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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1877.

LONDON :

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

TO OUR READERS.

By the good hand of God upon us we are spared to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of another year. We desire to preface our Magazine for 1878 by gratefully recalling and devoutly acknowledging the mercies vouchsafed to us in the past by the tender hand of our ever-living and ever-loving Lord. Yet while all has been considerate and compassionate on His part, how inadequate has been the return we have made for such multiplied tokens of parental care. Shortcomings which we see not to conceal, and imperfections which we dare not attempt to condone, have marked our efforts; yet our Heavenly Father is pleased to accept and bless the labours of our pen in His service. All that tends to holiness and conducts to heaven comes from the alone Source of light and grace. But the treasure is committed to earthen vessels, and hence the frequent failures which attend all human endeavours to set forth the truth as it is in Jesus. Be it ours to write and live as becometh the Gospel of Christ, that when the Master cometh to demand an account of our stewardship we may be found ready for the solemn audit. We hope the testimony borne in the pages of our periodical will always take its tone from "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." It is not our desire, much less will be our aim, to depart from the old paths out of courtesy to those who are given to change. We have not so learned Christ as to tamper with His truth or to dilute the immutable verities of God's most Holy Word. Our lot is cast in perilous times, and it behoves all who are set as watchmen to keep a sharp out-look against the advances of error and the encroachments of misbelief. Science, falsely so called, is seeking to undermine the foundations of our common Faith, and much that passes current nowadays for Divine revelation savours strongly of "another Gospel" than the Word of Life which Paul expounded and Peter proclaimed. Thank God, there still remains the sure word of prophecy, to which we shall do well to take heed as unto a light shining in a dark place. It may be temporarily obscured by the perversity of false teachers, or it may be presented to our gaze through distorted *media*; but it shall live on despite the machinations of evil spirits and the misrepresentations of scarcely less malignant men. Ever and anon it develops its pristine power and asserts its omnipotent sway as it makes

"The matted sunbeams dance
Athwart the sandy shallow"

Of this mortal life, and supplies glimpses of the glory yet to be revealed. To all who have helped us in our efforts and contributed to our success in the past, we tender the tribute of our heartfelt thanks, and while asking a continuance of their good offices, beg with Christian greeting to remain their faithful friend and servant,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,
Editor.

THE BUTTS,
BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX, W.
December 31st, 1877.

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ONE THING.*

A MOTTO FOR SEEKERS, LEARNERS, AND WORKERS.

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

I HAVE "one thing" in view—"one thing" on which I want to rivet your attention. Forbear with me if I detain you a few minutes before announcing a text. It has been said that a man of one book is terrible in the force of his convictions. He has studied it so well, digested it so thoroughly, and understands it so profoundly, that it is perilous to encounter him in controversy. No man becomes eminent in any pursuit unless he gives himself up to it with all the powers and passions of his nature—body and soul. Michael Angelo had never been so great a painter if his love of art had not become so enthusiastic that he frequently did not take off his garments to sleep by the week together; nor had Handel ever been such a great musician if his ardour for sounds celestial had not led him to use the keys of his harpsichord till, by constant fingering, they became the shape of spoons. A man must have one pursuit, and consecrate all his powers to one purpose, if he would excel or rise to eminence among his fellows.

When streams of water divide themselves into innumerable rills, they usually create a morass, which proves dangerous to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Could all those streams be dammed up into one channel, and made to flow in one direction, they might resolve themselves into a navigable river, bearing commerce to the ocean, and enriching the people who dwell upon its banks. To obtain one thing, one comprehensive boon from heaven, has been the object of many a saintly prayer, like that of David,—“Unite my heart to fear Thy name.” The advice of Paul was—“Set not your affection upon things on earth,” not “your affections,” as it is often misquoted. The Apostle would have all the affections tied up into one affection, and that one concentrated affection not set upon earthly things, but upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. The concurrence of all our powers and capacities with one single impulse, to obtain one object, and to produce one result, is one great aim of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The “one thing” concerning which I am now about to talk very seriously to you will require three texts to elucidate it. There are three pithy passages of Holy Scripture which I shall endeavour to press home on your heart and conscience.

Our first text is to be found in the Gospel according to St. Luke x. 44, —“One thing is needful.”

This one thing, according to this passage, is *faith in Christ Jesus*, the sitting down at the Master's feet, the drinking in His Word. If I may expand for a minute the “one thing,” without seeming to make twenty things of that which is but one, I will refer it to the possession of a new life. This life is given to us when by the power of the Holy Ghost we are created anew in Christ Jesus, and it develops itself in a simple confidence in Jesus, in a hearty obedience to Jesus, in a desire to be like Jesus,

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and in a constant yearning to be near to Jesus. "One thing is needful;" that one thing is salvation, wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, through faith which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. The new heart, the right spirit, a filial fear of God, love to Jesus—this is the "one thing needful." Now I trust you all know how to distinguish things essential from things convenient, and that you are more concerned about needful things than about things merely attractive, or, at most, but accessory to your welfare. The little child may admire the field which is covered with red and blue flowers; the husbandman cares nothing for these flowerets; he delights in the wheat that is ripening for the sickle. So our childish minds are often fascinated with the flaunting flowers of fortune and fashion; craving after wealth and fame and worldly distinction; but our better reason, if it be allowed to speak, will prefer the necessary things, the things which we must have or else must perish. We may do without earthly goods, for thousands have been happy in life and triumphant in death without any of the luxury which riches can purchase. The heart's love of His fellow-creatures has been fairly won by many a humble man who never courted popular applause. The patience of the poor has often counted for fine gold, while the pride of the affluent has passed for nothing but foul dross. Even lack of health, heaven's priceless boon to mortals here below, has not hindered some precious sufferers from serving their generation, glorifying God in a martyrdom of pain, and bequeathing treasures of piety to a grateful posterity. Ten thousand things are convenient; thousands of things are desirable; hundreds of things are to be sought for; but there is one thing, one only thing, the one thing we have described to you, of which our Saviour speaks as the "one thing needful."

And, oh, how needful it is! Needful for your children—they are growing up about you; and much joy they give you; for you can see in them many budding excellences. To your partial eyes they give promise of goodness, if not of greatness. They will be the comfort of your declining years. You have carefully watched their education. Not a whit of their moral habits have you failed to overlook. To give them a fair start in the world has been your fond desire till their portion is the fruit of your providence. From perils you would protect them. Lest they should have to rough it, perhaps, as much as their father before them, you would pilot them through the straits. Good! but, dear parents, do recollect that "one thing is needful." For your children, that they may commence life, continue in life, and close life honourably, it is well that they should be educated; it is well that morality should be instilled into them, but this is not enough. Alas! we have seen many leave the purest parental influences to plunge into the foulest sins; their education has become but a tool for iniquity, and the money with which they might have helped themselves to competence has been squandered away in vice. "One thing is needful" for that bright-eyed boy. Oh! if you can take him to the Saviour, and if the blessing of the Good Shepherd shall alight upon him and renew him while yet a child, the best will have been done for him—yea, his one chief need supplied. And if that dear girl, before she comes to womanhood, shall have been led to that blessed Saviour who rejecteth none that come to Him, she will have received all she shall want for time and for eternity. Quicken your prayers, then, dear parents. Think of your children, to seek their welfare more intelligently. Be more impor-

fortunate in intercession on their behalf. Truly, this is the one thing needful for them. One thing, too, is needful for that young man just leaving home to go out as an apprentice and learn his trade. That is a trying time for an untried hand. The heart may well flutter as one young and inexperienced reflects that he is now about to sail, not on a coasting voyage, but to put fairly out to sea. Ere long it will be seen whether those fair professions had truth as a foundation. He will get to London—many of you have passed through this ordeal—the metropolis, what a maze it seemed to you at first, and with what amazement you surveyed it! What with propensities within your breast, and profuse attractions without, temptation held you spell-bound. What could not be done in the village, what you dared not think of in the little market-town, seems easy to be done unobserved in the great city. Hundreds of fingers point you to the haunts of pleasure, the home of vice, the path to hell. Ah, mother and father! you present the Bible as your parting gift; you write the youth's name on the fly-leaf. You offer your prayers, and you shed your tears for him. Steals there not over you the conviction that the one thing he needs you cannot pack in his trunk, nor can you send it up to him by a post-office order. The one thing needful is that Christ should be formed in his heart the hope of glory. With that he would begin life well. A sword of the true Jerusalem metal, that will not break in the heat of the conflict, will be serviceable all his journey through. Do I address some young man who has not forgotten his mother's kind remarks when he left home? Let me just echo them, and say to him, One thing thou lackest; oh! seek it, seek it now. Before going out of this house seek till, through grace, you obtain this one thing needful which shall bear thee safely to the skies.

But "one thing is needful," not merely for those youngsters at home, or for those about to go abroad in the world. One thing is needful for the business man. "Ah!" saith he, "I want a great many things." But what, I ask, is the one thing? You speak of "the needful." You call ready cash "the indispensable." "Give me this," says the man of the world, "and I don't care about anything else. Recommend your religion to whom you please, but let me have solid gold and silver and I will be well content." Ah, sirs! ye delude yourselves with phantoms. You fondly dream that wealth in your hands would count for more than it has ever done for your fellows. You must have seen some men make large fortunes whom you knew to be very miserable. They have retired from business to get a little rest, and yet they could find no rest in their retirement. You must have known others who the more they have got the more they have wanted, for they have swallowed a horse-leech, and it has cried, "Give, give!" Of course you never suspected that the money did the mischief, or that the precious metal poisoned the heart. But are you in quest of happiness? It lies not in investments, whether in consols or mortgages, stocks or debentures, gold or silver. These properties are profitable. They can be used to promote happiness. As accessories to our welfare they may often prove to be blessings, but if accredited with intrinsic worth they will eat as doth a canker. Money circulated is a medium of public benefit, while money hoarded is a means of private discomfort. A man is but a muck-raker who is for ever seeking to scrape everything to himself. A miser is bound to be miserable. Before high

heaven, he is an object to make the angels weep. One thing is needful for you merchants, brokers, and warehousemen, to keep you from sinking under your anxieties and losses, or to preserve you from becoming sordid and selfish through your successes, and lest your greed should increase with your gains. One thing is needful that your life may be a true life, or else, when it comes to its end, all that can be said of you will amount to this,—“He died worth so much.” Must that be your only memorial? When you depart from this world the poor and needy will not miss you; widow and orphan will not grieve for you; the Church militant will not mourn; the bright spirits above will not be waiting to greet you. The grand climax of your career a will! a testament sworn under a very large sum! What shall it profit any man what fortune soever he may have amassed, if he lose his soul? Think ye that riches possessed in this world will procure any respect in the nether regions? I have heard that in the old Fleet Prison the *swell* that was put into gaol for ten thousand pounds thought himself a gentleman in comparison with those common fellows who were put in for some paltry debt of twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. There are no such distinctions in hell. You who can boast your talents of gold and talents of silver, if cast away, shall be as complete wrecks as those who never had doit or stiver, but lived and died in privation and poverty. You want one thing, and if you get this one thing your wealth shall prove a blessing; otherwise it will be a curse. With this one thing your sufficiency for the day guaranteed to you by promise shall make you as one of heaven's favourites, fed by the hand of God; ever needy, but never neglected. Ye aged sires,—there are some such here—shall I have to remind any of you that one thing is needful—ay, most needful to you? Death has already put his bony palm upon your head and frozen your hair to the whiteness of that winter in which all your strength must fail and all your beauty fade. Oh, if you have no Saviour! You will soon have to quit these transitory scenes. The young may die, but the old *must*. To die without a Saviour will be dreary and dreadful. Then after death the judgment. Brave old man, how will your courage stand that outlook if so be you have none to plead your cause? Oh, aged woman, you will soon be in the scales; very soon must your character be weighed. If it be said of you, “Tekel: she is weighed in the balances and found wanting,” there will be no opportunity to get right or adjust your relations to God or to your fellow-creatures. Your lamp will have gone out. There will be no chance of rekindling it. If lost, for ever lost; for ever in the dark; for ever cast away! Little enough will it avail you then that you have nourished and brought up children. It will not suffice you then that you paid your debts honestly. Vain the plea that you attended a place of worship, and were always respected in the neighbourhood. One thing is needful; lacking that, thou wilt turn out to have been a fool. Notwithstanding many opportunities and repeated invitations, to have rejected the one thing—the one only thing—what an irreparable mistake. Oh, how thou wilt weep as one disappointed! How thou wilt gnash thy teeth as they do who upbraid themselves! Thou wilt mourn for ever, and thy self-reproach shall know no end.

I wish I could move you, as I desire, to feel as I feel myself, that this one thing is needful to every unconverted person here present. Some of you have already got this one choice thing that is so needful. Hold it

fast ; never let it go. Grace gave it to you ; grace will keep it for you ; grace will hold you true to it. Never be ashamed of it. Prize it beyond all cost. But as for you who have it not—I think I hear your funeral knell pealing in my ears, and as you speed away, your spirits made to fly for very fear, right into the arms of justice ; methinks I hear your bitter cry, “The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved !” I would fain pluck you by the skirts, if I could, and say to you, “Why not seek the one thing needful without more ado ? Get it now. It will not in any way hurt you. It will make you happy here and blessed hereafter. It is as needful for this life as for the next, as needful for the exchange as for the sick chamber, as needful for the street and for the shop, as for the dying bed and for the day of judgment. One thing—one thing is needful.

II. And now suffer me to halt before taking you a stage further. Allow me, as it were, to change horses. I must take another text. It is in the Gospel according to John, the ninth chapter, and the twenty-fifth verse, and these are the words : “ONE THING I KNOW.”

The man who was born blind, whose eyes were opened at the pool of Siloam, said, “One thing I know.” This simple statement I want to turn into a pointed question. Among the many things, dear friends, that you are acquainted with, do you know the one thing that this poor man knew, “Whereas I was blind, now I see” ? Here is a wealth of self-knowledge in this single avowal. Little enough, I daresay, he knew about other people, but he knew a great deal about himself. He was well aware that he once was blind, and he was quite positive that he now could see. Oh ! can you say it with sincerity—“I know that I was once blind ; I could see no beauty in Christ, though I thought I saw great beauties in the world. Then I could not love God. I did not hate sin ; I had no repentance, nor had I any faith : I was blind ; but now—oh, blessed change—now I see my sin, and weep over it ; now I see a Saviour and I trust Him ; now I see His beauties and I admire Him ; now I see His service, and I delight to spend my strength in it. One thing I know.” What a marvellous experience of a marvellous change this implies ! Nor can its importance be over-rated. There is no going to heaven unless you undergo a change which shall make you entirely new, and make all things entirely new to you. A young convert once said, “I do not know how it is ; either the world is changed, or else I am, for nothing seems to me to be the same as once it was.” Ah ! this old Bible, what a dry book it used to be ; but oh, how it abounds in marrow and fatness now ! Prayer—what a tedious duty once, but what a delightful exercise now ! The going up to God’s house on the Sabbath—used it not to be a weariness of the flesh ? How much better to be in the fields ! Yet now, how delightful we feel it to assemble with the Lord’s saints ! With what pleasure we hail the festal morn ! All things are altered. Behold, all things are become new. What we once hated we love, and what we loved we hate. Is it so, dear hearer—is it so with you ? Do not, I prythee, be content with mere reformation. Were you aforesaid a drunkard, and are you now a teetotaler ? Good—very good ; yet, good as it is, it will not save your soul. Dishonest and knavish you once were, but truthful and trustworthy you may now be ; yet rely not upon it for salvation. In former days unchaste, by stern resolve you may have given

up the favourite lust, but even that will not save you. Those who never fell into your foul sloughs need the change. "Ye must be born again." You must have an entire renewal—a radical change. It is not cutting off the limbs of a tree, nor shifting it to another place that will convert a bramble into a vine. The sap must be changed. The heart must be renewed. The inner man must be made completely new. Is it so with you? Why, I think if some of us were to meet our old selves walking down the street we should hardly know ourselves. 'Tis true our old self has taken good care to knock at our door pretty often since. Of all the knocks we hear, not even excepting that of the devil, there is none we dread so much. The knock of the old man when he says, "Let me in with my corruptions and lusts, and let me reign and have my own way." Nay, old man, you were once ourselves, but go your way, for we have put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man; we cannot know you, for one thing we know now that we knew not before—whereas we were blind, now we see.

Need I linger any longer upon this point. Let it suffice if I leave it as a kind of awakening question upon the heart and conscience. There are not twenty things, but there is one thing you have to inquire about. Do you know of a surety this one thing: that you are not now what you used to be? Do you know that Jesus has made the difference? that Jesus has opened the eye that was once without sight? that you now see Jesus, and seeing, you love Him?

III. Our third text is in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, at the thirteenth verse. There the Apostle Paul says—"ONE THING I DO."

Pray observe that I did not introduce "*doing*" first. That would not answer. We do not begin with doing. The one thing needful is not doing. Coming to Christ, and trusting to Him, must take the lead. Not until after you have got the one thing needful, and know that you have got it, and are conscious that, whereas you were blind, now you see, can you be fit to take the next step—"one thing I do." And what is that one thing? "Forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." It seems, then, that the Apostle gave his whole mind up to the glorifying of God by his spiritual life. He was never content with what he was. If he had a little faith, he sought for more. If he had a little hope, he aimed to obtain more. If he had some degree of virtue, he coveted more. Oh, Christians! never be satisfied with being merely saved. Up with you! Away! off! Go onward to the high mountains, to the clearer light, to the brighter joy! If saved, and brought like the shipwrecked mariner to shore, is that enough? Yes, for the moment it is enough to warrant the purest satisfaction and the warmest congratulations. But the mariner must seek a livelihood as long as he lives. He must put forth his energies. Whatever avocations open up before him, he must vigorously seek such favours of fortune as may possibly be within his reach. Just so let it be with you. Saved from the deep which threatened to swallow you up, rejoice that you are preserved from death, but resolve that the life vouchsafed to you shall be active, earnest, vigorous, fruitful in every good and work. Be diligent as your traders are. See how they wake their servants up in the morning, how

they scold them if they are not up betimes. This man must be hurried to one place, and that man to another. How sharp they speak! How quickly they move about! They will do their business; and they spare no pains to increase it. Oh! that we were half as diligent in the service of God. Here we are drivelling away our time. We do not put out all our talents; augment our faith; and enlarge our coast. Why are we so tenacious of going to that great giver of every good and perfect gift, for fresh supplies? Why do we not wait upon Him to be enriched? Would to God that we were as diligent in spiritual as we are in temporal things! Oh! that we were avaricious with a holy covetousness for the best gifts God can bestow, and the choicest blessings saints can receive!

Paul was anxious to do more good, to get more good, to be more good. He sought to win souls. He wanted to make Christ's name known. An ardent passion inflamed him; a high enthusiasm inspired him. Tent-making, it is true, was his trade, but tent-making did not monopolise quite all his heart, and soul, and strength. Does your secular vocation absorb all your thoughts? Though Paul was proud of his industry, and could say, conscientiously, "My own hands have ministered to my necessities," yet preaching the Gospel was the one thing he pursued as his life-work. He was a workman; just as many of you are; but where were his tools? They were ready to hand when he wanted them. And did they, think you, ever creep up into his heart? I trow never. "For us to live," said he, "is Christ." That was as true, I will warrant you, when he was tent-making, or picking up sticks on the island of Malta, as when he was talking heavenly wisdom to the worldly-wise, addressing the Athenians on Mars' Hill, or when he discoursed touching the resurrection of the dead to the Jews, or when he expounded the way of justification to the Gentiles. He was a man of one idea, and that one idea had entirely possessed him. In the old pictures they put a halo round the head of the saints. But, in fact, that halo encircles their hearts, and penetrates every member of their bodies. The halo of disinterested consecration to Christ should not be about their brows alone, to adorn their portraits, for it encompassed their entire being, their spirit, soul, and body. It environed them, their whole being. "This one thing I do," was the motto of early saints. Let it be your motto. Beloved, I address you as the saints of this generation. My earnest desire is that you should not come behind in grace or in gifts. When the believers of all ages muster, and are marshalled, may you be found amongst the faithful and true. If not amongst the first or second-class of worthies in the army of the Son of David, yet good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Our God is a loving Father. He likes to praise His people. To this end do be clear about the one thing you need, the one thing you know, and the one thing you do; so will you stand well in that day.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ONE OF GOD'S GREATEST SHALLS.

STRONG CONSOLATION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. JOHN COX.

PERHAPS we may even say "God's GREATEST SHALL," and this would be saying very much indeed. The "shalls" of a Covenant God are all very great and precious, referring as they do to His own glory and His people's good. Well, look over them all, and see if you can find one to eclipse this—HE SHALL GLORIFY ME.

We want something very solacing and sure to begin another year with. Here it is; something that is above all man's errors, earth's changes, and Satan's malice. Whatever wars or overturnings may come during the year, this fact shall stand firm. The Lord Jesus must and shall be glorified; for the Comforter, whose love is infinite, whose wisdom is perfect, and whose power never wearies, has engaged to do it.

The glorious Saviour—God's sent ONE—came into the world on an errand of love, full of grace and truth. Very few saw any glory in Him; nearly all said "there is no beauty that we should desire Him." So they despised, rejected, and crucified Him.

When the Saviour was getting near to the awful cross, He knew all that should befall Him. He knew that He should be the butt for all scorn, and the object of all contempt; yet He calmly looked up,

left all with His Father (Isa. l. 5—8), waited His time, and whispered in the ear of His sorrowful disciples, "He shall glorify Me, for He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are Mine; therefore, said I, that He shall take of Mine and show it unto you (John xvi. 14, 15). Little did they understand the deep meaning of these true and gracious sayings; but how valuable did they become to them afterwards; and how precious should they now be to us! The glorious One is still unknown to most of those who hear about Him; the light even now shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. Man is as unwilling as ever to study heavenly truth, to receive spiritual blessings, and to live to God's glory; in a word, as unwilling as ever to learn of the Lord Jesus Christ as a prophet, be saved by Him as a priest, or submit to Him as a King. But there stand the glorious words, and many know their power and preciousness, "He shall glorify Me." The cause of the Saviour then is safe after all. The heavenly Dove will honour the Holy Lamb. The name of the Lord Jesus must be exalted in human intellects and affections. His love must be the theme of millions of human tongues, and His glory be reflected from the character of those who once served the prince of this world. God hath willed it, and the Holy Spirit will effect it. No wonder that the Lord Jesus was delighted so much to speak of that Comforter who was to plead so effectually for Him; and

if we have the mind of Christ, we shall also much delight in this subject, and continually pray that it may be done more and more.

The subject is an endless one, but having just stated it, we purpose referring to five points of view in which these words, "He shall glorify Me," should be constantly considered by all those who favour the Saviour's righteous cause, and desire that His glorious name may be as incense poured forth, as the day-spring rising upon the shadow of death, as a flood of glory filling the world with the knowledge of God. Consider them—

I. *As proved in the past history of the Church.* No doubt a great change took place in the thoughts and views of Christ's little flock after His resurrection, and before His ascension. He did not show the trembling disciples His hands and His side and say, "Peace be unto you," breathe on them, open to them the Scriptures, open their understandings, speak to them of the kingdom of God; without some blessed results following. But after all this, He bade them wait for "power from on high." And when the Spirit came as a rushing mighty wind, among other wondrous effects produced in them, was the bringing them into sympathy with God and heaven, as regards their thoughts of Christ, their estimate of His work, and their intentions concerning Him. The Lord Jesus had said, "He shall lead you into all truth." What was the truth into which the Holy Spirit engaged to lead the Apostles, but a true view of the Saviour Himself. Men had rejected Him; even the Apostles had not at all adequately understood His character, work, or mission; and the Holy Spirit was provided to teach all truth concerning the Redeemer. Hence it is said, "He

shall not speak of Himself, He shall glorify Me." In giving them a true view of what the Saviour was, He gave them a true view of God as a Father full of love, rich in mercy, delighting to bestow blessings. All that knowledge of God which is life eternal and which saints of all generations have possessed, is just the result of the Holy Spirit glorifying Christ.

II. *As a privilege now to be enjoyed.*

The mission of the Holy Spirit is not ended, and the one great object of that mission still is to glorify Christ. Believer, consider these words, "He shall glorify Me," as the Saviour's most precious bequest to you. This is one of the weightiest and most wonderful sayings of holy Scripture. "HE," "ME." Here are two Divine Persons, the MEDIATOR and the MINISTER of the Gospel dispensation; and who can tell what is included in these two names! And the one undertakes to glorify the other; that is to exhibit His excellences; show Him to be what He really is; to remove ignorance, conquer prejudice, enlighten the understanding, and fill the affections; making His blood to triumph in the conscience, producing perfect peace, attracting the soul upward by revealing His beauties; and supplying a mighty motive power for all duty, by shedding abroad His love. Thus, and only thus, can a soul be made and kept happy, holy, humble, and hopeful. In this way only can we be conformed to His image, changed from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

What a privilege to have such a Divine Teacher in the scheme of redemption, such a revealer to the soul of the glories of the absent One. When we enter the temple of revelation to commune with its wonders,

and appropriate its blessings, we go not there alone, He shall abide with you for ever; "He shall take of Mine, and show it unto you." If we were engaged in the British Museum looking at the Assyrian sculptures, how much better should we understand them if Layard were to join our company. So would it be, if, while looking at ancient coins, or curious insects, some skilled antiquarian or practical naturalist would kindly be our instructor. Unassisted by the Holy Spirit, we make no real progress in Divine things; but with His gracious aid we soon learn to say with Paul, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

And if this be our experience, it is a sure evidence of our interest in all that is shown us. If we see Christ with the eye of faith, and receive Him into our hearts, then He with all His glory and grace is our own. Surely we do well to ask if this is the case: Is Christ glorious to us? Do we discern in Him a heavenly, a spiritual, yea, a divine glory? Does it eclipse all earthly things? Do we see spiritual things in its light? Is it a discovering, melting, transforming glory? If so, the Comforter has had to do with us as the glorifier of Christ. If we can say "LORD" with dependence on His sacrifice, delight in His Person, and desire for His glory, it is by the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. xii. 3). And such teachings are not only *evidences* that we belong to Christ, and are one with Him; but they are *earnests* of that flood of light and fulness of joy which will be realised when we shall see Him as He is, study His excellences, review His history, and trace His love in the light of glory.

III. We do well, further, to consider these words *as a promise yet*

to be pleaded. No doubt the party who were gathered together "with one accord in one place" (Acts i.) pleaded it, and it was made good to them. But doubtless after this they often presented it on the knee of prayer, in order that further discoveries of the glorious person, infinite atonement, and exhaustless fulness of Christ might be made to them. And if we have realised this in some measure, we shall assuredly desire continual and increased unfoldings of the glories of the Saviour. The Apostle panted constantly to "know Him." Most of his prayers for the Church are an expansion of this promise, "He shall glorify Me." For the Ephesians he prayed "that the Father of glory would give to them the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him," and again "that they might be strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man, that Christ might dwell in their hearts by faith," and "that they might know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." For the Thessalonians he prayed, "That God would fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power; that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in you and ye in Him, according to the grace of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ." We do well to ponder these prayers, and earnestly to plead them, and thus we also shall realise this blessed experience, and reflect the glory of Him on whom we believably and lovingly gaze.

IV. We may consider these words *as a prophecy yet to be accomplished on a grand, yea, universal scale.* It must first be fulfilled in the Church, called out to be a people for God's name. In each believer Christ will be glorified, and at His coming He will be glorified and admired in all that believe. Then the whole

Church shall be presented to Himself without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. The bride of Christ shall shine in His glory, and fully realise that her beauty, being, and blessedness are all derived from Him, and all dependent on Him. Nor shall there ever come a change or failure, but the full power of the Spirit of which the earnest is now realised, shall uphold the redeemed in their glory for ever and ever.

Then will come the wider triumph of the Holy Spirit's power. "All flesh shall see the salvation of God." The prophecy of Joel, which began to be fulfilled at Pentecost, shall receive its full accomplishment. But first there will be a withering of all creature glory; the wind of the Lord will blow upon it (Isaiah xl. 7) in order that there may be a ceasing from man, whose breath is in his nostrils (Isaiah ii. 22). All things will be shaken into a chaotic condition (Isaiah xxiv. 19, 20), and then as of old (Gen. i. 2) the Spirit of the Lord will renew all. In the physical and moral world His renewing power shall alike be felt, and "times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Then Christ will be glorious to all human eyes, "the desire of all nations;" "Men shall be blessed in Him, and all nations shall call Him blessed." God will be universally known and loved, and all shall be the result of the power of the Spirit glorifying the Lord Jesus.

V. Till then let each believer consider these precious words *as setting before him a pattern to be imitated*. The Apostle gloried in the thought that in the great work of witnessing for Christ and spreading abroad His glories they were co-operating with the Holy Spirit. Those who opposed the Saviour, and tried to hinder His servants, were justly accused of "resisting

the Holy Ghost." What an honourable service the first! What a horrible crime the second! And still many are found on both sides. The Holy Spirit has many instruments, and so has the evil spirit. Antichrists and their followers have been numerous in all ages, though "THE Antichrist" is yet to come. Principles are now working everywhere in Christendom, which will ripen into the grand confederacy against the Lord and against His Christ (Psalm ii. 2), and there will be no security against the threatening danger, no real preservative from joining the ranks of the enemy; but the presence of the Comforter glorifying Christ (1 John ii. 20, 27). "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God," and no more. All others, whatever their knowledge or profession, have no root, and will, in the time of temptation, such as is "coming on the earth," fall away to the anti-Christian side. The *unction*, "the anointing," is the great requisite. Seek, then, the leadings of the Spirit, who always guides to the Saviour; seek the fellowship of the Spirit who always speaks of Him; seek the help of the Spirit who can make Christ crucified the power of God. Ponder the fact that "the sufferings and death of Christ in our room and stead form the grand argument by which the Spirit of God influences the human will." Only "the Comforter" can enable us practically to judge that, "if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." If we *judge* thus, and act thus, we shall become even now, in some measure, what Paul so exultingly called Titus and others: "The messengers of the Churches" and *the glory of Christ*. Surely

the wonders of redeeming love, and the revelation of coming glory, should animate all who believe the one and hope for the other, to conquer sloth and selfishness, and constrain them by communion with the Lord, and consecration to His service, to seek grace that they may be the mirrors to reflect, and the instruments to sound forth, the glories of "THE GLORIOUS ONE."

What a solemn and suitable reflection it is to begin another year with : am I willing that the Holy Spirit should glorify Christ in me and by me ? Let us think well what this implies and includes, and yield ourselves afresh to Him to be made more like Christ, and to be used in some way for His glory whom God determines shall be glorified.

"HE SHALL BE GREAT," the substance
this

Of all the Holy Book contains,
Believers here find solid bliss,
And angels learn still loftier strains ;
'Tis God's great thought and fixed decree,

That GREAT shall our Redeemer be.

Spirit of Truth, how hast thou rovd
Through heaven and earth to set Him
forth,

To show us how the Saviour lov'd,
Unfold His beauty, tell His worth.
All things in nature, fair and grand,
Summoned by Thee around Him stand.

Now, Saviour, in my soul be great,
Great in the conscience by Thy blood ;
Bid all my guilty fears retreat,
And fill it with the peace of God ;
My will so stubborn once, now bring,
To crown Thee, oh, my Saviour King.

Thou who art God the Father's joy,
Be great in every thought of mine ;
Thy beauties, countless hearts employ,
Round Thee may my affections twine ;
Be to me, in me, by me great,
I would draw many to Thy feet.

Watford.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES . FROM LIFE.

SCEPTICAL STRUGGLES.

CHAPTER I.

"It is all a farce, mother ; I tell you it is all a farce !"

"What, my boy ! Do you mean to say that Christianity is all a farce ?"

"No, mother, I do not. I believe Christianity to be of God ; but when I come to contrast the profession of Christianity in the present day with real Christianity itself, as it is taught in the New Testament, I am compelled to come to the conclusion that the two things are entirely different. In fact, mother, to be honest with you, I may say, as the result of observation, it is my firm belief that there are few true Christians to be found."

