyielding is man's depraved nature that a very large measure of Divine influence is necessary to secure his affections for God. Jehovah therefore promised that he would make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah, not like the one he made with their fathers. One of the blessings of this covenant is, "I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." This blessing is being realized now by the ministrations of the Spirit. It is the heart the Spirit first influences—the heart he draws with the cords of love. The affections are attracted from earthly objects and scenes to Christ, the brightness of the Father's glory, the promised Sun of Righteousness. The Spirit takes of the things of Christ his person, love, blood, intercession, and glory, and shows them to the soul; thus the enmity is subdued, the divers lusts that kept carnival within the heart are expelled, the thieves and robbers are cast out of the temple, past neglect and abuse of Divine favour is deeply de-

plored, God is worshipped in the beauty of holiness, and the language of the heart towards him is—

"Let other idols be forgot,
But O! my soul, forget him not."

The Spirit also graciously carries on his work to perfection. Paul speaks of some who were living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men; they had been written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; and a special promise made by Christ to souls that overcome is "I will write upon them my new name." These writings will never be effaced. Gorgeous heathen temples filled with deities, and shrines covered over with mythic inscriptions, shall one day crumble to decay, or perish in the fires of the general judgment. Hearts on which Satan has written impenitency, ingratitude to God, and the works of the flesh, are with him doomed to destruction; but that which the Holy Spirit writes, "not on tables of stone, but on fleshly tables of the heart," shall endure; the characters formed by him upon the living page shall shine with greater brilliancy, and be read with greater ease, in the light of eternal day. When love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, shall be perfectly inwrought into the souls of the redeemed, then shall they be presented faultless before the presence of the Redeemer's glory with exceeding joy. Angels shall admire the finished tracery of the Heavenly Artist, gazing at the wondrous variety of graces imprinted upon the immortal spirit; they will exclaim, with delight, "See what hath God wrought."

Thus, through the church, shall be made known unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places the manifold wisdom of God. Christian, meditate on your glorious privileges and destiny; you could not be what you are, and cannot be what you hope to become, only by the help of Omnipotent grace. A renewed heart is the workmanship of God; a contrite soul is a dwelling-place of the Spirit; a sanctified nature is a treasure for heaven; a perfected "Christian is the highest style of man."

Crewe, Cheshire.

DOUBT'S AND FEARS.

BY THE REV. G. COBB.

"And when they saw him, they worshipped him, but some doubted."—Matt. xviii. 17.

In the all-important matter of Christian experience, unless we learn clearly to define and distinguish between flesh and spirit, nature and grace, all will be darkness and mystery; at best uncertainty and doubt; or it may be a deep, settled, gloomy despondency, only alleviated by the transient flash of joy at the discovery of what is supposed to be some sign of grace—some ground of hope in self. How vastly different the lasting, calm repose of the soul taught his utter and entire helplessness, and expecting nothing from flesh—is led altogether out of self, to find in the blessed, crucified, risen, ever-living Jesus a balm for every wound, an antidote for every ill; by faith finding him as adapted to his soul's every want as Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love could have made him. The soul thus rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh (Phil. iii. 3), truly find that being justified by faith, we have peace with God (Rom. v. 1). But how grievous it is to see, despite the glorious doctrines, the precious promises, and the gracious assurances and invitations, many who are truly the subjects of God's gracious dealings, ignorant of their perfect standing in him; devoid of peace and joy; perplexed and harassed by uncertainty and doubt; saying, after all, I fear I am not a child of God. Like the disciples in this narrative, there is faith and doubts. They believed he was risen; their faith brought them to this mountain in Galilee on purpose to see him who was dead; and when he whom they loved and longed for came, they saw, "they worshipped," but the full tide of joy rolled over their faith, and it appeared too good to be true; "some doubted." What a picture of the soul clinging to the cross of Christ, worshipping at his feet, saying—

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side,
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died;
Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, here to die,"

yet trembling to take the joyous consolation the Gospel proclaims to all such.

I. We may profitably consider, first, from whence arise those doubts and fears so distressing to many. Alas! there are many corrupt fountains from whence they flow; there are many fruitful sources from whence they spring. These poisonous weeds are indigenous to the soil of these corrupt hearts, and Satan is ever ready to sow these "tares among the wheat." We may say that sin is often the cause. Ah! this is often the cause; not that the believer is to expect his inward foes all slain, and upon every disappointment to write himself down a hypocrite. But if these lusts be allowed to go on uncontrolled; if we cease to walk uprightly, as becometh children of the day; if we mingle in the camp of the enemy, and cast off that outward garb of holiness by which all true friends are known, we may well question if our religion has not been the gilded counterpart, or the transient work, of mere human influence. If my reader is one of these doubting souls, let him honestly test his heart as to whether some false step, like poor David's, may not have led to all his darkness and distress; and if so, O, my dear friend, cease from all your wanderings, and return again to him "who will in nowise cast out," John vi. 37; and casting yourself on the free mercy and grace of Jesus, you shall again find that peace and joy which you so thoughtlessly lost. Let no shame or fear deter you. He loves to restore the wandering and save the lost. Some secret sin indulged will produce the same grievous results; for with the truly quickened soul, it is all one whether the eye of his fellows rest on his sin, or only that of conscience and Omniscience. His Father frowns, communion is suspended, his assurance is gone, all is uncertainty and doubt. Yes, you have wandered from him who is light, no wonder you are in darkness. Be wise, and lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset you (Heb. xii. 1), and you shall yet rejoice in the assurance of his love.

2. Again, carelessness will also assuredly lead to uncertainty and doubt. If you have grown cold and negligent towards the power of godliness; if your religious exercises are characterized by lifeless formality; if there is no sweet

melting of heart and outpouring of soul in secret; if the once precious Word, where you have gathered fragrant flowers, is to you like the barren heath, with but here and there an attraction; if your place is, for every trifling cause, vacant in the assembly of the saints, I wonder not that you have entertained the *if*; you may well be startled with the thought, what if I am one of the dead branches? Where is your confidence and trust, and what is the ground of your hope? Repair to the cross, saying—

"Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;"

and you shall find the healthful breeze of Calvary strengthening to your faith, and invigorating to your spiritual life; you shall find the effulgent brightness of assurance again shining into your heart.

3. Disobedience may be the cause. How can you walk in the full blessed assurance of his love, saying, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine," when some neglected duty suggests daily, "Is this thy kindness to thy Friend?" Perhaps it is neglect of the ordinances of his house. If so, promptly obey, singing—

"Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays,
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways;"

and you shall find the Master shall meet you in the path of obedience, and truly your fellowship shall be sweet, and doubts shall be numbered with the things that are past.

4. Worldliness necessarily produces them. I wonder not, in this worldly age, that piety should decline. The two principles are opposite in nature, and must work each other's destruction. Our Master said, long ago, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon;" yet how many Christians vainly try, forgetting they are not of the world. If we would have our hearts filled with heavenly joy, they must be emptied more of earth. "Set your affections, then, on things above," Col. iii. 2.

5. Seasons of temptation are often seasons of doubt. Every believer knows "Satan worries whom he can't devour, with a malicious joy." There is no escaping his daily conflicts, and there is no weapon to slay his *ifs*, but "the

sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

6. Ignorance is, however, perhaps, the most fruitful source. Let not my reader think me impertinent; for he may be conscious that his many doubts, fears, and anxieties do not arise from any of the former causes, and he may detect this to be the secret source. Ignorance of what is written. That was evidently the cause of doubt here. Had they understood Moses and the prophets all had been plain; they would have watched at the tomb to greet their rising Lord. How many appear not to understand, or at least not fully to grasp, the blessed fact, that "every believer is saved; that his sins are cancelled, put away," Psalm ciii. 12. He is no longer a sinner, as viewed in Christ. The punishment and the guilt are alike for ever gone, and now "there is no condemnation," Rom. viii. 1. So fully is every exigency provided for, that nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ (Rom. viii. 38), or ever pluck us from his hand (John x. 28). If all this were realized, we should be able to sing, with Toplady—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given,
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Yes, my fellow-believer, it is not a promise of salvation merely, but a present, certain reality. See Eph. ii. 8, Rom. viii. 1, Eph. i. 7, Heb. x. 14. God hath said you shall never perish; why doubt his word? But you say, this is all very clear if I am a believer. But are you not looking to Jesus (John iii. 14-15)? Have you not fled for refuge to him (Heb. vi. 18)? Are you not building alone upon his finished work (1 Cor. iii. 11)? Have you not received him into your heart (John i. 12)? Are you not daily at his feet, craving his mercy and himself (John vi. 37)? And what is all this but faith, saving faith? His blessed Word declares all such forgiven (Acts xiii. 39). But doubts often arise from an ignorance of the grace of the Father. We think there must be something in us—repentance, and an anxious desire to be saved; hence many are in doubt, lest they should not feel these things in due measure. O! away with all such feelings; 'tis for his own sake alone. He delights in mercy, and gave his Son for

your ransom. Come just as you are, without one plea but the precious blood. Let not conscience make you linger, nor of fitness fondly dream. Trust to what Christ has done, and you are saved by his grace alone. If he hates sin, yet he loves the sinner. He takes no pleasure in the death of a sinner. "Whosoever will" is welcome to drink of the fountain of "the water of life freely." Are you willing and desirous to be saved, he is more willing and desirous of saving you. Yea, your desires were created by his grace, the fruit of his eternal purpose in Christ Jesus. But ignorance as to the work of the Son often produces these distressing fears. A clear perception and a hearty reception of the teaching of the Word upon this point, cannot fail to produce holy joy and assurance. At the cross we see Jesus as a representative character—the surety of his chosen, the head of the body; and if the head was there, so also was the body virtually. And now justice has punished every believer at the cross; neither law or justice can have any more claim. True, we are not yet in Canaan, but the Red Sea of judgment is for ever past. We, in union with Christ, are alive beyond judgment, see Col. iii. 1; Eph. ii. 6. Not only is sin for ever put away, forgiven, and forgotten, but we are made the righteousness of God in him (2 Cor. v. 21); holy even as he is holy; accepted in the beloved (Eph. i. 6); complete in him (Col. ii. 10); for ever perfected (Heb. x. 14). How firm and immovable this foundation of our hopes! Ought not our confidence to be unshaken and firm too? Is there any room for questioning, uncertainty, or doubt?

"O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith."

Yet again it may be ignorance as to the work of the Holy Spirit. How often do we hear it asked, "But, sir, should I feel as I do if I were saved?" How many think the object of the Spirit's work within is to mend old self? Hence they lose sight somewhat of Christ, and become taken up with feelings and self. They lose the freshness of their first joy, fear the saints have no such feelings within, and are almost ready to decide they have deceived themselves; whereas, all this grief and sorrow over

sin within—yea, its very discovery—is an evidence that the Blessed Spirit is working within. But my reader may be ready to say, "I feel worse than I used to do, and I therefore fear sin is not subdued." Your life, as seen by those around, will prove as to its being subdued. Your feelings prove it is discovered. The lesson you are learning by degrees, as you are able to bear it, is, that "in your flesh there dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. vii. 18). The Lord make you wise to understand this; then you will no longer look for anything from this source, but rather expect new discoveries of such things as will make you groan (being burdened) for deliverance from the flesh (Rom. v. 23; 2 Cor. v. 4). Far from the discovery this of the vileness of the heart, proving we are not the subjects of his grace. We should never have either known or lamented it unless by his Spirit's working within. May we never place any reliance upon self, but continually rejoice in him, who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption (1 Cor. i. 30).

Having thus noticed the origin of doubts,

II. We may, secondly, consider their baneful influence. How many appear to cherish their doubts and fears, as if proving a high state of spirituality; but if these noxious weeds will ever be springing up, they certainly ought not to be cultivated, for they are dishonouring to God. His word can never fail; his love never change. His power abides the same. Yet, while we confide in our friends, we fear to trust him. Doubts also rob God of that revenue of praise that should be continually pouring into his ear. They mar our comfort. The Gospel puts a fountain of perpetual joy before us, but doubt embitters the streams. They weaken our strength, both for conflict, service, or devotion; because they separate, as it were, between us and our God; they leave us apparently friendless, helpless, and alone. They chill our affection. His love is the secret cause of ours. "We love him because he first loved us." To feel confident of his love will inflame our hearts with ardent affection, and prompt us daily to wait patiently, yet expectingly, for his return.

They stunt our spiritual growth. How can we go on to grow in grace, knowledge, or experience, if we are daily perplexed by uncertainty as to whether we have spiritual life? Doubts have an evil influence upon others. By our own uncertainties and doubts we tend to rivet the fetters so galling to other poor captives, and to make their bondage more heavy, by giving them a licence for doubt. No wonder, if the minister is in doubt, that the hearers are also; if many old, experienced members are, that the young converts should be. Our doubts also unqualify us to witness for that truth that frees. How can we seek to dispel the gloom by the light of truth, when our own souls are pervaded with darkness?

III. And now may I suggest a word by way of remedy? And let me first say, that as faith, even in its feeblest form, is a fruit of the ever blessed Spirit, no assurance can be obtained but from the same Divine source. All suggestions, therefore, must be followed in simple dependence upon him. Make it a matter of daily prayer for increasing light and grace. Keep the eye of faith steadily fixed on the cross. Seek more, daily, to both look and get away from self. 'Tis truly

"A bleeding Saviour seen by faith
That brings a sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
And joys like those above."

Study the Sacred Word more. These blessed truths are the only keys by which we can escape from the dungeon of doubt. Seek to live nearer the Lord. He is light, and the nearer we are to him the clearer shall we discern our interest in him. Aim to have more simple, child-like faith; faith that takes God at his word; that raises no cavilling questions; that lives above circumstances, appearances, and feelings, even upon "Thus saith the Lord."

Framsden, Suffolk.

SUNSHINE.

BY THE REV. W. FBITH.

Who does not enjoy the sunny days of spring and summer? How they enliven the duller spirit, and call forth into activity powers and faculties, birds and insects, that have laid during the chilling frigid months of winter in a state of

torpor and inaction! A few weeks since the cold blasting Boreas sent forth his piercing gales, and drove before him "the wintry flakes" "white as snow in Salmon." The days were gloomy and deeply shaded with the lowering clouds as if Heaven frowned on "the tents of man," and "scattered the hoar frost like ashes." Hushed were the warbling soaring larks and kept within the wintry home were the busy honey bees; but lo! man—"the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land; the figtree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a goodly smell." Yes, "the wilderness blossoms as the rose," and "animated nature" lives, and acts, and sings, and toils. Man and beast and bird and child, all delight and enjoy these halcyon days.

But what of the "inner man"—"the garden of the soul?" Is it the ray of yon solar orb, darting its pure stream of vital light through the leaden casement of the mud-thatched cot, and as pouring its flood of effulgence through the noble windows of castle, hall, or mansion—is it the sunshine that exhibits all the beautiful outlines of the magnificent landscape that can light, and cheer, and warm that spirit, saddened by grief, bereavement, and mourning an absent God? Ah, no! This sun shines to-day on many "a house of mourning," and lights many a home where the humble or distinguished inmate is saying in the pensive sadness of his inmost soul—"O that it were with me as in months that are past." "O that I knew where I might find him." Yes, beautiful as nature is at this season—bright as the sun shines, there are homes, and royal ones too—homes, and noble ones too—where this sunshine fails to cheer the heart, and bring upon "the human face Divine" those smiles of joy and indices of inward pleasure that sparkle in the eye, and declare with flashing eloquence the happiness of the immortal habitant! Where dark forebodings, dismal apprehensions, blasted gourds, disappointed hopes, "a hidden God," an exhausted spring, and an aching void are the "portion of his people," in vain does the sun shine forth

from the "azure concave," and light, as an ever-brilliant lamp, the pathway of our life! O no, we need the sunshine of heaven—that "shines above the brightness of the sun," and has "healing in his wings." Yes, we require that "he who first commanded the light to shine out of darkness should shine in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"—then, indeed, heaven's brighter sunlight will be sweet, and "a pleasant thing it will be to behold the sun."

But, art thou so, dear reader? Is nature's charming smile clouded and obscured by some deep sorrow? O, is it true that amid the melody of the gay songsters—the odours of the fragrant parterre—the busy toils of human industry, and the charms of nature fail to "turn thy mourning into joy," and change thy melancholy note into a jubilant strain of lofty praise? O rather take the sentiment of the poet—

"Think not because the sunshine of thy life
By some dark cloud of sorrow is effaced;
Nor think, because thou canst not see its rays;
That life henceforth must be a dreary waste."

O, if these "hidings of his face" are now experienced by the reader, amid all the delightful and animating sunshine of early summer, may he seek that inward light, that he may also enjoy the far more unspeakable privileges of "walking in the light of his countenance" "who is as the sun shining in its strength," whose only glance dissipates all obscurity, and illumines the soul with heavenly effulgence!

Borough-green.

ONENESS WITH JESUS, WHAT IS IT?

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,
Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," &c.
"Read prayerfully."—Rom. vi.

THE believer in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has come to the end of all old things, and is passed into the new creation of God. When Noah entered into the ark, he bade farewell to the old world; and, shut into the ark by the Lord, he was, in a "figure," "buried" with Christ "into death." "The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God), by the resurrection of Jesus Christ: who is

gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels, and authorities, and powers being made subject unto him," 1 Peter iii. 21, 22. The salvation of Noah in the ark bears a striking resemblance to the salvation of believers in the Lord Jesus. Noah was in the ark, and was thus dead and buried to the old world. The believer is, in Jesus Christ, dead and buried to the power and penalty of sin, to the claims and curses of the law, to the demands of justice, and to all which belongs to the old creation. Noah came forth from the ruin of the old world, and was born, as it were, into the new creation. The believer comes forth with Christ, from under sin, the law, and the curse, and is born into the reality, the blessedness, and the privileges of the new creation. This is expressed by "figure" in the ordinance of baptism. The believer is "buried with" Jesus "in baptism, wherein also" he is "risen with" Jesus "through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead," Col. ii. 12. In a "figure," believers are thus "saved by water" (1 Peter iii. 20), and "born of water" (John iii. 5), by the operation of the Spirit of God. With Christ, they are "buried" to the old world of sin, and with Christ, they are "raised" again into the new world of grace. The baptism of the believer clearly expresses his perfect identification with the Lord Jesus Christ. The believer is one with Jesus in his death, burial, and resurrection. "Know ye not," says Paul, "that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection" (Rom. vi. 3-5). That which is expressed in a "figure" in baptism, is a precious reality in Jesus. All who "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," have a complete oneness with Christ. He was as they were, and now they are as he is. They suffered with him, they died with him, they were buried with him, they are raised up with him, they are glorified with him. Believers are now freed

from all "condemnation" in Christ (Rom. viii. 1), and are now "blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ," Eph. i. 3.

The complete oneness and thorough identification of all believers with the person of the adorable Lord Jesus, are truths clearly "noted in the Scripture of truth." In Rom. vi. 6, we read: "Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." In Gal. ii. 20, the Apostle says: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." In chapter v. 24, he says: "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." And in chapter vi. 14, he speaks of "the world" as being "crucified unto" him. See here the true condition of "the flesh"—the "old man." It is not to be renovated, repaired, and made better; but it is to be "destroyed." The old nature which sprung from Adam is wholly corrupt, and therefore it is "crucified"—put to death with Christ. All believers have two distinct natures. They are the children of Adam, and they are the children of God. Being the children of Adam by birth naturally, they possess the corrupt nature of Adam. Being the children of God by birth spiritually, they possess the holy nature of God. These two natures are ever distinct and antagonistic. The old nature inherited from Adam is viewed by God, in the purposes of his grace, as punished, dead, buried, and put clean out of sight with Christ. Jesus has been delivered up to death for our offences, therefore we are justified by his resurrection. This is the central thought of the Gospel, that Jesus "was delivered" up to death "for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," Rom. iv. 25. When Jesus died and rose again, all his people were represented in him, in the covenant of grace. By his resurrection the justification of all believers was secured, which is experimentally realized "by faith," Rom. v. 1. Thus it is we are identified with Jesus. He is our substitute, surety, representative, head. We by faith partake of his life, and live

because he lives. Just as the dead are free from all enemies, so the believer, being "crucified" with Christ, is made free from sin, from the law and from the curse. He is created anew in Christ Jesus (Eph. ii. 10).

With Jesus believers are "quicken'd" and "raised up." "But God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us through Jesus Christ" (Ephes. ii. 4-7). The believer has life in resurrection. Old things having passed away, all things have now become new. He is "risen" with Christ, "quicken'd" with Christ, and "seated" with Christ in the heavenlies. This is an accomplished fact at the present moment. We stand before God in Jesus as he is. The very same righteousness, title, rank, meekness, inheritance, and glory, which Christ has, the saint has in him. We were identified with Christ at Calvary, and are identified with Christ in glory. Christ became identified with his people's sins, that they might be identified with his righteousness. We had sin in Adam; we have salvation in Christ. We had death in Adam; we have life in Christ. All who were represented in Adam died; all who are represented in Jesus live. Dear reader, do you know anything of this momentous subject? Are you one with Jesus? Have you passed from death into life? Are you living in, leaning on, trusting to, the person of the Son of God? If you are, you are pardoned, justified, sanctified, and redeemed. But if you are a stranger to Jesus, you are under the curse, and in danger of eternal condemnation. May the Holy Spirit give you heart consideration on these truths. Amen.

Glasgow.

A GOOD THING WELL APPLIED.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against thee"—Psalm cix. 11.

BLESSED be God for the Bible! We are told that in the reign of Edward I., the

price of a fairly-written Bible was £37. The purchase of a copy, therefore, would have taken a labourer's earnings for more than thirteen years. But now, we can obtain the Bible for tenpence. For tenpence we may possess the book in which we are guided to the unsearchable riches of Christ; immortal treasures that fade not away. For this small sum we may purchase God's will, in which we may read what he has graciously assigned to us, if we but trust in the merits of his sole executor—Jesus Christ. Well has it been called the Bible—the Book; for though there are many good and useful books in which are to be found much wisdom and truth, like so many silver streams running here and there throughout the land, yet the Bible is the great and fathomless ocean of Divine knowledge, without a bottom or a bound. The eye of the enlightened mind reads upon its covers, "Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom; I am understanding, I have strength. Hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways. For whose findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord."

The Bible! To what shall we compare it? When placed amongst other books, it is like the sun amongst stars? True, stars are excellent things, and useful in many ways—to tell time, give light, and so forth. Everything that the Creator hath made is to serve some wise end; the stars, therefore, are not without their uses. Once, God marshalled them in battle array, and taught them in their courses to fight against Sisera. At another time a star directed the wise men to the birthplace of the infant child Jesus. But what were this world without the sun, though the stars shone ever so brightly? The result would be, there would be no day here; and we should long for transportation to that blessed place of which it is said, "There shall be no night there." And stars without the sun are only other men's books without God's Book. They, like the nocturnal luminaries, may often have been instrumental in overturning error and combating with infidelity and superstition. They, like the star of Bethlehem, may have been used in leading many a poor seeker to find joy and peace in the sinner's friend. But what

were these books without the Bible? The night of superstition and ignorance would reign with universal dominion; and man would be without light, without hope, without happiness; yea, without life itself. We may go even further still in our analogy, and say that as the stars of our system borrow their light from the sun, so every ray of pure illumination diverges from this glorious orb—God's own Book. The Bible! It is the Christian's dictionary. Hence he should procure words with which to arm himself when he has to confront Satan or his own evil inclinations. Hence, also, he should learn how to speak the language of Canaan; and seek to forget the slang speech of the strangers and foreigners, with which he is daily surrounded. The Bible! It is the Christian's lamp, with which he guides his feet from the pits and snares that are in his path. By the light of this lamp he can look forward to the end of the road, and behold his Master waiting to receive him. The Bible! It is to the Christian a beacon. He is tempted to sin; perhaps to adultery, and his answer is, "No! David sinned in this matter, and went mourning all his days." Or it may be to drunkenness, and he replies, "I cannot; Noah drank, and through his sin invited a second." Or he is tempted with covetousness and sordid gain, but as he thinks of such as Gehazi, or Judas, or Demas, he rejoins, "I dare not." And so the many *falls* of those whose names are recorded in the Scriptures become warnings lest he should in like manner transgress. The Bible! It is the Christian's granary. Here is stored up the corn of the kingdom, the finest of the wheat—wheat without tares. It is the Christian's mine. In it are to be found gold and silver of the richest kind. Yea, "its fruit is *better* than gold, than fine gold; and its revenue than choice silver." It is a casket of peerless jewels; a chest of costly and sparkling rubies; a cabinet of priceless gems, of brilliancy the most transcendent. Surely we should make the Bible the guide of our life. By it we should wind up the watches of our hearts; not be going continually to this ministerial clock and that Christian timepiece to set our works right; but repair to the sun, and by that direct all our motions,

and we shall ever keep the right time of day. From what I have said, you will see how the Bible is absolutely indispensable. The world without the Bible! It were like the earth without the sun; the ground without rain; a caravan on the Sahara without water; a ship at sea without a compass; an Alpine traveller without a guide; an Episcopal clergyman without his prayer-book; a soldier in battle without his sword; or a race of men without laws or government.

We may well say then, blessed be God for the Bible. It has been said, "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." Would that this were more truly felt, and more practically exemplified by the Lord's people in these days of division of opinion and laxity of doctrine. If it were so, party names would soon be no more. Calvin would be forgotten, that Christ might be oftener spoken of. We should lose sight of the stars at the lustre of the sun of righteousness. Let us but hold fast to the Word of God, and our eyes shall soon hail the glorious time when there will be but one Lord, one faith, and one baptism.

Consider the *author* of the Bible. When we take up a book our first question is, who is the author? and if the author be a bad man, or so ashamed of his writings that he leaves out his name, we reject it, saying, "a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit," and a filthy fountain sends forth foul streams. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? But who is the author of the Bible? Let it speak for itself—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They wrote not as men, but as men of God. They were the Lord's secretaries, writing down his countless thoughts of matchless love. He was the great deep, overflowing with grace and compassion; they were the channels through which the life-giving streams ran to multitudes of dying souls. This book is a precious letter, in which he has revealed the graciousness of his nature towards self-destroyed man; in which he shews us the depths of our depravity, and the fearfulness of our danger; in

which he tells us of his unwillingness that we should perish, and as a proof provides salvation for all who believe in his son Jesus. The Bible is a mirror that reflects upon a ruined world the loving face of our infinitely merciful God. Christ was God's love manifested in the flesh; the Bible is God's love manifested in ink and paper. Is God the author? Then it may well be called, most emphatically, "The Holy Bible;" for how can it be otherwise, having originated from so pure a source? We need not wonder, either, that it is so full of mysteries, which to our poor, shallow minds are incomprehensible, when we reflect that it sprang of him whose way is in the sea, and whose footsteps are not known. Moreover, who can doubt its veracity, when God himself, who cannot lie, has set his seal to its heavenly origin and divine faithfulness? Is God its author? Then it is no cause for astonishment if it say, "The word of the Lord is quick and powerful." Thank God the word has not lost any of its power. Its ministers may lose power in proclaiming it, but when the Spirit applies it ever comes home with demonstration and with power, and it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Consider the *adaptation* of the Bible. It is a book for the million. It suits every age. Here children may read of Samuel, Josiah, and Timothy, all of whom sought the Lord in early days. The young man may study the life of a Joseph, or of a David, who followed and served God in the bloom of their youth. The old men may call to mind such men as Jacob or Stephen, who stood firmly to the end. The young woman may mark a Ruth or a Mary; the mother a Hannah; and the aged matron may find instruction in the character of an Elizabeth. It suits every position, whether king or subject, teacher or learner, minister or people, master or servant, high or low, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, whatever may be the circumstances this book will be found by all a necessary guide.

Note David's *hiding-place*. "In my heart," Many hide it in the head, others hide it in the library; the best place is in the heart. If it be only hidden in the library, thieves may move it, if

but in the head, death will deprive us of it, but if in the heart it must be in good custody. In the heart it will be secret, and God seeth in secret. The Lord searcheth and pondereth the heart, and if he there finds his own word, he will take up his abode there, fulfilling the promises ever before his eyes. Moreover, in the heart it will be secure. The godly man's heart is an iron safe, which can bid defiance to the legions of earth or hell, and to the fire and fury of them both. In the library it is seldom read, in the head it is seldom practised; but in the heart it is ever useful, and never useful except when there. It is not meat on the table, but in the stomach that does us good; so it is not Scripture on the tables of our memories, but in the depths of our hearts that gives us spiritual and substantial refreshment. Once more, in the heart the Bible will be loved. The creature we love dearest we bind nearest to our hearts; so if we love God's Book above all other books we shall hide it in our hearts and seek to love it more.

David's design was that he might not sin against God. He had a thorough hatred of every sin in every shape, therefore he took every possible precaution to be free from its guilt and power. He believed God's Word was the best preventive. When the ark comes in, Dagon comes down; so thought this holy man, when the Word of God is in the temple of my heart, the idol of sin will lay prostrate and powerless.

Finally, God's Word will be either for our instruction or our destruction. If we attend to it, it will lead us safe to glory, but if we neglect it we shall lead ourselves to everlasting sorrow and misery. May we all imitate David by hiding the most choice of possessions in the most choice of places for the most choice of purposes.

Aylsham, Norfolk.

THE BEST PROVOCATION.

BY A YORKSHIRE PREACHER.

"And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."—Heb. x. 24, 25.

In the previous verses the apostle has pointed out to believers in glowing lan-

guage the privileges they are entitled to enjoy. As brethren, they have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. For them the new and living way has been consecrated, and a high priest set over the house of God. They are, therefore, exhorted to draw near to God with true hearts, in full assurance of faith, having their hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and their bodies washed with pure water. Because he is faithful who hath promised they are urged to hold fast the profession of their faith without wavering, to consider one another to provoke unto love and good works, not forsaking the assembling of themselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as they see the day approaching. Surely if an attempt were made to give believers better reasons for abounding in good works, that attempt would prove a failure. If these reasons will not make us zealous in the performance of good, it may well be inquired what will?

To consider one another is to think of one another, to aid one another, and to bear with one another. As we like to be thought of, aided, and borne with, so should we act towards others. "Do to others as ye would they should do unto you," is the golden rule, and if it should be carried out by all, how much more by those who profess to have communion with God, and to be brethren in Christ Jesus. Having given themselves first to the Lord and then to his people according to his Word, they are under the most lasting obligations to "consider one another." But, alas! even in the church this wholesome practice has greatly fallen into disuse. Instead of considering one another, church members often consider themselves only. While prone to murmur loudly if they fancy themselves overlooked, unaided, or not patiently dealt with, they will too often carelessly deal out to others the treatment which, when applied to themselves, they deplore. But this should not be. We should learn to think others better than ourselves. We should be ready to render any aid that may be in our power to our needy brethren, bearing in mind that we are men of like passions with others, the subjects of many infirmities. Having our own peculiar

failings and besetting sins, we should consider it a great crime to magnify the faults and failings of others, and learn to bear patiently with them when they manifest their weaknesses. So acting, they will learn to consider us, and in our turn we shall have their good thoughts, their good works, and their good judgment.

We are told to consider one another to "provoke unto love and to good works." This is the only provocation that the Lord approves of or the Word of God enjoins. As we may "be angry and sin not," so we may "provoke and sin not." But this is not what so many are well acquainted with—the provocation of the flesh. That which is sinful stirs up the basest passions of fallen humanity, and is alike condemned by God and man. Provoking looks, provoking speeches, and provoking actions, should never find a place in the Church of Christ. Jesus when he was reviled reviled not again, and he is our pattern. Yet it is to be feared that there are some members of the visible church who seem to have a gift for nothing else. Whenever they are heard of it is almost certain to be in connection with a row. They are at war with their neighbours, at war with their relatives, and at war with their fellow members. The ungodly point at them with scorn, and make them a byword; and those who love the cause of Christ mourn over its dishonour through their base conduct. Such professors provoke the wrath of God, and upon their own heads in the day of judgment that wrath shall be poured. That they are Christians none are so silly as to believe, and the sooner they give up the professor's name the better will it be for Christianity. God forbid that we should be like them, or in any respect copy them. Instead of "provoking to hatred," let us seek to "provoke to love." The way to do this is to love, and that not in word only but in deed and in truth. Love begets love, even as hatred begets hatred. The more we love the more shall we be loved. The reason why some professors complain of not being loved is because no one has been able to discover that they ever yet exhibited that quality towards others. Few complain of the want of it who are ever ready to

exhibit it. As we are to provoke one another to love, so we are to shew it by provoking one another to "good works." It is recorded of Jesus that he "went about doing good," and herein he showed his great love to frail and sinful mortals. If we were in the habit of striving to see who can do others the most good we should be more like Jesus, and certainly more useful and more happy. A great deal of our unhappiness may arise from our sloth and inactivity. Those who work most for God are those who enjoy most of God. The unhappiest Christians are invariably the laziest. Those whose favourite text is, "Without me, ye can do nothing," would feel very sorry if they thought that they were required to do anything. But they are deluded; they know nothing of the happiness of toiling for Jesus and his people; they have a creed in the head, but no love either to Jesus or his people in the heart. The more we are found working, the less shall we be found groaning, and the more we shall be found singing. See to it, then, reader, if thou art a member of the church of Christ that thou art not merely a member in name, but a member in deed. Speak kindly to the unconverted, direct the inquirer, bear with the weak brother, visit the sick, do any work given you to do cheerfully, relieve the distressed, uphold the hands of your pastor, and do all that you can do to build up the church, keep it in peace, extend its influence, and promote its prosperity. Thus will you provoke unto good works; for your example shall tell on others, and you shall not be able to judge where your influence ceases.

The apostle exhorts us "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but to exhort one another; and so much the more as we see the day approaching." Man is a social being, and sociality is a Christian element. To promote sociality the Lord has organized churches, in which baptized believers meet and have communion. For the same purpose he has also ordained public assemblies, that the Word may be preached, his praises sung, and prayer be offered. Thus sinners are brought under the sound of the Gospel, God is glorified, and the saints draw down the blessings of heaven. Yet how many professed Christians

neglect these means; or, if they meet together, spend their time merely in a formal manner; their prayer meetings are glaring evidences of this neglect. A popular preacher will draw crowds; a musical anniversary service will cram the building; but when the blessing of God is to be implored there are more benches than worshippers. Surely, this is an insult to God, and the most certain method of quenching the Spirit in the church. The attendance at the prayer meeting is generally an index of the state of the Church. When the prayer meetings are crowded, when a spirit of wrestling prayer is poured out, when in every prayer there are ardent petitions presented for the conversion of sinners, when members forget their old jog-trot phrases in their earnestness in seeking the Divine blessing, then the blessing of God is at the door, and soon the windows of heaven will be opened to pour down such a blessing that there shall not be found room to contain it. But let the prayer-meeting be always thin—though if members acted as they could and ought to act they might make it always crowded—then write "Ichabod" over the doors—the glory of God is departed. Spirit of God, stir up thy people. Make them wrestling Jacobs in private and in public. Teach them so to pray that while they pray they may obtain the answer. Let them estimate highly the privilege of having God's ear. As "prayer moves the arm that moves the universe," so move thou them to pray that they may move thee, that thou mayest move others, and so the kingdoms of this world shall be moved towards God and his Christ. For that day we long, we pant, we wait, at times in agony. How long, O God, how long?

Reader, art thou a member of Christ's church? Exhort then thy fellows in thy way. It may be a poor and feeble way, but God will bless it, and that will make it rich and strong. The day of thy death is approaching. There will be time enough for thee to rest in the grave and in heaven. Make the most of thy living time. If you wish for the enjoyment of God's presence; if you wish to have religion's chief comforts; if you wish to be useful in the world and in the Church while you live; if you wish

to honour and glorify God till you die; if you wish to be owned at the last great day, before assembled worlds, as a good and faithful servant about to enter into the joy of the Lord, the motto for your adoption must be "WORK." The last great day is approaching. The time shall come when the world, with all its grand monuments of human *genius* will be burnt up, when the heavens shall roll away as a scroll, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and when the universe shall have answered its designed end. But you, if you are Christ's, and are working for Christ and his people, will survive all. One eternal day of rest and peace is destined to fall to your happy lot. Then you shall know that although your good works on earth have not been meritorious, yet that they have been graciously accepted as works of love by your heavenly Father; that not the most humble action performed for the good of the most humble believer, for Christ's sake, has been by him overlooked; that he has raised for you a harvest of which you little dreamt; and then the consciousness of his approbation and the light of his smile shall more than make amends for ten thousand more crosses than those you bore when suffering and toiling for humanity and the Church of Christ below.

Golcar, Yorkshire.

THE SWEET NAME.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

MANY sing this verse, but are strangers to its sweetness. It is a sweet name, but not sweet to everyone. Its sweetness is known only to the believer. He is a sinner saved by Jesus, and so has proved his preciousness. Such love Jesus. Many names are sweet to us, and why? Because we love them who wear those names. So Jesus' name is sweet, because we love him; and "we love him because he first loved us." Then does our love to Jesus make his name sweet to us? No; for we might as well say that our eye gave light to the sun, and that our taste gave sweetness to honey, as to say that our love

gives sweetness to the name of Jesus. Sweetness is essentially in Jesus, and our love appreciates it.

But why is the name of Jesus so sweet? (1.) Because "it soothes our sorrows." Then our sorrows are bitter and painful; and this name is full of sweetness, that relieves our sorrows and restores our joys. But how can his name do this? Because it is so full of his love and salvation, and therefore it brings to us such sweet peace and comfort. It sweetens our sorrows and sanctifies our griefs. (2.) Because "it heals our wounds." "A wounded spirit who can bear?"—and who can heal? None but Jesus, whose heart is full of love, and whose love is full of preciousness. His grace heals our maladies and cures our sicknesses. With him is saving health for our souls. He sprinkles our hearts from an evil conscience by his blood, and heals us by shedding on us his mercy. (3.) Because "it drives away our fears." Fears are stubborn spirits, but Jesus' name makes them flee; and as fears flee, faith renews its vigour, and rejoices with great joy.

Blunham, Beds.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN PEACOCK.

BY THE REV. PHILIP GAST.

THREE lines in a religious newspaper to notify to the churches of Christ the departure of a good man—a faithful, successful, and devoted pastor from earth to heaven, is a notification too brief and unsatisfactory for the sake of the living and the honour of the dead.

If the warriors engaged in the brutal battles of a bloody warfare sit down to read with avidity and delight the sketches of a fallen comrade—sketches portraying acts deemed glorious and brave—shall not the soldiers of the cross, when a comrade of a battalion is summoned from the field and confided to receive his crown and take his fadeless laurels—shall not these warriors recount the deeds of the departed, so that by their conflicts they may be taught how to fight, so that by their victories they may be nerved to a manful fighting of the battles of the Lord of Hosts?

Our brother to whom we are about to

invite attention was not a *great man* according to the defective and unscriptural standard of greatness which many Christian teachers and others have set up. If greatness and goodness are synonymous, he was a great man; if greatness and grace are so, he was a great man; if greatness and usefulness are so, then verily he was a great man. Would to God that usefulness were the standard of greatness in our churches—the greatness of blessing and saving souls, that greatness which shall live through the eternal ages, when "great sermons"—"intellectual treats"—"masterly discourses," and "pulpit orations" have perished, and are for ever forgotten.

The Rev. John Peacock, who was for 34 years pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Spencer-place Chapel, Goswell-road, London, was born in the village of Ravensden, Beds, on the 31st of May, 1779, his father occupying a farm in that parish. The subject of our sketch was brought up to attend the parish church, and his grandfather, who was a zealous Churchman, diligently instructed him in the doctrines and observances of that church. At one time there was a possibility of his becoming a clergyman; for when about twelve years of age, the rector of the parish in which he resided, having no family of his own, wished to adopt the lad, and educate him for the clerical profession; but being an only child, his parents were unwilling to give him up.

When but a child, he began to attend the Baptist Chapel at Little Staughton, Beds. The ministry of Mr. Emery, the pastor, was so blessed to him, that through it he was brought to Christ for salvation. At that time he was not more than fifteen years of age; ere he had reached his seventeenth year, he was baptized by Mr. Emery, and added to the Church of Christ. The date given is November 1st, 1795.

During the years that intervened from his public profession of attachment to Christ and entrance upon the public ministry, he felt an intense longing to tell out to others the old story of the cross. This long cherished desire he kept within his own breast; his modesty would not permit him to publish it. He frequently strolled out

into a neighbouring wood, where he was not likely to be interrupted, and there conducted an imaginary service, with the trees of the wood for his congregation, and an invisible auditory of angelic and sainted spirits. In this, the great temple of nature, he could preach with considerable fluency. Following this practice on several occasions, his oratorical power was greatly improved. With the wood for his college and the Holy Ghost for his tutor, he was being prepared for great service in the Church of God.

He continued with his father, rendering assistance in carrying on the work of the farm, until he was twenty-four years of age. At that period he began to preach. His first sermon was preached in the house of one of the deacons, a well-educated and highly intelligent man, from whom he received much encouragement, and who, for the rest of his life, proved a kind and judicious friend.

His first text was from John vii. 17—"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." He commenced his ministerial career, January, 1804. For several months he preached at an early service held in the chapel at Staughton. Eventually he received an invitation from the church at Rushden, Northamptonshire, and was ordained to the pastorate of that church July 2, 1805. He laboured at Rushden for seventeen years, during which period upwards of 120 persons were added to the church. From this sphere he removed in March, 1821, visited London, and preached at Spencer-place as a supply; shortly afterwards receiving a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of that church. He received also, at the same time, an invitation from the church at Waltham Abbey. After much prayerful consideration, he resolved upon accepting the pastorate of the former place. In a memoranda made by him concerning his settlement at Spencer-place, he writes: "Where it is my desire to spend and be spent until my Lord and Master calls me to appear before him to give an account of my stewardship. May it be with joy, and not with grief."

It is interesting to note that the same evening he commenced his pastoral

career at Spencer-place. Mr. Jonathan Whittemore was proposed for church membership, and was one of the first baptized by him in this new sphere of labour. This good brother subsequently became a faithful minister of the Gospel,* and a source of blessing to all the churches of the land where the BAPTIST MESSENGER is known and prized.

On December 11, 1821, Mr. Peacock was publicly recognized as pastor of Spencer-place; the Revs. J. Ivimey, Eason, Freer, Pritchard, Upton, Shensstone, and Hines taking part in the service, all of whom have passed away to their rest.

From Dec. 11, 1821, to Nov. 26, 1855, a period of thirty-four years, our beloved brother and father in Christ lived and laboured amongst the people of his charge in the pastorate at Spencer-place, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God above fifty years. Who shall estimate the grand results of so many years' hard toil in bearing the burden and heat of the day? Who can tell the number of mourners comforted—the perplexed directed—the feeble strengthened—the wanderers reclaimed, and the lost saved? There is no earthly register to which we can turn but there is a record roll in the archives of heaven, from which shall be read out one day every worthy act connected with his history.

We need scarcely say that during his thirty-four years of faithful service in this place he was most deservedly and highly respected—respected by his brethren in the ministry, by the churches of Jesus in the locality, and by the neighbourhood at large. "The memory of the just is blessed."

We may advert to his views and ministerial character. He belonged to the school commonly known as Calvinistic. With those who out-Calvin Calvin he had no sympathy.

At the ordination of Mr. Whittemore, already referred to, our departed brother

* Mr. Whittemore accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Rushden, Northamptonshire, and was ordained on June 14, 1832, where he remained for a period of twenty years. For several years Mr. Peacock visited the scene of his former labours, preaching there and at the villages adjacent. The delight his presence gave was fully testified by the numbers who flocked to hear him.

delivered the charge, which was afterwards published. In it he says, "Never fear being charged with Antinomianism or Arminianism, by giving every text you unfold its *full latitude*. Always impress upon your hearers the necessity of personal religion; that it is their interest to seek after and possess it; and that there is nothing in the way of their *salvation but what is in their own hearts*."

That man's ruin is of himself alone, and that man's recovery is of grace alone, he ever most consistently taught. He taught that men were to ascribe their salvation to the free and sovereign grace of God in Jesus his Son.

In preaching he used great *plainness of speech*.

High, swelling words of vanity were not to him auxiliaries in the weighty and solemn mission of heaven's ambassador; the end of his ministry was not to please; but to profit and save souls.

During his thirty-four years of pastoral connection with Spencer-place between five and six hundred were added to the church.

During the last eighteen months his weakness was such as to prevent his visiting the house God where he had spent so many gladsome hours. His last address at Spencer-place will not soon be forgotten, and elicited from the ministers who were present the declaration that it was worth travelling any distance to hear his expressions of unshaken confidence in Christ.

The writer called with an esteemed brother, a deacon of the church, to see our departed friend about a month before his death. Having mentioned the words of Paul, "I know whom I have believed, &c.," as suitable for him, our departed brother replied with special emphasis, "I *know*, I *know*, I *KNOW* whom I have believed, &c." The writer inquired "Whether he felt all to be peace within? whether he realized the presence of Jesus?" he replied, "O *YES*."

At nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, May 15th, he closed his long and useful life; he had spent many bright and

joyous Sabbaths, but this was the best of all—from the earthly Sabbatism to the heavenly—he had entered the sanctuary on many a bright Sabbath morn to worship the King of kings, that morning he entered the temple not made with hands to worship for ever—he joined the congregations which can never break up, and entered upon the Sabbath that can never terminate.

His remains were interred at Highgate Cemetery, May 20th; the Rev. Philip Gast, his successor, and present pastor of Spencer-place, officiated, and delivered an address in the Cemetery Chapel, from John xiv. 58, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto the Father." His death was improved by Mr. Gast, in Spencer-place Chapel, on Lord's-day evening, May 22, from Job v. 26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." We have thus presented the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER with a sketch of the long and useful life of one who served God and his generation with diligence, fidelity, and success.

Let *usefulness* be our ambition, the passion of our life, the prayer of our hearts, and the labour of our hands, as those who live for this shall never die "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

There is a power in love Divine to constrain men to consecrate themselves to the Saviour and his cause, so that the head, the hands, the heart, and feet, are all ever engaged for the glory of God and the salvation of humanity.

May the earthly lives of those who sleep in Jesus stimulate us to deeds worthy of our high calling and the claims of a lost world.

As the fathers depart, may the young men of our churches arise to the trumpet call to be standard-bearers for our King, and may those who have grasped the ensign hold with a fuller faith, and more prominently than ever the blood-stained banner of Christ crucified—God given to inspire in hopeless humanity hope for the protection of pardoned rebels and the everlasting salvation of sinners lost.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

HOW MUCH ?

"How much owest thou unto my Lord?" None of us could answer this question. If we sought to measure our debts, to reckon them up, to comprehend them in any way, truly our thoughts would be lost, we should grow bewildered by the magnitude of the subject.

How much do we owe to him who has died for us? More than lips could tell, more than heart can conceive, more than we could repay, though spending eternity in the effort.

All that we can do, however, should be cheerfully done, all that we can give cheerfully and earnestly given. How much can I give? should be constantly in our hearts. Never, How little will suffice? But, alas, by our actions, if not our words, we too often content ourselves with—How little? The sun is very hot, and the chapel a long way off, so we stay at home, or only go among the people of God once a day. There is a prayer meeting to be held, but we are very busy, and our letters must be written, our visits must be paid, so, never mind, it is "only a prayer meeting." They want teachers in the Sunday-school, but it is very arduous work, and we are so tired from the week's toil that really we must decline; doubtless, there are better workers (and more willing) to be found. The societies are very good, but we cannot give to all, and the difficulty is in knowing which to choose, and, beside, there are so many

ways of spending one's money. Thus we try, "How little can we give with safety to our own interests."

But this should never be the conduct of him whom the truth has made free. It is like a slave, not a child. Love is ever asking—How much? Selfishness says—How little?

How much? It is well to ask it when life is young, and strength unimpaired. For then the heart is warm and impulsive, and may bring sweet incense to the feet of the King. Bright gifts and precious may there be laid on the altar. And much may be done then that could not in after years.

How much? It is well to ask it in middle life, when the man is matured and wise and thoughtful. For then he has golden opportunities of spending his best years useful and well. He has need of some self-sacrifice then, and he will not give to the Lord that which cost him nothing. Because his time is valuable, and his manly strength an acceptable offering.

How much? It is good to ask in age, because the heart then can better estimate *how much* the Saviour's goodnesses deserve. All through a long life he has led and fed and cared for, and the aged Christian ever strives to bless him with his last breath.

Let us see *how much* we can render ?

Reviews.

Brands from the Burning and How they were Saved, &c. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, Author of "Our Moral Wastes," &c. London: John Snow, 35, Paternoster-row.

Mr. Wilson's book is one of the many works which are the result of the efforts of recent times for the revival of religion in our own land. As an experimental and practical labourer, this book of his is not only most reliable but thoroughly adapted to cheer others who feel deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of our home population. We hope it will have a circulation commensurate with its intrinsic worth.

The Christian Code contained in the Scriptures. By SVERSTAS. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster-row.

This work is an arrangement of the words of Scripture on the doctrines and duties of Christianity. The passages are selected with great wisdom and care, and the whole is so laid out that the reader is enabled to see how the truths presented are sustained by direct Bible teaching. With all our common-place books and digests of Scripture we think there was ample room for this most excellent compilation.

The Righteousness of Christ the Righteousness of God: a Refutation of the Views of the Plymouth Brethren. By R. GOVETT. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

MR. GOVETT is well known as a powerful writer, and this book on five phases of Plymouth Brethrenism contains a thorough sifting and exposure of what the writer deems the unscriptural errors of that fractious congeries of theological disputations. The work has many admirable qualities; it is clear, direct, terse, and saturated with Scripture quotations. We fancy a few of these powerful globules might operate advantageously on the class whose spiritual diseases it seeks to remove.

Leaves from Olivet. A Collection of Sacred Poetry. By ALBERT MIBLANS. London: W. H. Broom, 34, Paternoster-row.

A VOLUME of sweet poems, of more than average excellence, and beautifully got up, so as to be a most suitable gift book for the young, and well adapted to promote the spiritual welfare of its readers. We most cordially give the book our hearty commendation, and sincerely congratulate the author on this addition to really good and edifying religious poetry.

Nearness to the Cross and the Blessings found there. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

A REFRESHING book on the most momentous of themes, and adapted to all classes of Christian readers. It cannot fail to honour our Divine Master, and be a fruitful source of blessing to his people. We are glad to see that it has already reached the third thousand, and there is no doubt that it will take its place among the standard theological books of our day.

The Golden Lamb and the Golden Land. By Mrs. E. C. JUDSON. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A REAL little gem, replete with interest for all, but especially for the young. Its price, three-pence, brings it within the range of our Sunday-school gift books.

A Sermon on Baptism. By the Rev. JOHN DOUGLAS, of Portadown.

ROMANISM, Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, and Pædo-Baptism, will find plenty of work for Baptist polemics. Mr. Douglas does not presume to add new views or arguments in favour of Scripture baptism, but he thought there was an occasion for bearing his testimony, and he has done it, and done it well. We trust his sermon will yield fruit.

Theoretical Astronomy Explained and Exposed. By COMMON SENSE. Part I. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

A GENTLEMAN whose name is veiled under the title Parallax, has for some time been lecturing against the Newtonian system of astronomy, and contending for the revolution of the sun, &c., round the earth, which he avers to be a plane

and not a globe. These views have been obtaining converts, and this work is intended to vindicate them. Persons who feel interested in the question will find much to interest and startle them in this serial.

Across the River: Twelve Views of Heaven. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

THE idea of this small work is excellent. From the writings of Drs. Macleod, Candlish, B. W. Hamilton, Spence, and others, we have a series of sweet and cheering exercises of a future state, and of its bliss and services. We heartily commend the work, and feel sure it will be a great success.

Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week. By MARIANNE PARNINGHAM. London: John Cordiner, 31, Paternoster-row.

OUR fair author has secured a wide and deserved reputation, and this series of holy song for a week will not detract from it. We only add, that we are very much pleased with it, and hope it will refresh many a pilgrim on his desert course to the better land.

A Catechism, with Proofs. Compiled by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.

A CATECHISM of doctrinal and practical truths, with excellent definitions, and adapted to convey the sacred principles of New Testament Christianity, and sustained throughout with the abundant testimony of the Word of God. May it be greatly blessed to the young people of our churches for many generations.

We give our hearty commendations to the following:—*Sermons*, by HENRY WARD BEECHER. Nos. I. and II. London: J. Heaton and Son.—*Where shall I be One Hundred Years hence?* By J. METCALFE WHITE, B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co.—*Little Jemmie; or, the Plucked Flower.* By MARY ANN BAYFIELD. London: Elliot Stock.—*The English Bible and its Translators.* A Lecture, by the Rev. JOHN JULLIAN. London: W. Freeman.—*Poland.* A Lecture, by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.—*Restore Folefold.* London: W. J. Freeman.—*The Chamois; or, the Lord Mighty to Save.* A Swiss Tale. Elliot Stock.—*Broken Pitchers.* By T. G. BELL, LL.D. London: S. W. Partridge.—*The Baptist Magazine for June*, a capital number.

Among periodicals we have received the *Ragged School Magazine* for May and June, in which the interest is well kept up.—*The Little Gleaner and the Sower* for May, as usual, good.—*Old Jonathan*, for May, thoroughly excellent.—*Tracts of English Monthly Tract Society* (Nos. 290 and 292), the *Snare of the Hour* and *Jesus Christ's Bible*, both reasonable and well written.—*Annual Report and Occasional Record of the National Bible Society of Scotland.*

Poetry.

JESUS THE HEALER.

When Jesus was on earth, disease and pains
Were subject to his will;
And now in heaven, where he in glory reigns,
He is the Healer still.
In healing souls what wonders Christ has done!
And all he does is free;
While thus he speaks, "I will not cast out one
Tha. ometh unto me."
Poor sinners, vile and leprous, venture there,
And with his own rich blood
He heals them all, and gives them vesture fair—
The righteousness of God.
Christ makes the deaf to hear his gracious voice,
And to obey it too:
He heals the blind, and O how they rejoice
When they their Saviour view!
He cures those who were by nature dumb,
And fills their mouths with song:
The lame, the weak, that to his footstool come,
Run in his ways ere long.
Christ wounds all such whom he intends to heal,
But this is done in love;
And everyone that doth this wounding feel
His healing power shall prove.
Other physicians wounded souls may try,
But they will useless be;
Each, soon or late, to Jesus must apply,
For none can heal but he.
If for a time he answers not a word,
Yet will they send to heaven
More earnest cries, and wait upon the Lord
Until the cure is given.

THEODORA.

GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS
FROM THEIR EYES.

Not here, not here! We weep away our life
Here, where its very springs are springs of woe;
Here where its daily scenes are scenes of strife,
Not here, not here will cease the tears to flow;

But when this blackness shall have passed away,
God's hand shall dry the eyes that welcome day.

God's hands—not human ones—all tears, not some,
O blessed day of sacred ecstasy,
When o'er our barren desert wilt thou come?
When wilt thou dawn and quench our misery?
When shall that hand o'er our sore hearts be
spread,
And wake to joy those that with grief were dead?

Not here, but yonder—where our Saviour lives—
At home, sweet home, where love shall wall us
round,
There where Immanuel perfect respite gives;
There where the pain shall never more be found;
There where the angels are, and all the blest,
There where we hope to go, and sweetly rest!

O fearless land! O realm of holy peace,
Faltering the feet that slowly toward thee tend;
But Father, bring us there, and cause to cease
The clouds of unbelief that hide our Friend.
Amid our burning tears, thy children pray
For that bright shore where all are wiped away.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

Against myself, lo! freely I confess,
I am the greatest sinner ever was;
My daily trespasses are numberless,
I cannot bear their burden, O, alas!
Woe's me, that ever I did give consent
To do those things for which my soul doth moan;
Woe's me, that I have been so negligent
To leave undone the things I ought to have done.
Ah, Lord! behold my anguish, see my pain,
My contrite heart, and groans with pity hear;
And though thy wrath I merit to obtain,
Give for the merits of my Saviour dear,
E'en grace to leave my sin and cleave to thee,
And that thy peace may ever dwell with me.

Ancient Devotional Poetry.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

SOEWBY, YORKSHIRE.—The Baptist church at Steep-lane, Sowerby, near Halifax, having invited Mr. William Haigh, of Longwood, to the pastorate, he entered upon his labours on the third Lord's-day in June.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

NEWBRIDGE, RADNORSHIRE.—On Monday and Thursday, the 30th and 31st ult., services were

held at the above place in connection with the settlement of Mr. John Nicholas, late student of Pontypool College, as co-pastor to the Rev. D. Jarman, who has sustained the pastorate upwards of 40 years. The ministers who officiated were Revs. G. Phillips, Evanjobb; D. Davies, Nant-gwin; J. Jones, Maesyrhelem; D. Davies, Dolan; S. Jones, Dyfirmolairwan; M. Morgan, Newwells; and E. Roberts, Newtown. The sermons were excellent and the congregations large.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

HINCKLEY.—On Wednesday, April 13th, a public tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel to welcome the Rev. J. Parkinson and his bride, when 150 sat down. A public meeting was held after tea, when a very handsome timepiece was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson by Mr. W. Bass, one of the deacons, as a token of their affection. The Rev. J. Parkinson acknowledged the present in suitable terms. The meeting was subsequently addressed by several ministers.

ASCOTT, OXON.—A meeting was recently held in the Baptist chapel here to present the minister, Rev. W. R. Irvine, with a tangible expression of esteem and respect consisting of an elegant writing desk, a handsome Family Bible, and to Mrs. Irvine a valuable tea and coffee service. J. F. Maddox, Esq., in the name of the subscribers, presented these gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, commenting in a most feeling manner, on the good success which had attended Mr. Irvine's ministry during the past eight years of his residence here. Mr. Irvine affectionately acknowledged these gratifying testimonials, and referred to the Christian love which had prompted their bestowal.

BOVEY TRACEY.—The Rev. J. Keller having completed the seventh year of his ministry in this place, a social tea-meeting was held on May 12th, to celebrate the event. After tea a purse containing eight guineas was presented to Mr. Keller by Mr. Boston, the senior deacon, accompanied with a suitable address, as a token of the esteem with which he is regarded by his church and congregation. After singing and prayer being offered by another of the deacons, the Rev. Wm. Doke, of Chudleigh, delivered a very suitable address. The doxology was then sung, and the friends separated highly pleased.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

BULTH.—The annual association meeting of the Baptist denomination, known as the "Old Association," comprising the counties of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecon, was held on Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2nd ult., in this town. At 10 o'clock the first day, a large number of ministers and messengers of its respective churches met in conference at the chapel, when the Rev. E. Pryce, late of Crikhowell, was unanimously voted to the chair, and subjects of importance bearing upon the general welfare of the denomination in these counties were discussed. The assembly adjourned to dine at the Temperance Hotel. The business of the meeting was resumed at two o'clock; several resolutions calculated to promote the future progress of the churches were mooted and passed. Breconshire was allowed to withdraw and form a separate association. The public services were held in a commodious field adjacent to the town. A platform was erected and seats arranged. The devotional service was conducted by the Rev. T. T. Phillips, Painscastle,

at which the Revs. G. Phillips, Evanjobb, and J. Evans, Newchapel, preached. At seven on Thursday morning the service was held in the Independent chapel, when the Rev. Isaac Edwards, Llanidloes, and J. L. Evans, Zoar, preached. A conference was held at the same time in the Baptist chapel. At ten a.m., in the field the service was introduced by the Rev. D. Evans, Knighton; after which the Revs. John Jones, Rock; B. Watkins, Maesyrbalem (Welsh); and E. Roberts, Newtown, preached. At two o'clock the service was commenced by the Rev. D. Davies, Nantgwyn; when the Revs. M. Morgan, Newwells; J. Vaughan, Staylittle, (Welsh); and D. Davies, Dolan, preached. At six o'clock, Rev. E. Owen, late of Sarn, read and prayed; then Revs. J. Jones, Maesyrbalem; T. Payne, Prestcain; and J. W. Evans, Brecon, preached. The Rev. D. Jarman, Newbridge, concluded by imploring a Divine blessing to attend the efforts made for the glory of God and salvation of souls. The weather was all that could be desired, and the assemblages at the services were large. Strangers were treated with the greatest respect by the townspeople, and ample provision made to accommodate them with food and lodgings, all free of expense. The whole passed off to the utmost satisfaction of all assembled.

MIDLAND ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of this association were held in the Whitsun week at Dudley—an association over whose history more than 200 years have passed. Stirring subjects were mooted. Of course, there were preaching services; and we had three excellent sermons from brethren Chapman and Giles (of Birmingham), and our young brother Bird (of Stourbridge). The Baptist Union, associations (those prominent subjects now), with ministers' societies, and Christian duties, all came under notice. There were evident yearnings for a consolidated, strong, practical Baptist confederation. Perhaps the Baptist Union had not reached the ideal of some minds; but might it not? Had the churches encouraged it as they should? Might they not make it what it ought to be? were questions elicited. Some remarks, too, were made on connection between the associations and the Union. Might not the associations be in some way affiliated with the Baptist Union, so as that the influence of the churches should pass through the associations to the Union, and make its acts representative? Our associations were not considered too large for management; rather the question was asked, whether in these days of iron roads two or even three of them could not be united? So important was the question of the efficiency of associations felt to be, and of the Midland in particular, that it was determined to omit one of the sermons next year, that there may be time for a fuller discussion of the subject. Understanding that the Baptist Union have some thought of holding an autumnal meeting, the brethren were anxious that it should be held in their neighbourhood, and the following resolution was passed:—"That the association cordially recommends that the Baptist Union be invited to hold an autumnal meeting at Birmingham, and promises to do what it can to make a meeting successful; that a consultation on the subject be held with the friends at Birmingham; and that the matter be referred to the committee." The Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers and their Widows and Orphans came under notice. One of the secretaries of the society stated that its rules had been examined by an eminent London actuary; that several interviews

had taken place between a sub-committee appointed by the Baptist Union and several gentlemen deputed by the committee of the society; that certain modifications agreed upon at that conference had been accepted by the committee, and would no doubt be accepted by the membership; that the only thing needed to make the society thoroughly efficient was that the public should liberally supplement the payments of the brethren who are members of it, and that for this purpose the committee proposed to make a renewed and vigorous appeal. The feeling of the association embodied itself in the following resolution:—"That the association rejoices in the existence of the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers and their Widows and Orphans, and in the comfort which it has already carried to several saddened homes; that it recommends the society to the help of the churches; and would suggest that collections, as far as practicable, would be an advisable plan for increasing its funds." The circular letter on "Individual Christian Responsibility for the Spread of Christian Truth" was written by Brother Evans (of Dudley), and is a forcible and earnest appeal to the churches. The increase of the churches is in considerable advance of last year, being upon the gross reported increase of that year fully twenty-five, and upon its clear increase over thirty per cent.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SHEPHERD, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The annual services in aid of the Baptist Sabbath-school, Charley-way, will be preached (D.V.) by the Rev. Edward Stevenson, of Loughborough, on Lord's-day, July 31. Services to commence in the afternoon at a quarter past two, and at a quarter past six in the evening.

CORNWALL-ROAD CHAPEL.—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.—On Sunday, July 3rd, two sermons will be preached in the above chapel (near Notting-hill railway station). In the morning, at eleven, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (admission by free tickets); in the evening at half-past six, by the Rev. W. Brock. On Tuesday, July 5th, a public meeting will be held. Chair to be taken at seven o'clock, by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. The meeting will be addressed by the Revs. J. Stoughton, F. Tucker, E. White, W. J. Lewis, W. Roberts, and J. A. Spurgeon. Tickets for the morning sermon to be obtained on application to the chapel-keeper.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—SUCCEDE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Thursday, July 28th, the new chapel will be opened. Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, has engaged to preach morning and afternoon, Mr. Charles Drawbridge, minister of the chapel, in the evening: morning, half-past 10; afternoon, 2; evening, half-past 6. Collections after each service. Tea will be provided. Tickets 8d. each, to be obtained of Mr. William Brown, draper, Market-hill, Higham Ferrers, Mr. Joseph Brown, farmer, Podington, Beds; Mr. Charles Drawbridge, Market-street, Wellingborough.

CRANFIELD, BEDS.—The third anniversary of the opening of Mount Zion Baptist Chapel will be held (D.V.) on Lord's-day, July 24, when three sermons will be preached: those in the morning and evening by Mr. Sears, of Clifton, Beds, and that in the afternoon by Mr. G. Smith, of Oxford. Service to commence in the morning at half-past 10 o'clock, in the afternoon at 2, evening at 6. Collections after each service in aid of the building fund. On the following Monday, July 25, a public

tea at half-past 4 o'clock, tickets 6d. each. At 6 o'clock Mr. Sears, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hewlett, and other brethren will deliver addresses on interesting subjects.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—The 18th annual excursion of the Sunday-school will take place (D.V.) on Wednesday, July 6, when the company will start for Krith gardens by the steamboat Petrel. Messrs. Pells (the pastor), Wyard, Milner, Alderson, Attwood, and other ministers are expected to accompany the friends. For particulars see bills. Mr. Pells's future address will be 9, Tolmer-square, Hampstead-road.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROMLEY, LEEDS.—The fifty-sixth anniversary of the Baptist chapel, Bromley, Leeds, was held on the 18th ult., when two sermons were preached by Rev. T. Dawson, Liverpool, and collections taken amounting to £68.

TRUBLEIGH, BEDS.—Mr. R. E. Bradfield, of Rushden, preached two sermons on behalf of the Baptist Sabbath-school here, on the 15th May. On the following evening a public meeting was held. Interesting services, good attendance, and good collections.

SILSAM, MACHEN.—This church celebrated their second anniversary on Sunday and Monday evening, June 5th and 6th, when excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. D. Hughes, of Aberystwyth, in Welsh; and by the Rev. E. Lloyd, Glaston, in English. On Monday evening by the Revs. E. Thomas, Pillygwalley, Newport, in English, and T. Evans, Temple, Newport, in Welsh. Collections were made amounting to £14.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND.—The annual prayer-meeting was held at Hope-street Baptist chapel, Glasgow, June 1st. Dr. J. Paterson presided. The general committee met at the same place, on the forenoon of June 2nd. W. B. Hodge, Esq., in the chair. The public meeting was held in the evening at the Trades'-hall; Hugh Rose, Esq., presided. The report having been read by Charles Anderson, Esq., treasurer, and adopted, the Revs. Jonathan Watson, J. Calross, M.A., F. Duan, T. Sinclair, and W. Grant, addressed the meeting, the three latter giving information relating to their respective spheres.

NEW-CROSS.—The memorial stones of new schoolrooms at Zion Chapel, Deptford, were laid on the 9th ult.—that of the boys' school by G. T. Congreve, Esq., of Peckham; and that of the girls' school by T. Pillow, Esq.—in the presence of a large attendance of friends. In the evening a public meeting was held, when some stirring addresses were delivered by Messrs. Anderson (the pastor), Hawkins, Palmer, Meeres, Griffith, Jones, Bland, and Wyard. The schools will be built from the designs of Mr. S. K. Bland, of Chesham, the architect, and cost about £430, towards which sum £252 has been subscribed, including the day's collections of £109.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDEVENNY, Frogmore-street, May 29—Five, by Mr. J. Bullock. One from the Independents.

BETHESDA CEFFN, Bassalely, Mon., June 12—One, by the Rev. T. Thomas.

BIRMINGHAM, Cannon-street, March 4—Four; March 26, Eight; April 24, Ten; May 29, Nine, by Mr. W. L. Giles.

BRAMLEY, Leeds, June 1—One; June 5, Four, by Mr. A. Ashworth.

BYTHORN, Hunts, June 12—Three, by Mr. Ewing.

OUR CHAMPION.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron."—Judges xvi. 3.

POOR Samson! We cannot say much about him by way of an example to believers. We must hold him up in two lights—as a beacon and as a prodigy. He is a beacon to us all, for he shows us that no strength of body can suffice to deliver from weakness of mind. Here was a man whom no fellow-man could overcome, but he lost his eyes through a woman—a man mighty enough to rend a lion like a kid, yet, in due time, though himself stronger than a lion, is bound with chains. When I think of the infatuation of which Samson was the subject, and remember how we are men of like passions with him, I can only, for myself and for you, put up the prayer, "Lord, hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." And Samson is also a prodigy. He is more a wonder as a believer than he is even as a man. It is marvellous that a man could smite thousands of Philistines with no better weapon than the jaw-bone of a newly-killed ass, but it is more marvellous still that Samson should be a saint, ranked among those illustrious ones saved by faith, though such a sinner. St. Paul has put him among the worthies in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews. Paul wrote by inspiration. Therefore, there can be no mistake about it—Samson was saved. Indeed, when I see his child-like faith, the way in which he dashed against the Philistines, hip and thigh, and smote them with a great slaughter—the way in which he cast aside all reckonings and probabilities, and in simple confidence in his God cast himself about to do the most tremendous feats of valour—when I see this, I cannot but wonder and admire. The Old Testament biographies were never written for our imitation, but they were written for our instruction. Upon this one matter, what a volume of force there is in such lessons! "See," says God, "what faith can do. Here is a man, full of infirmities, a sorry fool; yet, through his child-like faith, he lives. The just shall live by faith. He has many sad flaws and spots, but his heart is right towards God; he does trust in his Lord, and he does give himself up as a consecrated man to his Lord's service, and, therefore, he shall be saved." I look upon Samson's case as a great wonder, put in Scripture for the encouragement of great sinners. If such a man as Samson, nevertheless, prevails by faith to enter the kingdom of heaven, so shall you and I. Though our characters may have been disfigured by many vices, and hitherto we may have committed a multitude of sins, if we can trust Christ to save us he will purge us with hyssop, and we shall be clean; he will wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow; and in our death we shall fall asleep in the arms of sovereign mercy to wake up in the likeness of Christ.

But I am going to leave Samson alone to-night, except as he may furnish us with a picture of our Lord Jesus Christ. Samson, like many other Old Testament heroes, was a type of our Lord. He is specially so in this case. I shall invite you to look at Christ rather than Samson. First, come and behold our champion at his work; then let us go and survey the work when he has accomplished it; and thirdly, let us inquire what use we can make of the work which he has performed.

I. Come with me, then, brethren, and look at our mighty champion at his work. You remember when our Samson, our Lord Jesus, came down to the Gaza of this world, 'twas love that brought him; love to a most unworthy object, for he loved the sinful church which had gone astray from him many and many times; yet came he from heaven, and left the ease and delights of his Father's palace to put himself among the Philistines, the sons of sin and Satan here below.

It was rumoured among men that the Lord of glory was in the world, and straight-way they took counsel together how they should slay him. Herod makes a clean sweep of all the children of two years old and under, that he may be sure to slay the new-born Prince. Afterwards scribes and priests and lawyers hunt and hound him. Satan tempts him in the wilderness, and provokes him when in public. Death also pursues him, for he has marked him as his prey. At last the time comes when the triple host of the Saviour's foes has fairly environed him and shut him in. They have dragged him before Pilate; they have scourged him on the pavement; they drag him while his back drips on the stones of Jerusalem's streets; they pierce his hands and his feet; they lift him up, a spectacle of scorn and suffering; and now, while dying in pangs extreme, and especially when he closes his eyes, and cries out, "It is finished," sin, Satan, and death all feel that they have the champion safe. There he lies silently in the tomb. He who is to bruise the serpent's head is himself bruised. O, thou who art the world's great Deliverer, there thou liest, as dead as any stone! Surely thy foes have led thee captive, O, thou mighty Samson! He sleeps; but think not that he is unconscious of what is going on. He knows everything. He sleeps till the proper moment comes, and then our Samson awakes; and what now? He is in the tomb, and his foes have set a guard and a seal that they may keep him there. Will any help him now to escape out of their charge? Is there any man that will give his aid now? No, there is none! If the champion escapes it must be by his own single-handed valour. Will he make a clear way for himself, and come up from the midst of his foes? You know he will, my brethren, for the moment the third day is come he touches the stone, and it is rolled away. He has defeated death; he has pulled up his posts and bar, and taken away his gates. As for sin, he treads that beneath his feet; he has utterly o'erthrown it, and Satan lies broken beneath the heel that once was bruised. He has broken the dragon's head, and cut his power in pieces. Solitary and alone, his own arm brings salvation, and his righteousness sustains him. Methinks I see him now as he goes up that hill which is before Hebron—the hill of God. He bears upon his shoulders the o'erthrown gates, the tokens of his victory over death and hell. Posts and gates and bar and all, he bears them up to heaven. In sacred triumph he drags our enemies behind him. Sing to him! Angels, praise in your hymns! Exalt him, cherubim and seraphim! Our mightier Samson hath gotten to himself the victory, and cleared the road to heaven and eternal life for all his people! Ye know the story. I have told it ill, but it is the most magnificent of all stories that e'er were told. "Arms, and the man, I sing," said one of old; but the cross and of him, I sing to-night. 'Tis mine to tell of him who espoused the cause of his people, and, though for a while captive and bound, broke the green withes, and having gained the victory for himself, liberated others also, then goes at the head of his people along the way which he has opened—a way which leadeth to the right hand of God.

II. Let us go now, dear brethren, and calmly consider the work itself.

We will stand at the gates of this Gaza, and see what the champion has done. Those are ponderous hinges, and they must have held up huge doors. We will look at these doors and posts and this bar. Why, it is a mass of iron that scarce ten men could lift, and it might take fifty more to carry those huge doors. They scarce were moved even on their hinges without the efforts of some dozen men; and yet this one man carried them all, and I read not that his shoulders were bent or that he grew weary. Seven miles at least Samson carried that tremendous load, up hill all the way, too! Still he bore it all without staggering, nor do I find that he was faint as he was aforetime at Ramath-lehi.

I will not linger upon Samson's exploit. Rather would I draw your thoughts to the Captain of our salvation. See what Christ has carried away. I said that he had three enemies. These three beset him, and he has achieved a threefold victory.

There was death. My dear friends, Christ, in being first overcome by death, made himself a conqueror over death, and hath given us also the victory; for concerning death we may truly say, Christ has not only opened the gates, but he has taken them away, and not the gates only, but the very post and the bar and all. Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light. He hath abolished it in this sense—that, in the first place, the cause of death is gone. Believers die, but they do not die for their sins. “Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.” We die, but it is not any longer as a punishment to us. It is the fruit of sin, but it is not the curse of sin that makes the believer die. To other men death is a curse; to the believer I may almost put it among his covenant blessings, for to sleep in Jesus Christ is one of the greatest mercies that the Lord can give to his believing people. The curse of death, then, being taken away, we may say that the posts are pulled up. Christ has also taken away the after results of death. Death is only the prelude of the second death. Unless Christ had redeemed us death indeed would have been terrible, for it would have been the shore of the great lake of fire. When the wicked die they are judged to punishment. If they rise it is but to receive in their bodies and in their souls the due reward of their sins. The sting of death is the second death—the “afterwards.” To die—to sleep—ay, that were nothing; but to dream in that sleep! “Ay, there’s the rub!” said the world’s poet; and there men will find the rub is; “for in that sleep of death what dreams shall come!”—nay, not what “dreams,” but what substantial pains—what everlasting sorrows, what dread miseries! These are not for Christians. There is no hell for you, believer. Christ has taken away posts and bar and all. Death is not to you any longer the gate of torment, but the gate of paradise. Moreover, Christ has not only taken away the curse and the after results of death, but from many of us he has taken away the fear of death. He came on purpose to deliver “those who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage.” There are not a few here who could conscientiously say that they do not dread death—nay, but rather look forward to it with joyful expectation. We have become so accustomed to think of our last hours that we die daily, and when the last hour shall arrive we can only say, “Our marriage day has come.”

“Welcome sweet hour of full discharge
That sets my willing soul at large.”

We shall hail the summons to mount beyond this land of woes and sighs and tears to be present with our God. The fear of death having been taken away, we may truly say that Christ has taken away posts and bar and all. Besides, beloved, there is a sense in which it may be said that Christians never die at all. “He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” They do not die; they do but “sleep in Jesus, and are blessed.” But the main sense in which Christ has pulled up the posts of the gates of death is that he has brought in a glorious resurrection. Grave, thou canst not hold thy prisoners; they must rise! O death, thy troops of worms may seem to devastate that fair land of human flesh and blood; but that body shall rise again with more blooming beauty than that with which it fell asleep. It shall upstart from its bed of dust and silent clay to dwell in realms of everlasting day. Conceive the picture if you can! If you have imagination, let the scene now present itself before your eyes. Christ the Samson sleeping in the dominions of death; death boasting and glorifying himself that now he has conquered the Prince of Life; Christ waking, striding to that gate, dashing it aside, taking it upon his shoulders, carrying it away, and saying as he mounts to heaven, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

Another host which Christ had to defeat was the army of sin. Christ had come among sinners, and sins beset him round. Your sins and my sins beleaguered the Saviour till he became their captive. In him was no sin, and yet

sins compassed him about like bees. Sin was imputed to him; the sins of all his people stood in his way to keep him out of heaven as well as them. When Christ was on the cross, my brethren, he was looked upon by God as a sinner, though he never had been a sinner; and when in the grave, he could not rise until he was justified. Christ must be justified as well as his people. He was justified not as we are, but by his own act. We are not justified by acts of our own as he was. All the sin of the elect was laid upon Christ; he suffered its full penalty, and so was justified. The token of his justification lay in his resurrection. Christ was justified by rising from the dead, and in him all his people were justified too. I may say, therefore, that all our sins stood in the way of Christ's resurrection; they were the great iron gate, and they were the bar of brass, that shut him out from heaven. Doubtless we might have thought that Christ would be a prisoner for ever under the troops of sin, but, O! see him, my brethren—see how the mighty Conqueror, as he bears our sins "in his own body on the tree," stands with unbroken bones beneath the enormous load, bearing

"All that incarnate God could bear,
With strength enough, but none to spare."

See how he takes those sins upon his shoulders, and carries them right up from his tomb, and hurls them away into the deep abyss of forgetfulness, where, if they be sought for, they shall not be found any more for ever.

As for the sins of God's people, they are not partly taken away, but they are as clean removed as ever the gates of Gaza were—posts, gates, bars, and all; that is to say, every sin of God's people is forgiven.

"There's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast;
And, O, my soul, with wonder view',
For sins to come there's pardon too'."

Every sin that all the elect did commit, are committing, or shall commit, was taken away by Christ, taken upon the shoulders of the atonement and carried away. There is no sin in God's book against his people; he seeth no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel; they are justified in Christ for ever. Moreover, as the guilt of sin was taken away, the punishment of sin was consequently taken away too. For the Christian there is no stroke from God's angry hand—nay, not so much as a single frown of punitive justice. The believer may be chastised, as we explained this morning, by a Father's hand, but God, the Judge, has nothing to say to the Christian except, "I have absolved thee: thou art acquitted." For the Christian there is no hell, no penal death, much less any second death. He is completely freed from all the punishment as well as the guilt of sin, and the power of sin is removed too. It may stand in our way to keep us in perpetual warfare; but, O, my brethren, sin is a conquered foe to us. There is no sin which a Christian cannot overcome if he will only rely upon his God to do it. They overcame through the blood of the Lamb, who wears the white robe in heaven, and you and I may do the same. There is no lust too mighty, no besetting sin too strongly entrenched. We can drive these Canaanites out. Though they have cities walled to heaven, we can pull their cities down, and overcome them through the power of Christ. Do believe it, Christian, that thy sin is a dead thing. It may kick and struggle. There is a force in the death of sin, but it is a dead thing. God has written condemnation across its brow. Christ has crucified it, "nailing it to his cross." Do you go now and bury it for ever, and the Lord help you to live to his praise. O, blessed be his name! Sin, with the guilt, the power, the shame, the fear, the terror of it, all is gone. Christ has taken posts and bar and all up to the top of the hill.