"Do not say so, George. I know where you are. Your mind has been soured with the ill-treatment you have received, and with the inconsistencies that you have witnessed. By-and-by, after cool reflection, you will come to a better state of feeling, and then you will draw more correct conclusions. It does not follow because some professed Christians are hypocrites that all are hypocrites. There are real diamonds as well as diamonds of paste ; good sovereigns as well as bad ones ; and chains of gold as well as counterfeit chains of brass. We must not condemn all for the folly of some. In all societies, secular and religious, there are certain to be found the bad as well as the good. We are in an imperfect world, and all around us is imperfect ; therefore, we must expect to find imperfection, look where we

will, or go where we will. Do you not believe that?

"Certainly I do, mother. But look at my case. You are a Christian mother, and, if there is a Christian in the world, I believe you are one. You have brought me up in what you conceive to be the right way. You taught me to pray, to love the Bible, to go to the Sunday-school and to chapel; to shun everything that is evil and to love everything that is good. Through your training, I trusted I was converted; and under the belief that other Christian people were like yourself, I joined a so-called Christian church, and became a teacher in the Sabbath-school. But what has been the result? Before I had been a member twelve months, I saw things done by the minister and two or three of the leading men that seemed to me to be grossly inconsistent with their profession; and because I protested against them, they took their revenge by endeavouring to assail the dearest thing to me on earth—my character. Now, if it had been two or three private and insignificant members that had done me this evil, I do not know that I should have cared so much; but when men of standing in the Christian Church do this sort of thing—men that, above all others, we ought to be able to look up to as examples—I cannot help thinking, as I have said, that the whole thing is a farce, and I have, therefore, come to the firm determination to wipe my hands of Christian people altogether. I've known men of the world who would scorn to do some acts that I've seen leading Christian people do, and that makes me sometimes say that I would sooner trust a worldly man, who is moral and honest, than I would trust your Christian man.

So into the world I'm going; and that, too, with the settled resolve, in future, to think for myself and act for myself."

"Oh! George, this is dreadful. I never thought you would come to this. Why do you not pray to God, and ask Him to help you?"

"Pray to God, mother, do you say? Why I have prayed, and what has come of it? Did I not pray for three nights straight ahead, that when the matter was brought before the church *right* might be done. And when I stood up to defend myself, and another friend or two stood up with me, were we not put down with a high hand, our mouths stopped, and everything said and done that could be said and done to prejudice all against us and blacken our characters? Do you call that an answer to prayer? Well, if that's the way God answers prayer, all that I can say is, it's not likely to encourage me to try the same remedy again."

"But do you not know, George, that God often answers prayer in strange ways? Has not a deep thinker told us that

"God's very kindest answers to our
prayers
Come often in denials or delays?"

Was it not so with Paul? How earnestly he besought the Lord *thrice* to take away the thorn in the flesh! But what was the Lord's answer when it did come? Did He take away the thorn in the flesh? No; but He said to His tried servant, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Did the Apostle rebel, then, as you are now doing? He did quite the contrary. He even triumphed in that thorn for the removal of which he had so importunately prayed. Let me read

you what he says, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak then am I strong." Now, George, copy his example. Seek, my dear boy, that grace which will be sufficient for you. I know the 'thorn in the flesh' that you have to carry about with you is very painful and humiliating, but do not give way to rebellion. Remember God says that 'rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry.' Put it, then, away from you, and, instead thereof, seek that 'sufficient grace' which God is willing to bestow, and you may depend upon it that, with patient waiting, all will turn out right at last."

"What you say, mother, is no doubt very good, and I thank you for it all. You mean well, I know. But, at present, I am sorry to say, I am in no mood to follow your advice, however good it may be; you must please therefore, for the time being, leave me to pursue my own course."

George Newton was a young man about twenty years of age, and the only son of a widowed mother. Mrs. Newton was left a widow about three years after her marriage, and George was the only surviving child. It was but natural that, under the circumstances, the tie that bound both mother and son together should be unusually strong. To bring him up respectably, and secure for him a fair education, his mother, having but a moderate income, had to toil hard both day and night, often to the injury of her health. As he grew up, she insensibly learned to lean

upon him, and take counsel with him, as if he were a husband rather than a son. And that reliance was not taken advantage of. To his mother George was "true as steel." Intelligent, with a fine manly countenance, and noble bearing, open as the day, and outspoken even to a fault, his mother felt proud of him, and feared, at times, that she was making of him too much of an idol. Being a thorough Christian woman, she prayed often that her darling son might never usurp that place in her heart which belonged to God alone. How great her joy was then, when he avowed himself on the Lord's side, no tongue or pen could express. The night before he was baptised she hardly slept for joy. Now she looked forward with thrilling hope to his living a life of Christian happiness and usefulness. But suddenly her cup of joy was dashed to the ground. By his outspokenness against what he deemed to be evil in the church, her son had highly offended his minister and two or three of the leading members, and they had, unfortunately, taken the wrong way of making him feel their displeasure. Had the pastor been a wise one, knowing how to deal with young men, and willing to make due allowance for their inexperience and natural forwardness, the result would have been far different. Young men in Christian churches often need tender handling. To treat them harshly, even for their faults, is a mistake. Allowance must be made for their erring zeal and unwise impetuosity. To take notice of every trivial thing they say and do, and magnify it with microscopic power, is folly in the extreme. The fact is they want teaching, and teaching continually, and they can only be successfully taught as they are treated with

kindness and forbearance. Had George Newton been thus kindly and fairly dealt with, he would, doubtless, soon have come round, and have learnt himself to have dealt charitably with the erring. Instead of this—as we have seen from the above dialogue—he was, partly through grievous misunderstandings, so badly used that he was driven in spirit almost to the verge of infidelity. Whether he finally sunk into that “deep abyss,” the next chapter will show; but he was evidently on the high road to it, when, through a wounded and exasperated spirit, he recklessly turned back for comfort to the City of Destruction, and sent his sorrow-stricken mother to her closet, to pour out her well-nigh heart-broken petitions to God, that He would mercifully avert the evil, and save her beloved and injured son from going down to perdition.

(To be continued.)

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. I.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice.”—PHIL. iv. 4.

EVERY believer in the Lord should be full of joy. The Bible is richly stored with precious portions on this subject. It shows joy to be both the privilege and duty of believers. In olden time we read of the king who complained of his cupbearer, Nehemiah, for being sad in his presence. Let us not come sorrowfully before our King, when He has given us so much reason to be joyful. The wicked sometimes seem joyous, but it is like the lightning flash, violent and transient, followed by

the thunder of an awakened conscience. The joy of the righteous is steady and abiding, and like the light—healthful and beautiful.

Let the Word of God answer the following questions:—

First—*Who are to rejoice?*

“Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord” (1 Chr. xvi. 10).

“Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice” (Psalm v. 11).

“Let the righteous rejoice before God; yea, let them exceedingly rejoice” (Psalm lxxviii. 3).

“Let Thy servant rejoice” (Psalm cix. 28).

“The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel” (Isaiah xxix. 19).

Christ said to His disciples, “Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you” (John xvi. 22).

The Apostle, speaking of those who are begotten again unto a lively hope, said, “Wherein ye greatly rejoice” (1 Peter i. 6), and again (verse 8), “Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

The obedient disciple, who believed and was baptised, “went on his way rejoicing” (Acts viii. 39).

These will suffice to show who are to rejoice. Let the sinner repent and believe the Gospel, and he shall find abundant reason for joy. An artisan in the service of a rich eastern master was heavily in debt, and received notice that unless payment was made by the close of the year, he and his family would be sold for slaves. It was impossible for him to pay. Meanwhile his master noticed his work falling off every week, and spoke about it to the steward, who explained the man's position, and he said, “He cannot manage his tools, for his hands tremble; he cannot see, for his eyes are full of tears.” “Tell him,” said

the generous master, "that I have paid his debts." Imagine the joy of the poor man! He now swung his hammer with a will, and it was a pleasure to see him work. If we believe that "Jesus paid it all; yes, all the debt we owe," then surely we shall rejoice with yet greater joy.

Second—*In whom and in what are we to rejoice?*

We may rejoice in the bright sunshine, in the beauties of nature, in the blessing of health, in the pleasures of friendship; but there is a joy richer, deeper, more lasting—a Spring that flows when these fail. Springs are found amidst the Alpine glaciers, that, in the season when others are dried up, flow the fastest and yield the most abundant supplies. So the Christian says, "My God, the Spring of all my joys," and in the beautiful language of Habakkuk says, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." The Word answers the question as to the source of joy:—

"I will rejoice in Thy salvation" (Psalm ix. 14).

"In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice" (Psalm lxxiii. 7).

"In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day" (Psalm lxxxix. 16).

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven" (Luke x. 20).

"Rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. v. 2).

"Rejoice in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 3).

The sinner convinced of guilt, tremblingly inquires, "But what can I do? How can I rejoice?" Plead guilty, anxious soul, and thou

shalt assuredly rejoice in Him who will not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." In olden time, when a person was charged with crime and wished to plead guilty, he did so symbolically. There was placed near a "bruised reed" and some "smoking flax," taking these in his hands, he stood in silence before the judge; if no mercy for him, then the "bruised reed" was broken and the "smoking flax;" was quenched; if mercy was to be extended, the "bruised reed" was not broken, the "smoking flax" was not quenched. Rejoice, O sinner, in Christ Jesus, for He shall not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." There is mercy for thee. May the thought fill thy soul with joy.

Third—*When are we to rejoice? Rejoice in the Lord always.*

That seems difficult. It would be impossible, if the "spring of joy" were to be self or circumstances; but it is in the Lord, and He is always the same, and there is always cause of rejoicing in Him. The peculiar feelings of joy at conversion some complain have passed away; so far as the feelings are peculiar to that time they will, but the joy will remain. A sailor stepping on shore after escaping from a tempest will have some feelings peculiar to the moment, not realised afterwards, but the joy of deliverance ought never to be forgotten. Let us have a few Scriptures on seasons of joy.

"THERE DID WE REJOICE IN HIM" (Psalm lxvi. 6).

"WHEN THEY SAW THE STAR THEY REJOICED with exceeding great joy" (Matt. ii. 10).

"WHEN PERSECUTED for righteousness' sake, rejoice in that day and leap for joy" (Luke vi. 23).

"They departed from the presence of the Council REJOICING that

they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name" (Acts v. 41).

"IF ONE MEMBER BE HONOURED all the members REJOICE with it" (1 Cor. xii. 26).

"As sorrowful yet ALWAYS REJOICING" (2 Cor. vi. 10).

Sometimes, when on the surface of the waters a strong current is seen running in one direction, far down in the depths there is a current running in an opposite direction. So in the Christian life, dark waves of trouble may seem to overwhelm, and there is sorrow; but in the depth of the soul is joy—a secret something sweetens all, and a seeming paradox is no contradiction in

the experience of the true believer. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Seek true joy. Seek to be full of joy. If you take a bottle half full of water, and placing your hand over the mouth shake it, the water rushes from end to end, and there is a turmoil within. Now fill it until you cannot add another drop, then shake it; all is still. It being quite full, no outside motion affects it. Remember the words of Jesus, "These things I speak in the world, that they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves," also the words of the beloved disciple, "These things write we unto you that our joy may be full."

South Shields.

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

Introduction.

THERE is no lack of writers on Palestine. Artists have given us brilliant pictures and vivid descriptions of its sacred scenes. Scholars have brought their stores of knowledge to reveal its mysteries and clear up disputed points in its history. Tourists have hastily scribbled gossiping guides. Excursion agents have compiled useful hand-books. Humourists have given us distorted and grotesque descriptions, mingled with farcical, not to say irreverent, details of their imaginary experiences. Ministers have striven, with considerable success, to illustrate ancient history by the light of modern research; but

I am not aware that any sketches have as yet appeared, taken from the point of view of the Sunday-school teacher.

Yet no place in the world is to him so full of interest as Palestine, that sacred land on which took place the most momentous events that ever have occurred—that ever can occur—in the history of our race. The land of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. The land of Moses, of Joshua, and Samuel. The land of Saul, David, and Solomon. The land of Elijah, Elisha, and the prophets. Above all, the land of JESUS, the Saviour of the world. The land whose every town, village, hamlet, and mountain suggests some sacred story or recalls some hallowed name.

Moreover, Palestine is a land of absorbing interest to scholars as well as teachers. Observe the demeanour of a class when a well-informed teacher, dropping the

didactic style of instruction, indulges in a bit of description. It may be of some sacred locality—it may be of some local custom, or some natural production, or geographical peculiarity. No matter what, if it be really descriptive. See how all listlessness and inattention disappears—every eye is fixed on the narrator, every thought is led captive, every word is drunk in with avidity, and instruction is really conveyed to their minds, and, what is better, absorbed and retained. I have seen a large school almost spell-bound during the address by a vivid word-picture of the Jordan, of Shechem, of Mount Tabor, of the Sea of Galilee, of the Dead Sea, or of Nazareth; and the most turbulent set of scholars I ever met—rough lads, who only came to school because it was the condition of their employment in a factory of which the superintendent was proprietor, and who resented the unwelcome obligation by making themselves as troublesome as they knew how—yet even these were hushed to silence when a casual teacher, taking out a piece of chalk, began to sketch on the black board a rough map of Palestine, pointing out, as he went on, the chief places of interest with the incidents which gave them celebrity; and when the time for closing had arrived, all cried, "Do come again, teacher."

It was, in part at least, with a view of better qualifying himself for his sacred work, that the writer, accompanied by two other Sunday-school teachers, made a tour in Palestine in the spring of 1874. The journey shed a flood of new light on Bible scenes, Bible manners and customs, Bible narratives, &c.; and his object will be to embody in the following pages such of his observations and experiences as

seem to him likely to be interesting or useful to his fellow-labourers in this delightful field of Christian activity.

The Voyage Out.

We journeyed through Paris, Turin, Florence, and Rome to Naples, where, about midday on the 8th of March, we embarked on board the *Sicilia*, one of the Rubaltino Company's packets, bound for Alexandria.

The view of Naples, as we slowly steamed out of the harbour, was magnificent. The broad sweep of the bay, the white houses rising tier above tier up the slope of the hill, the noble palace of the king, the domed churches, the massive barracks, the quiet villas nestling in trim gardens, the promontory of Cape Misenum standing out boldly on our left, the orange groves of Sorrento bending round on our right, the double-peaked Vesuvius, now emitting only a thin cloud of vapour, standing nobly behind, the rippling waters in front yielding a broken reflection of the whole, all combined to make a picture which, once seen, could never be forgotten. We steamed past the islands Ischia, Prochida, and Capri, with their olive-planted and vine-covered hills pleasant and green, and we watched the setting sun, whose dying rays suffused the entire scene with crimson radiance. Then the grey twilight came on, and the stars peeped out one by one, and tried to dissipate the deepening darkness with their glimmering light. We lingered on deck, entranced by the novel beauty of the scene, and then reluctantly turned into our narrow berth, and sought rest in slumber.

We rose early next morning to catch a sight of Stromboli, shedding thick volumes of black smoke, the

coast of Calabria still in sight. We entered the Straits, and stayed two hours at the bustling, clean-looking town of Messina, then resuming our voyage, passed Mount Etna, which, though covered with a thick mantle of snow to its very summit, nevertheless continued to pour forth lurid flames from the volcano within, suggestive of those human natures which, under the cold polish of a courtly exterior, hide fiery tempers and burning passions ready to explode on the smallest provocation.

But soon the coast of Sicily sank below the horizon, and ere nightfall we were quite out of sight of land. We shall never forget the awful sense of isolation as we realised the fact that we and our vessel were but a speck on the ocean. Sea all around, sea below, and only the sky and GOD above—the feeling of helplessness and dependence on Him, where all human aid is futile—the sense of littleness in the vast expanse—to see wave beyond wave, cloud piled on cloud; to watch the rapid change which took place when a sunbeam broke through the dark mass, and irradiated the prospect; the tilting of a rain-cloud, which as it tilted poured its contents visibly down on the side opposite to us; to steam into the rain-shower and out into the clear; to note the sudden gleam of a rainbow, betokening the passing away of the storm; and finally to see the lifting of the dark mass just before sunset, disclosing a golden paradise of heavenly beauty, in which castles, forests, lakes, and mountains seemed to float in a liquid halo of burnished brightness,—these are some of the reminiscences of our voyage, on which, however, we dare not linger. Suffice it to say, that ere it ended we realised, in all its aspects, the beau-

tiful description of the Psalmist in the 107th Psalm :—

“ They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in the great waters ;
These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.
For He commandeth and raiseth the
stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to heaven,
They go down again to the depths :
Their soul is melted because of
trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger
like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their
trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their
distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then they are glad because they be
quiet ;
So He bringeth them unto their
desired haven.”

Five days after leaving Naples, we arrived at Alexandria, where we were taken to see the chief objects of interest; then went on by rail to Cairo, and made an excursion to the Pyramids, and crossed and recrossed the Nile. We then journeyed to Ismailia, and there embarked on a little shallop, and steamed along the Suez Canal to Port Said, at which place we embarked on the *Vesta*, one of the noble steamers belonging to the Austrian Lloyd's Company. We found the vessel crowded—sixty saloon passengers, and more than two hundred of the second and third classes, the latter nearly all pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, to take part in the ceremonies of the Holy Week. A motley group they were—Greeks, Latins, Copts, and Armenians in religion; Turks, Russians, Egypt-

ians, Nubians, and Syrians in nationality. There they lay, men, women and children huddled together all over the deck, some standing, others squatting, others lying about on rugs or mattresses. Their garments of infinite variety of shape, material, and colour, but alike in this,—they looked as if never cleansed nor changed, night nor day. There was no proper accommodation on board for privacy, washing, or cooking; so it can be easily imagined that they formed an addition to our company more curious than pleasant. In tempestuous weather the sufferings of these pilgrims are frightful, and the voyage is by no means free from danger. Only a few days before, in a heavy sea, some thirty or forty of these poor creatures were washed overboard and drowned.

On this voyage, however, the weather was calm; cloudy it was, and showers of rain drenched the unsheltered occupants of the deck, but the sea was as smooth as a lake. We went below about nine o'clock, full of thankfulness, and awoke at six next morning, with the shores of the promised land in view, and before seven we dropped anchor opposite Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. There is, however, now no

harbour here, and landing can only be effected in small boats, which have to pick their way along a narrow and intricate channel, between sunken rocks. In bad weather boats cannot come out, and as steamers will not wait, passengers are often carried, much against their will, to Beyrout, one hundred miles to the north, to the complete overthrow of all their previous arrangements.

But we were still favoured with a calm sea, and a crowd of boats were seen hurrying to our vessel, each trying to be first and secure the best fares, and soon we were besieged by a mob of shouting and gesticulating Arabs, screaming, yelling, struggling and fighting for the privilege of conveying passengers and luggage to shore. We were travelling under the guidance of Mr. Thomas Cook, and with the aid of our attentive and obliging captain we and our belongings were got over the gangway into Cook's boat, and in less than half-an-hour we planted our feet on the sacred soil of the promised land.

But our limits are reached. We must reserve our account of Joppa and the journey to Jerusalem till next month.

Things New and Old.

SPURGEON LIKE RICHARD CECIL.

Nor long ago Mr. Spurgeon prefaced a sermon on the Atonement by the following remarks. He said: "There is a doctor of divinity here to-night who listened to me some years ago. He has been back to

his own dwelling-place in America, and he has come back here again. I cannot help fancying, as I saw his face just now, that he would think I was doting on an old subject, and harping on the old strain; that I had not advanced a single inch in any new domain of thought,

but was preaching the same old Gospel, in the same old terms as ever. If he should think so he will be quite right. I suppose I am something like Mr. Cecil when he was a boy. His father once told him to wait in a gateway till he came back, and the father being very busy went about the city, and, amidst his numerous cases and engagements, forgot the boy. Night came on, and at last, when the father reached home, there was a great inquiry as to where Richard was. The father said—"Dear me! I left him, in the morning, standing under such and such a gateway, and I told him to stay there till I came for him, and I should not wonder but what he is there now." So they went, and there they found him. Such an example of simple childish faithfulness it is no disgrace to emulate. I received, some years ago, orders from my Master to stand at the foot of the Cross till He came. He has not come yet, but I mean to stand there till He does. If I should disobey His orders, and leave those simple truths which have been the means of the conversion of souls, I know not how I could expect a blessing. Here, then, I stand at the foot of the Cross, and tell out the old, old story still, stale though it sound to itching ears, and worn threadbare as critics may deem it. It is of Christ I love to speak—of Christ who loved, and lived, and died, the Substitute for sinners, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

"MERCY FOR ÆSCHYLUS."

HISTORY tells us that Æschylus had a brother Arminius. Æschylus had offended against his country's laws,

and was brought before the tribunal. When the question was put, what he had to say why he should not be condemned, his brother Arminius, who was sitting with the judges as assessor, who had fought at Salamis, and lost a limb in his country's service—Arminius came down from the judge's seat and took his place beside the guilty man, and, pointing to his own shattered limb, said—"Mercy for Æschylus!" That plea prevailed. It was not that Æschylus was innocent, but that there was a righteous one that could plead for him. So our blessed Master appears in heaven pointing to His wounds. He spreads His hands and shows the names of His people engraven there, and that brings mercy to us.

THE HALLELUJAH VICTORY.

GERMANICS, a Christian Briton, achieved a victory over the Picts and Scots which has been called "The Hallelujah Victory." Choosing a place of advantage surrounded with hills, near a village where he had placed his soldiers in ambush, he commanded them at a signal from himself to shout "Hallelujah!" three times with all their might. They did so. The pagans were surprised with the suddenness and loudness of the sound, much multiplied by the echo. Stricken with fear, they fled without lifting up a weapon against the foe. A victory consisting of no fight, but a fright and a flight, was obtained. So says quaint Thomas Fuller: "There is a moral for us in the occurrence. Thankfulness will help us in the fight of faith. We shall conquer our spiritual adversaries more easily if we are joyous and hopeful.—T. R. Stevenson.

Reviews.

The Teachers' Handybook of Questioning on the Gospels. Containing Eight Thousand Questions and Answers on the Four Gospels. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Manchester. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

It is something for a title to describe the contents. It is really a handybook for teachers. One of the best of its class, it cannot fail to help. The questions in each chapter are natural and suggestive; and while there is an absence of the doctrinal catechism style, it is thoroughly evangelical. In the words of the bishop we entirely concur:—"The teacher must not be a slave to the book; but should use it with freedom, often amplifying its somewhat dry and technical questions and answers out of reasoning of his own."

The Biblical Museum. A Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative, of the Holy Scriptures. Especially Designed for the Use of Ministers, Bible Students, and Sunday-school Teachers. By COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. I., containing Genesis and Exodus. Elliot Stock.

THE New Testament series are established favourites of ours, and we heartily welcome the first volume of the Old Testament. We are amazed at the quantity and the quality of the materials crowded into the work. It is saying all when we say it is equal to its predecessors, which have secured thousands of intelligent readers. To Sunday-school teachers and local preachers, where libraries and means are limited, we repeat our former commendation,—*Obtain this work: it is a library in itself.*

At the Feet of Jesus. By WALTER J. MATHAMS, Author of "A Stranger Waiteth," &c., &c. Houghton and Co., Paternoster-row.

THIS pretty little volume of sweet poetry is well got up on toned paper, well bound, and well written. It has delicious songs for the Christian's harp. The pieces, such as "Tell Jesus," "The Cry of the Sinner," "Trust," and "Only Jesus," are very precious. We hope for it a good circulation. The proceeds will be devoted to a benevolent object.

The Supremacy of Man. A Suggestive Inquiry respecting the Philosophy and Theology of the Future. Hamilton and Adams. London.

AN uncommon book, and an unfrequent subject, treated by a devout and philosophical mind. There is in it nothing commonly expressed. The reader will not think the writer clever because he can agree with all he writes, nor to accept all which, in some places, the writer too readily assumes. The two qualities of the author's mind is originality and independence, and he well reasons out such propositions as that man should be studied more than nature, or all nature subordinate to his supremacy. That man, in Christ, is the only perfect revelation of God; that humanity is ever asserting its supremacy; and that all things will eventually, through Christ, result in crowning him with glory, honour, and eternal life. We cannot always follow the writer. His meaning is not to us always clear. Sometimes we have a dash of what, to us is daring; while we have many passages of great tenderness and beauty. We endorse its leading thought, and advise a careful reading.

MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

The Baptist Magazine has some excellent reading on the last words of notable men.

The Sword and Trowel contains a valuable paper by C. H. Spurgeon, written in a racy and useful style, on "Street Preaching." We have sometimes been made sad by the worse than nonsensical twaddle jerked out or belched forth in the streets, and called Gospel; and sometimes have been shocked to hear the rubbish ascribed to the influence of the Holy Spirit. We hope all who are engaged in this important and difficult work will read this timely paper.

General Baptist Magazine. The essay, by the Editor, on "How Old is Man? Answered by Geology," will repay a careful perusal; and the sentiments expressed on "Shall we Fight for Turkey?" contain thoughts which throb and thrill in hundreds of thousands of British hearts.

With Jesus Now and for Ever. A Meditation for the New Year. By A. Saphir.

My Life Prayer; or, Following the Lord Fully. By C. S. B.

Nothing Undone. A Contrast to Something Done. For the New Year. By the Author of "I Can't Stay Here."

The Voice of Jesus in the Hush of Eventide. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. John Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

Real gems. Rich specimens of truths of great worth. As we look through them, we are reminded that, as in the commercial, so often in the literary world, the most valuable goods are frequently done up in small parcels.

Remarks on the Second of Corinthians, Fifth Chapter. By W. M. J. Glasgow: R. L. Allan. We endorse this little work.

A group of Baptist Almanacks:—*The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Handbook.* Twenty-sixth year of publication. Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack. Passmore and Alabaster.

The Soldiers' Almanack. W. A. Blake, 4, Trafalgar-square.

The General Baptist Almanack. E. Marlborough and Co., 51, Old Bailey.

The Luton Almanack. Compiled by J. H. Blake. Wiseman, Buto-street, Luton.

The former of these has become deservedly a Baptist institution. Its contents and uses are legion. No Baptist should be without it.

Mr. Spurgeon is too well known and appreciated to need a word from us. The illustrative anecdotes and good pictures will make it useful and acceptable; while John Ploughman's queries, oddities, and drolleries will surely have a cheery welcome.

The Soldiers' Almanack, though not a Baptist publication, is valued by many Baptists who take an interest in the Soldiers' Friend Society. It should be in the hands of every soldier, and all who are interested in the welfare of the British army.

The *General Baptist* gives, besides a large amount of information to the General Baptist Society, the names and addresses of local preachers in the Connexion in each county.

Of the *Luton Almanack* we have only to write—Many friends say it is good and useful.

PAPERS, &c., APPROVED:—*Teachers' Storehouse.* *The British Flag.* *The King's Highway.* *Truth and Progress* (Australian). A very valuable paper this month. *Evangelical Christendom.* And papers, which all Baptists must read or suffer loss, are our sturdy advocate *The Baptist*, and our valued old friend *The Freeman*.

Poetry.

THE SURE REFUGE.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks sweetly, smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes
prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue ;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be false and treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp out-
spread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin
rend,
Draws lightnings down upon the head
It promised surely to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
No change can break or falsify.

I bent before Thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant
knee ;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstacy !

WORDSWORTH.

2 PETER I. 16.

No human records coined, believed,
No fictitious idle tale received
From legendary lore,
Have formed the basis of our zeal ;
These God, All-Wise, would never seal,
With light, and life, and power.
But truth, unerring as its Source,
Unyielding in its native force,

And powerful in its teaching,
Hath o'er our spirits borne the sway,
And doth the firm foundation lay
Of doctrines we are preaching.
The power and coming of the Lord,
Which Scripture bears on long record
In each prophetic story.
We have beheld and bless'd the day
That dawned, with long expected ray,
On Majesty and glory ;
That day revealed the Prince of Peace,
From heaven deputed to release,
The sons of Adam dying.
We saw him bruise the serpent's head,
And loose the souls he captive led,
His blood their ransom buying.
Now we proclaim to every land,
Salvation free at His command,
Through His eternal merit.
He that believes the truth proclaim'd,
The poor, and weak, and blind, and
maim'd,
Shall endless life inherit.
This is the Gospel that shall spread
Wide o'er the world ; and He that bled
Shall, at His next appearing,
See the glad trophies of His grace,
Unnumber'd, rise to fill the place
His hands are now preparing.

Brockenhurst.

R. BLAKE.

FRIENDS.

"A man that hath friends must show himself
friendly."—PROV. xviii. 24.

DON'T prize them too highly,
Don't hold them too cheap,
If trusted and tried ones,
Endeavour to keep.
Don't tell others' secrets,
Nor all of your own ;
Let reason in friendship
Keep ever her throne,

Neglect not an *old* one
 To favour a *new*,
 For both it is easy
 To love and be true.
 Hear nothing to injure
 The name of a friend ;
 Say nothing to cause them
 To fall or offend.

Be blind to their failings
 As far as you can.
 For failings and follies
 Are common to man.
 Be honest, be faithful,
 Be wise, good, and true.
 So men shall have honour
 In friendship with you.

Shipley, Nov. 30, 1876.

AMICUS.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. A. FERRIS, Chilwell College, has accepted an invitation of the Kirkby and Kirkby Folly Churches to become their pastor.

MR. GEORGE BARR, B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and late of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Middleton, in Teesdale.

REV. A. E. SEDDON has resigned the pastorate of the Brook Mission, Liverpool.

REV. S. PEACOCK, of Caerwent, Monmouthshire, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the united churches of Morcott and Barrowden, Rutlandshire.

REV. W. H. ELLIOTT, of East Isley, Berks, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the South-side Church, Glasgow.

MR. EVAN WATKINS, of Pontypool College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Ryeford, Herefordshire, to become their pastor.

REV. J. W. COMFORT has resigned the pastorate of the church at Brabourne, Kent, having accepted the invitation of the church at Ossett, Yorks.

REV. HENRY HUGH BOURN has been compelled, by ill-health, to resign the pastorate of the Victoria-street Chapel, Windsor. For many months Mr. Bourn has been unable to attend to his regular duties, and is now compelled to abstain from all work, having no hope of being able to resume his labours elsewhere.

A MEETING was held at the Haddenham Chapel, Isle of Ely, Cambs, on

Wednesday, the 15th of November, to bid farewell to the Rev. J. Smith, who has been labouring with great success during the last five years and a half. Mr. Smith has accepted an invitation from the York-road Chapel, Leeds.

DENBIGH.—The church here (Welsh) has given an invitation to Rev. H. T. Williams, of Corwen, to become their pastor.

REV. W. WHITE has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Dunchurch, Warwickshire.

EARLS COLNE, ESSEX.—Rev. H. Bright has tendered his resignation as pastor of the church at Earls Colne.

NEWCASTLE, STAFFORDSHIRE.—Mr. Geo. Dunnnett, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of this church.

HULL.—Rev. L. B. Brown, pastor of South street Church, has resigned, after thirteen years of successful service. He has been compelled to take this step on account of failing health, which necessitates his entire cessation from ministerial duties. Mr. Brown proposes leaving England for New Zealand in February.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services in connection with the settlement of Rev. John Harper, late of Horsforth, as pastor of the church, Westgate, Rotherham, were held on Tuesday, November 21. Service was conducted in the afternoon by the Revs. A. Ashworth and E. Parker. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the

Rev. C. Larom. Addresses were delivered by a number of ministers and other friends.

A TEA and public meeting was held on Wednesday, November 22, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. S. Skingle as pastor of the Wakefield-road Church, Stalybridge. Mr. W. Hadfield, deacon, was in the chair. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford, M.A., W. Evans, R. Silby, and Rev. Mr. Williamson.

THE recognition services of Rev. G. T. Edgley were held in the Bow Chapel on Thursday, the 23rd of November. At the public meeting the Rev. J. T. Wigner presided. Mr. J. W. Sorrell, senior deacon, reviewed the history of the church, which dates back as far as 1785. Revs. J. M. Erskine, J. R. Cox, W. J. Lambourne, E. Leach, A. Russell, F. M. Smith, R. Finch, and A. G. Brown took part.

HALSTEAD, ESSEX.—On November 14, a recognition service was held in connection with the settlement of Mr. Edmund Morley, as pastor of the North-street Church in this place. A large company sat down to tea in the school-rooms, which have recently been erected, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. Owen Clover. Revs. S. Parkinson and P. J. Rutter gave words of welcome; and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Davis, E. Spurrier, and J. Kemp.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON: VAUXHALL.—The thirteenth anniversary of the Baptist church in Upper Kennington-lane, which has been gathered by the present pastor, the Rev. G. Hearson, was celebrated on Sunday and Tuesday, Nov. 12 and 14. On the Sunday morning the Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, and in the evening the Rev. George Rogers preached. On Tuesday a public tea was held in the schoolroom, and was followed by a meeting in the chapel. Mr. William Olney presided, and was supported by the Revs. G. M. Murphy, W. Alderson, T. L. Edwards, D. Asquith, J. M. Smith, and the pastor, George Hearson, who said he had not a dolorous

note to sound. God had prospered the church and congregation more richly this year than for several years past. The congregation had greatly increased, the schools were more than full, many had been converted and baptised, and the finances were in a most encouraging condition. The Board School had been removed from their premises, which occasioned a loss of £50 per year as rental. The church required that amount now, but he was confident that it would be provided before the close of the meeting. The meeting was then addressed by other ministers present. Towards the close, the pastor read out a list of donations, the sum amounting to £43 19s., leaving only £6 1s. to be made up by the collection. More than the £50 required was therefore received.

THE Young Men's Bible-class of West Croydon Chapel (Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's) at their annual meeting on Tuesday evening, presented Mr. White, local missionary for sixteen years, who is just leaving for the Australian Colonies, with a purse of money, in token of their regard, the church also adding a contribution.

THE Rev. Daniel Jennings, of Cowls-street Chapel, Evesham, on the occasion of his resignation, has been presented with a purse containing £30, together with an address bearing seventy-three signatures of friends.

PORTSMOUTH.—The fourth anniversary of the pastors' Bible class was celebrated on Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th, 1876, at Lake-road Chapel, Landport. Tea was provided in the school-room; and prizes distributed by Rev. T. W. Medhurst to nine of the members who had collected the largest sums for the Stockwell Orphanage. The sums collected for the Orphanage during the year realised £20; and the class also collected £4 10s. for the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. After tea, Rev. Arthur Mursell delivered a lecture in the chapel entitled, "Leaves from a Lecturer's Log. Alderman R. C. Davies presided.

REV. J. E. CRACKNELL (South Shields), is announced as the English

correspondent of the *Christian Visitor*—the organ of the Associated Baptist Churches—St. John's, New Brunswick, of which the Rev. George Armstrong, A.M., is the editor and proprietor. During the past year "Bible Reading Sketches," by Mr. Cracknell, have frequently appeared in the columns of this Canadian paper.

BAPTISMS.

Ashwater.—Dec. 3, at Germans Week, One, by T. Betts.
Athleborough, Norfolk.—Nov. 23, One, by E. Mason.
Bath.—Dec. 3, at Hay Hill Chapel, Eight, by T. C. Finch.
Barrow-in-Furness.—Nov. 10, One, by J. Hughes.
Batley.—Dec. 3, Three, by J. H. Hardy.
Beccles.—Nov. 26, Seven, by W. F. Edgerton.
Bethel Lower Chapel.—Oct. 29, Three, by J. L. Evans.
Birmingham.—Nov. 26, at Longmore-street Chapel, Five, by W. Oates.
Blackwood.—Dec. 3, Four, by S. K. Williams.
Bradford-on-Avon.—Nov. 19, at Zion Chapel, Two, by R. H. Powell.
Bristol.—Nov. 30, at Thriassell-street Chapel, Six, by W. Osborne.
Bruton Ferry.—Nov. 12, Eleven, by G. Williams.
Brossley.—Dec. 3, Four, by W. Wotton.
Bury.—Nov. 26, at Knowsley-street Chapel, Four, by W. Bury.
Cefnpoia.—Nov. 9, One, by D. Davies.
Chatham.—Nov. 23, at Zion Chapel, Nine, by — Smith.
Chaitenham.—Nov. 26, at Cambray Chapel, Nine, by H. Julian.
Chester.—Nov. 26, at Pepper-street Chapel, One, by W. Durban, E.A.
Coalville.—Nov. 25, Two, by C. T. Johnson.
Countesthorpe, Leicester, Nov. 26, Two, by H. Hughes.
Cullingworth, Bingley, Yorks.—Nov. 19, Three, by C. B. Berry.
Cwmclare, Glamorganshire.—Nov. 19, Four, by J. Evans.
Ebbw Vale.—Dec. 3, at Zion Chapel, Three, by T. Garnon.
Felindre.—Nov. 5, Two; 12, Two, by T. Rowson.
Frome.—Nov. 30, at Sheppard's Barton Chapel, Five, by T. G. Rooke, B.A.
Gainsborough.—Nov. 30, Two, by H. J. Dyer.
Hay, Breconshire.—Nov. 26, Three, by J. Mathews.
Horncastle, Lincolnshire.—Nov. 29, Two, by J. Wright.
Huddersfield.—Nov. 30, at Primrose-hill Chapel, Five, by W. Gay.
Irvine.—Nov. 19, Five, by J. Blaikie.

Jarrow-on-Tyne.—Nov. 19, One, by W. Satchwell.
Lanhuitt Major.—Nov. 19, Six, by T. Cole.
Leeds.—Nov. 26, One, by W. J. Scott.
Liverpool.—Dec. 1, Welsh Chapel, Everton, Two, by B. Thomas.
Llanelly.—Nov. 13, at Greenfield Chapel, Six; 28, One, by R. Evans.
Lydbrook, near Ross.—Dec. 3, Three, by T. Reeves.
Macclesfield.—Nov. 26, Two, by J. Maden.
Maidenhead.—Nov. 30, Seven, by J. Wilkins.
Malton.—Nov. 29, Three, by W. Smith.
Manchester.—Nov. 29, at the G. B. Chapel, Three, by F. J. Ryan.
Manchester.—Nov. 29, at Grosvenor-street Chapel, Three, by C. A. Davis.
Metropolitan District :—
Barking.—Nov. 22, Eight, by W. J. Tomkins.
Barnes.—Nov. 26, Three, by F. J. Brown.
Bermondsey.—Nov. 29, at Drummond-road Chapel, Five, by J. A. Brown.
Edgware-road.—Nov. 30, at Trinity Chapel, Five, by F. Knight.
Hackney-road.—Nov. 2, at Providence Chapel, Fifteen; 30, Eight, by W. Cuff.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Nov. 27, Seven, by V. J. Charlesworth; Nov. 30, Sixteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.
New Cross-road.—Nov. 26, at Zion Chapel, Six, by J. S. Anderson.
New Wimbledon.—Nov. 22, Three, by A. Halford.
Peckham.—Nov. 30, Four, at the Park-road Chapel, by T. G. Tarn.
St. John's Wood.—Nov. 17, Six, at Abbey-road Chapel, by W. Stott.
Westminster.—Nov. 26, at Romney-street Chapel, Six, by H. Tarrant.
Whitechapel.—Nov. 26, at Little Alie-street Chapel, Two, by C. Masterson.
Milford Haven.—Nov. 5, One; Dec. 3, Ten, by D. George.
Newbold, Yorks.—Nov. 26, Four, by W. G. Watkins.
Newport, Mon.—Nov. 26, at Alma-street Chapel, Four, by J. P. Thomas.
Oyden, Rochdale.—Nov. 26, One, by A. E. Greening.
Paulton, Bristol.—Dec. 3, Four, by J. Kemp-ton.
Pennyhal, Glasbury.—Nov. 19, Two, by D. Howell.
Ponstottyn.—Dec. 3, at Zoar, Eleven, by J. P. Williams.
Poole.—Nov. 19, Two, by J. Thompson.
Portsea.—Nov. 26, at Kent-street Chapel, Five, by J. W. Genders.
Portsmouth.—Nov. 26, at Lake road Chapel, Landport, Twelve; Nov. 27, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
Redbourn.—Nov. 26, Two, by J. Campbell.
Senny Bridge.—Nov. 5, One, by J. L. Evans.
Sevenoaks.—Nov. 19, Four, by J. Field.
Shipley.—Dec. 3, at Bethel Chapel, Eight, by H. C. Atkinson.
Steuen.—Nov. 19, at Horeb Chapel, Four, by J. E. Griffiths.
Smethwick, Birmingham.—Nov. 26, at Cross-street Chapel, Eight, by G. T. Bailey.

Southampton.—Nov. 19, at Carlton Chapel, Six, by E. Osborne.

Southsea.—Nov. 26, at St. Paul's-square Chapel, Six, by E. F. Jeffrey.

Stoke-on-Trent.—Nov. 26, Three, by W. March.

Storrer.—From Providence Chapel, Westbury Leigh, Nov. 5, Six, by S. King.

Swansea.—Dec. 3, at the Tabernacle, Eleven, by J. D. Jones.

Thaxted, Essex.—Nov. 14, Three, by G. II. Hook.

Tirzah.—Nov. 26, One, by W. Maurice.

Tondu, Glamorgan.—Nov. —, Three, by B. Schaffer.

Tredgar.—Dec. 3, at Bethel, George Town, Fourteen, by Ebenezer Lewis.

Uley, Gloucestershire.—Nov. 26, Eight, by W. Ewens.

Warrington.—Nov. 26, at Golborne-street Chapel, One, by A. Harrison.

Westbury Leigh, Wilts.—Nov. 29, Six, by W. Thomas.

Westpark, Dumfries.—Nov. 18, Three, by Wm. Milligan, jun.

Wrexham.—Nov. 26, Two, by S. D. Thomas.

Zoar, Breconshire.—Oct. 22, Two, by J. L. Evans.

had while preaching at his own chapel. He did not, however, find it necessary to relinquish his work, but preached regularly to the very last Sunday. On the Wednesday he went from home, to spend a few days at Church Farm, Castletown. That night he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, which terminated fatally on Friday morning, November 10. He was in his seventieth year; and had been preaching for fifty years, his first pastorate being at Dolgelly, North Wales, whence he removed to Nantyglo, and was, as we have mentioned, pastor of the large church at Hermon for thirty-five years. He led an unblemished life, and was an acceptable, impressive, and useful preacher, and a model pastor. The funeral took place at Nantyglo, in the graveyard of the chapel where he ministered, on Wednesday week. A large concourse of people—not less, probably, than 3,000—came together to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. There were also about sixty ministers of different denominations present. The funeral service was held in Hermon Chapel, the Revs. R. Lloyd, N. Thomas, T. Thomas, E. Thomas, T. Evans, and L. Evans taking part.

RECENT DEATHS.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Samuel Williams, for thirty-five years pastor of the Hermon Welsh Baptist Church, Nantyglo. The deceased had been slightly indisposed for some weeks, in consequence of a fit ho

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from November 19th, 1876, to December 13th, 1876.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|--------------------------|--------|-----------------------|--------|--------------------------|-----------|
| A. K. | 5 0 0 | Per Mrs. Withers, | | Mr. M. P. Townsend | 1 0 0 |
| Mr. H. B. Frearson ... | 5 0 0 | Reading:— | | Mr. Pool..... | 1 0 0 |
| Per Mr. G. Aubrey ... | 1 4 0 | Mr. A. Richardson | 1 0 0 | Miss Bowley | 1 0 0 |
| Mr. A. R. Simpson ... | 2 10 0 | Mrs. J. Leach | 0 10 0 | Mrs. Cassin | 2 10 0 |
| Mr. G. Walker | 0 10 6 | Messrs. Helass and | | A Friend in Scotland | 15 0 0 |
| Mrs. Dawson..... | 4 0 0 | Co. | 1 1 0 | Mr. Feltham, F.A. ... | 20 0 0 |
| Per Mr. L. Eyres ... | 0 10 0 | Mr. J. H. Fuller ... | 0 5 0 | Mr. W. T. Wiseman | 5 0 0 |
| Mr. McNab | 1 0 0 | Profit on Sale of | | Mr. A. Doggett..... | 5 0 0 |
| Mrs. Gough | 0 10 0 | Books | 2 14 0 | Mrs. Arnold | 1 1 0 |
| Mr. A. Jackson..... | 5 0 0 | Mr. S. Gastage | 0 5 0 | Mr. E. Few | 0 10 0 |
| Instead of a Day's | | Mr. J. Withers | 0 5 0 | Mrs. Lewis..... | 1 1 0 |
| pleasure | 1 1 0 | Mr. R. Oakshott | 0 10 0 | Mr. J. Pullen..... | 1 1 0 |
| Mrs. A. | 0 8 3 | Mr. J. Banger | 1 1 0 | Weekly Offerings at | |
| Mr. Read | 0 5 0 | Mrs. B. Bump | 0 2 6 | Metropolitan Ta- | |
| Mr. Whitehorn..... | 0 5 0 | Mrs. Gibson | 1 0 0 | bernacle:—Nov. 19 23 3 6 | |
| Miss Spliedt | 2 0 0 | A. B. C. | 1 0 0 | " " " 26 36 2 10 | |
| B. S. B. | 2 0 0 | Mr. N. Blair | 1 0 0 | " " " Dec. 3 50 0 0 | |
| Part of a sailor's tithe | 2 0 0 | Mr. T. McEwing | 1 0 0 | " " " 10 40 0 3 | |
| Mr. Coe | 1 1 0 | Silver Wedding Day | 20 0 0 | | |
| Mr. W. J. Graham ... | 25 0 0 | Mr. Ball | 1 0 0 | | |
| Mr. Chas. Griffiths ... | 1 1 0 | T. E. S. | 1 0 0 | | |
| | | | | | £257 8 10 |

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

THE GREAT MISSION—TO SERVE AND TO SUFFER.*

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

"Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—MATTHEW xx. 28.

THE mission of Christ to our world was distinct and definite. The ministry of the Gospel should be alike clear and transparent. It was but the other day I read a letter from the deacon of a church in which, speaking of his minister, he said,—“We ought to understand geology thoroughly, for we usually hear something of it, at least, once every Sunday; there is one thing, however, we shall never be likely to understand under our present friend’s ministry; the doctrine of the atonement he seems utterly to ignore; I have not heard him allude to it for the past three months; nor do I know, for certain, whether he believes it or not. Though he sometimes alludes to Jesus Christ as an example, I have neither heard of Christ dying, nor Christ buried, of Christ risen, or Christ pleading in heaven at all. In fact, it seems to me I might as well attend a Socinian chapel.” Well, God forbid that such a reflection should ever be cast on me. Is it not my constant endeavour to bring you back, Sabbath after Sabbath, to the same old, old story of the Cross, and of the redemption by blood which was there and then wrought? This bell has but one note. It may be repeated, I sometimes fear, with too much monotony. Still the tone is clear. I know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. There is salvation in none other name under heaven. The propitiation which God has set forth for human sin is alone efficacious. There is no remission without blood. Full salvation is to be procured only through the wounds of Jesus slain. There is no salvation in heaven or earth beside. We are coming to that selfsame story again. It never wearies the believer’s ear; nor does it ever fail to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. I want this evening my text to speak. Let me, then, begin by expounding it word by word; and after that let me explain the doctrine to which it gives most distinct prominence.

“The Son of man!” So doth our Lord Jesus Christ speak of Himself. In relation to our fallen humanity it sounds humble; but in the light of prophecy it is full of dignity. “The Son of man.” This is none other than the true Messiah—the Son of God, infinite, eternal, co-equal with the Father, and yet He chooses to call Himself full often “the Son of man,” perhaps because as it was man that committed sin, it is man who must make an atonement for sin to the injured law of God. Man was the offender, man must suffer the penalty. As in one man the whole family died, in another man they must be made alive, if made alive at all. Jesus tells us that He is a man; thoroughly a man; one like to ourselves. The Son of man, a man among men, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; not wearing a fictitious manhood, but a real humanity like our own. This we must always bear in mind; for without it there

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could be no atonement at all. Jesus is not merely a Son of man, but He is pre-eminently *the* Son of man foretold in the prophecy of Daniel, and predicted on the threshold of Paradise in the language of the first promise—"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." He is the Man, the second Adam in whom men are made alive. Being thus found in fashion as a man, and having taken upon Himself the federal headship of man, He was qualified to become man's substitute and to make an atonement for human guilt. Dwell on this blessed truth, my dear hearers; dwell upon it, those of you who are not saved; look wistfully at it for the encouragement it offers you. The Person in whom you are admonished to trust is not only God—or His unclouded glory might strike you with awe, and His terrors might justly make you afraid—but He is also man, and this ought to attract you to Him, for He is akin to yourselves in nature and sympathy. Sin excepted, He is in no wise different from you. Oh! may you not well draw near to Him without appalling dread, and with inspiring confidence, since He calls Himself the Son of man, and bids the sons of men come and put their trust under the shadow of His wings?

He "*came*;" that is the next word in our text. "The Son of man came." Strange the errand, and unique as the blessed Person who undertook it. Thus to come He stooped from the highest throne in glory down to the manger of Bethlehem; and on His part it was voluntary. We are, as it were, thrust upon the stage of action; it is not of our will that we have come to live on this earth. But Jesus had no need to have been born of the virgin. It was His own consent, His choice, His strong desire, that made Him take upon Himself our nature, of the seed of Abraham. He came voluntarily on an errand of mercy to the sons of men. Dwell upon this thought for a moment; let it sink into your mind; He who was King of kings and Lord of lords, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, voluntarily, cheerfully descended that He might dwell among the sons of men, share their sorrows, and bear their sins, and yield Himself up a sacrifice for them, the innocent victim of their intolerable guilt. If the angels burst out in song on that first Christmas night, if they made heaven and earth ring with their sweet harmonies, much more may we who have a share in the redemptive work of the incarnate God burst out into song as the news greets us that heaven descends to earth, that God comes down to man, that the Infinite becomes an infant, that the Eternal, who hath life in Himself, deigns to dwell amongst the dying sons of men. Surely a way from earth to heaven will now be opened up since there is a way from heaven to earth, so sacred yet so simple. The same golden ladder that brings the blessed Visitant down to our humanity will take us up also to the divinity of God, to see Him as our reconciled Father. "The Son of man came."

The next words are startling; for they reveal a singular intention, far different from the usual aim and end of messages and errands. "The Son of man came *not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*" Let me give you the exact translation—"Not to be served, but to serve." That is the nearest approach to a literal rendering I can supply. He came not to be served, but to serve. He had not a selfish thought in His soul. Though He had set His heart upon being the incarnate God, He had nothing whatever to gain by it. Gain! What could the Infinite God gain?

Splendour? Behold the stars; far away they glitter beyond all mortal count. Servants! does He want servants? Behold angels in their squadrons; twenty thousand, even thousands of angels are the chariots of the Almighty. Honour? Nay; the trump of fame for ever proclaims Him King of kings and Lord of lords. Who can add to the splendour of that diadem that makes sun and moon grow pale by comparison? Who can add to the riches or the wealth of Him who hath all things at His disposal? He comes, then, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And you see Him in the workshop serving His reputed parent. You see Him in His home honouring His blessed mother with all filial obedience. You see Him at the noontide of His wonderful career in the midst of His disciples, much more their servant than their Master; though He always maintained precedence by His own sovereign counsel, and by their weak apprehensions. As He takes the basin, and the ewer, and the towel, and washes His disciples' feet, you can see the meekness of His disposition. And soon after this you see Him giving up Himself, His body, His soul, and His Spirit, in order that He might serve us. And what if I say that, even at this very moment, as the Son of man in heaven, he continues a kind of service of His people! For Zion's sake He doth not hold His peace, and for Jerusalem's sake He doth not rest, but continues still to intercede for those whose names He bears upon His heart. Hear it, then, all ye people, and let every one that heareth hail the gracious fact. Be ye saints or sinners, be ye saved already or athirst for the knowledge of salvation, the thought that Christ's errand was not to aggrandise Himself, but to benefit us, must be welcome. He does not come to be served, but to serve. Does not this suit you, poor sinner—you who never did serve Him, you who could not, as you are, minister to Him? Well, He did not come to get your service; He came to give you His services; not that you might first do Him honour, but that He might show you mercy. Oh! you need Him so very much. And since He has come not to look for treasures, but to bestow unsearchable riches, not to find specimens of health, but instances of sickness upon which the healing art of His grace may operate, surely there is hope for you. Methinks were I just now seeking Christ, and sorely cast down in spirit, it would make my heart beat for joy to think that Jesus came to serve, and not to be served. Peradventure I would say, He knows my case, and He has come to serve me, poor me. Do I not want washing? Why should He not wash me? The dying thief rejoiced to see in his day the fountain which Jesus had opened; why should not I see it too, and have a washing from that precious One who comes to serve the vilest and the meanest of the sons of men? Behold! Behold and wonder! Behold and love! Behold and trust! Jesus comes from the right hand of God to the manger, to the cross, to the sepulchre, not to be served, but that He might serve the sons of men.

Pass on to the next words—“*And to give His life,*” or, more correctly, —“and to give His soul.” We have no lives to give. Our lives are forfeited; they are due to Divine justice. Christ had a life of His own which was by no means due to God on account of any obligations. He had not sinned, but He gave His life. The death of Christ was perfectly voluntary. As He was free to come or not, so he was not under any constraint to give His life, but He did so, and that of His own accord.

The grand object of His coming to this earth was to give His life. Read the text again. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life." Our Lord Jesus Christ did not come into this world merely to be an example, or merely to reveal the Godhead to the sons of men. He came to make a substitutionary sacrifice. He came to give His soul as a ransom. If you do not believe this doctrine, you do not believe Christianity. The very pith and marrow, the very sum and substance of the mission of Jesus Christ is His coming to give His life that He might stand in the place of those for whom He died. He came on purpose to give His life. Now, to give the soul is something more than to give the life. He died, 'tis true; yet He did more than die; He died by an outpouring of all His life-floods, by the endurance of an anguish such as no ordinary mortal could ever have borne. Of old 'twas the blood that made atonement. The animal was presented in sacrifice, but the animal was no sacrifice till it was slain, and then when the purple stream smoked down the altar's side, and the bowels of it were cast upon the altar, then it was that the sacrifice was truly presented. Jesus Christ gave up the very essence of His humanity to be a substitutionary sacrifice for us. His spirit was tortured with pangs that are past conception, much more past description. He said—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." He was like a splendid cluster put into the wine-press, and the feet of eternal vengeance trod upon Him till the sacred wine of His atoning blood streamed forth to save the sons of men. He gave His very self, His entire self, His soul, His life, His essential being, to be a ransom for the sons of Adam. Oh that I could turn your eyes to that great sight! Behold how He gave His life! Would to God that for a moment your thoughts were fixed on those five streaming wounds, those sacred founts of life, and health, of pardon and peace, to dying souls! Oh! that your eyes could but gaze within the wounds, into that heart boiling like a cauldron with the wrath of God, tossed to and fro, heaving within itself, oppressed, burdened, tormented, and filled with very anguish. Oh! that you could see it; oh! that you could understand that He came from heaven to suffer all this, to give Himself up thus, that He might be instead of us the victim of a vengeance we deserved; that His griefs might avert our ruin, that His pangs might rescue us from destruction. He drank the cup of condemnation dry; not a dreg was left; and, in so doing, He poured out His soul unto death.

Moreover, His death is our ransom. So it is written, He came to give His life "*a ransom.*" No one here, I suppose, needs to have explained to him what a ransom means. It may be fairly illustrated by the old Jewish ceremony of the redemption-money. Every male person among the Jews belonged to God, and he must be redeemed. There was a settled price. The rich were not to give more; the poor should not give less. The same amount was fixed for all. The tithe drachma was paid by every Jew. Then he was enrolled as one of the Lord's redeemed, of whom you so often read. Failing that, he would have been cut off from the congregation of Israel. That piece of money stood instead of the man—it was his ransom. He was not to die—he was to live as a redeemed person. That is just what Jesus has done for His people. He has put Himself, His soul, His life devoted, His death accomplished, before God in the stead of our soul, of our death, of us; and every man who has Christ to be his substi-

tute is a redeemed man; he is one of the Lord's ransomed people, and shall go to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon his head. But every man who has not accepted Christ remains an unredeemed man, under the curse, and subject to the Divine wrath, under the slavery of Satan, and awaiting the sentence of an utter destruction. Jesus Christ came to give His life a ransom. As a slave is redeemed by the payment of a price, so Jesus redeems us from the curse of the law under which we were by nature, having Himself come under the law. He redeems us from the death which was due to us by Himself enduring a death which was a full equivalent in the estimation of God. He gave His life a ransom.

Our text says, "*for many.*" We might with greater force and stricter accuracy translate it—"He gave His life a ransom in the room of many." The word "*for*" there has a substitutionary meaning, "He gave His life instead of many." Indeed, this is the point of the sentence—One stood for many. Jesus suffered for many; He put Himself into the place of many. Mark the word "*many.*" With this we finish the exposition. It does not say "*all.*" There are passages which speak of all. They have their meaning. None of them, however, refer to the substitutionary work of Christ. Jesus Christ did not give His life a ransom in the stead of all mankind; but a ransom in the stead of many men. Who are those many men? Bless God, they are many; for they are not a few. But who are they? God knows. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." You may ascertain as much as you need to know by answering a plain question. Dost thou trust Jesus Christ with thine eternal destinies? Dost thou come, all guilty as thou art, and rely upon His blood to take that guilt away? Dost thou confide in Jesus, and in Him alone? If so, He died for thee, and in thy stead; and thou shalt never die. This is thy comfort, that thou canst not die. How canst thou perish if Jesus was put into thy place? If thy debt was paid of old by Christ, can it ever be demanded of thee again? Once paid, it is fully discharged; the receipt we have gladly accepted; and now we can cry with the Apostle, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is He that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that hath risen again, who is ever at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." See here the mainstay of every believer's confidence. He knows that Christ died for him because he hath put his trust in His blessed mediation. If Jesus died for me, then I cannot be condemned for the sins which He expiated. God cannot punish twice for the one offence. He cannot demand two payments for one debt. The believer therefore finds sweet solace in the song which Toplady composed—

"Turn, then, my soul unto thy rest,
The merits of thy great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee."

Thus did the Son of man give His life a ransom in the stead of many. And such do I believe to be a fair and honest exposition of the words.

Now as for the MAIN DRIFT OF THE TEXT—the doctrine of a vicarious or substitutionary atonement whereby Christ's ransom sufficeth in the stead

of many—let me give to each thought but a sentence or two. It would seem that *man is not delivered from the bondage of his sins without a price.* No one goes free by the naked mercy of God. Every captive exposed to God's vengeance must be redeemed before he is delivered, otherwise he must continue a captive. Broad as the statement may appear, I venture to assert by Divine warrant that there never was beneath the cope of heaven a sin forgiven without satisfaction being rendered. No sin against God is pardoned without a propitiation. It is only forgiven through the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ. It never can be remitted without the penalty having been exacted. The Divine law knows of no exception or exemption. The statute is absolute—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Every soul that ever sinned, or ever shall sin, must die, die eternally, too, either in itself or in its substitute. The justice of the law must be vindicated. God waives none of the rights of justice in order to give liberty to mercy. Oh, my hearers, if you are trusting in the unconditional mercy of God, you are trusting in a myth. Has some one buoyed you up with the thought of the infinite goodness of God, I would remind you of His infinite holiness. Hath He not declared that He will by no means spare the guilty? No debt due to God is remitted unless it be paid. It must either be paid by the transgressor in the infinite miseries of hell, or else it must be paid for him by a substitute. There must be a price for the ransom, and evidently, according to the text, *that price* must be a soul, a life. Christ did not give His body merely, nor His stainless character, nor merely His labours and sufferings, but He gave His soul, His life, a ransom. Oh, sinner! Almighty God will never be satisfied with anything less than thy soul. Canst thou bear the piercing thought that thy soul shall be cast from His presence for ever? Wouldst thou escape the dire penalty, thou must find another soul to stand in thy soul's stead. Thy life is forfeited. The sentence is passed. Thou shalt die. Death is thy doom. Die thou must; for ever die unless thou canst find another life for a sacrifice in lieu of thy life. But know that this is just what Christ has found. He has put a soul, a life, into the place of our souls, our lives. How memorable that text—"Without shedding of blood there is no remission." Why? Because "the blood is the life thereof." Until the blood flows, the soul is not divided from the body. The shedding of the blood indicated that the soul—the essence of the being—had been offered. Oh, blessed, for ever blessed be the crowned head of Him who once did bear the cross. He hath offered for His people a soul, a life, a matchless soul, a life unparalleled. No more can justice require; vengeance is satisfied; the price is paid; the redeemed of the Lord are completely free!

The question has been asked, "If we be redeemed by the blood of Christ, who receives the ransom?" Some have talked as if Christ paid a price to the devil. A more absurd imagination could never have crossed human mind. We never belonged to the devil. Satan has no rights in us. Christ never acknowledged that he had any, and would never pay him anything. What then? Surely the ransom price was paid to the Great Judge of all. This is of course but a mystical way of speaking. A metaphor is employed to bring out the meaning. The fact is that God had sworn, and would not repent, that sin must be punished. In the very essence of things it was right that transgression should meet with its just recompense. There

could be no moral government kept up, there could be no unimpeachable governor, unless conviction followed crime and retribution was exacted of the guilty. It was not right, nor could it have been righteous, on any ground, for sin to have been passed over without its having been punished, or for iniquity to have escaped without any infliction. But when Jesus Christ comes and puts His own sufferings into the place of our sufferings, the law is fully vindicated, while mercy is fitly displayed. A man dies; a soul is given; a life is offered—the Just for the unjust. What if I say that instead of justice being less satisfied with the death of Christ than with the deaths of the ten thousand thousands of sinners for whom He died, it is more satisfied and it is most highly honoured! Had all the sinners that ever lived in the world been consigned to hell they could not have discharged the claims of justice. They must still continue to endure the scourge of crime they could never expiate. But the Son of God, blending the infinite majesty of His deity with the perfect capacity to suffer as a man, offered an atonement of such inestimable value that He has absolutely paid the entire debt for His people. Well may justice be content since it has received more from the Surety than it could have ever exacted from the assured. Thus the debt was paid to the Eternal Father.

Once more. *What is the result of this?* The result is that the man is redeemed. He is no longer a slave. Some preachers and professors affect to believe in a redemption which I must candidly confess I do not understand; it is so indistinct and indefinite—a redemption which does not redeem anybody in particular, though it is alleged to redeem everybody in general; a redemption insufficient to exempt thousands of unhappy souls from hell after they have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus; a redemption, indeed, which does not actually save anybody, because it is dependent for its efficacy upon the will of the creature; a redemption that lacks intrinsic virtue and inherent power to redeem anybody, but is entirely dependent upon an extraneous contingency to render it effectual. With such fickle theories I have no fellowship. That every soul for whom Christ shed His blood as a Substitute He will claim as His own and have as His right, I firmly hold. I love to hold and I delight to proclaim this precious truth. Not all the powers of earth or hell; not the obstinacy of the human will, nor the deep depravity of the human mind can ever prevent Christ seeing of the travail of His soul and being satisfied. To the last jot and tittle of His reward shall He receive it at the Father's hand. A redemption that *does* redeem, a redemption that redeems many, seems to me infinitely better than a redemption that does not actually redeem anybody, but is supposed to have some imaginary influence upon all the sons of men.