Then there was a third enemy, and he also has been destroyed—that was Satan. Our Saviour's sufferings were not only an atonement for sin, but they were a conflict with Satan, and a conquest over him. Satan is a defeated foe. The gates of hell

cannot prevail against the Church; but, what is more, Christ has prevailed against the gates of hell. As for Satan, posts and bar and all have been plucked up in his case, in this sense—that Satan has now no reigning power over believers. He may bark at us like a dog, and he may go about like a roaring lion, but to rend and to devour are not in his power. There is a chain about the devil's neck, and God lets him go as far as he likes, but no further. He could not tempt Job without first asking leave, and he cannot tempt you without first getting permission. There is a permit needed before the devil dares so much as look on a believer, and God gives him permission; and so, being under Divine authority and permission, he will not be permitted to tempt us above what we are able to bear. Moreover, the exceeding terror of Satan is also taken away. A man has met Apollyon foot to foot, and overcome him. That man in death triumphed over Satan. So may you and I. The *prestige* of the old enemy is gone. The dragon's head has been broken, and you and I need not fear to fight with a broken-headed adversary. When I read John Bunyan's description of Christian's fight with Apollyon, I am struck with the beauty and truth of the description, but I cannot help thinking—"O! if Christian had known how thoroughly Apollyon had been thrashed in days gone by, by his Master, he would have thrown that in his face, and made short work of him." Never encounter Satan without recollecting that great victory that Christ achieved on the tree. Do not be afraid, Christian, of Satan's devices or threatenings. Be on your watch tower against him. Strive against him, but fear him not. Resist him, being bold in the faith, for it is not in his power to keep the feeblest saint out of heaven, for all the gates which he has put up to impede our march have been taken away, posts and bar and all, and our God the Lord has gotten to himself the victory over the hosts of hell.

III. We will now see how we can use this victory. Surely there is some comfort here—comfort for you, dear friend, over yonder. You have a desire to be saved; God has impressed you with a deep sense of sin; the very strongest wish of your soul to-night is that you might have peace with God. But you think there are so many difficulties in the way—Satan, your sins, and I know not what. Beloved, let me tell thee, in God's name, there is no difficulty whatever in the way except in thine own heart, for Christ has taken away the gates of Gaza—gates, posts, bar, and all. Mary Magdalene said to the other Mary, when they went to the sepulchre, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" That is what you are saying; and when they came to the place the stone was rolled away. That is your case, poor troubled conscience; the stone is rolled away. What! you 'cannot believe it? There is God's testimony for it—"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." You want an atonement for your sins, do you? "It is finished." You want some one to speak for you. "He is able to save unto the uttermost, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Canst thou, to-night, believe in the mercy of God in Christ, and rest thy poor guilty soul upon the merit of his doing and the virtue of his dying? If thou canst, God is reconciled to thee. There may have been great mountains between thee and God. They are all gone. There may have been the Red Sea of thy sins rolling between thee and thy Father. That Red Sea is dried up. I tell thee, soul, if thou believest in Christ Jesus, not only is there a way of access between thy soul and God, but there is a clear way. You remember, when Christ died, the veil of the temple was rent in twain. There was not a little slit for little sinners to creep through, but it was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, so that big sinners might come, just in the same way as when Samson pulled up gates, posts, bar, and all, there was a clear way out into the country for all who were locked up in the town. Prisoner, the prison doors are open. Captive, loose the bonds on thy neck; be free! I sound the trump of jubilee to-night. Bond-slaves, Christ hath redeemed you. Ye who have sold

"Your heritage for naught,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love."

The Lord hath anointed his Son Jesus "to preach liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." Trust thou him. O, may his mercy lead thee now to trust him, for there is really nothing to prevent thy salvation if thou restest in him. Between thy soul and God, I tell thee, there is no dividing wall. "He is our peace." "He hath made us both one, and reconciled us to God by his blood." May those few words be kept and treasured up by those who need them! Some of you want them. May the Spirit of God put them into your hearts, and lay them up there, that you may find comfort in Christ!

But is there not something more here? Is there not here to-night some ground of exultation to Christians? Brethren, some of you have been tolerating some sin. You have some besetting sin, and you think you cannot overcome it. You would be more holy, but this thought makes your arm nerveless against your own sin—you are not able to overcome it. So you think that Christ has left the posts, do you? I tell you, no; "he that is born of God sinneth not." He that is born of God is perfect, and he sinneth not with allowance; he sinneth not with constancy; and it is in his power, with the Holy Spirit's aid, to overcome his sin; and it is his duty as well as his privilege to go to war against the stoutest of his corruptions till he shall tread them under foot.

Now, will you believe it, brethren, that in the blood of Christ, and in the water that flowed with it from his side, there is a sovereign virtue to kill your sins? There is nothing standing between you and the pardon of your sins but your unbelief, and if you will shake that off, you shall march through the gate triumphant.

Once more, and I have done. Is not this an incentive for us who profess to be servants of Christ to go out and fight with the world, and overcome it for Christ? Brethren, where Jesus leads us it needs not much courage to follow. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Let us go and take it for him! Nations that "sit in darkness shall see a great light." Satan may have locked up the world with bigotry, with idolatry, and with superstition, as with posts and bars, but the kingdom is the Lord's, and if we will but rouse ourselves to preach the Word we shall find that the breaker has gone up before us, and broken and torn away the gates, and we have nothing to do but to enter with an easy victory. God help us to do so!

And now, as we come to the Lord's table, let us have this vision before us of our glorious Samson achieving this mighty victory; and while we weep for sin, let us praise his superlative power and love that has done such marvels for us. The Lord give us to enjoy his presence at this table, and he shall have the praise! Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A COMFORTABLE THOUGHT FOR THE TRUE-HEARTED.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,
Author of "Our Great High Priest."

"The battle is the Lord's."—1 Sam. xvii. 47.

THESE are the words of David, uttered on a very remarkable occasion. David was a man who said and did extraordinary things; and there was, on the whole, an agreement between his sayings and doings. He was an eloquent warrior, and not a boasting coward. We

have him here face to face with Goliath. David was really a great man; Goliath was only a giant. We are told (Gen. vi. 4) that there were giants on the earth in those days; that was before the flood; but there were then only a few great men, such as Enoch and Noah. Where are the former now? The difference still exists—not so much as regards stature, as intellect, possessions, wit, and genius, on the one hand, and real goodness and great usefulness

on the other. Those are only giants who are distinguished by what the world can give them; and those are really great who are connected with heaven—who walk with God, and are accounted by him as his favourites. Goliath was proud, David was humble. Goliath blasphemed, David prayed. Goliath trusted in his armour and his own strength, David in the name and promises of God. Let us seek to be like David in our thoughts and feelings toward God, and then we shall conquer, like him.

I need not go over the stirring circumstances of this chapter. Most who know their Bibles remember this history from their earliest childhood, with all its thrilling incidents. We may observe, that when Goliath despised David because he was so young, and came against him with such foolish weapons as a sling and a stone, David encouraged himself on this ground—"The battle is the Lord's."

Let us first inquire into the meaning of these words. David meant to assert that the honour of God stood connected with this battle. David had put it into God's hands, and the Lord of Hosts had accepted it, and so it was taken out of the ordinary course of things. Yet observe that God would not work without an instrument; he would use a feeble and unlikely one, yet a prepared and suitable one after all. It is a great mistake to suppose that God will do all, while we sit still. David did not expect this. He was willing to fight the Lord's battle against the most fearful odds. He could say God is my friend and helper, and I am his instrument. "In a way of duty we must be the agent, and not the machine."

We can but admire David's wisdom and courage. He identified himself with God, and then went forward for God. His courage was cool and enduring; it continued in Goliath's presence as well as out of it. We should consider the cause of that courage. It grew out of a strong conviction that he was on the same side with God. It was fed by confidence in God's character, and warranted by his own experience. When Saul objected his youth and inexperience, he related the circumstance of his victory over the lion and the bear, and

inferred from what God had done for him and by him then, that he would not fail him on the present occasion.

We should do well just to notice some of the many instances in which the words have been found to be true. I might refer to Moses and Pharaoh; to Israel and Amalek; to Joshua and the Canaanites; to Gideon and the Amalakitites, and many more; but we will not pause on these, but just glance for a few moments at two notable cases in the Old Testament, and two in the New Testament.

In 2 Chron. xx. we have the history of the good king Jehoshaphat, and the account of the victory which he gained, or rather that God gained for him. Thus spake the prophet of God to them, in the face of an innumerable host of enemies:—"Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thou king Jehoshaphat; thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but G.d's. To-morrow go ye down against them; behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jeruel. Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you, O Judah and Jerusalem; fear not nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them, for the Lord will be with you." Jehoshaphat believed the word, and then exhorted the people:—"Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem; believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper." Then they raised the song of praise to that God who had taken the matter in his own hand, and the victory was granted them, so that they had only to gather up the spoil, and enjoy the fruit of the triumph. Thus hath the Lord Jesus wrought for us. He alone overcame our mighty enemies, his own arm hath brought salvation, and we reap the fruits of his victory.

Some years later, when Hezekiah was king of Judah, a mighty host of Assyrians besieged Jerusalem; the condition of the city seemed hopeless. The enemy threatened and boasted, and sent letters full of proud blasphemy. Heze-

kiah spread it before the Lord, and committed the whole case to him. The Lord of hosts took up the quarrel, and the battle became the Lord's; and he proved himself a hearer of prayer. The angel of the Lord went forth and smote the sleeping host around the city, and it was delivered as "a bird from the snare of the fowler." What an encouragement to commit the most desperate cases to God, in earnest, persevering, believing prayer.

But let us go on to greater scenes than even these. Behold him of whom David was but a type, or shadow. Yet how weak he appears. He calls himself a worm, Ps. xxii. See, he is left alone; all his disciples are fled. The hosts of darkness are mustered. The Goliath of hell is in the field leading them on. Who can count their number, or estimate their power? There is only the apparently feeble one to meet them, and behold, he dies. It is thus he conquers. "By death he destroyeth death, and him that had the power of death—the devil;" and soon the prince of this world shall be cast out, and all men drawn unto him who was hung on the cross, but now sits upon the throne. Behold the process is going on. See another battle-field; on one side is Judaism, heathenism, worldly power, philosophy, all the wisdom and might of this world, with every inclination to do all that cruelty and craft could suggest; and on the other a few poor men, who do nothing but bear a testimony to the death and resurrection of their once crucified Lord. See, the battle is begun. Hark! you can hear the cries of the wounded, the shout of the conqueror, and the yells of the defeated. The feeble ones have taken three thousand prisoners in the first battle, and five thousand in the second. They are pressing forward. They have stormed the strongholds of heathenism. See—a breach is made in the walls. Onward, onward they go, shouting, "The battle is the Lord's!"

Ah! this is a battle that deeply concerns us. The best thing that can happen to us is to be taken prisoner in this war. Those who surrender to "mercy" are sure to be pardoned. All the wounds they have got in madly fighting against the rightful sovereign,

shall be healed; yea, more, a loyal heart shall be given them, and they shall gladly enlist in his service, and be led on to victory and renown by him who goes forth "conquering and to conquer."

Who is on the Lord's side? How solemn the question! "For he (says Jesus) that is not for me, is against me." It is the highest wisdom to be for him; it is the worst folly and wickedness to be against him. Be decided for God. Join the right side, the safe side, the conquering side. It is the cause of truth, love, and righteousness. It is the cause that must prevail at last. If you are a soldier of Christ, be devotional in your habits. Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, and many others, who are so honourably mentioned as great conquerors, were all praying men; so must you be if you would prevail. If you would have the help of God, you must call out for it earnestly, and you shall never call in vain. Be dependent on your Captain, on his word of promise, on his almighty power. Be of good cheer, he says, I have overcome the world; therefore it is your privilege to sing, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even my enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

Yes, in this you may be confident—that "the battle is the Lord's;" and you, trusting in him, shall be "more than conqueror through him that hath loved you."

"Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down,
My Captain leads me forth,
For conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Ipswich.

MY JEWELS.

BY THE REV. J. TRAILL.

"My jewels."—Malachi iii. 17.

I DELIGHT in reading the Holy Scriptures, if it be only to learn the estimation in which the saints and people of

God are held by himself. Surely if the men of the world esteem them not, or if they think too lightly either of themselves or their privileges, Jehovah places upon them the highest possible value. All the inspired descriptions of the saved clearly imply the fact, that if they do not "excel," it is their own fault; for, wherever God speaks of them it is in terms of surpassing glory and excellence. Let my reader satisfy himself of this by a reference or two. Are God's people "sons?" They are. But more—"Precious sons of Zion." Are they "heirs?" Yes, more—"Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." Are they "sheep?" They are. But look at them—"Like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing."

"As pure as sheep when newly shorn and washed;
Useful and ornamental in the head,
Without one vicious, persecuting tusk."

Collectively are they "a building?" It is so. Tenanted by an occupant illustrious—nay, Divine. "An holy temple . . . buildd together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." In such an edifice are they "stones?" They are. And no marble, however planed and beautified, can compare with them. For hearken!—"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house." And has David no reference to these worthies when he speaks of "corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace?" We certainly think that he has. Is the Church "a dove?" Yes, verily. But look at her plumage!—"A dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold," And, once more. The churches are "golden candlesticks;" and, while I say nothing of the "light," yet I must look at the quality of the metal; for mark you, my friend, this gold is not full of alloy, or mixed with ingredients which would either tarnish its beauty or diminish its value. No; nought of the kind, but "comparable to fine gold." Ah! the subject expands. See the saints again—"Plants"—"Trees!" But "palm-trees," rising high, soaring sun-wards. "Cedars in Lebanon," spreading their branches wide, and covered with foliage luxuriant and beautiful. Not sorry, stunted, withered shrubs. No, indeed!—"Trees of righteousness, the planting of the

Lord, that he might be glorified." O, thou exalted Head of the body the Church, is this the manner in which thou art pleased to speak of me? Then let me be conscious of the honour, and conduct myself in accordance therewith. Living, the saints are valuable; dying, they are increasingly so.

"Each faithful follower Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his sight."

However, after all these glorious and inspired descriptions of "the people of the saints of the Most High," I am especially charmed with the two words at the head of this paper. Our God here calls all his, "My jewels." Why? Let us try to answer this inquiry. We reply—

First of all, "My jewels," *because of their scarcity.*

Stones and flints, and other bodies of comparatively trifling value, may be met with beneath almost any surface; but "jewels," precious stones, are not thus to be found. No; would we search for diamonds, we must visit the East Indies, and dig deeply into the mines of Goleonda. Would we possess the emerald, we must go to Peru or Brazil; and even there, so seldom are valuable stones met with, that the man who digs but *one* of these is fortunate, indeed. Ah! and these "jewels" are scarce also. In saying this, we foster no sombre views of this "glorious Church." No; rather we rejoice to think of the "great multitude, which no man can number." I glory in the fact, that "the voice of harpers harping with their harps," shall be "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder." But, alas! at present how sad is the scarcity of these "jewels!" One in that family there. Two or three in yonder village. A few in that vast city, and these surrounded by a mass of rubbish; living in the midst of thousands who are "despisers of those that are good." Nearly two thousand years have rolled away since the complaint of him who "spake as never man spake," and said, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it;" and yet, after this long interval, the assertion is sadly too correct. One thought is heremost cheering. Doubtless many very precious and valuable

stones escape the vigilance of the mizer—are never brought to the surface, but remain concealed and entombed, and will do so till the last convulsion of nature. Yes; and many of whom God speaks as “my jewels,” are hidden ones—disciples but secretly, very valuable in the estimation of heaven, but unknown, and consequently not reckoned by the saints on earth. For these we are thankful, and would implore their increase. Yet, after all, our hearts mourn over the scarcity of these “jewels,” while we pray the Lord make his people an hundred times as many more as they be. Then, though using another figure, in the language of Watts, we shall no more complain—

“Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.”

I answer, secondly—“My jewels,” *because of their immense value.*

Fabulous almost seem some of the accounts that are given of prices paid for precious stones, and especially by some parties who have been bent on their possession. History tells us that for one diamond, purchased in 1720, by the Court of France, £135,000 was paid. A deceased Emperor of Russia gave £90,000 for another of these coveted gems. Look at the Koh-i-noor itself, said to be worth two millions sterling. The two pearls that formed the earrings of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, were valued in £104,000; and such facts might be multiplied. See here, then, the propriety of this title of the saved—“My jewels.” Ah! their value is vast, indeed. Look at their purchase. Redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. Surely such a payment bespeaks worth incalculable. And my reader will not forget this fact, no price less than this could have secured their redemption. Costly sacrifices had been offered before the one that bled on Calvary, but all these, without this, must have failed. They could never make the comers thereunto perfect. But this price could satisfy, and for these “jewels” this price was paid. Other considerations in proof of this value might be mentioned, but this must suffice. Never lose sight of this,

my brother. Paul could not. Hear him!—“He loved me, and gave himself for me.”

“Bless’d be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood;
And quench’d his Father’s flaming sword
In his own vital flood.”

I reply, again—“My jewels,” *because of their preparatory process.*

Precious stones are not found fit for use, but they are made so. Vast sums of money are thus expended. The lapidary has to labour long and hard before the beauty and real value of the “jewel” will appear. An outlay of £3,000 was made in thus polishing the Koh-i-noor. Moreover, these stones seem to lose much by this process. If increased in worth, they are reduced in weight and size. The diamond just mentioned lost two-thirds of its original bulk under the hands of the workman. Yes, and the washing and removal of the earthy crust must bring them down, if their brilliance is really to appear. O, my soul! is it not so with other “jewels?” How rough, how unsightly, as found in the quarry of human nature! They do not appear to be very valuable, at all events. Ah! but there is “a fining pot for the silver, and the furnace for gold.” “Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer. So with the gems also. They have to be divested of their outside particles, and then their beauties appear. So with the “jewels” of our God. Yes, there is a sanctifying process carried on. Hard knocking, too, is necessary sometimes. The earthy crust is thick, and holds firm, and much has to be done before we become “vessels unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master’s use, and prepared unto every good work.” Self-righteousness has to be cut away. Human dependence has to be chiselled off. Mere formality has to be ground down. Wandering affections have to be brought back to their proper object. The husband ceases to be. The affectionate wife and mother says “Farewell!” and her voice is hushed in the silence of mortality. The cherub infant form is marbled over by death. And why? Why, all this is a preparatory process. By this we are refined and beautified, and our God calls us “my jewels.” Of course he does. Whose

but his can we be, when we reflect his image, and are changed into his likeness?

“Chang’d from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.”

I answer once more—“My jewels,”
because of the care taken of them.

Is not this true of the gems of earth? Let the visitors to the Tower of London furnish a reply. There, securely encased, and vigilantly watched, is the crown of England’s Queen, once placed upon her then youthful head by a devoted and loving people, and there may it long shine with untarnished glory. But O! what care is taken thereof! Not even a walking-stick is allowed within the compartment; and if a second Colonel Blood should arise, and foolishly attempt to steal the precious deposit, what consequences would ensue! All this, however, is nothing compared with the care taken of these spiritual “jewels.” This is true, not only of Noah, and Job, and David, with others such as these, but it is equally true of each. “He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.” “Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me.” Hence, my reader, their security and preservation. Beat them small as you will, they are “jewels” still, and God will take care of them. But for this they would, long ago, have been lost amid the surrounding mingled mass, and not one would have been found. But it is not so. No. Goldsmiths tell us that the one-hundred-thousandth part of a grain of gold may be seen with the naked eye. Diamond-dust even is of vast value, and must not be lost; and these “jewels,” small and scattered though they may be, are all seen, are all cared for, shall another day be collected to adorn the brow of that Jesus of ours, upon whose “head are many crowns.”

One thought more shall close this paper.—“My jewels,” *because often counterfeited.*

We gather this from the context, which speaks of a “day when I make up my jewels.” Ah! doubtless some mortifying exposures would be made were all the “jewellery” used in scenes of dissipation and grandeur, upon which

we have no wish to dwell, rigidly and closely examined. We have heard of sparkling jets, that sometimes do duty for diamonds of the first water, and which will pass very well till the light of day makes manifest; and then it is more convenient for their noble wearers to retire. Yes, and these “jewels” are counterfeited. A proof is this that religion is something that can do good, and is worth possessing. Surely if there were no *real diamonds*, and these valuable parties would never counterfeit them. If there were no *genuine sovereigns* there would be no attempt at imitation. So here. Religion is the “one thing.” Parties who have never felt its power know this; and hence “the form of godliness.” It makes a man respectable; in fact, he can hardly succeed without it. But, O! the exposure! As a judge of precious stones would, in “making up,” instantly detect the paste, be its polish ever so beautiful, and, detecting it, cast it from him as useless, because an imitation, so our God, in “making up his jewels,” will have all his own, small though many of them may be. Not one shall be missed, or left out of its proper position. But, O! the counterfeits! Who will be amongst these? My soul, wilt thou? My reader, wilt thou? “The day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is.” Prepare me, O thou Searcher of hearts, prepare me for this scrutiny!

“Ah! we, by faith, a day desery,
And joyfully expect,
When God, descending from the sky,
His jewels will collect.
Assembled worlds will then discern
The saints alone are blest;
When wrath shall like an oven burn,
And vengeance strike the rest.”

Woolwich.

MARY AN EXAMPLE.

BY THE REV. JAMES WALL.

Luke x. 39.

AFTER studying the character of Martha, going to that of her sister is like passing from the face of the troubled sea to the placid waters of a sheltered bay. The look of Martha is too searching, her step is too hasty, she has so much to do, her manner is so hurried, that it bewilders, and we can scarcely think of her “many things” without feeling

"encumbered." But Mary, sitting at his feet, and clinging with her soul softly but firmly to him, as the silent vine, lifting its life to a stronger tree, and stretching its tendrils from every part of itself to rest upon it and grow around it, is peaceful. Dwelling upon her produces no embarrassment in the mind. She is doing *one* thing, and the expression of her countenance seems to say this—"I have desired;" while the joy which lights it up shows she has not only sought but found.

Nearness to the Saviour has made her *humble*, and those only who live with Jesus possess the same mind. Humility is the prostration of the soul before the Saviour, and sitting at his feet is the attitude it prefers. When we draw near to that which is beyond us a sense of our own littleness begins to take possession of our hearts. The solemn pile of architecture, in whose "dim, religious light" the pale scrolls of marble show the records of the dead, is entered with softened footfall and uncovered head; the chamber of the dying, where each stirring of the air seems made by the waving curtain of the other world, is a spot where the illusive mists of the earth, which the colouring our imagination gave them rendered gorgeous, are swept away, and where the picture of our own frailty frowns upon our pride until it withers. And so, in drawing near to Jesus we begin to feel as we should. The ideas we had of ourselves vanish; his greatness rises in its infinity, his life in its eternity, his glory a boundless sky of light, his love a shoreless sea. We stand upon holy ground; shall we not put off our shoes? We are on the threshold of the temple of God; shall we not uncover our head? We are in the presence of all things; can we forget our own nothingness? "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

As Martha passed from room to room in ministering to the Saviour, a change came in her manner. When passing from his presence, the hurrying came again to her feet, the loudness to her voice, the anxiety to her countenance; but the hurried, the secular, the masculine, gradually faded as she returned to

Jesus. And it is so now; as we recede from Jesus, follow him afar off, or live in the outer court of his temple, we grow less like him, because we have removed ourselves from under his influence; but when we leave all and draw near, we change from light to light, and when we touch the hem of his garment and feel the thrill of his virtue, we sink at his feet, and there we sit clothed with humility as with a garment.

While Martha was troubled with much serving, her sister, having chosen but one thing, seemed to be free from care. Her eye was single, and her body full of light. She sought "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." And if we would be happy we must adopt the same course. Our nature is so constituted that we cannot have but one supreme object of affection. God alone is worthy of that place in our hearts, and in going to him as to the fountain-head, we not only gain the highest blessing but all blessings—"all things are added." As the earth moves round the sun, the blessings of earth move round Christ; and as one standing in the sun would always see the bright side of the earth, so he who has been brought to Christ not only finds that the sun is his, but the earth, and moon, and stars—all the treasures of the universe are his, and all lift a smiling front to him because he is in Christ.

While sitting at the feet of Christ, Mary not only seemed to be free from care, but *above disturbance*. The saintly manner in which she receives the irritating and unsisterly reflection of Martha, shows how, in looking upon the glory of Christ as it shone in his countenance, she had been changed into the same image, until she was able, when reviled, not to revile again. As she sat, lost in silent and adoring ecstasy, busily weaving with the web of loving thought the soul of Jesus into her own, the words of her indignant sister—"Lord, carest thou not that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" broke upon her like thunder in a clear sky. She must have felt them, for the nature which is most sensitive to love is so to its reverse. The keen speech entered arrowwise into her soul, and had she been in any other place than at the feet of Jesus, the suddenness and violence of the onset

would have drawn forth a hasty defence. But no sound falls from her lips; no unkind look, giving gall for gall. She, perhaps, looked up to Jesus, saying by her silence, "He is near that justifyeth me." The impetuous Martha felt, perhaps, the rebukings of conscience, as her injured but meekly suffering sister looked mildly, and more lovingly than ever, through her tears—perhaps in silent pleading, lest there should be discord in the house which sheltered Jesus. If she looked from Mary to Jesus for approval, the proper rebuke was administered in his reply—"Martha, Martha, thou art troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

If you, dear reader, are near Jesus, you may bear the unkind reflections of others who, perhaps, are engaged in the same vineyard; you may feel them "as sharp arrows of the mighty, and coals of juniper;" but in not retaliating, you exhibit likeness to him "who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself." Mary committed her cause to Jesus; and he who had something to say to Simon the Pharisee for the woman who was a sinner, and who wrote in the dust of the temple words which convicted the accusers, justified her conduct and corrected the error of her sister. Mary loved Martha, and, therefore, she left her in the hands of Jesus, knowing that the Saviour could calm the waters which would refuse to listen to her voice. O let us learn not only to commit our cause, but those who resist us, to him who judgeth righteously.

The affectionate adoration of Mary was a loftier service than the hospitality of Martha. While she was thinking of his natural wants, Mary seems to have understood that his meat and drink were to do the will of God, and that worship at his feet would be more acceptable than waiting at the table. She knew that he sought worshippers for the Father, and hearts to overflow with love. She felt she had a soul; it was weak, marred in its beauty, stained in its life; compared with what she wished it to be it was but a mite, yet it was her all, and that she cast into the spiritual treasury. Jesus knew this was the coin which was lost, but is now found; he

knew that when she gave herself the image and superscription of God fell upon his bosom, and that a lost lamb was safely folded in the arms of the shepherd. And in the family of Christ on the earth there are many whose work does not appear to the other servants of God. They know that Christ is in his church, and that his wants are still spiritual. It is not enough for them that the cause of God progresses outwardly in splendour of appearance, or in the accession of numbers; Christ must have souls, and feeling this, they give themselves to him. They do not merely do something for Jesus, or send something to him; they give themselves, body, soul, and spirit, and if they had a thousand hearts all would be given to him, and they would still feel they were unprofitable servants.

Mary had chosen service which was never to cease—the good part not to be taken away. The ministry of Martha was to end with the life of Jesus. Every day was bringing him nearer to the cross, the transverse shadow of which was already cast upon him. "Me ye have not always. My human visits to your table will soon cease, with them your ministry will end. Spiritually I shall always be where two or three of my people meet together. Then, as now, Mary may worship me." In a little while everything that is without us will fail, but love will never fail. The externals of religion, like our bodies, will fail; the spirit, however, will remain, and if we possess that it shall never be taken away.

Calne, Wilts.

HIDDEN BLESSINGS.

BY THE REV. G. D. EVANS.

"The deep that coucheth beneath."

THESE words are part of the blessing pronounced by Moses upon Joseph. There were the blessings of the sun, as it poured its floods of light on hill and valley, causing the corn to spring and the flocks to rejoice. There were the blessings of the moon, more gentle and more secret in their influences; blessings by night, when sleep closed the eyes; and blessings by day, when toil stained the hands. These appeared upon the surface, and we might have recognised them, because

we could see what influences had been at work. But not only were there surface blessings that every eye might behold; there were many things that were hidden in the deep that coucheth beneath, which, when examined, displayed a rich storehouse of heavenly treasures undiscovered before. There are many surface blessings enjoyed by the Christian. Flowers of promise are blooming in his pathway; fields of golden grain are waving at his side—mercies that he has but to pluck with his hand, or reap with his sickle, as he treads life's weary pathway. But as we do not expect gold to be hanging in nuggets from the branches of the oak; or diamonds to be glistening, like dew-drops, on the leaves of the lily; or pearls to be floating on the surface of the rivulet, so we must not expect to receive the richest blessings without we search for them. The miner must work for many a weary day ere he finds the gold, or the precious stone; and the diver must know more of the dangers of the ocean than the mariner ever felt, before he hides in his bosom the coveted pearl.

So it is with Gospel blessings. They lie deeper than the subsoil; and when we have skimmed the surface, we must still feel that there is more work for us to do.

There is a deep couching beneath every promise. All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. These promises are precious when first we lay hold of them, or they lay hold of us. The very first wind that fans us from the promised land we catch and inhale with joy; but, as we know more and more of our own hearts' wants, we feel that we must take deeper inspirations of the sacred breath. We never realize the fulness of a promise at first. It is sweet as a wafer made with honey, but the more we taste it the more honey-like is it in its sweetness. There are some of these precious words that we can only understand in poverty; others that we can only realize in sickness; others that we can only discern the meaning of in deep spiritual distress; but concerning them all we can say there is a deep couching beneath. When we have been digging into the bowels of the mine of promises for years, we shall not exhaust its fulness. When we have

been lowering our bucket into the well, and have drawn up pitcher-full after pitcher-full of the heavenly water, there will be more for us to drink, for there's a secret spring that ever yields a fresh supply. Don't throw a promise aside then, because you have tasted it and it has been sweet. If you have been realizing its preciousness all your life, don't say in your old age it contains in it no more for you to feed upon. It may be that there's a deep couching beneath, which you can only find at the hour of death, and which shall cheer you more in your declining moments than it has ever done in your earlier days.

There's a deep also couching beneath every trial. The tribulations of the believer are not sent in vain. God never puts his child into the furnace, on purpose that he may see him suffering the burning pangs; or into the water, that he may behold him struggling with the waves; or into the desert, that he may look on with delight as he is being torn by the brambles. Some men murmur at the God who sends their sufferings, as though he sent them as a tyrant sends his emissaries, to destroy men's lives. They forget that to the believer trials come as to a child by the hand of a father, from a heart full of love. It is true that, looking at it through our poor smoky glass, "no trial for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous;" it is also true that "afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." The sea may not be as clear as crystal and as smooth as a mill-pond, so that you may see the pearls lying on the sandy floor; and if you *could* see into the ocean's depths, you would only see the rough shells that encased them; but this would be no argument that there were no pearls there. So the sea of your life may be stirred by a rough and stormy wind, and you may not be able to see through your trials, and behold the pearls lying at the bottom of the ocean. But the pearls are there, and if you search for them you shall find them. Perhaps you are murmuring because your trials are of so long continuance. From infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age, you have had nothing but suffering and woe. Never mind; it may be that you have not yet been brought close to Jesus' feet, and

by your trial you may be forced to come to him; or it may be that, loving him, your heart has wandered from him, and this is to draw you back. Depend upon it if you love the Saviour there is a sanctifying work going on, even through your tribulation, and a meetening for heaven as the result of your affliction. It is all a mystery why God should lay his hand so heavily upon you, and afflict you so very sorely; but in the depths of his inscrutable wisdom he has a hidden reason; and when that hidden reason comes to light, as you look back upon your trial, you shall be able to rejoice for the deep that couched beneath.

So it is with every precept in God's Word. Some think that it is very hard of God to give us precepts so difficult to fulfil, and so painful to flesh and blood to carry out. We cannot see the absolute necessity for every commandment that Jesus has bidden us obey; and we would much sooner that he should have left us the promises without uniting, as he sometimes does, precept and promise too. But precepts and promises often go hand-in-hand in God's Word. Now when the Lord Jesus says, Believe and be baptized, we are selfish, and we obey the first part of the command, but leave the other unfulfilled. We knew that the gate of heaven only opens by the touch of the hand of faith; that the golden crown is only worn upon the head of him who puts his trust in Jesus; and for these reasons we believe in Christ. But as for the second part of the Saviour's words, we disjoin them from the first, and give our Master only half the obedience he claims. Why is this? Because we don't realize that there's not a single command of the Redeemer but what contains in its fulfilment a depth of blessing. It may seem a little thing for us to refuse to obey the command in its perfectness, but I question whether the believer who fails here does not lose a blessing, which, if he had known before, he would certainly never have missed. Have we not sometimes said, when we have remembered the joy with which we followed Jesus to his watery tomb, "How I should like to be baptized again." We can say, concerning the Saviour's grave, "It was good to be there." Ah! there is more sweetness than we know of, if we have not fulfilled

the Saviour's precept. It can't be realized by those who have not followed their Lord, for it coucheth beneath; it is a deep of blessing which none can understand who have never been beneath the yielding wave; it is a secret consciousness of the Saviour's presence with us in his own ordinances. So it is with all the precepts of the Saviour. Of his own free grace he sees fit to crown the very humblest act of obedience with his blessing. A weary wanderer crosses your pathway in your travels towards the heavenly Canaan. He has travelled far, and is thirsty and faint for want of the cooling water. Your skin-bottle is nearly empty. Two draughts more are all that it contains. You empty one into the cup, and give the traveller drink. No eye saw the deed, save the eye of him who is never weary of watching his people's feeblest acts of kindness, and his lips pronounced the words—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If you had gathered together the choicest flowers of every clime, and made a crown to place upon his head, earthly flowers would have faded, could you have placed them even on a Saviour's brow; but this little act, like a flower planted in his memory, shall never cease to bloom while eternal ages roll. There was little in the deed itself; but it spoke of a depth of love that couched beneath, and it contained a depth of blessing unknown till it was performed.

Let us not be too anxious to escape trial. It is the discipline whereby we are made fit to be companions of the King of kings. It may seem harsh to-day, but the rod wherewith he smites us shall bear blossoms to-morrow. The clouds may be heavy above our heads to-night, and we may ask ourselves, wherefore this falling rain? but when we wake in the morning, and see the valleys covered with a fresher green, we shall thank God for that black canopy. The rocks may be barren below, and as we climb the sides everything may be very bleak and cold, and our feet may be cut by the roughness of the jutting crags, but as we arrive nearer the summit, we find that it is covered with noble trees, in which the busy bees have laid their store, and we learn what

is meant by "Honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MORE UNITED LOVE AND SYMPATHY IN THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. G. PHILLIPS.

LOVE is an element which is indispensable to the Christian life. It is the very essence of our holy religion. We should be "rooted and grounded in love," Eph. iii. 17. We trust that this grace flourishes in our churches; still we need it more abundantly and more universally in our midst. This is so important, that whatever we attend to is in vain without it. If we do not maintain the truth in love, its effect is lost; if we do not assemble together in love, we meet in vain; unless we contribute out of love, it profiteth nothing (1 Cor. xiii.). If we do not pray in love, it is vain. Love to God, and love to one another, should pervade every mind, and fill the sanctuary of the Most High. As members of the same body we should sympathize with one another; as a spiritual edifice love should cement us together; as the vine extends its invigorating influence to all the branches, so the love of Christ should be experienced by every member. Love was formerly the badge by which Christians were distinguished—"See how they love one another."

The want of this principle is the cause of lamentation, for the glory departs from the tabernacle, and Ichabod is inscribed upon its front. The heavenly dove with the olive branch of peace will not remain when the waters of strife prevail in the church. When hatred and envy abound, the enemy triumphs, for Zion then becomes a confused mob, instead of being an army with banners marching on to victory, possessing one heart and one soul, with the Captain of Salvation at its head. Disunion and apathy are a source of weakness. Isolated particles of metal fall upon the stone without effect; but when concentrated and combined together in the sledge, and wielded by the muscular arm of the quarryman, the rock is broken in pieces. So the Church, when combined together in love, in the hand of

Omnipotence becomes a mighty instrument to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin; even "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The Gospel is itself a demonstration of the highest love, and the only means of transforming man's nature. The adamant heart of the sinner, whilst proof against everything else, yields to this genial system of love. You may speak of the flood that swept away the antediluvian world; the sheet of brimstone flame that wrapped in ashes the cities of the plain; the forked lightning and the roaring thunder of Sinai; you may speak of the regions of woe, and of the everlasting billows of boiling fire on which the lost must lie for ever; still the heart will remain hard. But when the sinner is led to behold Calvary, and see the Lord of glory bleeding and dying to set the rebel free, such display of love melts his heart, and, through God's Spirit, he is made a saint. The same love should influence us, dear brethren, to love our Saviour, and to love one another, with a pure heart fervently. Let us endeavour to grow in this holy virtue, that love and sympathy may flow from every heart. As we are children of the same Father, saved through the same blood, sanctified by the same Spirit, contending with the same foes, travelling towards the same celestial home, and hope to sing the same never-ending song, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," let us then, through the grace and Spirit of God, go forward in harmony, with renewed effort and zeal for the extension of the Redeemer's cause; and especially may the golden chain of love be thrown around us; and as the material universe is bound together by a general law, so may we be bound together by sympathy and love, attracted by the great Sun of Righteousness as our glorious centre.

These thoughts we leave with you, praying that they may be blessed to the good of Zion; and close in the words of the great Apostle (2 Cor. xiii. 11)—"Finally, brethren, be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Amen.

Evenjobb, Radnor.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTIAN'S GRACES.

BY MR. EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "The Goliath Reformer, Martin Luther," "Rev. James Hervev, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

THE Christian has graces. By them is he known. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Those Divine influences which we call graces separate and distinguish the elect from the world. They are the marks of the Christian's character, as indelibly stamped upon it as if impressed on the forehead. Some have virtues of a negative character. They don't go to theatres, dancing-rooms, and balls. They don't talk wickedly, or gaily. They don't read other books more than the Bible. But excellent as these may be in their way, the Christian's virtues should be infinitely superior. They should certainly be outwardly developed. Of what use would be the candle if put under a bushel? A man may be clever; he may have genius enough to startle the world; but of what advantage is the power unless it be displayed? The martyrs had courage and bravery in their hearts; but they might as well have been without those principles if, in the hour of persecution, they refused to exercise them. The world has ever admired the courage and self-renunciatory policy which led Hampden to struggle with despotism in the battle-field. But he might have protested as strongly as Cobbett did against the king's taxation, and the world would not have been the better for it. But when for liberty he dared and spent his life, his influence spread itself where it never would have done but for his self-consecration. The Christian's graces must, moreover, not be hidden, because we only secrete that of which we are ashamed. The thief finds the filthy cellar good enough for his gold, because he is ashamed to bring it to the light. The graces must be exposed, for like the sun they illumine the dark clouds of the heathenish world. We have watched persons throw down salt on an icy pavement, lest feeble folk with weak sight might slip and fall. And we have watched Christians throwing broadcast the salt of their pious behaviour, and many a darkened mind has been rescued from the slippery paths of ruin.

Use your salt, brother; use your salt. "Let your light so shine among men, that they seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." On the Eddystone Lighthouse, the beautiful creation of Smeaton's engineering genius, are the words—"To give light, and to save life." And to do the one is, in a measure, to do the other. We live in a world where real Christianity is greatly despised; but only turn the light of godliness and holiness towards the ungodly; and who can say how many may be influenced by its holy beams?

The Christian's graces, be it remembered, spring wholly from Christ. They are but the rays of his righteousness reflected through us. In proportion as they possess his holy influences, so are they valuable and beautiful. The prism will show its rainbow colours in the light, but when the sunbeams pour through it, what brilliant lines of variegated light are produced. The graces are pleasant enough; but when Christ is seen through them, how resplendent they appear! If grace be derived from the God of grace, surely the graces are obtained from the same source. If the branches are offshoots from the trunk, and the trunk has the roots for its parent, it is but natural that the sap should be derived from the roots. Indeed, what is the Christian apart from his Master? "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," said the Apostle. But even Peter, without Jesus, sank into the water, and thrice denied him. The graces, then, proceed from Jesus Christ, even as all virtues proceed from God. Take, for instance, love. Love towards the loveless and graceless is pre-eminently a Christian virtue. To care for the souls of adulterers, winebibbers, and reprobates is only what Christians can do. The world scouts these men from its privileges and from its society. Christianity hunts them up, tells them of good tidings, and endeavours to do that which the world cannot perform. Could the world undertake the task of Immanuel Wichern, the German doctor, who turned the worst of criminals into respectable, moral members of society? The task is too great a one. It taxes more than the world's ingenuity and patience to administer its decrepitated

Poor-laws. How, then, can it find love and genius enough to win to virtue the fallen, and reclaim the criminal? There is a Divinity about the true Christian's love. He is fond of his brethren—or should be—and can overlook their faults. If his adversary hate him, he can pray for his adversary. But who teacheth the Christian this love? Look at him in his natural state—how unloving and unloveable! But regenerated by Divine grace, how considerate he is for others' welfare! how anxious to speak a soothing word to his fellow-Christian in distress! Whereas a penny was once too much for the poor, now half-a-crown is too little. Saints he once hated; religion he scouted; prayers he stigmatised as Methodistical cant; chapels he snubbed as hotbeds of hypocrisy. But now, no friendship on earth is so desirable as that of the Christian's; no solace here but in the enjoyments of religion; no words so sweet as the sacred language of prayer; and no spot so precious as that little chapel which once provoked his blasphemous curses. All these effects are the results of the Divine Spirit infused into his soul, permeating his mind and spirit; turning his affections upside down; and sending to the four winds his former uncharitableness, unloveliness, curses, and hatreds.

Grace does not follow generation, but regeneration; it does not descend from father to son, but from God the Father to the sinner, who becomes God's adopted son. Neither can grace be found where all is peace. As Master Adams says, "The unregenerate heart hath only an Esau in it; what strife can there be without a Jacob?" A man does not wrangle with himself. Nature does not battle against nature. Two form a quarrel. Old Adam and the new nature will be sure to use their fists. But where all is carnal, peace and quiet abound.

In a garden, there are many kinds of flowers. They are of varied size, design, and colour. So also with the Christian's virtues. They are many, but of a varied nature. There is faith, that choice flower, born to cling, growing only on a Rock, which is Christ Jesus. Some of these plants are strong, and pierce the earth with their roots, holding fast to the form of sound things,

sinking deep into the promises, stretching forth their arms, like zoophytes, to catch in every sunbeam that flits across their path. There are others of feeble, delicate growth, but still on the Rock—sticking there in spite of wind and rain. As yet, their roots are not deep in the earth; they tremulously clutch hold of the doctrines, and shiver at the sight of the deep mysteries of the Gospel. Where the Greathearts drive in the prongs of faith to suck moisture from the depths of God's promises, these timid ones are seeking nourishment from the surface. Still they are growing, though sickly; faint, yet pursuing; lovely, though weak; living, though beaten with sore winds. And these delicate flowers are sweet. Smell them, and you perceive an odour arising from them. They are lovely, for your eye is delighted with them, and your heart rejoiceth at the sight of their comeliness. They are living, for you watch them almost imperceptibly growing; and the higher they grow, the deeper do their roots strike into the mother earth. Faith is a sweet geranium—crimson, because it has "the blood" in it.

And as for love—that strong, pure, white lily, that strives to reach and point upwards, how grandly does it bear its snow-crested head above the earth! How wide does it open its petals, that the dew may refresh it, and that insects may nestle themselves within its tender bosom! Love receives the promises of heaven into its open heart, cherisheth and pondereth over them. Its house is ever open, that the friendless may seek shelter.

And that scarlet rose of charity, sending forth its fragrance so freely—how refreshing to the weary!—how grateful to the worn-out child of sin and toil! Neither the lily nor the rose attain to perfection's strength; and love and charity are not always so strong and fragrant as they should be. But they are flowers, and possess virtues; are loveable and loving, firm and enduring.

Where is the garden that hath but one kind of flower? and where the Christian that possesseth but one virtue? Despite petty-minded, wrangling deacons, and uncharitable professing Christians, how can the grace of God abide in them, if they only show what

they would have us to believe to be faith. Love to the brethren, and charity to those who need it, are as necessary to the Christian's stock of graces, as arrows were essential to the equipment of the old archer's quiver. A Christian without charity and love is like a soldier without legs and arms. Beside, the Christian hath need of a multitude of graces. Hath he not a thousand enemies? Fancy the Egyptians, with only chariots, pursuing the Israelites! Imagine an artillery having orders to bombard a town, with only shells, and no cannon! Think of an author having to write without ink! Picture a minister trying to preach without an audience! To have an even-handed battle with a foe, the belligerents should have the same number of weapons. For the Christian to really fight, he should have as many graces as there are disgraces to encounter. Perhaps the apostle Paul thought so when he catalogued the powers of both forces in that stirring fifth chapter to the Galatians. Here they are, column by column:—

THE WORKS OF THE FLESH ARE -	THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS
Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like.	Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

True, the number of the first force is inferior to that of the second. But when Christ's Holy Spirit is put in the scale (and he has promised to send it in answer to prayer), then the balance is on the side of the graces.

Christians, in fine, not only require graces, but they can't do without them. What! a saint longing for the purity of heaven, and yet despising holiness on earth! Is it likely? It is his element to breathe the atmosphere of holy comfort and enjoyments; hence he aspires to that sacred place where happiness and holiness reign triumphant.

Camberwell.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

HARVESTS.

THE corn is fully ripe. Once more our island home is gladdened by the sound of the reapers' song. The scythe is swung in the air, and the merry "Harvest Home" is sung right cheerily. Once more the Great Father of us all has opened wide his hand and satisfied the desire of every living thing. Our barns are full of plenty, our storehouses crowded with the gifts of God. Golden-browed autumn comes on, and we look forward to the winter without dread, for "God, even our own God, shall bless us."

How differently comes the autumn to different people under different circumstances. Notwithstanding the joyousness of the time, many a heart is sad, many a home darkened, while the songs of the happy peal through the land. Another Reaper has been busy, and his

relentless scythe has mown down the fair and the beloved. Another autumn has come to some, and the good fruits of years have been gathered away from their grasp, and stored where the key shall come nevermore into their hands. Some are despairing, some rejoicing; some asleep, some nervously awake. As it has ever been, so is it now, in this autumn of golden reward.

Shall we describe a few scenes?

The red hues of the setting sun fall upon a man whose hair is grey and whose brow is wrinkled with age. Sixty years he has lived upon God's earth, and now his last days are gliding away. He has listened to many sermons; his voice has swelled many a hymn; his presence has been among the people of God at the sanctuary. During the summer, every Sunday evening a minister has preached

to the people in the open air, choosing as his position the square in front of this man's house. He has had his window opened, and has listened with cold ears and unmoved heart to the earnest appeal. But to-night a strong power moves his heart; a mighty hand forces him to stop and think. And a bitter cry is wrung from him—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

What a solemn, mournful cry is that! And it is caught up and echoed by many a despairing soul. The young, who have been by the sea-side in health and glee, but are smitten, it may be by Death, which comes on the pale horse to so many in the autumn, shriek in their bitterness—"I am not saved! I am not saved!" The middle-aged, who have spent their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not; who have toiled, and saved, and wearied themselves all for this life, banishing with eager hands all thought of the other, and the eternal life, cry now—"Too late! too late! I am not saved!" The aged, with the dreary retrospect of a long and wasted life, with their tottering feet on the very verge of the grave, cry out, in agony of spirit—"I am not saved!"

What matters it to these that the barns are full of plenty, and merry songs ring through the land? This beautiful world, which the Creator has filled with so much wealth, and the frivolities of life, to which heretofore they had given all their attention—yea, even the loves and friendships which make our humanity the best and the happiest, are all fading away now. The eyes that loved to dwell upon them are dim now. They were wont to be satisfied before with things vain and trifling, and now they would fain pierce the skies with their prayers; now they would see Jesus, but can only cry—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

There is a better harvest scene than these. The spring, with its bursting buds of hope and promise; the summer, with its flowers and fruit, have passed away, and the calm autumn time has come on. There is one who welcomes it with a grateful, joyous love; who springs forth to meet it with willing feet. The har-

vest is past, the summer is ended, and he is saved. He has given his time to the Holiest; the freshness of his strength, the first fruits of the new life he is living, the glad time of devotion, all to the Friend who has redeemed him and washed him from his sins. And very glad is the harvest to him; for although he has to look back upon many sins and failures, many imperfections and wrong-doings, still he knows that he has passed from death unto life; he knows that whereas he was blind, now he can see. And many are the happy spirits that thus celebrate the harvest time. From many a heart goes up the song—"He hath redeemed me, I am his." There may be a joy in gathering in the fruits of the earth; there may be a song of rejoicing when the ripe corn is gathered in; but no joy is equal to theirs who, for the first time, look up and see Jesus, singing—"My beloved is mine, and I am his."

Yet another harvest comes to the aged pilgrim, who lays himself calmly down, that his soul may go forth to the rest and the reward. He has borne the burden and heat of the summer-day, and now sweet voices are calling him—"Come up hither." Therefore, with willing feet he steps upon the wave which shall bear him on to the shining shore. Calling his children and friends around him, he bursts into the triumphant song—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

Ah! this is the harvest. All his life long he has been sowing seed and uprooting weeds, and tending the Master's field. Now he is brought as a shock of corn fully ripe; now, with gladness and a song, he passes through the watching hosts, up the land of joy, and peace, and repose. Does he think now of the toil, and sorrow, and disappointment of this long life of his? O no. He only knows that "goodness and mercy have followed him all the days of his life, and he shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." No fear of death has he, no terrors for

the future. He folds his hands upon his breast, and closes his eyes—

“All his sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.”

Many, ah! many have this blessed harvest time now, for the scythe cuts

down young and old. It is not always the greyheaded who die. To the young the call also comes—the happy reward.

Dear reader, it may come to you soon. Shall you go forth gladly to meet the reward?

THE REFLECTED LIGHT.

BY J. S. B.

CHAPTER I.

THERE have been days in the experience of most of us, when we have perseveringly kept our physical and mental being bent on some active employment, that the mind may be deprived of leisure to cast up her account of thought; thought originated of, perhaps, one word, phrase, or idea; that has crept in almost by stealth, but would lead captive all after-thought, until it has gained a needed hearing. We may hush it in the present by the din of bustle and toil, only to hear more clearly its notes in the first interval of quiet rest that must eventually come.

Such a day had been spent, up to the late hours of a sunny afternoon in June, by Emily Ray, in her pretty little suburban home, in the back parlour of which she now stands, sending one more searching, yet loving glance, around the room, and o'er the tastefully-spread tea-table, ere she seats herself upon the low stool, leans upon the easy chair, and gazes out of the French window on to her husband's piece of recreation ground.

Surely the sight of those flower-beds, telling so plainly of the cultivator's good taste and love of order, cannot bring a cloud to that usually sunny brow, or cause Emily to start again from her seat in search of a fresh object of attention.

Everything is in readiness and neatness. There is nothing to be done, but to be reseated, and listen to that will-be-heard thought and its musings. “God changeth not!” So dear mother said, when thinking I loved one on earth too much. But William!—no, he cannot change, after four years of faithful waiting, and still true. The minister said death may change our dearest Friend; God alone changes not. O he will never take my husband—my life—or I should also die! Why the minister spoke of those who felt thus;

but he added, that such words displeased God, who was a jealous God, demanding our best love, and that we should love all earthly things only in him. Yes, I should like to love him, for dear mother is amid his redeemed throng; and the long hours are lonely that William must spend away; and surely he deserves my love if all mercies come from him, and all those Bible verses are true which come so swiftly to mind. But hark!—his knock. And away sped the young wife to bid her husband welcome, and prove his evening's light and joy. While doing so, we will talk of her. Emily had lost her mother but a few months previous to her marriage, and in her a pious counsellor and friend; yea, one who had stood in the stead of God.

The purely religious atmosphere in which she had been nurtured had engendered indifference to the soul's growth; the surrounding appearance of peace had been accepted in place of self-possessed peace. The pureness of the air and the brightness of the sunshine were left to save a plant that had disease at its root. Her widowed mother, pleased with the willing ear lent to religious topics, the implicit obedience meeting her every wish, and fearful to induce confessions of aught but heartfelt truths, mingled with a little lack of holy boldness, failed to put home questions as to the health of her child's soul, or to see that an attentive mind differs from a smitten heart.

Her hesitation with respect to Emily's union with one undecided for Christ, was conquered by the knowledge that her own child had made no stand for Jesus; and that he, in his habitual attendance at the Lord's house, and in his claim to be the offspring of pious parents, stood on equal ground. Most heartily at this time, as also on her death-bed, the mother wished she had more boldly done her duty, as in the

sight of God; that while continually asking for the conversion of her child, she had remembered that God might have intended her as the instrument, and had watched more closely for answers to her prayers.

After the lapse of a few weeks we again find Emily musing, but this time over the contents of her mother's old Bible. She now thrusts it aside, and hastily springs up, as the handle turns and the door opens, to admit evidently an unexpected visitor.

"Here you are, my child, and here is my old face, minus the shade of the old bonnet, which I coaxed the maid to let me put away," said the old lady visitor, releasing her hold of Emily, and accepting the proffered easy chair, while the hostess remained standing, in pleased astonishment. It was but for a few seconds, as she was again drawn to her friend's side, with "Let me look once more, my child, into your face. Yes, 'tis changed! There is sunshine still upon brow, cheek, and lip, and merry dances in the eye; yet 'tis changed! Not cloudy sunshine; no, but a more deep and intense glow; sunshine that will last longer, bringing forth riper, richer fruits, and brighter, more abiding colours. Ah!" she exclaimed, as her eye lit upon the Bible, "has my child been basking under the Sun of Righteousness, and is she now reflecting back some of his rays?"

Emily remained silent, with bended head and eyes.

"Ah! 'tis so; 'tis so. Thanks be to the Shepherd. He knew that the sunshine of the wilderness, however radiant, is fleeting; that night must come with its dews and darkness; yea, that there is one valley in the distance which that sunshine does not penetrate, yet which must be passed—even the valley of the shadow of death; and he also knew that within the fold both enduring sun and shelter belong to the Lamb. Has thy twin been led within the fold?"

"No, no; and this is my grief, dear aunt," sorrowfully answered Emily.

"Fear, nor faint not, my child; the Gardener is skilful; the full rays of the sun may be too strong for his young plant; or, just at first, he would cloud the rays, to make more effectual the full shining in the end; or, may be, some

new rays are travelling on from their source, and you only need patience ere you enjoy them. Now, tell me by which road the Shepherd led his wandering lamb to the fold?"

"This way, dear aunt. One Lord's-day eve, soon after leaving home, a shower of rain came on, and William urged that we should enter the Baptist Chapel close at hand. We did so. The minister pictured out my feelings for husband and mother exactly; then showed how uncertain was such love; and, lastly, led us up to the higher and only unchanging love. The idea of earthly love decaying, and God's love enduring, took right hold of me, giving no peace, until I took the earthly love with all its fears, in prayer to God, asking him, in Jesu's name, to sanctify that and purify me. Every new and old portion of his Word has since come with a soul-nourishing power."

"Are you sure, my child, the loving subject did not also touch your husband's heart?"

"No; for on our return, he remarked, 'That young man gave us a better sermon than anticipated. He is one of C. H. Spurgeon's fiery sparks, and is, doubtless, striving to make folks believe he has as much light and heat as the thorough piece of metal he has just left.' My reply was, 'I think he was quite natural,' although allowing that, doubtless, Mr. Spurgeon had infused into him some of his peculiar earnestness in, and ardent love for, the Master's work; for which speech, unwarrantable praise was bestowed on my charity. O, aunt, dear! it was terrible—the knowledge that I had thoughts which, if communicated to my husband, would receive no sympathy. In the agony of this thought, I would declare these feelings to be the work of Satan, filling me with vanity to separate our love. But when love and peace prevailed, came the longing to tell him also; but the difficulty was, how to do this, without making him suppose my vanity had increased, and my appreciation of his worth decreased. How could I say, however kindly, that his kneeling down at night was a mere sham, if his heart was not given to Jesus?"

"Not at all in your own strength, my

child; but with great boldness and discretion in his. Where is the use of a light hid under a bushel? and where the generosity that condemns a dear one to sit in darkness, while you hold a means of light? Are the doors of thy husband's heart more overgrown with weeds than thine was? Are the bolts yet more rusty and fast? or is the hand of the great unseen One incapable of giving a second knock, such as roused thee to strive to let him in?"

"No, no, dear aunty, my only dread is the result of making visible the barrier between our souls; that William will fancy it diminishes my love to him, and that, in consequence, he will withdraw his full confidence. The picture of Mrs. Sterr's house, as it was after the stand she made for Jesus, continually haunts me."

"Do you forget your power at command? Besides, dear child, Mrs. Sterr must not be your model. Like all species of humanity, she had her weak points; although a Christian, she fancied precept a giant, practice a dwarf; that her husband's home pleasures must stand second to her Christian privi-

leges; that he ought to have an uncomfortable tea, because it was prayer-meeting night, and she must start three-quarters of an hour before time, to indulge in a quiet talk with Mrs. R.; and that she ought to pour into his ear, wearied with noisy children, this precious word, and that saving clause, which always happened to be not the 'word in season;' forgetting that she was thus going beyond the special work given by her Lord, to let his light so shine before her husband as to bring glory to him. My child will not be allowed to do this to him whose step I now hear."

"Dear aunty" did not fail to speak the word in season during the evening, or to whisper to Emily, at parting—"The lamb cannot be hurt by the storm while well sheltered in the shepherd's arms; why, then, be uneasy, and drive quiet happiness away? Above all, do not strive to slip from his arms, it will only be a vain struggle." Our next chapter will show us how Emily braved the storm.

Brighton.

Reviews.

The Bunyan Library. Vol. XIII. *The Story of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore Missionaries.* By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. London: J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row.

This last volume of the Bunyan Library cannot fail to be popular. Think of the extraordinary men whose lives are here portrayed—Carey, Marshman, and Ward—men who for true spirituality, unflinching toil, ardent zeal, and Christian unselfishness were never exceeded either in the annals of ancient or modern missionary enterprise. The men who lived and laboured and died in the same sphere, and had so much to do with the introduction of the Gospel to India, are fitly united in this volume of saintly biography. Huge memoirs of thick octavos are evidently doomed, we have not time to wade through thousands of pages of even telling biography, so that this volume of 332 pages is just suited to the age we live in, and is more especially the book for our young men; and we trust it will be read by tens of thousands of them, for out of it, outside of the sacred volume, we know of no lives in which all the noble elements of sanctified humanity are more strikingly exhibited.

It ought at once to take its place in every congregational and Sunday-school library of the kingdom.

The (Unabridged) Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. London: Nisbet and Co.

WHAT! the "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated with woodcuts, 356 pages, for threepence? Surely this surpasses all precedents of cheapness, even in these enterprising times. We hope millions will be sold.

Thoughts on Christian Childhood. By SAMUEL GREEN, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

The distinguished author of this little book has laboured with marked success in the momentous spheres of childhood and youth. We are sure all his former readers will be glad to welcome this last and admirable effort in the same direction.

Edwin May's Philosophy. By JAMES CAMPBELL, London: R. S. Stacy, 170, Shoreditch.

A VOLUME for our young people, in which the results of science are simply and pleasingly presented to our young people. Trees,

animals, fire, smoke, air, water, &c., are explained and presented in simple illustrations, and philosophy rendered most easy of apprehension.

The Christian Teacher's Helper. By ROBERT STEELE.

Doctrines of Christianity and Dogmas of Romanism; or, Bible Subjects and their Counterparts. By the same Author. London: Seeley and Jackson; Macintosh; W. C. Boddington, Notting-hill.

MR. STEELE, in these well got-up fourpenny books, has endeavoured to supply what he felt to be a need in his missionary work. The first of these books contains 136 important questions, which, as a rule, are appositely and Scripturally answered, by which much useful Christian information is clearly conveyed. In the second Mr. Steele, who was formerly a labourer in the Irish Church Missions, most forcibly overthrows the dogmas of Romanism, by exhibiting the doctrines of Scripture. Both books are well suited for general circulation, and cannot fail to subserve the interests of Christian truth and holiness. We wish them great and extended success.

The New System of Musical Gymnastics, as an Instrument of Education. By MOSES COET TYLER, M.A. and M.C.P. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

WE know Mr. Tyler, and have witnessed his success as a gymnastic educator, and we can bear the fullest testimony to its remarkable efficiency. Every school and educational society in the kingdom would derive immense advantages from Mr. Tyler's system. We hope the friends of youth will read this first-class lecture.

Old Truths. Edited by JOHN COX, Ipswich. No. 9. July, 1864. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.

THIS first-class theological serial holds on its way, exhibiting great variety and power. Every page shows proof of careful and good writing; and, though it is the organ of one class of thinkers, yet it may and ought to be read by all interested in the great questions at issue. We hope its circulation will increase from quarter to quarter.

Poetry.

THE ROCK AND THE MOUNT.

Suggested by a passage in the "Gospel Magazine,"
June, 1864.

A saint of threescore years and ten
Upon the bed of death

Was waiting for the moment when
He should resign his breath:

And sweetly smiling he would say
To others of the flock,

"Not always on the mount I stay,
But always on the Rock."

Not always joyful in God's love,

But always safe in him,
And this distinction Christians prove
To be no idle whim.

For sometimes on the mount they rest,

When they with Jesus meet;
Recline by faith upon his breast,
And hold communion sweet.

While Jesus doth his love unfold,

And shows his hands and side,
They fain, like Peter once of old,
Would on the mount abide.

But overshadowing clouds arise,
And pilgrims must descend—
Through many a vale their pathway lies,
Before their journey's end.

But though thro' fire and thro' flood
They may be called to go,
The souls that Jesus bought with blood
Are always safe, we know.
On Christ the everlasting Rock
They stand by sovereign grace,
Nor can the wildest tempest's shock
Remove them from the place.

The saints of God rejoice in this,
And bless Jehovah's love,
When on the mount they taste the bliss
Revealed in full above.
They will be safe in Jesus still,
When they to glory soar,
And on communion's holy hill
Abide for evermore.

THEODOBA.

WITH THE LORD.

O not so far from thee, my God! My spirit would abide
For ever in thy presence, yea, for ever by thy side;
The weary miles that intervene and keep me far from thee,
O that they all were quickly passed, that I might nearer be!

Lord, I would daily walk with thee along life's changeful ways,
My hymn at noon and eventide should be a song of praise,
And I would listen to thy voice though all beside were still,
And talk to thee as children talk, and ever do thy will.

But the sin lays heavy on my heart, I cannot reach thy side,
And unbelief with cruel hands still bids my spirit hide;
And, Lord, I turn to all beside, though thou art standing near,
And will not always come to thee; O draw me, Father dear.

O Lord, I would abide with thee till life and joy grow dim,
Would linger ever by thy feet where they sing the angel's hymn;
O nevermore to pass away, but in thy light to say,
Thou Healer of our woes, O grant the boon for which I pray.

MABIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

GLASGOW.—The Rev. J. Field, from Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, South Portland-street, Glasgow, and commenced his labours June 19th.

ZOAR CHAPEL, HOLLOWAY.—Mr. Green, for six years pastor at the above place, having resigned his charge, is open to an invitation from any Baptist church requiring a supply, either on the Sabbath or week day. Address, 44, Northampton-road, Clerkenwell.

HALIFAX.—After nineteen years of successful labours the Rev. Joseph Drew has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Newbury, and accepted a cordial invitation of the Baptist church, Trinity-road, Halifax, and commenced his labours there on the 24th of July with pleasing prospects of success.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

SEVENOAKS.—On Thursday, July 7th, public services were held at the Baptist chapel to recognize as pastor the Rev. J. Jackson. The Rev. F. White, of Chelsea, commenced by reading 2 Cor. iv., and offering prayer. The Rev. G. Rogers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, then gave an appropriate and impressive pastoral charge from Acts xi. 24. The Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, offered prayer; after which the Rev. W. Brock, D.D., addressed the church from Titus ii. 10. About one hundred and thirty persons sat down to tea in the old assembly room. In the evening the Rev. C. Vince preached a sermon from Heb. xiii. 8. Many of the neighbouring ministers were present, and the services were well attended. On Sunday sixteen persons were received into church fellowship. We trust this is but the beginning of prosperity for the old Baptist cause at Sevenoaks.

ROTTERHAM.—Services were held on Friday, June 10th, to publicly recognize the Rev. J.

Arnold as pastor of the particular Baptist church, Rotherham. The introductory portion of the service in the afternoon was conducted by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Sheffield, who also put the usual questions to the church and pastor, which were satisfactorily answered. Prayer was offered by the Rev. I. Vaughan (Independent), of Masborough; after which the Rev. G. Rogers, theological tutor of the Rev. O. H. Spurgeon's College, delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, to the church. The service was concluded by the Rev. J. Compton (Baptist), of Barnsley, offering prayer. The congregation then adjourned to the schoolroom to tea, which was beautifully decorated with choice plants in full bloom, nosegays, and mottoes. About 220 sat down. After which a public meeting was held in the chapel; James Yates, Esq., J.P., presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. F. Falding, D.D., tutor of Rotherham College (Independent); the Revs. J. P. Campbell, and C. Larom, of Sheffield; the Rev. G. Rogers, of London; the Rev. J. Fisher, of Rawmarsh; the Rev. J. Arnold, pastor of the church, and other friends.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

OLD SLEAFORD (LINCOLNSHIRE) PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—Mr. E. Samuels has been preaching at the above place for the last two years, during which time a Divine blessing has attended his ministry. A baptistry has been built in the chapel, and, for the first time in this town, the ordinance was administered, June 29, by Mr. Arnold, of Swineshead, to thirteen persons; some of the candidates were old Christians and very infirm, and the eldest quite blind. (See Baptist reports.) On Sunday, July 2nd, Mr. Samuels met the newly baptized, who, with several others were formed into a church. Deacons were chosen, and after the evening service twenty-three in number were received

into fellowship, and partook of the ordinance of the Lord's supper. May the little one soon become a thousand, by the addition of many now without the fold.

LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

OLNEVELY, OXON.—On June 22nd, two foundation-stones were laid—one of a new Baptist chapel, by Robert Ryman, Esq., the other of a school, by Miss Kimber; after which a most interesting address was delivered by the Rev. W. Allen, of Oxford. The friends then took tea, and in the evening a goodly number assembled, when the Rev. T. Hughes, of Woodstock, preached. Among the company present were several ministers and deacons from neighbouring churches, who thus manifested their sympathy with the effort. The chapel will be entirely free of debt, Robert Ryman, Esq., with two of his relatives, bearing the whole of the cost.

CHELSEA.—The memorial-stone of the new Baptist chapel, White Lion-street, near the new barracks, was laid on the afternoon of Thursday, June 30th, by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Alexander, M.A., the pastor. Mr. Frank H. White then read a statement containing a brief history of the church now worshipping in Paradise-walk, from its formation in 1817 to the present time, tracing also some of the steps by which they had been led to undertake the work of building a new chapel, a copy of which, together with a *carte de visite* of Sir Morton Peto, Rev. O. H. Spurgeon, and Mr. White was enclosed in a box and placed underneath the stone. Before performing the ceremony, Sir Morton spoke very warmly of the deep interest he felt in the prosperity of the church and its pastor. Mr. Spurgeon then affectionately appealed to those present to stand up boldly for the truth, and to aid by all means that lay in their power the spread of the Gospel of Christ amongst the perishing thousands around them. In the evening a tea and public meeting was held at Markham-square Congregational Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion). Upwards of 500 sat down to tea. The chair was taken afterwards by W. G. Habershon, Esq., and addresses given by the Revs. Samuel Martin, R. Brindly, W. Statham, George Evans; Captain Fishbourne, and the pastor. Many solemn and stirring words were spoken. The offerings during the day amounted to £200, £89 of which was brought by the kind pastor of Upton Chapel, one young lady of his congregation having herself collected upwards of £60. The pastor takes this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the following sums, through the kind insertion in the MESSENGER, of June:—M. A. F., 6d.; M. A. L., 6d.; T. S., 1s.; Anny, 7d.; M. A. S., 2s.; J. R., 1s.; J. B., 2s. 6d. Smallest offerings, in stamps or otherwise, thankfully received by Mr. Frank White, 13, Hemusterrace, Chelsea, S.W.

OPENING SERVICES.

HANBURY-HILL CHAPEL, STOURBRIDGE.—The above place having been closed for enlargement and repairs, was re-opened by the following services: on Tuesday evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, the Rev. Messrs. Samuel and Benwell Bird taking part in the proceedings; on the Sunday following, two sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. Samuel Newman, late of Barnstaple; and in the evening by the Rev. Benwell Bird, pastor. The collections amounted to £32 10s. The cost of the alterations is upwards of £400, towards which sum £300 has been contributed. Sums, however small, will be thankfully received by the pastor, the Rev. B. Bird, Heath-lane, Stourbridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUBLIN.—The first anniversary services in connection with Bolton-street Chapel were conducted on Lord's-day, July 3rd, by Mr. Morgan, the pastor, and on Monday evening a social meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Odell, of Rathmines, Mr. Drew, and other friends, who congratulated the church and its pastor on the success that God had given them during the past year. There were but five members at its commencement, and now they numbered twenty-five. God has given many tokens of his favour, sinners have been saved, and an influence for good has been largely exercised, the Sabbath-schools have been carried on prosperously, a missionary has been engaged to visit among the poor, and a free school has been established for those who could not otherwise obtain any instruction.

PETERCHURCH, HEREFORDSHIRE.—On the afternoon and evening of Monday, July 4th, the anniversary services in connection with the Baptist chapel, were celebrated by a public tea-meeting. After tea Mr. Bagg explored the Divine blessing, when Mr. Sinclair, the pastor, called upon the following gentlemen to address the assembly:—The Revs. T. French, of Hereford; T. Williams, of Longtown; Mr. Chandler (town missionary), of Hereford; the Revs. — Webb, of Blakney; C. Burleigh, of Orcop; T. Hughes (Presbyterian), of Hay; Mr. Boshers, of London; the Revs. J. Beard, of Garway; G. Reece, of Hay; and Mr. J. Sinclair, the son of the pastor, from Salisbury.

FRAMSDEN, SUFFOLK.—On July 13th a public meeting was held, to commemorate the third anniversary of Mr. G. Cobb's pastorate. In the afternoon Mr. E. Sears, of Laxfield, preached to a large audience from Matt. xx. 30-34. At five o'clock upwards of 300 friends partook of tea. In the evening the chapel was crowded to excess. Prayer was offered by Mr. C. Broom, of Stonham; and Mr. Cobb, the pastor, delivered an introductory address referring to the encouragements he felt in connection with his work, the kindness he had received, and the Divine blessing which had attended his labours, 52 having been added by baptism since his residence amongst them. Addresses, on the nature, evidences, and influences

of spiritual life, were delivered by Mr. P. B. Woodgate, of Otley; Mr. T. Hoddy, of Horham; and Mr. H. Sears, of Laxfield; the interest excited was greatly increased by Mr. Hoddy (previous to his address) presenting Mr. Cobb, in the name of the friends, with a purse of money as a token of their affectionate regard for him.

CHORLEY, NEAR BRIDGENORTH, SALOP.—A tea meeting in connection with the Baptist cause in this village, was held on Monday, June 13th. Although the weather had an effect on the attendance, about 150 sat down to tea. The public meeting held afterwards, which was much better attended, was presided over by J. L. Whatmore, Esq., of Bridgenorth, and addressed by the Rev. T. Hanson, of West Bromwich; Messrs. R. Hopwood, B. Salloway, Hinton (Primitive Methodist), and J. Green, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The cause in this place is but an infant one of three years' growth, and is without a chapel. Divine service having been performed during that time in the clubroom of the village-inn, kindly lent. The brethren, who are all working people, are desirous of building a sanctuary of their own, but none of the landowners in the neighbourhood will sell them a site. However, they still wait and work on, believing that he whose own the earth is "and the fulness thereof," will in his own time grant them the required land.

MILE-END GATE MISSION.—On Tuesday, 21st June, the first annual meeting of this new effort in connection with Mr. Gordelier's chapel at Darling-place, Cambridge-road, was held, N. J. Powell, Esq., in the chair. From the report it appeared an extensive field of usefulness was open to Christians desirous of promoting the moral and religious improvement of this deprivileged and hitherto neglected locality. A good Sunday-school was maintained; a large number of families were under visitation and supplied with tracts; the omnibus men at the gate are supplied with the *British Workman*; and nearly £20 had been expended in 206 visits to the sick and very poor. The chief difficulty in working this mission, is the want of labourers in each department of service. The Rev. W. O'Neill, late of New Broad-street, and several ministers from the neighbourhood, addressed the meeting.

BAPTISMS.

ARMLEY, near Leeds, June 28, in the South Parade Chapel Baptistry (kindly lent for the occasion for the use of the Baptist church at Armley)—Six, by Mr. J. Stutterd, Baptist missionary.

BILDRETON, Suffolk, July 17—Two, by Mr. A. Knell, of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

BARBRIDGE, Ireland, May 22—One, by Mr. W. S. Eccles; June 5—One, by Mr. Douglas, of Portadown, for Mr. Eccles. The above from the Presbyterians.

BARDWELL, Suffolk, June 12—One, by the pastor, Mr. T. Barrett.

BARNSTON, Yorks, July 3—Five, by Mr. Compstone. Two of the above were from the Primitive Methodists.

BECKINGTON, near Bath, June 5—Three, by Mr. Cloake.

BETHANIA CLYDACH, near Swansea, July 10th—Six, by Rev. D. Davies, after an appropriate sermon by Rev. R. Richards, of Morriston.

BRABOURNE, Kent, June 19—Three, by Mr. G. Wright, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

BRIDGEND, Hope Chapel, June 26—One, by Mr. Cole.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, April 28—Four, by Mr. Barrett, of Bardwell, for Mr. C. Elven.

CARDIFF, Tredegarville Chapel, Feb. 28—Three; April 24, Two; May 1, Three; and June 5, Five, by Mr. Alfred Tilly.

CHELSEA, Paradise Chapel, June 27—Five, by Mr. F. White. Two of the above from the Sunday-school.

CUPAR, Scotland, July 10—Two, by Mr. D. McCallum.

DUBLIN, Bolton-street Church, June 3—Four, by Mr. Morgan, in the Baptist Chapel, Lower Abbey-street, kindly lent for the occasion.

EAST PARLEY, Hants, July 3—Two, by Mr. G. R. Tanswell.

EVENJOBB, Radnor, May 20—One, by Mr. G. Phillips, after a discourse by Mr. G. Rees, of Haverfordwest College. The candidate was a consistent member of the Calvinistic Methodists.

FENNY STRATFORD, Bucks, July 10—Three, from the Sabbath-school, by Mr. Walker, of Rev. G. H. Spurgeon's College. The Lord is greatly blessing the labours of Mr. Walker at Fenby, though certain parties are very busy among the people, endeavouring to convince them that sprinkling and salvation must go together.

FRAMSDEN, Suffolk, June 5—Six, by Mr. George Cobb.

GLADESTY, Radnorshire, June 12—One, by Mr. G. Phillips.

GLEMSFORD, Suffolk, March 6—Five; June 5—Four, by Mr. G. G. Wharlow, for Mr. S. Kemp, pastor.

GOWEN, Glamorganshire, July 3—Three, by Mr. D. Evans. One being a servant at the parsonage, was discharged the week previous, because of going to join the Baptists.

HATHERLEIGH, Devon, May 29—Two, by Mr. W. Norton.

LANDPORT, Lake-road, June 29—Twenty-two, by Mr. E. G. Gange.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, July 10—Five, by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LEOMINSTER, June 3—Two (husband and wife), by Mr. T. Nash, after forty years' regular attendance at the chapel, and on the forty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, June 30—Twenty; July 18—Seventeen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Shouldham-street, July 18—Three, by Mr. W. A. Blake.

—, Veraon Chapel, King's Cross-road, April 23—Fourteen; June 30, Nine, by Mr. C. B. Sawday.

MURSLEY, near Winalow, Bucks, July 3—Six, by Mr. G. B. Bowler.

NEW RADNOR, June 12—Two, by Mr. G. Phillips, Evenjobb. The candidates were husband and wife.

OGDEN, near Rochdale, May 22—Two, by Mr. L. Nuttall.

OLD SLEAFORD, Lincolnshire, June 29—Thirteen, by Mr. Arnold, of Swineshead. The ages of six of the candidates were as follows:—86, 82, 76, 75, and two at 70.

PORTADOWN, June 18—Three, from Tandragee, by Mr. Taylor, pastor of the church there.

ROMSEY, Hants, June 19—Eight; June 26, Five, by Mr. C. Chambers. We rejoice to hear that showers of blessings are descending on the vineyard of the Lord at the above place.

ROTHERAM, June 26—Five, by Mr. S. Arnold. Two of the above for the Baptist church, Masbro'.

SEVENOAKS, Kent, July 3—Eleven, by Mr. Jackson.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Carlton-rooms, June 30—Four, by Mr. J. Collins.
 THETFORD, Norfolk, May 22—Three, by Mr. G. W. Oldring.

DEATHS.

MRS. C. NICKOLLS.

On May 18, at Sellinge, Kent, after a painful illness, Mrs. C. Nickolls, aged 26. She was a member of the Baptist church, Brabourne, and adorned her Christian profession by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. Her funeral sermon was preached on Sabbath evening, May 26th, by Mr. G. Wright, from Psalm cxvi. 15.

MRS. ANN WYLD.

On June 13, at her residence, Stansbach, Herefordshire, Mrs. Ann Wyld, aged 61, for many years a consistent member of the Baptist church in that village. The funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, the Rev. W. H. Payne, on the 3rd ult., to a crowded audience, from 2 Cor. v. 1.

MISS MARTHA ROBERTS MORGAN.

On June 15, at Glan Eithon Cottage, Penybont, Miss Martha Roberts Morgan, late of Walton, Old Radnor, in the sixty-third year of her age. She had been a member of the Baptist denomination for upwards of forty years. Baptized near her residence at Walton by the venerable Rev. S. Blackmore, of Eredisland, at the commencement of his ministry, at Kingston. She was the first, of modern times, in the valley of Radnor that thus put on Christ, hence was exposed to the scoffs and jeers of the vain world, then so prevalent in that locality. She nobly maintained her profession to her dying day, as a most exemplary disciple of Jesus. The obituary of a more eminent Christian sister is hardly been the lot of the faithful "Messenger" to chronicle. The great attraction of her religious career was Christ as represented in the Canticles, "The chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely," which subject was chosen by her as the one from which the event of her death should be improved. Her funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. G. Phillips, at Evenjobb

Chapel, on Lord's-day, June 26, to a crowded congregation, the sorrowing relatives forming part of the audience. The text on the occasion was the one chosen—Solomon's Song v. 10-16.

MRS. HANNAH DEAN.

On June 20th, at Woodhouse Carr, near Leeds, aged 72, Mrs. Hannah Dean, after a long and painful affliction, borne with patient resignation to the will of God. She was confined to her bed for nearly three years. Her death was improved to a numerous congregation by Mr. J. Stutterd, Baptist missionary, from "Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." Upwards of 50 years ago she was baptized by the venerable John Trickett, of Bramley, in Yorkshire.

THE REV. JOHN GRIFFITHS.

On June 20, at his father's house, at Glais, Rev. John Griffiths, Clydach, and for the last twelve months a student at Pontypool College. His funeral took place on Thursday, 23rd, at Bethania. Rev. — Davies, of Landore, read and prayed by the house. Rev. R. A. Jones, Swansea, commenced the services in the chapel; and, according to deceased's desire, Rev. T. E. James, Glyn Neath, preached from Phil. iii. 21; and the Rev. D. Davies, Treboeth, from Matt. xxv. 21. Rev. D. Edwards, Ystalyfera, concluded by prayer. Rev. B. Evans, Neath, delivered an oration at the grave; and was followed by Rev. Titus Jones, Caersalem Newyd, and who concluded by prayer. He was a firm advocate of the BAPTIST MESSENGER for many years past.

THE REV. JOHN PELLE.

On June 23, at his residence, 9, Tolmer-square, Hampstead-road, in his 37th year, the Rev. John Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, leaving a wife and family and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their irreparable loss.

JOHN AND SAMUEL HOWE.

On Saturday, June 25, John, eldest son of the Rev. John Howe, Waterbarn, Stacksteads, aged 10 years and two months. Also on Lord's-day, July 10th, Samuel, only surviving son of the above, aged six years. The bereaved parents are sustained by the assurance that their loved ones are now "sleeping in Jesus."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from June 18th to July 18th.

	£	s.	d.
Present to the College on Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's birthday	21	10	0
The Female Catechism Class	73	9	0
Collection at Southampton, per Rev. J. Collins	3	0	0
Collection at Upton Chapel, per Rev. G. D. Evans	16	7	0
Mr. W. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. T. Slater	0	10	0
A Friend	0	2	6
In memory of S. J. G.	0	12	6
" Mercy	0	12	6
Mr. G. Simpson	0	2	6
Sir S. M. Peto, M.P.	25	0	0
Mrs. Tyson (quarterly subscription)	12	10	0
Mrs. Reed	0	10	0
Mr. E. Morgan	1	1	0
Mr. Flood	0	10	0

Collected by Mrs. Gratwick and Mrs. Jeph	0	15	
Miss Appleyard, Hebdonbridge	5	0	0
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" "	27	18	5
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" "	" "	12	30
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 CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

WARNING AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."—Sol. Song v. ii.