Our last question I must leave with yourselves to answer. *Did Jesus Christ redeem you?* Ah, dear hearer, this is a serious matter. Art thou a redeemed soul or not? It is not possible for thee to turn over the books of destiny and read between the folded leaves. Neither needest thou wish to do so. This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ which is to be preached to every creature under heaven—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved;" therefore every one that believeth and is baptised, being saved, must have been redeemed, for he could not have been saved otherwise. If thou believest and art baptised thou art redeemed, thou art saved. Now for thine answer to the question—Dost thou believe? "I believe," says one, and he begins

t repeat what they call the "Apostle's Creed." Hold your tongue, sir! That matters not; the devil believes that perhaps more intelligently than you do; he believes and trembles. That kind of believing saves no man. You may believe the most orthodox creed in Christendom, and perish. Dost thou trust—for that is the cream of the word "*believe*"—dost thou trust in Jesus? Dost thou lean thy whole weight on Him? Hast thou that faith which the Puritans used to call "recumbency" or "leaning"? That is the faith that saves—faith that falls back into the arms of Jesus, a faith that drops from its own hanging place into those mighty arms and rests upon the tender breast of the Lord Jesus the Crucified. Oh, my soul, make sure that thou dost trust Him, for thou hast made sure of everything else when thou hast made sure of that. Has God the Holy Spirit taught you, my dear hearer, that you cannot safely rely on your own good works? Has He weaned you from resting upon ceremonies? Has He brought you to look to the cross—to the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ alone? If so, Christ redeemed you; you can never be a slave again. Has He redeemed you, the liberty of the believer is yours now, and after death the glory of Christ shall be your portion too. Remember the words of the dying monk when, putting aside the extreme unction and all the paraphernalia of his Church, he lifted up his eyes and said, "*Tua vulnera, Jesu! tua vulnera, Jesu!*" "Thy wounds, oh, Jesu! Thy wounds, oh, Jesu!" This must be your refuge, poor broken-winged dove. Fly thither into the clefts of the rock, into the spear-thrust in the Saviour's heart. Fly there. Rest on Him; rest on Him; rest with all your weight of sin, with all your blackness and your foulness, with all your doubts and your despairs, rest on Him. Jesus wants to receive you; fly to Him—fly away to Him now:

"Come, guilty souls, and fly away,
And look to Jesu's wounds;
This is the accepted Gospel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
God loved His Church, and gave His Son
To drink the cup of wrath;
And Jesus says He'll cast out none
Who come to Him in faith."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

SCPTICAL STRUGGLES.

CHAPTER II.

It was quite evident from the subsequent conduct of George Newton that his mind had received a blow through the unwise treatment to which he had been subjected, which

rendered it extremely doubtful as to whether he would recover from it. Possessing as he did a resolute will, it was difficult to turn him from the pursuit of any course that he deemed it to be his duty to follow. He had started on his downward career with the firm conviction that nearly all professed Christians were hypocrites, and that as a rule a straightforward world-

ling was to be trusted before a Christian man. From such a conviction it is easy to see how he would travel further in the same direction. From that day the Bible was rarely read. Prayer he did not wholly give up, but it was so heartless that when presented it degenerated into a mere form. The house of God was almost forsaken, and his Sundays were spent either at home in reading literary works, in going to meetings that were not strictly religious, or in taking walks abroad. Debates on Christianity and infidelity interested him much. Only let him hear of such a debate going off within any reasonable distance of the town in which he lived, and, if possible, he was certain to be one of the audience. To read these debates merely was a great treat. All that were issued either from the Christian or infidel press he perused with avidity. After perusal they were sent to the bookbinders to be bound well, and then they occupied a prominent place on his bookshelf. Whenever a new controversial work was issued on Biblical subjects, he never rested until he was enabled either to purchase it or borrow it; and by subscribing to a reading room, he spent most of his evenings in studying the critical quarterly and monthly Reviews. To enter into controversy now with any professed Christian was to him a source of delight. He had no belief in their veracity or consistency, and therefore felt it to be quite a work of merit to "trip them up." And this was easily done. Unused as most of them happily were to this questionable kind of controversy, they were naturally enough ill prepared to answer startling questions, novel objections, and assumed Biblical contradictions. One or two encounters, therefore, with the young sceptical debater

was generally enough for them. It was not long before they concluded that he was "a dangerous young man." Those who had unhinged his mind by their unwise treatment shook their heads and declared that "they always said he was sceptically inclined, and now he had come to it." Christian young men were exhorted to steer clear of him, and never to hold controversy with him on any account, as they valued their eternal well-being. Whenever he was referred to in Christian gatherings venerable men and women shook their wise heads doubtfully, as if they wondered whether it was expedient even to mention him at all. It seemed plain to them all that he had become a "free-thinker if not an avowed infidel," and they looked confidently to the time coming—which they believed was not far off—when he would be found boldly taking his seat on the same platform with the leading infidels of the day, advocating their sceptical theories, and leading people wholesale to eternal ruin! Such was their conviction, and therefore to "ostracise" him from all Christian and good society was, they felt, their imperative and solemn duty. No doubt these cautious and worthy people thought that in thus acting towards the young man they were doing right and rendering God service! They regarded him as a dangerous character, and treated him as such. To come in contact with him might infect them, and therefore they would shun the contagion. Who would risk taking the plague when it was easy to keep away from it? At any rate they would not: so one and all, for the time being, wrapped themselves up in their Pharisaical garments, and thus virtually said to the youthful backslider, "Stand by: we are holier than thou!" Strange that they

should never have asked themselves, "How far are *we* responsible for this young man's ruin?" And more strange still that they should suppose this was either the Scriptural or right way to treat an erring brother. Could they, in cherishing such a spirit, have ever thought of these words: "*Brethren, if any one of you do err from the truth and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins*"? Surely, if they had, they would have acted differently; they would not thus have sinned themselves; and they would have used all the means in their power to save this sceptical brand from the burning.

For two years George Newton was thus left alone. He went his way and Christian people went their way. They cared nought for him, and he cared nought for them. But where was he all this time? What was his state of mind? Was he happy? Far from it. At first he felt, and could not but feel, a kind of secret delight in hurling defiance at those whom he firmly believed to have injured him. But that feeling could not long be predominant; other feelings and thoughts took possession of the soul. It was his habit to *think*, and to think deeply, and the one question that seemed to him to be more important than all others was this—What is truth? Pilate put that question once to the Holy One, possibly with contempt. George Newton often put it to himself with an eager desire to get the infallible answer. At the bottom it was really to get at the truth that he read with such avidity so many controversial works. His mind was a receptive one, and he was therefore prepared to receive any light that might dawn upon his under-

standing. If, from a somewhat revengeful motive, he took a measure of delight in discomfoting those who took the Christian side, it must not be forgotten that the treatment some of that class had given him had deeply prejudiced his mind against Christians as a body, and he conscientiously believed that he was doing right in proving them to be wrong. To do him justice, let it be confessed that he was not in the habit of advancing sceptical arguments just for the sake of ignominiously flooring an opponent. His religion for the time being was unhappily the religion of doubt. He doubted this, he doubted that, and he doubted the other thing. Christians had evidently gone wrong here, and they had gone wrong there. This theory could not be true and that theory could not be true. Scientific discovery and critical analysis were fast overturning the old faiths. What, then, could be said in defence of them? It was thus he argued, and here he took his stand. But all the time his mind was in a disturbed state. Look into sceptical theories as he would, there was, after all, nothing in them that tended to give him rest. Infidelity he found to be a creed of negatives. Perhaps there is a God and perhaps there is not! Perhaps man has a soul, and perhaps he has not! Perhaps he survives death and perhaps he does not! Perhaps he will be called to an account, and perhaps he will not! Such a negative creed as this could not suit a mind that longed above all other things for *certainty*. He felt that of all questions these were the most momentous that could agitate the human mind. They meant eternal life or eternal death. What, then, really could be *known*? Was he destined thus to be left entirely in the dark, and live and die without

a well-founded hope of the future? He shivered as he thought of it. He read and pondered until he was compelled to come to the honest conclusion that where there was *one* difficulty in Christianity there were *ten* in infidelity. As soon as he came to this conclusion the matter was practically settled: far though he might have wandered in thought, he felt he never could become an avowed infidel.

And then at this crisis there rose up before him a human form dearer to him than any earthly treasure. Before him, in his imagination, stood his mother. He saw her looking upon him with eyes beaming with love and compassion. Down her cheeks the hot tears rolled. First she extended her arms towards him as if she would fold him close to her beating heart. Then she drew back and fell down on her knees to pray. With hands uplifted and her pale face turned heavenwards, she began to pour out her soul before the Lord. And all her prayer was for *him*. How earnestly she pleaded that he might be brought to see his errors, and yet be won for Christ. He heard her loving, yearning, beseeching tones. They thrilled through him. They moved his inmost soul. Was it a vision that he saw? He started up, but his mother was gone. The spell was broken. All at once it flashed upon his mind what it really meant. Lost in profound thought his reverie had conjured up before him his mother's image, and then, by a singular coincidence, in the stillness of the night he really heard her voice as she was pleading with God for him in an upper room. Imagination and fact thus blended together had produced a mental vision, the effects of which were destined never to be effaced. The feelings produced by the association

overpowered him. There was only one way of getting relief. His mother's holy life and Christian example were arguments that scattered all sceptical theories to the winds: so, reverently kneeling down, his mother's prayers blended with his own as he cried—

"Oh! God of my mother be my God!"

And that prayer was heard and answered.

(To be continued.)

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. II.

THE WORD "BEHOLD" IN RELATION TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

WE frequently meet with the word "Behold" in the Scriptures. Our present object is to notice some passages where the word occurs with special reference to the Lord Jesus. It is the Father's will that we should behold the Son, and in the Word our attention is directed to Him in certain characters and offices which we shall do well carefully to study.

ISAIAH xlii. 1.

"BEHOLD MY SERVANT *whom I uphold.*" We delight to think of Christ as the Master, but we are here charged to behold Him as the Servant—as God's Servant. "He is a servant just because it is as a servant that He can best fulfil all that His Father would have Him to do."

He served as a Son. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49).

To serve was His delight. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work" (John iv. 34).

Opposition and suffering were endured in this service. "He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself" (Heb. xii. 3). "He endured the cross" (Heb. xii. 2).

In beholding Christ as God's Servant, we shall find:

(1) *Soul satisfaction.* He served for us. His perfect service is our soul's rest. The Father looks to Him, and is pleased: we look to Him and are satisfied, and the moment our souls find satisfaction in Him there is a blessed meeting between the Holy God and fallen sinners.

(2) *Model service.* Saved by Christ's service we shall serve Him, and His service will be a model for ours. Let our delight be to imitate Him, to serve as sons, enduring all opposition for His sake who, though a Son, became a servant for us.

(3) *The source of strength.* "Whom I uphold." As man Christ was upheld by Divine power. All who serve God shall be thus upheld. "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." (Psalm xvii. 5).

ZECCHARIAH VI. 12.

"BEHOLD THE MAN WHOSE NAME IS THE BRANCH."

"The Branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious" (Isaiah iv. 2).

"There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots" (Isaiah xi. 2).

A branch affords welcome shade, while a fruitful branch also nourishes the weary traveller. My soul, canst thou say, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste" (Solomon's Song ii. 2)?

The branch that overhangs the stream, saves the drowning man. He is seen struggling and ready to sink in deep waters; his attention is di-

rected to a branch; he seizes hold of it, and is saved. Sinner, thou art sinking in deep waters, where there is no standing; behold the Man whose name is the Branch. Take fast hold, and fear not; it is the Branch the Lord hath made strong for Himself (Psalm lxxx. 15).

JOHN i. 29.

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD." When ascending Mount Moriah, Abraham said, in reply to the inquiry of Isaac, "Where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb." The truth then uttered was but the echo of the promise, the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. It was afterwards portrayed on the altars of the ancient Temple. The Paschal lamb, the morning and evening sacrifice foreshadowed it. Prophets took up the strain, and spoke of Him who "was brought as a lamb to the slaughter." Prophecy swells into history, and John the Baptist proclaims in the desert, "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

Christ is the Sacrifice not of our choosing, but of God's appointment. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 25). Behold Him. Believe in Him.

Observe in the 29th verse that John saith Jesus and saith, "Behold the Lamb of God." We must see Christ for ourselves before we preach Him to others. Again in the 36th verse we read, "Looking upon Jesus," John saith, "Behold the Lamb of God." We must ourselves be looking upon Jesus, if we would lead others to Him. Our words will be feeble and ineffective, unless our souls are gazing by faith upon the glory of "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne."

JOHN xix. 5.

Pilate saith unto them, "BEHOLD THE MAN." The Saviour is brought from the judgment hall and stands arrayed in a robe of mockery and crowned with thorns. The Roman governor standing by His side cries, "Behold the man!" Let us "Behold the Man" whom the judge pronounces *faultless*. "I find no fault in Him." He is the faultless Man, because He is the God-man. In His deepest humiliation, behold proofs of His Divinity. My soul, look to Him with true penitence. Thou hast many faults, but He is faultless. Let thy trust in Him be simple and entire, and He shall one day present thee faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

LUKE xxiv. 39.

"BEHOLD MY HANDS AND MY FEET, THAT IT IS I MYSELF." Thus does a risen Saviour address us. The Father hath charged us, "Behold Him;" His forerunner hath said, "Behold Him;" His judge cried, "Behold Him!" and now He invites His disciples to behold the proof that they are in the presence of that same Jesus who was crucified, but is risen from the dead. Behold a risen Saviour. Trust in Him. Love Him. Testify your love by meditation on His excellencies and perfections, till, constrained by love, you shall cry, "BEHOLD HIM," and many shall be led to Repent, to Believe, and be Saved.

South Shields.

EXAMPLE AND WARNING.

GEN. xii.

BY THE REV. C. GRAHAM.

THE call of God to Abraham, in Gen. xii., is evidently a second call

to bring him from Haran to Canaan. A former call had brought him from Ur* to Haran. In Ur, Abraham and all his father's house were idolaters. (See Josh. xxiv. 2). In Acts vii. 2—4, we have the first call distinctly mentioned by Stephen: "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran [Haran], and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and come into a land (*gên*) which I shall show thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran." In this first journey Terah brought Abraham and Lot to Haran (so called after Lot's father). Terah, as well as his son, felt and owned the call of God.

The second call is a more specific one: "Now the Lord said [not had said] unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country [*lech, lecha*, literally, *Go for thyself*, etc.] and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto THE land [Heb. *el haaretz*; Sept., *eis tèn gên*] that I will show thee." The first call was to a land indefinitely; the second was to the land—the land of Canaan.

It seems to have been according to the mind of God that Abraham halted at Haran, from which, when his father was dead, He removed him into the land of promise. (Acts vii. 4.) God's way seems to be to show us one step at a time, and when we have proved our obedience in taking that one, to show us another. Thus would He lead us into the renunciation of our own will, and teach us implicit and prompt obedience to His. When Isaac was commanded to be offered, Abraham

* Ur, first, probably, as has been remarked, the city of Ignicidists, or Fire-worshippers.

was first sent to the land of Moriah ; and when there, the particular mountain on which the offering was to be made was to be pointed out to him. (Gen. xxii. 2. See also Acts ix. 6 ; x. 1—6.) We are naturally impatient ; we would like at once to see the whole map of our way ; and so we often run in advance of the Divine guidance. God seems too slow for us. Waiting appears a loss of time ; and, before light is vouchsafed, we walk in the sparks of our own kindling. No marvel that falls and bruises are the consequence.

The command to Abraham runs adverse to the most tender ties of nature. It is, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into the land that I will show thee." What could enable the patriarch to do this ? The vision of "the God of glory" which he had in Mesopotamia was his power. This drew him from his native land and his idolatries.

Canaan was with Abraham his immediate object, but was infinitely inferior to that which constituted the ultimatum of his hope. He had in view a better land than Canaan, and a better city than any his eye had ever rested on upon earth. The life of this "friend of God," even in the promised land, was a life of faith, not of fruition. "By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise : for he looked for the city (see Greek) which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." (Heb. xi. 9, 10.) That vision of glory enhanced the final triumphs of the day of Christ. Much of the humiliation may have been revealed to Abraham, as to subsequent prophets ; but to gladden his soul he

must also have seen the glory that should follow. (John viii. 56 ; 1 Pet. i. 10, 11.) Canaan, the future inheritance of his seed, "the glory of all lands," was to Abraham, at the best, but the type of heaven.

In Abraham's call we see the true starting point in the life of all who would live as strangers and pilgrims on the earth—the manifestation of the God of glory. Until God reveals himself in Jesus, the world chains and enslaves us. But when His glory is once seen, its false halo is dissipated. What a contrast, then, between the toy-shop of the earth and the glory of the city which hath the foundations ! (Rev. xxi. 9—27.) Waiting for "the hope of righteousness" is not only the true position of every believer, but is also "the victory that overcometh the world." (1 Thess. i. 9, 10 ; Tit. ii. 11—14.)

The fact of Abraham being permitted to settle in Haran for a season, and then being called to break up all his associations there, was calculated deeply to impress the lesson that earth was but his temporary sojourn. Thus would the Lord have His servants so free in spirit, and so detached from mere places and their associations, as to be ever ready to remove their tent on the first intimation of His will. "As that," says one, "is called experimental philosophy which brings opinions and notions to the test of fact, so is that properly called experimental religion which brings religious affections and intentions to the like test." Consecration and obedience bring us into the experimental realisation of the will of God. (Rom. xii. 2.)

There is another important New Testament lesson here, in connection with Abraham and his household : "They went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the

land of Canaan they came." (Gen. xii. 4. Cf. John x. 27—29.)

Attracted by his devotedness and faith, Lot was drawn along with Abraham. Abraham seems to have been the channel through which heavenly influence reached his soul—the pipe which conveyed to him the water of life. No consistent and holy life can be spent in this world without exerting an influence on the consciences of men. Like the Gospel itself, that influence may be to some a savour of death; but to the honest-minded it will prove a savour of life. (Matt. v. 16; 1 Pet. iii. 1, 2.)

Wherever Abraham pitches his tent he builds his altar. (Gen. xii. 7, 8.) Walking in the power of faith he is not ashamed to worship God in the presence of some of earth's most wicked and idolatrous inhabitants. Around this altar his numerous household assembled, while as priest of the domestic community he offered sacrifice for their sin and his own, and made supplication on the ground of the accepted offering: Faith antedated the sacrifice of Jesus, and blessing flowed down on Abraham and his house. Thus does this patriarch stand as an example and encouragement to the Christian head of every house to raise his family altar, and gather his household around it to offer to God the sacrifice of praise and prayer, and to present Jesus for their acceptance and his own. Surely from such an altar a sweet savour arises, fragrant and acceptable to the Father. (Heb. xiii. 15; Rev. viii. 3.)

We now reach another aspect of our subject, which, though sorrowful in the contemplation, is replete with instruction. A famine arises in the land, and Abraham goes down into Egypt. In regard to this step, he does not appear to

have asked counsel of the Lord. Had he trusted in the Lord for provision, instead of yielding to his fears, it might not have been necessary to have left Canaan. God could have sustained him there. Faith brought him into the land; unbelief takes him out of it. Going into Egypt without Divine direction, he cannot trust God for his defence. He causes Sarah to prevaricate, and that prevarication brings upon him the thing which he feared—Sarah is taken from him, and brought into the harem of Pharaoh. Had Abraham gone from Canaan to Egypt, as he had come from Haran to Canaan, at the bidding of God, he would have had no fear, and therefore would have been under no temptation to act a lie. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." The words of our great moralist are a good practical comment on this part of Abraham's history:—

"Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
The Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life with loss of wealth is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life."

Pharaoh entreated Abraham well for Sarah's sake. (Gen. xii. 16.) But sheep and oxen, camels and asses, men-servants and maid-servants, are poor balm for a wounded conscience, and no equivalent for Sarah's captivity. Many, like

Abraham, grow rich in the way of disobedience, but prove that the gain is no counterbalance for the loss. God makes their own backslidings reprove them, and corrects them with their own rod. In the narrow way in which we walk we have need of much watchfulness, need of continually urging the prayer, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." (1 Thess. v. 5—8; 1 Pet. v. 8, 9.)

"God took better care of Abraham than he took of himself." He did not leave him in the snare in which his unbelief had entangled him. Pharaoh and his house are plagued by the Lord. The king recognises the supernatural character of these plagues, and discovers their cause. (Eccles. vii. 14.) From these Divine visitations, whatever they were, we learn the important fact that our afflictions are sometimes preventive as well as remedial. Such was Paul's thorn in the flesh. A gulf lies before us, and the affliction is an interposed barrier to prevent us falling into it.

This history teaches us neither to glory in man nor trust in our own

resources. It impresses the lesson of walking only in God's counsel, and leaning on His almighty arm. How watchful should we be! If for one moment the eye is turned away from God, and we walk in the light of our own wisdom, or allow the fear of man to gain the ascendant, we are snared and taken, and remain in the captivity of our folly, until God in His mercy breaks the snare and frees us.

On the other hand, while, like Abraham, in the early part of this history, we walk with God, no command is too hard to be obeyed, no sacrifice too great to be made for His sake; we can then confess Him before enemies; we can lift up our heads as priests in our families; and we exert an influence over others for their good. As obedient to God, Abraham had his altar in Canaan; in Egypt he had none, for he had no heart for it there. When we cease to act with a good conscience, we cease to worship God. A good conscience and a worshipping spirit, like binary stars, are ever found together.

Shepherd's Bush.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

II.—*Jaffa to Solomon's Pools.*

JAFFA, known in Scripture history as Joppa, is one of the oldest cities in the world. It existed certainly before the conquest of Palestine by the children of Israel under Joshua, for we find it named as one of the

cities allotted to the tribe of Dan on the division of the land. The port is also of great antiquity, for to it were sent the floats of cedar and pine given by Hiram, King of Tyre, to Solomon, for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem; and in after years it was from the same place that Jonah took ship to fly unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord—a voyage that cost him so dear. Here Peter the Apostle raised Tabitha from the dead; and

here also, while lodging "in the house of one Simon a tanner, which is by the sea-side," he saw the vision of the great white sheet let down from heaven containing both clean and unclean beasts, and remonstrating against the command to slay and eat, was admonished no longer to call that common and unclean which God had cleansed. Thus the middle wall of partition till then separating Jew from Gentile was broken down, and the religion of Christ, instead of sinking to a mere-Jewish sect, called the Nazarenes—ranking no higher than that of the Pharisees, Sadducees, or Essenes,—became CHRISTIANITY, the religion of the world, including within its embrace all the various races of mankind, destined to world-wide extension and universal sway.

Beyond its historic interest, however, Jaffa has little to detain the traveller. The town rises steeply up the side of a hill in tortuous, narrow, and dirty streets. It is surrounded by walls, and shut in by gates closed at sunset every night, and jealously guarded all the day. These features, common to all Syrian towns, reveal the fact that they were founded and reared in unsettled and turbulent times, when capabilities for defence were of paramount importance. Hence Samaria, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and pre-eminently Jerusalem, were almost impregnable to assault by any of the warlike appliances in use in their day. At any rate, they could be held for a long time by the few against the many, and were seldom reduced or captured until treachery or famine placed them at the mercy of their foes. Thus, while within their fortified towns the Israelites were continually able to hold their enemies at bay, even when all the country around was ravaged by the foe. This was so

constantly the case, that it led the Syrians to say to their king: "Their gods are the gods of the hills, therefore are they stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plains, and surely we shall be stronger than they;" and so with a great army Benhadad came proudly up to fight against Israel. So few were the people of God that they seemed like: "two little flocks of kids, while the Syrians filled the country." But on this occasion God saw fit to vindicate His sovereignty over the plains as well as the cities, and in spite of His overwhelming forces, the King of Syria sustained a signal defeat, in which he lost more than 100,000 of his infantry, and then had to sue humbly for peace.

The form of Eastern houses is not less characteristic than the arrangement of their cities. In very hot and in very cold climates dwellings for human habitation have two features in common—viz., very thick walls, and very small windows. In the one case to keep out the cold, in the other to keep out the heat. In both, dinginess, vermin and filth are the result; but in hot climates the evil is mitigated by the possibility of passing a great part of the time in the open air. Hence, in the East, working, eating, and sleeping are performed nearly all the year round with no other shelter than the open canopy of heaven. The houses—usually of only one, or at most two stories—have all flat roofs, protected by low parapets or battlements, and there, in the early morning and in the cool of the evening, the inhabitants occupy themselves in labour, or spend their time in recreation, and there, during the night, they unroll their rude mattress or carpet, and sleep without fear of intrusion or danger of injury to health.

Isolation and inaccessibility being the chief objects sought, it is no wonder that in the East, roads and road-making are sadly neglected. There is not in all Palestine to-day a practicable carriage road, save the new diligence route from Beyrout to Damascus, a road made by a French company in the face of unknown difficulties — difficulties arising more from official obstructiveness than from natural obstacles. The attempt to form a highway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a road traversed by tens of thousands of pilgrims and tourists every year, has not been persevered in, and the route is still unfit for any wheeled vehicle. Other routes are even worse than this, and all journeying must be performed in the saddle or on foot.

Our first business, on arriving, was, therefore, to choose horses, arrange saddles, provide ourselves with whips, and prepare for the various necessities incident to a month's journeying in the open air. Our tents, with iron bedsteads, bedding, carpets, tables, camp-stools, kitchen and table requisites, together with a stock of food, fodder, and other needful supplies had been sent on before in charge of some of the camp servants to await our arrival at the chosen camping ground, and about 11 o'clock our party of eleven passengers set out, with two dragomen to act as interpreters and guides. We formed quite a cavalcade, all in high spirits at commencing a journey so full of sacred and historic interest.

As we passed the gates we were importuned for alms by a number of the most miserable objects we ever saw: with bent forms, shrunk cheeks, sunken eyeballs, hairless scalps, and hands from which the fingers had been nearly eaten off by disease; they were horrible to

look upon. These were the *Lepers*, not allowed to dwell within the city, but creeping for shelter into huts or caves of the earth, they obtained a precarious subsistence by begging at the wayside.

And now, for some miles, we rode through the celebrated orange groves of Jaffa, the trees laden with masses of large, luscious, thick-skinned oranges, fragrant to the smell and pleasant to the sight. Then a glorious tract of green meadow spreading over the lovely plains of Sharon, dotted here and there with the fig, sycamore, olive, and vine. Truly a land of beauty—a land of rivers and streams, of corn, and wine, and oil.

In about two hours we reached the town of Ramleh, said to have been the abode of Samuel the prophet, and also of Joseph of Arimathea. It was a chief town of the Crusaders, and here peace was made between Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Shortly after we rested and took our first camp meal. The site chosen was by a ruined caravanserai, the interior of which was reeking with filth; so that we preferred to sit in the rain rather than eat food in such a place. The fare provided was good and abundant; and with appetites sharpened by the ride, we enjoyed our meal, undismayed by frequent showers.

After an hour's halt we again mounted, and had a long and fatiguing ride. We passed Latron, a mean village of mud huts, where again, leprous outcasts importuned us for alms. Then saw Gimsu, said to be the birthplace of the penitent thief, and still a nest of pilferers and plunderers. Next we came to Ajalon, and crossed the plain where Joshua completed the defeat of the Canaanites by the miraculously protracted light of the sun; and

here we expected to encamp for the night. It was about six o'clock, and getting dusk, and we were weary with unaccustomed riding on horseback, and cold with frequent rain and biting wind. We got down and tried to walk, but the rotten road was a foot deep in mud and slush, and our feet sank into holes at every step. The better riders, too, had gone on ahead, and our horses were slow and tired; so we made but little progress. Still no tents, but an ugly ford to be crossed, where a bridge had broken down, and the horses struggled through the muddy water, which reached to their saddle girths. Then it grew darker and colder, and we began to wonder whether we had not lost our way, and might be left to wander all night in this unknown and dismal plain, when to our intense relief Cook's agent came up and led us to the encampment, which, in consequence of the swampy nature of the ground, had been moved on to a place called Bab-el-wady (gate of the mountain), where a rude stone house afforded better shelter than canvas from the pelting storm of rain. Here we arrived about 8 p.m., and after much needed refreshment we crept, half-dressed, into the warm bedding provided, and slept the sleep of the weary.

Next morning, at six, we were all aroused by the trumpet call, and in less than an hour were once more in the saddle, rain clouds and wind still prevailing; but the night's rest had cheered us, and we put on all the courage we could muster. The scenery now became more mountainous, and our way wound round the slopes of rugged stony hills, very like the wilds of Cumberland; but the roads here are eastern—that is, badly made and worse kept. In this weather they are nothing but a succession of

stony morasses, with here and there a hard, uneven rock. But we bravely persevered, keeping more together than yesterday, and therefore, encouraged and cheered by mutual companionship, we passed Kirjath Jearim, where was the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite, on which, for many years, the Ark of God rested, until David took it to Jerusalem in triumph, with songs and dances. We also crossed the Valley of Elah, where Goliath defied the armies of Israel, until David challenged, and, by God's help, slew his giant antagonist with sling and stone. We dismounted here, and as a memento of our visit gathered five smooth stones from the brook which ripples along the valley. We saw also Nebi Samuel, the lofty eminence overlooking the Judean hills, where the prophet Samuel is said to have been buried. And our midday resting-place was just outside the walls of Jerusalem; but we say nothing about the city in this place; we saw but one corner of it near the Jaffa gate, and passed quickly by. We are to approach it after visiting the Jordan, over the Mount of Olives, the only approach which does justice to the beauty of its situation, and then we hope to describe it.

After lunch we had another weary, dreary ride to the Pools of Solomon—reached by a rough and stony climb up a steep watercourse, the horses struggling and plunging along a few steps at a time, where none but Syrian horses could find a footing. At length we saw our white tents pitched under the shelter of a hill opposite the wall of a castellated building near the pools. We greatly dreaded sleeping under canvas during the heavy rain, the carpet of the tents laid on spongy ground being saturated with wet. But we all slept, and

slept soundly, in spite of the howling of the jackals which prowled in numbers around our camp, and of one outburst of fearful barking from our faithful watch-dogs, caused by the near approach of a wolf. During the night the rain ceased, and the morning was brighter and clearer. Strange to say, none of us took cold; nor did we, while in the open air, suffer in any way from the exposure. It is draughts from windows and passages that cause colds, while out-door life strengthens and invigorates. We inspected Solomon's Pools next morning, and found them to consist of three great tanks, or reservoirs of water, constructed by Solomon for the supply of Jerusalem, to which a stone conduit, now much dilapidated, conveys the precious fluid. They are of considerable size, the largest big enough to float a ship of the line, and are constructed so that the first when full overflows into the middle one, and that into the other. Hence in the driest season they are never quite empty. Considering the state

of constructive skill at the time they were built, they are marvellous works, and even in their present ruinous condition still furnish the best water that can be obtained in Jerusalem.

While resting here a large caravan of wandering Bedouins, many of them mounted on fine Arabian horses, with a retinue of burden-bearers, spearmen, and heavily laden camels halted near our camp. Rough-looking in attire and demeanour, swarthy in complexion, with an ostentatious display of weapons—pistols, swords, spears, and long guns, their appearance was rather startling at first; but they made no attempt to interfere with us, and when they had rested and given their animals food and water, they quietly went their way. Such a caravan, no doubt, passed by the plains of Dothan when the envious brethren of Joseph sold him as a slave for twenty pieces of silver.

(To be continued.)

Things New and Old.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF SEVENTY.

THE last time I heard the great and good Dr. Newton, he told us, on the platform of Exeter Hall, with his manly strength scarcely abated, his natural force hardly dimmed, and that bright eye that had swayed so many congregations—bright with a holier hope, as with the radiance of heaven—he told us, "I am on the bright side of seventy." Can you say that? Never mind the precise age, the bright side of anything that you happen to have passed. That is not the way

worldlings talk. No, it is the dark side to them—the shady side of forty or fifty as the case may be. It must be so: they have nothing to come to; all their inheritance is in the past. "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*Punshon.*

HYPOCRITES SEEKING THEIR OWN ADVANTAGE.

God is in the hypocrite's mouth, but

the world is in his heart—which he expects to gain through his good reputation. I have read of one that offered his prince a great sum of money to have leave once or twice a day to come into his presence and only say, "God save your majesty." The prince, wondering at this large offer for so small a favour, asked him, "What advantage would this afford you?" "O, sire," said he, "this, though I have nothing else at your hands, will get me a name in the country for one who is a great favourite at court; and such an opinion will help me more at the year's end than it costs me for the purchase." Thus some by the name they get for great saints advance their worldly interests, which lie at the bottom of all their profession.—*Gurnall.*

WHAT IS THE SERMON MEANT TO DO?

"A SERMON is only the means of

producing some end: do not let the means be the end." This is good advice to those who preach sermons without having some end in view. Before a minister takes a text he should ask himself, "What effect do I desire to produce by handling this text? Do I desire specially the conversion of souls; or the edification of the Lord's people; or the elucidation of some doctrine; or what? A purposeless sermon is not likely to do good. I heard a sermon once preached at an association. It was orthodox; there was nothing in it to complain of; but a person asked immediately after hearing it, "What has been his aim in preaching it?" It was not perceptible; therefore the question was in place. The sermon is practically of no value unless it effects some good end. Let those who are content with merely preaching fine sermons, or reading well-written essays in the pulpit, think of this.—*H. W.*

Reviews.

Minor Characters of the New Testament. By WILLIAM BROCK, Minister of Heath-street Chapel, Hampstead. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

A GOOD and useful contribution to our religious literature, written in a devout and pleasing style. The fulfilment of the Divine Word, "Instead of the fathers shall come up the children." We hail with joy this production by the son of the late revered Dr. Brock. The thought on which the writer builds his work is one which may be frequently used with advantage. As well as the lights which have shone brilliantly, the men who have climbed the ladder and have succeeded, let us have some of the *Minor Characters* who have

appeared on the world's battle-field rescued from obscurity and brought to the front. The whole Church are indebted to Mr. Brock for his book.

Poetic Meditations. By DORA MARY MATHER, late Miss Drawbridge. Hamilton and Adams, Paternoster-row.

THE pen of the writer is still. The strains of the harp are hushed in death. But she being dead yet speaketh. Most of these lines have appeared in the MESSENGER, and frequently our readers have been cheered and profited thereby. The pieces are worthy, miscellaneous, and evangelical, and many to whom the sweet

songs of Theodora were dear will have an opportunity in this volume of embalming her in their memory.

The Temperance Bible Commentary. By FREDERICK RICHARD LEES, Ph.D., and DAWSON BURNS, M.A. Fourth English Edition, including Replies to some Adverse Reviews. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster-row.

WE repeat all said by us in a review of a former edition, and express our pleasure in the *Research, Criticism, and Exposition*. It will always take its place as a court of appeal with teetotallers, and be read with respectful interest on the other side. The replies to adverse critics makes this edition of special worth, and should be read with care and the mind disarmed of prejudice.

The Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury of Materials for Working Sunday-school Teachers. Vol. I. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

UNHESITATINGLY we say one of the best of Sunday-school services. Here are stores; yea, heaps of varied rich and useful materials. Sunday-school teachers, don't be without the volume.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record. Vol. I. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

THE beautiful likenesses of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the late Judge Payne, and other engravings, also the important matter in the volume itself, will cause it to be highly esteemed by our Ragged School friends.

Old Jonathan. Vol. I. Third Series. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street.

NEW stories, wise teachings, apt illustrations, and beautiful pictures are the features of our old friend. May his successful career be ever continued.

The *Sheet Almanack* (same publisher) has our approval.

My Little Friend Annual. GEORGE COOPER, 54, Paternoster-row.

THIS pretty book will delight many of our young friends. Its gorgeous ex-

terior, with its coloured frontispiece and well-executed plates will ensure its valuable contents a reading. We heartily approve it.

The Act of Baptism. A Critical and Historical Inquiry concerning the proper Administration of the Rite. By Rev. Hugh Jones, D.D. Reprinted from the *Baptist*.

WE are more than gratified with this reprint. It will serve a useful purpose. We often wish to put a portable book on the subject into the hands of an inquirer, and find ourselves shut up to one or two of former years. Here we have all that can be desired.

The Cross and its Dominion. By WILLIAM PENN. Elliot Stock.

WE respect the writer's contribution, but cannot agree with his interpretation. The breadth of his aim we admire. *The Gospel without stint or limit for the whole world*; but between him and us, on baptism we are wide as the poles asunder.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Baptist Magazine. A good number.

The General Baptist has a leader on the General Baptist Denomination, which is slightly excited, a *little boastful*, and somewhat to be regretted. The positions assigned to Mr. Spurgeon and the colleges are hardly correct, and especially when from these circles the *General Baptist Churches* are so frequently seeking some of their best ministers. We are among those who wish the terms Particular and General were dead and buried.

The Biblical Museum, Mothers' Treasury, The King's Highway, Evangelical Christendom, The Church and the Appeal. Very welcome.

The Sword and Trowel. An excellent number.

True Regeneration. Not by Baptism but by Faith in Christ. By Pastor W. J. DYER, High Wycombe. Elliot Stock.

We are always glad to see the monster error of Baptismal Regeneration

brought to the light and exposed. We commend this sermon and wish for it a wide circulation.

The Specimen Tracts of Baptist Tract Society to hand. Very excellent. We record with emotions of revered memory, the death of James Oliver, Esq., our loved friend for many years.

The Baptist and Freeman are strong and vigorous, and our yearly volume of the *Messenger*, now ready, we believe to be one of the best vols. of the day, containing, as it does, twelve sermons, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, besides a host of articles and papers from some of the most worthy of living men.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. Baillie, of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Mauvers-street, Bath; the Rev. J. Meredith, of Pontypool College, to Kensington, near Brecon.

Rev. Charles Stovell closed his pastorate at Mint-lane, Lincoln, on Sunday, December 3.

Rev. J. Turner has resigned the pastorate of the church at Tonbridge.

Mr. Owen Dean Campbell, of Rawdon College and St. John's College, Cambridge, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping in Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh.

Rev. J. W. Green, late of Ipswich, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Clare, Suffolk.

Rev. H. Beresford Robinson has resigned the pastorate of Mill-end Church, Chatteris, having accepted the invitation of Ely-place Church, Wisbeach.

Rev. J. C. Thompson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Helston.

Rev. S. Pendred, of Swanage, has accepted and entered upon the pastorate of the church at Droitwich.

The church at Redditch has invited Rev. H. Rowson, of Eccleshill, near York, to the pastorate of the former place, which he has accepted.

Rev. B. May has resigned the pastorate of the church at Padiham, Lancashire.

Mr. T. H. Smith, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation of the church at Shefford, Beds.

Rev. Geo. Hill, of Derby, has accepted the invitation of the church at South Parade, Leeds, to become the pastor.

FOULSHAM, NORFOLK.—Some months ago Rev. E. Everett intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of this church, and will terminate his ministry the end of this month. He will be glad to supply vacant churches with a view to settlement.

WHITCHURCH, SALOP.—The churches of Whitechurch and Lightfield are now without a pastor, owing to the Rev. W. C. Walters having resigned, and the deacons, we hear, will be glad to receive applications for supplies, with a view to settlement. The address of the secretary is—W. Ledsham, High-street, Whitechurch, Salop.

Rev. W. H. Stanbury has removed from Swansea to Cardiff.

Rev. H. S. Smith has resigned the pastorate of Hillmorton, and Rev. Wm. Stokes of the church at Drake-street, Rochdale.

NEWTORPE, NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—Rev. J. J. Hayman intends to resign his pastorate of the church in this place, and is open to supply vacant pulpits.

Rev. T. Richards, Rhymney, has accepted a call from the English Church, Beaufort, Breconshire, to become their pastor.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Jas. Lewitt, late of Scarborough, at the church at Gansome-walk, Worcester,

have just been held. Sermons were preached by Dr. Green, late of Rawdon College, to crowded gatherings, over which the Mayor of Worcester presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Angus, Dr. Green, Dr. Todd, Dr. Pryce, and W. P. Rosevear. Notwithstanding recent drawbacks the church was reported as in a prosperous state, and a yet brighter future is anticipated under the present ministry.

RYEFORD, HEREFORDSHIRE.—On Jan. 15th services were held to recognise Mr. E. Watkins, of Pontypool College, as pastor. In the afternoon Mr. Sims, one of the deacons, stated their reasons for giving the invitation. Mr. Watkins responded. Rev. J. Hall offered the dedication prayer. Rev. Dr. Thomas gave the charge to the pastor, and Mr. Griffiths, Cinderford, that to the church. In the evening a meeting was held, presided over by Mr. S. Blake, M.P., when addresses were delivered by Mr. Jones, the Revs. T. Reeves, D. Howells, Dr. Thomas C. Griffiths, J. Hall, J. Smalley, and Mr. Watkins.

PRESENTATIONS.

DURING the brief pastorate of the Rev. T. H. Holyoak, of Onslow Chapel, Brompton, the debt has been entirely removed, and many accessions made to the church. As a testimony of esteem, the pastor has been presented a purse containing 25 guineas.

The Rev. E. Mason, on his leaving Attleborough, Norfolk, has been presented by the members of his church and congregation with a handsome timepiece and a silver teapot, in recognition of his faithful services during the three years of his ministry amongst them, accompanied with their best wishes for his future labours in Lowestoft.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW village chapel in connection with the Baptist cause at Woodstock was opened at Thrupp on Monday, January 1st. Rev. J. P. Barnett preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held,

presided over by Mr. Timothy Hunt, and addressed by Mr. Barnett and the pastor, the Rev. Levi Palmer. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Palmer stated that the building was free, and all that was required was a few pounds to purchase proper fittings for the chapel.

A new cause has been started in Islington in the Co-operation Hall, Pembroke-street, Copenhagen-street, and on Monday, January 1, a tea and public meeting were held to inaugurate the new church. Mr. John Bennett is the pastor.

A new church has been formed at Broughty Ferry, under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Simpson. At its formation it consisted of 20 members.

TONMORDEN.—A schoolroom forming part of the commodious new premises being erected at the bottom of Roomfield-lane, for the Baptists lately worshipping at Millwood, has been opened by a public tea and meeting. There was a large attendance, 380 partaking of tea, and a considerable number more attending the meeting. At the evening meeting Mr. J. W. Shaw presided, and addresses were given by the Rev. H. Briggs, resident minister, Mr. J. Horsfield, Mr. A. Pilling, the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, and others. On the following Sunday three services were held in the schoolroom, those of the morning and evening conducted by the Rev. J. Harvey, and that in the afternoon by the Rev. H. Briggs. A collection was made at each service on behalf of the building fund, and a total of £21 4s. 9d. was realised. During Sunday an additional donation of £10 was received, which, with the proceeds of Saturday's tea, donations, and collections, and Sunday's collections, made a total of £102.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON.—On Jan. 3 a festival was given by Peter Wootton, Esq., to the young attending the special Sunday evening services at Park-street school. The room was crowded. The mayor of Luton attended, accompanied by Miss Bigg, and delivered a very telling address. Rev. J. H. Blake presided.

The eleventh anniversary of the

Park-road Chapel, Ryde, was held on Thursday, December 14, when 250 persons sat down to tea. At the evening meeting the pastor, Rev. John Harrison, presided, and in the report presented of the church it was shown that steady progress had been made in spiritual work, in membership, and in finances. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. J. R. Chamberlain, R. A. Davies, R. Y. Roberts, T. A. Jeffreys, and Dr. Harding.

SHORE CHAPEL, TODMORDEN.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 24 (in place of the usual prayer-meeting), the pastor, the Rev. J. K. Chappelle, delivered his lecture on "Zwingli and the Swiss Reformation." Mr. J. Cunliffe presided. There was a large attendance. Collection near £5. On Christmas Day the annual gathering took place. Over 400 sat down to tea. The after-meeting was of a highly interesting character, and was addressed by the Revs. J. K. Chappelle, W. Chapman, and several members of the congregation. The choir rendered efficient service.

SOUTH SHIELDS TABERNACLE.—At the annual gathering on Christmas Day about 400 friends partook of tea in the schoolrooms, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion. After tea a public meeting was held in the tabernacle, presided over by the pastor, Rev. J. E. Cracknell, and addressed by the Rev. W. Hanson, Mr. W. Thompson, and J. Nichol. Several anthems and pieces were effectively rendered by the choir. Mr. Cracknell's pastorate commenced four years since, during which time one hundred and twelve persons have professed Christ in baptism. Schoolrooms have been erected, and the interior of the tabernacle greatly improved. The expenses have all been met. The school numbers over 400 children. The church and school continue their work harmoniously. One feature of special interest in the church work is utilising the talent of singers, who form a band, and accompany the pastor to the infirmary, singing in the wards to the sick, and also to the poor in the workhouse. The young men are

encouraged to speak, and sometimes preach, at the week-night services; a mutual improvement society has been formed for their benefit, at which subjects of importance are discussed. Special interest is manifested in the welfare of the sailors who frequent this port, and whose sufferings in the recent gales have called forth much sympathy. On the 27th and 28th December there was a sale of useful and fancy articles, consisting mainly of needle-work, by which the ladies of the church and congregation have assisted to clear off the floating debt.

ISLEHAM.—HIGH-STREET CHAPEL.—Under the pastorate of Mr. Walter Davies the friends have held four nights' evangelistic services, from the 11th to the 14th of December, and, although the nights were very dark and one very wet, there was a large company gathered together. On two nights the chapel was crowded. The preacher was Mr. George Mee, of Derby, assisted by the pastor, &c. Mr. Mee has been singularly blessed of the Lord in the conversion of many of the hardest sinners. Some souls were saved, and a profitable time was realised by most present.

THE LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the London Baptist Association was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Tuesday, Jan. 16. The morning meeting was presided over by the Rev. J. T. Wigner, the retiring President. About 170 members were present, and after devotional exercises the Rev. R. Wallace, of Tottenham, read a paper on Eph. iii. 20, 21. At the afternoon meeting the Rev. A. G. Brown, the President for the year, occupied the chair, and delivered his address. The report, which was read by the secretary, the Rev. William Brock, showed that there are 136 churches in the Association, with a membership of 33,682, being an increase of 1,056 for the year. Mr. James Harvey, treasurer, presented the financial statement, which gave the receipts for 1876 at £1,202, which sum has been devoted to Lower Norwood Church. The Association Church for the current

year will be Leytonstone. Rev. J. P. Chown was elected vice-president, and will occupy the chair on the expiration of Mr. Brown's term of office. In the evening a largely attended united prayer-meeting was held in the Tabernacle itself, the President again occupying the chair.

COLNE, LANCAIRE.—The annual congregational tea meeting was held on Jan. 2, when there was a good attendance, earnest speeches, and excellent singing. A Christmas tree was on view the same day in the lower schoolroom, the sales from which realised £20.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—Dec. 10, at Carmel English Chapel, Three; Dec. 13, Three, by T. Jones.
Armley.—Dec. 28, Fifteen, by R. Silby.
Armley.—Jan. 7, at Sion Chapel, Three, by A. P. Fayers.
Abercanaid.—Jan. 7, Six, by J. Parrish.
Basto.—Jan. 4, at Salem Chapel, Four, by G. West.
Bethany, Cardiff.—Jan. 7, Three, by W. E. Winks.
Bildstone, Suffolk.—Jan. 3, Seven, by R. Mackie.
Bradford.—Dec. 31, at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Seven, by J. W. Ashworth.
Briercliffe.—Jan. 6, One, by I. Lloyd.
Builth.—Dec. 24, Four, by J. M. Jones.
Bootle.—Dec. 31, Two, by J. Davies.
Birmingham.—Dec. 17, at Bond-street Chapel, Five, by G. Wheeler.
Boaroor.—Dec. 13, Five, by J. W. Thomas.
Bettes.—Dec. 3, Two, by T. Rowson.
Brecon.—Dec. 12, at Kensington Chapel, Seven, by W. Owen.
Blaenavon.—Dec. 17, Thirteen, at the English Chapel, by W. Rees.
Corwen.—Dec. 17, One, by H. C. Williams.
Coventry.—Dec. 13, at Gosford-street Chapel, Seven, by H. W. Meadow.
Cumda, Glam.—Dec. 17, Two, by J. Evans.
Cheltenham.—Dec. 17, at Cambray Chapel, Eleven; Dec. 18, Two, by W. Julian.
Combe Martin.—Dec. 31, at Ebenezer Chapel, Six, by J. Glover.
Clare, Suffolk.—Dec. 3, Two, by T. Hoddy.
Contig, Ireland.—Dec. 31, One, by J. Harris.
Cuddington.—Jan. 1, One, by Mr. Saunders.
Clay Cross.—Dec. 24, Five, by W. Williams.
Coalbridge, Scotland.—Dec. 10, Three, by J. M. Hewson.
Congleton.—Dec. 10, Two, by J. Walker.
Chester.—Jan. 3, at Pepper-street Chapel, Two; Jan. 7, One, by W. Durban.
Clydach, Swansea Valley.—Jan. 7, Ten, by H. C. Howells.
Duffield, from Windley.—Jan. 7, Six, by H. A. Bloat.

Dalton-in-Furness.—Dec. 16, Two, by D. Thomas.
Dumbarton, N.B.—Dec. 3, Four, by J. Downie.
Dolau, Rhyader.—Dec. 1, Two, by J. Jenkins.
East Hanllepool.—Dec. 17, Fourteen; Dec. 24, Thirteen, by H. Dunington.
Fynesford.—Aug. 5, Five; Sept. 2, Eight; Dec. 2, Four, by W. Mummy.
Eastcombe, Gloucestershire.—Dec. 31, Eight, by Z. E. Brett.
Germansweck.—Jan. 7, Two, by Mr. White.
Great Grimsby.—Nov. 30, Three; Jan. 4, at Upper Burgess-street Chapel, Three, by E. Lauderdale.
Gorton.—Dec. 3, at Wellington-street Chapel, Four, by E. K. Everett.
Glasgow.—Dec. 24, at North Frederick-street, Three, by A. F. Mills.
Halifax.—Jan. —, at Trinity-road Chapel, Five, by J. Parker.
Honeyborough.—Dec. 31, One, by J. Johns.
Harington, Middlesex.—Jan. 4, Four, by W. Crick.
Jarrow-on-Tyne.—Dec. 17, in Grange-road Chapel, One, by W. Sa'chwell.
Lancaster.—Dec. 5, Two; Jan. 2, Five, by J. Baxandall.
Lewes.—Dec. 31, Two, by W. J. Scott.
Luton.—Jan. 11, Six, by J. H. Blake.
Llanvihangel, Crucorney.—Nov. 4th, One, by R. C. Evans.
Llatholu, a Branch of Maasyrhelem.—Nov. 10, Four, by D. Davies.
Llwynia.—Jan. 7, at Jerusalem Chapel, Ten, by J. R. Jones.
Lymington.—Dec. 31, Four, by J. J. Fitch.
Long Eaton.—Jan. 7, Seven, by C. T. Johnson.
Loughwood.—Jan. 7, One, by R. Bastable.
Lynn.—Jan. 3, Two, by H. Davies.
Melton Mowbray.—Jan. 8, Six, by J. Tansley.
Middlesborough.—Jan. —, at Newport-road Chapel, Four, by W. H. Priter.
Mountainash.—Dec. 10, Five; Jan. 7, at the English Chapel, Seven, by J. W. Williams.
Manchester.—Dec. 27, at Round Chapel, Five, by S. Backhouse.
Milford Haven.—Dec. 24, Fifteen, by D. George.
Meltham.—Dec. 28, Four, by J. Alderson.
Montacute.—Nov. 26, One, by J. Hardin.
Maasyrhelem, Radnorshire.—Oct. 29, One; Nov. 25, One; Dec. 23, One, by D. Davies.
Metropolitan District:—
Barnes.—Dec. 27, Four, by F. J. Brown.
Commercial-road Chapel.—Dec. 24, Four, by J. Fletcher.
Clapham-common.—Dec. 31, Seven, by R. Webb.
Hackney-road.—Dec. 28, at Providence Chapel, Eight; Jan. 4, Thirteen, by W. Cuff.
Kensington.—Dec. 17, Eleven; Jan. 4, One, at Horaton-street, by J. Hawes.
Lordship-lane, Dulwich.—Dec. 16, Four, by H. J. Trosidder.
Mare-street, Hackney.—Nov. 30th, Four, by S. B. Aldridge, B.A., LL.B.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Dec. 28, Twenty-three; Jan. 1, Nineteen; Jan. 4, Sixteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

New Wimbledon.—Jan. 3, Three, by A. Halford.
Pockham.—Jan. 4, at Park-road Chapel, Eight, by T. G. Tara.
Plaiton, E.—Dec. 31, at Barking-road, Ten, by R. H. Gillespie.
Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road, Jan. 4, Three, by F. Knight.
Whitechapel.—Dec. 31, at Little Alle-street Chapel, Two, by C. Masterston.
Nantyllo.—Dec. 24, at Bethel Chapel, One, by E. E. Probert.
Oakengates.—Eight, by W. Bonser.
Ogden.—Dec. 31, Two, by A. E. Greening.
Oldham.—Dec. 31, at Manchester-street Chapel, Four, by E. Balmford.
Portsmouth, Landport.—Jan. 3, at Lake-road Chapel, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
Portsmouth, Kent-street.—Dec. 31, Two, by J. W. Genders.
Potter's Bar.—Jan. 7, Three, by J. Hart.
Rhymney.—Dec. 17, at Jerusalem Chapel, Eight; Jan. 7, Nine, by T. T. Jones.
Salisbury.—Jan. 3, at Brown-street Chapel, Eight, by G. Short, B.A.
Shefford.—Dec. 17, Two, by T. H. Smith.
Serenocote.—Dec. 31, at Bessel's-green Chapel, Two, by J. Cattell.
Sardis.—Dec. 10, Three, by T. Johns.
Stockton-on-Tees.—Dec. 3, Four, by H. Moore.
Surbiton Hill.—Dec. 10, Three, by W. Baster.
Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.—Dec. 31, 1876, Three, by J. Douglas.
Swansea.—Dec. 3, at Carmarthen-road English Chapel, Eleven, by J. D. Jones.
Tenby.—Jan. 7, Three, by H. M. Barnett, B.A.
Treforest.—Dec. 10, for Calvary Church, Two, by J. Hier.
Torquay, Upton Vale.—Jan. 7, Ten, by E. Edwards.
Uley.—Dec. 20, Eight, by W. Ewens.
Yelindre.—Nov. 5, Two; Nov. 12, Two, by T. Rowson.
Victoria, Ebbw Vale.—Dec. 24, at Caersalem Chapel, Seven, by J. W. Lewis.
Walslet and Williton.—Jan. 2, Four, by R. John Middleton.
Westbury Leigh.—Jan. 3, Four, by W. Thomas.
Westmancoie.—Jan. 4, Three, by W. J. Smith.
Waintrödan.—Dec. 10, One, by D. E. Jenkins.
Wem.—Dec. 18, Three, by R. Richards.
Walsingham.—Dec. 13, One, by L. Smith.
Waltham.—Dec. 31, Five, by W. Jackson.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. CHARLES HARFIELD, deacon of the Baptist church, Lake-road, Landport, Portsmouth, fell asleep in Jesus, Dec. 21, 1876. He joined the church in October, 1823, when he was nineteen years of age, and during the long period of fifty-three years was a consistent follower of the Lord Jesus. He was chosen deacon Aug. 10, 1843, and for over thirty-three years faithfully

discharged the duties of that office. For many years he was treasurer of the church, and early in the year, being compelled to resign that office through failing eyesight, the church recorded its indebtedness to his life and labours by presenting him with an address beautifully illuminated and framed and glazed, and which was thus worded: "To our beloved brother, Charles Harfield, senior deacon, and for many years treasurer, of the Baptist church worshipping at Lake-road Chapel, Landport, Portsmouth. Dear Friend,—In accepting your resignation of the treasurership of the church, which office you have so faithfully held, we deeply sympathise with you in the affliction with which the Great Head of the Church has seen fit to visit you, and pray that you may have supporting grace to enable you cheerfully to submit to your Heavenly Father's will, knowing that He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. We are thankful to our God that you are still spared to go in and out amongst as deacon, though, on account of failing sight, you are unable to work with your former energy. We take this opportunity for presenting you with this token of our pure and fervent affection. In the name of our Lord Jesus we wish you every blessing. Signed on behalf of the whole church at our meeting: T. W. Medhurst, pastor; James Furner, John Crowter, G. A. Buckle, Henry Westhorp, and S. Light, deacons. February, 1876." Our brother's funeral sermon was preached by the pastor, T. W. Medhurst, on the last night of the year, from Rev. vii. 16, 17.

HANNAH, the beloved wife of Mr. James Jones, one of the deacons of the Baptist church at Dewsbury, departed this life on Dec. 11. Having known the deceased for nearly twenty years, the writer of this notice feels that he has scarcely met a Christian who more fully exemplified the true spirit of consecration to the will of the Lord in all things. Seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, her character was full of sweetness and light, and her epistle is written on the hearts of all who know her, but especially

in her family and in the church, the chief scenes of her labours. In her last illness there was the calmness which was the beautiful close of an active and earnest Christian life; and well may it be said over her grave, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Her funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Every, of Pontesbury, on Sunday evening, Jan. 7.

SELDOM does it occur that two members of a church of the size of the General Baptist church, Isleham, die the same day. We lately lost two sisters the same day (Nov. 30). Mrs. BROWN was nearly eighty-five years of age, and had been a consistent, if not a very useful, member of the church for over sixty years. She was a firm "meetinger," and firmly declined the

"parson's" overtures to go to "church," just for once, on Good Friday. She died, not in raptures but in quiet peace, and trust on Jesus. Her pastor, Walter Davies, preached her funeral sermon on Sunday, Dec. 11, from 1 Thess. iv. 14. A large congregation was present. Mrs. CLARK was thirty-two years of age. Had been a very heavy sufferer, but it was borne with meekness. She drew near to the river singing, and when too weak to say the words she sang the tune. She asked Mr. Davies to sing for her the 38th in Mr. Sankey's book. She joined heartily in the last verse. "Her end was peace" indeed. Her funeral sermon also was preached on Sunday, Dec. 11, from Is. xlii. 11, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1876, to January 19th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|---------|---|----|---------|----|--|----|-----|----|
| A Friend | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. W. Walker | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. James Mills | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. De Kavanagh | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Allison | 20 | 0 | 0 | Thanksgivings | 1 | 6 | 6 |
| Mrs. Butterford | 1 | 0 | 0 | Greenock | 0 | 9 | 0 | Mr. W. Townshend | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Dr. MacGill | 1 | 1 | 0 | Watch-night Service, Cornwall-road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith | 1 | 2 | 6 | Miss Spliddt | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Jephth | 0 | 10 | 0 | Baptisma | 8 | 0 | 0 | A. E. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Macle | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Powney | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. Benzies | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Legacy, late J. Temple | 10 | 10 | 0 | The Misses Draasfield | 2 | 2 | 6 | Psalm cxvii. 3 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Dunfries | 1 | 0 | 0 | G. T. | 1 | 0 | 0 | M. E. M. M. | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| J. M. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Turner | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. McIntyre | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mr. Dixon | 1 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Tunstall | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Thomas | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| A Friend, Edinburgh | 0 | 7 | 0 | Mr. Blithray, per J. A. S. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. B. Bell | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Miller | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Bowker's Class | 17 | 0 | 0 | Mr. C. Coulson | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. E. T. Woodson | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Neal | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. C. W. Roberts | 3 | 8 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Matthewson | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Perrott | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Lang | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. H. G. Fisher | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Bydwell | 0 | 4 | 10 | Mr. J. B. Denholm | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Buchel | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. G. Hall | 1 | 1 | 0 | H. O. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. A. Hart | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. James Locket | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Scott | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Kennard | 1 | 0 | 0 | Miss Bullock | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Smith | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Fawcett | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. M. Savage | 1 | 0 | 0 | A Friend in Scotland | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Ellwood | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Heywood | 0 | 7 | 0 | Mr. H. Harris | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Miss Lewin | 0 | 4 | 0 | Mr. E. Falkner | 2 | 0 | 0 | J. R. | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Spriggs | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. E. King | 1 | 0 | 0 | W. B. H. | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Gemmell | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Patterson | 0 | 5 | 6 | Mr. Johnson | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| Miss Peachy | 0 | 15 | 0 | Mr. Haggett | 1 | 5 | 0 | Mr. Urquhart | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Mrs. Hinton | 2 | 0 | 4 | Readers of <i>Christian</i> per Messrs. Morgan and Scott | 0 | 6 | 0 | Mr. Brewer | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Miss Fergusson | 1 | 7 | 10 | A. C. A. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Beal | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Messrs. Fisk and Son | 5 | 0 | 0 | A Friend | 2 | 10 | 0 | Rev. S. F. Bridge | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. P. Lamont | 0 | 10 | 0 | D. S. L. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Ta- bernacle:—Dec. 17 | 20 | 11 | 1 |
| Mr. R. Bate | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Pedley | 2 | 2 | 0 | " " " | 24 | 47 | 9 |
| Mr. J. Russell | 5 | 0 | 0 | A. K. J. | 0 | 5 | 0 | " " " | 31 | 100 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Somerville | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Salmon | 0 | 2 | 6 | " " Jan. 7 | 29 | 5 | 5 |
| Mr. Chapman | 2 | 10 | 0 | | | | | " " 14 | 30 | 17 | 10 |
| G. B. Dumbarton | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. Vickery | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. W. A. Gilby | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. W. Ewing | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | |
| Mrs. Mayne | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | |

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

LITTLE BUT LOVELY.*

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

"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—
LUKE xii. 32.

How kind and tender Jesus was towards His disciples! When He spoke sternly, it was to the outside multitude. Many a time was His spirit moved to rebuke them sharply. Very familiarly, however, did He unbend Himself in the presence of the few attached followers who were gathered round Him and drew near to Him, His chosen, His beloved. To them He unveiled His heart; to them He disclosed the things which He had received of the Father; from them He kept back nothing that pertained to their welfare; "If it were not so, I would have told you," was once, at least, His confidential expression. He thus abode with them as a friend, as an elder brother, as a loving father. It is really pleasant to observe how much He thought of them; how deeply He sympathised with them; how far He was from despising them. The great ones of the earth would have shrugged their shoulders and sneered at the poor helpless band that gathered around the prophet of Nazareth. Not so the Divine Master. Without for a moment concealing the fact that they were a little flock, He looks upon them fondly, and applies to them invitingly the very epithet their enemies would have used invidiously—"little"—as He says, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Few in number though they were, He calls them a flock. Thus He takes upon Himself the office of a shepherd, and by implication He guarantees to them feeding and folding, solace and safeguard. And He speaks of "little" with a liking. As we often employ diminutive words to express endearment, calling those we love by little names, so does the Saviour here seem to dwell upon the littleness of those He loves. The original word might be properly rendered "very little;" "Fear not, tiny flock." There is a double diminutive on which He seems to harp, as though it had a pleasant ring about it. So mothers are wont to call their baby children by bantling names in their fondness for the *wee* creatures. But far surpassing woman's love, outvying all maternal instincts, our Saviour's strong affection can no rival know. In accents mild He seems to say, "Never mind how few you are, or how despised; your feebleness gives you a warmer place in My heart and makes Me press you more closely to My bosom. Hush, hush; be still; fear not, little flock."

And, oh! how ready He is with a reason to revive their confidence. "It is your Father's good pleasure." Thus doth our beloved Lord recognise His own intimate relation with His disciples. "It is your Father's good pleasure." And who was their Father but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? He might have said, "It is *My* Father's good pleasure;" but then this was the sweeter way of putting it,—"*It is your*

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No. 220, NEW SERIES.