How changeable is the creature! Only the verse preceding this, we find the spouse in a happy, healthy, heavenly frame of mind. Christ was with her; she was in the enjoyment of the closest communion with his person. We find him saying, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O-beloved." Yet, from the height of this glorious fellowship, how soon the spouse comes down to the depths of such a cry as this—"I sleep, but my heart waketh!" Truly, the weather of our isle is not more variable than the feelings of believers. One day the sun shines hot and strong; the next day comes a black cloud, accompanied with the lightning-flash and the voice of thunder; then come the rattling drops of hail; and anon, in a few more hours, it is hot again, or perhaps the chilly north wind begins to blow. Have you not been on Tabor at one moment, and at another in the Vale of Siddim? Have you not been like the chariots of Amminadib at one time, driving so fast that the axes of your hearts were hot with speed, and soon after you have been like Pharaoh's chariots when the wheels were taken off, so that you drave right heavily? Now ye mount as upon eagle's wings, and anon ye sink as in deep mire, where there is no standing. At one moment delighting in God's goodness and mercy, and the next moment crying, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me!" Lord, what a changeable creature is man! And when thou hast taken him up to his highest altitude, how speedily he cometh down, by the force of thy hand, to the very depths! How soon does he bring him down from his very highest eminence even to the very dust! Christian! when the Lord favours thee, and thy soul walks in near fellowship with him, remember that there is a devil in thee and a devil without thee; be careful of thy footsteps; even when thou art on the top of the mountain, watch thou with the greatest possible care, even when Jesus is sitting by thee and whispering in thine ear that thou art his; for never dost thou lose thy corruption. Thy communion may be transient, but thy corruption is perpetual. To be with Christ is but a thing of a moment with thee, but to be with thy corruption is a thing of every hour in the day. I pray thee keep this in mind; and whenever thou art in thy best frame, then be doubly careful, lest thou lose thy beloved, and have to cry once again, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Dr. Ives, who used to live on the road to Tyburn at the time when prisoners were always carried in a cart to be hanged there, would frequently say, when he had any friends with him, if he saw them riding by—"There goes Dr. Ives;" and when they asked him what he meant by it, he replied, "Such crimes as that felon has committed I should have committed but for the grace of God." That is true of you that live nearest to God. All you that have the most familiarity with Christ and enjoy his holy fellowship, nay, even though you be at present on Tabor's very summit, may soon become the very leaders of the heroes of Satan if your Lord withdraws his grace. David's eyes go astray, and the sweet psalmist of Israel becomes awhile the shameless adulterer, who robs another of his wife. Samson one day slays thousands of his enemies with the might of his arm and the valour of his heart; another day his honour is betrayed, his locks are shorn, and his eyes are put out by a strumpet's treacherous wiles. How soon are the mighty fallen! Behold Solomon, the wisest of men, but the greatest fool that ever lived. Even Job fails in his patience, and Abraham staggers as to his faith. Let him that thinketh he standeth

take heed lest he fall. These observations seem to rise at once to our minds when we consider such passages as the song abounds with. We find at one moment that the spouse is so happy as to cry out—"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love;" and at another moment she is searching for her beloved and cannot find him, and mourning because of the darkness and of the cruelty of the watchers.

The text very readily suggests three reflections; first, a lamentable state—"I sleep;" secondly, a hopeful sign—"but my heart waketh;" and, thirdly, a potent remedy—"It is the voice of my beloved." Nothing can wake a believer out of his sleep like the voice of his beloved.

Here is a lamentable state—"I sleep." I think I can describe this state pretty well, because I experience it too often. I am afraid many of you could describe it with some degree of accuracy, for frequently you fall into it. What is it for a Christian to sleep? Well, thank God there is a sleep which the believer never knows. He can never sleep again that deadly sleep in which Christ found him while he was in his sinful state; he shall never sleep the judicial sleep into which some are cast as the result of sin; he shall not sleep, as do others, to his eternal ruin; yet he may sleep dangerously and sinfully; and this is the state in which the Christian is found when he thus sleepeth—in a state of inaction. You are doing something for God, but you are rather doing it as a matter of custom than as a matter of loving earnestness. You do pray; you do go up to the house of God; you do teach in the Sabbath-school; but you do the whole thing mechanically, as a man walks who is sound asleep. You are in a sort of spiritual somnambulism. The work that you are called upon to perform you discharge after a fashion; there is none of the power of God in the work; there is no earnestness thrown into it; you go through it; it is done, and there is an end of it; but thy heart has been absent from it. Coupled with this, there is a want of vigour in everything to which a man sets his hand. If he preach, there is no longer that force and burning energy, those boiling, scalding periods—no; he just takes his text, and speaks upon it. Perhaps God's people are edified, perhaps sinners are saved thus; but that man has no enjoyment in his work during the whole time he performs it thus sluggishly. A man to enjoy the work of the Lord must throw his whole strength into it. It is the same when you come to prayer. You do pray after a sort; but it is not that wrestling with the angel which getteth the blessing from him. You do knock at the door, but not with that force which causeth the door to open. You have forgotten your former vigour. Whereas once your closet was the witness of groans and tears, now you can go into it and come out of it without so much as a single sob. And it is just the same when you read the Scriptures. Once the page sparkled with promises, and your soul was satisfied with marrow and fatness; but when you read it now it is very dull, and you no longer derive refreshing consolation from it. Like the temple out of which God has removed, you walk through it. There are the pillars; there stand all the symbols of worship; the altar is there; but God, the King, has gone; and a voice has been heard to say—"Arise, let us go hence;" and so you go through the sacred edifice, and find nothing there. In this same sleepy state we go up to the house of God to listen; and if our sleep has got strong hold upon us, we cannot get any comfort in the Word. We begin to rail at the minister; because we are not edified as we used to be, we think there is a change come over him. That is possible; but it is just as likely, and more so, that the want of enjoyment of God's Word is owing to ourselves. We sit and hear as God's people hear, and we sing as God's people sing, and pray as they pray, after the outward form; but we go out of chapel as a man rises from his bed whereon he hath tossed all night, and we feel we are not a whit refreshed; and the Sabbath, that was once a joy, has perhaps become a weariness or a burden. There is no enjoyment while a man is asleep, and,

what is worse, as there is no enjoyment, there must be weariness and pain. Ah, beloved, I have known seasons when I would have given my right arm to be able to shed tears of repentance—when I wished that I might have a broken heart again—when I have cried to make my soul even feel the pains of hell rather than not feel anything; for this is one of the worst states a Christian can be in—to go nodding on through life, slumbering over eternal realities, dreaming over heaven, and nodding his head and continuing still to sleep when he is engaged in the presence of the most high God, and should have gathered up all his powers and strung them to the highest pitch of intensity. Have not you been in such a state? If you have not, happy man are you! There are most holy men, some of the giant servants of God, who have fallen into this state, and have been compelled to cry out “I sleep,” finding themselves happy indeed if they could add, “I sleep, but my heart waketh.” Such a state as this is very sinful. Is it not sinful, O my soul! to be trifling with this eternal state—to be playing at prayer? Canst thou be so dull and heavy about eternal things, when worldlings are so thoroughly awake about their silver and gold and commercial pursuits? When souls are being hurried to eternity week by week, how is it I can still be indifferent? When time is speeding on, and eternity is so near, how can I still betake me to my slothful couch, and cry a little more sleep, a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands to sleep? In Jesus Christ, redeemed with his precious blood, quickened by the Divine Spirit and made partakers of the Divine nature, how can it be consistent with our position and condition to sleep as do others? We are in the faith, is this a time to sleep? The light of God’s grace has shone upon us, is this a time to slumber? Let the world sleep if it will, for its objects and aims are not worthy of the Christian’s high ambition; but shall you and I sleep, when heaven is before us and hell behind us, when there is temptation everywhere surrounding us, and angels beckon us to heaven, while a glorious company of saints hold us in full survey? Come, my brethren, we must feel that such a state as this is sinful in the highest degree. And how dangerous is it, too! A man who sleeps in his enemy’s camp, how he is exposed! There lies Sisera asleep in Jael’s tent. Little dost thou know, O silly dreamer, that the woman’s hand lifts up the mallet to drive the nail through thy brain. If thou desirest to sleep, Christian, wait until thou gettest home; there thou shalt have rest enough for ever in thy Father’s house, but to sleep here is to sleep in the dragon’s jaw, to sleep on the top of the mast when the ship is driving before the storm. Nay, awake thou, and bethink thee of thy position and condition, and sleep no longer. O, God, have mercy upon thy people, who have long prosperity. This is the pinnacle of the temple. Blessed is the man whose feet slide not, when he standeth here. I do not think we go to sleep spiritually when we have bodily affliction. Pains of body frequently make a Christian long for his rest; nor do I think we have slumbering times when we are losing our friends. Men cannot easily sleep when the funeral knell is tolling in their ears, and when they are following dear departed ones to the grave. Nor do I think we sleep much when we are the subjects of very violent temptations, and have a great many doubts and fears; but when we are in our vessel, when the day is fine, and the sail is spread, and the wind blows gently and softly, and the bark goes on steadily without a motion, gliding as o’er a sea of glass, then it is that the mariner, perhaps, forgets the rock and the shoal. The poet was right when he said—

“More the treacherous calm I dread,
Than billows rolling overhead.”

I do not like trouble; God deliver me from it. I cannot endure well bodily pain; I find myself impatient under tribulation; but I am able to say this, that if I had my choice between the severest affliction and a state of sinful slumbering, I would prefer to have the afflictions. “There is no devil,” said Rutherford, “like having no devil;” that is to say, there is no temptation like not being tempted. The worst

form of danger is when the man is let alone, when he is not much tossed about, when he is quiet and easy. It ought not to be so. The greater our prosperity, the better we should love God; and the more our spirit is at ease, the more we should serve him with both our hands, and render him hearty thanksgiving for his favour towards us: it should be so, but it is not so. In these smooth waters we are sure to meet with mischief; and, therefore, may the Lord in his mercy watch over us when we are in much prosperity. Do I hear somebody say, "How may I know when I am asleep?" If you are a Christian you will soon know it by a sort of instinct, in which an unutterable sense of misery that comes over you. The sleep of a sinner I may compare to the sleep of opium. The sleep of opium gives dreams of the most magnificent character, carrying the soul up to heaven, and then, anon, dashing him down to the depths. All sorts of fantastic imaginings are the offsprings of that deadly drug. But the man enjoys himself while under its influence; and though it causes his soul and body happiness in the use of it, yet it will assuredly bring him to hell as murder itself. The sleep of a Christian, when he falls into this state, is rather like the sleep of henbane: it is a kind of uneasy, short, disturbed, unresting rest. It does no harm after all compared with the other; and his constitution recovers from the shock much more readily. Such, I say, is the Christian's sleep: there is no pleasure in it as there is in the sinner's sleep; but his sleep is uneasy; his conscience pricks him; his heart wakes; and he finds no peace in it. It lasts but for a little time; it does him much damage, but still not the deadly damage that the world's sleep of sin brings to its votaries. God save you from it. May he ever keep you from falling into that kind of sleep. I think many of you will not need me to tell you of it. You will know it, and know it very soon. Still, if you do want to know, let me ask you to compare yourself with what you used to be. Are you as lively in Divine things as you once were? Is prayer as fervent and refreshing to your souls as it once was? Do you still continue to have the blessedness you had when first you knew the Lord? If not, that is a symptom of sleep. Then, compare yourself with what you ought to be. Think how you ought to have grown during the years that you have been a believer. Are you what you ought to have been? Then, if you are not, you must be asleep, or else you would have made better progress. Compare yourself with what others have been, and you will see cause for shame. Do you find that willingness to pray that you once had? Do you find that you have to flog yourself into your closet, and, when you get there, do you offer up your prayers and desires with coldness which you were wont to offer with warm and loving fervour? If so, my brethren, you are asleep; you are in a dangerous condition; and I pray the living God, by the agonies of Christ in Gethsemane, by the demand for watchfulness when the Prince of this world cometh, yea by the blood of him who poured out his soul unto death, to arouse you out of this deadly lull; for it is a state that will lead to some great and grievous sin, some black and terrible fall, unless God prevent it. First you sleep, then you slumber; then you sin, then you sin again; then you go deeper still, and so will you continue, unless God, in his grace, steps in to deliver you from the consequences of this dreadful sleep.

Yet there is a hopeful sign in the text. I think that most of us, though we do sleep, can say as the spouse does, "my heart waketh." Beloved! it is a blessed sign that the spouse knows her state and truly confesses it. She does not say, mark you, "I am a little tired; my eyes are heavy;" no; but with an honest heart says, "I sleep." Ah, it is a good sign when you and I know our state, and are willing to confess it before God. I have heard of a believer in Christ who on one occasion was intoxicated, and he was expelled from the church as the result of it; but he was aided by many Christian brethren, and amongst the rest by one who prayed with him. They prayed together to God, but he did not get any peace. "No," said his friend, "and you never will until you

come to the point and confess your sin as it really is ;” and when he added to his prayer, “ Lord, thou knowest that I have disgraced myself ; I have been drunk ;” it was then that he got peace. He had set the lancet into the right wound ; he had just put before God the right state of the case ; and this is what we must do, beloved, if we would have restoring and renewing grace—we must tell the Lord what the sin really is ; and as the spouse did, we must confess, “ I sleep.” But you will observe the spouse is as bold to say, “ my heart waketh,” as she was to say on the other hand, “ I sleep.” What does this mean, when the “ heart waketh ?” Why just this. My conscience tells me that this sleepy state is not a proper one for me to be in ; and my heart cries that I must get out of it. I cannot find any rest while I slumber. At a distance from God I cannot be happy. Peter may follow afar off, but Peter cannot be happy afar off ; Peter may sit and warm his hands with the servants in Pilate’s hall, but he cannot warm his heart. Sinners may say, “ Why make this fuss about a little sleep ? There is no sin in it, there is no great sin in it.” Ah, but little sins trouble believers far more than great sins trouble sinners. If a Christian’s soul be but a little amiss with God, it is sufficient to mar his joy, and make him unhappy. A man clad in armour may go walking through a wood, and may never feel the thorn, but another man that has had his armour taken off will be scratched and torn therewith. Sinners clad in the armour of sin feel not the thorn of Christ’s desertion ; but saints who have thrown this aside, and are tender of heart, feel even his slightest frown. My dear hearer, perhaps you are slumbering this evening, and you are content to be so ; then you are no child of God ; but if thou art slumbering, and there is some power, something underneath that keeps crying out, “ O, God, I would be delivered,” though this voice be never so feeble, though this cruel sleep of yours may almost have gagged it, yet still if it doth rebel against this state and cries out, “ Lord, I would be changed ; I would be different ; turn thou unto me, and I shall be turned ; revive me ;” if there be such a longing as this in you, you are still a child of God, and well may you exclaim, “ I sleep, but my heart wakes. Lord, I would live near to thee if I could. I am like a man that rideth a sorry jade of a horse, the horse will not go, but he spurreth him, hacketh at the bit, and striketh him again and again, for the man would go if he could. And so it is with me. The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak ; and when I would do good evil is present with me, and how to perform that which I would I know not.” Lord, help thy servants, and let them not sleep any longer.

You will next observe a potent remedy—“ the voice of my beloved.” Some Christians try to get themselves into a healthy state of heart by looking to the law, by self-examination, and by a thousand other remedies ; but, after all, the true cure for every disease in the Christian is in Christ himself. You may try to chasten yourselves for your sins, but you will continue to sin if that be all that you do. Beloved, I know that the heart has a sort of objection to coming to Christ after being in a sleepy state. Old Legality whispers in our ears that, “ You cannot go and trust Christ as you did, for see how badly you have behaved ; you must not go to the fountain filled with blood now, as you did at first, for see, you have played the harlot, and you cannot go with the same confidence as you went with before.” “ Ah, Old Legality, I can, I can, I can, *I will.*” Out of our state of nature the law never did bring us, and will it bring us now out of our state of lethargy ? If the law had first of all quickened, then it would be well to look for rewards by the law ; but inasmuch as we found our first life by simply believing in Christ’s dispensation, the only way to restore our life is by believing in Jesus Christ again. I will listen, then, not to the voice of the curse, not to the condemnation of Moses, but to the voice of my beloved, for no music is like his, and nothing can so wake my soul, as to hear him speak to me. Come hear, then, the voice of thy Beloved in the Gospel, he calls to thee ; he is thy Beloved still, though thou

art asleep; though thou sleepest, he sleeps not; and he calls to thee: "Come to my bosom; come, my beloved, open the doors of thy heart to me. Come, my affianced and precious one, I have not put thee away, though thou hast grieved me, and opened my wounds afresh; I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Open the doors of thy heart to me, and let me come into communion with thee." Again, it is the voice of the minister that speaks—no, it is not; but it is the voice of Jesus that speaketh through the minister, and he cries to you, "Come to me now; take up your cross again; trust me once again; and let thy spiritual strength be renewed." Then turn to this precious Book, and you will hear the voice of your Beloved there; in notes like these he speaks to you:—"Return, ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you, saith the Lord." Hear him as he crieth unto his people:—"I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." Hear him as he cries to you, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn unto the Lord, for he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." Hear, then, thy Beloved's voice; and mark, dear brethren, if you do not hear the voice of your Beloved in the days of prosperity and in the Word, you will be likely enough to hear it in affliction. If nothing else will keep you awake, the rod shall. If you will sleep in prosperity, you shall have adversity; and sooner than you shall be lost, you shall lose everything. If, my brethren, God sees we cannot stand our present ease and prosperity, he will send his servant Death into our families; he will take away our possessions; he will place us in adversity; he will wither all our fair flowers, all our idols; and he will surely dash in pieces everything that stands between our soul and himself. O, that we were wise, and would hear his gentle voice! Be not as the horse or mule who have no understanding, whose mouth must be held in as with bit and bridle; but hear what the Lord shall speak from the watch-tower of his ministry and from the witness-box of his Word, and then you shall escape the rod. And perhaps, my brethren, the Beloved may speak to you without the ministry and without the Word. If he shall do so, I pray you catch his words. It may be while you are sitting here, or when you are walking home, or perhaps at the Lord's table, where some of us hope to meet directly, you will hear him whisper some kind, assuring word that shall sink your fears again. I have known what it is to preach sometimes on a Sunday here, and I have felt myself like a butcher who stands in his shop cutting out joints of meat for others; they are fed, but he himself has nothing; or as a cook, who prepares and sends up dinners, but cannot so much as get a taste himself. Then I have gone downstairs to the Lord's table with a dull heart, and perhaps in a second, as though a strange miracle has been wrought, my soul has been as full of devout joy and holy mirth as ever spirit was out of heaven, and that in a moment. And if you ask me how it has been caused, I would say it has been caused by some kindly look of my Beloved, some loving glancing of his eye, or some sweet word, and my soul has rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Why should it not be so with you to-night? It is the best thing to awaken you up. If your heart is dull and heavy, as soon as your Beloved speaks you will at once awake to spirit and to life.

My time is over, but I want to say to you, I am sometimes, nay, I am often haunted with the fear lest we, as a church, should fall asleep. O, how greatly has the Lord blessed us these many years! And what favour seems to rest upon every agency! The preaching of the Word has been very successful, but still it is open to the conversion of many. In our classes how is God honoured! Ah, you little know, some of you, what others of us see; and even we do not see one-tenth of what God is doing in the class conducted by one of our sisters here; and our Sabbath-schools may very well be a delight, for the Lord is working a great work: but I am always jealous over you, lest you should slumber. O, how easy it is! I often fear it, that my voice, which was once like a trumpet to you, will soon become like sleep-music,

that when I once could speak and stir your hearts, you will become so used to me, and I, perhaps, so dull and heavy, that the life of God will almost die out amongst us. My soul weepeth and crieth to God upon this matter. My Master knoweth that I would cheerfully resign, that another voice may speak to you, if that would keep alive your zeal and enthusiasm. If it is, however, my fault, even a change of ministry may not suffice. When churches grow to a great size, people think they must always continue so, and that God will always bless them as he has done. Why, sirs, if our first blessings came in answer to prayer, all future blessings must come in the same way. I remember well when we used to meet together in Park-street to have holy communion with the Lord, how we used to wrestle with him in prayer, so much so that I have scarcely been able to pronounce the benediction, much less the address, because we all seemed to be carried away in the mighty majesty of wrestling prayer. We have now sometimes very choice seasons; but I am afraid not altogether such as we once had. At any rate, if there be any falling off, I thank God there is very little indeed; it is scarcely perceptible as yet; but how soon may there be, unless we watch and be jealous with a holy jealousy? Let us work with Christian earnestness in prayer. O! you that have done little for Christ of late, I pray you do more for him. You that think your time of service is over, and may retire like pensioners, and no more fight, I want you to enlist again, put on the colours once more, as if you were but raw recruits. You that once could defy persecution, and stand up in the street to preach of Christ, and laugh at all your fears, gather up your courage once again. O! that you would wake up as a church, and put on your strength and beautiful array of past times, when you were despised and persecuted, and the minister's name was a bye-word and a proverb, and you yourselves, because you were linked with him were thought to be the fools and the off-scourings of all things. But now I tremble lest we should grow respectable and great, and lest men should look upon us and think we are respectable, and depart from us. My soul begs and beseeches of you to renew your prayers for me, that I may preach with greater vigour. What if my ministry should become as dull and stupid as the ministry of one half of my brethren; what, if it should become as useless and as unprofitable as the ministry of nine out of ten that occupy the pulpit! I had sooner die than live to be such a thing as many who stand up in the pulpit merely to waste people's time, and not to win souls. My spirit pants to have the gushing zeal of Baxter, and the earnest, passionate enthusiasm of Whitfield; but I cannot get it, except through your prayers, or getting it, it cannot be maintained without your vehement cries and entreaties before the Lord. Perhaps we, as a church, have been brought to our present state for a great purpose which has never dawned upon us. We have done something for God already; we are filling the pulpits of our village churches with men sound in the faith, and earnest for God; we are erecting a great barrier against the every day increasing encroachment of heresy and infidelity; but we want to do something more, and something looms upon us in the future—I scarce know what—some high and holy purpose which this church has been taken for up to this point to accomplish. O, shall we draw back? Men of Ephraim, will ye draw back in the day of battle? Wilt thou again be accused for not coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Shall the angel pronounce over thee, "Ichabod, for the glory of the Lord has departed from thine house, because of thy declining to continue in thy earnest zeal?" Come, let us return unto the Lord; let us take words of repentance to Christ in faith; and let us beseech him to make this church again his buckler and two-edged sword, and make his minister once more a captain in the midst of the Lord's hosts; for the day of the Lord is mighty, and the battle of the Lord is terrible; and every man must take his place, and every soldier must draw his weapon from his thigh; for the day of the Lord draweth nigh, and the battle of God is to be fought now, even now. Let us arise, my brethren; let us rise like lions to the prey, like swift

eagles to the chase, and God shall help us, God shall help us, and that right early. This church cries to-night, "I sleep;" but she *can* say, "My heart waketh." The heart of the church is awake still. I think my voice to you to-night is the voice of your beloved. Sisters, brothers, bestir yourselves: let us cry mightily unto God; let us labour for the winning of souls; let us pant and pray for a great increase to our members, and God will save, God will save in answer to our prayer, and his name shall be glorified for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

NO MORE STRANGERS.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF
CHELTENHAM.

THE Lord sometimes directs his people to look back and remember what they were, that the contrast between the past and the present may increase their gratitude, deepen their sense of obligation, and fill them with admiring thoughts of his free and sovereign grace. Paul often does this in his epistles to the churches; let us look at one instance: "*Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God,*" Eph. ii. 19.

WHAT WE WERE BY NATURE. "*Strangers.*" Strangers upon earth, and strangers to all that is great, good, and glorious. We were strangers to ourselves as fallen, depraved, and yet immortal beings. We knew not the disease under which we laboured, nor the only remedy by which we could be restored. We knew not our extreme weakness or our desperate wickedness. We were strangers to God, having no correct views of his nature or government, much less of his covenant character as "a just God and a Saviour." We knew him not as revealed in Jesus, nor Jesus himself as the only, almighty, and all-willing Saviour. We were strangers to the spirituality of the law and the extent of its requirements; and also to the graciousness of the Gospel and its wondrous provisions. We knew scarce anything of the most solemn and important subjects, living as we did without hope and without God in the world.

We were not only strangers, as we might be in some parts of our own country, but we were "*foreigners,*" subjects of another prince, having lived in another kingdom. The Lord's people,

their experience and privileges, were altogether strange to us. We could not comprehend their ideas, understand their language, like their habits, or enjoy their privileges. All were new, strange, and uncommon to us, so they must be to all until they are born again, and by the Spirit's teaching enter into the kingdom. This is well called being delivered from the power of darkness, and being translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. We come among strangers, and into a city where all is new, because all is spiritual.

WHAT WE ARE BY GRACE. We say by grace, because it is of grace alone that we differ from what we were. We were afar off from God and his people, but we are made *nigh* by the blood of Christ, who is our peace. He broke down the middle wall of partition between the Gentile and the Jew, made peace with God for us, and by his Gospel proclaimed peace to us, and entitled us to free and uninterrupted access to God. We are now "*fellow-citizens with the saints.*" We are to come to the mount Zion, to the heavenly Jerusalem, and are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of that honoured and beloved city. We are at liberty to *wash in the city fountain*, opened for sin and uncleanness, where we may cleanse our persons, and make our robes white in the blood of the Lamb. We are entitled to *wear the city robes*, which constitute our court dress, and in which we are declared to be all fair. These are the garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness. We *may make use of the city treasury*, and from the unsearchable riches of Christ draw all we want, and as we want it. It is our privilege to *claim a place at the city feasts*, enjoying fellowship with the the most exalted personages in the city. We share in the

city protection, being surrounded with the walls of salvation and the bulwarks of grace. We have access to the chief magistrate, even the King of kings and Lord of lords. We worship at the city altar, even that altar which sanctifieth both the giver and the gift. We are also "of the household of God." God, the eternal God, is our father. The unsearchable riches of Christ are our patrimony. The glorious host of angels are our attendants. Heaven, which is our Father's house, is our final home. O blessed state! O glorious privilege!

Man, by nature, is truly miserable. He is a stranger to all that is good, and destitute of all that is necessary to make him happy; afar-off from God; involved in guilt and misery. All, at present, is dull and dreary, and the future is charged with all that is alarming and dreadful. *Saints, by grace, are really happy.* They are reconciled to God, and enjoy peace with him. They are acquitted from all charges, and enjoy the Divine favour. They are accepted in the Beloved, and are assured of everlasting life. *If we enjoy this happiness, we should be affected with the contrast between the present and the past.* We were children of wrath, we are now the children of God. We were strangers, we are now friends. We were foreigners, we are now fellow-citizens with the saints. We were homeless and fatherless, we are now members of the household of God. We should, therefore, praise the riches of Divine grace which has made us to differ. We should spread abroad the glorious good news of our adoption and salvation. We should help the city heralds in publishing the city proclamations, and in inviting others to the city feasts. We should help the city watchmen in guarding the walls, and being on the lookout for invading foes. We should be prepared to co-operate with the city guards in defending the rights, privileges, and honours of the city. We should assist the stewards of God's household in the varied duties that devolve upon them, especially in caring for, and feeding the young of the family. Reader, what is your state? Are you in nature or in grace? Are you afar off from God, or made nigh by the blood of Jesus? Are you a stranger, or a member of God's household? Are you a

foreigner, or a fellow-citizen with the saints? One or the other you must be. You were the former naturally, as all are by nature; but are you the latter by grace, as only the Lord's people are? No strangers enter heaven; only those of the household. No foreigners are admitted to the inheritance of the saints in light, only those who are now fellow-citizens with the saints. Gracious Lord, *where am I? What am I?* Let me not live and die a stranger to thee, but let me be thy friend, thy servant, thy child, for Jesus' sake.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

THERE is a melancholy interest excited in reading from month to month the closing lines of the BAPTIST MESSENGER. This part of the publication we call "our obituary," because it supplies us with some brief account of friends and beloved ones departed. "The dead in Christ" are mentioned. Sometimes it is an aged, venerable saint—one who was a "pillar" in the Church, whose "hoary head was a crown of glory," and who has "come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Sometimes it is the blooming youth, just entering upon a life of usefulness and honour; the hope of a large circle of loving friends and relatives, and one to whom the Church was looking, as likely, under God, to hasten her triumphs, and to witness her glory. At other times we learn that sorrowing parents weep over the tiny grave of some precious infant form, whose endearing smile or innocent prattle had often been a source of inexpressible gratification, and, during whose limited sojourn here, had so entwined itself around the affections as to have become "as one's own soul." But—

"Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's director ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away."

The MESSENGER for August, now before me, closes with an account of such a visitation. Yes! and it closes well, too; for, as it records a double trial, I read, "The bereaved parents are sustained by the assurance that their loved ones are now 'sleeping in Jesus.'" I know the brother whose hand, as we presume,

penned that truly devout sentiment; and let him and his be assured of the sympathy of many under this stroke, heavy and repeated. I write upon this theme, because I wish to give to the readers of the MESSENGER a brief account of a very touching incident that recently came under my own observation; hoping, too, that when this paper appears it may be a messenger of mercy to many a bosom at present solitary and sad. Occasionally it falls to my lot to visit the cemetery hard by my dwelling, and to perform the last act of kindness for some departed friend or neighbour, by consigning the body to the tomb, or trying to say something for the warning or consolation of sorrowing survivors. Waiting, then, the other day, at the entrance to the cemetery chapel to perform this service, the undertaker advanced a short distance in front of the funeral procession, and, addressing me, said, "I bring with me to-day, sir, two little ones, suddenly taken from one family. The parents are both here, and I learn that the mother is sadly distressed because they have not been baptized. Can you say a word that shall administer consolation?" I answered, "In reliance upon Divine assistance, I will try." Well, here we are. Those little coffins, resting on the trestles there, contain "little children," and, on my left, sit the parents, stricken and sorrowful. I open God's Word, that precious treasury, so full, so suited to our every season of painful perplexity or of pious rejoicing. I read the 4th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings, touching upon those thrilling incidents there recorded. Speaking of the Shunamitish woman and her generous hospitality to the prophet Elisha in his continual passings by. Of the singular yet pleasing manner in which that hospitality had been, by God, rewarded. Of the birth of her son, his visiting his father in the harvest-field, his sudden sickness, and early death. We seem to accompany the bereaved mother as she lays her darling upon the bed of the man of God, and hastens to Mount Carmel to tell him of the terrible loss she has sustained. He recognizes her in the distance as she crosses yon plain, and, as though conscious that something serious had occurred in the family at Shunem, hear him giving his commands to Gehazi

his servant, "Behold, yonder is that Shunamite; run, now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, "It is well." Ah, strong faith is here, for desolate is that home. Disappointment fills that mother's heart, as evinced by her subsequent remarks addressed to Elisha—"Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?" Yes, and that disappointment is such as to distress the prophet himself, for, as she grasps his feet, Gehazi would thrust her away, but "the man of God said, Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her." I cannot wonder at all this sadness, as it is what we might have expected; but I do rejoice in this strong faith that so triumphs in the midst of it all, and says, "It is well with the child." And now, my reader, what, under the circumstances, could I do better than direct the attention of these heart-stricken parents to the grounds of this faith? Without attempting to enter into the great mystery of this question, I could give them the reasons why the Shunamitish mother concluded, and why we conclude, that "It is well with the child." Yes, and this I tried to do. I spake of "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, which cleanseth from all sin." "All sin." Hence, as we understand it, original sin as well as actual transgression. I told them of one who, when sojourning here, said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." I know very well that the proof deducible from this individual text is by no means adequate to the separate establishment of the truth upon which I now write, still, to this truth it lends a very valuable and manifest support. After such a declaration of our Lord, it would seem harsh in the very highest degree if we should say that those who depart from this mortal state before the period of their committing *known and actual* sin are cast down into the place of torment and consigned to everlasting woe. Moreover, we think that it can scarcely fail to impress every serious and considerate mind that, if such had been their wretched and inevitable doom, the Redeemer would have been likely to

employ more cautious and guarded expressions in a case wherein those he has actually employed are so obviously calculated to mislead our judgment, and to buoy us with false hopes respecting a matter of the deepest and the most universal interest. In reference to infants, as affected by sin, we think that the *principle* of evil is all which they inherit. It is only the tendency, only the seed, not the practice, not evil, not sin in itself. And, is it conceivable that a just and gracious God will visit with eternal punishment a mere tendency, a seed, a principle, when there has been no act, no thought, no feeling to constitute us offenders? Surely, this cannot be. Neither yet can it be that any being was created only to be miserable—formed only to be eternally destroyed, living an everlasting memorial of the frustrated ends of its Creator, who is not the fountain of death, but of life and immortality. Yet such *must* be the condition and the destiny of every one dying in infancy who is abandoned to perdition. He must have been born only to die, a lot compared with which the blank of an eternal annihilation were infinitely desirable. Taking, then, Christ's own words, the efficiency of the atonement, and the benevolence of the Divine Being into consideration, we think that we are justified in saying that, apart from all application of water, *in any form, or in any quantity*, sprinkled or unsprinkled, simply through the provisions of mercy made known to us in the Gospel, and the boundless efficacy of the Saviour's work and sacrifice, the salvation of such as die in infancy may be, certainly, cherished as one part of our pious belief. Thus did I speak to sorrowing parents whose minds had been terribly exercised upon this question, and earnest prayer to God closed this part of our engagement. With solemn step and slow, we now made our way to the grave, and here a scene presented itself which will never be blotted from my memory so long as with *that* memory I continue to be favoured. In deep silence the little coffins were lowered into their last resting place, whither the riveted gaze of the afflicted mother followed them. She hallowed that spot with her tears—*mark, my friend, a mother's*

tears—and then broke the quiet of the moment by looking me fully in the face, and saying, "O, sir, it is *all* right, it is *all* right; they have never been baptized, but it is *all* right, and I thank my God that you, sir, are here." A few broken sentences, as best I could utter them, fell from my lips, and we turned away, leaving the little sleepers to slumber on until, in obedience to the summons of the archangel and the trump of God, they take their part in "the first resurrection." I cannot tell into whose hands these lines may fall. But does the father read them who has seen the grave close over the child dear to him as his own life, and who, in the anguish of his spirit, has sobbed out like David, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" Does the mother take up the MESSENGER—the mother who, in the spring-tide of her youth, was called to follow to the tomb the first-born of her love, and, even now, refuses to be comforted because her children are not? Refrain thy voice, O Christian parent, from weeping, and thine eyes from tears. The child whom thou hast ceased to fold in thine embrace, and whose removal has left a blank in all thy comforts, never, perhaps, to be supplied whilst thou art here, is not lost, not departed for ever. No; he has ascended to the bosom of thy Father, and awaits thy coming in the mansions of endless repose. O, strive and pray that thou mayest be but as safe and happy as he is now. Learn to say of the child, "It is well." Learn to bow beneath the mysterious yet gracious appointment of thine heavenly Parent—an appointment that has exempted thy loved one for ever from all the ills and dangers of this changing world. Remember this, he can never be an orphan now. He can never suffer adversity and trial, never experience the bitterness of desertion and disappointment now. He can sicken and die no more now. Thou hast a child in heaven. Blessed assurance! animating thought! Think on him often, as thou wouldest do were he in New Zealand or Australia. Gird up thy loins; press on. Dismiss for ever all doubt and hesitation. Take comfort from the reflection, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Thus the object of the writer will be accom-

plished, and our God will be glorified. I close with some lines that once arrested my attention on a grave-stone in Gloucestershire, and seem now to be exceedingly appropriate and beautiful—

“Bold infidelity, turn pale and die;
Beneath this tomb an infant’s ashes lie:
Say.—Is it lost or saved?
If death’s by sin, it sinned, for it lies here;
If heaven’s by works, in heaven it can’t appear.
Reason, O how depraved!
Revere the sacred page, the knot’s untied:
It died, for Adam sinned; it lives, for Jesus died.”

Woolwich.

THE TWO DISCIPLES JOURNEYING TO EMMAUS.

BY THE REV. E. G. EDWARDS.

LUKE xxiv. 13.

I DO not recollect ever reading in the inspired Word those *were* disciples. Nevertheless, that this was the case cannot be doubted, from a careful perusal of this beautiful and affecting narrative. In the 18th verse I find that the name of one of them was “Cleopas,” but the name of the other is not given. Some have supposed Peter, or one of the apostles. Yet this cannot be admitted; for it is asserted that when these two returned to Jerusalem, they found the “eleven” gathered together (verse 23). Others have thought that “Luke,” the writer of this book, which alone records the same in detail, was the person, and has concealed his name through modesty. But why are we compelled to believe that the companion of Cleopas was a man at all? I do not see it affirmed so either by Luke or Mark (see 16th chapter 12th verse), although it has been universally believed to be a Gospel fact that they were two men. Yet who can be sure that one of them was not a woman? Yea, in fact, that it was not “his own wife?” I cannot perceive anything contrary to Scripture in this supposition, though very different from most of the opinions of men. However, in John xix. 25, I read that “the wife of Cleopas was at the cross.” So it is very likely she came with her husband from Emmaus, and quite as natural to think that they both went home together, being in sorrow and sadness. Having given up all hopes, there was not much reason why she should stay behind, whilst her husband went home

with another man. Also, with what propriety the husband and wife might say to the stranger, when they arrived at their home, “Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.” If this supposition be correct, then Cleopas being the same as Alpheus, the brother of the reputed father of our Lord, we arrive at the pleasing intelligence, that those two disciples journeying to Emmaus were none other than the “uncle and aunt” of Jesus.

Sutton, Isle of Ely, Cambs.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

(SEVENTH JOURNEY.)

THE MOLUCCAS TO SOOLOO AND BORNEO. FARE thee well, AMBOYNA! thou hast had thy days of visitation. Thy sago palms have shaded the servants of our Lord. Thy clove and nutmeg trees have sent forth their fragrance as the far more fragrant name of Jesus has been sounded forth under their grateful shades.

’Tis early morn. A British frigate in the offing is weighing anchor. A prahm conveys us to it. Mr. James McArthur is the experienced pilot. We are soon at sea. Yonder in the far east, rises the smoke from Gunong Api, a volcanic mountain of the Banda group. The merchants and proprietors of the nutmeg plantations connected with the town of BANDA NEUBA are not likely to be without a Dutch clergyman to teach them Bible truths. But as our frigate is steered northward, and as the mountains 6,000 to 8,000 feet in height, of populous and wicked CERAM, burst upon our view, we have, for the land we are approaching, no such hopes. True, in Ceram there are innumerable streams of pure fresh water rushing to the sea from the mountain heights; but the streams of the water of life flow not there. These are “gloomy hills of darkness.” Cloves and nutmegs may grow wild; vegetation may everywhere be luxuriant; the trees may be gigantic; but the multitudes of human beings scattered over the 10,000 square miles of Ceram are not trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. If trees at all, they are poisonous *upas*, whose deadly virulence is felt by all around. The

Malays say that the aborigines of the interior of Ceram are "the most blood-thirsty cannibals in the Indian Archipelago." But by acting on the cunning and enterprising Malay traffickers on the coast, it is hoped that the Gospel may some day be permanently introduced to the island. The Baptist missionary, Mr. Jabez Carey, did preach Christ to some here. O for some native Malay Christian to continue the proclamation of the glad tidings to its benighted inhabitants!

From CERAM we take a westerly course across the Bourro Straits to the island of BOURO, where some 70,000 souls reside under Dutch government. A vessel on its way from England to China has just stopped here. It contains Mr. Kloekers, the Baptist missionary. We meet with him in the town of CAJELLY, and accompany him to the governor's house. It has whitewashed walls, polished brick floors, and open canework windows, looking out on a shady verandah. The governor receives us cordially. He is a dark-looking man, half Malay, half Dutch. Mr. Kloekers converses freely in Dutch, and strives to bring before the governor's mind some great and holy truths. We then take a walk through the shrubbery, and are introduced to a Christian school in the little town. It had been originated by a missionary of the Netherlands Missionary Society. It was cheering to find here, even this small centre for the promulgation of Bible truth. Continuing our walk, we find around us the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. We pass some rich banana, pine-apple, bread fruit, cocoa, and kayn-putee oil trees. Near them are low thatched bamboo cottages, inhabited by Malays. We enter some of them, and soon discover reasons for thankfulness that a missionary who understands their language has been labouring among them. Near this spot some of the natives are seen dancing. Their Mohammedanism furnishes no cure for the heart misery of which they are the subjects; and so, in this and other ways their peaceless spirits seek for the joy which only can be found in Christ.

The next day we walk east and west over rough muddy roads, broken and almost impassable bridges, until the jungle obstructs our way. From the

rising ground we look down upon *Cajelly*, and count the minarets of thirteen Mohammedan mosques, but learn that only two of them are in use. In 1858 the inhabitants numbered 14,000 or 15,000, when the Lord scourged them with small pox. About nine-tenths of them fled to the mountains, leaving their dead and dying relatives behind. Now, only 1,400 or 1,500 people live in *Cajelly*. Before we re-enter the town we admire those noble mountain ranges in the background; and are informed that just beyond them cannibalism prevails. As we leave the island we wonder whether the Booroan cannibals have ever heard the name of Jesus.

Continuing our voyage across the equator for 400 miles direct North, through the Molucca Passage between JILOLO and CELEBES, which are perhaps the most curiously shaped islands in the world, we enter upon the Celebes Sea, and after another 400 miles' sail against a strong breeze, over some fine rolling waves, we pass into smooth water, which we find very enjoyable. The squalls have ceased. The serene sky overhead is reflected in the deep blue sea. We are nearing the SOOLOO ARCHIPELAGO, with its 60 inhabited islands. At length we anchor off the west coast of BASILIAN, the largest island of the group. Here we visit the small Spanish settlement, the garrison of which is kept constantly on the alert through the hostile and warlike aborigines. The next day we work our way between numerous small, but beautiful islands. Now we approach TOOLYAN island. Its enchanting hills exhibit a luxuriant variety of scenery. Some with majestic woods that wave their lofty heads to the very summits; others with rich pasturage delightfully verdant, with here and there patches burnt for cultivation, which form an agreeable contrast with enamelled meads; others, again, exhibit cultivation to the mountain top, chequered with groves, affording grateful variety to the eye. But these beauties are soon veiled as the shades of evening approach. It is dark before we anchor off *Toolyan*. Our arrival causes some consternation and noise. The inhabitants are seen flitting about with lights; until one fine fellow, braver than the rest, determines to risk his life for the

good of the community, paddles alongside, and ascertains our peaceful intentions. Confidence is at once established. The people here are more industrious and peaceable than their neighbours. In the morning we find the gardeners on shore and the fishermen afloat ready to supply our wants. But we, alas! are not in a position to supply their far more urgent necessities, by leaving with them a missionary of the cross. The Toolyans and other Sooloos belong to the Soonee Mohammedan sect, but they rarely perform the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Passing the end of a narrow strait, and our vessel is gliding gaily along the coast of SOOLOO, the capital island of the Archipelago. This island is about the size of the Isle of Wight. Its chief town, which is the capital of the kingdom, is named SOOG or SOUNG. As we approach it, the fishing and trading boats, of picturesque build and rig, give the waters a pleasing appearance of life and animation. It is late when we come to anchor. But the approach of the ship had been seen from one of the highlands, and the people of the town imagining that it was a hostile vessel, as a precautionary measure had begun to remove their valuables, women, and children to the mountains. As the Sooloos are amongst the most inveterate pirates of the Eastern Seas, perhaps they thought that their murders and sea robberies had called forth the well-merited vengeance of the English. Two Dutch vessels once visited *Soung*, and after exchanging salutes fired upon the town for some time, then landed some marines, who burnt a few houses, and destroyed much valuable property. But when missionaries travel it is their joy, even amongst the vilest of the race, to announce peace on earth and goodwill toward men. Our friendly intentions were discovered soon after we east anchor in the bay.

The appearance of SOUNG from the vessel is rather curious and striking. It is built partly on the land and partly on the sea. Rows of birdcage-looking buildings extend into the sea for half-a-mile, over a shoal which is nearly dry at low water. Each is raised on piles, and outside of them is a platform about six feet wide to walk upon. This is supported underneath by a light scaffolding

of bamboo. The planks of the platforms are so carelessly thrown across, that it seemed wonderful how the vast numbers of children playing about them should escape falling through the yawning spaces which invite them to a watery or muddy grave. Fastened to these rickety stages are numerous canoes to convey the multitudes along the watery streets. Rows of houses similarly built are continued for long distances over land, and up the hill side to the stockaded citadel, which formerly mounted some heavy guns. Over one of the houses near the shore an English ensign is flying; it marks the residence of Mr. Windham. That gentleman resides at *Soung*, for purposes of commerce. We soon make ourselves acquainted with him, and under his kind guidance visit the strange city.

Mr. Windham is dressed like a Malay. The kris he wears has a desperate-looking blade, of a wavy form, and as sharp as a razor. With that identical kris he had seen a savage native, with one blow, cut open a criminal from the shoulder to the heart. Walking along the beach we halt at the scene of public executions. Here the Sooloos, who are *all robbers*, execute their thieves! Theft is the crime they most severely punish. The criminal is bound to a bamboo cross, and is then cut up with a kris at the discretion of the executioners. Any one is at liberty to exercise his taste that way. Women who wish to be avenged on a criminal frequently address him in mockery as they detach pieces of flesh from his body. They then leave the fragments of the slaughtered one to be devoured by dogs and wild pigs.

Our appearance excites much curiosity as we walk through the town. An interview with the Sultan had been arranged, and so we are favoured with a guard of honour. The outer stockade is past, and yonder is the royal residence, walled and fortified. Passing through a massive gateway, well flanked with guns and loopholes, we enter a large court, in which some two thousand persons are assembled. They are armed and decorated, but observe no sort of order. It is a wild and novel sight. We are conducted through the crowd to the palace, which looks like an inferior English barn raised on piles. We ascend

its broad wooden steps, go through a narrow guarded passage, and find ourselves in the royal presence. There sits his Majesty, on a raised seat, in the midst of a very brilliant semicircle of personages. He is a young man, whose dull and vacant countenance shows that he is an opium smoker. His lips are red with the betel nut and cere-leaf, which he chews. His robes are rich silks, of red, green, and other bright colours. A large jewel sparkles in his turban, and jewels also profusely decorate his person. The hilt of his kris is beautifully decorated with gold wire. Behind him stands his cup-bearer, dressed in green silk, with a purple finger-glass in hand. Tasty-coloured silks decorate his nobles, and the chain-armour of his guards reaches from the throat to the knee.

A gracious reception is given to us. The Sultan shakes hands with each visitor, and we are then requested to sit at the long table, covered with green cloth, which runs through the centre of the room. Various subjects are discussed, including the desirability of abandoning piracy, and the extension of legitimate trade with other nations. Sir James Brooke, her British Majesty's representative from Borneo, had brought these subjects before the Sultan, and he was quite disposed to take the advice given. This powerful Sooloo king, and many of his feudal lords, wish to be friendly with the English; so that judicious missionaries sent to the vast population scattered over his archipelago would, in all probability, be protected. But it is believed that *not one single preacher of the everlasting Gospel is to be found in the sixty inhabited islands of Sooloo!* Nor are the western extremities of the Sooloo kingdom, which are situated on the N.E. mainland of BORNEO, more highly favoured. That part of it is also the region and shadow of death.

In the pursuit of our missionary explorations we pass over to BORNEO, and travel southward from its Sooloo district, through UNSUNG and TIRUM to the BUGIS COUNTRY. The island on which we have landed, called by the natives KLEMANTAN, is the largest in the world with the exception of Australia. Europeans improperly called it

BORNEO, a name which belongs only to its north-western corner. The island is about 800 miles long and 700 broad, and sustains a population of about four millions. The Bugis country forms the western boundary of the Macassar Straits, their eastern boundary being the island of CELEBES, which is 500 miles long, containing 370 towns and villages under Dutch control. The Celebesians settle in numbers amongst the Bugis. Many of the latter are employed in lawful commerce with other East Indian islanders, but multitudes devote their attention to piracy. By means of Dutch missionaries from Celebes, many of the Mahomedan Bugis have heard the Gospel of Christ.

Let us pass to the south of KLEMANTAN to the district of BANJARMASIN, where the *Biajoo-Dyaks* reside. We visit these savages just as Mr. Barenstein, a German missionary, has introduced himself to them. Lucas Monton, from Menando, in Celebes, is his companion. That Celebesian has been brought to Jesus. His soul is fired with fervent zeal for the diffusion of the Gospel. With holy unction and power he has prayed and preached amongst the multitudes in the towns and villages of Celebes; and now, in conjunction with Mr. Barenstein, he fearlessly preaches the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to the *Biajoos*. A multitude of them are assembled. They listen with rapt attention to the new doctrine, and then declare that they understand it better than the teachings of the Mahomedans. The *Biajoos* at once offer to receive the missionaries, and allow them to settle amongst them on condition that they would ratify with them a *treaty by blood*. The missionaries consent to the terms. Blood is then drawn from the arms of the chiefs and from the arms of the missionaries. It is mingled with water, and then both chiefs and missionaries drink of it. The chiefs then declare that they would rather lose their own lives than allow the lives of the missionaries to be taken. And there was reason to believe that they kept their promise. The work of the Lord so prospered in the hands of these missionaries, that the "Bhenish mission" was encouraged to send several missionaries to *another* district of Southern Klemantan, nearer to MATTAN.

After eight or ten years' labours among the Dyaks their work seemed crowned with the most surprising success. Many a time their lives had been in danger from the bloodthirsty savageness of those utterly demoralized idolaters. But the living God had protected them. It seemed as if the lovely Gospel sun was beginning to melt the icy crust of the heart of that ignorant people. New stations were added, and new plans organized. A seminary for training native catechists was to be started. Professed followers of the Saviour increased very rapidly. Even at KAJAHAN, where the missionary Hofmeister had for years been ploughing the rocks, a little church had sprung up, which included as a member the chief of the tribe. Thus cheering were the prospects, when the heathenish population, stirred up by the fanatic Mohammedans, suddenly rose against the Christians. The missionaries, Kind, Rott, and Wigand, with their wives, were in their house at TANGGOHAN. At peep of day on May 7th, 1859, Mr. Rott arose, opened his door to go out, when a spear was suddenly thrust into his left breast. He started back and his wife caught him bleeding in her arms. Two hundred armed people were surrounding the house. The brethren came out and addressed them, but in vain. "It is true," cried some of the mob, "you never did us any harm, but our Rajah has ordered us to kill you, and we must obey him." The missionaries asked for a safe retreat. This was apparently granted. They ran to their boat, which was pushed off. Poisoned arrows were then shot at them. No choice was left. They all plunged into the water, which, coloured with their blood, soon covered their bodies. They died without a cry or groan.

While the arrows were flying and the mob was shooting furiously, Mr. Rott's child, a little girl of five, asked her mother with a smile, "Are we going to the Lord Jesus now, all of us together?" A murderer forthwith rushed into the water, seized her with her child in arms, and pulled them out. Three days were spent in consultation what to do with her. At length they resolved to kill her at the next festival. But the next day a steamer came up the river, and both mother and child were rescued. Three

days later, the missionary Hofmeister and his wife, with their four children, were enjoying a peaceful hour after dinner, when suddenly a rough fellow rushed into the house, and struck the missionary with a sword across his shoulder. He sank down in a dying state. His wife started up with a cry. "Let me die," whispered he to her, "for I am going to my Saviour." The poor woman turned to look at the murderer, and her head was cut off with a stroke. The children were dragged away, but after a few weeks were taken for safe keeping to Benjarasin. Thus fell the beloved missionaries, Rott, Wigand and his wife, Kind and his wife, Hofmeister and his wife, Frida Nordstek, Margaret Steinfarz and Emma Kan, who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they had received, to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God. J. R. P.

ON RUNNING AFTER PARSONS.

BY MR. EDWARD LEACH.

Author of "The Goliath Reformer, Martin Luther," "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

Not until the Great Assize, shall it be known how much Christ's work was hindered by pampering, fussing, and running after ministers. Even were it possible to estimate one-half the misfortunes brought upon the Christian Church by these mischievous practices, it might well startle the world. But, like all evils, this one punishes most where least its power is known. It has ever been the delight of humanity to indulge in some quiet and apparently harmless sins. This is one of them. We have got into the notion, borrowed from Popery, that ministers are transcendental, super-elevated, spiritually-notioned, and transfigured beings, whose little weaknesses are dim minor circles surrounding those glorious halos of holiness which radiate from their reverend heads. Who, therefore, would presume to question their sublimity or write about their weaknesses? Well mayest thou, O pen, quiver, scratch, and sputter thy black drops of grief at the task thy master is now putting thee to. But thou, O paper, needest not spitefully to disable the nibs that write

so thankless a task. Unthankful, however, as the task may be, duty should welcome and warm us to it.

Desiring for once to be orthodox, let us (dearly beloved brethren) consider, first, whether and how parsons are run after. Second, let us argue the inconsistency of a Christian indulging in this weakness; and, thirdly, show how God's work is hindered by it.

I. *Ministers are run after.* By that significant phrase, we mean they are idolized, petted, fascinated, sought after, tea'd, fêted, flattered, and at times disgusted. The natural and admirable feeling of attachment which ought always to subsist between pastor and flock is grimly distorted. Ministerial dignity is metamorphosed into nauseated familiarity. Familiarity, we need scarcely add, breeds—well, that which is the antipodes of ministerial sublimity. Take an illustration. The Rev. Mr. Would-work-hard becomes pastor of Doolittle Church. In the town resides a certain tradesman, Mr. Vapid, who in all his projects is cleverly assisted by his stronger vessel. The latter is always full of a marvellous amount of unaffected sympathy towards the brethren who occupy the highest perch in the conventicle. Her predecessors have for many years ministered unto the wants of the clergy. The ancient splendours of her family's hospitality worthily descend upon her and her husband. The Rev. Mr. Would-work-hard must, in recognition of their voting for his coming among them, visit them at least once a week. Neither Vapid nor his wife could listen with attention or profit to the spiritual consolations of their pastor on the Sabbath unless he poured into their souls on the week-day some of those drops of honey which their brethren were welcome to one day in the week. The Sunday dissertations were for the general ear; the choice and dulcet strains could not be so effectively given as in the drawing-room. The bright gems of their pastor's brain should—for you cannot deny that their position in the world and church entitle them to it—be displayed privately, and the vulgar gaze would be satisfied with the refuse. Besides—and this is the crushing argument—it is not every one that can entertain their pastor so sumptu-

ously as they. After belabouring sin and heresy in the pulpit it is but charitable and kind to refresh him with the choicest dishes of the culinary art. A glass of port wine *before* sermon is supposed to impart a certain courage to a man before he confronts the pulpit stairs. And, after so exhaustive a display of oratorical ability, the animal spirits require recouping. Who is to do this? Of course, elders, however devoted, cannot always manage this terrestrial business. The Vapids, therefore, hold themselves to be doing God's service in ministering to the earthly wants of their admired pastor. It never strikes them that the same money added to the poor fellow's salary would be far more charitable, acceptable, and just. It is a common propensity of Englishmen to treat those who occasionally labour for them to pints of what is vulgarly called "grog." The same mistaken spirit influences the many-tribed Vapids scattered throughout the country.*

This is one phase of the proposition we have laid down, that ministers are fussed and "killed" with silly attentions. We all know with what feelings of reverent idolatry they are looked upon by some not over strong minds; how the least kind word is treasured up; and how every smile is admired as a golden ray of light that flits across the path. There be some who would spend weeks, months, if not years, in obtaining the commendations of a minister—persons who would

"Beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue."

But it would neither be judicious nor advantageous to enter into the many dozens of ways to entrap ministers into the company of persons who love Vanity Fair as much as the Celestial City.

Albeit that we may not incur the charge of want of politeness we beg most respectfully to show up another form or two of this practice. We once knew a misguided man who, at the least eruption of the blotchy tempers of his family, would forthwith unfold the sad tale in a lengthy harangue of an ordinary

* Are not the Vapids the first to turn against and abuse their ministers?

sermon's length, accompanied by sundry nudges and pokes that left more impression on the parson than the hideously-pitiful scandal itself. There are hundreds of persons who claim it as a right to bore ministers with their family disgraces and broils. The poor man is often made a common sewer through which the detestable trash of men's and women's weaknesses, slanders, and aversions continually flow. Oftentimes he is made a lawyer, and is requested to draw up wills and bills, notices and posters. He is made to sit in judgment over the ledger and day-book. To him is committed the responsibility of settling family jars. He is supposed to be a cyclopædia of little receipts for domestic contingencies. Sometimes he is converted into a pneumatic despatch—parcels and letters are handed to and fro by him. He has been known to sell by auction the fragments of tessellated cake which the Jones' and Robinsons of the chapel tea-party have not cleared up. And so we might go on for pages, for our catalogue of uses to which the rev. Jack-of-all-trades is put is, even from our own observation, a very long one. But—and this must conclude our rough statement—of all the forms of running after ministers to the destruction of their influence, hindrance of their work, and contempt of their characters, the perpetual martyrdom of having to attend tea, or what Cobbett would say "kettle slop" tables, is the most disastrous. O the iniquity of the tea-table! Alas for the scandal, the personalities, the vanities of that institution which has so great a hold on English people. How many reputations have been washed down with kettle slop? Good taste insulted, the ten commandments violated, and Christian virtues outraged by Pecksniffian acquaintances, who huddle together like the four-and-twenty blackbirds packed in a pie, to tattle, fuss, and fuddle with the ministers of God's holy religion—these are the fruits of one of the most pernicious evils extant among professing Christians.

II. Let us stop a moment to inquire into the *inconsistency of all this*. What is a fellow Christian that we should dote on him? What are God's ministers, as men, any more than other people, that we

should idolize, fawn, or attempt to creep into their good favours? Why should nothing be considered too good for them, while the meanest act of kindness to a poor member of Christ's flock is considered a condescension? Why do we bestow our attentions upon the more favoured branches of the household of faith, and exercise our telescopic philanthropy on those who most need our love? Is it not inconsistent with Christian self-denial and love for souls to draw men from their grand employment of seeking for the lost, and fascinating and seducing them into idleness and folly? Must it not be opposite to that simplicity of character which godly men of all ages have desired to possess? The world's greatest poet recognized the grandeur of a life of faith when he said—

"There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

The kingdom of heaven is to be received as a little child. The beauty of holiness is in its harmlessness. Let the world enjoy its reputation for craft, subtlety, and knowingness; the Christian's greatest virtue is his simple, artless manners and spirit. It is only when put on their defence before the world, that the followers of Christ are required to be as cunning as serpents.

To roll all the inconsistencies that flow from this evil into one, does it not partake of man worship? Is it not a branch of the deadly upas of Popery? Does not this over-weening desire to over-honour ministers spring from a carnal heart, and should it not, therefore, be discouraged? Let the Master be honoured, not the servant more than the Master.

III. *But how it hinders God's work.* The evil has been presented in its ludicrous light, for banter is the only way to batter down some preposterous practices. There is no possessing Christian under the sun that desires to frustrate the extension of Christ's kingdom. We all pray "Thy kingdom come." So be it, Lord. Infidelity, worldliness, Popery, ecclesiastical finery, baptismal regeneration, unholiness, and lukewarmness, are arrayed against the progress of the Lord of hosts. Let us be careful not to join this terrible phalanx, or add to its power by any indiscreet adhesion or cohesion. Every hour occupied in talking vanity, nonsense, and scandal to ministers is so

much time taken from the cause of Christ. The minister who complains of having nothing else to do is no honour to his Master. Were the number of God's servants increased a thousand-fold, and each robbed the hours of sleep to serve his Master, there would still remain vast fields for earnest service. As long as sinners are unconverted, as long as men, and thousands of them, never hear the name of Christ but in the horrid oath, as long as insincerity abounds and hypocrisy serves up its dishes of deceit, as long as phariseeism dwells in men's hearts; as long as the lies of time, and state, and purse-serving priests are hourly proclaimed, talk not of faithful ministers having nothing more to do. He that feels for the sick, he that loves the poverty-burdened saints of God, or the distressed, despairing soul crying for mercy, will rather set his pastor on the scent for such deserving cases than pampering, fussing, and adding to his vanities. Would that the

present day knew and felt more of its awful responsibilities. On every side, hundreds of Christians are either carping at each other, fighting about non-essentials, or displaying all the acrimony of the old Adam nature. Division is in the camp when unity is most essential. The Captain calls to arms, and shall his followers drag their weary services behind? The sound of war is heard. Infidelity, the miserable abortions that claim to be the offspring of free thought, are riding post haste to harry on the souls of men to destruction; and shall we in any way aid or assist the enemy in its antagonism to God's cause?

We have already exceeded our limits, and must lay down our pen. Of this we are sure, all God's servants would be only too glad were the evils we have endeavoured to denounce thoroughly eradicated from the Christian Church.

How suitable the words, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Addington-square, Camberwell.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

A VISIT TO THE SEA-SIDE.

THE train proceeded on its way, and the morning was bright and breezy. In one of the carriages were four individuals—a man, looking pale and thin, and altogether worn; his wife, who watched him anxiously, and from time to time supplied him with refreshment; and two strong-looking men, who apparently were on speaking terms with each other, and yet not very familiar.

"Do you feel the draught, James?"

"Not unpleasantly; the air is very soft and warm."

These were the first words that had been spoken, although the travellers were already some distance from the metropolis, and going deeper into the heart of picturesque, beautiful Kent.

Many a lively conversation is carried on in the railway carriage. A casual remark about the weather or the scenery has often been the foundation of a goodly structure of ideas, which, all helping to

raise, has made an otherwise tedious journey pleasant and profitable.

But none of the present travellers appeared in a mood for conversation. Had there been present one of those individuals who consider that life's greatest business is to talk, he would have voted our travellers decidedly stupid. And yet they were nothing of the kind. They were only silent because life's heavy burdens lay upon them, and they could not laugh and sport, while solemn and earnest things were in their hearts.

They were opposite Herne-bay, when one of the men spoke to the other.

"Shall you return to-night?"

"It must entirely depend upon how she is. I shall get her home to-night, if possible."

"How far are you going, sir?" asked the same questioner of the pale, thin man, whose large bright eyes flashed from one to the other.

"To Margate."

"Ah! so are we."

"Indeed!"

"You are going on account of your health, sir?"

"Yes; I have not been so strong as usual lately, and the doctors have advised me to spend a few weeks by the seaside."

"But the sea can't cure disease," he said, looking at his companion, the strong man beside him.

He could scarcely repress the tears as he replied, "No, indeed; I am going now to fetch a friend who has been down here several weeks. She has become worse instead of better; she cannot last much longer, so I shall take her back to London to die."

"And I," continued the other, "am going to fetch a corpse. My brother was sent here, and died a few days after. So it matters little what means we use when once the fiat has gone forth."

"O, stop!" The entreaty came from the wife of the invalid who had been watching him through these sad narrations. A deadly paleness had overspread his face, his lips quivered, his whole frame trembled.

"But I am young," he gasped. "The doctors speak so confidently of what the sea-air will do for me, and it is generally very efficacious, is it not?"

"O, yes," replied the good-natured individual, who felt really sorry that such sad things should be talked of before one so unwell and weak.

"O, yes, and you see you are not gone too far yet. The worst of it is, so many people leave it until it is too late. The sea does wonders for sick people every year."

"I hope," said the other, "that it will do wonders for you. After all, sir, we are in God's hands, he is the Physician who can cure us. It is safer to trust in him than in doctors or sea breezes."

The invalid turned half petulantly, half uneasily to the window. He did not reply. His fellow-traveller had touched upon a very distasteful subject, and he strove to banish it from his mind. His wife prayed silently meanwhile. And again, all were too lost in their own thoughts to talk; and the train carried them speedily to their destination.

Arrived there, a courteous "Good

morning" was exchanged, and the travellers separated. They had been together for a few hours. It was very unlikely that they would ever meet again in this world. There had been one opportunity in their lives of doing good to each other; an opportunity that would never occur again. Thus is it often with us all. How very seldom do we make good use of our opportunities.

"James," said Mrs. Starman, "will you sit down in the waiting-room while I look for some apartments."

"O, no," he replied, "you will persist in treating me as if I were ill. I am not; already the sea air is making me strong. It is my place to seek for rooms, and I will."

But the wife's gentle persuasion triumphed, and with a sad heart she left him.

It was always thus. He had been a very strong and healthy man. He was indignant that any should think him weak now. He was wasting away day by day, and loving eyes could not help seeing it; yet all the force of his nature rebelled against it. He would not be ill; he would not succumb. And although his cough was bad, and the pain in his side excruciating at times, he would only admit to himself, "that he was not quite well, but it was nothing particular; he should be strong again in a few days."

But his heart misgave him as he sat in that waiting-room at Margate. He was haunted by the words spoken by his fellow-travellers. "She has become worse instead of better. I shall take her back to London to die." "And I am going to fetch a corpse. My brother was sent here, and died a few days after. It matters little what means we use when once the fiat has gone forth." He drove the words from his mind, got up and studied a time-table, went out and talked to the porters—anything rather than face that appalling doubt which was growing upon him.

His wife soon returned. What a true woman she was! Her own heart was sad enough, but she spoke cheerfully to him.

"They are pleasant rooms, and overlook the sea, and we shall only have to pay about four times too much for them. I told her we should want to be quiet, as we were hum-drum people, and she guar-

antees that we shall be, provided we pay a policeman to keep bands and barrel-organs from the street."

The terror that had blanched his face faded before her cheerfulness, and hope and confidence were again in power.

The sea air did wonders for Mr. Starman at first; he became more cheerful and stronger than he had been for many weeks. His walks upon the sands tired him less than he had feared they would. Moreover it was a cheerful place—the sight of so much health and enjoyment, the music, the liveliness of the scene, all contributed to cheer him. This change was a great relief to him: he took it with a full appreciation of its worth; his wife received it as a very great blessing, and was thankful day and night on his behalf.

Mrs. Starman was a Christian. When they were married they were both leading gay lives, caring nothing for higher interests than the pleasures of the passing day, taking no thought for the future, caring nothing for heaven, "having no hope, and without Christ in the world." But it had pleased the Lord to meet with Mrs. Starman, and to bring her out of darkness into his most marvellous light. And now, as may well be imagined, her chief care in life was the conversion of her husband.

It is a singular thing, but many of us have felt it—that it is more difficult to speak to those of our own household on religious matters than it is to strangers. Mrs. Starman was a timid woman; and although she knew her duty, and strove to do it, it was very seldom that she talked to her husband upon the subjects nearest her heart, although she prayed for him constantly. It was not easy to speak to him; it always made him irritable, and never drew forth a kind or thoughtful reply. "I am careful not to interfere with your views," he would say, impatiently; "do not concern yourself with mine." And, loving peace, she kept silence.

He could thus throw off her few softly-spoken words; but he could not thus get rid of the winged arrow, which the Spirit had directed toward him on the day of his railway journey. Those words fastened in his mind. In his most cheerful moments he would meet upon the sands some invalid, supported by his

friends, and he would remember in spite of himself, "After all, we are in God's hands. It is safer to trust in him than in doctors and sea-breezes."

But he turned not to that great Physician; his mind must needs repeat over the words, his heart did not beat lovingly at the thought.

After a brief and flattering season of hope he gradually became worse. His appetite left him, and the heavy morning perspirations weakened him beyond his greatest fears. He came in from even a short walk thoroughly exhausted. The medical man who was called in saw at a glance that it was a hopeless case, but with the false kindness so prevalent did not tell him his danger.

His wife saw it and dared not break it to him. And although he himself *must* have known, yet he would not recognize the fearful fact.

"James, I have ordered the Bath-chair."

"You need not have done; I could walk this morning." When, really, the exertion of crossing the room brought on the terrible cough, and made him pant for breath.

Still he wore away daily.

At length there came a time when he could not leave his bed, when all his efforts to appear better than he was failed him, and the ghastly truth flashed before his face in all its nakedness and reality. It was a terrible awakening. It dried up every joy in his heart. "I cannot die," he cried. "O, God, anything but that."

In his extremity he breathed the name of power, which all his life had been neglected.

"Emma, has everything been done? Can you think of nothing else? Call in more doctors: surely there is some cure."

And his wife knelt beside him, and with her own low, gentle voice, drove the iron deeper into his soul.

"James, everything has been done, my husband, there is no hope for this world, but those who die in Jesus have sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, wherein they will live the immortal life."

I scarcely heard her last words—there is no hope, rung in his ears, like a

funeral knell, and brought terror to his heart.

"Ah!" said he "that man in the railway carriage spoke the truth."

His wife had forgotten the words, but he could not forget them, however he might strive.

"O, Emma," he said "God is the Physician who can cure us. Is it the truth? Do you think he could? Ask him, Emma; perhaps he would hear you. It would be no use for me to ask him."

And the timid woman, who could scarce give a reason for the hope that was in her, knelt and wrestled for the soul of her husband, even as Jacob wrestled.

"Let not his be the eternal death, O God, save him for thy mercy's sake. Saviour, let not thy death be lost for him. Thou didst die, O, by that death cause him to live again." A sharp cry it was that cut through the noise and discord of the world and reached the throne of the Eternal.

James Starman begged that he might catch hold of the hem of the Saviour's garment, and in that eager prayer which his wife's words had suggested, somehow his strong desire for present life lost its power, faded away, melted into the stronger yearning for life immortal.

Into that proud heart that had been so long tossed about sweet peace stole. He marvelled at it; he could not under-

stand it. He only felt that Jesus had laid his hands upon him, and blessed him, and his heart was quiet with a great joy.

But as the inner man grew strong, the poor bodily frame faded day by day. Mrs. Starman almost felt as if she could give him up gladly, now that he too was among the redeemed. The time which he had looked for with such terror, against which she had prayed and feared and trembled, came quietly as "a watch in the night."

"Do not leave me," he said, a strange triumph in his voice—"He is coming, the Saviour for whom I have longed. I see the innumerable company, I see the angels, I see the long procession of the redeemed. I see, *O I see him*," and his spirit leaped towards the Redeemer, as a child glad to be at home.

What a wonderful power it was that had loosened this man's strong desire for life, that had overcome his disgust for spiritual things, that had made him pray and praise, whose lips had never before uttered the name of Jesus!

God has many means of bringing souls out into the light of his truth; but if that man in the railway carriage could have known how his few words were blessed, surely he would have rejoiced with an exceeding joy. God make us all faithful to speak the saving Name both in season and out of season.

THE REFLECTED LIGHT.

BY J. S. B.

CHAPTER II.

DEAR AUNTY'S visit had been the means of cheering, while it roused Emily to a sense of her duty. Prayer was now more earnest, not only for the conversion of her husband, but for increased strength to aid in the performance of her own duties—to obey more fully the commands of her new Master—and to let the light shine unbidden, yet unconscious of its power.

Emily took her cross to the foot of the cross, under the shadow of the latter, to lay it down and lose sight of its size and weight; however, sometimes she failed to wait there long enough to look at and compare the two crosses, thus still felt the pressure and magnitude of her own.

More often in the hurried anxiety to perform what she fancied whole duty she carried away again her cross, only to feel it more keenly bearing upon her wearying frame, and then she lost hours in wondering at its weight and her weakness. How oft we need con again and yet again the old lessons! "Our name is weakness, his name is strength;" that support is only obtained by leaning trust. Emily, when least doubting, made one or two attempts towards accomplishing the great end of acknowledging to her husband the love for Jesus; but they appeared to her almost failures, as they strained her human strength rather than proved his Divine strength. One evening she said to William, "I do not think

we are as good as we might be; so shall we read a chapter from mother's Bible every evening?" receiving in reply, "Not good enough? Who is good if you are not? However, that very goodness shall be the plea for the non-refusal of your proposal."

Alas, Emily was foiled here, he did read every evening, but only to please her, or because the beautiful descriptions and sublime language of Holy Writ charmed him, and he continued the readings by the same power that he continued to kneel morning and evening—the force of habit. Yes, she was bringing him under the sound of the Gospel, yet had he not heard it unmoved many years, and was she thus revealing her hidden light which that very reading was helping to feed and nourish? Another evening she had prevailed on him to accompany her to a baptism in the hopes of telling her desire to do likewise. The service was one of deep and solemn interest to Emily; and how loudly yet how lovingly spoke the persuasive tones of command from the Saviour that evening. Where on her return were her high hopes of boldness in speaking out the truth when William remarked, "Well, if I had not been taught to be a good boy at chapel I should have laughed heartily at the absurdity of the scene, and yet I was vexed that people could be so foolish! It is perfectly disgraceful on the part of the ladies; I am thankful no wife, mother, or sister of mine were among the number?"

Poor Emily! in her weakest moment she shunned the stronghold of strength, kept silent, thinking her husband was ungenerous, then chiding herself for such thoughts, remembering that grace alone, and no self intrinsic worth made her to see and differ from her husband. Many months passed thus, till there came a quiet season of rest from bustling household duties; the awakening of deep motherly feelings, the sense of increased responsibility, the tightening of love and gratitude's ties, all of which were means to mature the new nature in Christ Jesus. Time passes on, Emily is once more strong and well, the baby sleeps, the sun's last rays have been caught and used by William in reading as the mother sewed, but although the book

was full of interest to Emily, her thoughts have wandered, as her question to William shows when laying down the book he approaches her with "Well, Emmie, now for your thoughts."

"William, should you like to be baptized?"

"Like to be baptized! why, Emmie, what do you mean? for your face denies all charge of jest."

"No, dear William, I'm not in jest. You cannot imagine how long, how very long this has been my desire."

"You can never have my consent, Emmie. But there, child, you are tired this evening, so we will not talk, only sit still and together enjoy the twilight."

"But, William, it will not tire me to say this, that God is not now only my Creator, but my Father; it will relieve my mind. William, your continued, devoted love assures me that you would ask or require nought that would harm me, and my perfect confidence and joy in that love constrains me to render you ever a willing and pleasing obedience. Now God's eye, so omniscient, so pure, sees all my failings—indeed I have many: yet he shows me intense love, accepts me into his presence with Jesus, his beloved Son, which, as you can understand, constrains me to obey his commands, two of which continually recur to mind—'Be baptized;' 'This do in remembrance of me.' Since this new relation between God and my soul, all his words come with a new and irresistible power."

"But what benefit is to be derived by fulfilling these supposed commands, Emmie?"

"Several, dear William. First, the delightful feeling resulting from having pleased a loved and loving one, added to the knowledge of having striven and been enabled to obey a command which it is my pleasurable right to obey. Then shall I not swell the number of his ranks to whom my allegiance is given? Shall I not add my mite of power, and by very unity gain increased strength to myself; and shall not all available privileges be mine? For I believe, my husband, that every command fulfilled brings its own peculiar blessing."

Suppose you do this, Emmie, of course you would not be immersed. I have thought sometimes myself that I would

be sprinkled, seeing my parents did not think fit to have it done."

"William, it is a rite to which none ought to submit, unless the heart has first been purified in the blood of Jesus."

"You are not commanded in so many words to be immersed."

"True, but as there may be a doubt, I will not choose the mode that costs the least self-denial, nor shun the one which is so splendid a type of the burial of my sins, and the commencement of the resurrection life in Jesus."

"Eddie, you are an enthusiast. Is this the result of our pastor's visits?"

"No, my mind was fixed as to this, before his visits."

"Well, you can never, never have my consent to make yourself a gazing-stock to a crowded audience! I gave into your whim of attending this chapel in preference to our usual one, in spite of sneers at office, which one cannot help hearing, although not heeding, but to this I cannot, Emmie!"

"O, William, I am sorry, but as this is a matter for which my soul alone may account, I must do it without your consent, which would so have added to my pleasure and comfort."

"As that is the case, Emily, my wonder is that you consulted me at all."

Supper was brought, Emily strove to dispel the gloom by cheerful conversation, knowing she had a balm for her tried spirit which her husband had not. However, he heeded her not. Till, as he rose from the table, he said in a tone of assumed indifference, "You can do as you please, Emily, only do not expect me to be a witness to the scene or its consequences."

Emily raised her heart in thankfulness for this slight concession.

The evening came, when the wife was to make the yet more public profession of her love. She had mentioned the hour of baptism to William ere he left for town in the morning, and now she is performing the last deed to insure his evening comfort. Emily is certain he will keep his word in not being a witness, therefore beneath the folds of the table napkin she places a new and much desired book for William with her love, as a silent monitor to meet the doubt that he is forgotten in this new love, for he cannot yet understand how the

earthly is supported and enriched by the clinging tendrils of the heavenly love. Ah, Emily, you would not sigh as you leave your souvenir of love, could you see all it shall presently work in the mind and heart of the receiver. Could you watch him as he sits and thinks with book in hand; then hear the result, as with cleared brow and half smiling lips he murmurs, "Enthusiast or not, she has more moral courage than I have, and I must say, trying all ways to find some flaw in her love to me—that the dear creature grows more rather than less lovely and loveable."

Notwithstanding all Emily's attempts to be enclosed in a bulwark of heavenly strength; loneliness and sadness are creeping on, as she waits in the vestry, but now a hand is placed in hers, and the voice of the minister's wife whispers, "Fear not, for I am with thee. I who give strength equal to the demand." Emily gazes after the speaker, who is already whispering another word in season, but thinks only of him whose presence she had failed to recognize, while the earthly loves stood between. No longer is William missed, no longer are watchful eyes dreaded, banished is all dread, for Jesus is in the bark speaking peace and love. His presence alone was manifest during the whole time, so that at its close Emily could exclaim, "This ordeal could be endured again and again, if by so doing his presence might thus be enjoyed!" Was this realization of the presence of Jesus and the power of his strength the peculiar blessing attending this command? In the delight of this new feeling Emily would fain have fled from earth and all its treasures. Why may she not? Why? Because God has work for her to do, as she knows when her eye rests upon her husband, just arrived with a thick shawl; who says, "Come, Emmie, walk quickly, there is a good fire in your own room, where you must go to rest at once;" and not stay to supper with me as you wish. Emily thankfully acquiesces, feeling duty bids her be careful, although she leaves results to God. And there in quiet communion with her own soul and God, we part till we meet her as a professed Christian in daily life.

Brighton.

Poetry.

A HARVEST MEDITATION.

Now let our thanks be given to the Lord,
Who has again fulfilled his gracious word,
His solemn promise, that while earth remains
The ripened corn each year shall deck her plains.
Our thoughts revert, as on the fields we look,
To many a passage in God's holy Book;
And fancy paints that olden harvest scene,
When Ruth in Boaz' field went forth to glean.

Sorely in Boaz we may plainly trace
A type of Jesus in his love and grace:
He was a mighty man of wealth, we read,
And this of Christ the Lord is true indeed:
He did not harshly send poor Ruth away,
But in his fields he kindly bade her stay;
So Jesus welcomes all the poor and weak
Who in the Gospel field for treasure seek.

Boaz was near of kin to widowed Ruth,
And she became his wife; so here the truth
Of union to the Lord in type is shown—
The glorious fact that saints with him are one;
Christ takes their nature and he gives them his—
How blest to have a kinsman such as this!
And more, the Church is Jesus' charming bride;
He loved her so that in her stead he died.

O heavenly Boaz, may we hear thy voice
Speaking to us and making us rejoice!
Lord, of thy boundless wealth may we receive,
And evermore upon thy fulness live!
O show to us that thou art near of kin,
Our great Redeemer from death, hell, and sin;
Cause us to feel that thou our husband art,
That we from thee shall never, never part!
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

HE IS OUR PEACE.

He is our peace. The world is full of fighting;
The battle-cries
Of those who his commands are daily slighting
Have reached the skies;
But blessed peace, that hallows everything,
Beats on our hearts with bright and patient wing.
He is our peace. Amid the earth's wild riot,
And deep unrest,
He fills our spirits with a sacred quiet,
And makes us blest;

He whispers to us in the wildest storm,
He brings us to the haven safe and warm.

He is our peace. He who kind words has spoken
To listening hearts,
He who has given us his true love-token,
And healed our smart;
To his kind hands we look for days of peace,
The tenderness of Jesus cannot cease.

Thou art our peace. O Jesus, breathe above us
Dear words of thine,
O pity and protect us—ever love us,
Saviour Divine;
Until our lips the holy song increase,
In thy blessed presence where is perfect peace.
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THOUGHTS ON THE HARVEST.*

The harvest reminds me of a harvest to come,
When the wheat of the Lord shall be safe gathered
home;
The reapers, however, must first be employed—
The angels of God—the world to divide.

The tares from the wheat they must carefully
sever;
The separation be final, for ever and ever;
The saint with the sinner no longer to dwell,
Removed as far distant as heaven from hell.

I now am employed in reaping the field;
Precious fruits of the earth the harvest doth yield;
I feel a deep interest in taking my part,
I do it with pleasure and with a glad heart.

The angels delight in the work of the Lord,
How swiftly they fly at the sound of that word:
"The harvest is ripe; the sickle put in,
And cut down the sinner who's living in sin.

But the saints, who delight my appearing to see,
Gather home to my garner, to heaven, to me;
Their labours all ended, they enter their rest,
For ever reposing on Immanuel's breast."
Temple Balsall. JOSEPH ALLEN.

* The above is the composition of an old disciple, upwards of fourscore years of age.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

COTTENHAM, CAMBS.—The Rev. J. C. Wells, late of Woodhurst, Hunts, has accepted the pastorate of the old Baptist cause at Cottenham, Cambridgeshire.

WATERBEACH.—Mr. E. S. Neale (from Mr. Spurgeon's College) has accepted a cordial invitation from the church at Waterbeach to become their pastor, and commenced his labours on the second Sabbath in August, with pleasing prospects of success.

CHESHAM.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Bland preached his farewell sermon in the Particular Baptist Chapel, Town Field-road, Chesham, to the congregation of which he was the pastor. The rev. gentleman is about to enter upon his new sphere of labour almost immediately as co-pastor of the Baptist church at Beccles, in Suffolk. Mr. Bland has gained great respect from the inhabitants, and his departure is the cause of much regret.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

LINCOLN.—The Rev. W. Goodman being about to resign the pastorate over the Baptist church, Mint-lane, where he has laboured assiduously the last thirteen years, the church and congregation were desirous of presenting him with a token of their esteem. On the 27th of July, a tea-meeting was held in the vestry of the chapel, when the Rev. J. Morton, of Collingham, presided. The Revs. C. Scott and S. Wright, G. Doughty, Esq., ex-mayor, and Messrs. J. Ward and W. H. Blow took part in the meeting. Mr. H. Barnes, one of the deacons, read an address, and presented to the pastor a purse, containing the sum of £88; and to Mrs. Goodman a nickel silver tea-service. Mr. Ward, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, in behalf of the teachers, presented to the same lady a beautiful tea-caddy, accompanying the presentation with a justly-merited encomium. Mr. Goodman, in behalf of himself and his partner, acknowledged the gift in suitable terms.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—On the evening of July 19th a crowded and deeply-interesting meeting was held in the schoolroom, Northbrook-street, Newbury, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Rev. J. Drew, the late pastor of the church in that town, on his removal to Halifax. After tea, which was largely attended, Ernest Noel, Esq., took the chair, and opened the proceedings with kind and appropriate remarks. Henry Flint, Esq., the senior deacon of the church, then addressed the meeting, and Mr. Drew; concluding a touching address by presenting Mr. Drew, on behalf of the congregation, with a timepiece and a purse containing upwards of forty pounds, "as an expression of their high esteem and appreciation of his services among them for upwards of nineteen years, as a minister of the Gospel."

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

THE OLD ASSOCIATION.—The Radnorshire portion of the Old Association held its quarterly meeting at Nantgwyn on Thursday and Friday, July 14 and 15. On Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, the Revs. S. Thomas, Bethany, and D.

Jarmon, Newbridge, preached. On Friday morning, at eight o'clock, a conference was held, when several subjects were brought under consideration. The public services commenced at ten o'clock, when the Revs. J. George, Gravel, and D. Davies, Dolan, preached. The chapel being too small to contain the multitudes that came to hear the Gospel, for the afternoon and evening services a stage for preaching was erected on the side of the road in front of the chapel, the large trees of wide-extended branches full of foliage in the field behind furnishing a sweet shelter from the excessive heat. At three o'clock the Revs. J. Jones, Maesyrhelem, and J. Jones, Rook; and at six o'clock the Revs. B. Davies, Elan Vale, D. Davies, Dolan, and D. Jarmon, Newbridge, preached. The services were introduced by the Revs. S. Thomas, E. Owen, and D. Jones. The congregations of the last day much resembled those of the Welsh associations.

OPENING SERVICES.

RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—On Thursday, July 28, Succoth Chapel was opened. The Rev. James Wells, of London, preached morning and afternoon; the Rev. C. Drawbridge, for more than thirty-eight years minister to this church and congregation, preached in the evening. The chapel was filled thrice to its utmost extent. The proceeds of the day amounted to £58 7s. 3d. The committee of management hereby thank the kind friends who travelled from the surrounding counties to be present on this joyful occasion, hoping soon to announce that this commodious chapel is paid for.

HARTSHORN-COURT, GOLDEN-LANE.—The Evangelists' Tabernacle, which has been recently erected by one of our London City merchants at his own expense, was opened on Monday, June 20, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Spurgeon remarked that the neighbourhood in which he was preaching was 200 years ago inhabited by the fashionable and wealthy, but now these had migrated to the west end of London, whilst poverty and crime crowded together in the adjacent courts and alleys, and souls were dying unnoticed and uncared-for by Christians who lived in more respectable localities. On Wednesday, June 21, the Metropolitan Tabernacle choir gave a sacred concert in a creditable manner to a crowded audience. The building, which is situated in the centre of the courts leading from Whitecross-street to Golden-lane, is fitted with galleries and a platform fronted with ornamental ironwork. The baptismal pool is fitted into the floor, with steps leading to vestry and private rooms. Services will be conducted every Lord's-day at eleven a.m. and six p.m., and on Thursday at eight p.m., by Mr. W. J. Orsman.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

DUNSTABLE.—Three sermons will be preached on Wednesday, September 14—in the morning by the Rev. S. Milner, in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. John Bloomfield.

CARLTON, BEDS.—The anniversary will be held on Wednesday, September 28. The Rev. John Bloomfield will preach morning and evening, and the Rev. W. Carpenter in the afternoon.

CLARE, SUFFOLK.—The anniversary services will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, September 20. The Rev. John Bloomfield will preach morning and evening, and the Rev. S. Milner in the afternoon.

CLEVELY, OXON.—The new Baptist chapel will be opened (D.V.) on Tuesday, September 13, when the Rev. John Bloomfield has engaged to preach afternoon and evening.

THURLEIGH, BEDS.—Mr. Peet has engaged to preach our anniversary sermons here on Tuesday, the 20th inst. : afternoon service at half-past two, and evening at half-past six. Public tea between services. Come over and help us!

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST FUND.—The secretary requests that all communications for him be addressed—No. 2, Tudor-villas, Lyndhurst-road, S.E.

LANSHEDD, MON.—A public tea-meeting was held on Monday, July 25. After tea a lecture on "Samson" was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. S. Jones. All present went away highly delighted with the evening's entertainment. The church and friends being desirous to testify to their minister their respect for him, have jointly presented him with twenty volumes of the "Puritan Divines."

CLUB MOOR, NEAR LIVERPOOL.—The second anniversary of the Baptist preaching-station took place on July 20. After tea the friends adjourned to a field at the back of the meeting-house. Mr. W. H. Lockhart was voted to the chair. After singing a hymn, and prayer by the Rev. T. Durant, the report was read by Mr. G. Worrall. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. J. Turner, of the Old Swan, from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College; the Rev. T. Durant, Liverpool; Messrs. B. Anderson, J. B. Bennison, M. A. Davey, and W. H. Lockhart. The meeting, which was a very happy one, after singing and prayer, then broke up, each feeling it was good to be there.

BOLTON-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, DUBLIN.—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, preached three sermons on Lord's-day, August 7th, in connection with the above church. On Monday evening, 8th, he delivered a lecture on "Rowland Hill, the Eccentric Preacher," at the Metropo-

litan-hall, and on Tuesday evening, 9th, addressed the special prayer-meeting at Bolton-street Church. This church was formed in 1843, under the pastoral care of Mr. Charles Morgan, who labours gratuitously, and has been supporting a missionary for the district at his own cost. The little church displays pleasing marks of healthy life, and its members appear to be very active and harmonious in the Lord's work.

THE REV. J. W. BOULDING.—The Rev. J. W. Boulding, of Glasgow, has been reading the Acts of the Apostles, probably one of those spurious documents of antiquity, full of legendary stories, and falsely ascribed to the apostles, certainly not the Acts of the Apostles written by the inspired penman, Luke, and has made the wonderful discovery that believers' baptism is not to be found there, but that baby sprinkling is. Perhaps he will give us the chapter and verse, so that we may be enlightened from our darkness. He has resigned his connection with Bath-street Baptist Church, Glasgow, and either has, or is about joining the Independents, with, we are given to understand, the prospect of a larger salary, and greater worldly popularity. He has gone out from us, but he was not of us, for if he had been of us he would no doubt have continued with us; but he has gone out, that it might be made manifest that he was not of us. We hope that one day he will find time to "search the Scriptures."—T. W. M.

CONTINENTAL BAPTIST MISSION.—On July 27th, a very interesting meeting was held in Albert-hall, Kentish-town, to receive an outline report of mission labours amongst the Danish and German soldiers and prisoners in the late war in Schleswig-Holstein, from the lips of Pastor J. G. Oncken, of Hamburg, the superintendent of the mission. The chair was occupied by George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., by whom, as well as by Mr. S. K. Bland, of Chesham, and Mr. Dickon, addresses were delivered, and some £30 collected on behalf of the mission. Mr. Anderson, of Aberdeen, and Martin Wilkin, Esq., of Hampstead, also took part in the services. A new and very encouraging sphere of labour has recently been entered upon by this mission in Holland, and Mr. Oncken is about to proceed, by urgent request, to St. Petersburg, for the furtherance of the Gospel. The *Quarterly Reporter* of this mission (published by Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row) well repays perusal by all interested in the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

BAPTISMS.

ASH-COMMON, Aldershot, June 5—Three, by Mr. G. Moss.

BASSALEG, Bethel, June 19—One, by the Rev. J. Morgan, of St. Bride's.

BASSALZO, Bethesda, Aug. 7—One, by the Rev. J. Morgan.

BOW, July 30—Ten, by Mr. J. H. Blake.

CHATTERIS, July 31—Nine; March 27, Ten, by Mr. C. Silvertown.

COLBRAINE, August 7—Five, by Mr. A. Tessier.

CHREWE, Cheshire, March 28—One; July 30, One, by Mr. E. Morgan.

EYEMOUTH, Berwickshire, July 7—One; Aug. 7, One—by Mr. E. J. Stobo.

GLASBURY, July 31—Two, by Mr. H. Jones.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, July 3—Six; July 31—One; by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

GOWEN, Swansea, August 7—One; by Mr. D. Evans.

HIGH WYCOMBE, Bucks, Newland Chapel, August 7—Two, by Mr. J. Cawae.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, July 21—Eighteen; July 22—Three; July 23—Twelve; August 8—Nineteen; by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Welsh Chapel, Tottenham-court-road, July 31—Two, by Mr. W. H. C. Parry.

—, Evangelist Tabernacle, Golden-lane, July 24—Nine, by Mr. W. J. Orsman.

—, Darling-place, Mile-end, July 24—Two—by Mr. C. Gordelier.

—, Orchard-street, Portman-square, June 9—Three; July 7—Four, by Mr. T. D. Marshall.

—, Stepney, Grosvenor-street, July 21—Eight, by Mr. J. Harrison.

—, Lambeth, Barkham-terrace, August 3—Four, by Mr. G. D. Evans.

MAULDEN, Beds, August 9—Three, by Mr. T. Cardwell.

MROPHAM, Kent, Four, by Mr. Webb.

MONMOUTH, June 29—Three, by Mr. E. D. Smith.

NEWTON ABBOTT, East-street, June 20—Three; July 31—Three, by Mr. T. Cannon.

PAULTON, Somerset, June 26—Three, by Mr. Stovell, from the Bristol College. This is the first baptism we have had to report for some time. Pray for us.

PILLGWENLLY, August 3—Six, by Mr. J. Thomas.

SHERWSBURY, Wyle Cop Chapel, June 19—Two; July 24—Two; by Mr. J. Smith.

STAFFORD, July 31—Six, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.

DEATHS.

MRS. EVANS.

Mrs. Evans, the subject of this brief sketch, was born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Nov. 21, 1797, and united with the Baptist church there in the year 1819. Her course as a member was both honourable and ornamental. In the year 1822 she was united in marriage with Mr. Edward Evans, and removed with him to Snaith-beach, in March, 1834, where he became pastor. Here she lived the remainder of her days an ornament to the church over which her husband presided. She trained up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and lived to see the four who survive united with the Church of Christ. The last eight years of her life she was the subject of deep affliction. Repeated strokes of paralysis weakened both body and mind. Often her sufferings were very great, but as long as reason retained its seat her patience was exemplary, her enjoyment of spiritual things great, whilst a steady trust in the mercy and love of God sustained her soul. On July 13, after nearly nine years' suffering, she breathed her last. On the following Monday her remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining the chapel. The funeral service was conducted, at the request of the deceased, by the Rev. J. Smith, of Pontisbury, who also preached her funeral sermon on the following Sabbath, from the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 18th to August 16th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Cradlington, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	52	0	0	Moiety of Collection at Heath and Reach, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	11	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Tanbridge, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	7	0	0	Mr. Stevenon	1	0	0
Mr. Wright (Birmingham)	3	0	0	Contributed by Readers of the Christian World	52	15	10
A Friend, per Miss Heath	3	3	0	Collected by Miss Conder	3	3	0
Major G. G. Anderson, Bengal Army	5	0	0	Interest	27	4	6
Mr. Bassett	2	0	0	Mrs. Turner	0	2	6
A Friend	0	2	6	W. G.	0	2	6
Mr. Sangster	0	5	0	Weekly Offering at Tabernacle, July 25	26	7	6
Mr. Brace (Monmouthshire)	0	10	0	" " Aug. 1	23	1	6
Baptist Church, Shaftesbury-hall, per Mr. Osbourn	3	2	6	" " " 8 21 7 11	8	21	7
Mr. Smith (Tanbridge)	1	0	0	" " " 15 16 15 5	15	16	15
					2240	3	8

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.
CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

THE TRUE LINEAGE.*

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And it came to pass, as he spake these things, a certain woman of the company lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked. But he said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.—Luke xi. 27, 28.

Was this a loving-hearted woman who had been moved by the dear Saviour's discourse? Many, doubtless, had listened to the same gracious words; some of them with wrath, and others with stern complacency, but it may be her soul began to swell with holy wonder at the marvellous things which proceeded out of his mouth, and her soul felt such an affection for the man from whom so much of grace proceeded that she cried, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee!" Was it so? Perhaps it was an ignorant but passionate love breaking through all restraint. Sometimes among our Primitive Methodist friends we hear the same kind of thing; they are so carried away by the power of the truth which has just been stated that they cannot refrain from crying out, "Glory," or "Hallelujah." Throughout all Wales, this custom, which I am far from condemning, prevails the whole sermon through, often very much to the comfort of the speaker, enlivening him, and cheering him on, and making him rise to greater flights than otherwise he might have taken. Perhaps we may look at this interruption of the affectionate woman in that light. Possibly, however, there was bold, blank ignorance rather than intense affection. Hers may have been a sort of vacant wonder at what she had heard, and involuntarily she betrayed it with her tongue. So have I noticed sometimes when we have been speaking the Word among our Primitive Methodist friends, that they have not always put the "glory" in at the right place, or the observation with which they have favoured us has been as inappropriate as it well could be. Though I have been glad at times to hear some emotional response, when it seemed to come from true sensibility, and was compatible with common sense, I have not been quite so gratified when ignorance has been the prompter. Perhaps it was so with this woman. Such, at least, is the opinion of many sound expositors. Jesus does not appear to commend her at all. She was a poor ignorant soul who perhaps had never listened to any preaching before, and certainly had never listened to such preaching as that of Jesus Christ, and so she cries out in a sort of stupid wonder, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked." Anyhow, whichever it might be, this woman was but a specimen of very many in her age, and a representative of many millions in successive ages. She turned her admiration, you perceive, from the person of Christ to the person of his mother. There was some sort of tendency of this kind on other occasions in Christ's life, and he rebuked it as he did here; for you will observe, though he says nothing disrespectful of his mother, yet he does at once put the extinguisher upon everything like blessing her as though she were so highly favoured above all believers in himself. And on another occasion he answers her, "I will not say roughly—that were not in him—but somewhat sternly, when he says, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come." He purposely discouraged what he must have perceived was the natural tendency of people's minds to the reverence of his mother, and it does seem marvellous to any thinking man that after such words as these of my text, Mariolatry should have prevailed in the Church of Rome to so frightful an extent as it has done, and as it still does. Why, for every prayer offered to Jesus Christ I believe there are fifty at the present moment offered to the Virgin Mary. Observe, that she is to be held in profound respect, she is "blessed among women;" there should never come from the lips of any Christian a single word of disrespect to her; she was highly favoured, she was a sort of second Eve, as Eve brought forth sin, this woman, this second

Eve, brought forth the Lord our salvation. She does stand in a very high position, but still in no respect an object of worship; by no means is she to be lifted up and extolled as though she were immaculately conceived and afterwards lived without sin, and were taken up, as the Papists declare, by a marvellous assumption into heaven—an assumption, indeed, on their part, and nothing better than an assumption, without any foundation whatever in facts. No, brethren, the Virgin Mary was a sinner, saved by grace as you and I are. That Saviour whom she brought forth was a Saviour to her as much as to us. She had to be washed from sin, both original and contracted, in the precious blood of her own child, the Son of the Highest, neither could she have entered heaven unless he had pronounced her absolution, and she had been, as we are, accepted in the Beloved. Yet I do not wonder that there was a tendency to exalt her unduly; however, I do marvel much that after Christ hath spoken so plainly and so expressly men should have had the impudence, and the devil should have had the audacity to delude millions of professing Christians into a worship of her who is to be revered but never to be adored.

If you will look at the text, there is something very beautiful about it. This woman pronounced a benediction upon the Virgin Mary; Christ lifts that off and puts it on all his people. She said, "Blessed is the woman who brought thee forth." "Nay," said Jesus, or rather, "Yea, she is blessed, but (in the very same sense) they are blessed who hear the Word of God and keep it." Thus, my brethren, whatever blessings pertain to Mary pertain to you, pertain to me, if we hear the Word of God and keep it; whatever we may suppose to have been the mercies comprehended in her being so highly favoured a person, those very same mercies are yours and mine, if, hearing the word of God, we truly keep it.

It is supposed, and very naturally, by many, that it would have been a delightful thing to have been the mother of our Lord, because, then, we should have had the honour of the closest association with him. To have seen that infant in its cradle, and nursed it upon one's knees, to have marked the ripening years of the holy child, to have observed his gracious words, his holy piety, his complete obedience to his parents, to have remained with him the thirty years which, doubtless, Joseph and Mary spent with their honoured, glorious Son, must have been no small boon. The same spirit, you know, comes out in Mrs. Luke's pretty hymn, such a favourite with our dear children, which we all of us love to sing:—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How he took little children, like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
And that I had seen his kind look when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me."

Yes, many a mother might feel that to be kissed with those little lips, to have had your neck surrounded with those blessed arms, to have had your eyes looked into with the love-flashing eyes of such a child as that, would have been a boon to be craved for every day. Well, so it looks, beloved, and yet if we come to think of it, the illusion quickly dispels it. It was a privilege to be associated with Christ, but, unless spiritually sanctified, it was a solemn responsibility sinking the soul deeper in guilt, rather than raising it higher in sanctification. May I venture to remind you of one who had the very closest intimacy with Christ in the days of his public ministry; he was so trusted by the Saviour that he kept the little treasury in which Christ put, when there were any, the excesses, the excessive gifts of charity; he was the treasurer of the little company; you know him—Judas. He had been with Jesus almost everywhere; he had been his familiar friend and acquaintance, and when he dipped the bread with him in the sop, it was but an indication of the close association which had been preserved between the Divine Master and a

creature unworthy of such privilege. Yet there was never such a child of perdition as Judas, the friend and acquaintance of Christ; never one sinks lower in the depths of Divine wrath, with so huge a mill-stone about his neck, as this man with whom Christ took such sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company. The same sun ripens the corn and the poppies. This man was ripened in guilt by the same external process that ripened others in holiness. It is not, then, after all, so great a boon, looked at as a natural blessing. But whatever the boon may be, it is open to every Christian spiritually. Beloved, you may have an acquaintance with Christ, if you be his people, quite as near, and far more accurate than any acquaintance which his mother could have gained by merely dandling him on her knees, or supplying his wants from her breast. Why, to-day you may talk with Jesus; ye heirs of heaven, your Brother's company is free to you; you have but to go to him, and he will bring you into his banqueting-house, and his banner over you shall be love; still his left hand is under the head of his saints, and his right hand doth embrace them. There are dearer things than even the infant Christ could give to his mother; there are kisses of his lips more sweet, more spiritual than any which Mary received; ye have but to long for them, and to pine after them, and, when ye get them, ye have but to prize them, and ye shall have them every day. I trust, beloved, some of us need not cry with the spouse in the Song, "O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would embrace thee, and I would not let thee go till I brought thee to my mother's house, to the chamber of her that bare thee." No, "My beloved is mine, and I am his. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." I say, then, that all the honour of associating with Christ may be had at the present moment by his people, the sweetest of fellowship can be enjoyed in the highest and purest sense, so that the blessing which Mary had is yours, and we may say, with Christ, "Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it."

Again, it is naturally supposed by some that it must have been a sweet thing to be the mother of our Lord, because then we should have been better acquainted with him, and have known more of his heart. If he had any secrets, surely he would confide them to his mother. Surely there must have oozed out in his private life some things which men did not see in public. Perhaps there may have been something which he could not very well unveil to the gaze of the million, which would be perceived by Joseph and by his admiring mother. We think that she was behind the scenes; she had the benefit of looking into his very heart in a way in which we cannot do it. Well, well, there may be something in that; but I do not think there is much. I do not know that Mary knew more than others; what she did know she did well to lay up in her heart; but she does not appear from anything we read in the Evangelists to have been a better-instructed believer than any other of Christ's disciples; and we have no indication of her having made any extraordinary advances in the spiritual instruction which her Son had given. But certain is it that whatever Mary may have found out, you and I may find out now—not naturally, but spiritually. Do you wonder that I should say so? Here is a text to prove it: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." I remember the Master's words where he said—"Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things which I have seen of my Father I have made known unto you." Nay, so blessedly does this Divine Revealer of secrets tell us his heart that he keepeth back nothing which is profitable to us, and can say, "If it were not so I would have told you." Christ keeps nothing back from his chosen. Between the heart of a true saint and Christ there are no secrets; we pour our hearts into his heart, and he pours back his heart into ours. Doth he not this day manifest himself unto us as he doth not unto the world? You know he does; and therefore you will

not ignorantly cry out, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee," but you will intelligently bless God that, having heard the Word and kept it, you have first of all as true a communion with the Saviour as the Virgin had, and you have in the second place as true an acquaintance with the secrets of his heart as she can be supposed to have obtained.

Further, perhaps a more common suggestion would be, "O! I wish that I had been his mother, that I might have nursed him and have cared for his little wants, that I might have supplied his needs, watched him in his weakness, put him to his rest, and heard the first lisping when he began to speak. O! it would have been something to have said when I was in heaven that I had nursed the man who is now exalted above all principalities and powers, that I listened to the cry of his infancy and relieved his needs." Well, it would be something, but let me say to you that you may have it, beloved—every child of God should have it—Christ is on earth still—not I know as to his bodily person, but as to his mystical person. And you may nurse that mystical person still. We, ministers of God, are we not nursing fathers unto the Church of God? and you, each of you, in your sphere, as you teach the ignorant, guide the wandering, and comfort those that are bowed down, you are hearing the plaintive cry of a suffering Saviour, and you are, with the breasts of your consolation, supplying the wants of his yet infant Church. Perhaps it is better, nobler far, to have the honour of nursing Christ's mystical body than it was his corporeal frame, because there is wider range here. It was but a little cup he needed, it was but a morsel and a drop the Saviour wanted sometimes, but now his great body, stretched as it is from Japan to America, his great body, found as it is in every part of this our realm, his great body, found in yonder sick ones, in yonder poverty-stricken ones, requires vastly more, and therefore of your substance you may give, of your strength you may consecrate, yea, your whole strength you may offer up, that you may feed him and supply his spiritual wants. Whatever honour, then, the Virgin had in this respect, Christ's pure virgins may still have if they will wait upon his Church and minister to it of their heart's substance.

It may be very possible that some others have looked at it in another way. They have said, "Blessed is the womb that bare him, and the paps that gave him suck; for had it been our lot to be his mother, then we believe he would have been ready to hear our cry, for a son cannot surely resist the prayer of his own mother; and when a mother says, 'My son, help me, I am sinful, I believe in thee, help me;' when she cries out to him whom she had conceived, 'Help me, blot out my sins,' why surely Jesus would burn with ready ear, and say, 'Mother, thy sins are forgiven thee.'" But, beloved, this is only our fancy, for Christ is just as ready to save any sinner in this place as he was to save his mother, for it is his greatest delight to see a sinner, with tears in his eyes, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If I had power to pardon you, I think you know how cheerfully I would do it. O, could I break your hearts and bind them up again, God knoweth I would not let this night pass without the doing of it. And do you think that my Lord and Master is less loving than I am? You feel, if he were here to-night, and you were his mother, that he would be sure to hear your cry, and answer you; but hear me—Jesus Christ on one occasion said, as he looked upon the crowd gathered together, when some one said, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee"—what did he say? "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" and then he lifted up his eyes and looked upon them that believed on him, and he said, "These are my mother, and my sister, and brother." And you, if you put your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall not stand second to his mother, nay, shall I not say it, you shall even have the preference. Christ was preaching, and they said, "Here is thy mother." Did he stop to attend to his mother first? Nay, verily, but first he would feed his disciples, first he would teach them; and so, sinner, thou shalt not be second to the mother of the Saviour. Do but cry now! O! that the

Holy Spirit might show thee thy lost state, reveal to thee thy need, and put a cry into thy mouth; and when thou canst cry, "Jesus save, pity me," ye may cry with the greatest confidence,

"He is able, he is willing, doubt no more."

You need not seek to move his heart with many cries. His heart is moved already. He loves the sons of men; his delights are with them. You cannot do him a greater service than by letting him save you. Submit yourself with all your emptiness to the fulness of his unspeakable compassion. O, is not there a thought here that might woo some—I am holding it now like a loadstone—is there no metal here that will be attracted by it? The love of Christ to his people, to poor sinners who seek him, is as great as any love he ever had to his mother, and even greater; you may come with boldness to him, though you never sought his face before.

Again methinks some have thought that if they had been his mother they could come to him with greater ease. "It is so easy to speak to one that we know. We are not at all afraid to tell out our wants to one who has been so near to us as Christ was to his mother." Yet I would have you remember that Christ as the Son of God was not the Son of Mary; Christ, the Divine Saviour, was no nearer to Mary than he is to us. Christ was merely the man Christ that was conceived in her womb or that sucked at her breasts, and, therefore, in his Divine person he towers as much above her as he does above us. And then, though he was born of the substance of his mother, yet was he of our substance too, for he is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—a man, such as we are. If he were an angel, being of a different kind, we might be afraid to come to him; but he is a man, he has a man's emotions, a man's heart, a man's compassion, a man's love, and we need not be afraid to come. What though he was not born of us, yet is he of us; though we are not his mother, yet are we his brothers. O let us come boldly to him. Sinner, thou hast as much right to come as ever Mary had. She had none except what grace gave her; thou hast the same. Did Christ ever cast away one sinner that came to him? Nay, did he ever reject one that ever was brought to him? There was a woman taken in adultery, and they brought her; she did not come willingly, but they brought her, thinking "Surely Christ will condemn her." What was the result? Lifting her up, all pale and trembling, he said, "Go, and sin no more." And so will he say to thee if thy doubts and tremblings and fears should bring thee to him. When he casts one soul away, then let other souls be afraid to come; but while my blessed Master stands with open arms and takes the foulest and vilest, the poorest to minister unto his love, I pray you stand not back through shame or fear. As much as if you were his mother and he your child, come to him, for he asks you to come. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." With tearful eyes he entreats you to come to him, and if you come not he doth but relieve his heart by weeping. "How often would I have gathered my children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."

Perhaps, if you will think this over you will see much more that is beautiful. Sure I am, there is no topic more consolatory than that which my text contains; the very blessing which belonged to the virgin mother of Jesus belongs to every soul that hears God's word and keeps it. Now you hear it. Do you hear it with your inside ears, with the ears of your heart; and when you hear it do you keep it in your memory? Do you keep it in your faith? Do you try to keep it in your obedience? And are you daily testifying to it truth? If so all these blessings are yours. And let me say to any trembling; awakened, convicted sinner; all these blessings may be yours if you hear the Word of God and keep it to-night. Here is one or two words of God I want you to keep, and it is this—"Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be whiter than snow." Will you not come and reason with God, and talk this matter over? You have heard the Word, I pray you keep

it—obey it. Here is another—“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.” You have heard that, keep it, believe it; you are a sinner, he came to save you; rest in it, trust in it. There is one more, and I pray you as you hear it keep it. “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” You have heard it—keep it; to believe is to trust; trust him now to-night in that view. I pray God constrain you to do it before you pass these doors. Flat now on your face upon that promise of his! None of your own righteousness, away with it to the dogs! No prayer, no tears, no vows, no sighs, of yours can do anything in the matter. Trust Jesus Christ wholly now; then if you have heard that Word, and shall thus keep it, go thy way, let Satan say what he will, and let the flesh make what noise it pleases, Christ has blessed you, and you are blessed; he has said to you to-night, sinner as you are, “Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.” May you find it so when you and I get to heaven! May we glory there, and sing aloud as loud a song as even Mary did, when she said, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden,” for all generations may call that one blessed who has sought and found the Saviour. O beloved! in heaven that song of Mary shall make a sweet song for us all. May we begin to sing it here, and Christ shall have the praise. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION AND THE BAPTISTS.

ALL the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER will ere now have heard the great war-cry which has been lately raised. Startled by a trumpet tongue, the Church of Christ has been awakened from slumber. Casting her eyes around, she sees that while she has slept the enemy has been advancing upon her ground. The foe that is thus advancing upon her has come in the form of a dogma taught in the Prayer-book of the Anglican Church—viz., that the grace of regeneration is conferred upon the soul in the ceremony of christening. This is not a dogma which has been unrefuted before. Some of the most highly-esteemed and godly men have, in days that are past, lifted their voice against it. In the present age there have been many who have desired that it might be blotted from the formularies of the Church, but God had wisely ordained that the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon should proclaim the war and commence the conflict that he and all other Christians must wage against this growing heresy. While the battle thickens and the controversy continues we can but pray that, as

Luther of old shook the Vatican with his thunders with such a force that even now it is rocking with the shock, so our modern Luther may shake the foundations of a Church that teaches as essential to salvation such a God-dishonouring doctrine.

We shall not profess to be negative in this controversy. Magazines which have no settled basis may remain neutral, but, professing as we do principles that are exactly the opposite of “Mother Church,” we shall take what we consider the side of truth. We shall watch with interest and hope the progress of the controversy, believing that good to the Church of Christ will be the result.

On the 5th of last June Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon entitled “Baptismal Regeneration.” In his introduction he tells us that the apostles in their day “boldly brought down with both their hands the mighty sword of the Spirit upon the crown of the opposing error.” He then says that he intends, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, his helper and defence, to do the same. He finds that the great error of the present day is baptismal regeneration, with which he confronts the doctrine contained in Mark xvi. 15, 16, that

baptism without faith saves no one. He brings forward the plain language of the Catechism and Prayer-book, and proves well his point that the Church of England does teach such an error. It is his opinion that many clergymen do not believe in the teachings of their Church, and that, consequently, they are chargeable with insincerity for subscribing to her Articles, and so giving their consent to what they know to be false. He then proceeds to say:—1. That baptismal regeneration seems out of character with the spiritual religion which Christ came to teach. 2. That it is not supported by facts—i.e., that many who are baptized die in an unsaved state. 3. That the performance styled baptism by the Prayer-book is not at all likely to regenerate and save. 4. That the preaching of it has a wrong and evil influence on men. 5. That in no age since the Reformation has Popery made such fearful strides in England as during the last few years. These are the principal points in the sermon. The language in which they are couched is terse and strong. The charges brought against the Church of England are expressed in plain, unmistakable terms; the sermon, indeed, partakes of that peculiar kind of powerful denunciation which only the preacher of it knows how to use. It consists not of polished periods so much as of sharp home thrusts at the error itself, and at the consciences of those who hold it; it is not so much a sword that would divide a hair as an axe made to fell the thick trees. It is a sermon adapted for the people, which we think is proved by the fact that 140,000 copies have been sold in less than four months. Of course many hostile shafts have been launched against the sermon. Attempts to reconcile the dogma with Scripture have been made. Some have endeavoured to prove that regeneration is a work performed in the soul long before conversion takes place, that it is possible for a man to be regenerated without being converted, and consequently without being saved. Others, failing in the art of criticism, have issued pamphlets filled with the most virulent abuse.

The question will most likely be asked, What part are the Baptists taking in

the controversy?—Upholding what they believe to be the simple teaching of Christ upon the subject of baptism and its place in the great Christian system, they must to a man feel that such an error is striking at the root of their most cherished principles.—Up to the present time, then, Mr. Spurgeon has stood almost alone in the field. Excepting Mr. Landels and Mr. Brock, who have both preached upon the subject, we know not that any of the great men of our denomination have gathered to his standard. Nearly all our leading men sympathize with him in his bold announcements. They are willing that he should launch his thunderbolts and scatter his lightnings, and aim his darts at the head of this giant error. They are glad to see the ark move forward and to hear the cry “Rise up, Lord, let thine enemies be scattered,” but as yet they only look on, watch the conflict, and count the slain. Our idea is, that the heads of our denomination, those who have weight and influence, and who have always been ready to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, should show their colours now. Our Evangelical brethren of the Church of England, knowing the evil to be in the midst of the Church, mourn over it, but have not courage enough to speak against it. Our next-door neighbours, the Independents, holding, as they do, the baptism of infants, can hardly be expected to do more than quietly behold the strife. Other denominations had rather hold their peace; and we can see no chance of the evil being crushed, unless Baptists, with one heart and voice, rush to the combat. In many tender hearts there seems to be a false idea of the character of true Christian charity, and against this notion we need to be protected. Mr. Noel has written a letter to Mr. Spurgeon on the subject of his sermon. He feels that because he holds dear the friendship of many of the members of the Church of England, that Mr. Spurgeon has imputed to him the charge of dishonesty. Maintaining that “love thinketh no evil,” he accuses Mr. Spurgeon, in broad terms, of a want of Christian charity in his attacks. In the warmth of his love for his brethren in the Anglican Church, we think that Mr. Noel has

fallen into the error of overlooking their faults. The blindness of his love has checked the ardour of his zeal, and has led him so far as to believe that, as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. Spurgeon has violated one of its fundamental rules. Dr. Winslow has gone even farther than this. He says that at the present time, more than any other, the clergy demand our sympathy, confidence, and prayers, because many of them are combating earnestly with infidelity and semi-Romanism. That they demand our sympathy and prayers we readily admit, but from their conduct in the present controversy we cannot see how they can demand (or *deserve*) our confidence. Dr. Winslow, sympathizing deeply with his suffering brethren, in beseeching language tenders them the following advice:—"Smitten on the one cheek, offer the other; if you suffer for righteousness sake, happy are you, for the Spirit of glory and of Christ resteth on you." How such passages of Scripture can be applied to the Church of England to-day we are at a loss to understand. The cheek that is smitten is one that has sorely offended. Does Dr. Winslow mean that the clergy are to offend again by turning up another cheek of error, that so they may be again smitten. They, doubtless, will be smitten with harder blows should they carry out his advice.

With all deference to our two brethren who thus seem to have a lingering affection for the good old pile of ancient architecture, we think that they should rather have taken their hammers to demolish the fabric than their trowels and mortar to patch it up. The spirit of Christian charity must have close-embracing arms; not so close, however, as to exclude zeal for God's glory. Friendships must not be considered, however dear, in matters where jealousy for the glory of the Lord of Hosts should be the pervading principle. Mr. Noel and Dr. Winslow may be jealous of the communion they hold with many of these good and holy men, but as Christians, and especially as Baptists, they have principles to maintain which should be dearer to them than even the dearest earthly friends. It is a part of fellowship with Christ, which many years ago both these gentlemen have

learned, especially Mr. Noel, that as followers of him and witnesses for him, if truth demand it, they must renounce the closest earthly ties. They have had to do it before, they will have to do it again if they remain true to their Master, as we believe them to be.

We think that the circumstances of dissimulation under which Paul blamed Peter and withstood him to his face were not more urgent than those under which Mr. Spurgeon blames the Church to-day. Those who preach baptismal regeneration *do overthrow* essential truth, and it is because of this that he has taken such a stand against them.

Since Mr. Noel's letter, Mr. Spurgeon has sent a letter to the Evangelical Alliance, in which he resigns his connection as a member of that body; and has addressed another to the Christian public, proving that Mr. Noel, with many other good men, have as sternly written as he has boldly preached against the clergy who thus teach error. We must reserve our consideration of these letters till next month, hoping that some further movements will be made by men of note and power in our denomination, by which Mr. Spurgeon shall see that the sympathies he has gained are far greater than those he has lost. We would conclude in the language with which it is said Calvin usually concluded his sermons—"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Upton Chapel.

G. D. EVANS.

SIXTY-FIVE; OR, CHEER UP, BROTHER!

BY REV. C. H. HOSKEN.

HAVING had a bathe in the sea, climbed to the top of the Nelson monument, telescope in hand, to gaze on the deep, deep sea, and to descry distant ships ploughing their journey on the great highway of nations, I strolled along the Esplanade and kept near the sands, till I came to the spot where the hardy Yarmouth fishermen were bringing in the herrings, which make Yarmouth famous all over the kingdom; and having gazed with admiration as the weather-beaten fishermen stranded their boats on the beach, and handed out their crates of herrings, I noticed two men counting some from one crate to another, four in

hand. When they reached the number sixty-five, one of the two men cried out, "Cheer up, brother!" On they counted again, till at sixty-five came in pleasant tones, "Cheer up, brother!" I believe once or twice slightly varied. Whether these words are always used, or others sometimes substituted, I cannot tell, but they have been echoed through my soul many times since that day, and I have thought they might, perhaps, be useful to other weary pilgrims as well as to myself. Cheer up, brother labourer! toiling for the bread that perisheth. It may be some times disheartening, after going on through thy daily toil like a horse in a mill, to find thou hast made no advance, and perhaps thy finances rather worse than better after all thy toil. It must be monotonous work to stand on the beach and count herrings, but it is as well to make the best of everything, therefore, cheer up, brother! It is useless to repine and fret; it can only do thee harm; therefore, try to breast the wave and bear thy burden manfully.

Cheer up, brother labourer in a nobler cause! Thou hast committed to thee the ministry of reconciliation. "Make full proof of thy ministry." "Be strong and of good courage." Perhaps thou art sighing out, "Who hath believed my report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" Remember if thou art a faithful labourer, God shall enable thee to exclaim, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of my God." Give thyself to prayer and the use of all appointed means; prepare thy message carefully; declare it boldly, earnestly, and affectionately, and "in due season thou shalt reap if thou faint not."

"The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise."

Cheer up, brother! under the scourge of the tongue. Thine is a heavy burden. Thou canst feel the iron entering into thy very soul, and art ready to exclaim, "My burden is heavy and my strength feeble; reproach hath broken my heart, and I am wounded in the house of my friends." But remember, though thy burden is too heavy for thee, it is not

too heavy for Jesus, therefore roll thy burden on the Lord. He shall sustain thee. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms, and he shall thrust the enemy from before thee, and shall say, destroy them, &c. "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places," Dent. xxxiii. 27-29.

It may be that thy present sufferings are designed to prepare thee for greater usefulness, to break thy schemes of earthly joy, that thou mayest find thy all in Jesus, and to cry—

"O Jesus! in darkness and anguish and woe,
When too dark to know the right way I should go,
To thy gracious protection I fly for relief,
Thou Fountain of mercy! thou solace in grief!"

And, rolling thy griefs and cares on Jesus, aim so to live that reproach and scandal may recoil on those who concoct mischief and manufacture lies. The Jews say God made the neck of Moses of adamant, so that he who struck him was slain by the rebounding blow. So shall it be with those who unjustly and unrighteously strike thee. But take not vengeance into thine own hands. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," Rom. xii. 19-21. Therefore, cheer up, brother! "for all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose."

"When the tempest howls around thee,
Hope thou in God;
When ten thousand foes surround thee,
Hope thou in God.
Though thy ruin thy endeavour,
None those faithful bands can sever;
Where he loves he loves for ever,
Hope thou in God."

There is a precious nectar in the cup of many a bitter flower. God's bees know how to extract the sweet and reject the bitter. Good old Brooks, in his "Mute Christian under the Smarting Rod," says, "I think there is no Christian but, sooner or later, first or last, will have cause to cry with David (Psalm xxxv. 11), 'False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things that I knew not'—things whereof I was both innocent and ignorant. Seeing it hath been the lot of the dearest saints to be

falsely accused and to have their names and reputes in the world reproached and fly-blown, do you hold your peace, seeing it is no worse with you than it was with them, of whom this world was not worthy. The Rabbins say that the world cannot subsist without the patient bearing of reproaches." Again, "There will come a day when the Lord will wipe off all the dust and filth that wicked men have cast upon the good names of his people. There shall be a resurrection of names as well as of bodies; their names that are now buried in the open sepulchres of evil throats shall surely rise again; thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noon-day." Psa. xxxvii. 6. If thou art suffering innocently, remember he that toucheth thee toucheth the apple of God's eye, and though for thy good he has suffered the wicked, who are his rod, to smite thee sorely, yet when thou art brought with sweet submission, bowing low at his feet, he will break the rod with which thou hast been smitten. Hence, cheer up, brother! thy lot is the best after all.

Cheer up, brother! suffering under keen domestic affliction. Remember sin has brought death into the world with all its woe. It caused thee bitter anguish of soul to see the desire of thy eyes smitten down by disease, and after nights and days of anxious suspense between hope and fear, to hear the doctor's final announcement, "I can do no more," or, "it is only a question of time, in a few days all will be over"—to watch the tide of life ebbing out—to see the flickering light of life dancing in the socket, soon to expire—to gaze on those loved features so attenuated, so pale, so death-like—to stand in mute agony till the last sigh or the last thro' told the sad tale, that death had done his work, and that now a great gulph exists between thee and thine. But if thy loved one has gone to be with Jesus it is only earth exchanged for heaven, sorrow for joy, mortality for immortality.

"How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast.
So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Thou canst but be sorrowful; thou

canst but weep. Neither nature nor religion forbids it; but as the beautiful rainbow shining through a watery cloud spans the mighty arch of heaven and sheds its soft beauty on the surrounding gloom, so through thy tearful eye let the rays of Divine light and love enter thy soul, encircling it with the rainbow of promise—of hope. Time, that great healer, shall do much, and grace more, to heal thy broken heart, and bind thee closer to thy heavenly Friend; to rest thy weary head on the soft bosom of his love, and through chastened grief and sanctified sorrow to learn the vanity of earthly joys and the excellence of things above, and to know a little more of the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of God; therefore, cheer up, brother! for all things work together for good to them that love God. Cheer up, sister! Doubtless the sorrows of the sisterhood are greater often than those of the brotherhood, for they are more dependent. A widow expresses deeper, darker sorrow than any other word; the stay, prop, or bond of the house having been taken away. But cheer up, sister! dependent as thou art, the arm of Jesus is strong enough to sustain thee. "Thy Maker is thine Husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Thou hast a loving heart, but thy love is as a drop to the ocean compared with the love of Jesus. Thy love here may be unrequited, not so with Jesus; we only love him because he first loved us. But thou hast trial upon trial, wave succeeding wave, deep calling upon deep at the noise of God's cataracts, and thou sayest all his billows and waves have gone over me. Ah! sister, it is no new thing that thou hast experienced; the clouds often return after the rain. Listen to the words of David, "The Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time and in the night; his song shall be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life."

"When darkest clouds have mantled all thy sky,
And the loud thunder rolls terrific by,
And driving rain sweeps all thy hopes away,
Quenching in night the brightest beams of day.
When brighter scenes appear still to evade
Thy trembling hope by more than midnight
shade;
When after sorrows past they soon return,
And cause thy soul in deepest grief to mourn.

Still, tried one, faint not; soon the storms shall
 cease,
 Thy fluttering heart shall rest in perfect peace,
 Wonders of Providence thy soul shall trace,
 Radiant with wisdom, power, and love, and grace."
 "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for
 in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting
 strength;" yes, and everlasting love too,
 for he says, "I have loved thee with an
 everlasting love, therefore with lov-
 ing-kindness have I drawn thee."

The sweetest blessings blossom
 from his rod. He doth not willingly
 afflict, and when he does it is for our
 profit, therefore, "hope thou in God."
 The number of thy sorrows will soon be
 all counted; but who can count the
 number of thy mercies. Therefore, cheer
 up, thou faint-hearted, stricken, and
 sorrowful one!

Cheer up, brother! anxiously in-
 quiring the way to Zion with thy
 face thitherward. Ah! thou sayest
 if I only knew that I was a
 brother in Jesus, then would I rejoice,
 but I am afraid my hatred to sin is not
 deep enough, nor my love to Jesus strong
 enough, nor my faith firm enough; and
 yet I don't feel as I used to feel. I look
 on sin now as my chief enemy. I think
 I do love Jesus, though not enough, and
 I sometimes have a kind of trembling faith
 in him, producing a mingled emotion of
 joy and hope and fear. O, that I could say
 without one doubt, Jesus is mine and I
 am his.

A strange sensation fills my breast
 When I behold the bleeding Lamb,
 The feeling cannot be expressed,
 Mingled with sorrow, grief, and shame.

If thou hast felt these things then
 thou art on the way to the heavenly
 Zion. If thou hast repented of thy
 past sins, and cast thyself on Jesus
 for salvation, as a helpless sinner,
 thy safety will not depend upon
 the amount of thy assurance. But see
 to it that thou art willing to take Jesus
 for thy King as well as Saviour. Dost
 thou feel ready to obey his commands?
 Hast thou love enough to bow to his
 will? Comfort does not usually come
 in the way of disobedience. "In keeping
 his commandments there is exceeding
 great reward." Thy faith may be a
 trembling and yet a true faith. Dr.
 Giffard altered Dr. Watts, thus:—

My faith would lay her (trembling) hand
 On that dear head of thine;
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

Doctors in Divinity are not exempt
 from occasional doubts, fears, and
 tremblings. Perhaps thy faith can lay
 her trembling hand on the blessed
 sacrifice of Calvary, and say,—

Should doubts and fears my heart distress,
 Or thy just law my soul oppress,
 Help me by faith to cling to thee,
 Remembering all thy agony;
 Still by thy suffering servant stay,
 And turn his darkness into day.

Let not fears drive thee from but to
 Jesus. Seek him with thy whole heart,
 obey him cheerfully, sincerely, and
 without reserve. Make him thy exam-
 ple and his Word thy guide, and never
 forget to ask the guidance, illumination,
 and blessing of the Holy Spirit. So
 shalt thou be safe and happy. Hence,
 cheer up, brother! for a glorious future
 lies before thee, even life for evermore.
 Cheer up, aged brother! Thou hast per-
 haps counted thy sixty-five summers and
 the frosts of winter are on thy brow, but
 remember "the hoary head is a crown
 of glory if it be found in the way of
 righteousness." Thou art much nearer
 the pearly gates and the crystal river
 than formerly. Soon will arrive thy
 coronation day. The happy land is not
 far off; thy pilgrimage will soon be over.
 Heaven will make amends for all the
 trials of the way. The common lot of
 man is to die, but thine is no common
 lot. He that has the keys of Hades and of
 death is thy Friend and Guide. He will
 be with thee in the dark valley of the
 shadow of death, "will guide thee by
 his counsel, and afterwards receive thee
 to glory."

Having called on a brother 84 years
 of age, I asked how he felt, and he
 replied, "I am hanging on the promises."
 Where could he find a safer, happier
 place? Go thou do likewise, till Christ
 shall call thee home—

Where flowers immortal shall bloom on the shore,
 And rivers of pleasure eternally roll,
 Where sorrow and sighing and death are no more,
 And the fulness of glory enraptures the soul.

Norwich.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

BY THE REV. E. SHIPWAY.

"Let us search and try our ways, and turn
 again to the Lord."—Lam. iii. 40.

It is of infinite importance and of vast
 moment to know ourselves. This is the
 first lesson to be learnt, and the first

taught us by the Spirit of God. We should be anxious to know our spiritual condition as well as our moral condition, what we are by nature and what we must be by grace, what our hopes are and what they are built upon, what is our foundation and what is our prospects. We are immortal beings, and it is right we should have something to try ourselves by, to weigh our actions and test our profession. We believe the Bible is the proper balance, the true standard to which everything must be brought, both temporal and spiritual, whether they relate to the body or soul.

The text is an appeal to us that we should "search" ourselves. Let us bring matters home, look into our hearts, examine our lives, and inquire, what road am I travelling? how will it be likely to end? We need "search" our hearts as well as the actions of our lives. Let us ask ourselves, is there such a thing as sin? Is there any future state of existence for the soul? If there be no such thing as sin, or future existence for the soul, we may live as we like and walk in our own paths; but if there be such a thing as sin, or immortality of the soul, and this sin brings guilt, and exposes the soul to eternal death, then we are called upon to be in earnest, and give heed to the duty urged in the text—"Let us search and try our ways," &c. In searching ourselves let us do it with sincerity and faithfulness to ourselves as in the sight of God. In "searching" ourselves, let us take the candle of God's Word, and get into the dusty corners of our hearts that Satan has covered, and bring it to the light, that it may be cleansed by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

1. Here is a duty—"Search and try our ways," that we may know whether we are right or wrong; in the right or the wrong path, in the way that leads to heaven, or in the way that leads to hell; whether we are the pure metal or the counterfeit. Reader, do not "search and try your ways" by your own *opinion*, for there is a tendency in human nature to think better of ourselves than we really are, and thus deceive ourselves. Christ is the standard, and his truth is the proper balance; hence Moses says, "Go to Joseph; what he bids you, that do." Isaiah commands "to the law and

the testimony." Christ's precept is, "Search the Scriptures." Paul urged the Thessalonians to "prove all things." John deemed it prudent that we should "try the spirits whether they be of God;" and our text also is a kind admonition. "Let us search and try our ways." Neither must we try ourselves by the *opinions of others*, because they may be wrong, and then we shall be wrong, we shall wander away from the old beaten path and be lost, therefore we must "Judge ourselves, that we be not judged." It is a common maxim in this day for one to profess what another does, endorse another's creed, dress themselves up in another's livery and carry their crest, without examining and judging for themselves. They follow the religion they were brought up to, and instead of "searching and trying their ways," they make their religion a system of proxy. Again, we must not search and try ourselves by *books*, religious formularies, or catechisms; all these are to be brought too, and tried by the Bible and searched by the light of God's truth. The Bible speaks to us about sin, how it originated, how it has spread, how it defiles, how offensive in the sight of God, and how ruinous to man's soul. The Bible tells us of the necessity of repentance for sin, forsaking sin, and applying to the "blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin." The Bible speaks to us about faith, and without faith, no justification, no vital religion, "for ye are justified by faith, and have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that we "search and try our ways." How am I living? How am I spending my time? How am I using my property? And how am I employing my talents? What have I done for God, for his cause, for his people? Let us "prove our own works," prove ourselves, "search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord."

The reason for this self-examination is obvious. John says of the Church of Sardis, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." Solemn thought—there is a way from the sacramental table to hell, for Christ speaks of such "who had eaten and drunk in his presence, saying, Lord,

Lord, open to us." But the Master exclaimed, "I know you not, depart from me;" therefore the duty is plain—"search and try your ways." Another reason for this duty, God requires it; it is his command to us. He searches us, and he wants us to search ourselves. He tries our ways, and he wishes us to try our own ways, because there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death, "therefore let us search and try our ways." Another reason which calls for self-examination is, the *circumstances* in which we are placed. We are in the world, mixed up with the world, we have to discharge worldly duties, and there is a liability of our partaking of the spirit and temper of the world imperceptibly. Hence Paul had to complain of Demas, who had forsaken him, "having loved this present evil world;" therefore let us "search and try our ways." Again, we are liable to the *temptations* of Satan. It was under the power of temptation that our first parents fell. It was under the power of temptation Jacob uttered the language of complaint, "All these things are against me." Moses was tempted to strike the rock in a state of irritation, and not permitted to enter the promised land. David was tempted to number the people," and God was angry, and Peter was tempted to deny his Lord, which cost him bitter weeping. And we are subject to the like temptations. "Let us then search and try our ways," that we may enjoy "the blessedness of the man who endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life." Another reason why we should institute this examination is because our *reason* and *conscience* requires it. Religion is always in accordance with reason and a sound mind; it may be above our reason, but it is not contrary to reason, and as there is a God that ruleth in the heavens, who is the Author of our being, by whose sufferance we live, to whom we are amenable for our conduct, and at whose bar we are to render up our account, therefore, it is absolutely necessary we should search and try our ways. Do not our conscience accuse and condemn us if duties are neglected, prayer omitted, and the house of God unfrequented? and then we have had to "go about the city, in the streets, and in

the broad ways, to seek him whom my soul loved; I sought him, and found him not." The final reason for our searching and trying our ways is, *for God will search us*—"he will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the hidden counsels of the heart." Whether we search ourselves or not, the day is coming when "every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work—of what sort it is." Then all our works shall be examined, our motives weighed, our secrets published, our desires scrutinized, "for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Therefore, the fact of our having to pass the Divine scrutiny, supplies us with a reason that we should "search and try our ways," in the language of David—"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

God's book will search us; the Gospel will search us; the conscience will search us; affliction will search us; a dying hour will search us; and a judgment-day will search us.

Reader, let us honestly take the lamp of God's Word, "and search and try our ways;" take the standard of the cross, and measure our life; take the example of Christ, and test our ways; and the crucible of God's truth, resting not until the "Spirit of God bear witness with our spirit that we are his."

"Lord, search my soul, try every thought,

Thou' my own heart accuse me not;
And, least I walk in false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

Doth secret mischief lurk within?

Do I indulge in unknown sin?
O, turn my feet, wherein I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way."

Wickwar.

"ONE THING I KNOW."

BY REV. H. WATTS.

It is an indisputable fact that a believer may be exceedingly defective in his notions of theology, and yet be sound in his Christian experience. The profession

of a sound creed is not always the best evidence of the possession of a sound heart, though it may be a very good evidence of a sound intellect. It often happens that those who know most act as if they knew least, and so their knowledge is of little worth. When useful knowledge is wedded to useful practice, a sound creed becomes of inestimable value, but not until then. In the ninth chapter of John we have an illustrative case. In that chapter we read of a man born blind whose eyes Christ opened by anointing them with clay, and bidding him wash in the pool of Siloam. The Pharisees, annoyed at the performance of the miracle, try hard to prove that the man had not been born blind, or that some imposition had been practised. Foiled in their attempts, they at last exhort him to give God the glory of having performed an undoubted cure; and not to give the glory to Christ, on the ground that he was a sinner. "He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." He would not at present debate with them regarding the Saviour's character; as yet, on that point, he was not fully informed; but one thing he would confess boldly and fearlessly, and from that standing ground he would not be driven, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Thus did this poor man confound his unscrupulous antagonists; thus doth he appear as the representative of the spiritually blind when by Christ their eyes are first opened.

Like this poor man, many converted sinners are by no means sound in their doctrinal views. When light first enters into the sinner's heart, it finds a heart enveloped in darkness. That darkness is not dispelled all at once. It is not even fully dispelled until death. How can we expect, then, sound views at the commencement of the Christian career? Are not newly-converted sinners called in God's Word "babes?" What do we expect babes to know? If they breathe, and cry, and take food readily, and give evidence of good health, that is the most that we expect. We may justly suspect those who know so much when they have just started. It is to be feared that, like children who have water on the

brain, their heads grow faster than their hearts. The doctrines of God's grace are not learnt in a day, in a month, or in a year. It often takes years to comprehend a little of them experimentally. What numbers are there who have been for many years good Christian people who actually know but little! You will find them in all evangelical denominations; you will find them in your own church; and you will even find them in the ministry. Yet who but a narrow-minded bigot would doubt their Christianity? Who would consign the Methodist to perdition because he will not subscribe to eternal and personal election? Who would consign the Independent to the same fate because he does not believe in immersion? Who will dare to say to the Episcopalian, "You believe in a system impregnated with Popery; and therefore you ought to be, and will be, eternally destroyed?" If we have a grain of Christian charity within our breasts we should shrink with horror from the use of language such as this. If such were our judgment, we might well fear the fulfilment of the Saviour's prediction—"With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Like this man, too, such sinners are made willing to own their ignorance. He could not tell whether Christ was a sinner or not. He might have a notion that he was not a sinner, but he could not prove it. True, the Pharisees said it, but he was not going to take their word for it, so, instead of saying, "Well, gentlemen, you are right; you are scholars, and you ought, on that ground, to be believed," he says virtually, "I am not going to say whether you are right or wrong." One of the grand results of the Spirit of God's teaching is to lead us to feel and confess our own ignorance. In time past we have been as knowing as anybody; we may have been well posted up in the differences between Calvinism and Arminianism; we may have been as ready to dissect a theological opponent as a medical student would be to dissect a dead body; we may have despised those who differed from us and called them opprobrious epithets; but now, stripped of mere head knowledge and taught by experience, we are more

inclined to mourn over what we do not know than to boast of what we do know. Well is it for thee, Christian, if thou art brought here. Never, until thou art brought here, wilt thou form a proper estimate of thy real position or of that of others. It was an inspired apostle who made the honest confession, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things; for now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Still, however deficient awakened sinners may be in some points of knowledge, like this man, one thing they know, that whereas they were once blind they now see. And this, after all, is the main point. Can we say, "One thing I know; I know I am a sinner; I know I need a Saviour; I know that once I felt no need of a Saviour; I know that my eyes were once closed to his beauties; I know that now he is to me the chief among ten thousand, the altogether 'lovely'; that is enough." If we know that now, we shall know more by-and-by. The Spirit of the Lord will cause us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. We shall yet see more of the beauty and harmony of the doctrines of the Gospel. We shall, in heaven, with powers expanded, and fuller revelations bestowed, see everything straight that now appears to be crooked, and acknowledge that our limited capacities alone, upon the earth, led us to stagger at the revealed truths of God, and prevented us seeing, with our brethren, eye to eye.

As in this case this knowledge is sufficient to give feeble saints the victory over their adversaries. Little as this blind man knew, he stated what he knew, and that statement gave him the victory. So adversaries may try to draw us back, to follow evil company and old sinful habits; they may persecute us and annoy us in every shape; Satan may inject his temptations and insinuate his falsehoods, and doubts and fears may often agitate the mind; but against all these foes we shall, upon reflection, be able to hurl this pebble from the brook; "Whatever I may be, one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind,

now I see;" and that stone shall lay prostrate our foes and give us the final victory. Reader, how is it with thee? I ask thee not whether thou hast a sound creed, though that is a desirable thing; but I ask you whether you have a change of heart, for that is a better thing. The soundest of all creeds will avail you nothing with an unchanged heart, but will only add to your condemnation. See to it that, above all things, thou canst say from thy heart, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Golcar, Huddersfield.

PREACHING AND PRAYING.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON.

YES, these two things must go together. God has united them, and, therefore, it is wrong to try to put them asunder. We will not even write of them as two distinct subjects, but will consider them as one. Preaching is incomplete without praying, and praying is incomplete without preaching. When the good man on board the leaky vessel exhorted the terrified sailors to pump and pray, pray and pump, he was quite right. In this he spake like a Christian. This was the proper way to save themselves and the ship from destruction. And if we desire to save men from sinking into a deeper sea and a worse death, we must preach and pray, pray and preach. These are the means which God has appointed. Using them we may expect success. If we glance at the life of our Lord on earth, we must see how he recognized this union between praying and preaching, and exemplified it in his conduct. He preached model sermons and he prayed model prayers. In the first chapter of Mark's Gospel we read of Jesus in Galilee preaching the Gospel of the kingdom of God, and the multitudes are thronging to hear him. "They were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Moreover, "with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits and they obey him." At Capernaum he restores Simon's mother-in-law. Here all the city gathered together at the door, and Jesus healed many that were sick of

divers diseases, and cast out many devils. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there *prayed*." Why so early in prayer this morning? Because yesterday he was busy in preaching, and to-day is to be a busy preaching day too. Even with him, preaching is not finished without praying, and, therefore, he is up early and alone. In the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, we learn the same lesson from the conduct of our Lord. The birthday of Herod is being kept with festivity, and the daughter of Herodias is dancing before the wicked tetrach. His vain and graceless heart is in love with the lusts of the flesh, and he is drawn into a vortex of temptation. With a rash oath he promises her whatsoever she may ask, even to the half of his kingdom. Instructed by her malicious mother, she asks for the head of John the Baptist in a charger. The somewhat enlightened conscience of Herod reluctantly yields, and an officer is sent to butcher the forerunner of our Lord. Jesus, the Bridegroom, hearing of the cruel death of his friend, took ship to go into a desert place apart. The multitude goes after him. At evening, instead of sending them away famishing, as the disciples desired, the sympathizing Lord miraculously multiplied the five loaves and two fishes into a feast for them. Five thousand men, beside women and children, were fed and filled; and fragments remained to twelve baskets' full. Having sent them away satisfied, "Jesus went up into a mountain apart to *pray*; and when the evening was come he was there alone." Here then he prays; and had he not been preaching? As fathers, and mothers, and happy children all sat upon the grass with up-turned faces, and the disciples their servitors, can we suppose that Jesus had not a word for them? Would he let such an opportunity slip without speaking to them of the bread of life? No, this is unlike him. He cared more for the body than for raiment; more for the soul than for the body. Surely on this occasion he preached to the feeding thousands the Gospel, and afterwards retired to *pray*, that he might say of this day's work, "It is finished." In John vii. we

find him at Jerusalem, *preaching* in the Temple. Here he pleaded with men for God by day, and at night he retired to the Mount of Olives to plead with God for men (chap. viii. 1). This was his habit. Luke could not keep a secret which was in favour of his Lord, and, therefore, he whispers this with many others which we are glad to know: "And he came out, and went, *as he was wont*, to the Mount of Olives" (chap. xxii. 39). We may learn much from this phrase, "*as he was wont*." What wrestling! What constant pleading here at Olivet! This was the Saviour's oratory. Doubtless he had often moistened the ground with his tears, whilst his locks were wet with the dew of the night. On one occasion Luke tells us that "he continued *all night in prayer* to God" (Luke vi. 12); and on the following day we find him delivering a most thrilling and practical discourse. The officers of the Sanhedrim justly said of his preaching—"Never man spake like this man;" and had they heard him, they would have said the same of his prayers. In this, dear Lord,

"Be thou our pattern, make us bear
More of thy gracious image here."*

If we have his spirit our desire to pray will always be coincident with our desire to preach. "Lord teach us to *pray*." We see preaching blending with prayer, prayer blending with preaching, in the whole public life of our Lord. In the waters of baptism he preached the believer's duty: "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." In that solemn, consecrating act he also showed a spirit of entire dependence upon his Father, for says Luke again, "Jesus also being baptized, and *praying*, the heaven was opened." In the end of his life we see preaching connected with prayer. Even upon the cross, with his lips pale in the agony of death, he *prayed* for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And before he commended his spirit to God and bowed his head in death, in that loud, veil-rending cry, "*It is finished*," he *preached* an accomplished atonement for sin. Nor was this bond, which unites preaching and prayer, snapped in his death. We think

we discover it in the house with his disciples at Emmaus; certainly he had preached an expository sermon to them on the road. After the confirmatory and valedictory discourse at Jerusalem we think we can see it in the Saviour's uplifted hands at Bethany. Here, while we gaze, and his benediction falls upon us, we lose sight of our Prophet and Priest. Still in heaven he ever lives to make intercession for us, having here left a bright example, that we should follow in his steps.

The apostles remembered this connection between preaching and prayer. After united prayer, Peter proposes two candidates for the ministry and apostleship. Matthias is chosen. After Pentecost, they were steadfast in this doctrine. "We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word." Here is the holy alliance between preaching and praying. Ephesus cost Paul much preaching labour. Upon this field he toiled three years, watering it night and day with his tears. On his last missionary tour, he sends for the elders of the Church there to meet him at the sea-port Miletus. They come, and the faithful apostle reminds them of past labours, warnings, and preachings; but ere he takes the last long farewell of his brethren beloved, what does he do? He kneels upon the shore and prays with them all. He will end all with them by prayer. To them he must cease to preach, but for them he will not cease to pray. Five years afterwards we find him a prisoner in bonds at Rome, praying for them thus:—"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," &c. (Eph. iii.)

Do we recognize this connection between preaching and praying as witnessed in the conduct of our Lord and his apostles? If we do, then let us who believe on him through their word remember it. It is obvious that the minister must remember it in order to

finish his work. It is equally true that all who are engaged in the service of Jesus must not forget it. The Sunday-school teacher must remember it; the street preacher must; the city missionary must; the sick visitor must. The parent, in teaching the child, must; the child, in speaking to the ungodly parent, must remember that the ministry of the Word is connected with prayer. Luther prayed first over his work, and then he reckoned it more than half done. Does not this show us the mutual relation between the pew and the pulpit? We will not disown what is sometimes called the "one-man ministry." Those who of God are called to labour in word and doctrine are especially worthy of double honour. This we can give without dignifying the pulpit into the place for "priests" and degrading the pew into the place for "people." We recognize the common priesthood of all believers, and Jesus Christ alone as the High Priest. Believers in the pulpit are priests, believers in the pews are priests. We are a "royal priesthood," and therefore we say to those in the pew, you must put your shoulders to the ark of testimony. Some Christians object that they cannot preach. We reply that, being priests, if you cannot preach you can pray. We are all one. Our work is all one, and a great part of it is prayer. While there is a woe upon us in the pulpit, if we preach not the Gospel, there is also a woe upon you in the pew if you pray not for its success. Preaching and praying is one work; in this every believer must take his part. Remember this, union and our numbers at the united prayer-meetings will be increased and our zeal inflamed; or, if the public prayer should be denied us, it will make our private prayers more comprehensive, spiritual, and earnest. If Joshua be to discomfit, Amalek, Moses, and Aaron, and Hur must go to the top of the hill. In this warfare every Christian must take his part. Jesus Christ demands it, the Church needs it, and love will perform it. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall do this.

Sevenoaks.

SANCTIFICATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN DOUGLAS.

"Perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—
2 Cor. vi. 1.

NONE of the attributes of Deity so overwhelms the sons of Adam with awe as the infinite perfection of his holiness. Every moral being as it emanated from his hand was holy. The effect must, in some degree, participate in the qualities of its cause. But the superiority of the attribute of holiness possessed by God as infinitely transcends that possessed by the most exalted of his creatures as his nature exceeds theirs. By contrast, the very heavens are not clean in his sight.

It is, however, in the cross of Christ that the infinite purity of his holiness shines forth with such dazzling effulgency. When the Lord Jesus took our place, and was "made sin for us, who knew no sin," his Father hid his face from him. Till he had made an end of sin, and rolled away the curse from off his shoulders, and became as innocent in the eye of the law as he was in his own person, no ray of approbation penetrated the thick cloud of abandonment which enveloped his soul when he cried out—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is not a surer proof of the realities of hell than the cross; not one greater evidence of future vengeance than the very means provided for averting it. To the Christian this unparalleled exhibition of Divine love, and justice, and holiness, is the highest evidence of the moral necessity of an Infinite atonement; it becomes the mightiest dissuasive against the commission of all sin.

The soul united to Christ by living faith grows in conformity to the Divine image. "He perfects holiness in the fear of God." His incessant desire is to grow in grace. His efforts are not spasmodic, but the spontaneous effusions of the heaven-born principle communicated in regeneration. But, alas! how often do the Lord's children forget that they are in the enemy's country, and are closely watched by the world's malignant eye! The ebullitions of un-sanctified tempers frequently mar their usefulness, and bedim the Divine image

in their souls. The burning words of anger hastily escape their lips, with the impetuosity of the eruptions of a volcano, searing and blasting the harmony of homes and churches. The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. The old man, with his deeds, must be crucified; and none really united to Christ will passively remain enslaved by unbridled words and unholy tempers. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

We occasionally meet with gloomy Christians. They are dissatisfied with themselves and with all with whom they come in contact. They are constantly looking at the dark side of men and things. They are chiefly occupied in discovering insuperable difficulties to the execution of every good scheme emanating from their brethren. Such Christians are a brake on the wheels of the Gospel chariot—an incubus paralyzing the energies of the Church. To rectify this unhappy temperament, look at the bright side of things. Let the eye of faith gaze upon the perfections of the Lord Jesus. Our minds are influenced by the objects which we most frequently contemplate. The artist's soul becomes fired with the excellencies of his profession from his habitually scanning the works of the great masters of antiquity. A bar of soft iron placed in proximity with a magnet, will not only be drawn towards it, but itself will be so magnetized as to attract other masses of the same metal. We imperceptibly become assimilated to that with which we are most associated. This principle may be verified throughout the amplitudes of nature. And the Scriptures recognize its presence in the moral and spiritual world—"Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image."

Acerbity of temper and pride of heart must be mortified. Every Christian should guard against obtruding his superiority of rank or intelligence upon his brethren. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." The most humble in the kingdom of Christ is the greatest. Jesus washed the feet of his disciples to inculcate this grace.

To be like him in all things is to have scaled the heights of perfection.

There is another class of professors found in all our churches that is a source of much sorrow. They may be designated the lukewarm. The lineaments of Christian character are so indistinct, it is difficult to say whether they belong to the Church or the world. They have no hearty desire to contribute to the support of the Gospel at home or abroad; no holy zeal excites to noble deeds of self-sacrifice to extend the kingdom of Emmanuel—to proclaim to every land the tenderest of all relations sustained by the universal Father to his moral

offspring—A REDEEMING GOD. These professors, like the zoophites bridging the chasm between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, form the link of connection between the Church and the world. This state is most unhealthy and unsafe. "Because thou art lukewarm," says Jesus, "and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Where the life of holiness is, there must be progress. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Portadown, Ireland.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

WELLS IN THE WILDERNESS.

WE are not all taken by the shortest route to heaven. We have our forty years in the wilderness before we can gain the fair resting-places of the promised land. We must take our pilgrim's staff, and gird on the armour, and prepare for weary marches, and stormy hills, and barren plains ere we can stand with the conqueror's crown beside the sea of glass.

True the journey is shortened for some of us. But then, life may not always be measured by time. In some cases it is possible to *live as much* by work, by enjoyment, or by suffering in one year, as in two ordinary years. It is not necessary to remain in the world "four score years and ten." Many a heart is overweary that has not yet beaten fifty summers.

True is it, also, that the world through which we pass is full of beauty, and has in it much of joy. There are flowers along the sunny path, and singing birds in the trees above, and blue skies, and laughing landscapes. But there are also faded flowers, and dead leaves, and cutting stones. Long nights are there, only broken by the flash of the storm-lightning. Dark dreary days are there, in which the sun is hidden, and the rain and wind wail sadly around us.

So that in the lives of us all there are times when we are fain to call even this beautiful world a wilderness; a wilderness too far from our Father's promised land; a wilderness dry, and barren, and monotonous; a wilderness in which we are hungry, and thirsty, and weary, and almost ready to lie down and die.

But there are wells in the wilderness; wells of comfort, of supply, of life-renewing strength; wells around which the flowers smile, and the birds sing, and the air is full of fragrance; wells beside which we raise the pilgrim's song, and from which we start on our journey with light hearts and buoyant feet.

"Heaven is so far away, and my life has long ago lost its brightness." So sighed the aged Christian in her loneliness. The summer had passed away, the winter wind moaned in the bare branches of the trees around her dwelling. No one sat beside her. Her seat by the fire was indeed a solitary one. She had had friends. Years ago life was sunny enough, but now they had left her one by one. Some had reached the haven toward which her tired feet were yet tottering. Some were away in foreign lands, making their friends of the strangers there. Some, and these were

the most, had other and dearer ties around their hearts, were engrossed by the concerns of their own families, and had no time to look after the lonely woman. And as she remembers this, she sighs that she has no children to whom to look for sympathy, no one in the wide world bound to her by domestic ties and the love of relationship. "But surely thou hast not forsaken me, O God?" and the tears fall from the dim eyes upon the thin fingers so tightly clasped together. But hark! There is a tap at the door, and a visitor for her even on this stormy night. She does not recognize the person who eagerly clasps her hand; she has no recollection of the face which quivers with emotion before her. "No; but do you remember, ten years ago, befriending a thoughtless girl with your advice? Do you remember speaking faithfully to one who was flattered by all beside? Dear friend, I have come to thank you. God blessed your words to me, and the whole current of my life was changed. I have loved you ever since. In another land I have ever held your image in my heart. I have not many friends now; I have all the more love for the few who are left."

But she can not proceed for her tears; and the old lady has taken her in her arms, and for this evening at least she is made gratefully happy by the same overflowing love of a young heart. Outside the storm rages on, but she heeds it not. Her room is lighted with joy. Had God forsaken her in the wilderness?

Toiling, struggling, hoping, and despairing pass the days of another Christian life. He is the father of a family, whom he desires to bring up respectably and successfully. He rises with the sun; he only retires to rest when his frame is too weary to sustain any more exertion. He is judicious, and careful, and temperate in the extreme. He spares no pains, he loses no time. With laborious thought he plans, with unflagging industry he executes. And yet he is not prosperous. Everything seems against him. When he has toiled a whole week, one hour's misfortune sweeps the whole profit away. So at length he has grown weary of it all. Sick at heart, and fainting because of the roughness of the way, he sits down and gives up all for lost. He is in

great difficulty; he has looked all round with eyes made keen by anxiety, but can discover no open door through which hope and help may come. He has prayed before daily, hourly, earnestly prayed. Yet now in this extremity—with the wilderness looking its blackest all around him—he cries once more to the God above him. He saw not the well only a few steps ahead. But there it is. A letter is handed to him; he breaks the seal and reads an offer which make the path all smooth for him, which will bring the very blessings to his children for which he had heretofore toiled so unsuccessfully.

The sounds of children at their evening play are borne into the silent room of a sufferer yet in her youthful days. They bring an inexpressible sadness to her heart. Her eyes overflow with tears. She cannot help it. The contrast between her state and theirs is too great. Life is so bright, so full of joy to them; so dark, so full of grief to her. A short time since, when the doctor was with her, she was possessed, as we all are at times, with a sudden desire to know the worst, and he had told her kindly, but so sadly, that she knew it to be true that she could nevarmore be strong and well as before, that she might never leave her couch until the Master called her away to the land where there is "no more death." And, lying there in the deepening darkness, her heart is sorely rebellious. Life is sweet, and she loves it. She had looked forward to a sunny future of love and joy and usefulness. Now a thick cloud overshadows her, and the light is altogether gone. She lives over in anticipation all the increasing intensity of pain which she knows the disease will bring, all the weakness which will overcome her gradually day by day, all the agonies of the death which may be long in coming, but is so awfully certain to be even now on its way. And she groans in spirit and is troubled with a sorrow she has never known before. Suddenly a voice seems to enter her spirit—"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When

thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Ah! that indeed is a well in the wilderness. She has read those words before, but never in her life has she known such peace, such unutterable gladness as that which fills her spirit now. She knows for the first time how kind, how tender the all-pitying can be to the sick one whom he loves. The everlasting arms are about her, the smile of Jesus is visible to her. She fears nothing now—nothing. She is content to leave it all. The silence of the sick-room is broken by her glad song—

"I would not change my blest estate
For all that earth calls good or great,
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold."

A minister is preaching to his congregation. It is a dull, wet evening, and only about two-thirds of the seats are filled. There is a heavy, drowsy air in the place—the people will not be stirred. His spirit is unusually earnest, his voice is tremulous, his eyes full of fire, as he looks upon the dying men before him, so utterly unconscious of their state. He prays them to listen, he warns them in the most solemn words he can find, he tells them that on their own heads must be the consequences of such awful infatuation. And yet in the very midst of his hearers he sees one asleep, another carelessly turning over the leaves of the tune-book,

two others thoughtlessly whispering together. It is always so he thinks—Sabbath after Sabbath he labours, and months pass, and no new inquirers come. It is several months since last they had additions to the church, and he cannot see one who appears likely to offer himself. He closes his Bible with a sigh. "How long, O Lord, how long?" His heart is full of grief, his spirit is bowed down within him. He can scarcely reply to his deacon's usual salutations. "You have given us a very earnest sermon to-night, sir," begins one. But he interrupts him. "O, brother, do not talk thus! What is the good? The heart of the people is as stone." Outside the vestry door, timidly peeping in, desiring yet fearing to enter, is a man whose heart has been touched that night. He cannot leave; he must speak to the minister, but the sight of so many in that little room half frightens him. Never mind; he knows where he lives; he will go home and wait for him. With a heavy step he enters his house, but is met in the very hall by the man's inquiring, "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" O! after all, his labour has not been in vain. Here, at his very feet, God has opened a well in the wilderness.

Dear friends, shall we not press along more cheerily now? True, the way is long and rough, but there shall be fountains of joy in the most barren places. And, come what may, God will never forsake us. In the night, as in the day, his smile will be upon us, his right hand shall uphold us.

THE REFLECTED LIGHT.

BY J. S. B.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN one anticipated great trial is passed with more ease than supposed, how readily we imagine that the worst is passed, until time teaches that the continual recurrence of little trials brings more pain than the greater one. Emily fancied to be one in the great Captain's ranks was to be in safety, that outside enemies would be few. Alas! she was soon to be undeceived, and to learn that against the strongest are the darts first let fly; although permitted not to harm, only to make hardy.

The Sabbath morning following the

baptism, when dressing for chapel, William called from below, "Emmie, you need not wait for me, for I am off elsewhere. I could never stand being pointed out as the unregenerate husband, or sit to see you admired by other eyes, as the dear young wife who had heroically performed her sacred duties, so good bye;" and an instant after the door closed behind him, leaving Emily with her face buried in her hands. Presently the young wife sobbed out, "William, how changed you are! Yet no, it is not you, it is myself; then why complain? I cannot; O, I cannot go

to chapel now, this overwhelming grief must be indulged." So she gave up herself afresh to sobs. But the accents of the still small voice is to be heard above the noisy violence of the storm, asking whether it is good to despise anchor and rudder in a time of danger; whether it is wise to battle alone with the waves of sorrow when Jesus will help us through; whether it is right to nurse grief that our Father wishes given to him? "No, no!" energetically responds the weeper, as she quietly lays down her throbbing head and burning face, looking up as a beloved child to parent, mutely telling out its woe and demanding help. Was it denied? Observe Emily's face of full enjoyment in the house of God; hear her cheerful converse over the dinner table; how gracefully the husband is drawn out, made to forget his embarrassment and the great wall he had been building higher between them, and then say was not all requisite aid granted.

The evening came, and again Emily attended chapel alone. The trial was keen, it touched the most tender point; but the resource was ever sending forth supplies of balm and strength. Had she not known that cares and anxieties would arise even in her own cot, and had she not determined to be brave then, with Jesus for Friend, should gloomy mists rest on brow and life, argued reason. Surely not, lest the glory, the beauty, the love of Christianity be dimmed in the sight of her husband, or its alluring power lessened.

Therefore, day after day was William met with a happy face, and his comfort more studiously considered, without the usual expectation of praise, for was not all now done as unto the Lord?

Emily missed communion with him of Jesus, and longed accordingly more intensely for the communion of assembled Christians during the week. Was it right to slight William for this? A thought comes. One evening during the week he gives to quiet, lone study; would he not let this be the night of the weekly service? William was evidently pleased; this came not as a demand, or undertaken without reference to him, and so he willingly yielded.

Once there was to be a tea-meeting, where Emily specially wished to be

present. The morning previous William spoke of that very evening being spent in visiting an old friend, staying at a walking distance from their home. Emily hesitated; duty, however, bid her acquiesce, urging that she ought to be more capable of self-denial than her husband. When returning, feeling more than repaid for the sacrifice, one of the members met them, and asked Emily why she missed so pleasant a gathering of friends. The reason was given cheerfully, with no allusion to self-denial. This was all unremarked, but not unnoticed, by or without effect upon William.