Father's good pleasure." They would know that their Father was His Father when He thus said, "*your* Father;" but had He said, "*My* Father," they might not have so quickly recollected that He was also their Father; or, pondering it, they might have had some doubt on the subject. What He does therefore is, in effect, to call Himself their Brother; for if His Father is their Father then He Himself must be their Brother. They are near kinsmen; He puts Himself on an equality with them when so speaking; at once He lifts them up to Himself while He goes down to them. "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Must it not have been delightful to be on such friendly terms with the blessed Lord of life when He was incarnate here on earth,—to have been able to say with John, "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory—the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth"? Not that we have any need to fret because we have not that privilege, for we have a higher one, inasmuch as Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." It was better, therefore, for us that Jesus should go, in order that we might have the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit not only to dwell with us, but also to be in us. Oh that we might realise and enjoy the Comforter's presence at this time! It were ill for us to miss the Saviour's company without having the consolation of the Spirit. To be without the bodily presence of the Lord, and without the spiritual presence of the Holy Ghost, were a double loss. Rather let us rejoice that He is in us, and shall be with us evermore. In the presence of the Comforter we have a higher grade of communion with God than even in the solacing society of the Son of man. He has gone from us, but He has left the words of His comfort to cheer us. In the power of the Holy Spirit then let us talk with one another concerning these words, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Our attention is here drawn, first, to a little flock and a Great Shepherd; and then to a great fear—what if I say a variety of fears—and a still greater consolation.

I. It was a little flock to whom the Saviour spoke. Did He mean, by so designating them, that they were few in point of number? Our Saviour's ministry, so far as conversion was concerned, was far from being prolific in its immediate results. The zeal of the Great Preacher painfully contrasted with the apathy of the hearers. The Prophet had foreseen the haze that would overhang the mental atmosphere. "Who hath believed our report?" he exclaimed. How few out of Israel were gathered to Him as the fruit of words such as never man spake, and works such as none but God ever did. It is not recorded of our Saviour that He ever preached a sermon through which three thousand were converted. He left that to one of His servants, as if He meant to fulfil that word—"Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go unto My Father." He would put that honour on His servants, and take the disappointment as He did the shame and the suffering to Himself. Such is ever His loving way. He will take the bleak side of the hill and the rough part of the battle for Himself. If there be any softer road to take, or any higher honours to win, He will give them to His servants. His converts were few: they were a little flock. Some of you may be residing in localities where there

are but a few believers meeting together. The company looks slender. Do not, I pray you, give place to despondency. You can surely worship God in sincerity and truth, though you may lack the excitement of a crowd. Perhaps you live where there are so few that you can hardly assemble a congregation. Why think yourself denied the privilege of communion with Christ because there are only one or two gathered together in His name? Some of the happiest days believers have ever known have been alone with Christ. The richest displays of Christ's love have been unfolded to the twos and threes, and the small family gatherings. He has kept His word to the letter,—“Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.” Should you happen to belong to a larger company, you are not, therefore, shut out from the promise bequeathed to the few. A church of five or five thousand brethren is still a little flock. Compared with the vast outlying mass of unbelievers, it is positively infinitesimal. Think of the millions that know not God—the hundreds of millions that are content to worship idol gods that their own hands have made. Take all Christendom into account, and assume for the moment that every nominal professor were a true convert to Christ, the Church would form but a feeble minority; it would be but a little flock. Though the day shall come when the Lord will multiply us and increase us greatly in the earth beyond all present computation, yet to this hour the Church of God is only a little flock; and this is sometimes an excuse for distrust and a cause of fear.

Not merely in their number were our Lord's immediate followers little. They did not represent much of this world's wealth. They had left all that they had. But their little all did not count for much. An old boat or two upon the lake, some nets, a little fishing-tackle, and a few et ceteras—surely they were not much to leave. Their capital and their income were alike limited. Their treasurer never had a heavy purse to carry, though he took care to help himself out of its contents. The disciples of Jesus were poor, very poor. They were somewhat akin to their Master, who had not where to lay His head.

Nor from their social position could they exert much influence. Most of them were Galileans—countrymen from the most countrified part of the whole country; and as such little esteemed. They spoke, no doubt, broad country dialects, and were looked upon as unlearned and ignorant men by those that heard them. When the Holy Ghost was on them they spoke with great power, but there was not a “D.D.” among them, nor yet a professor from any university. They had not a solitary rabbi that could be put in the front, neither was there one that could have been called rabbi, if others had chosen to call him so. No prestige did they derive from rank or title, no princes of the blood, no knights or esquires were associated with them; common peasants and fishermen were they all. And I daresay many fears would cross their minds and many gloomy apprehensions would haunt them as they contemplated the strange adventure on which they were called to go forth. They were to preach the Christ of God, and to convert the world to Him; yet see what lowly people they were! Had they been brought up in the schools of philosophers, had they been the sons of kings or princes, had they the wealth of Croesus at their control, they might have said, “We can do something;” but poverty and ignorance and obscurity combined to make them seem

little in the eyes of their fellow-men, therefore the Saviour says, "Fear not, little flock!" Against all adverse circumstances, there stands the actual promise. Be sure of this; the kingdom is yours, and you will win the day. Your Father in heaven can do without the dignity, the wealth, and the learning of this world, and He has resolved to give you the kingdom; so you shall assuredly have it. Now the Church of God has not much improved in those respects. The aristocracy of the age and the celebrities of the time, those who occupy high places in fashion or in talent, look down contemptuously on the followers of Jesus. We are not put out of countenance. We know full well that not many great men after the flesh, not many mighty are chosen. Still God hath chosen the poor of this world. Meek and lowly though they be, He enriches them with the gifts of His kingdom. The Church in the aggregate, like its individual members, is small; in number and in influence small—a "little flock." And there is another littleness which is common amongst Christ's followers. They are very little in matters of grace. They think and know themselves to be little. The greatest among them generally think themselves the least. One who came not behind the chief of apostles thought himself not worthy to be called an apostle; such was his sense of unworthiness. Little and little worth the Lord's people account themselves to be. But in point of age, of growth, of experience, some of them are little—very little. They have only lately been born again; they are babes in grace. Jesus meant them when He said, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom"—yes, you; you who are new-born sons and daughters. Some, too, are little, not so much because they have been recently converted as because they have made slow progress: they are of a desponding spirit, and their faith is very feeble. Perhaps they have not walked with God as they should; and yet, although they may have little love, little hope and little joy, little usefulness and little holiness, compared with what they ought to have, still if they be believers, if they be the sheep that hear Christ's voice, know their Shepherd, and follow Him—even to them He says, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." He will not destroy you because you are not what you should be in point of attainment. What though you are as smoking flax when you ought to be a burning and a shining light, He will not quench you. Though you are a broken reed in the music when you ought to be a full organ-pipe, pouring forth volumes of praise, He will not break you, but He will make something of you yet. Though you have such little faith that you do not know whether you have any or not, He knows. A drop of water is as much water as the whole volume of water in the sea; and a particle of grace is as truly grace as the great store of grace laid up in the everlasting covenant. A diamond as small as a pin's head is as much a diamond as the Koh-i-noor; so the smallest faith, though it be like a grain of mustard-seed, is faith which can move mountains. Jesus knew this; hence He would speak comfortably to those who are little as yet,— "Fear not, ye weak and trembling ones! It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Your weakness shall not witness against you."

Now is not this very precious, that little as the flock may be the Great Shepherd speaks to them so kindly. "Fear not, little flock," saith He.

And oh how His greatness must have struck them as He thus spoke! They looked on Him and saw that He was not little. He had become like themselves in poverty and obscurity, but still there was a Divinity in His character that could not be eclipsed. He was not little in His birth. "Where is He," asked the wise men from the East, "that is born King of the Jews?" Nor was He little in His wisdom: for when but twelve years old the doctors in the temple were astonished at His understanding and answers. He was not little in His power. Did He not teach as one having authority? Did He not heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease as though no symptom could baffle His skill or resist His fiat. He was not little in His influence over men's hearts; He could turn their current likerivers of water whichever way He would. They had a Great Shepherd; He could protect them; He could provide for them; He could lead them on; He could give them the victory, and surely bring them into the rest which He had promised them. I feel just now as though the Master stood among us and we were the little flock, conscious that we could do nothing, devise nothing, develop nothing, apart from Him. Are there great destinies before us? Is the world to be converted? Surely we are the last people that could ever be able to accomplish it. His presence is our encouragement. Looking up here, and seeing Him standing in the midst, hard by these emblems of His body and blood, we hear His voice, saying, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Behold the baptised Christ giving to His own baptised disciples His own commission. "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature." He vouchsafes, moreover, His own authority, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." He is the Commander-in-Chief of the little company of nonconformists to the world's religion, the Leader of the little band of those who desire to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, the Lord and Master of all those who espouse His Cross, rejoice in His name, and are not ashamed to bear His reproach in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. The Lord grant that the sweetness of these words may come home to the hearts of all of you who are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

II. Let us turn our attention to the great fear and the great consolation implied in our text. "Fear not, ye little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

One fear which often agitates God's servants is that which is alluded to in the foregoing paragraph; an undue anxiety about temporal things—a fretfulness that distracts one's own mind and greatly dishonours God; a disposition utterly unworthy of the sincere believer. Christ deals with it in these words, "Seek not what you shall eat or what you shall drink; neither be ye of doubtful mind. Why, child, know this, it is not only your Father's good pleasure to give you bread and water, but the kingdom!" Thou sayest, "Will His bounty provide me with food convenient and raiment fit?" Nay, question it not, since He thus promises to put a crown upon thy head and give thee a mansion in the skies! Surely He who takes thy trouble to give thee a kingdom hereafter will not let thee starve on the road to it. When Saul went out to seek his father's asses, Samuel met him and anointed him to be king, but after that

Saul never fretted about his father's asses any more. Are you worrying yourselves about the losses you have had, and the best way of trying to recover them. Here are tidings for you. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Does not that waken a new and nobler ambition in your breasts? Never mind the asses now; we have other aims and other prospects to engage our thoughts. Affairs of high estate have drawn my mind away from paltry things. Oh, heir of heaven! you cannot afford to pine and chafe over the little annoyances of this fleeting life. I remember hearing of a crossing sweeper who was pursuing his humble avocation with great diligence; he had a valuable broom which he would not have lost or spoiled without much grief. To him the few pence that purchased it were of great importance. But some one—a solicitor of the town—tapped him on the shoulder and said, "My good friend, is your name" so and so? "Yes." "Did your father live in" such a place? "He did." "Does your brother live"—in such a place? "He does." "Then I have the pleasure to tell you that you have come into an estate worth £10,000 a year." I have been told he walked away without his broom; and I can hardly doubt it; for I do not think I should have shouldered the broom myself if I had been in his position. Oh, Christians! let me pluck you by the sleeve and tell you of princely possessions for which you may well turn aside from your present paltry pickings. They are not worthy to be compared. Jesus Christ informs you that "your Father has given you a kingdom which is infinitely more than all the gold of this world." You may well say, "Let those who will fret about these earthly things, I will not. I have a kingdom in reversion; I will look out for that inheritance, and I will begin to rejoice in it." Thus doth Christ put to sleep one of His people's fears!

Another fear we have arises from watching the clouds, forecasting storms, and anticipating trouble. Some of us must confess that we have our desponding moments. One is vexed because he sees his trade gradually slipping away, and he anxiously asks, "What shall I do in future years?" Another, with a large family growing up around him, perplexes himself with the question—"What shall I do with those boys and girls of mine?" As he watches the various tendencies in the young people, he wonders which way they will go, and he begins to fret. He does not commit his cause to God, but he disquiets himself in vain. This is unwise. Others find that their health declines; symptoms of consumption or some other fell disease alarm them, and they say, "What shall I do when this gets worse? How shall I bear it?" "Perhaps I may have painful operations to endure," says one. "Perhaps," says another, "I may have to lie bed-ridden by the year together; what shall I do—oh, what shall I do?" Our Lord Jesus Christ counsels you what to do. He says, "Let not your heart be troubled." Don't fear. Have you not always found hitherto that God has helped and succoured you in every grievous plight? You have been foolish enough to dread a thousand dreary ills that never happened to destroy your peace save in your dreams; like boys in a fog, before whose eyes huge monsters seem to rise, till they come up to the objects of their dread surprise, and find they are not monstrous scares, but modest friends who come to greet them. You have often been the victims of your own credulity in the past, cheated by your fears; may it not be the same in the dilemma to which just now your gloomy fancy

points? This I know: when we are in our right mind, we cast our care on God. Let the Lord do as He will to us; He will never be unkind to us; He has ever been our friend; He never will be our foe. He will never put us into the furnace unless He means to purge the dross out of us; nor will there be one degree more heat in that furnace than is absolutely needful; there will always be mercy to balance the misery, and strength supplied to support the burden to be borne. Cheer up, then. "Fear not, little flock." Let us, for the time being at any rate, shake off all these fears, and let us revel in our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. Rough may be the road, but sure will be the end; we are going to the kingdom. When they fetch a foreign princess over to this land to be married to a princely husband, the ship may be tossed on the sea, and the tempest rage with fury, but doubtless the bride would say, "I may well bear this slight inconvenience with equanimity, I am on the way to be made a queen." We are on board ship to-day. We are going to a land where we shall all be princes and kings—as many as believe in Jesus. Come, let us pluck up heart! What though the accommodation be spare, the passage rough, and the wind boisterous, there is a kingdom in prospect. So let us make the best of the voyage. Be not faint-hearted yourself, but help others to be cheerful. With a pilgrimage, rather than a voyage in his view, our sacred songster has helped our mirth in his hymn, as he sings—

"With a scrip on my back and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land,
The way may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song."

And somewhere or other in this congregation, I think I can hear the hoarse voice of a desponding believer, saying, "Ah! I am not troubled about worldly things! I am not distressed about any trials that may or may not happen to me here below, I have a worse fear haunting me. My terror is more terrible. Suppose I should not be in Christ after all!" The fear lest I have not really believed in Jesus, that I have not experienced a saving repentance, that I have not laid hold upon eternal life, distracts me. Well, precaution is better than presumption; it is better to go fearing to heaven than to go presuming to hell. I would rather be haunted with fears all my life, and yet found at length, when the shadows flee, amongst those who are God's delight, than I would be inflated with a dauntless confidence all my days, but undeceived at last when the light breaks in be left in lonely horror the victim of despair. Tell me now, dear friend, what it is you fear? Do you fear hell? Let me ask you another question,—Do you fear sin? If you fear sin, the Lord takes pleasure in you. The Lord takes pleasure in them that fear Him, and in them that hope in His mercy. Your doubts are very painful to bear, no doubt, but for all the distress they cause they will not destroy your soul. Doubting, like tooth-ache, is more distracting than dangerous. I never heard of its proving fatal to anybody yet. There are humours of the body which serve as safety-valves to the constitution. They ward off worse ills. An anxious solicitude whether thou art indeed a child of God, of which we would by all means have you relieved as soon as possible, may have a salutary effect, nevertheless, upon your mind. It may make

you walk more carefully, pray more fervently, and live more scrupulously as one who pines for communion with God. I think I have a commission to say to every one here who fears sin, and trembles lest he should not be found at God's right hand when He gathers His saints together to Himself,—“Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” If you fear because you feel your unworthiness, it is a blessed fear. Trust in the worthiness of Christ, and your fear shall give place to faith. Or if you fear because you perceive your feebleness, I am not surprised. Look to Christ's strength, and His succour shall be your solace. Your heavenly Father will of His own good pleasure give you the kingdom. Or do I hear any one say, “Well, sir, my fear is not as to the sincerity of my present profession; I trust I am a Christian. I know that I have believed in Jesus, and I do believe in Him; but my serious misgiving is lest I should not hold on to the end.” Beloved friend, that is a fear you ought not to entertain. Never countenance it again as long as you live. If there is anything taught in Scripture for certain, it is the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. I am as sure that doctrine is as plainly taught as the doctrine of the Deity of Christ. Words cannot put it more distinctly than God has graciously revealed it. Hear what Christ saith, “I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand.” “Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ,”—cast not, I beseech you, any suspicion upon the fidelity of our Lord. A question may be raised whether the work is begun by Him, but if He has begun it there can be no question about His completing it. He never forsakes the work of His hands, or begins to build, and then proves unable or unwilling to rear the superstructure. Lay that fear aside, and account it a folly. Do you doubt whether you are now saved or whether you shall hold out to the end? Then I counsel you to go back to the Cross and begin again as a penitent sinner to put your trust in a pardoning Saviour. Full many a time I have to do that. I see my evidence cut down like the grass, wither like hay, and perish like the green herb. What else, then, can I do, but hie myself off to the foot of the Cross, there to stand, and thus to say, “Here I come, a sinner, seeking succour to Thee; my Lord, to Thee. I come afresh as though I had never come to Thee before. If Thou hast never washed me, wash me now! If I have never rested in Thee, here do I lay me down beneath Thy shadow. To Thy Cross I cling.” You will find your fears vanish when you come to the Cross anew. Do this, I pray you, brothers and sisters, as often as you get into the dark awhile; for, notwithstanding all fears to the contrary, it really is “your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” You have not to earn it by your labour or merit it as a prize; else ye might despond or even despair. What is now amiss, I cannot guess, since He will give it you freely of His own grace. It is not the Judge's good pleasure to award you the kingdom, but it is “your *Father's* good pleasure to *give* you the kingdom.” Therefore, repose in the grace of God, rely on the precious blood of Christ, and cast your fears to the winds.

Methinks I hear a sigh. It is a sickly thought, and it comes from one who hath a sickly frame. “My fear is about dying. How shall I stand the last dread hour of parting life? Shall I bear up in the weakness of

that mortal agony? Perhaps, after all, I shall sink as one who is vanquished in the fray." Beloved brother, there is a peril more perilous than death. What is that? say you. Why, I answer, Life! to live! to live well! There is the point—to live well. If thou dost succeed in this, thou shalt find that to die is nothing but just closing up thy life's story. Be it thy main care to run the race with honour, then shalt thou finish thy course with joy. Thou mayest leave the dying till the time to die comes, if thou wilt see to the living while the time to live lasts. There is one kind of grace of which we have no immediate need to-day, that is, dying grace. We shall not require the timely succour till the time of our departure is at hand. Or if we crave we shall not have it. Doth any one of you put himself on his dying bed in imagination, to forestall the terrors that his fancy paints, he doth a very foolish thing. You cannot know what sort of summons you will get to quit your fleshly tabernacle; what sharp pains you may be called to bear; or what sweet comfort may be provided to cheer your spirit when heart and flesh shall fail. Serve God now with all your strength. Rest in the precious blood now. Seek present communion with your living, loving Lord. Doubt not that He will supply thee with grace sufficient for all thy future need. Ye wot not of the good He hath in store. As time and space contract, your mind will expand to survey the eternity beyond. As the film comes over these dull organs of sight, the eyes of your understanding will be opened. As you near the banks of Jordan, the fair fields on yonder side will break on your ravished view. You know nothing of them yet. Full many, I warrant you, who depart this life hear the songs of angels long before their ears are closed to the sounds of earth. And oh how precious Christ becomes to them! We have seen the flush of glory on their faces. I should think they hardly knew at what moment they entered heaven; for ere they left earth the radiance of that bright realm dawned upon them in such visions of glory. They were lifted up to Pisgah's summit, and they looked down on this poor earth from an elevation at which we who still sojourn in the valley do greatly marvel.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Seem soft as downy pillows are;
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Why some of us have known believers who, after trembling all their days, triumphed in their last hours. In the prime of their strength they were frightened of a mouse; but in the extremity of their weakness they became so strong that they could face a legion of foes. Nothing could dismay them. Mr. Fearing, who fell over a straw and said he should never reach the celestial city, was the very man who died like a giant, singing and shouting with all his might. God is pleased to let some of his servants live in the dark and die in the light. I think some of us have our candle lit at one watch of the night, some at another. You may have begun your spiritual life in the dark, and your path has grown brighter and brighter. Or you may have begun in the light, and have since passed through seasons in which darkness has prevailed, or the lamp that guides your feet has dimly burned. God puts some of His bravest servants to bed in the dark because they can bear it, but others cannot. They cross over the

river, and angels come to meet them. Do not darken your days with direful dreams of dreaded death. Perhaps you will die in your sleep, and never know a pang. Perhaps you never will die; Christ may come, and take you to Himself. It may prove such a glorious thing to die, that you may say, with Halliday, "Call this dying! Then it is worth while to live to die like this!" Death may have more of translation than of dissolution in it. If the dog of hell howl at you, bid him hold his tongue. Your Father's good pleasure will not be frustrated; your fair prospects will not be disappointed. Does conscience accuse you of slips and falls, tell conscience of the precious blood, and say, "My Father's good pleasure will rescue His ransomed child from all his sins." Do doubts and fears come up like a swelling torrent? Stem them all with this blessed assurance,— "God's counsel will stand, and He will do all His pleasure. We who have put our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ shall assuredly possess the kingdom for ever and ever."

Oh how I wish you, all of you, belonged to the number of Christ's sheep! Oh that every one of you had the promise of the kingdom! The Lord bring you to the feet of Jesus! May the Lord show you what sinners you are, and what a Saviour He is! Would to God you might all believe in Him, and pass from death unto life! The fearless transgressor shall fail without help, while the fearful disciple shall be fondled with Fatherly care. Herd together, ye little ones, as a flock; the heritage is reserved for you. "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

SCEPTICAL STRUGGLES.

CHAPTER III.

"THANK you for the little speech you have given us to-night, Mr. Newton; it was very good."

"I am glad you approve of it, Mr. Draper."

"Well, knowing what I do of your past history, I could not help but listen to you with interest. How long, pray, have you been a public speaker?"

"I can hardly call myself a public speaker yet, Mr. Draper, for I certainly am very young at the business, and I should not have made

my appearance on this platform to-night had I not been pressed. The fact is, some little time after those affairs took place in connection with the church I unfortunately joined, I, being an abstainer, began to take an interest in the Temperance movement, and consequently went to the meetings. I was soon asked to speak, and after my first effort, which the friends kindly said was 'a good maiden speech,' I found, by repeated application for help, that I could have more employment in the speaking line than my professional interests would warrant me in accepting. However, as you see, I do a little now and then."

"Why do you not join our church, Mr. Newton? I am persuaded you would be comfortable with us."

"Excuse me, Mr. Draper, for saying so, but I have made up my mind never to join a Christian church again—never."

"Oh, Newton, that is absurd! You evidently do not look at things aright. Rash vows ought never to be kept. You deem yourself to have been ill-treated by a few, and then you take revenge on the many. But we cannot discuss that question now. Will you come to my house on Sunday and take tea with us? I can spare an hour or two then, and we will talk over these matters."

"Such matters, Mr. Draper, are very painful for me to enter into. As, however, you are so kind in giving me the invitation, I will try and come."

"Then come early. Say three o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, very well. You may expect me, sir, about that time."

The two friends bade each other good-night, shook hands, and parted. From the above conversation the reader will already have obtained some knowledge of George Newton's acquaintance. Mr. Draper was a leading man in connection with a large Baptist church in the town, and also one of the partners in a highly respectable firm, noted not only for doing a great business, but for the sound commercial principles on which that business was conducted. The firm had a good name for miles around. Customers were never afraid of recommending their friends to do business with the establishment. No one dreaded being "taken in" when making a purchase. The goods sold, if not "the cheapest in the world," were almost certain to be of the best quality, moderate in price, and therefore the cheapest in the end. No discount was given unless under exceptional circumstances; and

when the reason was asked, customers were informed that the amount professedly taken off had not actually first been put on: the market price was charged without diminution or addition, and should the article not prove "up to the mark," it would be changed for a better. As far as possible, selling goods by retail on credit was avoided, and cash paid down for purchases made on the spot. Although the firm advertised well, the advertisements were not noted either for bombast or claptrap. The public were not informed that goods were going to be sold "ninety per cent. under cost price," or that the firm were "selling off" at an "alarming sacrifice!" Flaming placards were not posted all over the town filled up from top to bottom with glaring falsehoods, with the object of leading dupes to believe that they would get everything for almost nothing. Such miserable subterfuges for doing an honest trade the firm eschewed, the three partners being Christian men who had a thorough belief that Christianity was meant for the counter as well as for the pew. Each one, in fact, would have gone with Mr. R. W. Dale, when he said—

"My idea of the duty of a Christian workman is this: that he should be just as honest in all his work as though Christ was the head of the firm. My idea of a Christian master is this: that he should conduct his business on the hypothesis that he has a Master in heaven, and that he is but a manager under Him. It will solve a great many difficulties if men remember that. If some of you retail tradesmen, when you drew up your advertisements, really believed that you were carrying on business for Christ, and were advertising for

Him, don't you think that that would a little change the colour? And if some of you wholesale manufacturers and great merchants, when you send in tenders for contracts remembered that, would you not hesitate to tender at a price at which you knew that you could not supply goods that were worth having at any price?"

The firm being such a one as would have delighted Mr. Dale, we are not surprised to find that George Newton held Mr. Draper in high esteem. He had known him for some time, and had been struck with his affability, kindness, and integrity. But never until they had thus casually met on a Temperance platform had he held any conversation with him except in relation to business. That Mr. Draper should take an interest in him at all was to him a wonder. Generally speaking, he had been shunned by the Christian world, and no one except his mother ventured to speak to him about his soul. But now "the ice was broken," and, in a grateful and candid mood, at the appointed time he wended his way to Cambridge Terrace.

Receiving a hearty greeting from both Mr. and Mrs. Draper, their guest soon felt himself at home. Rapidly the time passed away in pleasant and profitable conversation, looking at books and pictures, and taking walks round the garden. Tea over, by a secret arrangement the family dispersed, and Mr. Draper and his guest were left to themselves.

"Now, draw up to the fire, Mr. Newton, and let us have a bit of chat. We have one hour now before I go to chapel, and I should like to come to close quarters with you. You know I take an interest in the welfare of young men, and it is because I take a real interest in

you and your welfare that I have asked you to favour us with your company this afternoon."

"And it is because I believe you do take that interest that I have accepted your kind invitation, Mr. Draper. There are very few invitations from Christian people that I would have accepted, I can assure you."

"That brings us to the point at once. You have no faith, then, in Christian people?"

"Well, I won't exactly say that; that would be going too far. But I have faith in very few."

"Perhaps you have not known many?"

"Perhaps not; but you are a business man, are you not, Mr. Draper?"

"I profess to be, at any rate."

"That being the case, you have a great deal to do with samples. You do not see all the goods you are asked to buy, but you judge of them by the samples produced. Just so I judge of Christian people. Say I have known but few, still they are samples—and nice samples they have been! Why, during the few months I have been with the Temperance people, I have met with more kindness and trust, and seen more honest endeavours put forth for the welfare of mankind than ever I met with or saw put forth by the Christian people that I knew during the time I was connected with them. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that their profession was a mere sham, and that I was better away from them than with them."

"Then, if I understand you aright, you are sure that the *bulk* of Christian people are like the few samples you have unfortunately met with?"

"Well, I cannot say I am sure. I must know them all to be sure.

Still, I apprehend that such is the case."

"Then permit me to say, Mr. Newton, that you have allowed your prejudice and feelings to carry you away and entirely warp your judgment in this matter. As I understand you, and from what I know of your case, the matter stands thus: You join a Christian church, or what should be one. Without entering into details—for all such details are best buried—you express your opinions on certain matters and inconsistencies too freely. You are for that misunderstood and ill-treated. What do you do then? You come to the hasty conclusion that the professors you have seen are samples of all the rest, and then you throw the whole lot overboard altogether. You take up a phrase I have often heard used when a professor has gone astray, and practically endorse it: "Oh, bless you, they are all alike!" There never was a greater fallacy uttered. To start with, you yourself know it isn't true. Have you not a Christian mother, Mr. Newton?"

"I have; and if ever there is a Christian in the world she is one. I never doubted her Christianity—never!"

"Then there is *one* real Christian, and are there not more like her? Look at me, my young friend. You have not had a quarter to do with Christian people as I have. For over thirty years I have had to do with them. Hundreds of them, if not thousands, have I known; and what have I found out? That there are hypocrites among them? Certainly. But where I have found one real hypocrite, I have found a dozen real Christians: and I do not hesitate to say that, with all its defects, the Christian community is the noblest community in the

world. And then take even the Temperance people that you have mentioned. You set them up against the Christian fraternity. But what right, my dear young friend, have you to do that? Though I am ready to admit that Christian churches have not always taken the stand they should have taken against the crying sin of intemperance, still I ask where would the Temperance movement have been now, but for the leadership and action of Christian men and women? Answer me one question, Mr. Newton. Are not the majority of your Temperance committee Christian men?"

"I cannot but confess that they are, Mr. Draper."

"Then why should you draw the contrast as you do between the Christian world and Temperance societies? By admitting that the leaders of Temperance societies are mainly Christian people, you cut the ground from beneath your feet."

"Perhaps so; but if you will allow me, Mr. Draper, I will give you a brief account of the phases of mind through which I have passed, and then having heard a recital of my 'sceptical struggles,' you will see where I am now."

"Very good. Please go on."

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. III.

SALVATION.

"ARE you saved?" This question put by Mr. Moody to a man in Chicago made him angry; he desired a friend of Mr. Moody's to

advise him to be less free with his questions. Some time elapsed before the friend delivered the message. "When did he say that?" inquired the zealous missionary. "Some six months since." "Well, I baptised him last month, and he stated his conversion to be the result of my asking him that question. At the time it made him angry, but he could not shake off the impression it produced." Reader, are you saved? What does the "Word" say on this subject?

JOHN X. 9.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be **SAVED**." Noah entered the ark and was saved; the manslayer found safety in the City of Refuge; and now the sinner enters by Christ, "the door," and is saved. "Any man;" that includes you. Over the gate of a hospital are the words,—*"Any person unable to obtain medical assistance may here receive advice gratuitously any hour of the day."* That is plain, and surely no one could mistake it. The text is equally plain. "But I have sinned, and should feel ashamed to enter." A young woman, the daughter of godly parents, had fallen into sin and left her home. Her father had been earnestly praying for her, when her mother discovered her near the house. She said, "I cannot enter the door; I am ashamed to meet father." "Tell her to come in; I want to kiss her," said the father. "Then, mother, please turn the gas down before I go in." It was done; and a father's arms encircled his girl, and loving kisses gave assurance of forgiveness. "Like as a father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." O, prodigal child, come home! Enter by Christ, "the

door," and receive the prodigal's welcome.

ACTS xvi. 31.

"*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be **SAVED**.*" It is a Divine command that you believe. "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ" (1 John iii. 23). Don't talk about doing anything until you have obeyed this command. "Repent and believe the Gospel." But what is believing in Jesus? Trusting His word. A gentleman standing in a dark cellar could see his little girl, and called her to jump into his arms. "But I cannot see you, papa!" "Never mind, drop into my arms, and I will receive you." Afraid at first, the little one presently said, "I is coming, papa," and the same moment was safe in her father's embrace.

"I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind,
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find."

ACTS ii. 21.

"*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be **SAVED**.*" Two gentlemen went into the sea for the purpose of swimming. One went out of his depth, and was carried away by the current; his friend sought to rescue him, and reached the spot. The drowning man put out his arms, crying, "Save me, Samuel!" but he was powerless to save him—with difficulty saved himself—while his companion sank, and was drowned.

Peter, when sinking in the sea of Galilee, cried, saying, "Lord, save me!" He called on One "mighty to save," and found deliverance. Cry unto Him whose name is called JESUS; "for He shall save His

people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

ROMANS x. 9.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be **SAVED**," Christ said, "Who-soever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32). The reward is great, and the joy unspeakable.

The daughter of a rich man was betrothed to a man of the world, equally wealthy. She became a Christian. Her intended husband put before her the prospect she would sacrifice, and called upon her to consider and choose. She replied, "**CHRIST**." Her father said, "If you adhere to this, in future I am your father only in name. If you give up those notions, my wealth will enrich you. Which is it to be?" She replied, "**CHRIST**." She quitted the home of her once fond parent, and went to reside with an aunt. Taken ill, after a time she was near death. The young man knelt at her bedside, sought her forgiveness, and there found salvation; while her proud father looked upon the wasted form of his child, and felt there was a reality in religion as with her last

breath she uttered one word—"**CHRIST**."

MARK xvi. 16.

"He that believeth and is baptised shall be **SAVED**." There is no salvation without faith, and baptism is the avowal of faith—the "putting on" of Christ. If you have not been baptised, whatever you may be or may have done, you have not "put on Christ." "For as many of you as have been baptised into Christ have put on Christ (Gal. iii. 27).