Month after month chased its fellow in rapid succession, increasing rather than diminishing the wife's trials; for with growing strength and deeper love came more earnest desires for the husband's conversion. The whole day, and even dreams at night, found her whispering, hoarsely, "O, Father, make him thine, make him thine; let not our child be swayed to and fro in early youth by the want of unity in his parents. O, make him thine!" Frequently Emily was vexed with herself, because this "make him thine" told more of rebellious determination than resigned will to God; yet ever and anon rose the cry, "O, Father, make him thine!" Emily chided and despaired in secret, attributing all this want of submission to spiritual infirmities—forgetting that in this world bodily weakness sometimes clogs our spiritual life, charging it with inactivity. Severe illness followed. How tenderly the strong man watched! how instantly, at sight of the prostrated form, love threw aside its cloak of resentment, and sarcasm lost its edge in soothing words and agonies of lone remorse! Now the doctor gravely withdraws all hope of life. Emily learns this; she clings to her husband, crying, "I cannot, cannot leave you." Then as suddenly, clasping her hands, she prays audibly for strength. William cannot bear it; he flees the room; he too must pray, for he will meet her the other side of death. He believes there is a God; he breathes out the agony of his spirit, resists no longer with pride the strivings of the Spirit. More calm he enters the room; exhausted, Emily lies back on the pillow, showing a

face radiant in every line with joy. He gazes in astonishment. As he bends to kiss her forehead, she softly gives the key-note of her joy, "My Father's will be done; he is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Again William flees the room, and for unheeded hours he wrestles with his God, while she tosses in uneasy slumber and unquiet rest. Late in the evening he finds her too weak for speech or converse, but, resting her eyes on him, she sees his face as she never saw it before, and knows intuitively her prayers are answered, ere he whispers, "My Emmie, yes, Jesus is precious to me." Surely this thrill of joy will snap the delicate fibre binding soul to body. Did he know all the agony of joy it brought? Hardly. She closed her eyes, for the struggle could thus be better endured. O Father, was I prepared to give my life for his? Is this the answer to my prayer? Can gratitude be given now sweet fellowship on earth is denied? were questions that chased each other rapidly through her brain, waiting no response, while rousing in their passage battles innumerable. Long was the struggle, waking and sleeping, before Emily could say with thankfulness, "Thy will be done, my Father, thy will is best."

It came at length, and with it painful reaction of physical powers, hurrying on the dreaded crisis. It comes. 'Tis prayer. Not "say my prayer" with William now, as he pleads, if not for her, for his sake let Emily live. The prayer is heard, is answered; she sleeps—is better; strength grows with days, until she can hear her husband speak sweet messages from God, and later hear him tell all the Saviour had bestowed upon him.

For the last time will we listen to the husband and wife, as they sit conversing in the twilight.

"O, Emmie, in a double sense my own beloved wife, you are strong enough to-day to let me tell out all my gratitude for your goodness, yet how shall I thank you? By what means explain the influence of your lovely example, how it led me on against my own feelings to long for the possession of that

joy ever at your command; yes, ever at command, for when our babe was in danger did I not watch to discover the power or weakness of your religion? Did it not enable you to bear pain and suffering patiently, yea, to quell a natural impetuous spirit when purposely I provoked, sometimes to test the truth of your belief, but more often in irritation, because you enjoyed something out of me? (For we men folk, so ready to boast of power, look for and lean upon your love.) Your happy face on Sabbath-days was a silent rebuke and cause of envy, yet a gloomy one would have driven me from my home, and given me room to talk of Pharisees with long faces. I wished you would lecture as some wives do; however, if you had I should have slighted you, and hated that which made you enforce your superiority. You would not argue with or throw texts of Scripture at me; but each deed was a text, and your love and looks a sermon on it. What can I say? Simply that in looking back from my present point of view, I know that your life was in Christ, and therefore you could not fail to live in Christ."

"William, dear, say no more; so much I have heard for your contentment. To him, *our* Father, be all the praise and glory. Has not my Father rewarded me for what he himself aided me in accomplishing? and hast thou not been the means of restoring my body to health, thus enabling me to walk in sweet fellowship with thee here below as a foretaste of the hereafter? To his name be all the glory. Let us render together praise to him by your mouth for all his goodness."

As we leave Emily and William in the enjoyment of sweet communion, shall we not turn away determined in God's strength to make a bold stand for Jesus, to live for Jesus, to pray earnestly for dear ones, and to look for the answers to our prayers if we would shed rays of reflected light across the path of others to the glory of God?

Brighton.

Reviews.

Hymns of the Cross: selected and arranged with Introductory Meditations. By Mr. and Mrs. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

A VERY gem of a book; most tastefully got up, in square form, and strongly bound in cloth, and adapted for the chamber of the invalid, the closet of the devout, or the library table of the Christian family. The grandest of all themes, the cross, exhibited in the choicest hymns, with rich evangelical meditations. Surely this is enough to secure for this work an extended circulation.

The Church of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. By A. STUDENT. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THE writer of this pamphlet of 95 pages is dead-set against the literal school of prophecy, who contend for the gathering again of the Jews to the city and land of their fathers as a distinct Church of the Saviour. He contends there is no distinction between Jew and Gentile in the kingdom of Christ, and that all such interpretations interfere with the oneness of the Church. The author has well stored his quiver for the Word of God, and writes with much Scriptural intelligence and in a spirit of candour that all controversialists might imitate with advantage. We hope the book will be as largely read as it deserves to be.

A Concise View of the Principal Points of Difference between Hyper-Calvinists, Moderates, and Arminians. By the Rev. T. D. REYNOLDS, Earl's Colne, Essex. London: Elliot Stock.

WE have abridged the title of this pamphlet, as the original one fills an octavo page. Mr. Reynolds presents the differences existing in these three theological parties, as set forth in the standard works of the authors who have written on these subjects. As persons confound and misrepresent such opinions, the present twenty-four page pamphlet may be referred to with great advantage.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament. By E. H. CONDEN, M.A. No. V. London: Elliot Stock

WE have given a very hearty recommendation of this commentary in a previous number of the MESSENGER, and this Part V. fully justifies the good opinion then formed. We should be glad to get the intervening parts, so that we may do justice to a work of which we think so highly.

Occasional Pamphlets. Nos. 1 to 4. London: H. J. Treasider.

THESE penny pamphlets deserve to be widely known. The titles are sufficient to sell them. "The Ravages of a Carpet-bag," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; "Titcomb's Letter on Mr. and Mrs. Jones' System of Family Government;" "Thoughts on Slavery," by Henry Ward Beecher." Then comes, price Threepence,

No. 4, "The Reception of Scripture the Test of True Principles," &c. Here the province of reason and faith are well defined and illustrated. We hope our notice of these excellent pamphlets may tend to bring them under the attention of our readers, of which they are so well worthy.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald. January to August. London: H. J. Treasider.

THESE large pictorial Missionary Heralds, published at one halfpenny, and full of interesting facts on the progress of the Gospel in heathen lands, will surely get into general circulation.

The Living Word. A Short Argument for the Inspiration of the Bible. A Sermon. By J. H. MILLARD, B.A., Huntingdon. London: J. Heaton and Son.

WE are not surprised that this excellent and seasonable sermon, preached before the Huntingdonshire Association of Christian Churches, should be published at their earnest request. Mr. Millard has exhibited great skill in his treatment of his theme, and has presented in a clear, concise, and forcible manner, arguments and illustrations valuable at all seasons, but especially in these times when the very foundations of our faith are so boldly assailed. We would suggest that in the tract form the circulation would be increased a hundred-fold.

Biblical Tracts for Every Day in the Year. By ROBERT YOUNG, Author of the "New Translation of the Holy Bible." Part I.—January. Edinburgh: George A. Young and Co.

WE like the idea of these tracts amazingly. The subjects and the illustrations from Scripture render them of great value to thoughtful Bible students. Of course we do not warrant the soundness of all the interpretations given, but we do say that they strike out a new field for tracts of a high order, and are worthy of a grateful reception by the whole Christian Church. Surely they should bear the name of a London publisher!

To Ministers of the Gospel. Edinburgh: Fairgrieve, 72, Rose-street.

FOUR pages of deadly attack on intoxicating drinks, and the sin of destroying wholesome food to produce them.

The Praises of the Sanctuary. The Circular Letter of the Glamorganshire Association.

THE exhilarating service of holy song is here presented in a comprehensive form, and is ably illustrated and enforced. It deserves to be read by all our churches. We see it is printed by D. J. Thomas, 19, Cardiff-street, Aberdar. Of course it contains both the business matter and statistics of the associated churches.

Great Truths in Little Words: a Sermon in Words of One Syllable only. By Rev. W. READING. Delivered in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kingston. "Gazette" Office, Kingston.

A VERY excellent sermon, and well adapted to instruct and impress, and what is important, easy of comprehension by everybody.

Springings of Thought while Thinking of Spring. A Poem. By T. HARLEY, Aylsham. Aylsham: Clements and Son.

A BOLD undertaking, a poem on spring! However, it contains good thoughts, and often well expressed.

Thirty-ninth Report of the Baptist Building Fund. London: J. Haddon, 3, Bonverie-street.

A DOCUMENT of real value for reference. So also the *Twenty-third Annual Report of the Baptist Tract Society.*

The Female Preacher; or, the Lost Ministry. London: A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate-street.

THAT there is a ministry or service for godly women who can doubt? The Scriptures are definitely and largely decisive on the subject. What that ministry may involve, and how it should be sustained, are points on which there may be a difference of opinion. At any rate, we wish this tract a wide circulation and careful reading.

We add to former and renewed recommendations our approbation of *Old Jonathan*. May he long live and prosper. We think no work of the kind can exceed in real value.—*The Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet* as conducted by S. Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: 20, Warwick-lane. So also good as ever is the *Ragged-school Magazine* and the *Baptist Magazine* for August.

Poetry.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Mark x. 15.

Except as little children,
According to the Word,
We may not hope to enter
The kingdom of the Lord.
They who by grace are quickened,
And on the Lord believe,
Come, child-like, to his footstool,
All blessings to receive.
They come as little children,
To be washed from every stain
In the precious blood of Jesus
That none have sought in vain.
They come that he may clothe them
In righteousness Divine—
A garment that for ever
Shall bright and spotless shine.
When they unto the stature
Of men in Christ are grown,
Still is the child-like nature
By true believers shown.
And all who through the Spirit
Can "Abba, Father," cry
Are heirs of Jesus' kingdom,
And they shall reign on high.
They come as little children
To Jesus to be fed
With Gospel milk and honey—
With true and living bread.
They come that his good Spirit
May teach them every day;
Into all truth he leads them,
And helps them to obey.
They come as little children
That by their Father's hand
They may be safely guided
Unto the better land;

Though sometimes, when 'tis needed,
They feel the chastening rod,
They know their Father holds it—
Their wise and loving God.

Wallingborough.

THEODORA.

AN AUTUMNAL LAY.

Wail, wail, O autumn wind!
Scatter the dead leaves thickly o'er the land,
Thou issuest from a Father's powerful hand,
And He is ever kind.

Fade, fade, O summer flowers!
Lie in your drooping beauty on the earth;
He bids ye wither who first gave ye birth—
Fading buds are ours.

Float, float, O bursting cloud!
And drop thy waters on the soddened ground
The Father's loving kindnesses abound,
We sing his praise aloud.

Come, come, O wintry night!
Thou canst not harm us with thy heaviest fall;
For he who cares for us is over all,
His ways are ever right.

Sing, sing, O let us sing!
The harvest gathered and the fruit all stored;
Well may the Giver's name be still adored,
Who blesseth everything.

Pray, pray, O ever pray!
We know not what the winter's gifts may be;
So let us lift the heart and bend the knee
On every autumn day.

MARIANNE FAENINGHAM.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—Mr. J. Cecil Whitaker, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church to become their pastor, and enters upon his labours there in November.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

WOOLWICK.—On Tuesday, August 16, a public tea-meeting was held in the schoolrooms of the Baptist chapel, Queen-street, to celebrate the third anniversary of the Rev. J. Teale. During the evening a purse containing nearly £17, the proceeds of the meeting, was presented to Mr. Teale, as a small token of gratitude (all the expenses of the tea having been defrayed by different friends). Mr. Teale responded in the spirit of grateful affection, expressing his deep solicitude for the eternal welfare of the people amongst whom he lived and laboured.

CHELTEMHAM, CAMBRAY CHAPEL.—An interesting meeting was held on Friday, September 2, in connection with the departure of one of the members, Mr. William Cuff, who has become a student of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle. A special prayer meeting, which was well attended, commenced at seven o'clock. The Rev. J. E. Cracknell, pastor of the church, presided, and gave an affectionate address, founding his remarks upon Deuteronomy xxxi. 6. Mr. Cuff having been for some time connected with the Sunday-school, they were anxious to give him some proof of their affection and esteem. At the close of the address, Mr. Cracknell presented him, in the name of the teachers and friends, with a neatly bound copy of Bunyan's works. Mr. Cuff thanked the friends for their kindness in a suitable address, and was followed by Mr. David Mace, who was formerly connected with the church and school, but now studying at the Pastor's College. After singing and prayer the meeting closed.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

HOLYWELL-GREEN, NEAR HALIFAX.—On Monday, Sept. 5, a church was formed in this place at 2 p.m. The Rev. D. Crompton described the nature of a Christian church, Rev. H. Watts delivered an address on the deacon's office, the Rev. T. Michael read the declaration of faith and practice, and formed the church. The Lord's-supper was administered by the Rev. J. Hirst, assisted by other ministers and friends. At 6 p.m. a public meeting was held; the Rev. D. Crompton presided. The Rev. J. Hirst offered prayer, and very encouraging addresses were given by the Rev. J. Hirst, the Rev. T. Michael, the Rev. H. Watts, the chairman, and Mr. Jonathan Long-

bottom, one of the brethren chosen to office in the new church. The spirit of love pervaded the entire proceedings, and the services were solemn and profitable.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SOHO, OXFORD-STREET.—Mr. John Webster, of Stepney, is to supply on Lord's-day, October the 9th.

ZOAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, GRAVESEND.—Mr. Webster, of Stepney, exchanges with our esteemed pastor on Lord's-day evening, October 9th.

STEPNEY.—The anniversary of the church in Cave Adullham Baptist Chapel, Old-road, Stepney, will be held on Lord's-day, October 30th, when (D.V.) three sermons will be preached—morning, by the pastor; afternoon, by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; and in the evening, by Mr. Thomas Wall, of Gravesend. Services at 11, 3, and half-past 6 o'clock; and on the Tuesday a tea-meeting, at 5, after which Mr. John Bloomfield will preach—service to commence at 7 o'clock. Collections in aid of expenses and repairs.

BEXLEY-BEATH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—A harvest meeting will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, October 6th. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Leach, of Plumstead Tabernacle, will preach. A public meeting in the evening, at 6. Mr. Wall, of Gravesend, and several other ministers will address the meeting. Tea provided. The produce to be given to the widow of our dear brother Pells, lately gone to his rest.

SOHO CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, OXFORD-STREET.—The twenty-fifth annual meeting will (D.V.) be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 4. Tea provided at 5. Public meeting at half-past six. Mr. Wyard to preside. After the report reading, and addresses upon the following interesting subjects will be delivered:—The Sunday-school Teacher in the School, in Business, and at Home. Messrs. Alderson, Attwood, Higham, Milner, Meeres, and other ministers are expected.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are requested to state that the Rev. John Bloomfield's address is 41, Patchull-road, Kentish-town.

LLANFANGEL, CRUCORNY.—On Monday, Sep. 4, harvest services were held here. A sermon from Psalm cvi., verse 1, was preached by Mr. J. S. Morris, from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

PORITADOWN, IRELAND.—This infant church is under the auspices of the Baptist Irish Society. The Rev. John Douglas, one of the agents of the

society, was called by the church at Portadown twelve months ago. Since then pastor and people have wrought harmoniously, and the Lord appears to be visiting in mercy his heritage. During the year seven have been added to the fellowship of the church, and others are candidates for admission. The congregation has more than doubled since Mr. Douglas's pastorate. The church has raised above £40 towards the seating, lighting, and other necessary alterations for the chapel. The Sabbath-school opened in February last with eight scholars, and now numbers 150; 100 are in daily attendance. These poor children are rescued from the lowest haunts. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 6, the members of the church, and other Christian friends, hospitably provided tea and cakes for those who were most regular in attendance and best conducted, and 108 of the children were thus generously entertained. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, and the following gentlemen, who have been zealous and indefatigable teachers since the formation of the school—Messrs. S. Wilson, J. H. Mulligan, R. Sweeney, and Joshua Sutton.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—The second annual meeting of this fund was held at Llangollen, August 18th. J. Evans, Esq., Brecon, occupied the chair. The report expresses deep gratitude to God for the prosperity vouchsafed to the operations of the society. The amount promised by the churches to the period of the last annual meeting had been greatly augmented, and now stood at £12,400. The treasurer also reported that nearly £3,000 had come to his hands, from which the committee had voted loans to twenty-nine churches to the amount of nearly £2,000. Forty-nine churches had applied for assistance, and they required the sum of £3,040, which shows how inadequate as yet are the means at the command of the committee. The printing of the report was deferred until the 29th Sept. in order that the payments of the churches to that date may be inserted. The trustees and all the officers of the society were cordially re-elected. A public meeting was held in the evening at the Welsh Chapel, Dr. Price presiding. The Revs. A. J. Parry, J. Rowlands, R. Williams, Mr. H. Jenkins, and Revs. J. B. Morgan, T. Evans (Delhi), Dr. Richard, &c., addressed the audience.

JAGGER-GREEN.—On August 3, a tea-meeting was held in the schoolroom at Jagger-green, near Stainland, which has been erected by the friends at Salendine Nook. The object of the meeting being to raise something towards the debt on the place, the ladies of the congregation at Salendine Nook kindly furnished the tables gratuitously, and the Misses Haigh, of Quarumby, and Halls, of Ballroyd, voluntarily exerted themselves, and, by personal application, obtained from friends the sum of £27 10s. 6d.,

which, with the proceeds of the tea, and contributions at the meeting, amounted to above £40, leaving a balance of about the same amount due. After tea a meeting was held, Rev. D. Crampton, the pastor, presiding. Addresses were given by several Christian brethren.

BAPTISMS.

- BATH**, Widecombe Chapel, July 3, in the River Avon—Six, by Mr. J. Huntly.
- BOSTON**, Salem Chapel, Sept. 25—Two, by Mr. J. K. Ohappell.
- BRABOURNE**, Kent, Sept. 1—Two, by Mr. Wright.
- BRIDGEND**, July 31—One, by Mr. Cole.
- CANTON**, Cardiff, Providence Chapel, January 30—four; June 5, three; April 24, one; August 28, one, by Mr. Bailey.
- CHELTEMHAM**, Cambray Chapel, Sept. 12—Seven, by Mr. J. E. Cracknell.
- COLWINTOKE**, Glamorganshire, Aug. 23—One, by Mr. W. Evans.
- CORSTOWN**, Glamorganshire, Sept. 4—Two, by Mr. W. Evans.
- DREBY**, September 18—Four, by Mr. J. Baxandall.
- DEVONPORT**, Hope Chapel, Aug. 25—Four, by Mr. T. Horton, after a sermon by Mr. Puseer. Two of the above were from the girls' senior class.
- ERWOOD**, Hephzibah, September 18—Two, by Rev. G. H. Llewellyn.
- EVANGELISTS' TABERNACLE**, Golden-lane, London, S.E., August 14—Seven, from the Gospel-hall, White Cross-street, E.C., by Mr. W. J. Orsman.
- EXETER**, Devon, Priory Baptist church, Aug. 31—Eight, by Mr. E. H. Tuckett.
- EYMOUTH**, Warwickshire, Sept. 2—One, by Mr. E. Stobe.
- GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, September 3—One; September 4, four; by Mr. T. W. Madhurst.
- HANHAM**, Gloucester, Sept. 11—Two, husband and wife, by Thomas Bowbeer. The address by H. A. Medway.
- HIGHGATE**, Southwood-lane Baptist chapel, Sept. 8—Five, by the pastor, Mr. J. H. Barnard.
- LONDON**, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Sept. 1—Eighteen; Sept. 8, Fifteen, by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.
- , James-street, St. Luke's, Aug. 30—Four, by Mr. Farley; Sept. 3, Eight, by Mr. Hooper, of Walthamstow.
- , Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road, June 29—Three, by Mr. G. D. Evans. [Omitted last month by mistake.—Ed.]
- , Little Wild-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, Aug. 7—Three, by Mr. Webb.
- LOWER EDMONTON**, July 23—Three, by Mr. D. Russel.
- LUMB ROSSENDALE**, Lancashire, April 23—Two, by Mr. W. E. Jackson, of Church; July 2, Five, by Mr. T. Bury, of Oswaldtwistle.
- MARKET DRAYTON**, Salop, Sep. 4th—Two, by Mr. T. Clark.
- NEWTON ABBOT**, Sep. 4—Two, by Mr. F. Pearce.
- PORTADOWN**, Ireland, Aug. 30—Five, by Mr. Taylor, for Mr. Douglas, four of whom were added to the church in Portadown on the following Sabbath. The father of one of those baptized died a Roman Catholic a fortnight before, and his brother is still a member of the same communion.

PRICKWILLow, near Ely, Cambs., Aug. 21—Three, by the pastor, Mr. S. Nash. The Lord is blessing the labours of our minister.

SANDEBURST, Kent, July 31—Three, by W. H. Burton, student of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

SHOULDHAM-STREET, Aug. 23—Three, by W. A. Blake.

SKENFRITH, Monmouthshire, July 31—Seven, by Mr. H. Rosser. One an aged sister upwards of 60 years.

SOUTHAMPTON, Carlton Rooms, September 5—Twelve, by Mr. J. Collins. Three of the number from other places, who had become convinced of the Scripturalness of baptism by immersion.

STAFFORD, Water-street Chapel, September 11—Two, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.

STEPNEY, Cave Adullam, August 31—Eight, by Mr. J. Webster. One of the above from College-street, Chelsea. Sixty-five have been added to this church during the present pastorate.

TRAXTED, Sept. 11—Four, by J. O. Fellows.

TREAH, Monmouthshire, Aug. 21—Six, by Mr. T. James. Of these two were from the Wesleyan Methodists, and one from the Independents.

WALTON, Suffolk, Sept. 4—Six, by Mr. G. Ward, one of the candidates from the Established Church.

DEATHS.

On August 29, at Quay-house, Cardigan, Miss Mary Davies, the beloved daughter of Henry Davies; one of the deacons of the Baptist chapel, aged 21. Her remains were interred on Sept. 2nd, when the Rev. K. Price, Cilhowyr, officiated at the house; after which the corpse was taken to the chapel, the Sunday scholars walking before, followed by hundreds of her friends from town and country, when the Rev. T. T. Jones, Bhenywaen, introduced the service, and Dr. Davies, Alerafon (who baptized her some five years ago) delivered a very able and impressive

discourse on the occasion from Luke xx. 38. The deceased was much loved. Her tender, loving, and sympathetic nature attracted the notice of all that knew her.

August 3rd, 1864, Mrs. Dinah Powell, of the parish of Llanigon, Breconshire, aged 50. She was for many years a faithful member of the Baptist church at Penyrheol. She enjoyed much of "that peace which passeth knowledge," and in her dying moments drank of the refreshing cup of God's smiles. Our dear sister had great delight in reading the Bible; in it she had her honey, her meat, and her drink. It was her guide in life, and her comfort in death. Her death was improved by her pastor Mr. Jones, on Sunday, August 29, from Heb. xi. 38, to a crowded audience, the sorrowful relatives being among the number.

On August 14, at Spring-gardens, Grantham, after nine months' illness, Jonathan Woolley, aged 55 years. At the formation of the Particular Baptist church in this town, five years ago, he was chosen to the office of deacon. For six months prior to his death his sufferings were severe; these intervals, however, were relieved by occasional visits from his Saviour, which enabled him still to endure with patience, and cling to the cross as his only hope. At seven o'clock on the Lord's day morning he sang nearly through his favourite hymn, commencing with—

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done."

At half-past eleven he said that his time was now come for the Lord to take him away. He talked joyously for a while, and then came the end. Waving his hand he said, "Good-bye; it is all right; the angels are round my bed waiting to wait me away; farewell, farewell;" and in a minute or two afterwards, without an apparent struggle, at ten minutes past twelve, his spirit left the body to be conveyed to the land of rest. His remains were interred in the cemetery on the Thursday following by the Rev. H. Watts, of Golcar.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from August 17th to September 19th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Bousfield	5	0	0	A Friend, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst ...	1	0	0
An Old Disciple	5	0	0	Rev. A. Sinclair, Wick	2	0	0
J. G.	0	2	0	M. A. H.	0	5	0
S. H.	0	10	0	Miss Isabella Whyte	5	0	0
A. Stewart	0	2	6	Mrs. Davis, Cromer	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite (Montego Bay)	50	0	0	Mr. Abercrombie	2	0	0
Mr. John Marsh	0	2	6	The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0
Mrs. Eliza Marsh	0	2	6	Profit of tea-meeting	30	0	0
Mr. John Sneller	0	2	6	Weekly Offering at Tabernacle, Aug. 22	100	2	6
E. B.	50	0	0	" ..	29	30	11
Mr. Neil	5	0	0	" .. Sept. 5	25	15	0
A Friend, per Mr. McDougal	1	0	0	" .. "	12	30	8
"Sandhurst"	1	0	0	" .. "	19	26	12
Mrs. Mead, Tring	2	0	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Crookham	2	0	0				
Friends at Crookham	1	0	0				
Mr. W. Cannon, Canterbury	5	0	0				
							4384 18 7

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.
CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

JOHN MARK; OR, HASTE IN RELIGION.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And they all forsook him, and fled. And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him: and he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked."—Mark xiv. 50-52.

THIS little episode in the narrative of the evangelist is very singular. One wonders why it is introduced; but a moment's reflection will, I think, suggest a plausible reason. It strikes me that this "certain young man" was none other than Mark himself. He was probably asleep; and, aroused by a great clamour, he asked what it was about. The information was speedily given—"The guards have come to arrest Jesus of Nazareth." Moved by sudden impulse, not thinking of what he was doing, he rises from his bed, rushes down, pursues the troopers, dashes into the midst of their rank, as though he alone would attempt the rescue, when all the disciples had fled. The moment they lay hold upon him his heroic spasm is over; his enthusiasm evaporates; he runs away, leaves the cloth that was loosely wrapped about his body behind, and makes his escape. There have been many who acted like Mark since then. It seems to me that this digression from the main narrative is intended to point a moral. First, however, you will say, "Why suppose it to be Mark?" I grant you it is merely a supposition, but yet it is supported by the strongest chain of probabilities, and will sufficiently account for the manner in which he has inserted it. Calvin, following Ambrose and Chrysostom, thinks it was John, albeit few modern critics attach much weight to that conjecture. I find that the more recondite critics of the modern school ascribe this transaction to Mark for these reasons:—It was common among the evangelists to relate transactions in which they themselves took part without mentioning their own names. This commonly occurs in the case of John, for instance. He bashfully keeps back his name when there is anything to his credit, and he does the same when it is to the reverse. I could quote one or two instances in the Gospel of Luke, and it is not at all remarkable that such a thing should have occurred in the case of Mark. Whoever it was, the only person likely to know it was the man himself. I cannot think that any one else would have been likely to tell it to Mark, and, therefore, I conceive it to have been himself; for he might scarcely have thought it worthy of recording, if it had been told to him by some one else; and it is not likely that any one to whom it had occurred would have felt it was much to his credit, and been likely to relate it to Mark with a view to its being recorded. Again, we know that such a transaction as this was quite in keeping with Mark's common character. We gather his character partly from the book which he has written—the evangel of Mark is the most impulsive of all the evangels. You are aware, and I have frequently mentioned it to you, that the word *eutheos*, translated "straightway," "forthwith," "immediately," is used a very great number of times by this evangelist in his book. He is a man who does everything straightway; full of impulse, dash, fire, flash; the thing must be done, and done forthwith. His gospel is of that description. You do not find many of Christ's sermons in Mark. He gives you a sketch—an outline. He had not perseverance enough to take the whole down; and he scarcely finishes the narration of the death of Christ. His book seems to break off abruptly, yet he is the most picturesque of all. There are pieces of imagination and there are Hogarthian touches in the sacred biography he writes that are not to be found in Matthew, or Luke, or John. The man is a man of fire. He is all enthusiasm. Poetry has filled his soul, and, therefore, he dashes at the thing. He lacks in perseverance, and will hardly finish what he takes in hand; but yet there is a genius about him not altogether uncommon to Christian men in this age, and there are faults in him

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exceedingly common. Once more. The known life of John Mark tends to make it very probable that he would do such a thing as is referred to in the text. As soon as ever Paul and Barnabas set out on their missionary enterprise they were attended by Mark. As long as they were sailing across the blue waters, and as long as they were in the island of Cyprus, Mark stuck to them. Nay, while they travelled along the coast of Asia Minor, we find they had John Mark to be their minister; but the moment they went up into the inland countries, among the robbers and the mountain streams—as soon as ever the road began to be a little too rough, John Mark left them. His missionary zeal had oozed out. After a short time there was a hot contention between Paul and Barnabas. Paul would not have Mark with him any longer. He could not trust him; he did not believe in these impulsive people, who could not hold on under difficulties; but Barnabas, knowing him better—for Mark is sister's son to Barnabas—and feeling a kinsman's lenity to his faults, insists upon it that they should take John Mark; and the altercation grew so violent between Paul and Barnabas, that they separated on this account, and would not proceed together on their Divine mission. Yet Barnabas was right. Paul was not wrong either. I think Barnabas was right in his mild judgment of Mark, for he was a sound believer at bottom, and notwithstanding this fault, he was a real, true-hearted disciple. We find him afterwards reconciled entirely to the Apostle Paul. Paul says, "Send Mark, for he is profitable unto me for the ministry;" and we find Paul mentioning, with affection and love, "Mark as sister's son to Barnabas," which shows on the one hand the apostle's Christian candour and kindness, and on the other hand that Mark had retrieved his character by perseverance. Tradition says that Mark became the Bishop of Alexandria. We do not know whether it is correct or not, but it is likely enough that he was. Certainly he was with Paul at Rome, and the latter part of his life was spent with Peter at Babylon. See what a man he is. He goes to Rome, but he cannot stop there long. He has done his work in Rome. He is one of your fidgetty people that do things all of a sudden; and away he is to Alexandria. But methinks he must have found a very congenial friend in Peter. He would be a blessing to Peter, and Peter would be a blessing to him; for Peter's disposition was cast in something of the same mould. You will notice that Mark gives the most explicit account of Peter's fall. He enters very fully into it. I believe he received it from Peter *viva voce*, and Peter bade him write it down; and I think the modest spirit of Mark seemed to say, "Friend Peter, while the Holy Ghost moves me to tell thy fault and let it stand on record, he also constrains me to write mine as a sort of preface to it, for I, too, in my mad, hare-brain folly, would have run, unclothed as I was, upon the guard to rescue my Lord and Master, yet at the first sight of the rough legions, at the first gleam of their swords, away I fled, timid, faint-hearted, and afraid that I should be too roughly handled."

For these reasons, the supposition that it was John Mark appears to me not to be utterly baseless. There is no hypothesis in favour of any other supported by equal probabilities. Very well, then. We will assume that he was the man, and use the incident as the groundwork of our discourse. We have some counterparts of him here to-night, and we shall try to find them out and make use of Mark's blunder for their correction, in respect both to hasty following and hasty running-away.

Here is *hasty following*. John Mark does not wait to robe himself, but, just as he is, he dashes out for the defence of his Lord. Without a moment's thought, taking no sort of consideration, down he goes into the cold night air to try and deliver his Master. Fervent zeal waited not for chary prudence. There was something good and something bad in this—something to admire as well as something to censure.

Beloved, it is a good and right thing for us to follow Christ, and to follow him at once; and it is a brave thing to follow him when his other disciples forsake him and flee. It is a bold and worthy courage to take deadly odds for Christ, and to

rush, one against a thousand, for the honour of his dear hallowed name. Would that all professors of religion had the intrepidity of Mark! Would that all who have been careless about religion might emulate his haste, and be as precipitate in flying to Christ by faith as he was in running to the rescue in that hour of assault! The most of men are too slow; fast enough in the world, but, ah! how slow in the things of God! I protest that, if corporations and companies were half as dilatory about worldly things as the Church of God is about spiritual things, instead of a railway accident every three or four months, we should have one every hour; and instead of a revolution every one or two centuries, it would be well if we did not have one every year, for of all indolent things the Church of God is the most sluggish. Of all things that dilly-dally in this world, I think professed servants of God are the most dromy and faddling. How slothful are the ungodly, too, in Divine things! Tell them they are sick, they hasten to a surgeon; tell them that their title-deeds are about to be attacked, and they will defend them with legal power; but tell them, in God's name, that their soul is in danger, and they think it matters so little, and is of so small import, that they will wait on, and wait on, and wait on, and doubtless continue to wait on till they find themselves lost for ever.

Let me stir up those who have not believed on the Lord Jesus Christ to look diligently to their eternal state. You have tarried long enough. The time that you have been out of Christ is surely long enough for the lusts of the flesh. What fruit have you gathered in your impenitence and sin? How much have you bettered by neglecting Christ and minding worldly things? Has it not been all a dreary toil? It may have been decked out with a few transient pleasures, but, putting the ungodly life into the scale, what does it come to? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Do you not confess this? Why, then, tarry any longer? Have you got any happiness in being an enemy to God? Why not be reconciled? O that the Spirit of God would make you see that the time past may suffice you to have wrought the will of the flesh! Besides, how little time you have to spare, and, if you have much, Jesus demands of you to repent now. "The Holy Ghost saith, To-day, to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." The Gospel invitation is not for to-morrow, but for to-day. The warnings of the Gospel all bid you shun procrastination. Is not this Satan's great net in which men, like the silly fishes of the deep, are taken to their eternal destruction? O thou dove pursued by the hawk, wait not, but fly at once to the dove-cot—to the wounds of Jesus, and be sheltered! Jesus calls thee. Come to him while he calleth thee. Why wilt thou tarry? His cause wants you. Young men, there are some of you who will spend the best of your days in Satan's cause, and when we get you, as we hope we shall, we shall have to baptize into Christ your shrivelled age, your palsied weakness. Let it not be so. In these days of error, Christ needs for his kingdom men strong and vigorous—who are strong, as John saith, and have overcome the wicked one. Fain I would enlist you, and would turn recruiting-serjeant for my Master. O that you were on his side now! You cannot be too hasty here. If now the weapons of your rebellion are thrown down—if now you "kiss the rod, ere he is angry," you will have waited already too long; you will not, nor can you, come too soon. Hark! hark! I hear the chariot wheels of death. He comes! he comes! and the axles of his chariot are hot with speed. He stands aloft driving his white horse. The skeleton rider brandishes his awful spear, and you are the victim. God has spared you up till now, but he may not bid you spend another Sabbath-day. I hear the mower's scythe everywhere, as I pass along, making ready to cut down the grass and the flower thereof. Ah! death's scythe is being sharpened now. He proceeds to reap his harvest every day, and, whether prepared or not, you must be cut down when God's time shall come. Fly, then, I pray you, and though you be, like John Mark, unfit and

unprepared, remember you may come naked to Christ, for he can clothe you; you may come filthy to Christ, for he can wash you; you may come all unholy and defiled to Jesus, for he can put away your sin. Come! The Spirit of God seems to-night to say "come." I pray that he may bid you come and lay hold upon eternal life. I do not know how it is—I sometimes feel for many of my hearers, especially for those of you whose faces I have seen for these years, an awful earnestness when I am not in this pulpit, and I think then if I could get your ear I would labour with you. Bethink you how many have been buried. How often do I stand at the grave's mouth, till sometimes, when, week after week, and twice each week, I stand there, I fancy myself but yet talking to dying men, and not to living men at all—talking to a company of shadows that come and go before me, and I stand still, myself a shadow, soon to flit like the rest. O that I could talk to you as I then feel, and pour out my soul to you! We want a Baxter to bring men to immediate decision—Baxter with weeping eyes and burning heart—Baxter, who says, "I will go down on my knees to entreat you to think upon eternal things"—Baxter who cries and groans for men till they cry and groan for themselves. Why will ye die? why will ye let procrastination kill you? Wherefore will ye put off till your day is over? Why will ye still waste the candle which is so short? Why will ye let the day go when the sun dips already beneath the horizon? By the shortness of time, by the sureness of death, by the certainty of eternal judgment, I do beseech you fly to Jesus, and fly to Jesus now, though even it should be in the hurry of John Mark.

I change my note. There is a haste that we must reprove. The precipitate running of Mark suggests an admonition that should put you on your guard. He came on a sudden by his religion, and there are some people who do this who might as well have no religion. That, however, was not the case with Mark. He was a genuine character, yet with nine out of ten of these people I am afraid it is far otherwise. Let me address some here who have all of a sudden come to Christ. I do not want to throw doubts in their way as to their sincerity, but I do want to incite them to examine themselves. I am afraid some people make a hasty profession through the persuasion of friends. You walk with your friend, and he says, "I have joined the church; why don't you do so?" He is not wise enough to put to you pointed questions which would let him see whether you are converted or not, but he unwisely presses you to make a profession when there is no grace in your heart. I pray you as soon as ever you know Christ, speak out for him, and go out and show your colours; but I also beseech you never profess to follow Christ through the persuasion of friends. I trust no pious mother would ever recommend you to do so. I am sure no wise father would ever urge it upon you. They would bid you fly to Christ at once, but as to making the profession, they would have you see whether, indeed, the root of the matter be in you, and when they are persuaded, and you are persuaded of it, they will throw no stumbling-blocks in your way. Young people, I pray you don't be deceived in this matter. How many have we seen in the revival times who have been induced to come forward to the "penitent stool," as it is called. That night, O how much they felt, because their natural sensibilities were wrought upon; but the next morning, O how little have they felt! When the agencies that stimulated them have been withdrawn, and when the meetings that stirred the embers, and the preacher that fanned the flame, no longer exert any transient spell on them, their disenchanted souls sink down into a profound stupor. In many churches there are so few making profession of religion that there is not much danger; but here, where we receive so many every week, there is need for wise discrimination. I do beseech you never to sit down with a religion that comes to you merely through your being talked to by your acquaintances.

"True religion's more than notion:
Something must be known and felt."

Nor are there a mere few who get their religion through excitement. This furnishes another example of injudicious haste. They hear religion painted as being very beautiful ; they see the beauty of it ; they admire it ; they think what a lovely thing it must be to a Christian. Feeling this, and misled by a sort of excitement in their minds, they conclude that this is repentance. A false confidence they write down as faith ! They eagerly infer that they are the children of God, whereas, alas ! they are but the dupes of their own emotion, and still " heirs of wrath, even as others." Beware, I pray you, of a religion which lives upon excitement. We ought to be filled with enthusiasm. A fervent love should make our hearts always glow. The zeal of God's house should be our master-passion. Men never do much in politics till they grow warm upon a question ; and in religion the very highest degree of excitement is not only pardonable, but praiseworthy. What, then, is it which we deprecate ? Not the emotions of spiritual life, but an exclusive dependence upon impulse. If you try to live upon the spell of a man's words, upon the imposing grandeur of a multitude assembled together, upon the fascination of congregational singing, or even upon the heart-thrilling fervour of prayer-meetings, you will find the lack of substantial food, and the danger of an intoxicated brain. As the quails which the children of Israel did eat in the wilderness, God's bounties may be fed upon to your injury. No, dear friends, there must be the real work of the Holy Ghost in the soul, or else the repentance we get will be a repentance which needs to be repented of. I well know a town where there was a certain eminent revivalist, whom I greatly respect. It was said that half the population were converted under him ; but I do not think that if the numbers were told at the present moment there would be found a dozen of his converts. This revival work, where it is real and good, is God's best blessing, but where it is flimsy and unreal it is Satan's worst curse. Revivalists are often like the locusts. Before them it may not be quite an Eden, but certainly behind them it is a desert when the excitement is over. I like rather to see the Word so preached that men are brought under its power by the force of the truth itself, and not by excitement—by the truth of God being laid down in so clear a manner as to enlighten the judgment, rather than by perpetual appeals to the passions, which ultimately wear out the sinews of mental vigour, and make men more dull in religion than they were before. Beware, I pray you, of getting the mere religion of poetry, enthusiasm, and rhapsody. Many profess Christ and think to follow him without counting the cost. They fancy it is all sweet, forgetting that the way is rough, and that there are many foes. They set out, like Mr. Pliable, for the Celestial City ; but they stumble into the first bog, and they say if they can but get out on the side nearest to their own house, Christian may have the brave country all to himself for them. O ! how many we have seen at divers times that did seem to run well, but they ran in the strength of the flesh and in the mists of ignorance. They had never sought God's strength ; they had never been emptied of their own works and their own conceits ; consequently, in their best estate they were vanity : they were like the snail that melts as it crawls, and not like the snow-flake upon the Alps, which gathers strength in its descent, till it becomes a ponderous avalanche. God make you not meteors or shooting stars, but stars fixed in their places. I want you to resemble, not the ignis fatuus of the morass, but the steady beacon of the rock. There is a phosphorescence that creeps over the summer sea, but who is ever lighted by it to the port of peace ? and there is a phosphorescence which comes over some men's minds. Very bright it seems, but it is of no value ; it brings no man to heaven. Be as hasty as John Mark, if it be a sound haste ; but take care that it be not a spasm of excitement—a mere fit. Otherwise, when the fit is over, you will go back to your old haunts and your old habits with shame. You will be like Saul among the prophets one day, and hating the prophet king the next. So much, so earnestly would I warn you against hasty followings of Christ.

It remains for me to notice the hasty running away. I do not know that the persons who are readiest to run away are always those who were the fastest to speed their profession. I am inclined to think not. But some who do run well at first have hardly breath enough to keep the pace up, and so turn aside for a little comfortable ease, and do not get into the road again. Such are not genuine Christians; they are only men-made, self-made Christians; and these self-made Christians never hold on, and never can hold on, because time wears them out, and they turn back to their former state.

There are two kinds of desertion which we denounce as hasty running away: the one temporary, the other final. To the members of the church let me speak upon the former. My dear brethren and sisters, especially you that are young in years and have lately been added to our number, I pray you watch against temporary runnings away from the truth of Christ. Think what a fool Mark made of himself. Here he comes; here is your hero. What wonders he is going to do! Here is a Samson for you. Perhaps he will slay his thousand men. But, no; he runs away before he strikes a single blow. He has not even courage enough to be taken prisoner, and to be dragged away with Christ to the judgment-seat, and bear a patient witness there; but he turns tail at once, and away he flies. How simple he looked! How everybody in the crowd must have laughed at the venturesome coward—at the dastardly bravo! And what a fool will you seem if, after uniting yourself with the church, and seeming to be a servant of God, you shall give way under temptation. Some young man in the same shop laughs at you—"Aha, aha, you are baptized, I hear;" and you tremble, like Peter, under the questioning of the little maid; or your Master sees something wrong, and he makes some rough remark to you—"Well, this is a fine thing for a Christian soldier!" Can't you face the enemy for the first time? "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustest, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" A religion that cannot stand a little laughter must be a very rotten one. We know some people whose religion is on so unsound a basis, their profession so hollow, and their position so shaky, that they make all sorts of noises about our touching them. Their system is of human construction, and rotten, and they know it, therefore are they angry if we do but allude to it. Were it sound and good, then whatever we could say would never frighten them. But, sirs, how many who made a fair show in the flesh have been personally and individually tried and found wanting! "Mene, mene, tekem" has been written on the wall concerning them. Their first setting out was hasty, and they have been turned aside through a little laughter. Do you not see, dear friends, that this will always render you very untrustworthy? If you shrink in this way, the church will never trust you. I hope you will be a leader in God's Israel one day, young man. We are looking to you, if not to be a preacher, yet to be a church officer one day; but who will ever ask you to do anything when you cannot keep steadfast and hold your own position? He who has not grace enough to prevent his running away in the time of tribulation, is not at all likely to be made a leader of God's host. The church will retain you as it retained Mark, but it will always look upon you with a sort of suspicion. We shall always say, "Where is So-and-so? We know where he was yesterday; where is he to-day?" Therefore abstain from these inconsistencies for your own character's sake. Besides, how much damage you do the church! All the persecutors and infidels outside the church's walls can never harm us so much as inconsistent people inside. "Ah! there is one of the people who go to the meeting," they say, when they see a man in the pot-house who sits at the communion table. "Ah! there is one of your religious people! He can cheat as well as anybody else. He knows how to thumb the yard measure. He knows how to give short weight. He knows how to

promise on a certain day, and then run through the Bankruptcy Court according to the law of England, which is that nobody need pay his debts; and a glorious, honest law it is. "Ah!" it is said, "the servants of Christ are not a bit better than other people. They make a great fuss about their purity, but see what they will do." And then see what harm this will do to Christ's Church itself. How many who love God will sit down and weep when they see such inconsistencies. Good captains can stand a wound; they will even bear defeat, but they cannot bear to see cowardice on the part of their troops; they cannot bear to see the men running away. If "the men of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turn back in the day of battle," then their leader weeps, for the glorious cross of Christ is dishonoured, the escutcheon is sullied, and the banner is trailed in the mud. The Lord so keep us that our garments may be always white, that though before God we may have many sins to confess, we may stand like Job, and say, "Lord, thou knowest that I am not wicked." May your testimony be so clear towards the religion of Christ that those who watch you for your halting, and hate you with a perfect hatred, may nevertheless find nothing against you, but may be constrained to say, "These are servants of God, and serve him in deed and of a truth." I would urge you not to flee or to flinch. Some of us have had enough of lying and slander to bear in our time, and are we a whit the worse? Nay, and if we had the choice to bear it again, would we not do so? We may have had to be laughed at and caricatured, but it breaks no bones, and should not make a brave man wince. Who ought to be alarmed when the war cry is "the Lord of Hosts," and when the banner of God's own truth waves over his head? Courage, my brethren, and you shall have the victory. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Christ ye shall have peace." Value above all things the Holy Spirit. Realize your entire dependence upon him. Pray for fresh grace. Venture not into the world without a fresh store of his hallowed influence. Live in the Divine love. Seek to be filled with that blessed Spirit; and then, my brethren, if the armed man take hold of you, you will not flee away; shame shall not overtake you, dismay shall not affright your souls, but ye shall stand in unblemished integrity to the end the true servants of Jesus Christ.

And now, in concluding, what am I to say of a final apostacy? None of God's people ever pursue their wanderings to this terrible issue. No vessel of mercy was ever cast away. No elect souls can run this fatal length of wickedness. But there are many in the Church who draw back to perdition. Many who profess Christ are branches bearing no fruit, and are cut off and cast into the fire. Such may be the condition of some here present. Such may be the lot of some of you who "have a name to live, and are dead." Let me plead with you. O, what a dreadful thing it will be if you apostatize at all! Shall I live to see you go back into the world? I would sooner bury you. Shall I live to see some of you who have professed to know the Lord under our ministry at last sinning with a high hand and an outstretched arm, worse than you were before? God spare us this evil thing! Let him chastise his servant in any way he thinks fit, but, O Lord, let not this be the rod—to see professors become false. Remember, if you do apostatize, you have accumulated guilt by the profession you made, and impressed your character with a more uneradicable defilement. When the unclean spirit went out of the man, and afterwards returned, he brought seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they entered in, and dwelt there, and the last state of that man was worse than the first. Better for you never to have known the way of righteousness, than having known it, to turn aside to those crooked paths. Think what must be the dying bed of an apostate. Did you ever read of "The Groans of Spira?" That was a book circulated about the time of the Reformation—a book so terrible that even a man of iron could scarcely read it. Spira knew the Gospel, but yet went back to the Church of Rome. His conscience woke on his dying bed, and his cries and shriek

were too terrible to be endured by his nurses; and as to his language, it was despair written out at full length in capital letters. My eminent predecessor, Mr. Benjamin Keach, also published a like narrative of the death of John Child, who became a minister of the Gospel, but afterwards went back to the church from which he had seceded, and died in the most frightful despair. May God deliver you from the death-bed of any man who has lived a professed Christian, and dies an apostate from the faith! But what must be the apostate's doom when his naked soul goes before God? How must he hear that voice, "Depart, ye cursed; thou hast rejected me, and I reject thee; thou hast played the harlot, and departed from me; I also have divorced thee for ever, and will not have mercy upon thee." What will be this wretch's shame at the last great day, when before assembled multitudes the apostate shall be unmasked? I think I see the profane and sinners who never professed religion lifting themselves up from their beds of fire to point at him. "There he is," says one; "will he preach the Gospel in hell?" "There he is," says another; "he rebuked me for cursing, and was a hypocrite himself." "Aha!" says another, "here comes a psalm-singing Methodist—one that was always at his meeting; he is the man who boasted of his being sure of everlasting life; and here he is." No greater eagerness will ever be seen among Satanic tormentors than in that day when devils drag the hypocrite's soul and the apostate's spirit down to perdition. Bunyan pictures this with massive but awful grandeur of poetry when he speaks of the back way to hell. The devils were binding a man with nine cords, and were taking him from the road to heaven in which he had professed to walk, and thrust him through the back door of hell. Mind that back way to hell, professors! You professors of religion who have been in the Church for years, "examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith." Examine yourselves whether you be deceived. Look well to your state, see whether you be in Christ or not. It is the easiest thing in the world to give a lenient verdict when oneself is to be tried; but O, be just and true here. Be just to all, but be rigorous to yourself. Remember, if it be not a rock on which you build, when the house should fall, great will be the fall of it. O! may the Lord give you sincerity, constancy, and firmness; and in no day, however evil, may you be tempted to turn aside; rather may you hold fast by God and by his truth—by Christ and by his word, come what may.

My soul longeth, however many years God may spare me, to walk in and out among you, and find you as earnest for God and as loving towards Christ as you are this day. I glory in you among all the churches. God has given you the spirit of faith and prayer, of earnest zeal, and a sound mind. Unto him be the glory. But, as a church, do not backslide. Let not our fervour diminish, let not our zeal die out. Let us love one another more tenderly than ever; let us cling fast to one another; let us not be divided, "let no root of bitterness springing up trouble us;" firm and steadfast, shoulder to shoulder, like a phalanx of old, let us stand, and repel the foe, and win the kingdom for Christ our Lord! "Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before his presence with exceeding joy, be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CLERGY.

THE progress of this controversy has made such good speed that we fear we shall find a difficulty in making up for time that has gone. We proposed to

notice Mr. Spurgeon's two letters, one to the Evangelical Alliance and the other to the Christian public. As there are other important matters demanding our attention, we must just briefly refer to these. The rule of the Evangelical Alliance, which Mr. Noel considers Mr. Spurgeon to have broken, is as follows—

"That when required by conscience to assert or defend any views or principles wherein they differ from Christian brethren, who agree with them in vital truths, the members of this Alliance will aim earnestly, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to avoid all rash and groundless insinuations, personal imputations, or irritating allusions; and to maintain the meekness and gentleness of Christ, by speaking the truth only in love." We think this is a rule well worthy of the body to which it belongs, and if it has been violated by any of the members of that body, the violator *ought* to withdraw his membership. Mr. Spurgeon, in reply to Mr. Noel's letter, says, that he has in his own judgment avoided all rash and groundless imputations; that he has ground most solid, and reasons most ample, for all that he has witnessed against the ministers of the Church of England. He maintains that he has imputed nothing, but has proved every charge he has brought, and as to irritating allusions he remarks that "all allusions contrary to their own views, or to their own personal faults, will be regarded by some persons as irritating." Notwithstanding this he submits to the wish of brethren, who evidently desire his withdrawal until such time as those he has charged with duplicity have cleared themselves of the sin; or, the Alliance has eased themselves of their patronage and association. Now, it must be clearly understood that Mr. Spurgeon, in his withdrawal from the Alliance, has not acknowledged that he is guilty of violating the rule in question. He stands upon this ground. There are brethren in the Alliance who wish to see him resign his position, considering that he has broken the rule, and in deference to these, feeling that his association with them hampers him, he has tendered his resignation. We think Mr. Noel's charges are unfounded, and if the members of the Alliance are wise men they will refuse to accept Mr. Spurgeon's resignation. Let them rest assured of this, that they will do themselves no good by allowing the bond to be severed, but that they will lose the spirited energy of a man whose advice in matters concerning the Church of Christ is, *at least, always worth attention.*

The letter to the Christian public is

of a different character. It consists of extracts from the published writings of Baptist Noel; Robinson, of Cambridge; Thorn, of Winchester; Samuel Minton, and others among Dissenters and Churchmen, many of them characterized as men of piety and learning, proving that the charges he has brought against the Church have been expressed over and over again by men within and without her pale. True, the language in which their feelings are couched do not partake of the strong masculine character of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon. The phrases are more elegant and gentlemanly, the charges are not expressed so roundly and broadly, the character of the clergy is not impugned in the same terms as by Mr. Spurgeon, but the statements contain the same facts, although expressed in a different manner. Of all men Mr. Noel, after his own manly exposure of the vices of the Church of England, should have been the last to complain. Let him, then, stand firm to the principles that he so closely examined before he espoused them.

Among the sympathisers with Mr. Spurgeon, we have heartily to thank Mr. Landels, for his three manly expositions of our Baptist principles, and Mr. Brock for his letter, in which he so boldly vindicates Mr. Spurgeon's position. We must not neglect to mention four pamphlets by a Mr. W. Bellman, who, in sentences of bitterest sarcasm, has shown the puerility and absurdity of many of the "*Replies.*" Two of the most remarkable pamphlets, however, in defence of Mr. Spurgeon are those by the Rev. Thomas Curme, Vicar of Sandford, Oxon, and by Leonard Strong, of Torquay, "late a clergyman of the (so-called) Church of England." These letters contain some curious revelations, and some rather remarkable confessions. Mr. Curme says he cannot deny "that the words of the service, taken alone, plainly teach Baptismal Regeneration, and a regeneration of the highest possible kind, by which the recipient passes from death unto life, is spiritually born again, receives the adoption of sons, and is made meet for heaven." In seven distinct quotations he proves that the language of the Prayer-book teaches all

this. He cannot agree with those who twist and contort the plain, simple teaching of the service to mean anything else. He says, "Such non-natural Puseyitish mode of interpretation I utterly repudiate." How is it, then, that Mr. Curme continues in the Church? We believe him to be a man of intelligent, earnest, active Christian character, devoted to God's glory, and striving to bring sinners to the cross. Yet he subscribes to that which, by his own acknowledgment, contains false teaching. This to our mind is irreconcilable. Mr. Curme, however, has discovered a way by which he can reconcile conduct which is inconsistent with his belief. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council settled the matter for him. They decided that a man may hold his living without believing in the disputed dogma, and that the opinions of Mr. Gorham, with others who hold the same views, are not contrary to the teaching of the Church of England. Nor does Mr. Gorham submit his conscience (according to his own opinion) to the dictum of the Privy Council without or against reason. He considers that the Church of England does not intend to teach Baptismal Regeneration, because it requires, by the Catechism, regeneration before the administration of the ordinance, and as the qualification for it. Confessing that there is here "jumble, confusion, contradiction," he still spreads the *Gorham balm* over his conscience to soothe and quiet it, and he is doing what he can to procure a revision of the Prayer-book. *Is this enough?* Are a man's conscientious principles in matters of religion to be settled by a court of law? What is it that causes Mr. Curme and hundreds more still to hold their livings? They feel in the depth of their souls that they are wrong. Their consciences constantly bear against them most solemn witness, yet in spite of the voice of conscience they continue to pursue the same path. Mr. Curme's letter is valuable as revealing the true state of feeling of many of the Evangelical clergy. The other letter is more extraordinary still. Mr. Strong was in early life brought to Christ. Trained in the Establishment, and having a desire to preach the Gospel, he nevertheless perceived the falseness of the

Baptismal Service. There appeared, however, to be no door of entrance into the ministry, except through the Church. He went to Oxford, and after due preparation was appointed to a living in British Guiana. Before he was inducted into the living he had to give his assent and consent to all things contained, &c. With a clear conscience he could not do it. But he was told that if he did not, another man, perhaps unconverted, would have to fill his place, and that by the accommodation of mental reservations, he might inwardly mean that he assented only to what he believed to be right. He accepted the charge, but felt that he had performed an action so that he might be able to preach the Gospel, which he would scorn to have done as a worldly man to obtain any earthly gain. He returned home to his wife and said, "I am rector of this parish; I have now a field for labour in the Gospel, but I am a *liar*." He did not teach the Catechism. He did not baptize the children of unconverted people. He left out many parts of the Prayer-book, he never received to communion any but believers, but he was accepting pay upon the condition that he would use the Prayer-book and obey the Rubrick. At last he could stand it no longer. He felt that he was selling his principles for the sake of an opportunity of preaching the Gospel. He renounced his connection with the Church of England, gave up his living, and laboured among the people unpaid by State money and unbound by State ties. He confesses concerning the period he was in the Church:—"At the time my heart was so deceitful as to lay over the sin a sort of covering and balm, that by my declaration, though false, I had obtained an opening to serve Christ in his Gospel, and be used for the salvation of many." Now this view we would in the judgment of charity presume is not singular. We are apt to lay at the doors of the clergy motives of a pecuniary character in subscribing to their creed. May it not be that in many cases (alas not in all), the desire for conformity arises from the idea that the only opening by which they can enter the ministry appears through the door of the Church? We think the desire may in many cases

be pure, but evil is committed that good may come out of it. The question resolves itself into this:—Ought I as a Christian man put my name to a creed which I do not believe, and consent to preach the doctrines of a creed from which I dissent in many particulars, that so I may obtain a sphere for labour in Christ's cause? This is evidently the question which requires an answer. We think Scripture and reason both repudiate such a line of conduct, and brand the men who pursue it with unfaithfulness to their God. Or let us take another view of the case. We know, say some, that there are errors in the Church. Reformation is sadly needed. Baptismal Regeneration is a doctrine of Satan, and we, for our part, dare not teach it, but we hope, by entering the Church, to reform its abuses, and the more godly men there are who enrol themselves as members of her communion, the more chance is there that her constitution shall be amended. If you could go into that Church free and unfettered by the ceremonies she imposes, or by the creeds with which she now binds you, your plea might be good. But if, before you can enter, you have to subscribe to what you know is false, however great the anticipated reformation, you would not be justified in your entrance. God can bring good out of evil, but he does not often do it when the creature rushes into evil that good may come. No amount of good which may result can justify the smallest ungodly dealing. Compromise with the world is what a Christian should hate. Truth should be more precious to him than applause or fame, or aught the world calls honour; yea, he must leave the Church itself with God, and see that unholy hands are not stretched forth even to steady the ark of the Lord.

"Who would be a Christian true,
Must his Lord's example follow—
Every worldly good resign,
Earthly glory count but hollow;
Honour, wealth, and friends so sweet
He must trample under feet."

These words express, we believe, what Mr. Spurgeon is doing; they also express what others will do when they have learned the lesson as well as he has learned it.

A few Sundays since another sermon was preached by the pastor at the Taber-

nacle, entitled "Thus saith the Lord; or, the Book of Common Prayer weighed in the balances of the Sanctuary." This discourse ought to have as wide a circulation and as great an influence as the other. We can only say that it treats in a solemn manner of other abuses in the Church of England, and we would advise all our friends to read it, and afterwards to circulate it as widely as possible. While we wait for the issue, let our knees be bent, and our eyes looking up in prayer. Ere long, we have faith to believe, we shall see movements in other directions. We cannot tell how many days or years the conflict may last; let us all sharpen our swords, so that if we should be called into the strife we may be ready manfully to fight the Lord's battles. Especially let us who have youth and strength on our side fortify ourselves now, so that we may be clad in the impregnable armour of truth when the foe shall attack us. Then, as we meet upon the field the armies of Baal, and strike them through with the mighty weapon of the Spirit, or as we pursue the hosts when they flee in terror before the conquering army of our God, the same cry as we take up to-day we will have upon our lips then, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Upton Chapel. G. D. EVANS.

THE PLEASING CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

HISTORIANS tell us that the morrow after the terrible battle of Waterloo, before the din of war had scarcely become hushed, or the smoke of that sad conflict had passed away, the Duke of Wellington sat down to write an official despatch to acquaint the Government at home of the success of the legions under his command. That despatch contained this very remarkable sentence, "A merciful Providence has again preserved me; but O my poor officers and men! What has become of these?" I cannot wonder at this exclamation, neither will my reader feel surprised thereat when I tell him that the fighting over, the Duke returned across the battlefield to dine at Waterloo, whither he arrived shortly after midnight. Ah! it was a melancholy ride, for, on an area of little more than two square miles, lay nearly

fifty thousand dead and disabled warriors. There was not a regiment that had not some beloved officer over whose death to mourn. Not a man that had not some brother, some friend, some comrade to reckon among the slain and missing. The palace and the cottage, alike, had lent their inmates to assist in the sad carnage, and, while all classes of the community shared in what was called the "glory" of the victory, equally did all classes feel the losses that had been sustained. No wonder, then, that a man like the Duke should give expression to his feelings in that remarkable manner. "O, my poor officers and men! What has become of these?" Never do I read that historic page without drawing a contrast, in my own mind, between the hero whose name I have mentioned, and another "captain" of whom I sometimes read, and in whose ultimate rewards and honours, I hope, through sovereign grace, to participate. For, there are other "soldiers" than those who have waded through carnage and confusion, scattering death and desolation in their onward march; and, there is another leader, beside the one whose war operations, carried on about the time I have mentioned, cost England *one million sterling every day*. Yes, and this leader we, as Christians, acknowledge; for one of the many names by which our Jesus is known to his people is that of "the Captain of their salvation." We think that he is so called because he is the author and guide, or leader to salvation. By his sufferings and death he merited salvation for the saints. He vanquishes all opposers, and finally puts them into the actual possession of salvation in heaven. Now this "Captain" has "soldiers." Shall I call them his "officers and men?" At any rate, he leads legions, for he speaks himself, and says, "As Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come." We think, moreover, that these figures presuppose present suffering and conflict, and, consequently, future triumph and review. Yes, my reader, when the "girding up of the loins," the "taking to ourselves the whole armour of God," the "quitting ourselves like men," are all over, when the "last enemy" has been vanquished, the sword has been placed in the scabbard, and the shout of victory

resounds from voices so numerous as that "no man can number" them, then there shall be a review. Watts speaks of it thus—

"Shall sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of our King."

This review, however, will be very different from that recorded in connection with the the great duke. Yes, indeed! For our "Captain" will never ask of his "soldiers," "What has become of these?" No, rather, *he will have them all with him*—every one, however distinguished, or however comparatively trifling may have been the service rendered. The veteran who life-long has "fought the good fight," or the young recruit, who had only just drawn the sword in this "good warfare," only just turning round to face the enemy, and then obtained his discharge, all these shall be "with him." This is not only his promise, but, more than that, it is to be the consummation of all their hopes, as well as the completion of their felicity. Hence the Spirit speaks so frequently in the language of encouragement and promise to "him that overcometh," who enlists in the service, and continues faithful till, at any rate, with him the campaign has concluded. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my father in his throne." "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." O, my reader, how cheering is the assurance, that after all the fightings and fears of this militant state, that that review shall be made by a perfect church—perfect as to numbers I mean—that not one shall be missing when the rewards and honours that shall be ours through eternity shall be distributed. Ah, it was not so after the scene that witnessed and completed the downfall of the ambitious and restless Napoleon. No. True, a grateful country lavished tokens expressive of satisfaction upon such as returned from the field of slaughter and of death. All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "WATER-LOO" on their banners. Every surviving

soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service. Splendid swords were presented by the City of London to the conqueror and the chief of the allied officers. The distribution was made by the duke himself—a circumstance that must have greatly enhanced the value of the donation in the eyes of all who participated therein. But, after all, survivors only could be so rewarded. No. Many a youth who, at the commencement of the conflict, felt his cheek flushed with the prospect of victory, now lay unnoticed upon the plain. Many a fine form had fallen before the attacks of the enemy; and the pleasure of those that returned was embittered by the recollection of brave comrades now by their side no longer. "My poor officers and men," sobs out the general himself, "what has become of these?" No such sad reflection, however, will accompany the distribution of those honours which, as Christian soldiers, we expect from the hands of our illustrious Captain. Regret caused by the slain and absent ones will never interfere with that glorious consummation. Need I tell thee, my friend, that this ultimate union of the Conqueror and all his faithful followers is implied in the connection upon which I write? The leader and the army must be one—one not only in purpose and in suffering, but one, also, in triumph and reward. Yes. As to our Jesus, this earth is the arena of his most glorious victories. Heaven once rung with the shout of conflict, and Satan, with his host, was hurled down to hell. It must have been a momentary strife which demanded but one crushing repulse of power. Hence of these I read, "Neither was their place found any more in heaven." But circumstances render the terrestrial war of another character and duration. So, from the moment when "enmity was set" between the woman's seed and the Tempter in Eden, down to the crisis of the final decision at Armageddon, the battle has never failed, nor can the combatants be parted. No—he who has "girded his sword upon his thigh" has followed one career of triumph. Success has he made sure, and added to success. At intervals he has cheered his soldiers thus, "As I have overcome." He has

been seen by them at the different stages of the contest, "conquering and to conquer." Yes; and long as earth shall endure the pedestal shall expand upon which his monument is built, and new trophies shall be brought in to be hung around it. "For, "The Captain of their salvation was made perfect through sufferings," on purpose that he might "bring many sons unto glory." And then, O, then! The palm of victory! The crown! The acknowledgment! The welcome! All these! My soul expect them and act accordingly.

"Press forward to the rest that will be thine
when time is past,
Nor weary in thy fightings; for know thy God at
last
Will 'openly reward thee'—and methinks 'twere
sweet to be
Partaker in the welcome he will give to such as
theo."

Woolwich.

A SACRAMENTAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. D. DAVIES.

"Christ also suffered for us."—1 Peter ii. 21.

CHRISTIANITY doth not exempt us from sufferings, but it teaches us how to bear them. It shows us that we must suffer for our faults, and also for our faith. Our faults need to be corrected; our faith needs to be tried. The calling of a Christian is very peculiar. He is called to come forth from the ranks of men, to stand alone as the gazing-stock of all, and with patience to bear stripes and afflictions, reproach and shame.

Those who think that the Christian's life is without suffering are grievously mistaken, for

"We are not carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease."

"All who will follow Christ must do it in his livery; they must take up their cross; they must expect to carry heavy burdens; to travel in a rugged road; to meet with many enemies; and often to be pointed at by the finger of scorn. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Christian! thou art called to suffer, therefore suffer patiently. Remember it is all for thy good. If the ploughers plough upon thy back, and make long their furrows, it is that thou mayest become a fruitful field. If thou art sorely tried now, thy trials will only be for a short time.

"For though sin and sorrow attend us while here,
And frequently injure our peace;
Yet faith beholds now the sweet season as near
That brings us a final release."

But the sight of a suffering Saviour should be enough to hush thy complainings; his groans of agony, his crown of thorns, his cross of shame, should quiet us, for

"Our sufferings are not worth a thought
When, Lord, compared with thine."

Many a physician spends half his time in prescribing for the maladies of those who are not ill. It would be well for them if they could every day walk through the wards of an hospital, there to gaze upon the pale, wan countenances of real sufferers, and to hear the stifled groans of real agony. They would then return to their comfortable homes, and thank God for the health they possessed. My brethren, the best remedy I can recommend to you for your sufferings is to gaze upon the cross of Christ—

"His way was much rougher and darker than
thine;
Did Christ, thy Lord, suffer, and shalt thou
rejoice?"

This is the true "chlorodyne" which will relieve thy pain, and calm thy mind; it is an invaluable remedy; it has succeeded when all others have failed. Let us, then, dear hearers, take our station once more by the cross of Christ, and we shall find our grief absorbed in the grief of Jesus; and as we look upon his sufferings, the remembrance of our own will be forgotten.

I. *We shall notice THE NATURE AND EXTENT OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.*

1. *They were voluntary.* It was impossible for Christ to suffer against his will. We find him saying, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life; no man taketh it from me; but I lay it down of myself." Man could not take away his spirit, therefore he gave it up. All the hosts of hell could not have smitten the Saviour; all the legions of Rome could not have nailed him to the cross if he had not been willing. At his command his enemies would have sunk powerlessly before him; his very breath would have annihilated them; his voice, like the sound of many waters, would have caused the earth to reel to and fro like a drunken man; and

the Saviour might have stood safe in the calm majesty of his power amid

"The war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

It must have been a sad and mournful sight to see Samson, the strong man of Israel, led in his blindness by the Philistines, and brought down to captivity in Gaza. But here we see the mighty God being led without resistance to Calvary. The Creator permitting his own creatures to wreak their vengeance upon him. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah roars not, but is led as a lamb to the slaughter. The secret of this was the love which he bore to his people, for Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour. The freeness of Christ's sufferings makes them valuable; there would have been no merit in them had they not been voluntary.

2. *The sufferings of Christ were vicarious—i.e., they were endured not for himself, but for others.*

"For man, O miracle of grace!
For man the Saviour died."

The advocate labours for others, and pleads their causes, but he reaps his reward; and even when the cause fails he loses not. Jesus, as our advocate, took up the hopeless cause of man, and by the loss of all himself he gained all for us. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The physician prescribes for others, but the patient must take the medicine. Yea, we have heard it said that doctors seldom have faith enough in their own remedies to take them themselves; but our great physician prescribed the remedy, mixed the bitter cup, and himself drank for us all its nauseous contents.

"How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might
live."

There was no sin in Christ to cause him suffering, but all his sufferings were on our account.

The newspapers have praised the noble self-sacrifice of a young actress, who seeing the dress of her companion in flames, rushed forward to extinguish them, with a generous forgetfulness of her own danger, and was thereby

wrapped in fire herself, and fell a sacrifice to her noble spirit. This, however, was done under the impulse of the moment, and in ignorance or forgetfulness of consequences; but Jesus from eternity knew what he should have to bear by taking our place.

"And when he saw the price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

This wonder is enhanced when we remember the persons for whom he became a substitute.

They were worms of the earth, despicable and poor, yet in open rebellion against him.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet, peradventure, for a good mansome would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

O, what mercy, what condescension, for the King to leave his throne, and divest himself of his royal apparel, to take the place and bear the punishment of slaves.

"O, for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

3. *The sufferings of Christ were unparalleled.* In ancient times the servants of God were tortured, and had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment—they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword—they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Yet not one of them ever suffered as did the Son of God; as he was the Prince of preachers, so he was the Prince of sufferers. Yea, if we were to add together all the miseries which have ever made the creation groan and travail in pain, they would fall far short of what Jesus endured. The martyrs suffered in body, but the comforts of God delighted their souls. They suffered in company of others, and were often cheered by the look of sympathy from the eye suffused with tears, but Jesus was alone in his agony, and even his disciples had forsaken him. True, there was his mother and a few poor women standing near his cross, but their presence only increased

his grief, for, like the apostle, he might have said, "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?"

When Jesus was tempted in the wilderness, angels ministered to him; when in the Garden of Gethsemane, they also waited upon their great Master; but now none of these glorious spirits are permitted to approach, lest it should seem that they were helpers in man's salvation. They look on aghast! Willingly would they have bathed that fevered brow with heavenly dew, and wetted those parched lips with the cooling draught; but no, he must tread the winepress alone, for this work was too great for either men or angels to aid therein.

But alas! though none could comfort the dear Saviour, how many there were to increase his sufferings. He could say, "Many bulls have compassed me; strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion." The cruel Jews feasted their eyes upon his sufferings; the fiends of hell danced around his cross, and glared upon him with their fiery eyes; they exulted to think that he was in their power, and tormented him to the utmost extent of their ability.

And then the cruel indifference of others was just as hard to be borne. Hear the dear Saviour exclaim, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold! and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." O! where could he look for pity? The heavens were as brass, and his prayer was shut out from the throne of God; he might well have cried out like Job, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O, ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me." His heavenly Father, who once said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," is now incensed, and refuses to comfort him. This made him cry out in those dolorous accents, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too."

Those two thieves who were crucified by his side fared better in death than he; they had no insults or taunts offered to them, but he had to bear the most

cruel reproach from the very basest of the people—yea, he could say, "Reproach hath broken my heart." They, too, were but fools in their misery, and the philosopher has said, that the misery of a wise man is greater than the misery of a fool. They had probably dragged out a wretched and precarious existence, as thieves often do, but he had lived in the bosom of his Father, and had the keenest susceptibility of suffering.

"It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

II. THE IMPORTANT LESSONS which Christ's sufferings teach. (1) They teach us the greatness of his love. "When the Jews beheld Christ weeping for Lazarus, they said, 'Behold, how he loved him!' When we see Christ bleeding, and weeping streams of blood for us, we may well say, Behold, how he loved us!"

"If we behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And seals our pleasure with his pains."

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Truly-Christian, thou mayest say of Jesus as David did of Jonathan, "thy love to me was wonderful." The towering mountains are wonderful to behold—how deep their foundations? how vast their magnitude? how great their height? but here we have a towering mountain of love, its foundation is in the deepest depth, its vastness is inconceivable, it pierces the clouds, and the boldest flight of the eagle cannot reach its top.

O strange that such love should have been shown to us!

"His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away."

(2.) They teach us the enormity of our sins.

It was sin that made the Son of God shriek out in agony, it was sin that wrung from him his tears and blood, and groans.

It was sin that darkened the sun and covered the heavens with sackcloth.

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

O what a loathsome thing is sin! What a monster thus to distress our dearest Lord. O wretchedness! O misericordia, to think that our sins should have caused him such agonies, such unknown sufferings!

Brethren, I call upon you, by the wounds of Jesus, to avenge him upon your sins. As Antony held up the dripping robe of Caesar, so would I hold before you the cross of Christ. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now." "O, could you weep if you beheld our Jesus' vesture wounded? Look you there, there is himself, marred as you see by traitors. O piteous spectacle! O most woful sight, will ye not be revenged?"

Yes, yes, methinks I hear you say, we will seek out every traitor, every sin shall be slain, and every imagination which exalteth itself against Christ shall be brought low.

(3.) They teach us how great is the debt of gratitude which we owe to Jesus.

Well might we exclaim with Madame Guyon,

"What bonds of gratitude I feel
No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear.
O when shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee love for love?"

Well might we embrace the cross of Jesus, and kiss his dear wounds. Well may we sound forth his praise who have benefited so greatly by his death.

O, my hearers, can you forbear to love the Saviour? can you refuse to serve him? can you go away and forget him?

I call upon you to renew your views of perpetual fealty, and to seal them at his sacramental board.

Greenwich.

SOME OF THE OBLIGATIONS RESTING UPON CHURCH MEMBERS.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,

Author of "Sketches of Character," "Streams from Lebanon," "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," &c., &c.

"Consider of it, take advice."—Judges xix.

MANY persons imagine, that when they have been baptized, and are admitted into the fellowship of a Christian church, their duties and responsibilities cease, and henceforth, they may quietly rest.

This is a grievous mistake. Baptism is a buckling on of the armour, not a laying it on one side. Union with the church of Christ is the beginning of the race, not the goal. If we give ourselves time for reflection, we shall discover, that church membership involves certain duties and moral obligations, for the right performance of which we need much wisdom, grace, and self-denial. Let me briefly indicate some of those duties and obligations, that you may resolve, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, conscientiously and steadily to fulfil them. To do so aright, you need great watchfulness, deep humility, fervent prayer for Divine assistance, and continual self-control.

1. *You owe important duties to your Lord and Master, King Jesus.* These duties are primary; they take the precedence of all others. You are bound by your allegiance to the Great Head of the church to render voluntary, cheerful, uniform, and grateful obedience to all his laws, as defined and clearly laid down in the New Testament Scriptures. These laws are comprehensive, authoritative, and perfect. They must be carefully studied, that you may be able to present unto God a "reasonable service." Church members are solemnly bound to recognize, and to submit to the authority of the Lord Jesus in all things—in their obligations to observe all the institutions of his house—in their carriage and conduct toward their pastor and fellow-members—and in their deportment toward the world. In all things they are to conduct themselves as the publicly avowed and openly recognized followers of the Lamb. They must depend entirely on his grace; bow with implicit submission to his will; and display, both in the church and in the world, burning zeal for his glory, during the whole course of their earthly pilgrimage. True obedience springs from love; they must, therefore, love God supremely, or they cannot render conformity to his will acceptably. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," says Jesus. (John xiv. 15.) If we really love Jesus, and our conformity to his will is based on that love, we shall be prepared to sacrifice all things, however dear they may be to us, in obedience to his will. We shall be ready to pluck out right

eyes, and to cut off right hands, rather than offend him.

2. *You owe certain duties to your pastor.* He is the servant of God to you. He endeavours to rule among you scripturally; to labour diligently in word and doctrine for your benefit; to watch for your soul as one that must give account; to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering; and, therefore, he is "worthy of double honour." (1 Tim. v. 17.) You should pray for him earnestly and constantly. If you pray much for your pastor, you will profit much from his ministrations. You should attend his ministrations regularly. An empty seat, without sufficient cause, sorely pains a faithful pastor's heart; but a regular attendant cheers and sustains him. You should endeavour to cheer him continually; to treat him lovingly; to honour him respectfully; and to defend his character valiantly. Do not expect him to visit at your houses too often, except in times of sickness or distress; but ever remember that he needs time both for pulpit preparation, and for his own personal growth in grace. You should also bear in mind it is your duty, and ought to be your privilege, to support your pastor liberally. Both revelation and right reason enforce the duty on church members to provide generously and carefully for the pecuniary necessities of their pastors. You must not leave this work wholly to the deacons, imagining it is their work, and not yours: for the deacons are only your servants in secular matters, and they cannot fulfil their engagements in this particular, unless you heartily co-operate with them. It is upon you the whole responsibility must ultimately rest. To support the pastor liberally is a positive duty equally incumbent on the rich and on the poor; each according to his ability in the sight of God. It is your duty likewise, to assist your pastor in every effort he may put forth for the spread of the Gospel in the world, and specially in your own neighbourhood. You can do this by attending prayer meetings, teaching in the Sabbath-school, visiting the sick, and circulating tracts.

3. *You owe special duties to your fellow-members.* The first and primary duty is "to love them with a pure heart fervently." You must exercise yourselves unto self-denial, and pure affection,

avoiding all petty jealousies, and manifestations of a party spirit. Ye should learn to esteem each other better than yourself. We profess to be obedient to Jesus in our attendance at the ordinances of believer's baptism, and his memorial supper; but our profession is little worth, if we do not cultivate pure unbounded charity towards all those who are united in church fellowship with us. In order to this, you must seek to cultivate an acquaintance with your fellow-members. To them you are united by ties the most endearing known on this side eternity. It is a fact, and one to be seriously lamented, that members of Christ's church are often entirely ignorant of their fellow-members. It is not to be expected that in a church composed of between three and four hundred members, you can become *alike intimately* acquainted with every one; but not to know who are your fellow-members shows a sad want of attention to one of your Saviour's last commands—"These things I command you, that ye love one another." (John xv. 17.) How can you "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ (Gal. vi. 2)," if you are personally unknown to each other? You are in duty bound to be present, as far as is possible, at all church meetings. It is equally the duty of all the members to vote for the reception of new members; and to assist in forming a Scriptural decision on all matters pertaining to church discipline. "Too frequently, those who absent themselves from such meetings are the first to charge with partiality or severity the brethren who have, to the best of their abilities, according to the evidence laid before them, 'judged righteous judgment,' as in the sight of a heart-searching and rein-trying God." It is your duty to seek the restoration of backsliders; to assist in relieving the temporal necessities of your poorer brethren; to attend scrupulously to the Saviour's injunction recorded in Matt. xviii. 15-20; and to endeavour "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," Eph. iv. 3; "and above all these things to put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness," Col. iii. 14: for, "behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" (Psalm cxxxiii. 1.)

The duties which, as members of the church of Christ, you owe to your families, and to the world in general, I leave for consideration at a future time. Till then, brothers and sisters, "be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you," 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

Glasgow.

PAUL'S EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

BY REV. E. MORGAN.

"My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." Acts xxvi. 4-5.

PAUL, when characterising himself as a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious, was not reviewing an irreligious life, but simply showing in what light on becoming a Christian, he regarded his conduct in denying the Messiahship of Jesus of Nazareth, opposing his kingdom and persecuting his followers. From allusions made in different parts of the New Testament to the early career of Paul, we find that he was free from the follies and vices of youth, singularly pious and even outstripping, in his religious zeal, many of his fellow-students at the feet of Gamaliel. Many who were acquainted with him when pursuing his studies at Jerusalem, could, had they been candid, have borne witness to his active piety and earnest devotion to the service of God. His manner of life was well known. After the straitest sect of the Jewish religion he lived a Pharisee.

I. Paul's adoption of the Jewish faith—

The peculiar form of faith that Paul adopted was the Pharisaic, probably the purest type of Jewish religion to be met with in his day. The Pharisees believed many things, in common with Christians, such as the doctrine of Divine decrees, the law as a rule of life, the immortality of the soul, future rewards and punishments, the existence of good and bad angels, and the resurrection of the dead. Though the great majority of them were proud and hypocritical, yet, there were some devout men to be found in their ranks, such as Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus the ruler. That Paul was a Pharisee does

not necessarily imply that he was a hypocrite and a profane person, but that he believed the doctrines peculiar to the sect. It is not improbable that his parents belonged to it and wished him to join it on that account, or his alliance with this sect on his coming to Jerusalem might have been the result of choice, as he was then old enough to judge for himself and act out his religious convictions. If the latter were the case, then he must have made the Mosaic religion the subject of serious enquiry. A child capable of reflection would easily perceive that the God of the Jews was a great king above all gods, and that the Sacred Scriptures of the Jews were transcendently more worthy of being considered as a revelation of the Supreme Will than anything of the sort ever offered to the notice of mankind. We can imagine that the strong and active mind of Saul had frequently been employed in carefully examining the foundations of the national creed. The Scriptures had probably been thoroughly investigated, and, when their originality, authenticity, and genuineness had become settled facts in his mind, when the holy character and inspiration of the writers had been found to be beyond dispute, when the miracles recorded had been examined, and were ascertained to be worthy of reception as signs and wonders from heaven, then did he implicitly yield up to them that heart-felt reverence which, as the lively oracles of God, they deserve from man, who is a feeble and erring though responsible and immortal creature.

II. We notice Paul's adoption of the Jewish faith in his youth. "My manner of life from my youth."

When a boy he left home for the metropolis of his fatherland. On his journey thither, his heart did, probably, beat with the highest hopes of future fame and happiness. When he arrived at his destination he did not seek pleasures at unhallowed sources, did not regard his removal from home as an opportunity for more eagerly pursuing the follies of youth, but he at once identified himself with a religious sect. Men should as early as possible endeavour to have fixed opinions on religious questions. In

youth there is generally more leisure for inquiry after truth; the mind too is more buoyant, and the conscience more tender. Opinions of this kind should be deliberately formed by the young, and very deliberately altered. Saul did not lightly give up his attachment to the Jewish religion. The claims of the Christian faith were presented to him, and it was sinful in him not to examine them more seriously than he did; he listened to the eloquence of Stephen, yet was one of those who "resisted the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." Every young person should try to be assured that the Word he reads is the Word of God, and that it is stamped with the Divine image and superscription. Christian evidences of every kind should be examined. Inspiration and miracles, the continuance and wondrous spread of the Gospel, past and present fulfilment of Scripture prophecy, ancient historic records, discoveries of ancient and modern travel, the close and incidental correspondence between different portions of the Old and New Testament writings, the marvellous preservation of these writings, the character of the writers and writings, the conversion and trials of the disciples, the conviction of Thomas, the suicide of Judas, the conversion of Paul—these evidences, if fairly and perseveringly scrutinized, will bring many a despiser to bow before the majesty of the Scriptures; such inquiry too, blest by the Spirit that searcheth all things, will cause a light above the brightness of the sun to surround the inquirer, and cause him to cry, as it did the furious persecutor Saul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." Youth is the best time for this inquiry, and when the Bible is embraced as the living word of the ever-living God, then the winds of false doctrine will no longer assail, or assail ineffectually. Philosophy and vain deceit will be powerless to injure. The foundations having been deeply and firmly laid, it may be reasonably hoped that a superstructure of precious stones will be raised thereon. Religion is a chain of gold about the neck, and a crown upon the head, and a shield upon the bosom of youth, while it is a staff in the hand of age, as it totters down the hill of life. "It is profitable

for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

III. We notice Paul's profession of the Jewish faith, "Know all the Jews, which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify." The principles men adopt it is their duty to profess. What is in the heart ought to be manifest in the life, and to the extent it is not so men are hypocrites. None could have listened to the utterances or observed the movements of the youthful Saul in the city of his fathers, without knowing that he was a Pharisee. He was also singularly earnest in the profession of his faith, and had allied himself to the strictest sect, he lived his religion. Every action showed the power of his zeal; in some instances they were deeds of cruelty and blood. So devoted was he that he persecuted unto the death all who attempted to swerve from the ancient faith. He watched the clothes of those who were punishing the supposed heretic Stephen to death, and then sought a commission to go forth to a distant city to hunt out his brethren the Christian Jews there, and hale them to the tribunal. We can scarcely believe that he was in all this actuated by a malicious, revengeful, and bloodthirsty disposition, but rather that, in his wilful blindness, he thought he was doing God service. Governed by a sincere desire to promote the Divine glory, he tried to exterminate what he considered then a band of ignorant fanatics who were attempting to pull the Jewish temple and altars into ruin. All this was blameworthy, but it shows that there was no lack of that life and energy that should distinguish the man who believes his religion to be true. The Lord of the unjust steward commended the man for his forethought and prudence, though he dismissed him for his dishonesty and craft. We often hold up the zeal of pagans and Romanists for the admiration and imitation of those who profess a purer faith, so after the same fashion we can admire and imitate the earnestness of Saul the Pharisee, though we hate his persecuting spirit. Religion demands earnestness. We regard it as the source of our purest joys in life, our sweetest comfort in the hours of adversity, and as the fountain of our richest

hopes beyond the tomb. The more ardently we are attached to it, the more pleasure and profit it will afford us here, and the more golden the harvest we may hope to reap from it in the world to come; Christianity is either a falsehood or the truth. Jesus the Saviour is a phantom of men's imagination, an impostor, or the highest Being in the universe, holding the reins of unlimited empire, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. No question is so important as that, "What think ye of Christ?" If the Gospel be a faithful saying, he is the truly wise man who gladly receives it, and he the fool who sullenly rejects it. If God and Christ, and heaven and hell, be fictions, let men cast religion to the winds, it will be of no service to them either in life or death. If the Gospel be a cunningly devised fable, Christians are of all men most miserable. Let them eat and drink, for to-morrow they die and for ever perish. But if Christianity be based on facts, if it rest upon the immutable rock of truth, and we are firmly persuaded in our minds that it is so, then let us earnestly profess and boldly maintain our faith in every suitable form, place, and appointed way. That men should become hardened infidels, or enlightened champions for the faith—be cold as the stone, or set on fire with love, are the only results we can rationally expect to see follow the proclamation of the Gospel. That men should say that they believe and love the Gospel, yet will not live according to its teachings, nor defend it, nor help to spread it, neither be prepared to suffer for its sake, are the greatest inconsistencies imaginable. Our forefathers who did and dared so much for Christ, and the martyrs who counted not their lives dear unto them that they might finish their course with joy, and bear their testimony to the truth, were the rationalists of their day. The religion of the Redeemer is not a burden, a deception, and a curse, but the result of a serious examination of its claims will lead the humble investigator to accept it as the sublimest gift God ever granted, or man ever desired, it will be regarded as the pearl of great price, the hidden but joyfully discovered treasure, the one thing needful for time and eternity. If, reader, you have come

to this conclusion, and have not yet professed the truth, then confer not with flesh and blood, but take up thy cross to follow Christ. Flee eagerly to his arms, and say,

"Now to be thine, yes, thine alone,
O Lamb of God I come."

We beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present yourselves a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

Crewe.

COMFORT FROM DIVINE PROMISE.

"By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff."—Hebrews xi. 21.

WHEN Joseph was told that his father was sick, he took with him his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, and when one told Jacob, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee, Jacob straitened himself, and sat upon the bed. And Jacob said unto Joseph, God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me, and said unto me, Behold, I will make thee fruitful, &c. When the Lord thus appeared unto Jacob, and blessed him, Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, &c., then shall I know the Lord to be my God. (Genesis xxviii. 12, 20, 21.) Therefore, Jacob seems at this time to have his vow in remembrance, for he blessed Joseph, and acknowledged that God had fed him all his life long. When Israel beheld Joseph's sons, he said, Who are these? And

Joseph said unto his father, They are my sons, whom God hath given me. And Jacob said, Bring them, I pray thee, unto me, and I will bless them; when Israel stretched forth his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head. Therefore, as Jacob's hands were laid upon the heads of Joseph's sons, he was not leaning, literally, upon his staff. But Jacob blessed Joseph, and said, God, which fed me all my life long unto this day; the angel, which redeemed from all evil, bless the lads. (Genesis xlviii. 1-4, 8, 9, 14-16.)

The staff is a metaphorical expression of God's gracious promise to Jacob (Psalm xliii. 4); for the Lord had said to Jacob, Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation. I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will surely bring thee up (agnalcha, to ascend). I will surely raise thee to glory, and Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes. (Gen. xli. 1, 4.) This gracious promise (like a staff) supported Jacob during his sojourn of seventeen years in Egypt; and when he blessed Joseph's sons he was not leaning, literally, upon the top of his staff, for the word leaning is not in the original text, and the word "*akron*" might have been translated "end," as in Matt. xxiv. 31.

As the end of our faith is the salvation of our souls, faith's *end* is our salvation, so Jacob's *end*, of Jacob's staff, was God's promise to raise Jacob to glory. Therefore, by faith, Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped God, waiting for the *end*—the accomplishment of his promise. F. S.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

THE RECOGNITION: A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.

A VESSEL bound for Australian shores was nearing the end of her long voyage. The captain had sighted land and had given the word to put into port as soon as possible, in order to obtain a supply of water for the last time before reaching Sydney. As the ship lay in harbour the captain approached a lady passenger and told her if she felt disposed she might go on shore for an hour or two.

The lady had been standing gazing somewhat sadly at the busy town before her, of which she could obtain a very fair view from the vessel's side; her face brightened when she heard the captain's offer, for it was very pleasant to think of treading once more the firm earth after having been rocked by every wave of the billowy sea for more than two months. She gladly assented to the

captain's proposal, and was soon safely landed on the shore. As she stood there watching the crowded streets, a feeling of deep depression stole over her heart; she felt she was indeed a stranger in a strange land. She had left her native country, dear old England, in all human probability for ever, and yet in all that busy multitude she bitterly murmured to herself, "there is not one voice to bid me welcome." Feeling thus sad and lonely, she avoided the thronged streets and bent her footsteps towards the outskirts of the town, and, sitting down on a large stone, gave herself up to sad meditation. After resting there for some time she rose to continue her walk, and feeling very thirsty resolved to ask a glass of water at a cottage close by. A little girl stood at the garden-gate, to whom the lady made her request; the child looked at her fixedly, and then, with glad smiles breaking over her face, ran into the cottage clapping her hands. The lady followed wonderingly; when she reached the door a respectable tidy-looking woman met her, and with tears of joy running down her face, said, "Come in, ma'am, come in; you're welcome to the best we've got, but it's very little of anything good we have to offer." "I think you must make a mistake, my good woman," said the lady; "I do not remember ever having seen your face before." "Perhaps not, ma'am," returned the woman; "but my little girl came running in saying her Sunday-school teacher from England was outside, and she has talked to me so much about you, and what you used to teach her, until I almost seem to know you, and beside, dear lady, a face fresh from

old England must always be welcome, especially when it comes from one's own native town.

On looking again at the little girl Miss L—— recognized the child as one of the members of a large Bible-class she had been in the habit of taking on the Sunday afternoons. She remembered the child's little attentive face; how it used to regard her so earnestly during the lesson; and how she had missed it when, one Sunday, it was gone and did not return again; also that she had prayed specially to the Lord that the seed which had been sown might not fall by the wayside. The woman soon busied herself in bringing a glass of new milk and some home-made bread and butter for her visitor's refreshment; and then they sat down and held sweet converse together of their native land, of the friends they had left behind, their prospects, and the good God who is over all. The time passed rapidly, and Miss L—— found she must soon be returning; she proposed that before they parted they should unite in reading together a portion of God's Word, and then join in prayer. After this Miss L—— bade them a feeling adieu, and walked onwards towards the harbour with a cheered and thankful heart. Her soul was filled with gratitude to God, who had thus shown her how needless were her repinings; and the thought rose within her mind, if such recognitions on earth are so cheering, what must they be in heaven? God had used the little Sabbath-scholar as an instrument to bring comfort to her in her sadness. Shall we not say that in teaching that little one she had her reward?

CATHERINE.

Reviews.

Bunyan Library. Vol. VIII. The Early History of English Baptists. Vol. II. By B. EVANS, D.D. London: J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row.

THE high commendation we gave of Volume I. of this History of English Baptists in the BAPTIST MESSENGER of October, 1862, we can fully reiterate with regard to this second volume. The author has most wisely given himself ample time for investigation, and for collating the varied material thrown in his way. The result is a reliable history, presented in an attractive form,

and which must of necessity be of immense value to the denomination. This volume comprises the eventful period from the accession of Charles the First to the death of Charles the Second, including, of course, all the extraordinary changes connected with the Commonwealth. Dr. Evans must not be allowed to close his labours with this volume. By this time he will be more familiar with his work, and the next volume must be of equal importance to either of those published. Our space will not allow of extracts,

or we could fill page after page with passages so graphic and telling as to interest all classes of our readers. The volume cannot fail to be popular with Baptists of every order; and all our churches are greatly indebted to its laborious and faithful author.

The New Birth. By CHARLES STOVEL. London: Elliot Stock.

Regeneration and its Counterfeits. By Rev. W. Barker, Hastings. London: H. J. Treasider. THE first of these pamphlets is by one whose clear and masterly testimony cannot fail to command the attention of those who may widely differ from him. His statement of the new birth is clear, comprehensively illustrated, and Scripturally defended, and may be of immense value during the present controversy.—Mr. Barker's is much more directly controversial, but is thoroughly searching and effective in its conclusions. We trust both will be largely circulated, and do much to build up the people in the sound and spiritual principles of New Testament Christianity.

The Chamois; or, The Lord Mighty to Save. By VIOLET. London: Elliot Stock.

A CHARMING Swiss tale, which parents should buy for their children, and Sunday-school teachers get into all their classes.

A Voice to all the Churches, &c. London: Morgan and Chase.

THIS telling appeal to the churches is so radical and comprehensive, that it would completely revolutionize our present systems of forming and conducting our congregational assemblies. We don't condemn it on this account, but would intimate to our readers that it will require a very unprejudiced mind to do justice to the general suggestions presented. The writer is in favour of free seats, systematized plans for open-air preaching in every church, the union of unpaid elders with the pastorate, platforms and no pulpits, sick relief funds, week-day holidays and demonstrations, unfermented bread and wine at the Lord's table, the baptism of children or adults as persons desired, silent as well as uttered prayer, theological as well as Bible-classes, &c., &c., &c. Now, reader, send your sixpence, read the book, and you will find a good deal worthy of your prayerful consideration. The writer is in earnest, but is not likely to see his Church Reform Bill carried out largely in his generation.

The Highest Relationship. By R. H. GRIFFIN, Minister of Pangbourne Chapel. London: W. Freeman, Fleet-street.

THE substance of this little book had been delivered as a sermon "On Adoption" by the author in the usual course of his ministry, and his people, edified with it, desired its publication. Our young friend, while abating nothing of his fervour and imaginativeness, would do well to

labour after shorter and less involved sentences, a clearer style, and altogether a more plain mode of illustration. We hope his book will be both generally acceptable and useful.

Old Truths. Edited by Rev. JNO. COX, Ipswich. October, 1864. London: Houlston and Co.

THIS handsome serial has now attained its fourth number, and has thoroughly vindicated the pretensions with which it set out. Here are upwards of twenty articles, many of them, of course, devoted to the peculiar views of prophecies and collateral subjects held by the editor and his friends, but the whole presented in a fair and candid spirit, and well worthy of perusal by all lovers of the Sacred Volume. We should regret if the work ceased for want of sufficient support. We are again much pleased with the suggested new readings and short notes upon various texts of Scripture.

The Three Gilt Balls; or, My Uncle, his Stock-in-Trade, and Customers. By T. TURNER. London: E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane.

AN excellent and spirited history and description of a business ever associated with the follies and sorrows of life. The author has presented a collection of facts and data of the most interesting description, and well adapted to awaken our concern for the unfortunate classes around us. It ought to be read in all our penny reading-meetings, and is well worthy of general circulation.

Popular Appeal in Favour of a New Revision of Scripture. Part I. Perth: G. Sidey, Post-office. 1864.

THIS well-written appeal is sustained entirely by a new translation and exposition of the Fourth Psalm. We feel some doubt as to this pamphlet being popular, except with the learned and those who can thus judge of the various versions of the Hebrew Scriptures. We trust, however, that the pious and erudite author will persevere in his advocacy of what is a real felt want, a new version of God's Holy Word.

A Memoir of the Rev. Joseph James Insell, Co-pastor of the Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, &c. By J. A. BLYTH. Bedford: J. H. Carter.

A BRIEF but interesting record of a good minister of Jesus Christ, who finished his course at the early age of 35. Why is there no London publisher on this and the previous Bedford pamphlet?

Where Shall I be One Hundred Years Hence? By J. M. WHITE, B.A. Thirtieth Thousand. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co.

A STRIKING production, which cannot fail to be useful.

Hints to Sunday-school Teachers. London: John Wesley, 49, Paternoster-row.

BRIEF, but really good.

The Stranger's Guide to the Bedford Schools. By THOMAS Wm. BLYTH. Bedford: J. Carter. THE world-wide celebrated schools of Bedford are here described historically, &c., and full directions given how the benefits of these seminaries of learning may be obtained. A manual of great value.

Infant Salvation. By JOHN HANSON, Huddersfield. London: Simpkins and Co. Leeds: John Hamer.

A SWEET little book about the salvation of children, admirably adapted to convey solace to bereaved parents. Nicely got up, and worthy of a large circulation.

The Holy Angels. The Heavenly State. Discourses by CHARLES GODELLIER. London: J. Paul. DISCOURSES full of Scripture truth, forcibly presented, printed in large type, and adapted to general edification.

Heaven, and How to Get There. By S. W. HAUGHTON. London: Partridge, 20, Paternoster-row. A DELIGHTFUL little book, rich in precious thoughts, and extremely cheap—just one penny.

"The Baptist Magazine for October" is unusually excellent. "Old Jonathau," "Ragged-school Union Magazine," "British Flag," and "Soldier's Sentinel," are all good, and worthy of general support.

Poetry.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

John xii. 21.

"We would see Jesus," said the ancient Greeks,
When Christ as man was dwelling on the earth:
Thus even now the quickened sinner speaks
Who longs for blessings of eternal worth.
Lord, warm our bosoms with celestial fire,
That we may use the words with strong desire.

We would see Jesus by the eye of faith,
As suffering, dying on the cursed tree.
And feel, as we behold, that by his death
He from our sin's desert has set us free.
O surely then our hearts in love would melt,
Sin would be hated and contrition felt.

We would see Jesus as our Priest above,
Our gracious King, our holy Prophet too;
Of him, in all his characters of love,
We want to have a realizing view.
Lord, give us grace into thine arms to fall,
Nought in ourselves, in thee to find our all!

We would see Jesus as of old the bride
Gazed on his matchless beauties and adored;
"Chiefest among ten thousand," then she cried,
"And altogether lovely is my Lord."

We fain would see him thus, adoring bend,
And call him our Beloved and our Friend.

We would see Jesus in his glorious place,
Exalted on the throne at God's right hand;
See him as our Redeemer, face to face,
In the clear brightness of Immanuel's land.
Lord, grant to us to view thee here by faith,
That we may so behold thee after death!

THEODORA.

"LORD HELP ME!"

Put thine everlasting arms,
Saviour, now beneath me;
To support my fainting heart,
And to keep me near thee.

Life, when life is ebbing fast,
Strength, when power is failing;
Perfect weakness in myself,
But by thee prevailing.

Strip me of my dress of pride,
Give me angel's raiment;
Humbleness of heart and mind,
Holy blessed garment.

I would think great thoughts of thee,
And my heart distrusting;
To relinquish self and all,
Only Jesus trusting.

Who can swim against the stream,
Of life's ill without thee?
Lord, I dare not venture so,
Be thou ever with me.

Then I'll breast life's surging waves,
Feeling thee the dearer;
Ev'ry billow bringing me
To the haven nearer.

Flesh, and heart, and all must sink,
Ev'ry power must fail me;
But the weaker I become,
Lord, I'm stronger in thee.

Coleraine.

A. TESSIER.

Denominational Intelligence:

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

HINCKLEY.—The Rev. J. Parkinson has expressed his intention of resigning the pastorate at the above place on Christmas next, after six years' labour among the people.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

SWABOURNE, BUCKS.—The ordination of Mr. V. Young took place on Sept. 12. Rev. W.

Selbie, D. Walker, and E. L. Foster took part in the services.

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD.—A very interesting meeting was held at Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn (kindly lent for the occasion), in connection with the recognition of the Rev. H. C. Parry, as pastor of the Welsh Baptist church meeting in Tottenham-court-road, London, on September 26. The meeting commenced at

seven, and the Rev. Jesse Hobson occupied the chair. The Rev. J. Williams, Poplar, prayed in Welsh. Mr. Evans, senior deacon of the church, gave a very interesting statement of the movements of the church from its commencement to the present day. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. G. D. Evans, Upton Chapel; M. Evans, Moorfields; W. Boyle, Aldersgate-street; C. W. Banks, and H. C. Parry, the minister. Mr. Parry enters upon his labours with encouraging prospects.

HAY, BREKONSHERE.—On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28 and 29, ordination services were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. G. Rees, late of Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the Baptist church in the above town. On Wednesday evening the service was commenced by reading and prayer by Rev. T. Hughes (Calvinistic Methodist), when impressive sermons were preached by the Revs. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb, from Dent. xxxi. 6, and D. Sinclair, of Peterchurch, from Micah ii. 13; the Rev. Mr. Webb, Wesleyan, closed the service by prayer. On Thursday, at half-past ten, the Rev. H. Jones, of Penryheol, read and prayed, when the Rev. D. Sinclair gave a brief outline of the nature of a Christian church, asked the usual questions of the minister, which were satisfactorily answered, the church having signified their unanimous invitation and he his acceptance. Mr. Sinclair then offered the ordination prayer, after which a most impressive and solemn charge was delivered to the minister elect, by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., President of Haverfordwest College, from Colos. iv. 17; and an appropriate sermon to the church by the Rev. G. Phillips, from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13. At half-past two the Rev. R. Lloyd, of Hay, read and prayed, and an interesting sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Jones; the Rev. T. T. Phillips closed the service by prayer. At six o'clock the devotional part of the service was conducted by the Rev. C. Wilson Smith, of Kington, when a most admirable sermon was delivered by the Rev. T. Davies, D.D., from John iv. 10. Mr. Rees enters upon his ministerial labours with very encouraging prospects of usefulness and success.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

MILLPORT, SCOTLAND.—Mr. D. Macgregor, one of the students under the auspices of the Baptist Association of Scotland, having been supplying the pulpit of the Baptist church here during the summer vacations, and being about to return to his studies for another session, he was waited upon by a deputation from his Bible-class, upon Sept. 23, and presented with a handsome writing-desk and a gold chain, as a token of appreciation of his endeavours for their spiritual welfare.

BRADFORD.—TRINITY CHAPEL.—Seven years having expired since the erection of this place of

worship, and the formation of a church therein, the event has been celebrated by a series of services. On Saturday evening, Sept. 17th, a meeting for special thanksgiving and prayer was held. On Sunday, Sept. 18th, two sermons, appropriate to the occasion, were preached by the Rev. H. J. Betts to large congregations, and an address given to the scholars of the Sabbath-school. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 20, a large number of friends partook of tea in the schoolroom adjoining the chapel. The walls of the room were tastefully decorated. Seven hundred persons sat down to tea. Subsequently, a public meeting was held in the chapel, for the purpose of presenting to the Rev. H. J. Betts testimonials in recognition of his faithful and successful labours as pastor during the past seven years, and in token of the affection of the church and congregation. The testimonials consisted of eight volumes of "The Commentary wholly Biblical," by Bagster and Son; a purse containing sixty guineas; and a handsome inkstand; a silver pencil-case, a gold pen, and a pearl paper knife. The volumes and purse were presented in the name of the friends assembled by the Rev. J. P. Chown, and the inkstand, &c., by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., President of Rawdon College.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

THE BAPTIST OLD ASSOCIATION.—The Radnorshire portion of this association held its quarterly meeting at Bwlechsarnan on the 11th and 12th inst. Conferences were held at 3 o'clock p.m. the first day, and at 9 o'clock a.m. the second day, when the following resolutions were adopted:—
I. That the counties of Radnor and Montgomery be united in holding their quarterly meetings.
II. That this conference entirely disowns every connection with the party in occupation of the chapel at Kerry; also that we rejoice to hear of the successful efforts, which Brother E. Owen, late of Sarn, is making to revive and re-establish the Baptist interest at Kerry, and wish him God speed.
III. That the secretary write to the Rev. J. D. Hopkins, Cwmllywd, on the subject of his removal from that place.
IV. That the next quarterly meeting be held at New Chapel, Montgomeryshire.
V. That Brother Wm. Evans, Talywern be recommended for admission into North Wales Baptist College. The public services were held on Tuesday and Wednesday when the following ministers officiated:—The Revs. Wm. Evans, Talywern; D. Davies, Dolan; J. Nicholas, Cairsws; J. Edwards, Llanidloes; G. Phillips, Evenjobb; E. Davies, Pembroke Dock; I. Jones, Bock; E. Roberts, Newtown; J. Nicholas, Newbridge; M. Morgans, New Wells; and E. Owens, late of Sarn.

OPENING SERVICES.

HINCKLEY, LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel, Hinckley, having been thoroughly cleaned

and repaired, was re-opened on Tuesday, Sep. 27, by the Rev. A. Mursell, of Manchester, who preached an earnest sermon from 1 Cor. i. 22-24. In the afternoon a public tea-meeting was held in the town-hall when about 140 partook of tea. On the following Sabbath the Rev. A. G. O'Neale, of Birmingham, preached morning and evening. The collections amounted to more than £20.

STEEPLE ASHTON, WILTS.—An evangelistic effort has been made in this village for about five years. The interest of the people was excited, and a desire expressed for the establishment of a place to meet in. A Tuesday evening service was begun on Sept. 24, 1861. A Sunday evening service was begun on August 17, 1862, and has ever since continued. On August 16, 1863, four persons from Ashton were baptized at Bratton, and united with the church there. The congregations overcrowding the room where they met, a larger place was sought; a house was purchased and has been converted into a neat and commodious chapel at a cost of about £50. The opening services were held on Wednesday, September 21, 1864. In the afternoon the Rev. D. Wassell preached. In the evening a meeting was held at which Mr. Ceoll Whitaker (late of Regent's-park College) presided. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Preece, P. J. Saffery, W. Burns, and D. Wassell. The collections made at the services amounted to more than £16.

WINDSLOW, BUCKS.—The opening services of the New Baptist Tabernacle were commenced on Sept. 15th, when the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon preached two sermons—in the morning from 1 Sam. iii. 9, and in the evening from Luke xxiv. 13. In the afternoon a public meeting was held, when John Neal, Esq., of London, took the chair. A financial report was read, showing the building, which will hold 350 persons, to cost £597 17s. 5d. Amounts previously received and promised, £261 19s. 5d., to which is added the collection of the day, £33 Os. 4d., leaving a balance of £299 7s. 8d. On Sunday, the 25th, the opening services were brought to a close. Two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. Thomas Ness, assistant minister to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. In addition to the collection of the day, J. Neal, Esq., gave the friends a very handsome chapel clock. The remaining part of the money needed the friends hope to get very soon by collecting-cards, the help of Christian friends who love the Lord's work, and have power to give out of what God has given them, and by the proceeds of a course of lectures during the winter months. The first of this course was delivered on Thursday, the 13th of Oct., by H. Vincent, Esq., on "Italy and the Great Garibaldi, and the Steady March of the Italian People towards Freedom and Liberty."

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—The new Baptist chapel on Rye-hill, for the congregation formerly

worshipping at New-court chapel, was opened for Divine worship on Thursday, the 6th October. On the 20th September and two following days a bazaar was held in the New-Town-hall, where the Rev. Wildon Carr had been preaching for more than two years, when the liberality of the ladies of the church provided articles that realised £560; and, thanks to the economical management of the stewards, a clear profit of £522 was handed over to the building fund. The elegant chapel, which will accommodate about 1,200 persons, was opened with two sermons by the Rev. N. Haycroft, of Bristol; the Rev. W. Walters, pastor of Brwick-street Chapel; the Rev. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland; and most of the local ministers being present on the capacious pulpit platform. On the first Lord's-day, the Rev. Wildon Carr, the pastor, preached, and the building was well filled. For the following Sundays, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, and Rev. J. W. Lance, of Newport, was announced to preach. The situation of the chapel in the large and populous district of Elswick, for which little has been hitherto done to provide commodious chapels and schoolrooms, has excited a general interest in the enterprise. The entire cost of the detached freehold site, the chapel, and the schoolroom for six hundred children, is about £5,000; of which only three-fifths are at present raised. [Our March number, it will be remembered contained a picture of the exterior of the edifice.—As there is still a great deficiency in the sum required, we doubt not the pastor, the Rev. B. W. Carr, will thankfully receive aid from any of our readers who feel disposed to render it, and we really hope such will not be wanting; and, especially so, as the friends connected with this place have so nobly helped themselves.—Ed.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THURLEIGH ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—On Sep. 20, Mr. Peet preached two excellent sermons. The proceeds of tea, collections, and contributions promised, amounted to upwards of £30.

BISHOP BURTON.—The Baptist church in place having been formed Sept. 27, 1764, its centenary has been celebrated by special services. On Lord's-day, Sept. 25, two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. C. Catterall. On Thursday, the 27th, a public tea-meeting was held. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, the pastor (J. Dawson) occupying the chair. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Evans, of Scarborough; G. C. Catterall, of Wakefield; L. B. Brown, Hull, S. Brown (Wesleyan), of Beverley; A. Bowden, of Driffield, and W. C. Upton, of Beverley.

BROMYARD.—The friends of the Baptist interest met recently to celebrate their anniversary in the Temperance Hall. Mr. H. J. Burleigh occupied the chair. A hymn having been sung, the Rev. C. Burleigh invoked the Divine blessing, after

which the chairman made some very appropriate remarks. Mr. Taylor then addressed the audience on "Yielding the heart to Christ, Mr. Lamont, Whitbourne, on "The believer being complete in Christ," the Rev. J. P. Jones (Independent), "The grand redemption," the Rev. C. Burleigh, Groop, on "Life's reality." The proceedings were brought to a close by the chairman, entreating the influence of heaven to rest upon the important truths advanced.

THORPE-LE-SOKEN, ESSEX.—A tea-meeting, on behalf of the British School, took place at the Baptist chapel here on Wednesday, Oct. 12th. After a comfortable tea a public meeting was held to join in thanksgiving for the late bountiful harvest, and to advocate the cause of the British School. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. Butcher, formerly pastor of the church, who takes a lively interest in the school, from having been the means of establishing it. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, by Mr. Wilson, who, though of Independent principles, has been a good friend to the Baptist cause, Messrs. Burling and Perryman, deacons, and the Rev. E. P. Barrett, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, who is supplying the pulpit for the present.

LISMORE.—The traveller per steamer to Inverness, by the west coast, cannot fail, shortly after leaving Oban, to observe on his left hand the island of Lismore, standing almost in the middle of Loch Lhinnie. Not far from the centre of this island there is a small property of about twelve acres, six of which are arable, the rest rocky, that has for hundreds of years been in possession of the Livingstons; it was awarded to them for their faithfulness to the Church, and their services as macebearers to the Bishop of Lismore. It is now in the possession of our brother, Alexander Livingston, one of the agents of the Baptist Home Missionary Society for Scotland; his preaching stations on the island are five, while those on the surrounding districts are numerous; to the latter places he goes partly by water, in his little boat of twelve feet keel, and partly on foot. His nearest station is two, and most distant, thirty miles from his own house. Having no convenient place of meeting, it has long lain upon our brother's heart to erect a small Baptist chapel in this his native island, and about two years ago he came south, and with much toil and travel, succeeded in collecting the sum of sixty pounds sterling, with which he returned home, and at once set about his long-cherished work. He has not only granted the site, but, to lessen the expenses, has with his own hands quarried every stone of the building, besides assisting, during its erection, as a labourer to the workmen. On Sabbath, September 4, this little place, thirty feet long and twenty wide, comfortably seated for one hundred and fifty persons, was opened. The services, in Gaelic, were con-

ducted by our Brother Grant, of Tobermory, and Brother John M'Dougall, Bargullin, while two brethren from Glasgow conducted the services in English. On the following evening the friends held a soiree, the brethren already named and others taking part in the proceedings, thus bringing the services to a close.

TO POOR CHURCHES.—A minister, who has passed through a London college, having private means of his own, offers his services to any poor church, near London, unable to support a pastor. Address, Rev. T. Jones, at Mrs. Mitchell's, 80, Greenfield-street, Charlotte-street, Whitechapel.

BAPTISMS.

- ASCOTT, Enstone, Oxon, Oct. 16**—Four, by the pastor, Mr. W. B. Irvine. This was the first baptism ever administered at Ascott. Others are expected to come forward soon.
- BRABOURNE, Kent, Oct. 2**—Three, by Mr. Wright, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.
- CHELTEMHAM, Cambray Chapel, Oct. 16**—Five, by J. E. Cracknell.
- CHIPPING CAMPDEN, Gloucester, July 31**—Two; Sept. 25, one, by Mr. R. A. Shadiak.
- COLERAINE, Ireland, Aug. 28**—Four; Oct. 10, four, by Mr. A. Tessier.
- CRADLEY-HEATH, Worcestershire, Oct. 2**—Three, by Mr. F. W. Bruce.
- CUPAR, Scotland, Sept. 17**—One, by Mr. D. McCallum.
- DOLTON, North Devon, Sept. 18.** Our new Baptistry was opened, and seven baptized, by our pastor, Mr. J. W. Webb.
- EMSWORTH, Hants, Sept. 18**—Three, by Mr. W. Newell, of Bradford, Wilts.
- EVENJOBB, Radnor, Sept. 30**—Two, by Mr. G. Phillips.
- FAVERSHAM, Cassey Chapel, Oct. 1**—Three, by the pastor, the Rev. J. B. Summerfield, late of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.
- FENNY STRATFORD, Bucks, Oct. 2**—Eight, by Mr. Walker. Among the candidates were two fathers and two daughters—one a class leader among the Wesleyans many years. God is greatly prospering the labours of Mr. Walker at Fenny.
- GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Oct. 2**—One, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- HADLEIGH, Suffolk, July 10**—One; Oct. 2—One, by C. Smith—one a teacher in the Sabbath-school.
- LANDPORT, Lake-road Chapel, September 28**—Ten, by Mr. E. G. Gange. One of the candidates has reached her 75th year. Though for many years a disciple, she has delayed until now to make a public profession of her attachment to Christ.
- LEEDS, South-parade Chapel, Sept. 29**—Five, by W. Best, B.A.
- LIVERPOOL, Byron-street, Oct. 2**—Five, by Mr. Thos. Dawson, for the church meeting in the Brunswick-road. Two others were received into the church, by letter, the same day. Also, at the same time and place, two Germans were baptised by Mr. Dawson, for the German congregation worshipping in Byron-street Chapel.
- LONDON, Evangelists' Tabernacle, Hartthorn-court, Golden-lane, E.C., Oct. 16**—Four, by Mr. W. J. Orsman. One of the candidates, a young believer 18 years of age, has suffered much persecution from her ungodly parents on account of her religious principles. On Sun-

VANITY DEPRECATED.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way."—Psalm cix. 37.

THESE be divers kinds of vanity. In the play of the frivolous and the sport of the idle, we see but one sort of vanity—light, open, and undisguised. The cap and bells of the fool, the motley of the jester, the mirth of the world, the dance, the lyra, and the cup of the dissolute,—these men know to be vanities. They wear upon their forefront their proper name and title. Yet another species of vanity, and more deceitful, are the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. A man may follow vanity as truly in the counting-house as in the theatre. If he be spending his life in amassing wealth, he is heaping to himself vanity quite as much as though openly he passed his days in vain show or empty pageant. All the fools do not dance or drink; all the fools do not make jests; full many there be of sombre mood who spend money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. Moreover, there is such a thing as solemn vanity—the vanity that may be seen among those who pursue the empty ceremonials of religion, invest themselves with strange orders, and affect the odour of sanctity. Or, turning from the gorgeous fane to the lowly conventicle, vanity may even be discovered beneath the broad brim of the Friend who, seeking after the world rather than after Christ, thinks that he rebukes the world's vanity, when the world may well rebuke his. Vanity, I say, is quite as certainly to be found among the sober as among the frivolous. Unless we follow Christ, and make our God the great object of life, we only differ from the most frivolous in degree, and possibly the degree may not be so great as we suppose. You will all understand my text, as you hear it, first, to mean, "Turn away mine eyes from looking upon the levities of men, the tomfoolery of the world." But it means more than this. "Turn away mine eyes from looking at the world's pride, at the world's wealth, at the world's substantial temptations." These, as the mighty preacher has said, are vanity. "Vanity of vanities," thus said the preacher, "all is vanity," as he looked at everything beneath the sun. And we may say of everything short of Christ, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding it, lest my heart should love it." The Psalmist goes on to couple with this another petition—"Quicken thou me in thy way." Beholding vanity is sure to bring deadness into the soul. You all knew that this is true, not only of that which is frothy, but of all that, however specious, is not sterling. If you let the cares of this world enter into your mind too much, do they not destroy your spirituality? If honour be your *game*, or even if you are hunting after an honest livelihood, without casting the care of it upon God, you know that your grace declines, your faith grows weak, and your love becomes ready to expire. No high degree of grace can be attained when the eyes are fixed upon debasing things. We must have our eyes where we profess our hearts already are—beyond the skies. We must be looking for Christ's coming to reveal the exceeding riches of his grace and glory, and not after vanities to display the pleasure of this present evil world, or else our souls will soon lose the force and strength of piety, and we shall have good reason to cry, "Quicken thou me in thy way." Beloved, I hope you all know what the Psalmist means by being quickened in God's way. Often your spirits get lethargic and dull, when suddenly the Spirit of God breaks upon you, and once more your former vigour returns, and instead of creeping you begin to run in the way of God's commandments. Pray you, then, this prayer as well as the former one, "Quicken thou me in thy ways," for as the looking at vanity will make us dull, so our souls being quickened will be sure to turn off our eyes from vanity. As the first part of the text acts upon the second,

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so the second will act also upon the first. Put the two together: and may they be graciously fulfilled in the experience of everyone of us!

To amplify on the text, I shall now address your attention to four things—a tacit confession; a silent profession; a vehement desire; and a confident hope.

I. First, then, I observe here a tacit confession. It is not said in so many words, but it is really meant.

The Psalmist seems to impeach himself, and unburden his breast before God, deploring, indeed, a natural tendency towards vanity. What!—is it so after all that David has known of fellowship with the real? Does the vain still attract him? What!—when God's covenant has been peculiarly delightful to the shepherd-king, do the mirth and revelry of this world and the gewgaws of earth still attract him? He seems to confess it. He would not need to have his eyes turned off from vanity if there were not a something in his heart that went after it; he would not ask God to turn them off unless he felt that he needed a stronger arm than his own to keep him in fitting restraint. It is very easy for you and me to stand up and play the wise man—ay, and in the closet to pray like wise men; we may feel in our own souls that we have got experience now, and shall never be again intoxicated by the world's draughts, never more be deceived by its lies; but no sooner does Madam Bubble show her face, than her strange fascinations draw our eyes. Let the world ring the bell, and straightway we start up, and our heart wanders, too oft before we are aware of it. We know they are vain things—know it thoroughly, but yet, knowing it, we do not in our own nature therefore avoid them; reckless of the snares, the birds are foolish enough to fly into them; though we feel the draught is poisoned, yet is it so sweet that, unless prevented, you and I would soon be drunken with it. Every child of God knows that he is a fool, or he is a great fool indeed if he does not know it. Every heir of heaven understands that there is within himself a very sink of vanities; his vicious tastes respond to the vile compounds of earth, “as deep calleth unto deep.” It is clear enough, I think, if you turn over the prayer, that the Psalmist confesses that his heart goes after vanity.

He confesses yet again that his eyes are on it now. He says, “*Turn them off!*” What does he mean but that they are on it? And some of us in coming up to the House of God to-night, and perhaps, while sitting here, have had to confess that our eyes are on vanity. Why, some of you believers may have been thinking of some silly snatch of a song that you heard before you were converted; or some idle tale that was told you the other day. You would gladly forget it, but it has followed you in here—ay, and may follow you to the sacramental table. Or, possibly, your worldly cares have come up with you hither, and my poor talk has scarcely had power to lift you up from your families, and from your shops, and from all the kirking anxious thoughts that burden you. Your heart is on these things now. When you stood up to sing about Christ, and asked him to set you as a seal upon his hand, where were your flighty imaginations roaming? We tried to pray just now, but while the preacher's words went up to heaven, did not your hearts wander, I wot not where? Ah! brethren, in our holiest things we have good cause to pray, “*Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.*”

The confession assumes another character, as it seems to hint that no sooner are our eyes on vanity than our heart goes after it. What! can we not manage our own eyes? What! are we such vain creatures that the mere sight of vanity is a temptation to us? Surely, to see vanity ought to be sufficient to make us avoid it! Some men say they will look at evil, and knowing it, they will be safe from the danger of being betrayed by it. Ah, how many have proved the hollowness of that pretence! Brethren, the tree of knowledge of good and evil has brought little benefit to mankind; it has certainly brought a curse. Beware of the hope to be as gods through eating of that tree again. We are more likely to be as devils than to be as gods through feeding upon it. No! I know enough of sin without looking at it. There

is enough discovery of my sinfulness forced upon me by my daily temptations and slips, without my going to this place or to the other, that I may look upon sin. Don't tell me you went into bad company just to ascertain its character. Don't tell me, young man, that having heard such a thing condemned, you thought you ought to see for yourself. It will not do. That is not a believer's desire, nor a godly man's prayer. He cries, "Turn off mine eyes. Lord, let me speak unto thee humbly. Am I so sinful and so weak that I have only to see a ditch, to fall into it—only to see a fire, to put my finger into it? I am not so in other things: how is it I am so besotted in the carnality of my mind? Yet so it is, Lord; thou knowest, and thy servant feels that it is so." Therefore, let the confession stand, "Turn off mine eyes from beholding vanity."

The confession seems to go a little deeper. He seems to say that he cannot keep his own eyes off vanity. "Turn off mine eyes." What, Lord; have I not an optic nerve? is there not a power in my head to turn which way it wills? Am I compelled to look at vanity? Nay, not compelled by physical necessity, but still so compelled by the disposition of this vile nature of mine, that unless thou dost keep thine hands on my head, and turn mine eyes off from beholding vanity, I shall surely be looking at it. We will go anywhere to see vanity. It is strange what mountains men will climb—into what depths they will dive—what leagues they will travel—what wealth they will spend, only to see vanity! And when they have seen all they can see, what does it come to but the sight of so much smoke, after all? And yet, brethren, we cannot keep our eyes off it. If anybody tells you that there is a lewd or unseemly thing, a juggle, or some witchcraft, do you not feel an inward craving, an unholy desire to see it? Is not that a well-known principle of human nature? There is a little tract, I think, entitled, "Don't read it;" and why was it so entitled, think you? Because whatever tract should be unread, that is certain to be read. "Don't read it,"—the prohibition provokes appetite, and the moment you and I hear "don't" said, inclination begins to be astir. Oh, thank God that the morbid propensity is restrained and subdued by sovereign grace through the love of Jesus; but still the natural bias is toward evil, and toward evil only. Therefore, Lord, "Turn off mine eyes from beholding vanity." The confession goes very deep, you see.

But there is a little more in the next clause—"Quicken thou me in thy way." He seems to confess that he is dull, heavy, lumpy, all but dead. Don't you feel the same? I hope you do not; but I often do, and I am afraid you often do—the best of you. Ah! and when we think of how fast our spirits ought to move along the heavenly road, constrained and moved by love like that of Jesus, I think we all must cry,

"Great God, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so weak, so cold, to thee,
And thine to us so great?"

Yes, we are dull if God leaves us for a moment—so dull and so doting, that the best motives cannot quicken us; otherwise, the Psalmist would not need to appeal to the Almighty to effect that of which he was capable himself. What! will not hell quicken me? Shall I think of sinners perishing, and yet not be awakened? Will not heaven quicken me? Can I think of the reward that awaiteth the righteous, and yet be dull and stupid? Will not death quicken me? Can I think of dying, and standing before my God, and yet be slothful in my Master's service? Will not Christ's love quicken me? Can I think of his dear wounds, can I sit at the foot of his cross, and think of him, and yet not be stirred with something like fervency and zeal? It seems so! It seems that no consideration can quicken to zeal, but that God himself must do it; or else, I say, there had been no need to cry, "Quicken thou me." It struck me as I turned this text over that it was wonderful how poverty-stricken the Psalmist felt himself. What does a beggar ask for? The poorest

beggar that I ever met—never asked me for anything, that I know of, lower than a drink of water and a bite of bread; but here is a man that does not ask God for a thing so little as that, but he asks for life itself. “*Quicken thou me.*” The beggar has life; he only asks me for means to sustain it. But here is a poor beggar knocking at mercy’s door that has to ask for life itself. And that beggar represents me—represents thee—represents, I am sure, every Christian who knows himself. You may well ask every day even for spiritual existence. It is not, “*Enlarge me, Lord; enrich me in heavenly things;*” but, “*Oh, do keep me alive! Quicken thou me, O Lord!*” You see that the confession thus takes us into the most secret places of man’s want. I pray God to teach us all so to feel what our true state is, that with humble, sincere, and devout hearts, we may pray the prayer, “*Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way.*”

II. The text likewise involves a silent profession. Do you observe it? It is not all confession of sin; there is a profession of something.

There is a profession at least of this—“*Lord, I know it is vanity.*” That is something. “*O, my God, how I bless thee that I do know the hollowness of the world and the plague of my own heart! It always was so, but I did not always think so.*” Oh, there are some of you who do not think that even worldly amusements are vanity. You love them; there is a sweetness and a substance in them to you. Perhaps you are like the lady who said to the minister that she loved to go to the play, because, first of all, there was the pleasure of thinking of it before she went; and then there was the pleasure of being there; then there was the pleasure of thinking of it afterwards, and the pleasure of telling it to one’s friends. “*Ah,*” said the man of God, “*and there is another pleasure you have forgotten.*” “*What is that, sir?*” asked the lady. “*It is the pleasure of thinking of it on a dying bed, madam.*” Small pleasure that! Some of you have never thought of that last pleasure, and therefore the world’s vanity is very satisfactory to you. I know what the swine would say if he were to talk. As he munched his husks he would say, “*I cannot tell what to think of these stupid men; they call these empty husks, and throw them away. I think them very luscious and substantial.*” You would, then, attribute the quality of the taste to the nature of the beast. It is after the manner of a pig. And so sinners say, “*We cannot make out how these strict people, these puritans, why they should find fault with worldly amusements; we find them very sweet.*” Yes, but you see it is only a sinner that says so; it is only a sinner that feels so; the true child of God knows that both the pleasures of this world and its cares are alike vanity. I know how some of you have often felt when you were busy. Encumbered with many things, more than you could manage, a friend has complimented you, and said, “*I am glad you are getting on so well. Appearances bespeak a thriving trade.*” “*Well,*” you reply, “*I think I am. I am grateful for business.*” But as your friend turned his head you thought to yourself, “*Ah! but I should be more grateful if I had more grace, for I feel that much business wants much grace to balance it, or else the more I get the poorer I shall be.*” You felt that it was vanity unless you could have God’s blessing and the presence of Christ upon it.

It is a feature of this profession that seeing this vanity you do not want to love it; and would avoid being ensnared by it. If I say, “*Turn away mine eyes from it,*” I do in effect confess before God that I do not love it. I hope there are many of us here who can say, “*Lord, our evil heart sometimes goes after it, but we do not love it in the bottom of our souls; there is a hatred of sin so deeply rooted that if the loss of our eyes should take away temptation and prevent us sinning, we would thank God never to allow us to see a ray of light again, for sin is so terrible an evil to us, that blindness would be a blessing if it enabled us to escape sin.*”

The second clause of the text has in it likewise the nature of profession—“*Quicken thou me in thy ways.*” The man who can pray this is in God’s ways. He professes that he loves them—that he desires to be obedient to God’s will, and to continue to

make greater progress in God's ways. What say you, dear brethren? Some of you find the ways of righteousness very rough. Would you leave them? Some of you have to be reproached and persecuted for Christ's sake. Would you like to go back now? The devil has put a horse at your door, and there is a golden bridle on it; and it ambles so softly! "Now mount," says he, "and come back and serve your old master; nobody will laugh at you then. Everyone will call you a good fellow; charitable, and kind, and liberal. Come back," saith he, "and I will treat you better than before. Will you mount and ride?" "No," the very least of us would say; if we had the highest offer for the renunciation of Christ we would not leave him.

"Go you that boast in all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
But my Redeemer's mine.
I would not leave my blest estate
For all that earth calls good or great."

No, Lord, I may be weary in thy way, but I will never weary of thy way.

III. And now, in the third place, there is before us here a vehement desire—how vehement those only experience who know the bitterness of vanity, and the disappointment which it brings—how vehement those only can describe who know the excellency and sweetness of Divine quickening.

The Psalmist breathes his whole soul out in this prayer. He seems to breathe vehemently—nay, his body, his soul together, seem to pray. "Turn away mine eyes," says the body. "Quicken thou me," says the soul.

This is a most reasonable and a most practical desire.

How reasonable it is! When a Christian is not quickened in God's ways he is very uncomfortable. The happiest state of a Christian is the holiest state. As there is the most heat nearest to the sun, so there is the most happiness nearest to Christ. I am persuaded that no Christian ever finds any comfort when his eyes are fixed on vanity—nay, that he never finds any satisfaction unless his soul is quickened in the ways of God. The world may find happiness elsewhere, but he cannot. I do not blame ungodly men for going to their pleasures. Why should I blame them? Let them have their fill. That is all they have to enjoy. I heard of a converted wife who despaired of her husband, but she used to be always very kind to him. She said, "I am afraid he will never be converted;" but whatever he wished for she always got for him, and she would do anything for him, "for," said she, "I fear that this is the only world in which he will be happy, and therefore I have made up my mind to make him as happy as I can in it." But you, Christians, you must seek your delights in a higher sphere, because you cannot be happy in the insipid frivolities of the world, or in the sinful enjoyments of it. If you are not comfortable in it, it is reasonable that you should so beseech the Lord. Besides being uncomfortable, it is very dangerous. A Christian is always in danger when he is looking after vanity. We heard of a philosopher who looked up to the stars and fell into a pit; but how deeply do they fall who look down if they fall deeply who look up! No Christian is ever safe when his soul is so slothful or drowsy that it wants quickening. Of course you do not understand me to mean that his soul is in danger. Every Christian is always safe as to the great matter of his standing in Christ, but he is not safe as regards his standing and happiness in this life. Satan does not often attack a Christian who is living near to God; at least, I think not. It is when the Christian gets away from God, and gets half starved, and begins to feed on vanities, that the devil says, "Now I will have him." He may sometimes stand foot to foot with the child of God that is active in his Master's service, but the battle is generally short; he that slips as he goes down into the valley of humiliation invites Apollyon every time he slips to come and fight with him. Again, for a Christian to have his eyes on vanity is injurious to his usefulness; nay, more—it does positive damage to others.

When a Christian man is found setting his affection upon worldly things, what do others say? "Why, he is one of our kin; he is like us. See, he loves what we like. Where is the difference between us and him?" Thus the religion of Christ gets a serious wound. How can you, my dear brother, from the pulpit, for instance, preach concerning a certain sin when you are guilty of it? I should like, for instance, to hear a man who swears that baptism regenerates when he knows it does not, rebuke a countess for saying that she is not at home when she is. I should like to hear him rebuke a draper for a white lie across the counter. I should like to hear him rebuke the devil, for, methinks, he could scarcely venture to do it. Unfaithfulness to the Spirit of God is as great a sin as ever Satan committed. No, my brethren, we must keep ourselves clear of these matters, or else for practical purposes the tendon of Achilles has been cut, and we cannot serve God with might and main and strength. We can only do some trifling service for him when our garments are spotted and our souls are set on vanity. For all these reasons, then, let the Christian pray that he may be kept. Let him pray this reasonable prayer that he may be kept from vanity.

Did I say that this is a very practical prayer? So, in truth, it is. You will observe that the former part is practical, though the latter may seem spiritual. He says, "Turn away mine eyes." Now, the man that prays after this fashion will not fail in the directness of his aim. He that is diligent in this prayer will not be negligent in the means. He will wait upon God. He will not pray, "Turn mine eyes from vanity," and then go and drink death-draughts of carnal pleasures. He will not pray, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and then go and turn his eyes on the very evil that he deprecated. No, brethren. There is something so practical in the text that I commend it to your earnest observation. Make it your prayer to-night—each one of you!

IV. Once more. There is in the text an expression of confident hope.

The Psalmist does not pray like a waverer who will receive nothing of the Lord. It seems to me that he has an unmoved confidence that God can turn away his eyes from vanity, and that God can quicken him. Have any of you backslidden? Let this sentence comfort you to-night! Do not lose the belief that Divine love can restore you! Have you sunken very low? Do not, I pray you, doubt the efficacy of the right hand of the Most High to bring you back again! Satan will get a great advantage over you if you begin to think that God cannot quicken you. No, be assured that he can. And let me tell you that he can do so readily. It may cost you many pains, but it will cost him none. He that made the world out of nothing can certainly restore to you the joy which you have lost. And may I tell you what I think is the means which God often uses with his people to restore and quicken them, and take their eyes from vanity? I think it is a sight of Christ. At any rate, my personal witness is that I never know the vanity of this world so well as when I see the beauties and the perfections of the Lord my Master. That true man of God, Dr. Hawker—I am told by a friend of mine who visited him one morning—was asked to go and see a review that was then taking place at Plymouth. The doctor said, "No." My friend pressed him, and said, "I know you are a loyal subject, and you like to see your country's fleets; it is a noble spectacle." The doctor said, no, he could not go; and being pressed until he was ashamed, he made this remarkable answer, "There are times when I could go and enjoy it, but mine eyes have seen the King in his beauty this morning, and I have had so sweet a sense of fellowship with the Lord Jesus, that I dare not go to look upon any spectacle lest I should lose the present enjoyment which now engrosses my soul." I think you and I have felt the same thing in our measure when Christ has manifested himself to us. What! look on vanity, my Lord, when thy hand has touched my heart—thy pierced hand? What are the buildings of this world, with all their pomp of architecture, compared with thee, thou Foundation Stone, thou Corner Stone, elect and precious?

What is the music of this world, with all its swell and roll, compared with thy name; Emmanuel, God with us?

"Sweeter sounds than music knows,
Charm me in thy very name."

What are the world's feasts? Its dainties are not sweet, for I have tasted of thy flesh. Its wines are no longer luscious, for I have sipped from the cup of thy blood. What are the world's choicest offers that she can make me of honour or of wealth? Hast thou not raised me up together and made me to sit together in heavenly places with thyself, and hast thou not made me a king and a priest unto God, and shall I not reign for ever and ever? Christian, thou mayest carry on such a musing as this by the hour together. Thou mayest boast thyself in God, and thy leviathan faith may swim in this boundless deep of Jehovah—Jesus's love! Thou surely after this canst never wish to go back to the pool wherein the minnow of this world disports itself. Here thou canst bask thyself in the rays of a meridian sun, and wilt thou afterwards cry for a farthing candle because thou hast lost its beams? Shame on thee, Christian, if thy soul is taken up with vanities. Let those love them who find their all in them, but thou canst not. The sight of him who is white as the lily for perfection, and red as the rose for sacrificial suffering, must have taken away the beauty of this world for us. Says Rutherford, "Ever since I ate the bread of heaven the brown bread of this world has not been to my palate; and since I have feasted on the food of angels I cannot eat the ashes that satisfy the men whose portion is in this life." And truly it is so. Arise, Sun of Righteousness, arise, and our love of darkness shall be dispelled while we are charmed with thy light! We hear of some that worship the sun at its rising. Sad idolatry! Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and we will worship thee, and there shall be no idolatry in this. Thou art not like the sun that burns out human eyes when they look upon it; but we will look into thy face until thy transporting light shall only burn out our sight for this world to help us to gaze upon thyself without a veil between. Oh, that I were talking thus for you all, but I am conscious that I am not. I do pray, however, that you who love vanity may find out how vain it is before you come to die. The other night I lay awake, and tossed to and fro many hours before I fell asleep. I realized then more than at any time in my life what it was to die. My every bone seemed to tremble. I lay, as I thought, upon a bed of sickness; the room seemed hushed around me; the ticking of my clock sounded like the ticking of the death-watch. I thought I heard them whisper, "He must die;" and then my soul seemed to fling itself back upon the realities of God in Christ, and I asked myself, "Have I preached or have I prayed for this? But now is Christ able to save me. He is my only hope, and my only plea. Is it true that Christ came into the world to save sinners?" And I revoked those cogent and blessed arguments which prove that Christ is the sent one of God, and my soul rejoiced that it could die in peace. And then I could but think of that sweet rest which Jesus brings when you can throw yourself on him. And now, to-night, in the recollection of that strange vision of the shadow of death, through which I passed, I can but ask others, What will you do when you come really to die, if you have no Saviour? Men and women, if you have no Christ to trust to, what will you do? You must soon have the death-sweat wiped from your clammy brows; you must soon have the needed drop of water administered to your parched lips. What will you do when death shakes the bones within the strong man, and makes each nerve thrill with the dread music of pain? What will you do when death and hell and judgment and eternity and the great white throne have become real things to you, and your business, and even your children and your wife seem banished from your eyes? Fly! Let a brother's love beseech you. Fly! God knoweth how I love your soul! It is for the sake of men's souls that I suffer contempt and scorn, and will gladly bear it—ay, and will provoke it more than I

have ever done—provoke it because this dull dead age needs provocation—needs to be stirred up, even its ministers, to something like honesty and zeal for the souls of men. I say I will bear reproach for your souls' sake; and will you not—oh! will you not—be persuaded to think on those things that make for your eternal peace? The gates of heaven are there; the gates of hell are yonder. The cross points to heaven: follow it! Look to the wounds of Jesus! These are the gates of pearl through which you must enter heaven. Turn to your vanities; look to your sins; follow them and delight yourself in worldly pleasure, and hell is your portion as sure as you sin. May the Lord give faith to those that have none, and help us who have believed through grace in his ways; and unto his name shall be the glory, world without end! Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"THE BRIDEGROOM CAME!"

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF
CHELTENHAM.

THE Lord's people are looking forward and anticipating a most solemn and glorious event—even the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God in majesty and great glory. The present period and the state of the Church is represented by our Lord by an Eastern wedding. The bride had been betrothed, the period had arrived for her husband to fetch her home. The virgins who were to be her attendants took their lamps and went forth to meet him; as he delayed, they fell fast asleep. At midnight, the cry was heard—"The Bridegroom cometh!" Those who were ready, met him with joy; the rest went to procure oil. While they were gone, "the Bridegroom came!" and they were excluded from the ceremony and the feast. I want to fix the attention principally on one point—"the Bridegroom come" (Matt. xxv. 10).

THE GLORIOUS PERSON APPEARING.—This is the Lord Jesus Christ, on whom the eyes of his people are fixed, and in whom all their affections centre. We are not so much taken up with doctrines or even facts, as with a person—the person of Christ. He is the loved One—loved by all his people, and preferred by them to all others. Their salvation, their happiness, their all is in him. He is at present absent from them; and while he is absent they cannot be perfectly satisfied, or fully happy. He is the Bridegroom, who ransomed his bride with his own blood, who has espoused our persons for himself, provided our marriage robes, prepared our mansion, won our love, and desires our presence. Much as he has in heaven—

much as he delights in his Father's love, nothing will fully satisfy him but having us with him. The language of his heart still is, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

THE FACT ANNOUNCED. "The Bridegroom came."—He came once in deep humiliation, to pay the ransom price of his beloved bride. Having done so, he sent his servants with the glad tidings, to espouse her unto himself. He went back to his Father, to use his influence on her behalf, and secure her safety and honour. He promised to come again, and receive her unto himself. His believing people had been expecting him to come, but for wise and holy reasons his advent had been delayed. But he is ever true to his word; and, though the virgins became drowsy, and fell asleep, at the time appointed he came. Such is the outline of his history; and, as the former part of it has been fulfilled, so will the latter also. Jesus will come in his glory. He will come to consummate his marriage with his people. He will then present her to his Father, without spot, all-glorious both within and without. He will satisfy her with his beauty, presence, and love for ever. He will put her in possession of the promised inheritance—the kingdom provided for her from the foundation of the world. Then she will be freed from all sorrow, suffering, care, fear, and sin. Then she will be glorified with himself, and as himself for ever.

What a stir the sudden coming of the Bridegroom will make among many of our sleepy professors! how it will startle,

alarm, and terrify them! Into what confusion it will throw many of our money-loving, money-making Church members, frustrating their schemes, and disappointing their expectations! How it will surprise many proud pretenders, who now pass for believers, and will only be discovered at the appearing of our Lord and Saviour!

Let us, then, seriously put the question to our consciences, *Am I espoused to Jesus?* Do my desires, thoughts, and affections centre in him? *Am I prepared for his coming?* Is it to me the most desirable as well as the most glorious event? Am I watching for it, as those that watch for the morning? Am I waiting for it, as the bride waits for the wedding-day? Am I ready to go forth and meet the Bridegroom whenever the cry shall be heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" If so, the hope will soon be realised: Jesus is now on his way. There are intimations of his near approach. We ought, therefore, to be on the tip-toe of expectation. The fact will soon be registered—"The Bridegroom cometh." But if, when he comes, our lamps should have gone out—if, when we arise to trim them, we find that we have no oil in our vessels! If we should have to procure, when we ought to have to use! If, while we attempt to obtain, he should enter into the bride-chamber, and the door be shut! How dreadful to be shut out from Jesus! to be shut out at midnight—to be shut out in the dark—to be shut out with hypocrites and unbelievers! This will be the doom of many—will it be ours? If it should! But may it be prevented? It may. Let us not only have the virgin garb, the lamp, and the light, but let us see to it that we have oil in our vessels with our lamps. Let us make sure that we have the Holy Spirit in our hearts. Let us not be satisfied to conclude, from some past experience, that we had the Holy Spirit once, but let us daily seek the supplies of the Spirit of Christ. Let us make our calling and election sure. Let us live in constant fellowship with Jesus, looking for the blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour. Satan will try all means in his power to divert us from this; but let us so watch and pray that he may never prevail.

TWO CONVERSIONS PER ANNUM. A SOLEMN WORD TO OUR CHURCHES FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY REV. G. D. EVANS.

The heading of this paper may be startling. Two conversions per annum! What does it mean? It means that it has been ascertained that the average number of conversions in each of our Baptist churches, for the year ending with the Autumnal Conference held at Birmingham, was but two! This is a sad truth standing alone, but, put it in connection with other facts, and it appears more terrible. Many of our Churches have enjoyed during the year great prosperity. Forty, fifty, sixty, one hundred, and in some cases even more, have been added to their numbers. These, helping to make up the average, there must be some churches in our land that have contributed only one; others that can number during the same period, no conversions; and others that have gone back instead of going forward, and are now themselves rapidly becoming a prey to the foe, instead of using their utmost endeavours to snatch souls out of the hands of the enemy. If our churches were fully alive to their vast responsibilities, and fully conscious of their urgent needs, they would move themselves to earnest prayer, and continue to wrestle at the throne of grace till Jerusalem is made a praise in the earth. This year has nearly closed. We wish to stir up ministers, officers, and members of our churches to consecrate themselves to the work of besieging the throne of grace, so that next year may be one wherein we may all feel the power of the Holy Ghost dwelling in the church. The days of Jonathan Edwards are past. No more will the mighty continent of America be moved by the power of his word. The days of Whitefield and Wesley are gone. No more will England be stirred by their pathetic appeals to the consciences of their hearers. But the God of Edwards, and Whitefield, and Wesley, lives; and he who could revive the churches a hundred years ago can exert the same influence to-day as he exerted then. Nothing is too hard for the Lord; and when his people, with a deep earnestness of spirit, shall put up this prayer, "O Lord, revive us again, that thy

people may rejoice in thee," the Church shall arise; we shall hear the chains drop from her hands, and behold her clad in beauteous array. We have had revivals in our day which, like Jonah's gourd, have sprung up in a night and withered in a night. While they lasted they were useful. Sinners were brought to the footstool of mercy, and God's people were stirred to a spirit of deeper earnestness and more entire consecration. But their night soon came, and those churches that were moved by their power have subsided into their former drooping state. The revival we need is not spasmodic. What we want is a work that will not only commence, but continue to increase, till all the churches shall be baptised into the mighty influence of the Holy Spirit. Now, the necessity for such a revival is seen, first of all, in the present lethargy of the Church of Christ. Once, like a mighty giant, having in her veins the life-blood of the Saviour's dying love, she walked through the earth, and at every step was acknowledged a conqueror. Before her power the shrines of superstition, the temples of idolatry, and the bulwarks of infidelity, were cast down. The world hated, but was obliged secretly to respect, her; and although it put her sons and daughters to the flames, it was compelled to confess her influence. Now, blasted by the chill winds, she has become frozen to the very earth on which she walked. Having become drunken with the world's stupefying draught, she has stretched herself, and takes her ease. *Look at her ministers.* We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, what kind of men used to deliver the oracles of God. With a few glorious exceptions, we are obliged to ask, "The fathers, where are they?" Where is the earnest piety, the devotedness to God, the devout love for the doctrines of grace, in all their fulness; the burning, panting desire for the salvation of the perishing, and the jealousy of heart for the maintenance of the ordinances of God's house, such as was possessed by the ministers who have entered their eternal home? Is it not a lamentable fact, over which we should all mourn in our closets, that many ministers think they have done all when they have delivered their ordinary sermons, and ut-

tered their ordinary prayers in the sanctuary of God, without constantly taking their hearers on their hearts to the throne of grace, and pleading with God in their chambers for the people. They are satisfied with pursuing the ordinary course. They are like men of the old school, who, when railroads were suggested, pleaded for the worn ruts in which the wheels of their coaches had rolled so grandly for many years, forgetting that this is the age of progress, and that we must be ever devising new schemes for carrying the Gospel to the houses and hearts of the people. *Look again at the members of the churches.* Some will be ready to cry, "Ah, that's right, give it to the ministers, they are not so faithful as they ought to be." We grant it and mourn over it, but the fault does not all rest here. We see in the members of our churches as great a necessity for a revival. Allow me to describe to you a man who is an ordinary type of many of them. He takes a pew in the house of God and regularly pays his subscription. He comes every Sabbath morning and evening, and you will find him in his place five minutes before the hour of service. Now and then he steps in to the Monday evening prayer-meeting, and occasionally he honours the place with his august presence at the week evening lecture. When a church meeting is held he is generally there, and you will seldom find him absent from the Lord's table. He is looked up to and respected. His personal character is all that could be wished, and in the world and before the church he maintains a consistency of conduct. There is one thing lacking. He has no fire in his nature. There is no burning earnestness, no self-consuming zeal for the salvation of sinners, the interests of Zion, and the glory of God. Have I drawn the picture too harshly? I might have given it a blacker colouring. There are members in some churches who do more than this, for they discourage others from seeking the glory of God. Yea, further still, there are some who are inconsistent in their conduct and whose unholy practices are winked at, because they are men of wealth and name. Take our churches throughout the land, and you will find a threefold lacking. There is a lack of deep earnest spirituality

which would lead believers to consecrate themselves wholly and unreservedly to God. There is a lack of prayerfulness arising out of the lack of spirituality, and consequently there is also a want of earnestness for the salvation of the ungodly. But cast your eyes outside the walls of the church, and look at the state of an ungodly world. It may be that unblushing infidelity does not rear her head so high, and foul-mouthed blasphemy does not use her tongue so boldly, but I fear the world is getting but little better. As an age becomes more refined the grosser evils, so patent to the eye before, are hidden. Others, however, stare us in the face, and proclaim that the world is rotten at the core. Has not a cold ritualism taken the place of a living Christianity? Has not formalism clad herself in the most delicate robes, and stood up to minister before God's altar where only the heart should be engaged? Dowe not find that in the world there is either an utter carelessness about religion or a dependence upon forms and ceremonies for the salvation of the soul? It is as much "the world that lieth in the wicked one" as ever. Sin wears another coat, but the heart beneath is as vile. It is clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day; the gaudy is but the covering for loathsomeness, and the paint only beautifies the cheek that is diseased. The hearts of men require to be changed. Their affections need to be set on Christ crucified. Their sins want washing away in the Redeemer's blood. There is a need, deep, earnest, and solemn, for a revival of true godliness. The question will be asked by some who realise the necessity, how is the matter to be accomplished? Extraordinary means have sometimes been used to "get up" revivals. Excitement has been produced. Tears have been wept. Under exciting sermons men and women have professed to be converted; but whenever the human element has preponderated, and the instrument has hidden the Divine Worker, the revival has died away, and left but a wreck behind. *All true revivals must be pre-eminently God's work.* The language of the Church's prayer is, "Wilt thou not revive us again?" We must recognise that if the Church is stirred up to more

earnest activity God must do it. In Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones, we see a beautiful representation of this truth. The prophet must lift up his trumpet-tongue, and cry to the four winds of heaven, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." But mark how God works throughout. His hand first carries the prophet into the valley. The same hand leads him round and shows him the scattered bones. Then his voice puts the cry into the very mouth that is to sound it forth. The same voice gives the prophet a glorious promise of success. It is just so in the Church. If the minister would have a message that shall reach the people's soul, God must touch his heart with love and his tongue with fire. If the Church would offer supplications that shall prevail at the throne of grace, God must inspire the petition and teach the language of the prayer. Whether one heart or one thousand hearts be broken it is all the same. Not one could yield but to omnipotence. "Our help is in the name of the Lord God, who made heaven and earth." This shall encourage us in our hours of despair, and strengthen us in our moments of weakness, that none can hinder when the Lord begins to work. Notwithstanding this, we must not look for God to work unless we continue in *earnest wrestling prayer.* We read that "when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." What were these disciples doing? They were waiting for the promise of the Spirit, as Jesus bade them before he ascended to his throne. But they were not idly waiting. They "all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." It was after earnest supplication had been offered that there came that mighty and mysterious power by which the disciples were fitted to proclaim the living word. Since then there have been other manifestations of the Spirit who dwelleth in the Church. The work of conversion has revived, and the piety of believers has been strengthened. The world has gazed and wondered as it has beheld the triumphs of the Gospel; but the secret of the power has often been with a few who

gathered together in an upper room, determined to besiege the mercy-seat until the blessing came. Prayer-meetings are esteemed by some members of our churches as unworthy of their attention, but could they see the marvellous results of blessing accruing to the church, they would no longer despise them. Prayer once unlocked the heavens and brought showers from the skies to refresh the parched and thirsty earth; since then it has brought down many spiritual showers upon a parched church. But while we recognise God's hand and look up to God's throne, we must not depreciate *human instrumentalities*. There is a work to be done by the Church herself. In true revivals of religion there have generally been two elements at work. On the preacher's part there has been the *proclamation of the Gospel in its simplest form*. There was a vast difference between two men who were mighty champions of the Cross in the last century. Jonathan Edwards would hold his sermon before his face and methodically read it to the people. George Whitefield, discarding all manuscripts, would stretch out his arms, raise his voice, and appear ready to embrace the people in his arms of love. Yet one was about as successful as the other in winning souls to Christ. There was one thing they possessed in common—it was faith in the Gospel that they preached. They believed and acted upon the Saviour's promise, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The minister, when touched with love to dying sinners, has forgotten the rules of oratory. Sometimes he has left out of mind the proprieties of speech. He has thrown away his sermon-book, but he has carried into the pulpit the Cross. Morality, Christian ethics, and philosophic reasoning, were used before to charm; now the Saviour is exalted to save. How we long and pant for the time when the simplicity of the Cross shall be acknowledged! Our hearts yearn for the hour when every pulpit shall be a Calvary on which the Redeemer shall be exalted. Then may we expect a revival of religion. On the part of the members of the church there has been an *individual dealing with souls*. In apostolic times every believer was a preacher. Not every one could stand before the thou-

sands of Rome and there preach the glad tidings of salvation. But there was an element in religion that caused them to seize men by the button-hole and to whisper in their ears, "What think ye of Christ?" Thus the Gospel spread, and it is impossible to discover how many were saved by such simple means.

Suppose, then, that during the coming year all the members of our churches were to take one case and plead it at the mercy-seat; God would not leave himself without witness. Instead of two being the recorded average at the end of the year, we should be obliged to exclaim, as we saw the number of converts, "Who are these that fly as clouds and as doves to the windows?" Let us humble ourselves before God, confessing how coldly we have served him, and how feebly we have striven to glorify him; and then let us, in his name, put our hands a second time to the work, beseeching him to shower upon us his richest blessings.

Upton Chapel, Lambeth.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

BY THE REV. W. G. FIFIELD.

THIS proverb has the excellence or defect, whichever you may consider it, of being familiar to all. It has, moreover, the undeniable recommendation of containing truth, which is expressed in other words in the New Testament. Take for instance the sentence, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;" and you have the motto of this address in another and an older form. In different words the meaning is the same. Just what is contained in the uninspired expression, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is also contained in the inspired sentence, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;" with the illustration of which truth we have to do.

With the illustration of which truth, I say, we have to do; for I suppose little need be said in *explanation* of it. We are all agreed about that. We have a clearly defined idea of the meaning of the sentence, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," or the more familiar one in which the same truth is contained. That may be thus briefly expressed. Excellence is not the result of fickleness

or inconstancy. In order to succeed a man must stick to a thing. We get on by dogged perseverance and steadfastness. "The rolling stone," always in motion, "gathers no moss." This, I suppose, is what we mean by the motto now under consideration. We have heard the motto repeated so many times, and have had its meaning pointed out so frequently, that its import cannot easily be forgotten.

There are, I know, apparent exceptions to the truth here expressed. Men who have no faculty of perseverance get surrounded with wealth, for example, or contrive to reach some splendid worldly honour. But these are no real exceptions. Their getting on may be termed accidental. It does not result from themselves, from their efforts of hand or brain. It is obtained rather in spite of themselves, and the words success and excellence have properly nothing to do with such men, whatever position they may occupy. Few things are so universally true as that excellence and success are the results of perseverance and steadfastness. Yes, excellence and success in *everything*—in business, in learning, in virtue, in religion. Genius without perseverance is not worth so much as perseverance without genius. In the race the tortoise beats the hare, who, according to the fable, sleeps, while his less fleet competitor plods on his way. The fickle, restless man may get put into a good position by others, nay, may sometimes secure it by a single effort of his own, but, nevertheless, it remains an undeniable fact that real personal excellence is not secured by any whose characters are described in the words, "unstable as water."

One thing we do well to remember—a thing which has been already alluded to; that this is not only true of business, and secular knowledge, and so forth, but that it is also true of excellence in morality and religion. Somehow or other men's notions are much confused on this point, and need a good deal of correction. Many a man who has a firm belief in the efficacy of perseverance in worldly matters seems to have another belief in reference to spiritual things. That which he considers really needful for success in the one he appears to think can be dispensed with in the

other, and yet success be reached. All this is utter delusion, and the sooner it is dispelled the better. Real excellence in spiritual things is always proportioned to effort—painstaking and persevering effort. As Christian men and women, we recognize God as the Source whence all goodness comes. But God does not act upon us from without merely, and make us good in spite of ourselves. Nothing of the kind. He acts upon us, but we act with him. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." There is no magic in becoming excellent in piety. The unattractive man never becomes excellent in this. It is against common sense and reason that he should. The Apostle Paul obtained, perhaps, as distinguished a Christian elevation as any man. But how? Not by indolence. Not by spasmodic exertion. Not by leaving everything to God, and doing nothing himself. No, not by these. But by work in its widest sense, including all that a Christian man should do. "Forgetting the things which were behind," he pressed forward "to those which were before." He "fought a good fight," he "finished his course," he "kept the faith." Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, he laid aside every weight, and the sin which did so easily beset him, and ran with patience the race set before him, looking unto Jesus. It is impossible to read the life and epistles of this man without discovering the closest connection between perseverance and excellence. And it is a thing we do well to remember in our own case. Grace is not given in order that we may dispense with effort. It is rather given to stimulate us to put forth effort. What is your character as Christians, brethren? Fickle, wavering, inconstant? Then rest assured that so long as this is the case there is no probability of your reaching excellence in religion. The one must be given up, or the other will never be obtained. Neither promise nor precept in the Word of God warrants us in looking for success apart from perseverance in effort. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" in this, which is the highest of all spheres wherein excellence is obtainable.

I often think that as far as spiritual matters are concerned, our own life is the best illustration we can find of the truthfulness of the motto now under consideration. How is it that we have obtained so little success—have made so little advancement in the Divine life? Let us be honest and fair in our consideration—calmly think this over. I fancy we shall find little difficulty in answering this question. Is it not owing to our instability and fickleness of character—to our want of steadfastness and perseverance? There is nothing else to which this can be so truly traced. We recognize the beauty of goodness, and we aim at times to become more proficient in it; but the labour involved in this daunts us. To be good is by no means so easy as to wish to be good. Old habits pull the wrong way, and instead of perseveringly opposing them, we practise them as before. Temptations to do evil solicit us, and instead of resisting them we listen to them, and are overcome. We are hot and cold by turns. For one victory we have many defeats. We lack the steady aim, the determined purpose—the aim and purpose of the Master's life—to go onwards, and never to be turned from our upward course. This instability is, as our experience tells us, the great drawback in the Christian life. We are not like the shining light, that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, but resemble an April sky too much, now bright and clear, and then clouded, variable, fickle. And it is a sad experience to think about; an experience that yields but little satisfaction; and experience that should lead us nearer and closer to the Master, whose life was always consistent, in order that we may catch the spirit that impelled him, and be stimulated to become like him in whose footsteps we ever ought to walk.

This subject perhaps especially commends itself to young persons who are just starting in life, and whose habits are not yet thoroughly fixed and settled. As a rule the first twenty-five or thirty years of a man's life will decide pretty much what sort of a life he is to live after them. We do not alter much when our habits are thoroughly settled. It is but rarely that any great altera-

tion takes place after middle life. Impressions made at an early period of life are the most permanent. Practices and modes of action to which we addict ourselves then remain with us the longest, and give us the most trouble to break away from, if we see cause and reason for so doing. If a man is irresolute, wavering, flighty, during the first half of his life, the probabilities are that he will continue to be so to the end. Or if not, the certainty is that he can become a persevering, steadfast man only at the cost of immense care and watchfulness. And hence, I say, this subject may be especially recommended to the consideration of those whose habits are not yet settled. Remember that now you are forming your character; that defective ingredients are much more easily put in now than got rid of afterwards; that what you are making yourselves now you will very likely continue to be to the end of life; that if you accustom yourselves now to fickleness and instability you may always be characterized by such. It is unspeakably important for you to remember these things. In habits, and in character, the child is the father of the man. Many a man past middle age would give almost all that he has for the opportunity to be in your position; to have the various elements of his character separated, in order that he might put them together afresh, omitting that instability, which, in his mature years, he has been compelled to regard as pitiable and despicable. Yes, depend upon it, many a man would do this, for it is in mature life that a man perceives most of all the evil of fickleness, and regrets most of all that he has suffered such a defect to become mingled with his character.