!MATTHEW xxiv. 13.

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be **SAVED**." If a believer you are a soldier, and are charged to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," to do battle with sin and to conquer in the strength of the Lord. If to endure seems difficult, "consider Him who endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself," who "endured the Cross" for you. Enter by Christ, "the door." Believe, and call upon His name. Confess Christ in baptism. "Endure unto the end, and thou shalt be saved." "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end" (Heb. iii. 14).

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

III.—*Bethlehem, Mar Saba, Dead Sea, and Jordan.*

OUR journey to-day was full of interest. On breaking up the camp

and leaving Solomon's Pools our cavalcade took a circuitous route along the ridges of the Judean hills towards Bethlehem, following pretty closely the course of the old aqueduct built by Solomon to convey the water to Jerusalem. Below us lay a narrow valley, still bearing traces of elaborate cultivation, the

modern representative of Solomon's once famous gardens. Amongst the hills on the opposite side of the valley we discerned the openings of several caves, one of which was pointed out to us as the Cave of Adullam, the refuge of David and his discontented followers when hiding from Saul. Presently we came in sight of the memorable spot, a little way from Ephrath, where the sufferings of his beloved Rachel compelled Jacob to halt; although so near to Bethlehem she could go no farther, and here she died in giving birth to Benjamin; here Jacob erected a monument to her memory, and a handsome domed structure is still shown as Rachel's tomb. And now we come to the rich pastures and fertile fields which surround the city; well it deserves the name Bethlehem, "house of bread," for in spite of neglect and want of cultivation, vegetation is still most luxurious. Here of old Ruth, the Moabitess widow, came with the gleaners to gather wherewith she might sustain Naomi in her poverty, and here she was seen and admired by Boaz, who commanded his men to "let fall some of the handfuls on purpose for her, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not." Not far from hence, in after times, David the young shepherd watched, tended, and guarded his father's flock, and bravely rescued the lambs from the lion and the bear, and here, in silent communion with his Maker, his soul stored up rich memories of glorious sunrise, golden sunsets, and midnight constellations of dazzling stars,—themes which again and again find eloquent expression in his Psalms. Not far distant are the shepherds' fields, where angelic messengers announced to the watching shepherds the "glad tidings of great joy."

And now we ride up the narrow causeway which leads to the city, and alight at the gates of the Church of the Nativity. It stands on the edge of a cliff in a commanding position, is surrounded by high walls with narrow loophole windows, and looks half fortress, half convent, and, like most Syrian buildings, externally, appears dirty and dilapidated. Within these walls are a number of separate chapels or shrines, erected over places which tradition has associated with the various incidents of our Saviour's birth. This, say the monks, is the Chapel of the manger in which the young Child was laid; that is the Chapel of the Magi, and there the wise men offered gold, frankincense, and myrrh; this is the Chapel of St. Joseph, where he saw the vision commanding the flight into Egypt; that is the Chapel of the Innocents, where the bodies of the children slaughtered by Herod's jealous cruelty were buried; &c., &c. We know no authority for this localisation, which seemed to us fantastic and unwarrantable; but we viewed with more confidence, if not with more interest, the cell and chapel of St. Jerome, who took up his abode here for the sake of spending his days near the birthplace of the Redeemer, and who for thirty years lived a life of stern self-denial and earnest devotion, and who left behind him a priceless monument of his sojourn in the vulgate translation of the Bible.

But of all objects of interest at Bethlehem, none can compare with the Crypt, for there in a low arched recess the birth of our Lord is believed to have taken place. The spot is indicated by a star formed of black marble, let into a stone slab, and around it is a circular inscription, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Above

this stone fifteen silver lamps are suspended, which are kept constantly burning by monks of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, who jointly occupy the place, and take in turn the sacred duty of watching and worshipping before the shrine. Their love to Christ, however, does not lead them to love each other, for their factious rivalry and jealousy are so great that Turkish guards are absolutely necessary to keep the peace between them.

The church above this crypt is a very ancient structure; its roof was made of oak, given for the purpose by our King Edward IV., and the pillars which support it are said to have been brought from the Temple at Jerusalem. Here we witnessed part of a religious service, which consisted chiefly of a long monotonous chaunt—a kind of Litany, howled, rather than sung, by two sets of choristers, in strophe and antistrophe; after which thin flat cakes of unleavened bread were torn piecemeal by the fingers of the priest, who handed the morsels to all willing to partake.

On leaving Bethlehem we rode for several miles through lovely flower-besprinkled fertile meadows, then across an undulating romantic country, next over a series of the swelling hills of Judea, which became more grandly mountainous as we approached the Dead Sea, till we pitched our camp in a sheltered hollow near the celebrated monastery of Mar Saba, founded by an ascetic monk of that name in the fifth century. It is a striking erection, built at the end of an immense cleft in the mountains, through which the brook Kidron forces its way—it appears to unite with the castellated rocks as if it were the bastion tower of gigantic fortifications. The artificial so well har-

monises with the natural that you can scarce tell which part of the work is human, which Divine. Visitors are not admitted after sunset, and no female is suffered to put foot within its walls. The entrance is at the foot of a steep staircase of sixty-five steps, hewn in the solid rock, and thick doors with massive bolts and bars jealously guard all access. There were from sixty to sixty-five monks in the convent when we visited the place, and we were told that the diet is strictly vegetable, and the regimen and discipline very severe, vigils and midnight masses being continually celebrated. This may be accounted for, if it be true, as alleged, that the monastery is used as a sort of House of Correction for breaches of monastic discipline. We thought it a pity that so many able-bodied men should spend so much of their time in an idle and profitless routine of ceremonial observance. We do not believe in the *holiness of idleness*, and should like to see the culprits set to work in mending the abominable roads, or cultivating the neglected fields in the vicinity; the miserable state of which is a disgrace to the country, or rather to its greedy, indolent, and rapacious rulers. There is little to be seen within the walls. A cell, in which the saint lodged, and from which, it is alleged, he repelled a lion by the power of prayer and his own strength; a number of rock chambers, containing the bones of martyred monks; and one circular chapel covered with a cupola, from the centre of which glares a gigantic human face, whose fierce eyes seem to pierce the visitor through and through—a symbol of the heart-searching gaze of the Almighty. These seen, we returned to our canvas house, and gladly retired to rest.

Next morning, at five, the clatter of the tim-tom warned us that it was time to rise. Let not the lazy traveller disregard this admonition, or prolong his slumber, for, inexorable as fate, in a short half-hour the canvas of the tent will be fluttering about his ears, and he may have to make his toilet exposed to the gaze of fellow-travellers, camp servants, and the curious villagers of the neighbourhood. At half-past five a substantial breakfast is served in the saloon tent, and at six the trumpet call summons us to mount, and we commence our day's journey en route for the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The road is magnificent over the fertile mountains of Judea. The flowers astonish us by their abundance and colour. An entire hillside appears one mass of scarlet, another blue, another yellow, another white; some are full of mingled colours, a perfect parterre; anon large masses of rock appear, but wherever an inch of soil is found, there some flower or plant will find a lodging. Such are the fields on which David fed his father's flocks; beyond are the fat plains which tempted Lot, when he and Abraham parted company, to choose the valley of the Jordan, in the fatal neighbourhood of Sodom. By-and-by, after two hours' lovely ride, we descend by a steep mountain track to these plains, and before us lies the Dead Sea, whose waves, agitated by the brisk S.W. wind, are sparkling in the sunshine, and rolling and breaking on the pebbly beach. The sea is much larger than I supposed, forty to fifty miles long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is not unlike the upper end of Lake Leman. At the further end it is very shallow, a sort of jutting platform converts it into a sort of lagoon, and tradition points out this as the ancient site of the gilty cities

of the plain. Other parts are extremely deep, and in the centre the depth equals the height of the highest mountain near its margin. It takes two hours longer to reach its banks, and ere we get there we ride for miles along the salt-impregnated sand, white and glistening, bringing forth only tangled masses of dwarf shrubs or patches of dank rushes; but we reach it at last, and then dismount, while the gentlemen bathe. This would be a capital place for a beginner to learn to swim, for the water is so buoyant it is almost impossible to sink; the difficulty is to keep the feet down, and prevent rolling about like porpoises; and it is salt and bitter to the taste, and so slimy that it clings to the skin, causing great irritation and annoyance.

About another two hours' ride brought us to the banks of the Jordan, near the pilgrims' bathing place. Here another illusion was rudely dispelled. We had pictured the Jordan as a majestic river of enormous breadth and magnitude. We found it, even in its widest part, not so wide as the Thames at Hampton Court, but very tortuous, winding in and out like a serpent, between high banks which shelve or slope in terraces or steps, and which, in the rainy season, are covered. To get across when the river is low seems no great achievement, but remembering that the Israelites made their passage when it had overflowed its banks; they could never have got over dry-shod, nor even have found a practicable ford, without miraculous aid. Sitting quietly by its margin it required but little stretch of the imagination to repeople this almost deserted place with Israel's mighty hosts, to see the priests bearing the Ark, the receding waters, the great army cross safely over, and, when the

feet of the last ark-bearer touched the shore, to see the dammed up waters return to their former bed; or to see, in after years, the prophets Elijah and Elisha cross the same waters together before Elijah was carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and to see Elisha return, and, smiting the waters with Elijah's mantle, repeat the miracle; and, later still, to see John the Baptist clothed with a garment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, preaching here; to hear him warning the people to flee from the wrath to come; to see the multitudes coming to be baptised; and, finally, to see a greater than John submitting to the same rite, when the heavens opened, the dove descended, and the heavenly voice was heard saying, "This is My be-

loved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The hills of Judea on the west, and the dark wall-like mountains of Moab on the east, are superbly grand. The latter are much higher than the former, and a spectator standing on the summit of Moab would command a complete view over the promised land, and even get a glimpse of the great sea beyond. It at once recalled the vision vouchsafed to Moses before his death, and gave a power and vividness never before felt to the beautiful lines of Dr. Watts—

Could I but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Reviews.

Scenes beyond the Grave. By J. W. STANFORD, Minister of the Gospel, Minster, Sheppey, Kent. Robert Banks and Co., Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

THE writer has told his dream with clearness and power. It treats with considerable ability subjects linked to the spirit-life beyond the grave. The awfully solemn, as well as the thrillingly pleasant, are here produced, and we have no doubt will be read with great interest by a large circle of readers. It has our hearty commendation.

Thirza; or, The Attractive Power of the Cross. By ELIZABETH MARIA LLOYD. With an Introduction by Rev. C. J. Goodhart, Rector of Wethendon, Suffolk. Seventy-second Thousand. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

WE are sure the reprint of this very telling and beautiful story of the power of the Cross, in this cheap form, will be

hailed with joy by those who have read a copy of a previous edition. *Young people, read it! Parents and Christian friends, give it away!*

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated Polyglot Edition in English and French. With Engravings of the Statue of Bunyan in the town of Bedford and the Panels on the Bronze Gates erected at the entrance of Bunyan's Meeting House. Elliot Stock.

THIS work, dedicated to Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will be acceptable to the scholar and the teacher, and, while giving facility for the study of French, will impress on the mind the soul-saving truths of the Gospel told by the Immortal Dreamer. Well got-up and profusely illustrated.

The Expositor. Edited by Rev. SAMUEL COX. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS monthly maintains its position

shoulder to shoulder with the best, and is far ahead of many of its competitors. Its pages glow with mental health. Matured and vigorous thought are manifest everywhere; and the reader always feels that he has enriched himself. The essay by the Editor on the Book of Job will be profitably perused by all Biblical Students.

Bands of Hope in Town and Village Life, How to Start Them. By JOHN BURNETT, Wesleyan Minister.

The Secrets of the Heart. A Report of the Confessional. Compiled by MONTAGU RUSSELL BUTLER.

The Converted Wrestler. The Life of Abraham Bastand. By S. L. THORNE. Elliot Stock.

THE first of these is a well-stored repository, containing valuable advice and information as to starting and working Bands of Hope. Nothing could be better.

THE *Report of the Confessional* contains the testimony of thirty-two ex-Roman Catholic priests. All unite in showing the withering, demoralising, and corrupting influence of this invention of Satan.

THE *Converted Wrestler* is the history of a brand plucked from the burning, and made a glorious monument of grace.

Adelaide Rosenberg's Troubles. By H. COLSON, Author of "Worth Her Weight in Gold," "Without a Friend in the World," &c., &c. William Poole, 12A, Paternoster-row.

ADELAIDE ROSENBERG is a young German lady, who, deceived and left in London, is saved from falling into a deeper depth of ruin by the kindness of a stranger, named Mrs. Bountiful, and after a series of interesting incidents is restored to her lover and brother. It is well told, and the work states to kind Christian work. The Author says in the Preface—"If the reader be led (even in a single instance) to alleviate the trouble of an unfortunate neighbour, the writer will not regard

the time spent on its production as time misspent."

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Baptist Magazine. Yates and Alexander, Castle-street, Holborn. A well-written number.

General Baptist (Marlborough and Co.) has number four of articles by the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., on the Abuse of Metaphor, in relation to religious belief. This series will well repay the attention of the most careful reader.

Sword and Trowel has the Vice-President's address at the Conference of the Pastors' College, 1876, and other good chapters. We perceive Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is seeking rest in France. God speed him that he may find it.

The Divine Life and Missionary Witness. Edited by Charles Graham and George Savage. Houghton and Co., Paternoster-row. Much profitable and godly matter, with considerable missionary intelligence.

Biblical Museum. Teachers' Storehouse. Elliot Stock. We repeat our advice to Sunday-school teachers and others—INVEST IN THESE.

Old Jonathan. Collingridge and Co. Always welcome to old and young.

Truth and Progress. A South Australian monthly. Edited for the Baptist Association. We wish it had a publisher in the Old Country.

Evangelical Christendom. Johnstone, 121, Fleet-street. News of the churches. All who wish for information of the progress of vital godliness at home and abroad should read this.

Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society. 96, Newgate-street.

Circulation of the Romish Versions of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Letters, &c. By Richard Roberts, Wesleyan Minister. All Protestants should prayerfully look at these letters.

The Baptist and Freeman. Still very welcome, and shedding light on our path.

Poetry.

THE LAND OF GLORY.

HYMN.

GREAT Heaven, sublime and glorious,
 The true believer's goal ;—
 Camp of the hosts triumphant,
 Rest of the sin-freed soul !
 Land which no sorrow blighteth,
 Home which no care alloys ;—
 Where love and concord ever
 Shed their refulgent joys !

PRAYER.

Father of mercies, grant us,
 With hosts above forgiv'n,
 To share Thy home of glory—
 Sublime, transcendent Heaven !

HYMN.

Bright Heaven, with untold wonders
 Concealed from mortal view ;
 Where mansions fair are waiting
 God's tenants, good and true ;—
 May we there find acceptance
 In death's momentous hour,
 Through our dear Saviour's merits
 And all-prevailing power.

PRAYER.

Grant, Lord, we share the raptures
 Of angel hosts forgiv'n,
 In Thy abode of glory—
 Sublime, majestic Heaven !

W. S. PASSMORE.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. G. D. Cox has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church at Market Harborough.

Rev. D. Wilshere, of Prickwillow, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Fakenham, Norfolk.

Rev. W. G. Hailstone has resigned the pastorate of the church at Brixham, and has accepted an invitation from the church at Heneage-street, Birmingham.

Rev. Evan Davies, of South Hackney, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Monmouth.

Mr. A. Spicer, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Hayle, in Cornwall.

Mr. G. Samuel, of the Pastors' College, is at present supplying the pulpit of Penge Tabernacle. After April 1st, when his college course will be finished, he will undertake the full duties of the pastorate.

Rev. W. B. Holding has resigned the pastorate of the church at Chalfont St. Peters.

Rev. Isaac Watts has resigned his charge at Louth, and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church in Frogmore-street, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire.

Rev. Seth Backhouse has resigned the pastorate of the church in Every-street, Manchester.

Mr. Morison Cumming, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at New Barnet.

Rev. S. Nash has resigned the pastorate of the church at Sarratt, near Rickmansworth.

Mr. T. Philip Davies, late of Glasgow University, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Bethesda, Bangor.

Rev. J. T. Roberts, of Retford, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate

of the church worshipping at Freeman-street Chapel, Grimsby.

Rev. D. Jennings, late of Evesham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Long Crendon, Bucks.

Rev. E. W. Stenlake has resigned the pastorate of the church in Downham-road, Dalston, and is open to supply vacant pulpits.

RECOGNITIONS.

ALPERTON, MIDDLESEX.—On January 23, the Rev. W. Pontifex (late of Hayle, Cornwall) was publicly recognised as pastor of the church. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. B. C. Etheridge, Rev. W. Stott commencing the service, and Rev. C. M. Longhurst closing. At the tea 140 sat down, and afterwards Mr. J. Edwards presided, and called upon Mr. Comfort, who stated that, through the kindness of two gentlemen, one a member of the Church of England, and the other in connection with themselves, the chapel was that day freed from debt. The following ministers and gentlemen spoke very encouragingly of the church, many of them knowing its early history:—Revs. W. A. Blake, T. H. Morgan, B. C. Etheridge, Messrs. Ward, J. Perkin, J. Chapman, R. Pontifex, father of the pastor, and others. On the Wednesday, the Sunday-school had a treat, when about 130 scholars, with their teachers and pastor, met to tea.

PRESENTATIONS.

THE Rev. L. B. Brown, of South-street Chapel, Hull, has been compelled, by the failure of his health, to resign the pastorate. Mr. Brown has laboured for thirteen years with much success in Hull, and now leaves for New Zealand—where, it is hoped, his health may be restored—amidst the general regret of the members of his late church and congregation, and of his ministerial brethren. At a farewell tea-meeting a cheque was presented to him, and numerous speeches made by the ministers present expressive of their esteem for Mr. Brown, and their earnest desire for his speedy recovery.

An interesting public meeting was held at Coleford on the 31st of January for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. W. H. Tedley on his removal to the pastorate of Albemarle Church, Scarborough; Dr. Batten, J.P., presided. The testimonial consisted of a purse containing £87 10s. 6d., together with an address on vellum.

The church meeting in Cow-lane, Coventry, having found, at its annual finance meeting, that a balance of £72 remained in the treasurer's hands, after paying all the expenses of the past year, unanimously resolved to present £50 to the minister, Mr. W. J. Henderson, and to augment his stipend by £50 per annum.

The members and friends connected with Marlowes Chapel, Hemel Hempstead, held a tea and public meeting on Friday, the 9th of February, upon the occasion of the resignation of the pastorate by the Rev. T. Foston, who has laboured there with great success for over seven years. More than 200 sat down to tea. At the subsequent meeting Mr. G. Daniels, one of the deacons, presided. A purse of gold, and an address engrossed on parchment, were presented to Mr. Foston. Several ministers and other friends took part in the meeting. Mr. Foston leaves for his new charge, near Bradford, Yorkshire, with the best wishes of the congregation at Marlowes for his future welfare.

Interesting proceedings recently took place at Frome in connection with the farewell of the Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A., for fourteen years pastor of Sheppard's Barton Chapel, but which he has resigned, and leaves this week to undertake the duties of President and Theological Tutor at the Baptist College, Rawdon, which post he has accepted as successor of the Rev. Dr. Green. The Young Men's Christian Association presented Mr. Rooke with a handsome black marble clock, suitably inscribed on a brass tablet. A meeting was also held at the Mechanics' Hall for the purpose of presenting Mr. Rooke with a town testimonial, consisting of a very chaste and elegant silver inkstand, gold pen and holder, and £100 in money.

NEW CHAPELS.

On the 1st of January a meeting of the church and congregation assembling in Beechen-grove Chapel, Watford, was held, at which it was decided to erect a new chapel if promises to the extent of £2,500 could be obtained during the month, to be paid during the year. The requisite amount has since been promised, and steps have been taken to carry out the object without delay.

A new chapel was opened in Dolton, Devon, January 31st. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. E. S. Neale, of Exeter. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which the pastor, the Rev. A. R. Morgan, presided. The opening services were continued on the following Sunday, when the Rev. W. E. Foote, of Honiton, preached. The collections amounted to £55 10s. The building of a manse is in contemplation.

The opening services of a new chapel at Small Heath, Birmingham, have just been held, when a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Anderson, of Reading. In the evening a tea and public meeting took place in the chapel. Upwards of 300 friends assembled. Mr. J. Player presided, and interesting addresses were delivered by several ministers and laymen. The chapel is erected in the midst of a thriving suburb, containing some 20,000 inhabitants. It is a plain but substantial building capable of seating 530 persons. It has been erected at a cost of £680, the greater portion of which remains to be raised. Mr. C. Josephs, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church.

HIGHGATE-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.—

To Mr. James Coxeter, a member of the Baptist Church in Regent's-park, the praise is due of having taken the first practical step to meet the wants of this locality. Having purchased a freehold site, at a cost of £1,200, this gentleman presented it to the London Baptist Association. The erection of the chapel was immediately proceeded with; the Association voting £1,500

towards the building fund, and a local committee raising £1,300, which amount has since been considerably increased by further subscriptions. The chapel occupies a commanding position. The Gothic style of architecture has been adopted, and an air of lightness and elegance characterises the building generally. There is no spire or tower, but the elevation of the site is a compensating feature. The interior is pleasing, whilst free from display. A wide gallery, with rather a pretty front, faces and flanks on both sides the graceful stone pulpit. The Moorish Alhambra-looking recess above the latter is a novel and striking feature. The acoustic properties are all that can be wished, and the comfort of those who may worship within the new sanctuary has been carefully studied. It affords accommodation for about 900 persons. The entire cost has been £6,238. The organ, cushions, and a few extras, involved a further outlay of about £500. Schoolrooms have yet to be added. The opening services were commenced in the morning by a sermon by Dr. Landels, marked by much beauty of diction and spirituality of tone, the subject being the conditions and manner of Christ's fellowship with His disciples. The discourse was based upon John xiv. 1-4. The devotional part of the service was conducted by the Revs. A. G. Brown and J. P. Chown. A luncheon, which was numerously attended, was provided in the lecture-hall of Camden-road chapel after the morning service. The room was prettily decorated, and general satisfaction was felt with the arrangements. At the subsequent meeting, J. Benham, Esq., took the chair. The financial statement was made by Mr. J. Smith, from which it appeared that there was a debt of £3,785 still to meet, to clear off which the generous help of Christian friends was earnestly asked. The Rev. F. Tucker urged them to grapple with the debt at once. Dr. Landels expressed his regret at losing Mr. and Mrs. Coxeter and their family, but rejoiced that they would be still la-

bouring for Christ, although not in connection with Regent's-park Chapel. After the Rev. V. T. Tymms and the Rev. J. P. Chown had briefly spoken, the papers which had been sent round for promises of subscriptions were collected, and a feast of liberality and a flow of generosity resulted. A considerable sum was promised, an interesting feature being the subscriptions from the numerous children of the late Mr. Salter, who had acted as one of the hon. secretaries of the Building Fund. The meeting was further addressed by Messrs. Coxeter, Francis, Grant, Olney, and Trestrail. The Rev. F. Tucker preached in the evening in the new chapel to a large congregation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE annual services in connection with the Sunday-school, at Devonshire-square Chapel, have just been held. At the business meeting, the Rev. W. J. Henderson, in the name of the teachers, presented Mr. G. Hunt with Doré's *Pictorial Bible*, as an expression of their esteem. At the children's meeting 450 were present, when a lecture on the United States was given by Mr. Chapman, of the Sunday-school Union. The parents' meeting was held on Thursday last, at which about 200 were present, when addresses on parental responsibility were given by the pastor, and by Messrs. G. Hunt, W. Bumpas, and E. H. Smith.

The twenty-third anniversary of the Peckham Park-road Church was celebrated on Wednesday, January 17. Tea was provided in the schoolroom and chapel by the ladies. A public meeting was held afterwards, presided over by the pastor, Rev. T. G. Tarn. The report showed that the past year had been prosperous in every branch of effort; 145 members had been added to the church, the mission stations had been well sustained, the registers of the various Sunday-schools contained more than 1,500 names, and all the various agencies were in a healthy condition. The amount raised by the congregation during the year was about £1,200, £750 of which was devoted to

congregational purposes, and £450 to the contemplated enlargement of the chapel and erection of schoolrooms. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, J. Collins, and G. Samuel.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercarnae*.—Dec. 17, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.
Aberdare.—Feb. 4, at Carmel English, Six, by T. Jones.
Aberillery.—Jan. 7, Two, by J. Morgan; Feb. 4, at the New Chapel, Seventeen.
Aldershot.—Jan. 21, Three, by C. Wainwright.
Allerton (Bethel).—Jan. 28, Two, by W. H. Smith.
Ashford, Kent.—Jan. 5, at Norwood-street, Three, by E. Roberts.
Ayisham, Norfolk.—Feb. —, Five, by J. B. Field.
Bacup.—Jan. 7, at Zion Chapel, Eight; Jan. 28, Three, by C. W. Gregory.
Barnsley.—Jan. 8, Four, by B. W. Osler.
Barrow-in-Furness.—Feb. —, Two, by J. Hughes.
Bassaleg.—Jan. 14, at Bethel Chapel, Four, by J. Morgan.
Bethlehem, Ogmores Vale.—Jan. 21, Two; Jan. 28, Nantymoel, One, by J. Jones.
Bideston, Suffolk.—Feb. 6, Four, by B. Mackie.
Birmingham.—Feb. 4, at Small Heath, Four, by C. Joseph.
Bowdon, Manchester.—Jan. 28, Three, by W. S. Llewellyn.
Bristol.—Jan. 4, at Thriessell-street Chapel, Four; Jan. 30, Six, by W. Osborne.
Brynabo, Denbighshire.—Jan. 23, One; Feb. 4, Five; by J. Davies.
Bulwell, Notts.—Jan. 28, Ten, by C. D. Crouch.
Burton-on-Trent.—Jan. 28, at Guild-street, Seven, by J. Askew.
Carmarthen.—Jan. 28, at the Tabernacle, Sixteen, by J. Thomas; Feb. 11, at Penusel, Priory-street Thirty-eight, by G. H. Roberts.
Chalford.—Jan. 21, Six; Jan. 28, Six, by D. R. Morgan.
Cheam, Surrey.—Jan. 4, One, by W. Sullivan.
Cheltenham.—Jan. 31, at Cambay Chapel, Five, by W. Julian.
Clare, Suffolk.—Jan. 28, Two, by Mr. T. Hoddy.
Clay Cross.—Feb. 1, Two, by W. Williams.
Coatbridge, Scotland.—Jan. 7, Two; Jan. 28, Seven, by J. M. Hewson.
Congleton.—Jan. 28, Two, by J. Walker.
Cullingworth, Bingley, Yorks.—Jan. 28, Three, by C. B. Berry.
Derby.—Feb. 4, at Watson-street Chapel, Five, by H. A. Blount.
Dowlais.—Jan. 4, at Moriah Chapel, Five, by A. Humphreys.
Ebbo Vale.—Jan. 21, at Nebo Welsh Chapel, Nine, by W. Jones.
Ebbo Vale.—Jan. 21, at Zion English Chapel, Seven, by T. Garnon.

Eynesford, Kent.—Feb. 4, Five, by W. Mum-
mery.
Gainsborough.—Jan. 4, One, by H. J. Dyer.
Gelligaar, Mon.—Dec. 31, Ten, by J. Rees.
Gloucester.—Jan. 3, at Brunawick-road
Chapel, Four, by J. Bloomfield.
Griffith's Town.—Jan. 28, Nine, Pontypool,
by J. Tucker.
Hartlepool, East.—Jan. 28, Eight, by H. Dun-
lington.
Hastings.—Jan. 25, at Wellington-square
Chapel, Six, by W. Barker.
Hereford.—Jan. 28, Eight, by J. Williams, B.A.
Holyhead.—Feb. 11, at New Park-st. Chapel,
Five, by W. B. Saunders.
Holywell.—Jan. 21, Three, by E. Evans.
Honeyborough.—Jan. 28, Four, by J. Johns.
Hull.—Feb. 12, in George-street Chapel,
Eight, by J. Odell.
Iford, Essex.—Jan. 10, Two, by D. Taylor.
Ipswich.—Jan. 28, Three, by W. Higgins.
Kenninghall, Norfolk.—Jan. 14, One, by T. J.
Ewing.
Langley Mill.—Feb. 4, Five, by Mr. Stenson.
Leeds.—Jan. 21, at Burley-road Chapel,
Three; Feb. 4, Four, by W. T. Adey.
Leicester.—Jan. 3, at Dowcett Chapel, Five,
by W. Evans.
Lifton, Devon.—Feb. 1, Nine; Feb. 4, Seven,
by Mr. G. Parker.
Liverpool.—Dec. 31, at Soho-street Chapel,
Four; Jan. 23, Five, by E. E. Walter.
Llangunider.—Jan. 21, One, by Wm. James.
Louth, Eastgate.—Feb. 1, Three, by A. C.
Perriam.
Meltham, Yorks.—Jan. 27, One, by J. Alder-
son.
Masyberlan.—Dec. 24, One, by G. H. Lle-
wellyn.

Metropolitan District:—
Acton.—Jan. 14, Eight, by C. M. Longhurst.
Brentford.—Feb. 1, at Albany Chapel,
Three, by W. Sumner.
Commercial-road Chapel.—Jan. 28, Eight,
by J. Fletcher.
Dacre Park, Lee.—Jan. 28, Three, by W.
Usher.
Hackney-road.—Feb. 1, Nine, by W. Coff.
John-street, Bedford-row.—Jan. 30, Five, by
F. Collins.
John street, Edgware-road.—Feb. 1, Three,
by J. Knight.
Leyton.—Dec. 27, Six, by J. S. Morris.
St. Peter's Park, Paddington.—Jan. 31, One,
by J. M. Cox.
Waltham.—Jan. 28, Three, by W. Jackson;
Jan. 28, for Ebenezer Church, Three, by
Profesor Winters.
Walthamstow.—Jan. 28, at Markhouse
Common Chapel, Three, by T. Breewood.
Westminster.—Jan. 28, Seven, by H. Tar-
rant.

Middleton.—Jan. 18, One, by W. Judge.
Milford Haven.—Jan. 21, Two, by D. George.
Nantyllo.—Jan. 28, Ten, by W. J. Price.
Neath.—Dec. 24, Five, by G. H. Richardson.
Newark.—Jan. 28, Four, by E. B. Shepherd.
Newcastle-under-Lyme.—Jan. 24, Nine, by G.
Dunnett.

New Tredegar.—Feb. 4, One, by D. E. Jen-
kins.
Ogden, Rochdale.—Jan. 28, Four, by A. E.
Greening.
Openshaw, Manchester.—Feb. 7, Two, by R.
Stanton.
Pendlewood.—Feb. 4, at Trinity Chapel, Five,
by J. Thomas.
Peniel, Manorbier.—Jan. 21, Four, by J.
Phillips.
Penyheol, Glasbury.—Jan. 14, One, by D.
Howell.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—Feb. 4, Two,
by J. Evans.
Pontheury.—Jan. 31, Two, by J. G. Phillips.
Pontypool.—Feb. 11, at the Tabernacle,
Seventeen, by J. Evans.
Portsea.—Jan. 28, at Kent-street Chapel,
Five, by J. W. Genders.
Portsmouth.—Jan. 31, at Laka-road Chapel,
Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
Preston.—Dec. 31, at Pole-street Chapel,
Two, by H. Dunne.
Rhos Mountain Ash (Welsh).—Jan. 28, Two,
by W. Williams.
Risca.—Jan. 21, at the English Chapel, Six,
by T. Thomas.
Rotherham.—Jan. 28, One, by J. Harper.
Sardis.—Feb. 4, Five, by J. Johns.
Sheerness-on-Sea.—Jan. 31, at Strobe-crescent
Chapel, One, by J. E. Hadler.
Sheffield.—Jan. 28, at Townhead-st. Chapel,
Thirteen, by H. Green.
Slupley.—Feb. 4, at Bathel Chapel, Four, by
H. C. Atkinson.
Shoreham, Sussex.—Jan. 21, Two, by J. W.
Harrauld.
Steven, near Neath.—Jan. 14, Three, by J. E.
Griffiths.
Smalley, Kilburn, Derby.—Feb. 4, Two, by
C. Smith.
Southsea.—Jan. 28, Three, by R. J. Jeffrey.
Southampton.—Jan. 28, at Carlton Chapel,
Five, by E. Osborne.
South Stockton.—Jan. 31, Five, by D. O. Edwards.
Stalybridge.—Dec. 31, Four, by S. Skingle.
Thaxted, Essex.—Jan. 30, Six, by G. H. Hook.
Tredegar.—Jan. 28, at Bethel, George Town,
Seven, by E. Lewis.
Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—Jan. 21, at
Horb Chapel, Five, by D. Davis.
Upper Stratton, Wilts.—Jan. 31, Seven, by
N. Rogers.
Victoria.—Jan. 31, at Caersalem, Nine, by
J. W. Lewis.
Waterfoot.—Jan. 7, at Bethel Chapel, Three,
by J. Hargreaves.
Waunirodan.—Jan. 28, One, by D. E. Jenkins.
Wellow, Isle of Wight.—Jan. 25, Fourteen,
by Mr. Denn.
Whitemoor, near Nottingham.—Jan. 31,
Eleven, by W. Sisling.
Wigan.—Jan. 21, at King-street, Four, by
R. Aitkenhead.
Wootton, Beds.—Feb. 4, Five, by J. H. Esad-
man.