One of the best preventives against this glaring defect of character, and one of the best remedies for it is, obviously, to complete anything that you begin; to finish whatever you set yourselves to do, be it work of hand or work of brain, be it a formidable or an insignificant task. If you begin to read a book, read it through. If you commence to study any branch of knowledge, go on with it. If you set yourselves to learn any trade or handicraft, learn it. A little of this determined thoroughness, and especially at the beginning of life, would prepare

the way for more of it afterwards. And the practice of this in worldly matters would have an effect upon the practice of it in higher, in religious matters; for there is a curious resemblance between our habits as men of the world and our habits as Christian men. A man who sticks to his ordinary work and occupation is more likely to become a steadfast Christian, if he becomes one at all, than another man who has no perseverance in the ordinary affairs of life. The habit of overcoming difficulties in the one sphere is somewhat of a preparation for the mastering of obstacles in the other sphere. In some respects there is a resemblance between the material and the spiritual, and, other things being equal, he who can be most resolute and persevering in reference to the one is likely to be most resolute and persevering in reference to the other. Part of this address I have given to those whose habits are not yet fixed, and this preventive against instability of character I would earnestly urge upon you. Don't forget the importance of what may seem insignificant things. If you begin anything, finish it. Yes, even if you get tired of it; for it is just then that the discipline is most valuable and beneficial. Practice thoroughness in the beginning of life in all things but wrong, and your character as business and religious men will not be likely to have much to do with the description, "unstable as water."

But above all, remember that your great help is to be found in God. This address would be manifestly incomplete if it did not remind you of that. *Your great help is to be found in God.*

Trusting in self is the surest way to become fickle and unstable. Trusting in God is the secret of steadfastness. It is by constant communion with him that we receive strength for the discharge of all duties; strength to enable us to resist the temptation to inconstancy; strength to cause us to go right onwards without turning to the right hand or the left; strength to walk in the footsteps of the great exemplar. Men who have been most persevering are the men who have been the most prayerful. Constancy is only to be obtained by communion. As you think about your past life, remember the gracious promise, "Ask

and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and the door shall be opened to you," and gather encouragement to come boldly to the throne of grace from the Saviour's own assurance, "For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

I cannot think that instability even in worldly things can commend itself to him who sees us in all the daily occupations of life. The same counsel that urges "serving the Lord," urges also diligence in business. Fickleness in anything and everything but wrong is a defect, and as such is looked upon by God. But that which especially moves the heart of the Divine Being is fickleness in goodness, instability in religion. The same Being who inspired his servant to say to the Israelites, "How long halt ye between two opinions," still addresses all waverers between goodness and badness. The same Being who said, "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away," still speaks to his irresolute, fickle children. The same Being who spoke, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life," still repeats the promise to us on the like conditions. Brethren, let us listen to that Being. He has a right to be heard. His voice should be supremely authoritative. We want decision for him first of all. Nothing can be pleasing to him without that, and that cannot be arrived at without trust in Christ. And then we want thoroughness, perseverance, steadfastness in all things, in the business pertaining to this world as well as the business pertaining to the world to come. The utmost effort of our own will be needed for this; and the Divine strength must be prayed for, and it will assuredly be imparted. And then no longer "unstable as water," there will be aim and point in our lives—we shall be led onwards and upwards—the eye will be fixed upon the goal—the feet more unswervingly towards that, until at last, by God's mercy, the abundant entrance will be ministered, as the words come from the lips of the Saviour, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast

bear faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Goodshaw, Lancashire.

GOD'S PARDONING PREROGATIVE.

BY THE REV. G. PHILLIPS.

"But thou art a God ready to pardon."—Nehemiah ix. 17.

THAT God is willing to pardon sin is a fact made known to us by revelation alone. The ponderous volume of nature, whilst revealing his wisdom, power, and goodness, says nothing of his forgiving mercy. Providence, or the preserving care of God over us, does not solve the problem. There are numerous instances of his tender dealings from the cradle to the tomb, yet the present being a state of probation ending in the gloom of death, no assurance can accrue therefrom of pardon for the guilty.

But in opening the Holy Bible we learn the heart-cheering truth, that there is forgiveness with God; that he is ready to pardon: it is his prerogative—a work that he will not entrust to another. He often employs his servants to execute his will in other things, but not in this. An angel was sent to destroy the first-born in Egypt and the army of Sennacherib, but no angel is entrusted with the honour of pardoning. God does it himself. Against God sin is committed; hence he is the proper being to pardon. Pardon or forgiveness is the effect of the plan of redemption—it is a fruitful tree that can grow only in the fertile soil of mercy. The refreshing stream of pardon originates in the heart of God, flows from the ocean of his love, through the wounded Emmanuel into the heart of the penitent believer. We observe—

I. *God's position in pardoning the guilty.* As the Supreme Being, he pardons on his throne—a throne being the official seat of a sovereign, where the honour of the king and his government are upheld and vindicated, is a place of exalted dignity and grandeur. The throne of Solomon was made of pure ivory, overlaid with the best gold, ornamented with carved lions each side the flight of steps ascending, so that Solomon, seated on his throne, was glorious to behold.

But when compared to the throne of God it would not be worthy to be a foot-

stool. The brightness of the noonday sun is but mere shade in comparison to the light and glory which surround the throne of the Eternal God. No mortal tongue can describe the splendour of that throne on which Jehovah is seated, in dispensing pardon. We can, however, advert to its character, as being

1. *A throne of mercy.*—Nothing but mercy could have caused God to notice sinful man. Man merited condemnation and banishment; God also, being infinitely glorious in himself, and independent of man; hence sovereign mercy alone, with love and free grace, are displayed in forgiveness. Pardon is the result of the scheme of redemption through the death of Christ. Pardon is dispensed

2. *From a throne of justice.*—There is no infringement on justice in granting pardon to the guilty, in that it is communicated through the merits of our Surety, who died to atone for our transgressions.

When man for sin was expelled from Paradise, cherubims with flaming swords were placed to guard the tree of life, whilst the moral law, like a great mountain, intervened and obstructed man's return. It was too high to scale, too deep to undermine, and too broad to circumvent; but in this hopeless state our help was laid on One that was mighty; Jesus came down with pity in his eye, love in his heart, and power in his arm, and through his holy and obedient life, his intense agony and suffering, atoning and triumphant death, and joyful resurrection, he opened a passage—"a new and living way"—through the fiery mount, without breaking a single precept. At his sight, the flaming sword turned into a sceptre of mercy, whilst Justice stood at the entrance with a streaming banner of welcome to the guilty to "life more abundantly," through the blood of the Lamb.

Jesus who had power to lay down his life received the infliction of the law voluntarily and vicariously, the innocent for the guilty; hence pardon is extended in accordance with the highest rectitude and the strictest justice. God is as just as he is merciful in forgiving the guilty.

3. *God pardons on the throne of his*

power.—Redemption is the highest display of his might. The heavens are the work of his fingers; salvation the work of his arm. He might have shown his sovereign power in preventing sin to enter this once paradisaical world, yet doubtless greater power is displayed in conquering sin, having entered, and saving the sinner.

Had our Saviour prevented the illness of his friend Lazarus, or restored him to health during the different stages of the disease, his Divine power would have been displayed; but when Lazarus had been dead four days, buried and beginning to decompose, with a stone placed on the door of the sepulchre, to raise him from the bed of corruption and death to life again, would be a far higher display of Divine power. Through the death of Christ, in the fulness of time, God raises millions from the death of sin to a life of holiness and happiness, to obtain pardon and eternal life, and thus displays greater power than in creating, preventing, or destroying. The throne on which he pardons the guilty exhibits his Almighty power. In a word, all his attributes unite and concentrate together, justice and mercy meet together, righteousness and peace embrace each other. The attributes of God, like the different colours forming the rainbow, blend in beauty and lustre, whilst they encircle the exalted and glorious throne on which Jehovah pardons.

“Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.”

II. *The manner in which God pardons.*—The Lord pardons worthy of himself.

1. *He pardons freely,* without money and without price. It is not merited on man's part, by works of righteousness, tears of penitence, prayers or sacrifices; all fail to merit pardon. God pardons through the merits of his Son, bestowed on us free as the atmosphere we breathe, the water we drink, or the rays of the sun that shines alike on the cottage of the peasant as on the mansion of the monarch.

2. *He pardons fully.*—It is a blotting out, cancelling, burying, “casting our sins behind his back;” and how beautiful the figures! To have our sins blotted out as a cloud, and our iniquities as a

thick cloud. We have seen the cloud climb the mountain top and spread across the heavens, and the bright sun strike on the dark cloud, causing the rain-drops to fall, and soon the cloud is no more, the sun has melted it, absorbed and driven it away, and the birds begin to sing and nature to rejoice. So the sun of God's forgiving love shines down through the darkened firmament of the sinner's heart, causes the dark clouds of sin to melt in tears of penitence, so that they are blotted out, and the heart “rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

He blots them out also as the tradesman cancels his ledger when his bills are settled. An old divine says, “God blots out the black lines of our sins with the red lines of the Redeemer's blood.” God is said to remember our sins no more. Man often forgives without forgetting. God giveth liberally and upbraideth not. Inscribed on the walls of his sanctuary are to be seen—not, “thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting;” but, “your sins and iniquities will I remember no more.”

He buries them, not in the shallows but in the depth of the sea; so deep that Satan with all his skill, power, instruments, and diving-bells cannot find them.

God pardons fully, finally, and for ever. “There is no condemnation, and all the bonds are abrogated.”

Let the law urge its claims, let conscience come with its lashes, let Satan tempt to dispose by reason of the black catalogue of sins, I see a way to meet them all, for underneath I find clearly written, “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin,” in characters that the ocean's tide cannot wash away, the fires of the last conflagration obliterate, or eternity erase.

“The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

3. *God pardons cheerfully.*—It is his delight to forgive. Judgment is his strangework. When he is about to punish, he is slow to anger; as seen in the case of the antediluvian world, a hundred and twenty years' warning is given. Every plank in constructing the ark was a sermon from the preacher of righteous-

ness to the impenitent. When the cities of the plain are to be destroyed, the Lord, as it were, takes a circuitous journey, calls upon his tried friend Abraham, who pleads in favour of the cities, the Lord listens with an ear of mercy to the intercessions.

The barren tree crying year after year for destruction, is left; God seems to whet his sword; his language to rebellious Ephraim is, "What shall I do unto thee, &c.?" He seems unwilling to destroy, but he is plenteous in mercy. He is always ready to pardon. His immediate language to the penitent is, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace;" to Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for this day is salvation come to thine house; to the malefactor, "to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" while the prodigal is yet a great way off, the father runs to meet him and embrace him, and great was the joy at his reception. God is ever ready and waiting to be gracious. Ethelred II.—one of the Saxon kings—was surnamed the *unready*, in that he was never ready for any public act, for war or peace; it was the imperfection of his character. The monarch of the skies is unready to destroy his rebellious subjects; it is the glory of his character to us-ward, but he is ever ready to pardon the penitent. However great the sinner, he will save to the uttermost.

III. *The persons whom God pardons.*—They are those who seek pardon.

1. *The true penitent.*—With heart-felt sorrow for sin, drawn by God's Spirit to the throne of grace, with the cords of a

man and the bands of love; falling at the feet of Jesus like the woman who was a sinner, the publican, and the prodigal—those are the characters who shall receive.

2. *The believing supplicant.*—Exercising faith in the blood of Christ. The petitioner who trusts his case to the hands of our Elder Brother, surety, and intercessor, will surely prevail in obtaining pardon, rich and free.

3. *Those who thus seek in time.*—God, though rich in mercy, yet has not only a medium for its communication, but also a limited period. How many delay till it is too late for ever! When Alexander encamped before a city he set up a light to warn. While the light lasted, if the inhabitants resorted to him, they obtained quarter; if otherwise, no mercy was expected. God has repeatedly set up light after light before us, in nature, conscience, and the Cross of Christ, warning, inviting, showing that he is "a God ready to pardon" the true penitent; but they can only be continued at farthest while fleeting life lasts; they will be extinguished by the cold stream of death. How important, then, without delay, to obtain pardon, acceptance, and full salvation ere it is too late!

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there."

Evenjobb, Radnor.

Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

AN EXTREMITY.

A TALE OF THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

THE deep, dark shadow had fallen in the North. Already the truth, that man cannot sin without bringing misery upon his fellows, was felt. The unhappy strife which has caused such lamentable bloodshed in America was putting out fires of comfort in English homes, and prematurely marking English faces with care and age. People looked on and trembled.

The autumn was fast verging into the winter, and blank dismay settled on many hundreds of hearts that watched for its coming.

The evenings were sufficiently cold to make a fire look cheerful. A happy, comfortable family party sat around the blazing hearth of Mr. Hemmings. Tea was on the table, the gas was lighted,

and merry laughter sounded through the pleasant room.

"Come, Patty, let us have 'Hard Times.'"

Mrs. Hemmings looked up from her work.

"Indeed, James, many around us are having hard times already. What do you mean? Is that the name of some game?"

"O, no, mother mine, it's only a song which Patty sings—'Hard Times come again no more.'"

So Patty played "Hard Times," and the others joined in the chorus until Mr. Hemmings came in.

There was always a tinge of sadness in his greetings lately, but it was unusually perceptible to-day.

"How bright and cheerful you all seem! I feel almost guilty when I see my own home so full of comforts, contrasting it with other homes which I visit. I think we must try and do more yet."

"If everyone did as you do, father, and gave a tenth of their income, the distress would be lessened."

"I have no doubt that many do more than I, James. Money, and food, and clothing come from all parts of the kingdom; but persons living at a distance can scarcely be expected to feel the interest which we feel, who can watch the effects of this terrible scourge from our very windows."

"I should be glad to do more," said Patty, thoughtfully.

"I have been thinking," continued Mr. Hemmings, "that we will give a sixth instead of a tenth to the fund. Of course this will require some self-denial from us all. Who is willing?"

They were all willing; for this was a time when people could not afford to be selfish—when the wants of others made them ashamed to indulge themselves in luxuries. But, alas! the shadow was to fall even upon the happy home of Mr. Hemmings. He believed himself perfectly secure. The owners of the large mill of which he was the foreman were reputed wealthy men; but they also were to be among the sufferers.

The next morning Mr. Hemmings received the ill tidings for which he was so unprepared. He was a Christian man; he had faith in God; but this blow was almost too much for his faith. He stag-

gered out of the office, and set out to walk several miles before he could go home to his wife and children, and tell them the bad news.

But, before he could escape into the country, he must walk through the town. And never before had he seen so many faces white and keen with hunger—so many frames shivering beneath insufficient clothing. His spirit sank within him. He felt as if he could not bear to see his own children suffer—to see his comforts one by one taken from him. And it was a long time before he could say, "Thy will be done!" When, at length, he reached home, he was surprised to find them all in consternation. Had they already learnt the truth? Their sorrow arose from a different cause. News had just reached them that the bank in which all their accumulated property was, had stopped payment.

It is too harrowing to dwell on the scene that was enacted that morning in the hitherto happy and comfortable home. Nothing looked bright before them. Turn which way they might, ruin and even starvation stared them in the face. Only a few hours before, in happy unconsciousness of the blow about to fall, they had been talking over schemes of benevolence toward others. Now, the ground had been cut from under them—they, too, must fall into the pit of misfortune, which had already swallowed so many of their neighbours.

Even these untoward events, happening at another time, would not have crushed their spirits; but now, with nearly all the mills closed, with hundreds of men out of work, Mr. Hemmings had little hope of being able to obtain employment elsewhere.

"I am afraid it will be the old tale," he said, looking round the room at the handsome furniture; "we shall have to sell these things, and make all kinds of shifts until times are better, or Providence opens a door of escape to us."

"We have not to fight alone," said his wife; "we may cast our burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain us."

"And," said James, "we are not going to sit down and let this calamity master us. We will find something to do, if the payment be ever so small."

And Patty strove to cheer her father

with sanguine words of trust, until, after all, he could see that, bad as their circumstances were, they might have been worse.

In any great trouble, there is nothing like being aroused to immediate action. Each of Mr. Hemmings' family went out to endeavour to find some employment. Each had different ideas. Mr. Hemmings would take a situation as clerk, book-keeper—anything, in fact; and James said he would be a porter at one of the shops, if nothing else turned up. Patty thought she might get an engagement as teacher somewhere, and Mrs. Hemmings herself was desirous of going out to find some occupation. A veto was put upon that. They could not let her, the delicate mother, whom they would all labour to serve, go away from her home to toil.

So they went, and she remained to pray. And the hours passed, and the night drew on, and one by one they returned, with averted faces and trembling lips. None of them had succeeded. It was such a common case. They were willing and eager enough to work, but no work to be found. Alas! many hundreds were in the same painful circumstances. Of course the education and respectability of Mr. Hemmings would have stood him in good stead, but a feeling akin to pride prevented him from applying to his friends for help, and no stranger would engage him.

Thus days and even weeks glided away, and there was great sorrow in the home that had once been so happy.

At length, however, Mr. Hemmings, who had replied to innumerable advertisements, succeeded in obtaining an engagement. He must go to London at once, and commence with the duties. To enable him to do this, the piano was parted with. Patty no longer loved to sing "Hard Times come again no more," though the wish was often enough in her heart.

"I will send you some money directly I take it," said Mr. Hemmings, as he parted from them. "I don't know how you will manage until then; but surely the Lord will provide."

It was a very sorrowful parting.

His letters—which came too seldom for the waiting hearts at home—were also tinged with sadness. Three weeks passed, and no money came. There was

dire necessity at home, but they did not mention it to him; they knew he had enough to bear; so they took their one meal a-day, and never let him know they were so reduced. But one day, James, who had previously earned the few shillings which supported them, was taken ill. Anxiety, and over-fatigue, and insufficient food had done their work. He was led home by a companion, and laid upon the bed, while his mother and sisters looked at each other in consternation.

"Mother," he said, feebly, "you must apply for relief now. It is no use trying to hold out any longer. We ought to have gone before. This is our extremity; do one of you go now."

They had shrunk from this all the time. It was hard that those who had held such a respectable position in the town should be compelled to sue for relief. But the time was come when they could no longer struggle alone. James must have a doctor; and there were other wants pressing upon them.

Mrs. Hemmings presented herself before the committee of relief. She was so thoroughly a lady, that the gentlemen would have sympathized with her—would have relieved her without the necessary form; but when she stood in their presence, and tried to make known her errand, her fortitude gave way, and she fainted. When she recovered, she begged to be taken home, and not even to the persons who escorted her thither did she utter a word relative to her sufferings. It seemed as if she could not speak of them, even though to be silent were to die.

When she reached home she was compelled to retire to her room. She had not strength to keep up; but, in an agony of supplication, she once more carried her woes to the Mighty One, and implored his help now, in their utter destitution.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity." They had not a shilling in the house. Two of them were ill, and the attendance of a medical man necessary.

At that time, when Mrs. Hemmings was wrestling with the God of the needy in prayer, he was listening, and opening a way of escape. A letter, containing a £20 note, as a loan, was brought in by the postman, and an offer of a lucrative situation accompanied it.

Dear reader, have you ever known what it was to have such an interposition of Providence in your behalf? Then, and not otherwise, can you form some idea of the gratitude and love which arose in their hearts on this occasion.

Their home comforts were all renewed, and their life again made happy and contented, as of yore. But they still gave half of their substance to the needy, and never forgot the day of their own great extremity.

Reviews.

The Gospel Treasury; or, Treasury Harmony of the Four Evangelists, &c. Compiled by ROBERT MIMPRISS. Two Vols. in One. Elliot Stock, 63, Paternoster-row.

It is impossible to over estimate the intrinsic worth of this first-class publication. It is a cabinet of rich Biblical treasure, and one of the most efficient helps to the Sabbath-school teacher and student that could be compiled. The mass of real, indispensable information contained in this thick double volume is perfectly surprising. We have parallel passages, critical explications, abundant expository elucidations, and all in brief, and so presented that the thoughtful reader must be greatly aided in his perusal of the sacred Gospels. It ought to be found in every Bible-class, and in the library of every Sunday-school teacher and Christian student in the kingdom; and it is now offered on terms of extraordinary cheapness, which ought to secure an immense circulation.

Jesus Revealing the Heart of God. By the Rev. JOHN PULSFORD. Third Edition. London: Elliot Stock.

A FIRST CLASS book on one of the most important of all themes. To the momentous inquiry, "Show us the Father," this is a most satisfactory reply. We are glad that it is presented in a form adapted for general circulation. Elegant books are well enough for the rich, but we want books in this style for the mass of Christian readers. We should be glad to see all Mr. Pulsford's works in a people's cheap edition. The holiest and most sublime of all truths are here presented in a garb of heavenly love.

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ANOTHER excellent little book by the same author.

Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. Part IV. London: J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row. THIS part contains four sermons by that extraordinary orator and preacher, H. W. Beecher—thoroughly honest and outspoken, full of thought, often very forcible, but very generally eccentric in the most extreme degree. If the sermon on infant baptism, in this part, is the summing up of what is worth saying by a vigorous mind in the nineteenth century, then it is clear that that signet of ceremonial tradition is on its last legs. It must be very humbling to those ministers who have recently, Blondin-like, leaped from the

depths of the baptistry to the font, to read the calm, mature dictum on infant baptism of such a master in Israel as the world-wide popular preacher of these sermons.

Jones's Essentials of Spelling. London: Pitman. A FIRST-CLASS book of its kind, and deserves to have a foremost place with those engaged in the popular education of the masses.

Communion with Jesus. A Morning Portion for Every Day in the Year. London: J. E. Shaw, 48, Paternoster-row.

A SWEET little gem, proving as daily manna. A verse of Scripture and a suitable poetical illustration. Thousands of thousands ought to be sold. We heartily recommend it at this season as a gift-book.

The following have our cordial approval:—

Secret Prayer. By the Rev. C. STANFORD. London: Jackson and Co., 27, Paternoster-row.
A Catechism of Christian Baptism. By Rev. D. PLUMER. London: Elliot Stock.
Sandy Foundations. By J. M. WHITE, B.A. London: Jackson and Co.
A Concise View of Baptism. By JOHN CROSS. Of the Weekly Tract Society, Nos. 858, 864, and 868.
"Salvation by Faith," "The Perfect High Priest," "Come and Come," by Rev. T. W. Medhurst. *Testimonies by Eminent Pedobaptists.* Simpkin and Co.

Then on the Baptismal Regeneration subject we have *Two Sermons*, by Rev. M. A. MOUVELLANE, of Finsbury Chapel, and *Two Sermons* by JOSEPH CHISLETT, of Walworth. *Discoveries on Baptism and Baptismal Regeneration.* By Rev. W. LANDELS, Passmore & Roberts, 23, Paternoster-row. These cheap penny sermons are admirably adapted to serve the interests of evangelical truth, and have our heartiest commendation. And last of all there are *Two of the last published Sermons on the Faith of God's Elect*, by F. SILVER, preached at Jewry-street Chapel, Aldgate. *The Veil Removed; or, Truth Displayed, &c.*, is on the same subject, and by the same publishers. It is written by a clear, hard-headed layman, and does credit both to his perceptive and reflective powers. One of the most efficient means of usefulness is to get a supply of unquestionably good publications and circulate them in our families, among our friends, Sunday-schools, and churches, as Christian tokens of affection or new year's gifts of Christian beneficence.

The Case of George Hall and its Place of Lessons is a practical and solemn warning against those evils which made him the destroyer of his wife.

* * * It is absurd for books or tracts to be sent for review which, like the last, give no London publisher.

Poetry.

DIVINE DRAWING.

By nature sinners roam
And hate the Saviour's law ;
No man to Christ can come
Except the Father draw :
And this blest influence from above
Results from everlasting love.

The Father draws the soul
From creature-righteousness ;
The best robe, fair and whole,
Becomes the sinner's dress :
When drawn to Jesus crucified,
His filthy rags are cast aside.

From sin the Father draws,
Its love and practice too,
Though still the saint has cause
Indwelling sin to rue :
But though it lices and causes pain,
Through grace divine it does not reign.

God draws from worldly things,
From earth's vain, paltry toys :
All new-born souls have wings,
And soar to higher joys :
In Jesus all their wishes meet—
They find in him their joy complete.

Thus drawn to Christ's embrace,
Such favoured ones shall have
From him all needed grace—
Glory beyond the grave !
Lord, draw us now with cords of love,
And fix our hearts on things above.

THEODORA.

THE UNCHANGING.

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

As he was yesterday,
Treading life's darkened way,
Tenderly kind—
Touching the sick and dead,
Healing the heart of dread,
Lighting the blind :

So is he e'en to-day
Smiling upon our way,
Healing us all—
Loving and helping each,
Living to bless and teach
Those who would fall.

So will he ever be,
Setting the prisoner free,
Drying the tears.
Nothing shall change his love,
Nothing beneath, above,
On through the years.

Trustful, without a care,
Breathing our lives in prayer,
So might we rest ;
Seeing that he is true,
We shall be guided through
Safe to his breast.

Others may change and die ;
He through eternity
Still is the same.
Courage ! and onward go ;
He is our strength below—
Blest be his name !

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Denominational Intelligence.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

MEASHAM, DERBYSHIRE.—The Rev. Watson Dyson, of Long Sutton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church.

SALISBURY.—The Rev. S. Nownham, late of Barnstaple, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church.

TEMBURY.—The Rev. D. Sinclair, of Peterchurch, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church.

DOWLAIS.—The Rev. O. James, of the North Wales Baptist College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of Hebron Chapel.

NORWICH.—The Rev. T. A. Wheeler has tendered his resignation of the pastorate over the church meeting in St. Clement's Chapel, Norwich.

MONTACUTE, SOMERSET.—Mr. R. Kerr, from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church to become their pastor, and entered upon his stated labours Nov. 6th, with every prospect of success.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

MANCHESTER.—On Monday evening, October 10th, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, York-street, Manchester, on which occasion a purse, containing £81 18s. 6d., was presented to the Rev. Richard Chenery, as an expression of esteem and affection from the church and congregation, and in appreciation of

his valuable services as minister of the above-named chapel during the last fifteen years.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

ST. HELIERS, JERSEY.—We are glad to state that a Baptist church has been formed in this place. The island contains a population of 60,000, and there has been no Baptist interest. The friends are very anxious to obtain the services of a minister, and feel that after the first year they will be able to maintain him, but they need help towards the first year's expenses. Communications may be addressed to Mr. G. Seager, 2, Bristol-place, Val Plaisant, Jersey.

OPENING SERVICES.

OLD FORD, NEAR VICTORIA-PARK.—The church and friends recently meeting at St. Thomas's-hall, South Hackney, in connection with the ministry of the Rev. Robert R. Finch, having erected an iron chapel in Park-road, it was opened for public worship on Wednesday, October 5th, when the Rev. William Brock, D.D., of Bloomsbury, preached. On the following Sabbath and Wednesday succeeding the services were continued by the Rev. H. D. Northrop, B.A., of the Congregational church, Victoria-park ; the Rev. John Edmund, D.D., of the Presbyterian church, Highbury ; the Rev. Samuel Coley, of Walworth ; the Rev. Allan Cury, of Peel-grove, and the pastor (in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Bow, who had kindly engaged for one of the services). The neighbour-

ing ministers manifested their sympathy by attending many of the services; and the Revs. William Bevan, of Henley-street Chapel, Bow; Edward Schnadhorst, of Old Ford Congregational Chapel; and Joseph Harrison, of Grosvenor-street Chapel, Stepney, sustained the introductory and devotional part of the engagements on the several occasions.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.—The new chapel was opened on Tuesday, the 18th of October, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. On the following day the Rev. D. Katterns preached, and a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. J. Russell, in the absence of J. Gowland, Esq., who was prevented from attending, but who kindly sent a contribution of £5. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. A. Blake, D. Katterns, J. Redford, J. Webb, and B. Beazley. In the evening a united communion service was held, the Rev. Dr. Steane conducting the same. The Revs. T. Basly, W. A. Blake, S. Green, and J. Russell took part in the service. On the following Sunday, the 23rd, the pastor, the Rev. T. Smith, administered the ordinance of baptism in the presence of a large congregation. The total cost of the ground and chapel is £1,106, a marvel of cheapness. There is a balance of £170, which must be raised by the friends within twelve months. Any of our readers desirous of helping, can remit their contributions to the Rev. T. Smith; or to the Rev. W. A. Blake, 38, Southbank, Regent's-park, N.W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PITHAY, BRISTOL.—Sunday, October 23, being the anniversary of this place of worship, sermons were preached, in the morning by the pastor, the Rev. James Davis, and in the evening by Handel Cossam, Esq. On Tuesday evening, the 25th, a tea-meeting was held, when about 350 persons were present. After tea the pastor, who took the chair, gave a brief, and, on the whole, a cheering report of the progress of the church during the past year. Congratulatory and impressive addresses followed by the Revs. M. Dickie, J. Garside, N. Haycroft, M.A., and Messrs. Showell and Trotman.

GLASGOW.—**NORTH FREDERICK-STREET.**—The 2nd anniversary services of Rev. T. W. Medhurst's settlement as pastor, were held Nov. 10th and 13th. On Thursday evening, Nov. 10, the anniversary tea-meeting was held; the pastor presided, and in the opening address mentioned that 125 persons had been baptised, and 195 had been received into the fellowship of the church, since the commencement of his pastoral labours in that place, on Nov. 2, 1832. We are happy to state that the church is thoroughly united. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. R. Glover, J. Denovan, and A. K. McCallum; and by Messrs. Brash, Bowser, Irons, and Maitland. On Lord's-day, Nov. 13, the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, preached forenoon and evening, and T. W. Medhurst in the afternoon. We thank God, and take courage.

SOUTHAMPTON.—A tea and public meeting were held in the Carlton Rooms here on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15, in aid of the Carlton Chapel Building Fund. A goodly number sat down to tea, and a much larger company assembled at the meeting afterwards. The Rev. J. Collins (pastor) presided, and stated that there was now in hand about £500, besides some £270 already paid toward ground, &c., and some £130 promised; making about £900 which has been given and promised for the new chapel. In addition to this, the collecting cards this quarter have pro-

duced about £30, not including the profit we hope will be realised from the tea. The following ministers addressed the meeting in a thoroughly friendly and fraternal manner, viz.:—Revs. G. Sargent (Wesleyan), B. Caven (Baptist), J. G. Wright (Presbyterian), C. Williams (Baptist), and S. March (Independent). As but little more than one-third of the sum required is at present obtained, the pastor will be most grateful to acknowledge the receipt of any sums, however small, or any articles for the bazaar to be held in the spring, if sent to 1, Henstead-terrace, Southampton.

BRIGHTON.—**QUEEN-SQUARE CHAPEL.**—The church and congregation meeting in this place of worship, under the ministry of the Rev. J. Wilkins, met on Tuesday, November 8th, for the purpose of returning thanks to God for his kind providence in crowning with so much success their efforts lately put forth to clear off a mortgage. Five years since the friends purchased the chapel at liabilities over £2,000. The building was put in trust for the use of the denomination, subject to an original mortgage of £1,000. The remaining sum of £1,000 was provided for by a second mortgage of £560, and by personal security. The trustees and their friends at once set about removing these incumbrances, and prior to May of the present year upwards of £300 had been raised. Six months ago the second mortgage, which had been reduced to £510, was called in. On June 27th the church and congregation met to take steps to raise the money. A kind friend very generously offered to give £35 10s.—the twentieth part of the amount—provided the other nineteen parts could be raised. The pastor sketched a plan, showing that if the given number of persons would, in three instalments, with an interval of six weeks between each, give or get the several sums named, he would undertake three-twentieths (£76 10s.) of the whole. The friends present at once responded to the challenge, and the £510 were promised. The instalment day came, and the people brought in their offerings with cheerful liberality. Friends in Brighton and at a distance also readily gave their assistance; and at the last meeting it was found that £533 12s. 7d. had been raised. Under these circumstances it was felt to be good to meet to praise God, by whose blessing the people had been enabled to raise the required sum. From 200 to 300 persons sat down to tea, which was gratuitously provided by the friends, and confined to the congregation. The public meeting, which was presided over by the Rev. J. Wilkins, who detailed the circumstances connected with the object of the present gathering, was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Pearsall, Collins, Mahon, Murdin, Moon, Flint, and other members of the committee and trustees.

BAPTISMS.

ACCRINGTON, BARNIS-STREET, Oct. 30—Two, by Mr. T. Bury, of Oswaldtwistle.
ARNON, YSTRADGYNLAIS, Oct. 21—One, by Mr. T. E. James, of Glyn Neath.
BLACKWATER, BERKE, Oct. 23—Two, by Mr. S. Sale.
BOSTON, SALEM CHAPEL, Oct. 23—Four by Mr. J. K. Chappell.
BOW, Oct. 23—Eight, by Mr. J. H. Blake.
BRIDGEND, GLAMORGANSHIRE, Oct. 23—One, by Mr. T. E. James, of Glyn Neath.
BRIDGENORTH, SALOP, Oct. 30—One; Nov. 13, Four, by Mr. T. Keen.
BRISTOL, COUNTERSLIP, Nov. 6—Sixteen by Mr. R. P. Macmaster.

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EDINBURGH: OLIVER and BOYD.

1. **Sun.** For thy name's sake lead me and guide me, Psa. xxxi. 3.

In view of another year, which may close our pilgrimage for ever on earth, crowding within its few fleeting weeks some of the most momentous events of life, our heartfelt prayer should be—O Lord, lead me and guide me.

2. **M.** He hath set darkness in my path, Job xix. 8.

Child of God, troubled and perplexed, he still. This event, bitter and impenetrable as it is, is right. God is in it, and it cannot be wrong.

3. **Tu.** And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire, Exod. xiii. 21.

God's dispensations are varied, but always suited to our position: some adapted for the day, when light streams around; others for the night, when darkness enshrouds us. Both are essential to our right course.

4. **W.** I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, Matt. ix. 13.

Jesus pardons because we are guilty, and saves because we are lost. Unworthiness neither excludes nor disqualifies.

5. **T.** And he (Adam) said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, and hid myself, Gen. iii. 10.

A sense of guilt upon the conscience invariably occasions fear. The moment Adam became conscious of having sinned, he hid himself from God's eye.

6. **F.** And he led them forth by the right way, Psa. cvii. 7.

The Saviour leads his chosen home by a right, though sometimes a rough way, beneath the culture of his hand. What blessings spring from trials! what joy from sorrow! and what wealth from losses!

7. **S.** He restoreth my soul, Psalm xxiii. 3.

If there is one aspect in the view of this subject more touching than another, it is this—that Jesus should take the first step in restoring his wandering child.

8. **Sun.** That believing, ye might have life through his name, John xx. 31.

Eternal life is obtained not by a sinner's believing only, but by Christ's great work of atonement in which he believes.

9. **M.** A man shall be commended according to his wisdom, Prov. xii. 8.

If God has made us wise to salvation, let us act as children of wisdom.

10. **Tu.** Ye shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart, Jer. xxix. 13.

Better thy heart be without words in prayer, than thy words without an heart.

11. **W.** I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, 1 Cor. i. 19.

The meanest capacity, yea, a person of the weakest intellects, is as susceptible of heavenly grace as the most capacious mind.

12. **T.** Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, John xvii. 24.

Christ will never leave any whom the Father hath given him, until he hath brought them to behold his glory.

13. **F.** I am a worm, and no man, Psa. xxii. 6. Though indwelling sin does not produce the grace of humility in a child of God, yet it beats down his pride.

14. **S.** For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, Rom. viii. 3.

What an impressive view does this give us of the deep depravity, the utter sinfulness of our nature!

15. **Sun.** The root of the righteous yieldeth fruit, Prov. xii. 12.

A man may have the blossoms of profession in his bosom, without having the root of the matter in his heart.

16. **M.** All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, Matt. xxviii. 18.

Go forward, Christian, relying upon the power of Jesus to do all in you, and accomplish all for you. Invincible is that soul thus clad in the panoply of Christ's power.

17. **Tu.** As for God, his way is perfect, Psa. xviii. 30.

To question the rectitude of our heavenly Father in his procedure in any single act were to dispute the infinite excellence and completeness of his nature.

18. **W.** A Lamb without blemish and without spot, 1 Peter i. 19.

The least taint of moral guilt would have proved fatal to the Saviour's mission—one leak in the glorious ark had sunk it to the lowest depths.

19. **T.** In my prosperity, I said, I shall never be moved, Psa. xxx. 8.

A season of prosperity often proves fatal to a profession of godliness, and but for the prompt and ever-watchful eye of a faithful God, would accomplish our ruin.

20. **F.** Cast thyself down, Luke iv. 9.

Satan forced not the Saviour, he touched him not; that we may know that whosoever obeyeth the devil casteth himself down. Satan may suggest, compel he cannot.

21. **S.** I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day, 2 Tim. i. 12.

Spirit of God, vantage you a further evidence that your faith credits no cunningly-devised fable that he to whom you have committed your precious soul is able to keep it until the resurrection morn?

22. **Sun.** Afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby, Heb. xii. 11.

We are often more fully convinced of the wisdom of God's procedure when the rod has been removed, and the tempest-cloud has passed away.

23. **M.** For the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are, 1 Cor. iii. 17.

O! what heavenly wisdom, and holy circumspection, and ceaseless prayer do we need, that we might walk with unspotted garments!

24. **Tu.** Satan hath desired to have you, Luke xxii. 31.

Observe here the limitation of Satanic powers in reference to the believer. This is the utmost extent. He has no power but that which God permits; he can but desire and plot.

25. **W.** The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, Matt. xiii. 33.

If the heart be not broken on account of sin, and the spirit be not bruised and humbled, it is impossible that the Spirit of Christ, like an all-pervading leaven, can assimilate our moral nature to his own.

26. **T.** For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great, Psa. xlv. 11.

Be not cast down, thou tempted one, at the discovery of the heart's hidden evils. Sweet is the evidence it affords that the Holy Spirit is working there.

27. **F.** Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit, John xv. 2.

Be sure of this, Christian, that when the Lord is about to bless thee with some peculiar blessing, he will prepare thee first by some great trial.

28. **S.** He teacheth my hands to war, 2 Sam. xlii. 35.

Not infrequently the sharpest attacks and the fiercest onsets are made, and made successfully, upon the strongest believers.

29. **Sun.** Cursed be the man that maketh flesh his arm, Jer. xvii. 5.

We must be cautious in the varied circumstances of our history of applying first to a human arm for support, or to a human bosom for sympathy.

30. **M.** My peace I give unto you, John xiv. 27. As heaven alone is the abode of perfect peace, he who on earth has his conversation most on heaven, approximates the nearest to the heavenly state.

31. **Tu.** The vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it, Hab. ii. 3.

Jesus knows both how and when to deliver them that are his; and deliver them he will. Only you must give him leave to take his own time; and it shall be the best time.

1. **W.** Thy name is as ointment poured forth, Sol. Song i. 3.

Blessed Lord, I would fain open this box of precious ointment, that the fragrance of thy grace and of thy name might revive me.

2. **T.** Lord, increase our faith, Luke xvii. 5.

Strong grace hath strong comfort. Much faith will bring thee with much comfort to heaven; but a little true faith will bring thee safely there.

3. **F.** Perfect love casteth out fear, 1 John iv. 18.

If we have but the Holy Spirit's witness that God loves us, and our own spirit's witness that we love him, all dread and doubt are cast out by the exercise of such love.

4. **S.** The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all, Isa. liii. 6.

What truth can be clearer? Is not this the marrow of the Gospel—the very life and essence of Christianity?

5. **Sun.** I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, 2 Tim. iv. 6.

He only who is truly fit to live is really fit to die. There is in vital godliness a ready clothing, a ready cleansing, and a ready girding.

6. **M.** The Lord hath chastened me sore, Psa. cxviii. 18.

He who sends the chastisement intended that it should be felt. There is as much danger of undervaluing as overrating the chastisements of God.

7. **Tu.** Lord, save us, we perish, Matt. viii. 25.

It is out of these two simple elements that genuine faith is always formed—a deep pervading consciousness of our unworthiness—a simple and entire trust in Christ.

8. **W.** Half-Quarter. Looking unto Jesus, Heb. xii. 2.

Be not afraid to approach him; shun not his presence; tremble not to be alone with him. Such love and tenderness dwells in no other being in the universe as in Jesus.

9. **T.** I am the way, John xiv. 6.

O! what melody in these words of Jesus! Yea, Lord, thou art my way of pardon and acceptance, my way through life, and through the shaded valley of death up to glory.

10. **F.** Who of God is made unto us sanctification, 1 Cor. i. 30.

The believer is as much to live upon the grace and power of Christ for the subduing of the strength and dominion of sin, as upon his blood and righteousness for its pardon and the removal of its guilt and condemnation.

11. **S.** He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy, Prov. xxviii. 13.

If we attempt to hide our sins from God, we aim to deceive God. If we confess our sins, and flee to the blood of Jesus, we deceive the devil.

12. **Sun.** Show me now thy way, that I may know thee, Exod. xxxiii. 13.

Whatever the Lord's way is, we become acquainted with him in that way, and this is one reason why the Lord deals with us so opposite to our notions of what is best; it is that we may know him.

13. **M.** For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him, 2 Cor. v. 21.

With what vividness is the substitutionary character of Christ's offering brought out here!

14. **Tu.** And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both, Luke vii. 42.

The fifty pence debtor and the debtor of five hundred are shown by Christ to be forgiven with equal readiness and grace, notwithstanding the immense disparity in their debts.

15. **W.** For to be carnally-minded is death, Rom. vii. 6.

We fearlessly challenge every believer—What has been the effect of a low state of grace, of carnal indulgence, and allowed sin?

16. **T.** I will arise and go to my father, Luke xv. 18.

Many may be the tremblings and doubts as to his reception. Will he receive back such a wanderer as I have been? Will he take me once more to his love? He will, indeed, weeping penitent.

17. **F.** Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, Heb. xii. 14.

No man can make himself holy; but every believer in Jesus shall see the Lord. Christ of God is made sanctification to them.

18. **S.** I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, Mark ii. 17.

The greatest unworthiness is no objection, with Christ, to a most welcome reception of those who come unto him on a conviction of the necessity of an interest in his blood and righteousness.

19. **Sun.** See that ye walk circumspectly, Eph. v. 15.

Though the holy walk of a Christian does not recommend him to the favour of God, yet it recommends the religion of the Son of God in the world.

20. **M.** 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 more pleasure in suffering than in sinning; for a saint of God may suffer and not sin, but he cannot sin and not suffer.

21. **Tu.** The greater love wherewith he loved us, Eph. ii. 4.

Christ's love must needs exceed all the love of the children of men; for he was the very love of God clothed in flesh and blood.

22. **W.** Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, Deut. xv. 11.

It is never meant by the Creator to be separately or exclusively cultivated as an isolated emotion; it was meant to be the spring and ally of a ready and generous aid held out to its object.

23. **T.** Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, Rom. viii. 26.

We adore the love of the Father, and we delight in the love of the Son, through whom redemption's blessing flows; and shall we forget the love and grace of the Holy Ghost?

24. **F.** Quicken us, and we will call on thy name, Psa. lxxx. 18.

A clearer manifestation of Divine life in the soul is not the least blessing contained in this prayer for quickening.

25. **S.** All things work together for good, Rom. viii. 28.

What that good may be, or the end it may subserve, we cannot tell. It may appear to our dim view an evil, but to God's far-seeing eye it is a positive good.

26. **Sun.** The upright shall dwell in thy presence, Psa. cxl. 13.

The society of God is the highest, purest, sweetest mercy a saint of God can have on earth. Yea, it is the sweetest bliss of the saints in heaven.

27. **M.** Showing himself through the lattice, Sol. Song ii. 9.

The lattice of God's house is figurative of the doctrines, precepts, and promises of his Gospel. Through these Jesus shows himself when we come to the study of his Word not as self-sufficient teachers but as humble learners.

28. **Tu.** I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do, and now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, John xvii. 4, 5.

O! what stronger ties had heaven than earth for Jesus! Wearisome had been his pilgrimage, laborious his life, and painful its every incident. Heaven was his home, loved and longed for.

SUN'S RISES AND SETTINGS.				
1st d.	13th d.	25th d.	1st d.	13th d.
6.48	6.30	5.52	5.39	5.50

March,

MOON'S CHANGES.	
First Q.	4th day, 0.19 A
Full M.	12th day, 10.42 M
Last Q.	20th day, 0.58 A
New M.	27th day, 0.28 M

1. W. Thou hast known my soul in adversity, Psalm xxxi. 7.

It is in times of affliction we commonly meet with the sweetest experience of the love of God.

2. T. Not by works of righteousness which we have done, Titus iii. 5.

Should any one arrogantly attempt to substitute his own righteousness for that of Christ, he must by that very act ensure his own rejection and ruin; for only the mercy of God through Christ can save a sinner.

3. F. Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, Heb. x. 22.

In that assurance there is certainty. Its hope is not doubtful, but sure and steadfast; without it none can be conscious that he enters into the holiest of all.

4. S. Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, Isaiah xiv. 15.

And upon this dark background of God's dealings with us what Divine glory is pencilled! O! how obscure our knowledge of him but for it!

5. Sun. I am the door, John x. 9.

No qualifications are required as conditions of entrance. Worthiness is no recommendation at the door, for it is the door of mercy.

6. M. These things said Esaias, when he saw his glory and spake of him, John xii. 41.

A sight of Jesus by faith, be it only shadowy and imperfect, fills the soul with ineffable gladness, alleviates its loneliness, and soothes it amid its deepest sorrows.

7. Tu. To be spiritually-minded is life and peace, Rom. viii. 6.

What spiritual mightiness does he possess whose mind and heart are deeply immersed in the Spirit of Christ, closely allied to the Divine and heavenly!

8. W. Many waters cannot quench love, Sol. Songs viii. 7.

All the floods of sin can never extinguish God's love to his people; but one single drop of sin upon the believer's conscience will be sure to extinguish his peace.

9. T. Jesus only, Matt. xvii. 8.

Faith transfers my attention from myself, wholly and absolutely, and fixes my attention, trust and reliance, wholly, absolutely, and exclusively on another, even Christ.

10. F. Christ is all and in all, Col. iii. 11.

I must receive Christ only, and Christ wholly, or Christ will profit me nothing, and his cross will be made of none effect to me.

11. S. Thou art the God of my strength, Psa. xliii. 2.

O! how mighty is the believer who, in deep distrust of his own power, looks simply and fully to the Lord alone for strength to conquer his spiritual foes!

12. Sun. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, Matt. ix. 12.

None but the sick need healing, and only guilt and misery sue for mercy, or feel their need of it.

13. M. I have redeemed thee; thou art mine, Isaiah xliiii. 1.

If we were able to comprehend the greatness of redeeming love, then might we be able to comprehend the greatness of the welcome, which is as infinite as God's sufficiency.

14. Tu. Before I was afflicted I went astray, Psalm cxix. 67.

The season of trial is not unfrequently the sanctified season of revival. Who that has passed through the furnace has not found it so?

15. W. In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, Col. ii. 9.

The Father knew what his beloved family would need, and therefore it pleased him that in his Son, the Mediator, should all fulness dwell.

16. T. Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of me, John v. 39.

Search them to discover Christ, to admire, love, and obey him; for the happiness of your endless destiny hangs upon your heart knowledge of a precious Saviour.

17. F. He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities, Psa. cxxx. 8.

These are glorious words to the sin-burdened soul, whose faith must rest on Christ, and Christ only.

18. S. That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God, Eph. iii. 19.

The sense of his poverty drives the sinner to a rich Christ, to receive daily out of his fulness.

19. Sun. We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, 2 Cor. i. 9.

When a Christian looks in himself for somewhat whereon to ground his hope of eternal life, he pleases the Father of Heav'n—he gives the lie to the God of truth—he dishonours the work of Christ—he does despite to the Spirit of grace.

20. M. Strive to enter in at the straight gate, Luke xiii. 24.

It is wrong to suppose that using all possible diligence to press into the kingdom of God will dispose us to depend on what we do. Just the reverse is true. The closer we live to God, the farther removed shall we be from a legal spirit.

21. Tu. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, 2 Cor. v. 17.

Whenever God regenerates any man, and constitutes him a new creature, the man hath a new eye to see an ear to hear, and all sorts of new senses to take in all sorts of spiritual things, as the Spirit shall be pleased to reveal them to him.

22. W. If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth, Mark ix. 23.

A distressed suppliant had said, "If thou canst do anything," Jesus marked that doubting "if," and transferred it to him who uttered it; for the doubt was not in the Saviour's ability, but in the suppliant's faith.

23. T. Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive, Psalm lxxxvi. 5.

He asks for no recommendation, for he gladly receives and perfectly saves the vilest of the vile.

24. F. And the women which came with him from Galilee beheld the sepulchre, and how his body was laid, Luke xxi. 55.

What a change it has made in the aspect of the grave, that the Saviour himself once lay in it! He has stripped it of its terrors, and to many a weary disciple has given it an attractive rather than a repulsive look.

25. S. Lady Day. I will purely purge away thy dross, Isaiah i. 25.

God places his saints in the furnace for purification, but the agony for destruction. The calamity that saves the one is often the ruin of the other.

26. Sun. He delighteth in mercy, Micah vii. 18.

Satan may suggest many discouragements: believe him not. Unbelief may present obstacles: press through them. Your heart may misgiva you, but yield not to fear. Jesus delighteth in mercy.

27. M. It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell, Col. i. 19.

Jesus is in every sense suited to the sinner, because he has all he needs, and has done all that is required for his justification.

28. Tu. A precious corner-stone, Isa. xxvii. 16.

Jesus, compared with whom nothing is precious. He alone is worthy of the term, who can smooth life's rugged path, sweeten life's trials, and thus be hourly emanations of his own grace and preciousness.

29. W. A sure foundation, Isaiah xxviii. 16. Confidently here may the weary rest, and the vilest sinner build his hope of heaven.

30. T. For here have we no continuing city, Heb. xiii. 14.

The present is but the time of our sojourning. We are but wayfarers at an inn, abiding only for a night.

31. F. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Rev. i. 18.

Jesus lives for every coming sinner—lives to sympathise with his sorrows, subdue his iniquities, and conquer his foes.

1. **S.** Himself hath done it, Isaiah xxxviii. 15. And is it not enough, thou tried and afflicted one, that thy Lord and Saviour prepared this cup, sent this cloud, commissioned this sorrow?

2. **Sun.** Peace, be still, Mark iv. 39. Christian traveller, it may be that now you feel the power of the storm, and are battling with some of life's heaviest billows. Patience, it will soon end. The Master is in the vessel; he has but to speak, and there shall be a great calm.

3. **M.** I am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, Isaiah xliiii. 25.

What abundant encouragement is here for every poor sinner who, conscious of his need, flies unto Jesus for mercy!

4. **Tu.** Enter not into the path of the wicked, Prov. iv. 14.

Such is the deceitfulness of our hearts, and such the treachery of our natures, that contact with sinful precepts and practices is highly dangerous.

5. **W.** Freely ye have received, freely give, Matt. x. 8.

Invariably does the Lord make up all that is surrendered for him. His communications are bestowed with no niggard hand, or should ours.

6. **T. I** give unto my sheep eternal life, John x. 28.

Nothing is required to a participation of the benefits of salvation but a sense of our need of them, and a will to receive them, as Jesus communicates them freely.

7. **F.** He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still, Psalm cvii. 29.

How seldom, comparatively, do the voyagers upon the tempestuous waters of this world conceive that their Father is at the helm; and in due time they shall realise and enjoy the mercy.

8. **S.** The Lord was with Joseph, Genesis xxxix. 21.

Whoever a child of God is, there, in a very special manner, God is likewise, to instruct, to comfort, and make use of him, either in the form of active or passive service.

9. **Sun.** I will ransom them from the power of the grave, Hosea xiii. 14.

An essential part of the work of Christ was to destroy death—that is, so to divest it of strength as to render it harmless to his redeemed ones.

10. **M.** The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, 1 Cor. ii. 14.

The Sacred Word, inspired though it be, is but a dead letter, un clothed with the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost.

11. **Tu.** Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, Exodus xiv. 13.

There is no position more blessed than the waiting, expectant posture—a soul in the depth of trouble, yet in the attitude of hope and expectation.

12. **W.** We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, Heb. iv. 15.

Earthly ears may tire of the oft-told tale of sorrow, but Jesus never tires. We can ubosom our cares to him without fear of coldness or misconception.

13. **T.** Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside thee, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

Jehovah has created man with a craving which he alone can satisfy. Heaven itself, without his presence, were a blank.

14. **Good Friday.** Who gave himself for us, Titus ii. 14.

When Jesus offered himself it was a twofold life. There was on Calvary the sacrifice of Deity with humanity, and this it is that gives to his atonement all its glory and dignity.

15. **S.** In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths, Proverbs iii. 6.

It is thus we should set the Lord before us, taking no step which his providence shall not prescribe, and which prayer to him shall not sanctify and cheer.

16. **Sun.** O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself, Jer. x. 23.

Then, Lord, gently lead me and guide me; let my will ever blend with thy will; and let my heart respond to thine as the harp responds in melody and sweetness to the winds.

17. **M.** We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, 1 John iii. 2.

Disciples of Christ, seek conformity to your Master, at whatever cost of human opinion or worldly advantage; seek to be Jesus-like.

18. **Tu.** Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name, Psalm cxxxviii. 2.

O! how has Jesus magnified his name in the Gospel that speaks of pardon to the guilty, hope to the despairing—an eternal heaven exchanged for a deserved hell!

19. **W.** I have spoken it, and will also bring it to pass, Isaiah xli. 11.

Faith is that special and peculiar power which, regardless of the most unpromising appearances, pleads with God, upon the ground of who he is and what he has promised.

20. **T. I** also withheld thee from sinning against me, Genesis xx. 6.

How often has the Lord, on behalf of his people, thrust his hand imperceptibly, but effectually, between the tempter and the tempted—the one has been defeated, the other defended!

21. **F.** Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Genesis xviii. 25.

That which now appears so dark and obscure will be clearly explained in God's own time and way.

22. **S.** Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting, Daniel v. 27.

Everything but a God-vrought faith will be found wanting when weighed in the balances of the sanctuary.

23. **Sun.** Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, Psalm xxiii. 4.

Such is the believer's privilege, that his God will not only guide him in life's intricate paths, but will also be his solace on the bed of affliction and death.

24. **M.** Hast thou not procured these things unto thyself? Jer. ii. 17.

The consciousness of this should tend to keep us quiet and passive under the chastening hand of him who will not connive at the sin or the self-will of his people.

25. **Tu.** And he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, Matt. xxvii. 60.

Upon that stone which they rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre let us engrave the words, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

26. **W.** Take us, the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, Sol. Song ii. 15.

No sin against God can be said to be little, because it is against the great God of heaven and earth. If the sinner can find out a little god, it may be easy then to find out little sins.

27. **T.** The soul of the diligent shall be made fat, Proverbs xiii. 4.

It is no wonder that believers have so little comfort, even because they do not by faith seek out and dig up the right springs and wells of consolation; and are so little exercised in drawing and drinking out of them.

28. **F.** By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified, Rom. iii. 20.

He who thinks to acquire a right to heaven by his own works, and attends to duty upon that principle, will in the issue meet a sad disappointment.

29. **S.** Search me, O God, and know my heart, Psalm cxxxix. 23.

A sincere soul not only searches his own heart thoroughly, but desires also that God would search it.

30. **Sun.** Less than the least of all saints, Eph. iii. 8.

Of sinners I am the chief, of saints I am the least: I know I am nothing; but, by the grace of God, I am what I am.

1. M. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, I John ii. 1.

The believer in Jesus has two courts with which prayer has to do. In the court below, the Spirit is his intercessor; in the court above, where prayer is presented, Jesus is his intercessor.

2. Tu. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, Psalm li. 12.

The true mortification of indwelling sin, and the entire forsaking of the known cause, constitute the true elements of a believer's restoration to the joys of God's salvation.

3. W. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin, Psalm xxxii. 5.

While the heart is pouring itself out in a full and minute confession, faith must rest itself upon the atoning blood.

4. T. Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it, Micah vi. 9.

It is the revealed will of God that his children should meekly bow to his chastening hand.

5. F. Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, 2 Cor. iv. 17.

What comparison has the weight of the cross with the weight of the crown? One second of glory will extinguish a lifetime of suffering.

6. S. Strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die, Rev. iii. 2.

An incipient state of dejection does not involve any alteration in the essential character of Divine grace, but is a secret decay of the vigour and exercise of that grace in the soul.

7. Sun. Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Matt. xi. 28.

No poor penitent sinner did Jesus ever reject—none was ever known to cast away who came, weary of self and sin.

8. M. I will make darkness light before them, Isaiah xlii. 16.

If a child of light, dwelling, it may be, in the world's shade, you shall one day outline the brightness of the firmament and the stars for ever and ever.

9. Tu. Half-Quarter. But he answered, and said, Verily, I say unto you, I know you not, Matt. xv. 12.

In view of such a catastrophe, how insignificant appears every thing, save the humble consciousness of having Christ in the heart the hope of glory!

10. W. As for our iniquities, we know them, Isaiah lix. 12.

It is the knowledge of the disease which precedes the application to the remedy. It is the consciousness of the wound which brings us into contact with the Healer.

11. T. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you, John xv. 14.

No one can pass through the pebbly rates of the new Jerusalem; but the friends of Jesus; and those only are such who yield obedience to his commands.

12. F. Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, Col. i. 12.

Nothing will be admitted as a legal title to this inheritance but the Saviour's perfect work.

13. S. A friend of publicans and sinners, Matt. xi. 19.

The heart of Jesus is set upon making poor sinners rich, miserable sinners happy, and guilty sinners righteous.

14. Sun. Sanctify them through thy truth, John xvii. 17.

The truth as it is in Jesus revealed more clearly to the mind, and impressed more deeply on the heart, transforms the soul into its own Divine and holy nature.

15. M. Be not afraid, only believe, Mark v. 36. Jesus expects us to credit his word, trust his promises, and give him the full confidence of our hearts.

16. Tu. I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you, John xiii. 15.

There are points in which we cannot and are not required literally to follow Christ. And yet in all that is essential to our sanctification he has left us an example.

17. W. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, 1 John iii. 2.

The glory of perfect happiness will be the certain effect of perfect sanctity. The completeness of Christ is the completeness of moral purity.

18. T. My soul, wait thou only upon God, Psalm lxi. 5.

This trust implies a ceasing from self, and from all confidence in an arm of flesh.

19. F. Kept by the power of God, 1 Peter i. 5.

Believer in Jesus, truly wouldst thou fall if left to thine own keeping for a single moment; but the power that created and upholds the world keeps thee.

20. S. Be not conformed to this world, Rom. xii. 2.

Professor of the Gospel, guard against the world; it is your great bane. Avoid sinful conformity to its pleasures and its friendships.

21. Sun. Thou wilt light my candle, Psalm xviii. 28.

And if the Lord light it, what power can put it out? Is not Jesus' love the sunshine of thy soul, Christian?

22. M. Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace, Rom. iv. 16.

Faith freely receives, because grace freely gives. Rejoice, then, and shout for joy, O doubting heart.

23. Tu. Abba, Father, Gal. iv. 6.

We, alas! often doubt, debase, and deny our Divine relationship. We may cease to act as children, but our God will not disown or disinheret us as his heirs.

24. W. But ye, beloved, build up yourselves in your most holy faith; keep yourself in the love of God, Jude xx. 21.

The power of God is the efficient cause of the believer's security; yet, as a pardoned, justified man, he is called to pray ceaselessly and watch diligently.

25. T. He satisfieth the longing soul, Psalm cvii. 9.

This is not a satisfaction in name, but in reality. There is a realised sense of holy satiety. The mind finds repose who seeks it in Jesus.

26. F. As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, Psalm ciii. 13.

It is sweet to know that the wounding and the healing flow from the same heart, and bear each a message of love and a token of sonship.

27. S. Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be, Rev. xxii. 12.

Then of what unspeakable moment is it that every individual professing godliness should know what is the state of his soul before God!

28. Sun. I have trodden the wine-press alone, Isaiah lxiii. 3.

Jesus' blood alone can cleanse; his righteousness alone can justify; his Spirit alone can sanctify.

29. M. Ye are bought with a price, 1 Cor. vi. 20.

Ye are the price of blood. Christian, will you not, then, seek to glorify God in your soul, body, and substance?

30. Tu. He ever liveth to make intercession for them, Heb. vii. 25.

How precious is this declaration! upon which, in any assault or perplexity, the Christian may confidently repose!

31. W. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain, Psalm cxvii. 1.

It is our duty to watch and pray; but God himself must keep us, for we are no match for our spirit enemies.

SUN'S SIGNS AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. }
 3.52 8.45 3.47 8.4 8.18 }

June.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 First Q. 1st day, 8.23 m Full M. 9th day, 9.41 m
 Last Q. 16th day, 11.58 m New M. 23rd day, 7.27 m

1. T. In God I have put my trust: I will not fear what flesh can do unto me, Psalm lvi. 4.

The promises connected with entire confidence in God are equally rich and encouraging. "Only trust me" is Jesu's word to his children.

2. F. Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, John iv. 14.

We may pass round the wide circle of earth-born joy, and place our hand upon the chiefest and the best. Does it quench the spirit's thirst? does it soothe the heart's sorrow? Alas! no.

3. S. In the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, John xix. 41.

Miniature of the strange world we live in! What garden of it has not its own grave? Our path may, for a time, be through flowers and fragrance; follow it far enough, it leads ever to a grave.

4. Whit-Sunday. The glory which shall be revealed in us, Rom. viii. 18.

The glory that awaits the suffering Christian is real and substantial: At present it is veiled, but the day of its full revelation draweth nigh.

5. M. If ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live, Rom. viii. 13.

Here is a recognition of the believer's own exertions, in connection with the power of the Holy Ghost.

6. Tu. Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear, 1 Peter iii. 15.

Deep self-abasement, and the consciousness of utter unworthiness, need not involve a denial of indwelling grace in the heart.

7. W. Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses, Matt. viii. 17.

Yield your depressed heart to the soothing influence of this truth, and it will light up the pallid hue of sickness with a radiance—the reflection of the soul's health—heavenly and Divine.

8. T. Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, Psalm cxlii. 8.

Great indeed is the relief of mind when the voice of God is heard, and his will made known, with respect to any particular path in which we are called to walk.

9. F. By these things men live, Isa. xxxviii. 16.

Trouble spots are, spiritually, the sunny spots of the wilderness. Each such trouble spot becomes, through Divine communication, the very life of the troubled one.

10. S. Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure, 1 John iii. 3.

It detaches from earth, and allures to heaven. Never does it glow more brightly than when it strengthens a growing conformity of character to that heaven to which it soars.

11. Sun. Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned, Rom. v. 12.

Our redemption by Christ exempts us not from the conflict with the last enemy. We must succumb to his dread power, and wear his pale trophies on our brow.

12. M. My people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters; and hewed them out cisterns that can hold no water, Jer. ii. 13.

Here are two evils: forsaking God, and substituting a false object of happiness for him.

13. Tu. The body is dead because of sin, Rom. viii. 10.

The individual who claims as his attainment a state of sinless perfection has yet to learn the alphabet of experimental religion.

14. W. I will be their God, and they shall be my people, Jer. xxxi. 33.

Take out this truth from the covenant of grace, and what remains? It is the chief wealth and the great glory of that covenant, that God is our God.

15. T. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee, Psalm cxix. 11. There must be a personal experimental acquaintance with the truth ere it can produce holiness in the life.

16. F. Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death, James i. 15.

Had we not transgressed, we then had not died; deathlessness would have been our natural and inalienable birthright.

17. S. There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, Rom. viii. 1.

What a mighty breakwater is this condition to the rolling surge of sorrow, which else might flow in upon and immerse the soul!

18. Sun. I am thy part and thine inheritance, Numb. xviii. 20.

Not only are the children of God put in possession of all that God has—a boundless wealth—but they are in present possession of all that God is—an infinite portion.

19. M. Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, 1 Peter iv. 12.

The fiery trials which purify our faith have not a spark in them of that unquenchable fire that will consume the enemies of Jesus hereafter.

20. Tu. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, Lam. iii. 24.

It is in the heart of our God to give us the chiefest and the best. Had there been a more satisfying portion than himself, then that portion had been ours.

21. W. The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not, 1 John iii. 1.

Ignorant of the Divine original, how can it recognise the Divine lineaments in the faint and imperfect copy?

22. T. Among whom ye shine as lights in the world, Phil. ii. 15.

The sons of God are in the midst of a perverse nature, illumining it with their light and preserving it with their grace.

23. F. This is life eternal: that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent, John xvii. 3.

A daily study of Jesus must deepen my acquaintance with God. As I know more of the heart of Christ, I know more of the heart of the Father.

24. S. Midsummer Day. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? Acts xix. 2.

As we value the light of God's countenance, and desire to grow in a knowledge of Christ, should we seek to enjoy in a larger measure the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

25. Sun. The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy, James v. 11.

He loads, but never overloads. He may cause distress for our good, but he will not destroy. Whilst he smites he soothes. His movements may be mysterious, but his compassion never fails.

26. M. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities, Psalm ciii. 10.

Alas! how much is this truth overlooked by the discerning believer! How great is the disproportion of the chastisement to the sin!

27. Tu. Ye are the sons of the living God, Hosea i. 10.

Can it be that with such depravity of heart, and with such a propensity to evil, each moment there should yet exist within me a nature that links me with the Divine.

28. W. To die is gain, Phil. i. 21.

Death to the believer is as the epoch of glory. It is as the birthday of his immortality. It is then that he really begins to live.

29. T. By grace ye are saved, Eph. ii. 5.

O Lord, didst thou require of me one thought of stainless purity, one throb of perfect love, upon which should hinge my everlasting happiness, then were I lost for ever.

30. F. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God, Rom. viii. 16.

The parting after Divine conformity is the Spirit's inspiration. Where, therefore, it exists, the deduction is, that the individual is a child of God.

1. S. In my flesh dwelleth no good thing, Rom. vii. 18.

That the inherent evil of a believer will ever, in his present existence, be entirely eradicated, cannot be asserted; but that it may be subdued and mortified the Word of God leads us to hope for and aim after.

2. Sun. To be conformed to the image of his Son, Rom. viii. 29.

It is an anxious question with many, "How may I know that I am among the predestinated of God?" This passage supplies the answer—conformity to the image of God's Son; no evidence short of this will authenticate the fact.

3. M. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, Matt. vi. 33.

Jesus will be the first in our affections and supreme in our service. His kingdom and righteousness must take precedence of all other things.

4. Tu. He that believeth shall not come into condemnation, John v. 24.

So entire was the work of Jesus, so infinite his obedience, the law of God pronounces all acquitted and free from condemnation who believe in him.

5. W. The just shall live by faith, Heb. x. 38.

Along this royal highway it is ordained of God all his people should travel; it is the way their Lord went before them. The first step they take out of the path of sense is into the path of faith.

6. T. The Lord knoweth them that are his, 2 Tim. ii. 19.

The faintest spark of love, the most feeble yearnings of the heart towards Jesus, is recognised by him, in all its distinctness and glory, as his own work.

7. F. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, John vi. 63.

The work of regeneration is supremely the work of the Spirit; that which is begotten in the soul is the Divine life, holy and influential.

8. S. Because I live, ye shall live also, John xiv. 19.

A living spring is Jesus. Circumstances change, feelings fluctuate, friendships cool, but he is ever the same. We have to deal with a living Redeemer.

9. Sun. O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, Psalm vi. 1.

When we remember that our chastisements often grow out of our sins, that the rod is sent to subdue sin within us, this should ever cause the rebuke to be rightly viewed.

10. M. Call upon me in the day of trouble, Psalm l. 15.

Our God makes no exception as to how or by whom our trouble comes; it is enough that we are in circumstances of difficulty. He has said, "I will deliver."

11. Tu. Thy kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

That we feel, as Christians, so little desire for the extension of Christ's kingdom, should lead to deep searchings of heart and earnest prayer.

12. W. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord, John xx. 20.

This truth is not less vivifying to us now than it was to the disciples, or has it lost aught of its power to quicken and soothe.

13. T. In the name of our God we will set up our banners, Psalm xx. 5.

The first step to victory in spiritual warfare is to renounce all self-dependence, and trust in the mercy and grace of God.

14. F. Hide me under the shadow of thy wings, Psalm xvii. 8.

Safe, and safe for ever, if sheltered under the wings of God's mercy in Christ.

15. S. St. Swinith. The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it? John xviii. 11.

The cup given us to drink has a Father's authority, and does us no wrong—a Father's affection, and means us no hurt.

16. Sun. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, Isaiah liv. 13.

Are we thus divinely taught? Are we learning more of Jesus? Are we taught that without him we can do nothing; that with him we can do all things?

17. M. I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved, Psalm cxix. 158.

Those who truly sigh for the sins of others are those whom God will save from their own sins.

18. Tu. Why stand ye here all the day idle? Matt. xx. 6.

It becomes us to ask ourselves the question, What am I doing? Am I doing God's work, or wasting the precious moments lent to me in idleness?

19. W. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, James v. 16.

Our God delights in holy fervency, humble boldness, and persevering importunity.

20. T. Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world, Matt. v. 13, 14.

The child of God, surrounded by moral putrefaction and darkness, is to exert a counteracting influence; he is to be pure amid corruption, and light where there is moral darkness.

21. F. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, Matt. vii. 21.

Confession by the lip is often unaccompanied by faith in the heart. We may call Jesus Lord when he does not issue his commands, but we are very slow to serve him as our King.

22. S. Thou hast covered all their sin, Psalm lxxxv. 2.

O! how graciously does the Lord deal with his people! Laying his hand upon their many spots, he seems to say, "No eye but mine shall see them."

23. Sun. As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, Job vii. 2.

Happy is that man who can calmly contemplate the close of the labour of life's short day, that he may, through the Master's merit, receive the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

24. M. The lot is cast into the lap, Proverbs xvi. 33.

He who knows the end from the beginning has appointed the way that you now take. To him it is nothing new, but just the ordained path in which he would have you walk.

25. Tu. I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, Gal. ii. 20.

Spiritual life springs not from nature, and is produced by no natural cause or means. It is God's life in man's soul.

26. W. Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord will provide, Genesis xxii. 14.

The Lord seeing all, sustaining under all, and providing against all. The name is so comprehensive, that it embraces every position and circumstance.

27. T. So will I go in unto the king, which is not according to law, Esther iv. 16.

O! how blessed is this going in before the King, not according to the law, but according to that new and living way which Jesus hath opened by his own blood!

28. F. O death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv. 55.

The Christian may gaze at death with its feigned sting and say, "There's none, for Jesus, my Substitute, received it into his very heart. Jesus died, and because of this I live eternally."

29. S. And he blessed him there, Gen. xxxii. 29.

Our prayer is, "O Lord, let this stand good in our day, as in the patriarchs'. There in the trial spot; there in the temptation spot; there in the deep trouble spot; there when heart and flesh shall fall."

30. Sun. Here we have no continuing city, Heb. xiii. 14.

Upon everything beneath the sun is endorsed, "This also is vanity." No human friendship, however dear—no earthly position, however elevated—but bears the impress of decay.

31. M. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.

Not a wish to have it different. Pierced to the very heart's core, and yet kissing the hand that grasped the spear—this experience is faith triumphing.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTING.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. }
 4.25 4.44 5.5 7.45 7.34 7.0

August.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 Full M., 7th day, 8.30 M Last Q., 13th day, 9.42 A
 New M., 21st day, 7.17 M First Q., 29th day, 11.46 M

1. Tu. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown, Rev. iii. 11.
 The crown that we are to wear in heaven cannot be taken from us. There is a crown of holiness which we wear below, which, by faith and prayer, we must hold fast.

2. W. It is impossible for God to lie, Heb. vi. 18.

What asserations of any truth can be stronger? Let thy soul be deeply humbled, O Christian, that thou shouldst ever have doubted the veracity of thy God.

3. T. As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, Col. ii. 6.

When Christ was first received, he was received as an only Saviour—in humility, in meekness, in holiness, in purity. So should we walk in him now.

4. F. I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love, Rev. ii. 4.

How gently our heavenly Lord speaks! It is him we have left. He does not say, "I will cast thee out of my love," but by a gentle rebuke he would restore our love to him.

5. S. Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer, Proverbs xxv. 4.

Great and glorious is the end of this fiery process—a righteous offering to the Lord; and a vessel formed, prepared and sanctified for the Refiner.

6. Sun. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God, Phil. iv. 6.

Happy is that believer, when duties come to be viewed as privileges, to have a door of access ever open, and when the burden crushes, to cast it upon One who has promised to sustain.

7. M. Let us search and try our ways, and turn again unto the Lord, Lam. iii. 40.

What! after all my backslidings may I return again to the Lord? Yes, with confidence we say it. Come again, poor wanderer, to the shelter of his pierced side.

8. Tu. I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, Isaiah xlii. 22.

There cannot be a truth more calculated to lift up the drooping spirit than the announcement that God, for Christ's sake, hath pardoned our sin.

9. W. Jesus only, Matt. xvii. 8.

Is not this the motto of every true believer? Whom does his heart, in its best moments and holiest affections, supremely desire? The answer is, "Jesus only."

10. T. Thou knowest that I love thee, John xxi. 17.

Blessed is that soul, the utterance of whose heart are the sincere expressions of a love of which Christ is the one and supreme object.

11. F. Half-Quarter. Let my prayer be set before thee as incense, Psalm cxli. 2.

True prayer is the incense of a heart broken for sin, humbled for its iniquity, and healed by atoning blood.

12. S. I go to prepare a place for you, John xiv. 2.

This was one of the last and sweetest assurances that breathed from the lips of the departing Saviour; and though uttered eighteen hundred years ago, come stealing upon the memory like the echoes of bygone music.

13. Sun. Ye are complete in him, Col. ii. 10.

In the midst of many and conscious infirmities and proneness to wander, how consoling is it for the trembling heart to turn and take up its rest in this truth!

14. M. That you may give yourselves to prayer, 1 Cor. vii. 5.

Believer, you grasp the key that opens every chamber of God's heart. Give yourself, then, unto prayer—the sacred charm of sorrow, this Divine talisman of hope.

15. Tu. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise, Psalm li. 17.

There are those who despise a heart broken for sin; but there is One who not only will not despise, but delights in and accepts.

16. W. Blessed are the poor in spirit, Matt. v. 3.

Poverty of spirit is the legitimate fruit and the only safe evidence of our union to Christ.

17. T. One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, I now see, John ix. 25.

If enlightened from heaven, we shall see a hatredfulness in sin, and a preciousness and fulness in the Saviour who had never before discerned.

18. F. Elect according to the foreknowledge of God, 1 Peter i. 2.

The certainty of our election can only be inferred by our conversion. We must judge of God's purpose of love concerning us by his work of grace within us.

19. S. The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, John xv. 4.

What precious fruit does such a branch bear! Mourning over sin, going out of self, and resting in Jesus's all-atoning work and all-satisfying righteousness!

20. Sun. Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith, 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

The want of frequent and thorough searching into the exact state of the heart as before God, reveals the grand secret of many a solemn case of shipwreck and apostasy.

21. M. He shall reward thee openly, Matt. vi. 6.

Reward is a term we must not misinterpret. God grants as a favour not what man can claim as a right. Every advantage we receive has grace written upon it.

22. Tu. Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, Matt. xi. 29.

Never was humility like thine, thou meek and lowly Lamb of God. Subdno this hated self in us, lay low this pride, and draw in deeper lines thine own image on our souls.

23. W. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, Psalm cxix. 71.

We should learn to see a Father's hand—yea, a Father's heart—in every affliction. It is not a vindictive enemy who has chastened, but a loving Friend.

24. T. All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient, 1 Cor. vi. 12.

How often are we forced to learn the lesson that things in themselves lawful may, in their wrong indulgence, bring spiritual leanness into the soul!

25. F. Who bare our sins in his own body on the tree, 1 Peter ii. 24.

How consolatory is the assurance that there is a Sinless One, who, coming between a holy God and guilty sinners, is accepted in their stead, and in whom they are viewed as righteous!

26. S. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ, Rom. viii. 35.

The love of Christ—O, precious theme! Of it can we ever weary? Its greatness can we fully know? Its depths cannot be fathomed; its dimensions cannot be measured.

27. Sun. I will give you a month, and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay, Luke xxi. 15.

The most unlearned and weak may be so deeply taught in Christ's school as to be able to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.

28. M. That sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful, Rom. vii. 13.

A growing hatred of sin, as it is detected in the indwelling principle, as well as in the outward practice, is one of the surest symptoms of the onward progress of the soul in its spiritual course.

29. Tu. He that watereth shall be watered also himself, Proverbs xi. 25.

It is impossible to speak of the preciousness of Christ to another, and not while we speak feel him precious to our own souls.

30. W. Whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, Proverbs iii. 12.

O! could we always analyse the cup, how astonished should we be to find that in the bitterest draught that ever touched our lips, the principal ingredient was love!

31. T. Learing upon her beloved, Sol. Song viii. 5.

Ever remember, O suffering Christian, this is your privilege in every trial, sorrow, and temptation. Jesus loves to feel the confidence of your faith and the pressure of your love.

1. **F.** Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord, Hosea vi. 3.

Peace through atoning blood being obtained, the movement is to be progressive, the course onward. Reconciliation with God is but the starting-post in the Divine life, not the goal.

2. **S.** Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed, John xx. 29.

The eye of faith is so much more glorious than the eye of sense, that our Lord himself has sanctified and sealed it with his own precious blessing.

3. **Sun.** If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me, Matt. xvi. 24.

If we take up Christ's cross upon our shoulder, Christ will take both us and our cross up in his arms.

4. **M.** Come, see my zeal for the Lord, 2 Kings x. 16.

There may be light in the judgment, and something of Jesus's zeal for the Lord, and yet that anointing of the Spirit wanting, apart from which all outward profession and party zeal pass for nothing with a heart-searching God.

5. **Tu.** Which make mention of the God of Israel, but not in truth nor in righteousness, Isaiah xlvi. 1.

Eternity alone will only fully unfold the evil that has sprung from those who call themselves Christians, without any valid title to the high and holy appellation.

6. **W.** I shall be anointed with fresh oil, Psalm xcii. 10.

Come, pilgrim of many a weary stage; come, voyager of many a storm and tempest, sit down at the Saviour's feet, and receive of the fresh oil.

7. **T.** For we know in part, 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

All is yet but as a riddle. With all our knowledge, how little do we actually know compared with what we shall know when the shadows of ignorance have fled!

8. **F.** If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above, Col. iii. 1.

If I am indeed thus risen with Christ, let me evidence it by my increased spirituality.

9. **S.** Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? Matt. vii. 22.

We must look for other evidence of personal piety than the profession we have made, or the work we are engaged in for God.

10. **Sun.** Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin, Heb. xii. 4.

Careless professors may think there is no need to strive against sin, but we are here plainly told it must be so. The Christian's life is a life of conflict.

11. **M.** Other foundation can no man lay, 1 Cor. iii. 11.

May God in his mercy keep us from building our hopes of heaven on anything short of the Rock of Ages!

12. **Tu.** Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, Eph. v. 2.

It was an entire sacrifice. It was himself he offered up. More he could not give; less would not have sufficed.

13. **W.** I know thy works, that art neither cold nor hot, Rev. iii. 15.

While in such a state, we are not only exposed to the attacks of the enemy, but are in danger of confirmed coldness and hardness of heart. Lukewarmness is most abhorrent to God.

14. **T.** Partakers of Christ's sufferings, 1 Peter iv. 13.

All true believers are in a measure acquainted with some of the soul-troubles which overwhelmed the Son of God.

15. **F.** We have not followed cunningly-devised fables, 2 Peter i. 16.

A believer's experience of the truth of God is no mere fancy, however severely stigmatized by an unrenowned world as the offspring of an enthusiastic mind and morbid imagination.

16. **S.** I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, Isaiah xlii. 22.

We are not called upon to believe that God will pardon, but that he has pardoned; forgiveness is a past act, the sense of it upon the conscience a present one.

17. **Sun.** I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, Psalm cxix. 75.

Let this be the reflection that hushes you to repose, tired belief. Give not place to the suggestion for a moment that any other feeling than love prompts the discipline.

18. **M.** My people are bent to backsliding from me, Hosea xi. 7.

The Divine life has its dwelling-place in a fallen fleshly nature. There is not a natural faculty of the mind that is favourable to its prosperity; but all are contrary to its nature.

19. **Tu.** Why hidest thou thy face? Job xiii. 24.

The suspensions of Divine consolation, and the assaults of Satan, are bitter ingredients in that cup of spiritual sorrow the children of God are sometimes called to drink.

20. **W.** I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, Luke xxii. 32.

Cheering declaration! Lose not sight of it, thou tempest-tossed one. Come and lay your hand of faith upon the covenant of grace, and say, "The fulness of it is mine."

21. **T.** Trouble is near, Psalm xxii. 11.

Well, be it so. So also Divine grace is near, and strength is near, and counsel is near, and deliverance is near.

22. **F.** The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity, Isaiah xxxiii. 24.

There is the absence of all physical malady in heaven, because there is no sin. Cheer up, Christian sufferer, you are nearing this land.

23. **S.** Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, 1 Peter i. 23.

The seed that grace implants in the heart is incorruptible. So far from trials and conflicts impairing the principle, they do but tend greatly to its growth.

24. **Sun.** I have poured out my Spirit upon the house of Israel, saith the Lord God, Ezekiel xxxix. 29.

In a more enlarged communication of the Holy Spirit's gracious influence lies the grand source and secret of all-prevailing prayer.

25. **M.** In all their afflictions he was afflicted, Isaiah lxiii. 9.

O blessed chastisement, sweet sorrow, that brings my soul into the deeper experience of what God is in my nature!

26. **Tu.** Until the day break and the shadows flee away, Sol. Song ii. 17.

The Divine withdrawal is a shadow often imparting an aspect of arreariness to the path we are treading to the Zion above.

27. **W.** Where is, then, the blessedness ye spake of? Gal. iv. 15.

To the soul conscious of secret declension we propose this searching inquiry. Whatever be the cause of spiritual decay, search it out, and bring it to the light.

28. **T.** I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, Rev. xxii. 13.

We cannot keep our eye too intently fixed on Jesus. He must be all—Jesus the beginning, Jesus the centre, and Jesus the end.

29. **F. Michaelmas Day.** Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, Mark xiii. 35.

O! to blend the thought of our Redeemer coming, with every present privilege and effort, how would it hallow and dignify the lowliest labour of love and work of faith!

30. **S.** If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, 1 John iv. 12.

This love forms the great assimilating principle by which all who hold the head are drawn to one centre, and in which they all harmonize and unite.

1. Sun. He only is my Rock and my Salvation, Psalm lxi. 2.

Child of God, your foothold on every other foundation must give way; and your whole implied trust for salvation must be in the one atonement which God has provided.

2. M. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, John iii. 16.

Here was the greatest miracle of love, here was its most stupendous achievement, here its most brilliant victory.

3. Tu. Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection, Heb. vi. 1.

There can be no real establishment apart from growth in spiritual knowledge. We should seek to be rooted and grounded in the faith, not always babes in knowledge and dwarfs in understanding.

4. W. For none of us liveth unto himself, Rom. xiv. 7.

We should convert every new blessing into a fresh motive for living not unto ourselves, but unto him from whom our blessings come.

5. T. Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, Col. ii. 14.

The atonement of the Redeemer was a full and entire blotting out of the sins of the believer. Blessed truth! in which the sin-stricken may rejoice.

6. F. We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, Rom. v. 3.

By a patient endurance of suffering for Jesus' sake, the Redeemer is greatly glorified in his saints.

7. S. Your life is hid with Christ in God, Col. iii. 3.

There nothing can touch it; no power can destroy it. O! the perfect security of the spiritual life of the believer!

8. Sun. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, 1 John iv. 9.

Doubting believer, if thou dost find it difficult to comprehend the love of God toward thee, read it in the cross of his dear Son.

9. M. My reins also instruct me in the night seasons, Psalm xvi. 7.

How much of God would be unseen, how little should we know of Jesus, but for the night season of mental darkness and of heart-sorrow!

10. Tu. It is well, 2 Kings iv. 26.

Child of adversity, can you say this now that God may have taken from you health, friends, and earthly comforts? It must be well, since God, and not man, has done it.

11. W. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith, 1 Thess. v. 8.

There is not a moment, even the holiest, but we are exposed to the "fiery darts" of the adversary, and often at a moment when we least suspect their approach.

12. T. Purifying their hearts by faith, Acts xv. 9.

Faith in Jesus checks the power of sin, slays the hidden corruption, and enables the believer to endure as seeing him who is invisible.

13. F. Quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord, Lam. iii. 26.

Stand still, and let God solve his own problems, and you will then see how much love and wisdom was unfolded in this dark calamity.

14. S. For now we see through a glass darkly, 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

O! what harmony shall we see afterwards in every discrepancy! what wisdom in every labyrinth! The mystery of God will be finished, and God will be all in all.

15. Sun. We are saved by hope, Rom. viii. 24.

The condition of the renewed soul is one of hopeful expectation. The bliss for which he pants could not for a moment exist in the atmosphere by which he is here bogged.

16. M. Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, Rev. xxi. 3.

If Jesus, then, is willing to come and make his home in the very heart of our sorrow, surely we should not hesitate in repairing with our sorrow to his heart of love.

17. Tu. He hath done all things well, Mark vii. 37.

Whatever may be the dark and gloomy aspect of all things around you, Jesus does all things well. However apparently severe, they are working your ultimate good.

18. W. My grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Let it ever be remembered by the tried believer that supporting grace in the season of trial is a greater mercy than the removal of the trial itself.

19. T. Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely, Rev. xxii. 17.

Sweet declaration this to every guilt-stricken, heart-broken, sorrow-burdened, weary sinner!

20. F. In whom we have redemption through his blood: even the forgiveness of sins, Col. i. 14.

The great debt of divine justice Christ has paid. His resurrection from the dead, by the glory of the Father, is the sinner's complete discharge.

21. S. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee, Exod. xxv. 22.

There is a place where the Christian may deposit every burden, breathe every sigh—that place is the blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

22. Sun. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, Heb. xi. 1.

O! precious, costly grace of the Eternal Spirit! Who would not mortify everything that would wound, enfeeble, and cause thy decay in the soul?

23. M. Who giveth songs in the night, Job xxxv. 10.

Who but God can give us songs in the night? He can enter into the very heart of our sorrows, and strike a chord there that, responding to his touch, shall send forth more than an angel's music.

24. Tu. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things in thy law, Psalm cxix. 18.

Waiting upon thee, eternal Spirit, would I daily be found seeking, as a little child, as a humble learner, for further revelations of thy will.

25. W. The valley of the shadow of death, Psalm xxiii. 4.

The sentiment is as true as the figure is poetic. Death is but a shadow to the believer. The body of that shadow Jesus met on the cross, fought, and overcame.

26. T. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, Jer. xxxi. 3.

Earthly hopes may be blighted. Our goods lie all withered at our feet. The Lord may send billow upon billow, but never will he take away his love from the people of his choice.

27. F. He putteth forth his own sheep, and goeth before them, John x. 4.

It is the consolation of the sheep of Christ to know that the Shepherd has gone before the flock. He leads them in a path which his own feet have trod, and left their impress.

28. S. I sleep, but my heart waketh, Sol. Song v. 2.

Here was the existence of the Divine life in the soul, but it was fearfully on the decline. O! alarming symptom, when the indulgence of sloth is preferred to a visit from Jesus!

29. Sun. Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, Isaiah xlv. 22.

We must look to Jesus from righteous self and from sinful self. Our transgressions, red as crimson, and towering as the Alps, are not for one moment to intercept our looking to Jesus for salvation.

30. M. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me, Psalm li. 10.

All religion that excludes as its basis the state of mind portrayed in these words, is as the shell without the pearl—the body without the spirit.

31. Tu. The hand of the diligent maketh rich, Prov. x. 4.

Our God will bestow his blessing on diligent labour, and sooner or later crown its efforts with success; but he does not promise to work miracles for the indolent and supine.

1. W. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, Isaiah liv. 8.
 This momentary sense of God's withdrawal from the believer affects not his actual security in the atoning blood; the covenant rests upon a surer basis than this.

2. T. O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity, Hosea xiv. 1.

O! blessed door of return, open and never shut to the wanderer from God; how glorious, how free, how accessible!

3. F. And yet there is room, Luke xiv. 22.

Come, then, to Jesus, just as you are. Stay not from the Gospel-feast because you are unworthy. See the provision—how full—the invitation, how free!

4. S. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles, Psalm xxiv. 6.

Here was the severe travail of faith; and here we see the blessed results—the cry was heard, and deliverance granted.

5. S. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly, Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

What is there of good we need, or of evil we dread, which God's heart will withhold, or his power cannot avert?

6. M. In that day there shall be a fountain opened, for sin and uncleanness, Zec. xiii. 1.

How should we adore the love and admire the grace that opened the fountain and led us to bathe, all polluted as we were, beneath its cleansing streams?

7. Tu. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? 1 Cor. iii. 16.

It is possible to cherish but an imperfect consciousness of the indwelling of the Spirit in the heart, and in this sense may the Holy Spirit of God be grieved.

8. W. For he knoweth our frame, Psa. ciii. 14.

Commiserating the feebleness of our nature—for it is still the robe Jesus wears in heaven—he tenderly deals with us, gently soothes, succours, and sustains us.

9. T. And he (Jesus), bearing his cross, went forth into a place called in the Hebrew Golgotha, John xix. 17.

Our Saviour was a cross-bearing Saviour. And is it to be expected that they who link their destinies with his should walk in a path diverse from their Lord's?

10. F. There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God, Heb. iv. 9.

Who so wearied as the believer in Jesus? With him the world is a toilsome desert—life a scene of conflict—the travel to heaven a pilgrimage self-denying and lonely.

11. S. Half-Quarter. At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, Matt. xxv. 6.

O! then to know that all is right—the soul wrapped in the robe of righteousness, ready to enter in to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!

12. Sun. As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away, Psalm lxx. 3.

We ask not how heavy the weight of guilt that rests upon you, or how wide the territory over which your sins have extended—the blood of Jesus Christ is sufficient to cleanse the foulest stains.

13. M. Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace, John i. 16.

How precious ought Jesus to be to us, who has condescended to pour this heavenly treasure into our hearts! Our resources are inexhaustible, because they are infinite.

14. Tu. I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation, 2 Cor. vii. 4.

It were caring but little for the kingdom to care much for the tribulation through which we must enter it.

15. W. Ye shall serve the Lord God, and he shall bless thy bread and thy water, Exodus xxiii. 25.

The happy secret of retaining our mercies is to enjoy Christ in them; apart from whom, poor indeed were the most costly blessings.

16. T. I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts, Isaiah vi. 5.

Jesus is the Sun which reveals the defilements which are within. The chambers of abomination are all closed until Christ shines in upon the soul.

17. F. I will meditate in thy precepts, Psalm cxix. 15.

An intimate acquaintance with God's Word must ever supply a powerful help to the progress of the soul in deep spirituality.

18. S. Be not faithless, but believing, John xx. 27.

Nothing more tends to unhinge the soul from God, engender hard thoughts and rebellious feelings, than to doubt his faithfulness in the discipline he is pleased to send.

19. Sun. Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, Jer. liii. 12.

Where is the heart, deeply conscious of its backslidings, that can resist language like this? Here is the warrant for return—God's free invitation.

20. M. The Son of Man goeth as it was determined, Luke xxii. 22.

Believer in Jesus, behold the fountain head, whence arise all those precious streams of covenant mercy which flow into your soul—the electing love of God.

21. Tu. Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead, Rev. iii. i.

Awful state! Let us not be content with having a name to live, yet lacking all the essentials of life, and discovering the fearful attributes of actual death.

22. W. Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it, Eph. v. 25.

How should our hearts bend low before this amazing love! Yield to its attractive influence, and let it draw from self, from all, to him.

23. T. We being many, are one body in Christ, Rom. xii. 5.

When an individual crosses our path in whom the Spirit of Jesus breathes, in the Lord's eye he is a member of his body, and he should be so in ours.

24. F. In the world ye shall have tribulation, John xvi. 33.

This tribulation may not be made up exclusively of what the world counts calamities, but in sore conflict with our own evil hearts, and sorrow at finding the lines of the Divine image so faintly traced within.

25. S. He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, Phil. ii. 8.

The humiliation of the Saviour opens a fountain of infinitely great and ever-glorious grace.

26. Sun. Then I restored that which I took not away, Psalm lxxix. 4.

There could have been no restoration or satisfaction to law and justice but for the death of Christ. What a stable foundation is thus laid for the salvation of every believer!

27. M. Looking for that blessed hope, Titus ii. 13.

The object of this hope is most blessed. The heaven it compasses is that blissful place where those who have gone before are reposing in the bosom of the Saviour.

28. Tu. Thy words were found, and I did eat them, Jer. xv. 16.

The Divine life of the soul is not to be fed by the profound discoveries of science, or the dreams of a poetical imagination; it ascends to a higher and diviner source—Jesus, as unfolded in the Word, can alone satisfy its hungerings.

29. W. Weep with them that weep, Rom. xii. 15.

It is no small evidence of grace, and assimilates in no small degree to the mind of Christ, to sympathise with the suffering.

30. T. Howbeit our God turned the curse into a blessing, Neh. xiii. 2.

It is God's sole prerogative to educe good from seeming evil—to overrule all events of an untoward nature for the accomplishment of the most beneficent ends.

1. F. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. John xv. 8.
 Thank God for the little, but O! aim for the "much fruit"—strong faith, ardent love, unreserved obedience, and supreme surrender.

2. S. Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified, Isaiah xlix. 3.

Christian professor, put the question honestly and closely to your conscience. "Do I bring glory to God? Is the Redeemer magnified in me before the world?"

3. Sun. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, Psalm xxxiv. 19.

How many and diverse are the trials of God's people! Each heart has its own sorrow, each soul bears its own cross; but Jesus is enough for all.

4. M. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow, James iv. 14.

Not a step can we take by sight, much less decide what the morrow will unfold in our history—what sweet sunbeams shall illumine, or what sombre cloud shall shade our path.

5. Tu. For the fashion of this world passeth away, 1 Cor. vii. 31.

"Passing away" is inscribed upon all earth's fairest scenes. Joys the heart once deeply felt, how have ye, like Syrian flowers, faded and died! Ah, all is changing but the unchanging One.

6. W. My tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness, Psalm li. 14.

As all music has its elementary principles, so has the music of the believing soul. Jesus is the basis. He who knows nothing of Jesus has never learned to sing the Lord's song.

7. T. What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter, John xiii. 7.

That dispensation enshrouded in such mystery, that event that flung so deep a shadow on the path, and that stroke that crushed us to the earth, bathed in the light of glory, swells the anthem, "He hath done all things well."

8. F. What think ye of Christ? Matt. xxii. 42.
 Has a sight of Jesus, seen by faith, cast us in the dust? Have we laid sinful self and righteous self beneath his cross? An honest reply to these questions will decide our state for eternity.

9. S. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me, Rom. vii. 20.

That sin, often deep and powerful, dwelleth in a child of God, is the source of his greatest grief, the cause of his acutest sorrow.

10. Sun. I beseech thee, show me thy glory, Exod. xxxiii. 18.

We should cultivate frequent contemplations of Christ and his glory. The mind thus preoccupied will be enabled to present a stronger resistance to the insidious encroachments of the world.

11. M. I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts, Rev. ii. 23.

The Lord Jesus recognises his own work; the counterfeit he soon detects. The external profession and the unbroken heart escape not his piercing glance.

12. Tu. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, Rev. xxii. 20.

Surely, if our affections were supremely fixed on Jesus, and did we really feel in our hearts the sentiment our lips so often utter, the return of our Lord would be to us a matter of delightful expectation.

13. W. My grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Our heavenly Father never yet imposed a cross and withheld the strength to sustain it. There is no grief without its consolation, no darkness without its stars, and its sure promise of a coming dawn.

14. T. They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced, and mourn, Zec. xii. 10.

The matured believer is wont to look upon a broken and contrite spirit flowing from a sight of the cross as the most precious fruit found in his soul.

15. F. Continue in the faith grounded and settled, Col. i. 23.

Establishment in the faith is of great moment in the Christian's experience. It is impossible there can be progress of the inner life with instability of opinion on the great points of Christian faith.

16. S. Thou art a God full of compassion, Psalm lxxxvi. 15.

Gently falls the rod in its heaviest stroke, tenderly pierces the sword in its deepest thrust, smilingly bends the cloud in its darkest hue, for "God is love."

17. Sun. Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee? Psalm lxxxv. 6.

O! the joy of a revived state—of the inner life of God! It is as the joy of spring succeeding to the gloom and chill of winter.

18. M. I will guide thee with mine eye, Psalm xxxii. 8.

We should be ever intently gazing on that Eye; and in the light radiating from it we shall, in the gloomiest hour, see light upon our onward way.

19. Tu. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep, John iv. 11.

Truly the well is deep, but faith can reach it, and in proportion to the strength of that faith will be the plenitude of our supply.

20. W. The full soul loatheth an honeycomb, Proverbs xxvii. 7.

Replenished with created good, and surfeited with earthly comfort, the soul, in its self-sufficiency, loathes the Divine honey of God's Word.

21. T. In the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee, Isaiah xxvi. 8.

How little should we know of Jesus, our best Friend, the beloved of our souls, did we know him only in mercy, and not also in judgment!

22. F. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, Matt. xxii. 37.

What an unfolding of the wisdom of God is here! In securing to himself the supreme love of his creatures, he wins a willing obedience to every precept of his law.

23. S. Thy sins are forgiven thee, Luke v. 20.
 Never is sin so sincerely hated, so deeply deplored, so bitterly mourned over, and so utterly forsaken, as when Jesus speaks this to the penitent sinner.

24. Sun. I in them, John xv. 23.

Christ dwelling in the soul forms the inner life of that soul. He has a throne in the hearts of all his chosen ones; he will never vacate nor relinquish.

25. M. Christmas Day. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift, 2 Cor. ix. 15.

O! largess worthy of a God! O gift of gifts, priceless and precious beyond all thought!

26. Tu. When I see the blood I will pass over, Exodus xii. 13.

Blessed words! Where he beholds the heart's blood of his own Son sprinkled upon the penitent heart of a poor sinner, he will pass him over in the great day of his wrath.

27. W. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe, Psalm cxix. 117.

Blessed are they who, relinquishing all their fond conceits of self-power and self-keeping, shall pray this prayer without ceasing.

28. T. Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, Phil. i. 11.

It is no unequivocal mark of great spiritual fruitfulness in a believer when low thoughts of self, and high thoughts of Jesus, mark the state of his soul.

29. F. With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation, Isaiah xlii. 8.

The most unworthy, the most vile, the most penniless, may come and drink water freely out of the wells of salvation.

30. S. And Peter followed afar off, Luke xxii. 54.

O! what losers are they who walk at a distance from Jesus! What seasons of enduring communion, what visits of mercy they rob themselves of!

31. Sun. Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, Gen. xlvii. 9.

Who of us, in tracing the pathway through life hitherto, but must acknowledge with shame and sorrow that, to a great extent, we are guilty of wasting time, that, if it had been properly used, might have been productive of totally different results both to ourselves and others?

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN AND AROUND LONDON,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE NAMES OF THEIR SEVERAL LOCALITIES, WITH THE NAMES AND RESIDENCES OF THE MINISTERS.

TIMES OF SERVICE:—Lord's-day Morning at 11; Evening at half-past 6; Week Evenings at 7.

* Service on Sabbath Afternoons at Three o'clock.

Acton...	...	E. Taylor
Alie-street, Little, Whitechapel. TH.	...	P. Dickerson, Glo'ster-terrace, New-road, Mile-end
" Great, Zoar Chapel. TH.	...	Various
Arthur-street, Bagnigge-wells-road	S. Wills, D.D., Holloway
Artillery-street, Bishopsgate-street	J. Blake
Bagnigge-wells-road, Vernon Chapel. W.	...	C. B. Sawday
Barkham-terrace, Lambeth	G. D. Evans, 20, St. Paul's-road, Walworth
Battersea. W.	I. M. Soule, Battersea-rise, Surrey
Bayswater, Palace-gardens Chapel	John Oford, 3, Shaftesbury-crescent, Bayswater
" St. James's-square...	...	J. Varley
Bethnal-green, Hope Chapel, Twig Folly. TH.	...	
" Squirriss-street. W.	
Bexley-heath	J. Wallis, Bexley-heath
Blackheath, Dacre-park. TH.	
Blandford-street, Manchester-square. W.	
Bloomsbury Chapel.* TH. M. 11	W. Brock, 12, Gower-street
BOROUGH—		
Borough-road. W.	J. Harcourt, 17, Trinity-square, Borough
Surrey Tabernacle. W.	J. Wells, 6, St. George's-place, North Brixton
Trinity Chapel, Trinity-square. TH.	W. Hawkins, 6, Nile-terrace, Old Kent-road
Maze-mound, Thomas-street. TH.	
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Nowington. TH.	...	C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale-lane, Clapham
New Park-street. TH.	
Unicorn-yard, Tooley-street. W.	W. Chamberlain, 23, Smith-street, Mile-end
Earl-street, London-road	Various
Bermundsey-road, London-road. TH.	J. Cooper, 6, Upper Mint-street
Bermundsey New-road. TH.	T. Chivers, Old Kent-road
" Church-street. W.	J. L. Moores, 2, Brandford-terrace, Spa-road
Alfred-place, Old Kent-road. M.	W. Young, 1, Grove-place, Grange-road, Bermundsey
Chapel-court, High-street. TH.	T. Ganner, 24, New Church-street, Bermundsey
Bow, Old Ford. TH.	J. H. Blake, 1, Park-place, Grove-road, N.E.
" Bethel	C. W. Banks, 5, Cardigan-road, North Bow
" North Bow, Park-road	B. B. Finch, 3, Assembly-row, Mile-end
Brentford, Park Chapel	
" Old	J. Parsons, Old Brentford
Brixton, New Park-road. TH.	D. Jones, B.A.
Bromley, Kent	A. G. Brown
" Middlesex	
" George-street	H. Lance
Brompton, Onslow Chapel. TH.	J. Bigwood, 1, Tregunter-grove West, Brompton
Camberwell, Denmark-place. TH.	C. Stanford, Grove-lane, Camberwell
" Mansion-house Chapel	W. E. Rowe, Brixton-hill
" Charles-street, New-road. TH.	T. Attwood
" Cottage-green. TH.	R. Sears, 3, St. George's-terrace, Camberwell
Camden-town	J. Higham
Camden-road, Upper Holloway	F. Tucker, B.A., 48, Camden-road-villas, Camden-road
Canning-town	W. H. Bonner, 2, Abbe-terrace, Plaistow
Chadwell-street, St. John-street-road. TH.	J. Hazleton, 87, Chapel-street, Pentonville
Chelsea, Paradise-walk. TH.	F. White, 13, Hemus-terrace, Chelsea
Church-street, Stoke Newington	G. Stevens
City-road, Nelson-place. W.	
Clapham-common. W.	J. E. Giles, 13, Milton-street, Wandsworth-road
" Rise, Craumer-court. TH.	
" "	Rowlands, Wright's-buildings, Acre-lane, Brixton
" Courland-grove. TH.	S. Ponsford, Loughborough-road, Brixton
" Wirtemberg-street	H. Hall, Manor-street, Clapham
Claremont-street, Hackney	J. Osborne, 27, Duncan-place, Hackney
Clerkenwell, Red Lion-street	G. Malans
Colney Hatch	Supplies
Commercial-road, Wellesley-street. TH.	T. Stringer
" Devonshire-place. TH.	T. Goadby, B.A., Talbot-square, Commercial-road
" Devonshire-street	C. Brown
Cornwall-road, Bayswater	J. A. Spurgeon, 33, Elgin-crescent, W.
Cromer-street, Gray's-inn-lane...	C. W. Thomas, 200, Euston-road
Cumberland-street, Shoreditch	G. Webb, 4, Chester-place, Bethnal-green
Dalston, Queen's-road. TH.	W. Miall, 1, Broekham-villas, Richmond-road, Dalston
Deptford, Florence-place	T. S. Anderson, 29, Rokely-road, Lewisham
" Midway, Lower-road. W.	J. W. Munns, 15, Brunswick-terrace, Rotherhithe
" Devonshire-street	J. Guinnell, Ashburnham-grove, Greenwich

Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street	... W. T. Henderson
East-road, City-road J. A. Jones, 50, Murray-street, City-road
Edmonton D. Russell
" Lower J. Wise
Edward-street, Dorset-square M. Evans, 28, Clifton-street, Finsbury
Eldon-street, Finsbury, Welsh. w. A. Branden, 5, Camera-street, Chelsea
Fulham-road P. Gast, 1, Union-square, New North-road, N.
Goswell-street-road, Spencer-place. TU. Various
Gower-street. TH. C. Marshall, 207, Oxford-street
Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square. TH. J. Russell, Blackheath-hill; and E. Dennett
Greenwich, Lewisham-road. w. B. Davies, 29, Burney-street, Greenwich
" Bridge-street. w. D. Katterns, 6, Parkfield-terrace, Hackney
Hackney, Mare-street. TH. H. Myerson, Chapel House
" Oval J. Russell, Andover-terrace, Queen's-road, Dalston
Hackney-road P. Bailhache
Hammersmith, West End. TH. W. Brook, jun., Hampstead
Hampstead. TH. W. Cooper, Windsor Cottage, Finchley
" New Bad. w. T. Atkinson
Harlington T. Smith, Harrow
Harrow-on-the-Hill J. Munns
Harrow-road W. N. Vine
Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square. TH. G. Horsley
Henry-street, Gray's-inn-road J. H. Hinton, M.A., 32, Somerford-grove, Stoke New- [ington
Highbury-hill J. H. Barnard
Highgate, Southwood-lane. TH. J. Foreman, 8, Paddington-green
Hill-street, Dorset-square. w. F. Wills, 6, Arthur-street, Gray's-inn-road
Holborn, Kingsgate-street. w. F. Green, 43, Northampton-road, Clerkenwell
Holloway, Upper John-street. TH. W. Palmer, 11, Homerton-terrace
Homerton-row. TH. S. Green, 1, Reeves-place, Hoxton
Hoxton, High-street. TH. C. Bailhache
Islington, Providence-place. w. J. Hobson, 43, Moorgate-street, E.C.
" Cross-street. F. E. J. Farley
" Baxter-road Hon. B. W. Noel, A.M., 36, Westbourne-terrace, Pad-
James-street, St. Luke's... G. Wyard, 5, Molesworth-street, Lewisham [dington
John-street, Bedford-row. TH. S. Bird, 15, Sussex-place West
John's-row, St. Luke's. w. E. White, 3, Tufnel-park, Holloway
Kensington, Coruwall-gardens... S. Milner, 27, White Lion-street, Pentonville
Kentish-town, Hawley-road J. Patterson
Keppel-street, Russell-square. TH. J. Whitteridge, 16, Union-square, N.
Kingsland, Tabernacle R. B. Lankester, 3, Kennington-pl., Up. Kennington-lane
Kingsland-road, Ware-street J. Wigmore, 83, Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road
Lambeth, Regent-street. TH. R. H. Marten, B.A., Rose Cottage, Blessington-road, Lee
Langham-place, Regent's-street. w. J. E. Bloomfield, 41, Patshull-road, Kentish-town
Lee, High-road C. Gordelier, 13, Stepany-green
Little Wild-street. TH. W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmo's-terrace, De Beauvoir-town, N.
Meard's-court, Dean-street, Soho. TH. T. J. Malyon
Mill-end-road, Darling-place. w. W. Flack, 46, De Beauvoir-town
Mitern-street, Dorchester Hall J. W. Tipple, 2, Eliza-villas, Alma-road
New-cross, Brockley-road C. E. Merrett
New North-road, Wilton-street. TH. P. W. Williamson, 14, Clarendon-road, W.
Norwood, Westow-hill. TH. J. Stent, 9, St. Ann's-villas
Norton-street, Twig Folly T. D. Marshall, 192, Oxford-street
Notting-hill, Johnson-street. TH. J. Burns, D.D., 17, Portens-road, Paddington
" Norland Chapel J. Clifton, M.A., 23, Fulham-terrace, W.
Orchard-street, Portman-square G. Webb, 30, Grafton-road, Kentish-town
Paddington, New Church-street.* w. T. J. Cole, Grove-terrace, Peckham
" Praed-street. w. G. Moyle, Blenheim-grove, Peckham
Paneras-road, Old Saint. w. H. Wise
Peckham, Park-road Various
Peckham-rye-lane. w. W. Leach
Pimlico, Westbourne-street. w. B. Prece, 2, Agnes-street, Limehouse
" Princess-row. TH. T. Davies, 32, West Smithfield
Pinner W. Landels
Plumstead J. Butterfield, 2, Nelson-place, Old Kent-road
Poplar, Cotton-street. TH. J. Brant
" Folkestone-terraces. TH. J. S. Stanion, London-road, Clapton-downs
" High-street. TU. C. Graham, 8, Wilton-villas, Shepherd's Bush
Regent's-park, late Diorama. w. W. A. Blake, 38, South-bank, Regent's-park
Rotherhithe, Lucas-street. w. J. Webster, 9, Wilson-street, Stepney
Shadwell, Victoria-street. w. J. Evans, Providence Cottage, Park-road, Clapham
Shacklewell, Stoke Newington. TH.	
Shepherd's Bush, Oakland's Chapel	
Shouldham-street, Bryanston-square. TH.	
Soho Chapel, Oxford-street. w.	
Stepney, Old-road	
Stockwell, Chapel-street... ..	

Stoke Newington, St. Mathias-roadG. W. Fishbourne, Stratford-grove.
Stratford-grove, TH.J. W. Todd, Perry-hill House, Lower Sydenham
SydenhamR. Wallace, Chapel House
Tottenham, High-road, TH.W. Freeman, Twickenham
TwickenhamG. B. Lowden, Uxbridge
UxbridgeJ. Alderson
Walworth, East-lane, TH.S. Cowdy, 58, Albany-road
" Arthur-street, w.W. Howieson, 2, John's-place, Albany-road, Camberwell
" Road, TH.J. Ohislett, 3, Albion-terrace, Walworth
" York-streetW. Ball, 45, College-place, Camdan-town
Wandsworth, TH.J. W. Genders, Wandsworth
" East-hillW. G. Lewis, 8, Ladbroke-place West, Notting-hill
Westbourne-grove, BayswaterJ. Gibson, West Drayton
West Drayton
Westminster, Romney-street, TH.
Whitechapel, Commercial-street, TH.C. Stovel, 5, Stebon-terrace, Commercial-road East
White-street, Little MoorfieldsJ. Webb
Wilderness-row, St. John-street, TU.
WimbledonL. Snow
Woolwich, High-street, w.C. Box, 42, Brunswick-terrace, Woolwich
" Queen-street, w.J. Teall, Upper Maryon-road, Charlton
" New-road, TU.J. Griffiths
" Nelson-street, TU.

* * In the event of change of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE
Aberdare, Rev. W. Williams, Haverfordwest College			Chippingham, Wilts, Rev. J. C. Whitaker, Regent's Park College		
Aberdeen, Rev. S. J. Davis, London			Chowbent, Lancashire, Rev. W. B. Birt, Bardwell, Suffolk		
Abingdon, Rev. S. V. Lewis, Cothill, Flyfield			Girencester, Rev. J. J. Brown		
Acton, E. Taylor, Marlow			Coleford, Rev. W. H. Tetley		
Aldersgate-street (Shaftesbury Hall), Rev. G. Malins, Metropolitan College			Cottenham, Cambs, Rev. J. C. Wells, Woodhurst, Hunts		
Anstruther, Rev. J. Stuart, Glasgow			Cradley, Worcester, Rev. A. Cox, Dunchurch		
Astley Bridge, Bolton, Rev. J. H. Gordon, Cavendish College, Manchester			Cullingworth, Rev. A. Spencer		
Aston Clinton, Rev. J. Williams, Metropolitan College			Dawley Bank, Rev. J. W. Thorn		
Ballymena, Ireland, Rev. W. S. Eccles, Banbridge			Derby (St. Mary's Gate), Rev. H. Crassweller, B.A., Woolwich		
Banbury, Rev. G. St. Clair, Regent's Park College			Devonshire-square, London, Rev. W. T. Headerson, Banbury		
Barking-road, Rev. W. H. Bonner, Trinity-street			Edmonton, Lower, Rev. D. Russell, Metropolitan College		
Barnsbury Hall, Islington, Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., Devonshire-square			Falmouth, Rev. G. Reaney, Regent's-park College		
Beaumaris, Anglesea, Rev. I. James, Pontypool College			Fenny Stratford, Rev. G. Walker, Metropolitan College		
Beaupoit, Monmouth, Rev. D. Jones, Pontypool College			Folkestone, Rev. M. Hudson, Southampton		
Beeches, Suffolk, Rev. S. K. Bland, Chesham			Fressingfield, Rev. J. Pegg		
Birmingham (Cannon-street), Rev. W. L. Giles, Dublin			Glasgow (South Portland-street), Rev. J. Field, Metropolitan College		
Birmingham (Hockley-road), Rev. F. G. Marchant, Metropolitan College			Gorton, Rev. G. Whitehead, Shotley Bridge		
Blakeney, Gloucester, Rev. W. S. Webb, Metropolitan College			Granga, Ireland, Rev. H. H. Bourn, Portadown		
Bow, Rev. J. H. Blake, Sandhurst			Hadleigh, Suffolk, Rev. C. Smith, Langley, Essex		
Bridgenorth, Salop, Rev. C. T. Keen, jun., Ballymena			Halifax, Rev. J. Drew, Newbury		
Brighton (Bond-street), Rev. J. Glaskin, Islington			Halstead, Rev. S. G. Woodrow, Regent's Park College		
Brixton-hill, Rev. D. Jones, B.A., Folkestone			Hammersmith (West End), Rev. P. Bailhache, Salisbury		
Brookley-road, New Cross, Rev. T. J. Malyon, Regent's Park College			Harlington, Rev. T. G. Atkinson, Little Ilford		
Broughton, Hants, Rev. J. F. Smith, Regent's Park College			Hatfield, Herts, Rev. J. Joy, Metropolitan College		
Burton-on Trent, Rev. D. B. Joseph, Cupar Five Calne, Wilts, Rev. J. Hurlston, Penknapp, Wilts			Haworth, Yorkshire, Rev. J. Aldis, jun., Lowestoft		
Canton, Cardiff, Rev. J. Bailey			Hay, Brecon, Rev. G. Rees, Haverfordwest College		
Cheltenham (Cambray Chapel), Rev. J. E. Cracknell, Blackheath			Hayes, Rev. J. Curtis, London		
Cheltenham (Salem), Rev. T. Foster, Bristol College			Hebron Dowials, Rev. W. Jones, Haverfordwest College		
Chipping Campden, Gloucester, Rev. R. A. Spadich, Metropolitan College			Highgate, Rev. J. H. Barnard, Metropolitan College		
			Horsforth, Leeds, Rev. J. Harper, Rawdon College		
			Hull, Rev. L. B. Brown, Berwick-on-Tweed		
			Ilfracombe, Rev. J. E. Taylor, Bristol College		
			Islington (Cross-street), Rev. C. Bailhache, Watford		

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Langley, Essex,	Rev. B. J. Evans,	Manorbier	Pentonville (Vernon Chapel),	Rev. C. B. Sawday,	Metropolitan College
Leighton Buzzard (Second Church),	Rev. J. Mountford,	Sevenoaks	Pershore,	Rev. J. W. Ashworth,	Oldham
Letterstone, Pembroke,	Rev. D. Rees,	Pontypool	Plumstead,	Rev. W. Leach,	Northampton
Lewes,	Rev. J. B. Pike,	Bourne	Portadown,	Rev. J. Douglas	
Liverpool (Old Swan Rooms),	Rev. J. Turner,	Metropolitan College	Portmadoc, Carnarvon,	Rev. D. Charles,	Swausea College
Llangan,	Rev. J. B. Jones		Putney (Union Church),	Rev. J. T. Gale,	Darwen, Lincoln
Llanged,	Rev. J. James,	Pontypool College	Redruth, Cornwall,	Rev. W. Hayward,	Wigan
Long Buckby,	Rev. T. Rose,	Pershore	Roads, Northampton,	Rev. R. White,	Walgrave, Northampton
Longford (Union-place),	Rev. E. Stenson,	Sutton St. James	Rotherham (West Gate),	Rev. J. Arnold,	Metropolitan College
Longford, Warwick,	Rev. S. Allsop,	Whittlesea	St. Melon's, Monmouth,	Rev. B. D. John,	Haverfordwest College
Luton, Beds,	Rev. H. Ashbury,	Sheffield	Sevenoaks, Kent,	Rev. J. Jackson,	Metropolitan College
Luton (Union Chapel),	Rev. T. R. Stevenson,	Harlow	Scarborough,	Rev. R. Bayly,	Newark
Lydbrook,	Rev. T. H. Jones,	Tetbury	Shadwell (Devonport-street),	Rev. C. C. Brown,	Battle
Lynn (Union Chapel),	Rev. J. H. Lambert,	Milton	Shotley,	Rev. J. Brookes,	South Shield
Maddesley,	Rev. W. H. Knight,	Metropolitan College	Southampton,	Rev. C. Williams,	Accrington
Malton,	Rev. J. Clough		Sowerby, Yorkshire,	Rev. W. Haigh,	Longwood
Manorbier, Pembroke,	Rev. J. A. Pryce,	Haverfordwest College	Staleybridge,	Rev. W. Evans,	Chilworth College
Melbourne, Cambs,	Rev. H. T. Wardley,	Worcester	Stepney (Wellesley-street),	Rev. T. Stringer,	Brighton
Morthyr Tydvil,	Rev. C. White,	Long Buckby, Northampton	Stoke Newington (Church-street),	Rev. G. Stevens	
Millwood,	Rev. T. Dyall		Stow-on-the-Wold,	Rev. S. Hodges,	Charlbury, Oxon
Moleston, Pembroke,	Rev. J. Harris,	Haverfordwest College	Stretford, Manchester,	Rev. F. Bugby,	Preston
Nantwich, Cheshire,	Rev. J. B. Lockwood		Swabourne, Bucks,	Rev. W. N. Young	
Nayland, Suffolk,	Rev. J. J. Williams,	Fakenham	Tandragee, Armagh,	Rev. J. Taylor,	Portadown
Newbridge,	Rev. J. W. Nicholas,	Pontypool College	Tarporley, Cheshire,	Rev. E. Bott,	Barton Fabis
Newbury, Berks,	Rev. T. M. Roberts,	B.A., Aldborough, Suffolk	Tring (New Mill),	Rev. R. Shindler,	Modbury
New Milford, Pembroke,	Rev. E. Edwards,	Newport	Tottenham-court-road (Welsb),	Rev. J. Parry	Trowbridge,
Newport, Monmouth,	Rev. D. Davies,	Waentrodan	Truro,	Rev. W. Page,	B.A., Regent's Park College
Newton Abbot,	Rev. T. Cannon,	Metropolitan College	Upton-on-Severn,	Rev. J. R. Parker	
Newtown, Montgomery,	Mr. Roberts,	Newport, Monmouth	Waterbeach,	Rev. E. S. Neale,	Metropolitan College
Nottingham (George-street),	Rev. W. S. Chapman,	B.A., Amersham	Watford,	Rev. T. Peters,	Kingsbridge
Pembrey, Carmarthen,	Rev. B. Williams,	St. Clears	Walls, Mr. Parry,	Bristol College	
Pembroke (St. David's),	Rev. D. Davies,	Haverfordwest College	Welsbpool,	Rev. J. D. Alford	
Penknapp, Wilts,	Rev. W. Jeffrey,	Great Torrington	West Harlepool, Rev. J. Charter,	Newcastle-on-Tyne	
			Wigan,	Rev. H. Phillips,	Rawdon College
			Woodstock,	Rev. T. H. Hughes,	Metropolitan College

NEW CHAPELS.

EITHER OPENED DURING THE YEAR, OR NOW IN PROCESS OF ERECTION.

Abbey-road, St. John's-wood	Harborne, Birmingham	Pillewenny, Monmouth
Acton, Middlesex	Harrow-on-the-Hill	St. James's-square, Notting-hill
Ashton, Wilts	Houghton Regis, Beds	Stonon, Bedfordshire
Brockley-road, New-cross	Kensington	Thetford, Norfolk
Bromley, Kent	Kingston-on-Thames	Victoria-park
Canterbury	Leamington	Walworth-road, London
Canton, Cardiff	Leeds (Blenheim Chapel)	Weston-super-Mare
Danerham, Wilts	Newcastle-on-Tyne (Rye-hill)	Winslow, Bucks
Grantham	Newington, Edinburgh	Wolverhampton
Great Yarmouth, Norfolk	Northampton	Worcester

NEW CHURCHES FORMED.

Acton, Middlesex	Darling-place, Mile-end	Newbridge, Monmouth
Brockley-road, New-cross	Eastbourne (South-street)	St. James's-square, Bayswater
Bromley, Kent	Holywell-green, near Halifax	Windsor (William-street)
Clay Cross, Derbyshire		

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. President, Rev. T. S. Crisp. Resident Tutor, Rev. F. W. Gatch, LL.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A. Treasurer, Joseph Eyre, Esq. Secretary, Rev. N. Hayercroft, M.A. Number of Students, 26. Receipts, £1,563 11s. 3d. Disbursements, £1,386 10s. 2d.

RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. S. G. Green, B.A. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Skae, M.A. Treasurers, Thomas Aked, Esq., and William Stoad, Esq., Bradford. Hon. Secretary, Rev. J. P. Chown, Bradford, Number of Theological Students, 23. Number of Lay Students, 1. Income, 1863-4, £1,493 18s. Expenditure, £1,302 2s. 6d.

REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1819. Number of Students, 40. President, Rev. J. Angus, D.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. B. Davies, LL.D. Mathematical Tutor, Rev. G. H. Bouse, LL.B. Treasurer, J. Gurney, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. W. Fishbourne. Income, £3,422. Expenditure, £2,476.

PONTYPOOL.—Founded 1807; removed to Pontypool, 1838. Students, 23. Theology, Rev. T. Thomas, D.D. Classics, Rev. G. Thomas, M.A. Treasurer, Henry Phillips, Esq. Annual Income and Expenditure, £1,037 10s. 3d.

HAVERFORDWEST.—Founded 1839. Students, 27. President, Rev. T. Davies, D.D. Classical and Mathematical Tutor, Rev. T. Burditt. Secretary, Rev. T. E. Thomas, Trebale; Treasurers, William Rees, Esq., and Joseph Thomas, Esq. Income, £745 5s. 5½d.; Expenditure, £679 5s. 7½d.

CHILLWELL (near Nottingham).—Instituted in 1797, and conducted successively in London, Wisbeach, Loughborough, Leicester, and Nottingham; removed to Chillwell, 1861. Income, 1863-4, £788 3s. 10d. Expenditure, £691 13s. 11d. Present number of Students, 10. Theological and Resident Tutor, Rev. W. Underwood. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. R. Stevenson, Nottingham. Secretary, Rev. J. Lewitt, Nottingham. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, Bank-house, Loughborough.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Instituted at Camberwell, 1856; removed to Tabernacle, 1861. President, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; Vice-President, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. Lecturer on Natural Science, W. R. Selway, Esq. Tutors, Rev. G. Rogers, Mr. A. Fergusson, and Mr. Gracey. Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Gracey, Mr. Keys, and Mr. Hill. Present number of Students, 83. Students in the Evening Classes, 225. Amount required annually, £3,500.

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 Pastors' 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.—The Income of the year was £34,419 1's. 2d.; and the Expenditure £31,695 15s. 8d. Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., is Treasurer; and the Rev. F. Trestrail and E. B. Underhill, Esq., Secretaries. The Mission House is 33, Moorgate-street.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. Treasurer, W. Dickes, Esq.; Secretaries, Mr. J. Treasider, Mr. H. Keen, and Mr. S. Crawley.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was formed in 1817 to carry on Missionary work on the principles of the New Connexion of General Baptists. Income, £4,969 18s. 10d. Expenditure, £5,017 0s. 3d. Treasurer, Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby. Secretaries, Rev. J. C. Pike and Rev. H. Wilkinson, Leicester.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Income for the year was £1,375 15s. 1½d.; and the Expenditure £1,370 16s. 3d. Treasurer, George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., 9, St. John's-wood Park. Secretary, Rev. S. Green, 33, Moorgate-street.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY devotes itself chiefly to the employment of missionaries and readers, the establishment of schools, and the distribution of Bibles and tracts. The Receipts were £3,609 2s. 7d.; the Expenditure, £3,559 0s. 5d. Treasurer, T. Pawtress, Esq. Secretary, Rev. C. J. Middleitch, 33, Moorgate-street.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has for its object—"To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scriptures from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the ground that the words relating to the ordinance of baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and, further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the Word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Income for the year, £1,706 7s. 7d.; Expenditure, £1,691 13s. 5d. Treasurer, Rev. Edward Steane, D.D., Rickmansworth. Secretary, Rev. W. W. Evans, 33, Moorgate-street.

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. Oliver, Esq. Depot, Mr. E. Stock, Paternoster-row.

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 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 in 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. Treasurer, George Lowe, Esq., 9, St. John's-wood Park. Secretaries, Rev. Dr. Steane, Rickmansworth; Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., 2, Florence-villas, De Beauvoir-square; and Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., 33, Moorgate-street.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts or loans, without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Calvinistic Baptist Chapels. Treasurer, James Benham, Esq., 21, Wigmore-street, W. Honorary Secretary, Mr. Alfred T. Bowser. Travelling Agent and Collector, Rev. J. H. Blake, 1, Park-place, Grove-road, N.E.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—The original project was to raise a memorial fund of some £2,000; but the churches appreciating the great object, the committee had to advance their pretensions to £5,600, from which they had afterwards to look forward to £10,000; and now, this sum having been already promised by a few more than half the churches, the subscribers are looking up to a fund of from £15,000 to £20,000 between the Welsh and English churches in the Principality. This is to be a loan fund to advance money without interest, repayable in ten years by instalments. Edward Gilbert Price, Esq., Aberdare, Treasurer; L. Jenkins, Maesycowmwr, Secretary; Asa J. Evans, Esq., Cardigan, Hon. Solicitor, with 24 committeemen selected from all parts of the Principality; Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, being Chairman.

BAPTIST EVANGELICAL SOCIETY.—Treasurer, W. Shaw, Esq., Huddersfield; Secretaries, Mr. J. C. Woolloot, New Malden, near Kingston, Surrey; and Rev. J. Woodward, Iford, Essex.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE FUND is for the benefit of the Widows of Baptist Ministers, recommended by the contributors. Treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street; Secretary, Mr. Gilbert Blight 33, Moorgate-street.

THE SELECTION HYMN-BOOK FUND is applied to the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries. Treasurer and Secretary, W. L. Smith, Esq., 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, W. L. Smith and B. Lush, Q.C., Esqs.; Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 2, Tudor-villas, Lyndhurst-road, S.E.

THE BAPTIST WESTERN SOCIETY FOR AGED OR INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS is another institution for affording Ministerial relief, managed chiefly by residents in the provinces. Secretary, Mr. G. Ash-uead, 13, Small-street, Bristol.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AGED AND INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS, AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—Established 1853. Object:—"This Society is a Mutual Benefit Society amongst Baptist Ministers of both sections of the Denomination. Each ministerial member has to pay £3 8s. a-year from time of entrance, and back from 30 if above that age. At 60 years of age, upon relinquishment of the pastorate, and under some circumstances at an earlier period, the member becomes entitled (in accordance with provision of Rule 6) to £30 or £35 per annum. The Society also proposes to give £20 a-year to the widows of deceased members. Treasurers, W. Middlemore and J. H. Hopkins, Birmingham; Secretaries, Rev. C. Vince, J. I. Brown, J. Lord, and B. C. Young, Cosely.

WARD'S TRUST.—John Ward, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. E. Steane, D.D., Dr. Angus, W. L. Smith, Esq., Joseph Tritton, Esq., and Rev. I. M. Soule.

GENERAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES,

IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Asylum, Westmoreland-place, Peckham. Treasurer, Mr. R. Kenneth; Secretary, Mr. W. Jackson.

APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.—Formed 1829. Treasurer, Alderman Challis; Secretary, Rev. I. V. Mumery. Office, 4, Blomfield-street, E.C.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Object:—"To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism." President, Major-General A. L. Lawrence, C.B.; Treasurer, Sir J. Kirkland, 17, Whitehall; Bankers, Bank of London, 450, Strand; Secretaries, Colonel Robert Pitcairn and Rev. W. A. Blake. Income for the year ending March 31, 1884, £9,477 7s. 4d.; Expenditure, £3,354 2s.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Redham, near Croydon.—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, Baron L. de Rothschild; Hon. Secretary, Rev. Thomas Aveling; Sub-Secretary, Mr. G. Standif. Office, 10, Poultry, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOLASTIC INSTITUTION FOR SONS OF MINISTERS.—Founded 1850. Object:—"To assist in providing an adequate education for the sons of ministers of limited incomes, irrespective of Sectarian distinction." The pupils are placed under the care of the Rev. T. H. Morgan, Birmingham. Each scholar costs the institution—which is supported by voluntary subscriptions—about £27 per annum. Premium paid by parents in part support of the pupils—minimum, £10; maximum, £15. Secretary, Rev. R. A. Davis, Independent Minister, Smethwick, Birmingham.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY, Normal School, Borough-road.—Formed 1808. Treasurer, H. E. Gurney, Esq.; Secretary, E. D. J. Wilks, Esq. Central School, Borough-road, S.E.

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.—Established 1842. Treasurer, C. Curling, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. G. Pritchard.

INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow, N.E.—Minute Secretary, Mrs. Pve Smith; Cash Secretary, Mrs. S. J. Nash.

LADY HAWLEY'S CHARITY.—Secretary, W. Vizard, Esq., 55, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

LONDON AGED CHRISTIANS' SOCIETY, 32, Sackville-street, W.—Secretary, Mr. A. W. Stone.

MILL-HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, N.W.—Treasurer, Thomas M. Coombs, Esq.; Honorary Secretary, A. Wells, Esq.; Resident Secretary, Rev. T. Rees; Head Master, Rev. P. C. Barker, LL.B.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock-hill.—Instituted 1758. Treasurer, T. M. Coombs, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. Joseph Soul. Office, 32, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

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, the Right Hon. the Lord Ebury; Treasurer, A. Sperling, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, J. A. Merrington, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. W. A. Blake, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C. Income, £279 4s. 8d.; Expenditure, £295 17s. 8d.

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 £18 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. J. B. White, S. Gale, W. Lepard Smith, J. East, E. Viney, B. Dixey, and J. Carter.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1818. Treasurer, Thomas Piper, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. G. Rogers, 6, Frederick-terrace, Commercial-road, Peckham.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITIOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1738. Treasurer, Stephen Olding, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. C. T. Jones, 23, Brunswick-crescent, Camberwell, S.

SURREY MISSION.—Established 1797. Treasurer, J. Tritton, Esq.; Secretaries, Rev. R. Ashton and I. M. Soule.

WEST OF ENGLAND DISSENTERS' PROPRIETARY SCHOOL, Taunton.—President, W. D. Wills, Esq., Bristol; Secretary, Rev. H. Addiscott, Taunton; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. S. Underwood, Taunton; Principal, Rev. W. H. Griffiths, B.A.

MEMOIRS OF BAPTIST MINISTERS DECEASED.

1. **THE REV. JAMES CUBITT** was born at Neatishead, Norfolk, in the year 1808. He was blessed with eminently pious parents, who early taught him the way of peace. His father died when he was only six years of age, and this event appears to have made a deep impression on his mind. At the age of about fourteen he removed to Norwich, and there took an active part in the Sabbath-school, and occasionally preaching in a destitute village near. In the year 1828 he was baptized, and united himself with the church under the care of Mr. Puntis, and in 1829 was accepted as a student of Stepney College. He, with three others, were sent to the Rev. W. Hawkins, pastor of the church in Agard-street, Derby. Here the students were much engaged in preaching, both in Derby and in the surrounding towns and villages. At the close of six months he left Derby, and entered upon his studies at Stepney, but his health failing, he was again permitted to retire to Derby, where he spent the greater part of his college course. The last few months of his college course were passed at Stepney, and during that time he frequently supplied at New Park-street. In the year 1834 he accepted an invitation from the church at Ilford, Essex, to become their pastor, in which place he laboured with considerable success for about three years, when he found it desirable that he should seek another sphere of labour. Some friends at Stratford-on-Avon being at that time anxious to raise a Baptist cause in that town, requested him to become their pastor, to which he acceded, and removed there in January, 1837. Here he preached much in the neighbouring villages, which were destitute of Gospel ministry; but his exertions proved too much for his health, and after remaining there for about four years, he was obliged, for a time, to give up preaching, and consequently lived for twelve months in London without any stated engagement. At the end of that time he received an invitation from the church at Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, which he accepted, and entered on his labours there in August, 1841. He continued in this sphere until the autumn of 1848, when he removed to London, and after remaining there a few months, took charge of the church at Thrapston, Northamptonshire, where he laboured for twelve years—a period which was marked by much peace and happiness in the church. In July, 1861, he accepted an invitation from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon to become one of the tutors of his college, and removed to London to fulfil that engagement, the duties of which he continued to discharge until the beginning of 1862, when he was so unwell, that the physicians decided that nothing but entire rest would benefit him. He therefore retired, and for a time appeared benefited by rest and change, but disease had gained too great a hold on his naturally feeble frame, and he fell asleep in Jesus on August 5th, 1863. He was interred, by his own desire, in the graveyard adjoining the Baptist chapel, Thrapston, the services being conducted by the Rev. F. White, of Chelsea.

2. **THE REV. JAMES SNEATH**, the subject of this brief memoir, was born at Riddings, in Derbyshire. While he was yet a boy, a Baptist brother, a pious old man from Nottingham, settled in the neighbourhood, who, affected by the abounding ungodliness of the place, resolved to do something for its moral elevation. Accordingly, he opened his house on the Lord's-day to receive, for purposes of religious instruction, the children of his poor neighbours. To this school little James was sent; nor in vain, for, by God's sanctifying blessing on the truth taught there, he was made "wise unto salvation." When about seventeen years of age, therefore, he began to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, to which the Lord gave testimony; so that, some years subsequently, he was thought by the Rev. C. Stovel, who buried him in baptism, to be a fit person to engage in evangelistic efforts in some rural district. Just then, a home missionary being wanted for the Forest of Teesdale, Mr. Sneath was recommended by his pastor to the Rev. C. Roe, the secretary of the association, on whose behalf he was engaged for that sphere of labour. Here the adoption of Scriptural means were blessed to the conversion of many souls, so that a church was formed, a chapel and minister's house erected, and other signs of success discovered. Eventually, however, he removed to Brough, in Westmoreland, where he introduced the Gospel into no less than fifteen of the surrounding villages, situated at a distance of from one to twenty-eight miles from the central station. A diary kept by our brother at this time shows how truly apostolic were his efforts to do good, preaching eight or ten times a week, travelling on foot some ninety miles or more, besides visiting hundreds of families with tracts, &c. In 1841, our beloved brother made another remove to South Shields, where he entered upon his most important field of ministerial activity. In a chapel that would hold 600 persons, with as many hundred pounds' debt upon it, he preached his first sermon to a congregation of fourteen souls. By the blessing of God upon his ministry, within four years or so after his settlement the sanctuary was filled, freed from debt, and the church increased. But his self-sacrificing zeal was fast consuming him, as preaching four or five times on the Sabbath, either in or out of doors, besides nearly every night in the week for a considerable period, in addition to attention to other duties, was likely to do. His health so seriously failed, that the faculty insisted upon his removal from Shields to a warmer region, if he would save his life. His oft-repeated resignation was accepted at length by a deeply-

attached flock, when in the year 1848 he removed to Bromsgrove. The latter period of our friend's life was divided between the church at West Bromwich and Cradley, at which latter place he fell asleep in Jesus, November 28, 1863, aged sixty-two. Up to the last his ministry, which was always adapted to godly edifying, was fruitful in conversions. He preached with more than his wonted energy twice on the Lord's-day previous to his death, nay, even attended the Monday evening prayer-meeting, appearing usually well, was seized on the Wednesday evening, and died on Friday morning. His funeral sermon, preached by Mr. R. Nightingale, who performed this labour of love at the request of the bereaved family and flock, was listened to by a crowded congregation, composed of persons belonging to all sections of the Church of Christ—a fact which is in itself no mean testimony to his eminent worth.

3. **THE REV. W. GIBBERD**, of Great Brickhill, Bucks, was called to his rest on Wednesday, March 9, 1864. His remains were interred in the ground adjoining the chapel on the following Wednesday. The Rev. J. B. Walcot addressed the spectators.

4. **THE REV. JOHN GRIFFITHS**.—On June 20th, at his father's house at Glais, Clydach, and for the last twelve months a student at Pontypool College. His funeral took place on Thursday, the 23rd, at Bethania. Rev. — Davies, of Landore-road, read and prayed for the house; Rev. R. A. Jones, of Swansea, commenced the services in the chapel; and, according to the deceased's desire, Rev. J. E. James, of Glyn Neath, preached from Phil. iii. 21; and the Rev. D. Davies, of Treboeth, from Matt. xxv. 21; Rev. D. Edwards, of Ystalyfera, concluded by prayer. Rev. B. Evans, of Neath, delivered an oration at the grave; and was followed by Rev. Titus Jones, of Caersalem Newydd, and who concluded by prayer. He was a firm advocate of the BAPTIST MESSENGER for many years past.

5. **THE REV. DR. EVANS**.—The Rev. Ellis Evans, D.D., late minister of the Baptist church, Cefn-mawr, who had been for some time ill, breathed his last on Monday, March 28, 1864. Dr. Evans was baptized at Dolgelly; by the church at this place he was urged to exercise his talents as a preacher. He was admitted at Abergavenny College in the year 1811, where he remained for two years. Subsequently he settled as pastor of the Baptist churches at Llannofydd and Llansannan. He remained there about six years. In 1819 he removed to Cefn-mawr, in connection with Rhosllanerchrugog and Brymbo. At this time the number of members forming the Baptist church at Cefn-mawr was 15; since the church has increased to upwards of 400. Now Rhos and Brymbo have each its own minister. Also, during Dr. Evans's ministration, and through his instrumentality, under the blessing of God, churches have been established at Garth and Fron, who also maintain a minister. Six years ago, feeling his inability to minister to the spiritual wants of the church with the same vigour as heretofore, he resigned the pastorate, and the church settled upon him a retiring salary. In 1861, Jewell University, America, presented him with the honorary distinction of D.D., in consideration of his services to the denomination both as preacher and author. The rev. gentleman had been for the last forty years engaged in gathering together materials for a "History of the Baptists"—for such a work he was, by his extraordinary reading and untiring researches, eminently qualified. But owing to the want of patronage necessary for such a project, the publication of the work was delayed until very lately. It is, however, to be hoped that the large mass of material collected by him, the work of his life, will not be lost.

6. **THE REV. GEORGE STAPLES**, when a boy, was a scholar in the school of the Rev. Thomas Stevenson, of Loughborough, and early evinced a love for the house and people of God. He was converted under the ministry of the above eminently good man. He was assisted to understand the Gospel, and to show its value to others by preaching in the villages, at the Bible-class of Mr. 1 yers. His conversion and baptism were in the year 1834 or 1835. He spent three years at the Academy, and was called to preside over the church at Measham in 1839. Here he spent nineteen years of his ministerial life. Many were added to the church during his ministry, and he has left a monument behind him to his devotedness and zeal in the neat and commodious chapel, which was mainly erected by his energy and perseverance. While at Measham, he wrote three or four useful books, as "Macedonia," &c., and published a periodical called "The Soul's Welfare." Afterwards he presided for six years over the church at Leake and Wymeswold. He resigned his pastorate in the spring of this year, and had again been supplying Measham pulpit for a few Sundays, when he was called to his rest. He preached three times on Sunday, the 17th of April, to his old friends at Measham and Netherreal. On the Monday he complained of being unwell, and at the house of his relative, Mr. Boss, retired to rest at night. Early in the morning he appears to have been taken seriously ill, and died at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 19th, 1864, aged forty-six years. On the following Friday his mortal remains were interred in the Measham Chapel burial-ground by the Rev. C. Clarke, B.A., of Ashby, in the presence of a large number of sympathizing friends. On the Sunday his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Stevenson, of Leicester. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

7. **THE REV. JOHN PEACOCK**.—The Rev. John Peacock, who was for thirty-four years pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Spencer-place Chapel, Goswell-road, London, was born in the village of Ravensden, Beds, on the 31st of May, 1779, his father occupying a farm in that parish. The subject of our sketch was brought up to attend the parish church, and at one time there was a possibility of his becoming a clergyman; or when about twelve years of age, the rector of the parish in which he resided wished to adopt the lad, and educate him for the clerical profession; but being an only child, his parents were unwilling to give him up. When but a child, he began to attend the Baptist chapel at Little Staughton, Beds. The ministry of Mr. Emery, the pastor, was so blessed to him, that through it he was brought to Christ for salvation. Ere he had reached his seventeenth year, he was baptized by Mr. Emery. The date given is November 1st, 1795. He continued with his father until he was twenty-four years of age. At that period he began to preach. His first sermon was preached in the house of one of the deacons, from whom he received much encouragement, and who, for the rest of his life, proved a kind and judicious friend. His first text was from John vii. 17. He commenced his ministerial career in January, 1804. For several months he preached at an early service held in the chapel at Staughton. Eventually he received an invitation from the church at Rushton, Northamptonshire, and was ordained to the pastorate of that church July 2, 1805. He laboured at

Rushden for seventeen years, during which period upwards of 120 persons were added to the church. From this sphere he removed in March, 1821, visited London, and preached at Spencer-place as a supply; shortly afterwards receiving a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of that church. From December 11, 1821, to November 26, 1855, a period of thirty-four years, our beloved brother and father in Christ lived and laboured amongst the people of his charge in the pastorate at Spencer-place. At nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, May 15th, 1864, he closed his long and useful life; he had spent many bright and joyous Sabbaths, but this was the best of all—from the earthly Sabbatism to the heavenly. His remains were interred at Highgate Cemetery, May 20th; the Rev. Philip Gast, his successor, and present pastor of Spencer-place, officiated, and delivered an address in the Cemetery Chapel.

8. **THE REV. JOHN PELLIS.**—Our brother was born at Beccles, on the first day of July, in the year 1827. He was brought up to attend the ministry of Mr. G. Wright, the Baptist minister of that town. In his boyhood he was lively and full of spirit, and characterized by the various faults of most boys. His parents made a profession of religion, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Wright for years. Their lively and spirited son grew up fond of the gaieties and pleasures of the ungodly. Under the ministry, he would sometimes feel deeply, and seemed greatly impressed by the truths declared with faithfulness and power in his hearing. The impressions were not abiding, and proved of little real use to him. In the latter part of the year 1846, he absconded from home, and obtained a situation in London. Here, through excessive labour and a great natural impulsiveness of character, he suffered a serious illness, notwithstanding which he continued in a state of utter indifference to religion. He lived in opposition to God, and in intense dislike of the holiness of religion. He returned to the country, and soon recovered his wonted health and vigour. He lived for a time at Bungay, in Suffolk, and seemed at this time to have suffered considerable agitation of mind about religion. He returns to London, is attracted to the ministry of Mr. James Wells, by hearing that he was a most eccentric man; he went, hoping to have a good laugh, and the Lord gave him to be filled with sorrow. While Mr. Wells was preaching from 1 Peter ii. 24, he became convinced that he was a lost and ruined sinner. He began now to pray to God in deep penitence of spirit. His prayers were the prompting of the secret working of the Spirit of God in the soul. He continued to hear Mr. Wells with encouragement, but in the year 1846 found peace and a joyous freedom while perusing *The Earthen Vessel*. John Thwaites, Esq., was kind to him, and introduced him to a situation; and he was baptized by Mr. Wells on December 19th, 1849. He now returns in ill health to his native town. He commenced business in Beccles, but afterwards went to reside in Ipswich on a more extended scale. Here he was united to his much-loved wife, with whom he lived in the warmest love and union till the time of his decease. He was invited to Clare, and became the pastor of the church in that town. In the providence of God he next received an invitation to the pastorate at Sino Chapel, Oxford-street. Here he ministered in the word with much acceptance and usefulness. He died at Tolmers-square, Hampstead-road, early in the morning of the 23rd of June, 1864. He died in peace, and with a cheerful hope of a glorious immortality. He has left a loving wife and three children to mourn their loss. Our lamented friend was buried at Highgate Cemetery. Many ministers attended to express their esteem for the memory of the departed, and a large concourse of people.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

The Freeman. Fourpence. Stamped, Fivepence. J. Heaton and Son, 42, Paternoster-row.

ANNUAL.

Baptist Hand-book. Sixpence. J. Heaton and Son.

— *Year-book and Almanack.* Twopence. Paul, 1, Chapter House Court.

— *Almanack.* Twopence. Partridge and Co.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Baptist Magazine. Sixpence. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

— *Reporter.* Threepence. J. Heaton and Son.

— *Messenger.* One Penny. Paul.

The Church. One Penny. J. Heaton and Son.

General Baptist Magazine. Fourpence. Simpkin and Co.

Primitive Church Magazine. Twopence. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

Earthen Vessel. Twopence. Stevenson.

Missionary Herald. One Penny. Pawtress and Co., and J. Heaton and Son.

Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. J. Heaton and Son.

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, born Aug. 6th, 1844.—

5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25th, 1846.—

6. Princess Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18th, 1848.—

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, King of Hanover, cousin to the Queen, born May 27th, 1819.

Princess Augusta Caroline of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz), born 19th July, 1822.

Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833.

not be paid after twelve clear months. (Money Orders payable in the Colonies, including Malta and Gibraltar, must be presented for payment within six months after that of issue.)

In case of the miscarriage or loss of a Money Order, a duplicate is granted on a written application (with the necessary particulars, and inclosing the amount of a second commission in postage stamps) to the Comptroller of the Money Order Office of the kingdom where the original order was issued.

SAVINGS BANKS have now been established at most of the money order offices. Deposits are received daily, during the same hours as for Money Orders, from 1s. upwards, and upon every pound, yearly interest is given at the rate of £2 10s. per cent.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN MAILS.—The Mails are made up for *Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, and Tasmania*, *via Southampton*, 20th, Morn., 6d.; *via Marseilles*, 26th, Even., 10d. *Belgium and Continent of Europe*, *via Belgium*, daily. *Canada*, Thursday, Even., 6d.; Saturday, Even., *via United States*, 8d. *Cape Coast Castle*, and *Sierra Leone*, 23rd, Even., 6d. *Cape of Good Hope*, 5th, Even., 1s. *Ceylon*, *via Marseilles*, 10th and 26th, Even., 10d.; *via Southampton*, 4th and 20th, Morn., 6d. *China*, *via Marseilles*, 10th and 26th, Even., 1s. 4d.; *via Southampton*, 4th and 20th, Morn., 1s. *Egypt and Malta*, *via Marseilles*, 3rd, 10th, 18th, and 26th, Even., 6d. under $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; *via Southampton*, 4th, 12th, 20th, and 27th, Morn., 6d. under $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. *France and the Continent of Europe*, *via France*, twice daily. *Gibraltar*, *via France*, Morn. and Even., 6d. under $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; *via Southampton*, 4th, 12th, 20th, and 27th, Morn., 6d.; (no Mails to Bombay or the North-West Provinces are forwarded on the 10th and 26th, or 4th and 20th). *Mauritius*, *via Southampton*, 20th, Morn., 6d.; *via Marseilles*, 26th, Even., 10d. *New Brunswick and Nova Scotia*, alt. Sat. Even., 6d.; *via United States*, 8d. *Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island*, alt. Sat. Even., 6d. *United States*, every Saturday evening and Wednesday morning, 1s. *Vancouver's Island and British Columbia*, every Sat., Even., 1s; *via St. Thomas and Panama*, 2nd and 17th, Morn., 2s. 4d. *West Indies (British)*, 2nd and 17th, Morn., 1s.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE ON LETTERS FOR THE NETHERLANDS.—A new postal convention has been concluded with the Netherlands, according to which the following alteration in the rates of postage on letters between the United Kingdom and the Netherlands, *via Belgium*, will take place, when prepaid letters will be chargeable as follows:—Not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., 3d.; above $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and not exceeding 1 oz., 6d.; and so on, adding one rate for each additional half ounce, or fraction of half an ounce. When posted unpaid letters will be chargeable, on delivery, with one additional rate of 3d. each. The foregoing rates comprise both the British and foreign charges.

THE BOOK POST.—A Book, unstamped Newspaper (or stamped Newspaper more than fifteen days old), or any number of Books or Printed Letters from one Post Town to another, within the United Kingdom, in a cover open at the ends, and not exceeding two feet in length, not exceeding 4 oz. 1d.; not exceeding 8 oz. 2d.; not exceeding 16 oz. 4d.; and for every additional 8 oz. or fraction thereof, 2d. A Book-packet may contain any number of separate books or other publications (including printed letters, and printed matter of every kind); but no written letter is allowed in any case.

The privileges of the Book Post are now extended to the whole of the British Colonies and Settlements at the following rates:—To *Ceylon*, *East Indies*, *Hong Kong*, *Labuan*, *Mauritius*, *New Zealand*, *New South Wales*, *Queensland*, *S. and W. Australia*, *Tasmania*, and *Victoria*, (*via Southampton*), 4 oz. 4d., 8 oz. 8d. 1 lb. 1s. 4d., 1½ lb. 2s., &c. The weight of each Packet to *India*, *Queensland*, or *New South Wales*, is limited to 3 lbs. To other places not exceeding 4 oz. 3d., 8 oz. 6d., 1 lb. 1s., 1½ lb. 1s. 6d., &c. Packets to any part of *Cape Colony* other than *Cape Town*, *Port Elizabeth*, or *Mossel Bay*, must be addressed to the care of some one at either of these places.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS.—An infant should be registered within six weeks after birth. No fee is payable; but after 42 days a fee of 7s. 6d. is chargeable.

REGISTRATION OF DEATHS.—Notice should be given of deaths to the district registrar. Let this be done early, that the undertaker may have a certificate to give the minister who performs the funeral service.

In Scotland marriages must be registered within 3 days; births 21 days; and deaths 8 days.

VACCINATION ACT.—It is imperative by law that parents should have every child vaccinated within three calendar months after birth, either by the appointed public vaccinator, or by a legally qualified practitioner. If other than the parents are left in charge of the child, the vaccination must then be within four months of birth. If the child be not taken in eight days after vaccination to be examined by the medical practitioner in order to ascertain the result of the operation, parties not complying incur a penalty not exceeding 20s. The registrars of each district are required to send notices to the parents or guardians of children whose births they have registered, stating also the names and addresses of the public vaccinators, and the hours of attendance.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—A yearly tenant must take care that he gives notice to quit his premises half a year before the time of the expiration of the current year of his tenancy. If by agreement, a quarter's notice is to be sufficient, such notice must always expire with the tenancy if that is yearly.—If a landlord neglects to repair the premises, according to his covenant, the tenant may maintain an action against him; but such neglect does not absolve the tenant from payment of the rent.—A landlord can legally dispose of goods taken under a distress for rent, by appraisement, without putting them up by auction.—A landlord may take possession of the goods of his tenant's lodger which have been taken away under distress for rent; or may maintain an action for pound breach.

COUNTY COURTS.—The courts have jurisdiction for the recovery of debts, legacies, distributive shares of intestate's effects, and balances of partnership accounts. And in cases of breach of contract, taking or detaining goods, assault, trespass, and all other personal actions (excepting libel, slander, seduction, breach of promise of marriage, ejectment, and cases involving questions of title), to the amount of £20. Applications for summonses must be made fourteen days before every court-day at the office of the clerk.

STAMPS, DUTIES, &c.

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.

DRAFTS, BILLS, ETC.—Draft, or Order for the payment of any sum of money to the bearer, or to order, on demand, including bankers' cheques 1d.

Inland Bill, Draft, or Order, payable otherwise than on demand—

	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.
Not exceeding	5	0 0 1	500, and not exceeding ...	750 0 7 6
Exceeding { £5, and not exceeding	10	0 0 2	750 " "	1,000 0 10 0
10 " "	25	0 0 3	1,000 " "	1,500 0 15 0
25 " "	50	0 0 6	1,500 " "	2,000 1 0 0
50 " "	75	0 0 9	2,000 " "	3,000 1 10 0
75 " "	100	0 1 0	3,000 " "	4,000 2 0 0
and 1s. for every £100 up to £500.			For every additional £1,000.....	0 10 0

HOUSE DUTY.—Inhabited house, of the value of £20 or upwards 9d. in the £1. If occupied as a farm-house by a tenant or farm-servant, or for purposes of business 6d. "

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCES.

Policy of insurance made upon any life where the sum insured shall not exceed £25	s. d.	Above £500, and not above £1,000, then for every £100, and any fractional part of £100	s. d.
Above £25, and not above £500; then for every £50, and any fractional part of £50	0 3	And where it shall exceed £1,000, for every £1,000, and any fractional part of £1,000	1 0
	0 6	Policy of assurance for loss or damage by fire	1 0

FIRE INSURANCES.

For every £100 insured for a year, or for any fractional part of £100 per annum 3s. 0d.

APPRENTICES' INDENTURES.

Where no money is given	2s. 6d.	For £100, and under £200	£6
Under £30	£1	200 " 300	12
For £30 and under £50	2	300 " 400	20
50 " 100	3	400 " 500	25

Indentures for sea-service and poor children are exempted.

DUTIES ON LEGACIES OF £20 AND UPWARDS.

To children or descendants, per Cent.	£1	Great uncle or aunt, or descendants per Ct.	£6
Brother or sister, or ditto	3	Any other person	10
Uncle or aunt, or ditto	5	Husbands and wives are exempt.	

STAMP DUTIES ON PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
On petition for grant of letters-patent	5 0 0	On certificate of record of notice of objections	2 0 0
On certificate of record of notice to proceed	5 0 0	On certificate of every search and inspection	0 1 0
On warrant of law-officer for letters-patent	5 0 0	On certificate of entry of assignment or license	0 5 0
On the sealing of letters-patent	5 0 0	On certificate of assignment or license	0 5 0
On specification	5 0 0	On application for disclaimer	5 0 0
On the letters-patent, or a duplicate thereof, before the expiration of the third year	50 0 0	On caveat against disclaimer	2 0 0
On the letters-patent, or a duplicate thereof, before the expiration of the seventh year	100 0 0	On office copies of documents, for every ninety words	0 0 2

ADMISSIONS.

To act in any Court as Advocate	£50	To be Fellow of College of Physicians	25
To the degree of a Barrister-at-law in England or Ireland	50	To a Corporation in respect of privilege.....	1
As Attorney, Solicitor, or Proctor in England or Ireland	35	To ditto, any other ground.....	3
To act as Notary Public in England	30	To any Ecclesiastical Benefice in England or Ireland, according to the value of the same.	

PROPERTY AND INCOME TAX.

From April, 1864, to April, 1865, all incomes of £100 per annum, and not exceeding £200, are taxed at the rate of 6d. in the £ upon a proportion of the same: those of £200 and upwards, at 6d. in the pound. Exemptions of Premiums from Income Tax.—Under a recent Act of Parliament, the premiums paid by a person for an Assurance on his own life, or on the life of his wife, or for a Deferred Annuity to his Widow, are declared free from Income-tax, provided such premiums do not exceed one-sixth of his returnable income.

LICENSES.

Hawkers and Pedlars trading on foot—for 6 months, £1; for 12 months, £2. With one beast of burden—for 6 months, £3; for 12 months, £4. Licensed hawkers may carry and sell tea and coffee under an excise license.—House Agent, £2.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

MARCH 1.—Assessors and auditors of boroughs to be elected.

— 25.—Overseers, poor-law guardians, and surveyors of roads, to be appointed on this day, or within fourteen days thereof.

Nominations of poor-law guardians to be sent to the vestry clerk between the 16th and the 26th.

APRIL 5.—The returns for making the assessment of direct taxes are delivered soon after this date.

MAY.—The election of vestrymen and auditors under the "Metropolis Local Management Act" takes place during this month, at a time appointed by the vestry.

JUNE 1.—Members of district boards to be elected.

— 20.—Overseers to publish notices to those qualified to vote for counties, to make claims.

JULY.—High constables, during this month, to send precepts for a return before the 1st of September of a list of persons qualified to serve on juries.

— 19.—Assessed taxes and poor-rates due on 5th January must be paid on or before this day, by all electors of cities or boroughs, or they will be disqualified from voting.

— 20.—Last day for sending in claims for voting in counties.

— 30.—Overseers to make out lists of county and borough electors.

AUG. 6 and 13.—Borough and county lists to be affixed to doors of churches and chapels.

— 25.—Last day for leaving with overseers objections to county and borough electors; and for service of objections on electors in counties or their tenants.—Last day to claim as borough electors.

— 29.—Overseers to send a list of electors and of objections to the high constable, and list of claimants and objections, and a copy of register of county voters, to the clerk of the peace.

— 31.—All taxes and rates payable on March 1st must be paid on or before this day by persons claiming to be enrolled as burgesses under the Municipal Corporations Act.

SEPT. 1.—Town-clerks in boroughs to affix in public places the lists of claims and objections to free-men, from this day to the 15th.—Overseers to make out burgess' lists.

— 3 and 10.—Lists of objections to county electors to be published by this date, and claims and objections for borough lists to be affixed to church doors.

— 15.—Between this day and October 31, registration courts are to be held by the revising barrister. Claims of persons omitted in the burgess' lists, and objections to persons inserted, to be given to the town-clerk in writing on or before this day: notice of the objection also to be given to the person objected to.

OCT. 1.—An open court to revise the burgess' lists under Municipal Reform Act, to be held some time between the 1st and 15th of October—three clear days' notice being given.

Nov. 1.—Councillors of boroughs to be elected.

— 9.—Mayor and aldermen ditto.

USEFUL ADVICE.

MARKETING.—Nearly every article of common use may be advantageously purchased in large quantities. A daily supply is a daily waste; the running to and from the street-door to the chandler's shop, the purchase of an ounce of one thing, or a quarter of a pound of another, are the signs of a want of management. Grocery, candles, soap, and other articles of that class, should be obtained regularly in quantities from respectable tradesmen; and not only may you have many pleasant additions to your table by adopting the system of such purchases, but you will, upon the whole, have more and pay less; be free of the worry of sending out continually for small supplies, and have at hand a stock to meet emergencies. A little prudent care will enable many families to act on this principle.

AIRING ROOMS.—It is a common mistake to open only the lower part of the windows of an apartment; whereas, if the upper part also were opened, the object would be more speedily accomplished. As the air in an apartment is generally heated to a higher temperature than the external air, either by the heat supplied by the human body, or by lamps, candles, or fires, it is rendered lighter than the external air, and consequently the external air will rush in at all openings at the lower part of the room, while the warmer and lighter air passes out at the higher openings. A current of warm air from the room is generally rushing up the flue of the chimney, if the flue be open, even though there should be no fire lighted in the stove—hence the unwholesomeness of using chimney-boards.

TO RENDER LINEN GARMENTS FIRE-PROOF.—Of all preservatives of linen garments against flame, sulphate of ammonia is the cheapest and best. A solution containing seven per cent. of crystallized salt, or six and two-tenths per cent. of anhydrous salt, is a perfect preservative. It does not offer the resistance to the iron that other salts do, as only a comparative small preparation of it is used; neither does it change the colour or texture of the fabric upon which it is employed.

THE VALUE OF SOAPSUDS.—A tubful of strong soapsuds is worth as much, as a fertilizer, as a wheelbarrow of good manure. Now, every bucket of soapsuds should be thrown where it will not be lost. The garden is a good and convenient place in which to dispose of it; but the roots of grapevines, young trees, or anything of the sort, will do as well.

TO CLEAR VEGETABLES OF INSECTS BEFORE COOKING.—Make a strong brine of one pound and a half of salt to a gallon of water; into this place the vegetables (with the stalk ends uppermost) for two or three hours; this will destroy all the insects that cluster in the leaves, and they will fall out and sink to the bottom of the water.

HERBS FOR DRYING.—The best state in which mint, balm, thyme, sage, and other medicinal herbs can be gathered for drying, to preserve for winter use, is just as their flowers are opening. At that period of growth they are found to contain more of the essential oil, on which their flavours depend, than at any other time.

TO KEEP APPLES.—Gather them dry and put them with clean straw, or clean chaff, into casks; cover them up close, and put them into a cool dry cellar. Fruit will keep good a twelvemonth in this manner, if it is not bruised in the gathering, by being roughly handled, or carelessly thrown into the basket.

TO GROW WATERCRESS.—Watercress may be grown by taking the plants in balls of mud from their natural situation, and setting them in running water. The cultivation of this wholesome plant should be encouraged.

A CHEAP EDITION, price 1s. 6d.,

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Is now Ready.

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NOTICE.—The Twenty-seventh Thousand

Is now Ready, price 3s. 6d.,

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