RECENT DEATHS. IN MEMORIAM.

MR. EDWARD JAMES OLIVER.

THE Baptist denomination has just lost one of its most earnest and consistent supporters by the decease of Mr. E. J. Oliver, of Walworth, on Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1877. Although at nearly ninety years of age a long continuance of life cannot be looked for, yet we so naturally expect premonitions of the departure of our friends that we are rarely prepared for their sudden transition to the better world, notwithstanding that sudden death is, in this age of high pressure, so sadly common.

Our friend—for we have not *lost* him, he has but preceded his brethren to the "Father's house"—was present at the meeting of a social union, of which he was president, on the Friday previous to his decease, and was in his usual health even up to the succeeding Monday, on which day he attended the annual gathering of the church of which he was a member (Rev. W. Alderson's, East-street). He then led the devotions, and the pastor remarked the sweetly spiritual tone of his prayer: it seemed like the breathing of a soul ready to take wing for the skies. He returned home; at supper he and his beloved wife conversed upon the engagements of the evening, and he went to rest as well as usual, yet by about eight the next morning he was no more with us. Shortly before that hour he complained of spasmodic pains in the region of the heart, and ere a remedy could be applied, he fell backward into the arms of his wife and breathed his last—

"Not slain, but caught up as it were,

To prove how bright were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight."

While not only his family, but *all* who knew him, cannot but mourn the termination of so noble and useful a life as his, they are comforted by the thought that it is not premature, and that he passed away so gently; concluding thus a long, active, useful, and honourable earthly course.

Our brother was born on the 5th of July, 1788. He was one of those comparatively rare spirits in whom habits were early formed for God, and persistently adhered to through life. His business faculty was known to all with whom he had to do, and the manner in which he divided his energies between his temporal concerns and the more direct work of his Master, will not soon be forgotten. He conducted a flourishing business in London, and sustained simultaneously the pastorate of a church at Wandsworth, and when this latter was relinquished, his occasional labours in preaching were very frequent. He even occupied the place of his pastor at Walworth twice on the same day but a few weeks previous to his decease. And he was enabled to accomplish his double work by rising at a figure of the clock so often inverted in fashionable circles—continuing this rare habit almost to the end of his days.

"How did you manage with your work?" said a friend to him one day (alluding to his *Master's* work). "Why," said the dear old saint, "I do this work early, before my worldly business, and so I still have my day complete before me for that." And our dear aged friend—an apostle of hard work—has at least left us as a legacy the demonstrated truth that hard work (and especially in the Lord's service) is no enemy to health and longevity. In his case truly the promise was fulfilled—"With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation."

Mr. Oliver's name was especially known, however, in connection with the Baptist Tract Society, of which he was one of the founders, and which had ever a warm place in his affections. A thorough-going Baptist, he adhered to the society of his choice "through evil report and good report." Founded in 1841, the "beginning" of the society was very "small," and its means were exceedingly narrow; but our friend came forward among its first subscribers, and when more funds were needed, he, in connection with Mr. Norton, undertook

a collecting tour, and helped to place the society upon a firmer basis among our denominational agencies. It was said that the society would prove but a mushroom growth, and its speedy demise was looked for—if not wished for—by some; but our friend resolved that if prayer, patience, and plodding perseverance could make it live, it should not die. And it has not died. Though once brought very near to death from neglect, at this crisis our beloved brother Whitehead was proposed to the committee by our departed friend as its collector, and Mr. Oliver lived to see its income increase from a few pounds per annum to much more than a thousand. Its translations have gone forth into France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and the East Indies, in which latter it has two auxiliaries, one at Madras, another at Colombo: its grants have been made liberally in our own country, and for some years no application for a grant has been refused. Hence we can but rejoice that he who witnessed the society's small beginning lived to see the desire of his heart accomplished in its increase. Though by office its treasurer only, he was for years its manager, and only increasing infirmity compelled him to delegate some of the routine work to others; while still our brother's earnest spirit, firm principle, and rare good sense, enabled him to retain the helm of its affairs; and his position was so well filled that no one ever wished to see the laborious though honourable post occupied by another.

But determinately attached as he was to the Baptist Tract Society, he was no "man of one idea" in the objectionable sense of narrow compass; for our Missionary Society, Irish Mission, Building Fund, Particular Baptist Fund, the Orphan Working School, and various kindred missionary and benevolent agencies, shared his sympathies and labours till the last, and he even filled—and with thoroughness—his seat as director of the Briton Life Association until his death.

Our brother did not, however, shine in public only; his family relationships

were sustained with rare felicity. Firm, but genial and loving, he gave advice and exercised valuable influence over the various branches of his numerous family long after its members had passed their childhood, and the memory of his counsels will be embalmed in their hearts until their dying day. He was many-sided, and his religion was reflected from every side.

And his religious life had for its central feature, perhaps, that of implicit faith. The speculations of "modern thinkers," as they are called, had little charm for him—he was content with the old landmarks of theology which were well represented by the late Rev. John Chin, whose daughter was our departed brother's second wife. And to his godliness he, by grace, added a peaceable disposition. Not that he was deficient in the definiteness of his views—indeed, they were strongly pronounced, but he had much of that blessed charity that can "live and let live." He was most of all a Christian—next a Protestant—and lastly, a Baptist, and a thorough one—some of his brethren (whom still he loved most dearly) thought *too* thorough.

His later religious experience was singularly *apropos* to his calm and peaceful end. The writer well remembers how, a few weeks ago, he had lent him a book in which the reality of the Christian's immortal bliss was illustrated by the rapturous dying experiences of some eminent saints, and how Mr. Oliver remarked, with his own peculiar pathos, that having once read the book, he turned to it again and again to refresh his spirit, as though he too had been favoured with glimpses, through the half-opened gate, of the glory of "the Father's house."

The child-likeness of his religion was remarkable, and even fascinating. No cold reasoning about Christ and heaven could satisfy him, he had "the witness within"—the love of heaven begun in his soul. His natural childhood had long since passed, the second childhood of imbecility, thank God, never came; but the blessed childhood

of simple faith remained until the last, nerved, indeed, by all the energy of the "man in Christ Jesus!"

And the child has gone to the Father. And as if to close a life so really great, because so simple, with the humility befitting it, this brief description of his character—self-suggested—will appear upon his tomb—"A sinner saved by grace." And to his last resting-place at Nunhead Cemetery, where this will be the humble confession of his faith, his bereaved family and friends accompanied his mortal remains on Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1877, the service being conducted by Rev. W. Alderson.

Can we desire a better description of our own character than this suggestive sentence? J. T. BRISCOE.

P.S.—A fuller account of Mr. Oliver's life will shortly be published by the Baptist Tract Society.

The following resolution was passed by the Committee of the Baptist Trust Society, and presented to the widow and family in connection with the other expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the funeral:—

"That we as a Committee have heard

with great sorrow of the sudden departure of our beloved and revered-treasurer, Mr. Edward James Oliver, and, meeting as we do under the painful sense of the severe loss which his family and friends have thereby sustained, desire at once to convey an expression of our Christian sympathy to his beloved wife and the numerous branches of his family, praying that the remembrance of his long and honourable career of devotedness to his Divine Master's cause and service, and of the fact that he now 'rests from his labours' in His blessed presence above, may be to them all a source of consolation in this time of sorrowful bereavement.

"And we cannot, as members of the Committee of the Baptist Tract Society, lose the present opportunity of recording our own affectionate sense of the eminent Christian character of our dear departed brother, which manifested itself, not only in the combination of those graces that, more or less, adorn every true believer, but also in active, vigorous, continued effort in the various departments of the Lord's work, and especially in the interests of the Baptist Tract Society.

"Yet we would rather rejoice in the grace which made our departed friend all he was as a Christian, and in the mercy which spared him to so ripe and fruitful an old age."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1877, to February 17th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|-------------------------|---------|-------------------------|--------|-------------------------|---------|
| Miss Hadfield..... | 5 0 0 | Miss Brown | 1 12 6 | Romans vi. 7, 8..... | 1 0 0 |
| A Friend, C. H. S. ... | 2 2 0 | Mr. Sessier..... | 0 10 0 | Dr. A. C. Air..... | 1 1 0 |
| Mrs. Davie..... | 6 0 0 | A Ploughman | 0 10 0 | A Friend, per Miss | |
| Mr. Meadows..... | 1 0 0 | N. M. | 0 10 0 | Scates | 1 0 0 |
| Mrs. J. Crawford | 1 0 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Miller... | 0 15 0 | Mrs. H. | 0 2 0 |
| Mrs. Davis | 0 1 6 | Mrs. Fielding | 0 5 0 | Mrs. and Miss H..... | 0 8 0 |
| Mr. H. Hambley | 0 5 0 | Miss Jack | 0 10 0 | Mrs. S. | 0 6 0 |
| A Friend, per C. L. ... | 0 6 0 | Miss Jane Janet Turn- | | Mr. B. Finlayson | 0 10 0 |
| C. S. E. | 0 5 0 | bull | 0 10 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Downen | 8 0 0 |
| Mr. G. Morgan | 2 0 0 | A Friend..... | 2 0 0 | Collection at King- | |
| Mrs. Allan | 1 0 0 | Mrs. Davies | 0 5 6 | street, Reading..... | 12 13 8 |
| A. G. W. | 0 10 10 | Mr. J. Miller | 2 0 0 | Collection at Victoria- | |
| Mr. J. Jory..... | 0 5 0 | A. Y. | 1 0 0 | place, Paisley | 4 10 3 |
| Mr. Sholl..... | 1 0 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Suther- | | Weekly Offerings at | |
| North Finchley..... | 0 10 0 | land | 0 10 9 | Metropolitan Ta- | |
| Mr. J. Brown | 1 0 0 | Mr. H. W. Butler | 2 2 0 | bernacle:—Jan. 21 | 20 11 1 |
| Mrs. Rothine | 1 1 0 | Mr. J. G. E. Neals..... | 5 0 0 | " " 28 | 26 10 6 |
| Mr. E. Tucker | 0 10 0 | Mr. Smith | 2 0 0 | " " Feb. 4 | 29 5 6 |
| Mr. B. Hunt | 1 1 0 | Dr. MacEwan | 3 3 0 | " " " 11 | 33 1 6 |
| Charlie and Addie | 0 5 0 | Mr. C. H. Price..... | 1 4 0 | | |
| A. E. B. | 0 6 6 | Mr. E. Townshend | 1 0 0 | | |
| Mr. J. S. Cumming | 0 10 0 | Lucy Spencer | 0 2 6 | | |
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

ABSCONDING AND APOSTASY.*

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

“Will ye also go away?”—JOHN VI. 67.

No mischief that ever befalls our Christian communities is more lamentable than that which comes from the defection of the members. The heaviest sorrow that can wring a pastor's heart is such as comes from the perfidy of his most familiar friend. The direst calamity the Church can dread is not such as will arise from the assault of enemies outside, but from false brethren and traitors within the camp. My eminent predecessor, Benjamin Keach, though arrested, brought before the magistrates, imprisoned, pilloried, and otherwise made to suffer by the Government of the times for the Gospel doctrines that he preached and published, found it easier to brook the rough usage of open foes than to bear the griefs of wounded love, or sustain the shock of outraged confidence. I should not think his experience was very exceptional. Other saints would have preferred the rotten eggs of the villagers to the rooted animosities of slanderers. Troy could never be taken by the assaults of the Greeks outside her walls. Only when, by stratagem, the enemy had been admitted within the citadel was that brave city compelled to yield. The devil himself is not such a subtle foe to the Church as Judas, when, after the sop, Satan entered into him. Judas was a friend of Jesus. Jesus addressed him as such. And Judas said, “Hail, Master,” and kissed Him. But Judas it was who betrayed Him. That is a picture which may well appal you; that is a peril which may well admonish you. In all our churches, among the many who enlist there are some who desert. They continue awhile, and then they go back to the world. The radical reason why they retract is an obvious incongruity. “They went out from us because they were not of us, for if they had been of us, doubtless they would have continued with us.” The unconverted adherents to our fellowship are no loss to the Church when they depart. They are not a real loss, any more than the scattering of the chaff from the threshing floor is a detriment to the wheat. Christ keeps the winnowing fan always going. His own preaching constantly sifted His hearers. Some were blown away because they were chaff. They did not really believe. By the ministry of the Gospel, by the order of Providence, by all the arrangements of Divine government, the precious are separated from the vile, the dross is purged away from the silver, that the good seed and the pure metal may remain and be preserved. The process is always painful. It causes great searching of heart amongst those who abide faithful, and occasions deep anxiety to gentle spirits of tender, sympathetic mould.

I trust, dear friends, that you will not think I harbour any ungenerous suspicions of your fidelity, because my text contains so pointed and so personal an appeal to your conscience. There is more of pathos than of passion in the question as our Lord put it—“Ye will not go away, will ye?”

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No. 221, NEW SERIES.

He addressed the favoured twelve. I put it to myself; I put it to those who are the officers of the church; I put it to every member without exception: Will ye also go away? But should there be one to whom it is peculiarly applicable, I do not desire to flinch from putting the question most personally to that one—"What! Are you going? Do you mean to turn back? Do you mean to go away?"

Let us approach the inquiry sideways. Will ye *also* go away? "Also" means as well as other people. Why do others go? If they have any good reason, perhaps we may see cause to follow their example. Look narrowly, then, at the various causes or excuses for defection. Why do they renounce the religious profession they once espoused? The fundamental reason is want of grace, a lack of true faith, an absence of vital godliness. It is, however, the outward reasons which expose the inward apostasy of the heart from Christ of which I am anxious to treat.

Some there are in these days, as there were in our Lord's own day, who depart from Christ because they cannot bear His doctrine. Our Lord had more explicitly than on any former occasion declared the necessity of the soul's feeding upon Himself. They probably misunderstood His language, but they certainly took umbrage at His statement. Hence there were those who said, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it!" So they walked no more with Him.

There are many points and particulars in which the Gospel is offensive to human nature and revolting to the pride of the creature. It was not intended to please man. How can we attribute such a purpose to God? Why should He devise a Gospel to suit the whims of our poor fallen human nature? He intended to save men, but He never intended to gratify their depraved tastes. Rather doth He lay the axe to the root of the tree and cut down human pride. When God's servants are led to set forth some humbling doctrine there are those who say, "Ah, I will not assent to that." They kick against any truth which wounds their prejudices. What say you, brethren, to the claims of the Gospel on your allegiance? Should you discover that God's Word rebukes your favourite pleasure or contradicts your cherished convictions, will you forthwith take umbrage and go away? Nay; but if your hearts are right with Christ, you will be prepared to welcome all His teaching and yield obedience to all His precepts. Only prove it to be Christ's teaching and the right-minded professor is ready to receive it. That which is transparent on the face of Scripture he will cordially accept, as he says, "To the law and to the testimony. If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." As for that which is merely inferred and argued from the general drift of Scripture, the true heart will not be hasty to reject, but patient to investigate, like the Bereans, who "were more noble than the Jews of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures to see whether these things were so." Oh, that the word of Christ may dwell in us richly! God forbid that any of us should ever turn aside offended because of Him, His blessed person, His holy example, or His sacred teaching! May we be ever ready to believe what He says, and prompt to do what He commands! Remember, brethren, that the Gospel commission has three parts to which the minister has to attend. We are to go and preach the Gospel first. "*Go ye and disciple all nations.*" The second thing is "baptising them;" and the third thing

is "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." As willing disciples of Jesus, let us press forward, hearkening to His voice, following in His footsteps, and accounting His revealed will as our supreme law. Far be it from us to go back, to repine, or to desert Him, then, because we are offended at His doctrines. Others there are who desert the Saviour for the sake of gain. Many have been entangled in that snare. Mr. By-ends originally went on pilgrimage because he thought it would pay. There was a silver mine on the road, and he purposed to survey that, and see whether silver might not be obtained as well as the golden city beyond. He came, if I remember rightly, of a family that got its living by the waterman's business, looking one way and pulling another. He was apparently striving for religion, though he had his eye all the while on the world. He was for holding with the hare and running with the hounds. So when he came to a point where he must part with one or the other, he considered which upon the whole would be most profitable, and he gave up that which appeared to involve loss and self-sacrifice, and kept to that which would, as he called it, help him in the "main chance," and assist him to get on in the present life. Sincerely do I trust there is no one among us but what despises Mr. By-ends and all of his class. If you would make money—and there need be nothing sinful in that—do let it be made honestly; never let riches be pursued under the pretence of religion. Sell your wares and find a market for your merchandise, but do not sell Christ, nor barter a heavenly birthright for a worthless bribe. Put what goods you please into your shop window, but do not put a canting, hypocritical expression on your face, or "wear a holy leer;" with a view of turning godliness into gain. God save us from that arrant villany! May it never have a footing in our midst!

"Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone."

Does any man join a church for the sake of the respectability it implies, or for the standing it may give him, or for the credit he may get? He will soon find that it does not answer his purpose. Then away he will go. The graver probability is that he will be thrust out with shame.

Some leave Christ and go away terrified by persecution. Nowadays it is supposed that there is no such thing. But that is a mistake; for though martyrs are not burned at Smithfield, and the Lollards' Tower is a place for show (a memorial of times long ago), the harass, the cruelty, and the oppression are far enough from being obsolete. Godless husbands play the part of petty tyrants, and will not permit their wives the enjoyment of religion, but make their lives bitter with a galling bondage. Employers full often wreak malice on servants whose piety towards God is their sole cause of offence. Worse still, there are working men who consider themselves intelligent, who cannot allow their fellow-workman liberty to go to a place of worship without sneers and jeers and cruel mockings. In many cases the mirth of the workshop is never louder than when it is turned against a believer in Christ. They count it rare fun to hunt a man who cares for the salvation of his soul. They call themselves "Englishmen," but certainly they are no credit to their country. Look at the base-born, ill-bred cowards. Yonder is an atheist; he is raving

about his rights because the magistrate will not believe him on his oath: he claims liberty of conscience to be a heathen himself, but denies his comrade's right to be a Christian. Look at that little party of British workmen; they belong to the Sabbath desecration society. They are petitioning Parliament to open museums and theatres on Sundays, and at the same time they are hounding to death a poor fellow who prefers going to chapel. They air their own self-respect by the oaths they utter, while they betray their self-abasement by the scorn they vent on those who presume to sing a hymn. They hail the drunkard as a chum, and scout the sober man as a fiend. I wonder that there is not more honourable feeling, more good faith, and true fellowship among our skilled workmen than to allow of one man being made the butt of a whole community. God give you grace to bear such persecutions as these! If they cut us to the quick, may we learn to bear them with equanimity, and even to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for the Saviour's sake! Some of us have had to run the gauntlet for many years. What we have said has been constantly misrepresented; what we have endeavoured to do has been misjudged, and our motives have been misunderstood. Yet here we are, as happy as anybody out of heaven. We have not been injured by any or all the calumnies that have been heaped upon us. Our foes would have crushed us, but blessed be God, He cheered us often when we were cast down. The Lord give you, in like manner, strength of mind and courage of heart to bear the trial manfully! then you will care no more for the laughter and the sneers of men than you do for the noise of those migratory birds high overhead, which you hear on an autumn evening as they are making their weary journey to a distant clime. Take heart, man. Fear God, and face your accusers. True courage grows strong on opposition. Never think of deserting the army of Christ. Least of all should you play the coward because of the insolence of some ill-mannered bully. Let not your faith be vanquished by such scoffing. Alas, that so many a craven spirit has gone away for the sake of carnal ease, and deserted Christ, when His dear name had become the drunkard's jest and the derision of fools.

Anon, there are people who forsake true religion out of sheer levity. I know not how to account for some men's defections. If you take up the list of wrecks, you will notice some that have gone down through collisions, and others through striking upon rocks; but sometimes you meet with a vessel "foundered at sea;" how it happened no one knows; the owner himself cannot understand it. It was a calm day and there was a cloudless sky when the vessel sank. There are some professors who, concerning faith, have made shipwreck under such apparently easy circumstances, so free from trial, so exempt from temptation, that we have not seen anything to awaken anxiety on their behalf, yet all of a sudden they have foundered. We are startled and amazed. I remember one that fell into a gross sin, of whom a brother unwisely said, "If that man is not a Christian, I am not." His prayers had certainly been sweet. Many a time they have melted me down before the throne of grace, and yet the life of God could not have been in his soul, for he lived and died in flagrant vice, and was impenitent to the last. Such cases I can only attribute to a sort of levity, which can be charmed with a sermon or a play; take a pew at the chapel or a box at the opera with equal nonchalance; and eagerly follow the excitement of

the hour, "everything by turns and nothing long." "Unstable as water, they shall not excel." At the spur of a moment they profess Christianity, though they do not espouse it; and then, without troubling themselves to renounce it, they drop off into infidelity. They are soft and malleable enough to be hammered into any shape. Made of wax, they can be moulded by any hand that is strong enough to grip them. The Lord have mercy upon any of you that may happen to be of that genus! You spring up soon, and suddenly you wither. Hardly is the seed sown before the sprout appears. What a wonderful harvest you promise! But ah! no sooner has the sun risen with a burning heat than, because there is no earth, the good seed withers away. Pray God that you may be ploughed deep, that the iron pan of rock underneath may be broken right up, that you may have plenty of subsoil and root-hold, that the verdure you produce may be permanent. Want of principle is deadly, but the lack is far too common. Never cease to pray that you may be rooted and grounded, established and built up, in Christ, so that when the floods come and the winds blow, you may not fall with a great destruction, as that house fell which was built upon the sand.

But oh, what multitudes are tempted aside from following Christ and His Church by evil companions. They do not avoid the society of the wicked; and as a man is known by the company he keeps, we soon discover the direction in which they are drawn. The more intimately we know them, the more readily we perceive their propensities. Have a care then with whom you associate. Never confide in those persons of whose principles you have good cause to stand in doubt. Above all, let me admonish you young people not to be unequally yoked together. Marriage without the fear of God is a fearful mistake. Those ill-assorted unions between believers and unbelievers rob our churches of more members than any other popular delinquency that I know of. Seldom—I might almost say never—do I meet with a woman professing godliness who becomes joined in wedlock to a man of the world but what she goes away. She ceases to follow Jesus, and we hear no more of her. Absorbed in the pursuits, the passions, and the pleasures of the life that now is, she is sucked under the stream and drawn into the vortex. In the romance of her courtship, she glibly said, "I shall win him:" but in the reality of their conjugal bonds, he could coolly say, "I have won you." Probably the stronger nature wins the day. In this case, however, a precept of the Gospel is violated and a penalty of disobedience is incurred. It is much easier for the one that professes religion to give up the faith after laying down the cross than for another who has no religion to take up the cross and follow the Saviour, in whom he has never yet believed. I counsel every young man or woman that contemplates a marriage on the basis of some capricious attractions, without any reference to the sanctity of your relationship before God—such of you as choose to be unequally yoked—that you communicate your intention to your minister, and renounce your membership of the Church before you seal your vows. Give up all profession of religion voluntarily. Do not wait to be excommunicated. Do not sneak away without giving an account of yourself. You had better count the cost and pay the price of your own presumption. This is part of it. Should your sanguine hopes succeed, and could your earnest endeavours to gain the conversion of your help-meet be requited, that would be an

uncovenanted mercy. If God chose to give it you, it would not even then excuse you for tempting Him by your waywardness, or provoking Him to jealousy by your wilfulness. There is an express command, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." I appeal to every Christian man or woman who has been converted since marriage if you do not find it exceedingly hard to keep up your courage when one pulls one way and one another? And does it not cut you to the quick to think that your union is but temporary; that, however dear you may be to each other now, you will be parted at the judgment-seat of Christ—parted to meet no more? The Lord make us careful about our associates, about those among whom we stand, by whom we sit, with whom we walk! Their bad morals must harm our good manners. Their influence is momentous. Their virtue might embolden us. Their vice must ensnare us. So, let us choose our acquaintances, and our friends, and our partners for life with great discretion. I am afraid that recklessness is too often the rule. Instead of steering by the chart, you drift with the tide.

And, oh, how many leave Christ for the sake of sensual enjoyments! I will not enlarge upon this. Certain, however, it is that the pleasures of sin for a season fascinate their minds till they sacrifice their souls at the shrine of sordid vanity. For a merry dance, a wanton amusement, or a transient joy that would not bear reflection, they have renounced the pleasures that never pall, the immortal hopes that never fail, and turned their backs upon that blessed Saviour who gives and feeds the tastes for joys unspeakable, for joys of glory full. In our pastoral oversight of a church like this we have painful evidence that a considerable number gradually grow cold. The elders' reports of the absentees reiterate the vain excuses for non-attendance. One has so many children. The distance is too great for another. When they joined the church their family was just as large, and the distance was just the same. But the household cares become more irksome when the concern for religion begins to flag; and the fatigue of travelling increases when their zeal for the house of God falters. The elders fear they are growing cold. No actual transgression can we detect, but there is a gradual declension over which we grieve. I dread that cold-heartedness; it steals so insensibly yet so surely over the entire frame. I do not say that it is worse than open sin. It cannot be. Yet it is more insidious. A flagrant delinquency would startle one as a fit does a patient; but a slow process of backsliding may steal like paralysis over a person without awakening suspicion. Like the sleep which comes over men in the frozen regions, if they yield to it they will never wake again. You must be aroused, or else this supineness will surely end in death. "Grey hairs were upon him here and there, and he knew it not." Is it so with any of you, dear friends? Are you going aside by slow degrees? He that loses his substance little by little presently becomes a bankrupt, and painful is the discovery when the end comes. How miserable must a spiritual bankruptcy be to him who wastes by degrees his heavenly estate, if he ever had any! No words can describe it. God preserve us from such a catastrophe!

Some have turned aside, who allege that they did so through change of circumstances. They were with us when their means of livelihood were competent, if not affluent. From reverses in business they have sunk in their social position. Hence they do not like to come into fellowship with

us as they were wont to do. Now, from my inmost soul, I can say if there are any persons that wax poor, I, for one, do not think one atom the less of them, or hold them in less esteem, however impoverished they may become. Do not tell me that you have no clothes fit to come in; for any clothes that you have paid for are creditable. If you have not paid for them, I cannot make excuses for you. Be honest. Frieze or fustian need not shame you; but for fineness or fashion I should certainly blame you. I am always glad to see brethren sitting here, as I sometimes do, in their smock-frocks. One good friend is rather conspicuous in that line. The wholesome whiteness of his rural garb is rather attractive. If he has paid for it, he is a far more respectable man than any one that has run into debt for a suit of broadcloth that he cannot pay for. And I rejoice to think that I am not expressing my own feeling merely, but that which is shared by the whole community. We all delight to see our poor brethren. If there are any of you suffering from a sensitiveness of your own, or a suspicion of our reflections, the sooner you get rid of such foolish pride the happier you will be. You are jealous of being thought respectable. Don't you know that a man is respectable for his character, not for the money he has got in his pocket? Others forsake Christ because they have become rich and increased in goods. They did not scorn the little conventicle when they were plain plodding people; but since fortune has smiled on them, and they have moved their residence from a terrace to a mansion, and they have taken to keep a carriage, they feel bound to move in another circle. To their parish church, or to some ritualistic church in their neighbourhood, they go once on the Sunday. They patronise the place by their presence; they show themselves among the *élite* of that locality; they bow and bend and face about to the east, as though they had been to the manner born. They are too respectable to go into the little Baptist chapel. They receive visitors in the afternoon, dine late, and dissipate Sabbath hours in the frivolous pretence of showing off their gentility. Well, I think their departure is not to be lamented. When gone they are certainly no loss to anybody. We sigh for them as we would for Judas or Demas. They have fallen foul of what they thought their good fortune, but of what has proved to be their ruin. Those who have true principle, when they rise in the world see more reason why they should spend their wealth and their influence in aiding a good cause. Principle would prevail over policy to the end, if in their hearts they believed the truth as it is in Jesus. It were no dishonour to a prince to go and sit down side by side with a pauper, were they both true followers of Jesus Christ. In old times, when our sires met in caves and dens of the earth, they met the liege and the lowly, the bond and free; or when, in earlier ages, the Christians gathered in the catacombs, men out of Cæsar's household, now a chief, then a senator, anon a prince of the blood, came and sat down in those caves, lighted up with the dim candle, to listen while some unshod but heaven-taught man declared the Gospel of Jesus with the power of the Holy Spirit. That they were illiterate I am quite sure, for on looking over the monuments that are found in the catacombs, it is rare to find one inscription that is thoroughly well spelt. Though it is evident enough that the early Christians were an illiterate company of men, yet those that were great and noble did not disdain to join with them, nor will they if the light of heaven shines and the love of God burns in their hearts.

Unsound doctrine occasions many to apostatise. There is always plenty of that about. Deceivers will beguile the weak; and some have been led aside by modern doubt; and modest infidelity has its partisans. They begin cautiously by reading works with a view to answer scientific or intellectual scepticism. They read a little more, and dive a little deeper into the turbid stream, because they feel well able to stand against the insidious influence. They go on, till at last they are staggered. They do not repair to those who could help their scruples, but they continue to flounder on till at last they have lost their footing, and he that said he was a believer has ended in stark atheism, doubting even the existence of a God. Oh, that those who are well taught would be content with their teaching! Why meddle with heresies? What can they do but pollute your minds? Were I to get black, I imagine that I could wash away all the soils; but I should be sorry to black myself for the sake of washing. Why should you be so unwise as to go through pools of foul teaching merely because you think it easy to cleanse yourself of its pollution? Such trifling is dangerous. When you begin to read a book, and find it pernicious, put it aside. Some one may upbraid you for not reading it all through. But why should you? If I have a joint of meat on my table of which the smell and the taste at once convince me that it is putrid and unwholesome, should I show my discretion by *fairly* eating it all before giving my judgment that it is not fit for food. One mouthful is quite enough, and one sentence of some books ought to be quite enough for a sensible man to reject the whole mass. Let those that can relish such meat have it, but I have a taste for better food. Keep to the study of the Word of God. If it be your duty to expose these evils, encounter them bravely, with prayer to God to help you. But if not, as a humble believer in Jesus what business have you to taste and test such noxious fare, when it is exposed in the market?

Can you doubt that there are some who turn aside from Christ and His people through sheer laziness? They have nothing whatever to do, and what must a Christian be at who has no part in the service of Christ? Nothing to do for Jesus! A drone in the hive! I do not wonder that you go away. My wonder is that the bees do not drive you out. On the other hand, I fear others have gone aside through having been too busy; they have been so occupied that they have neglected to feed their own souls. I am always pleased to see our dear brothers and sisters diligent in the service of Christ. I am glad to miss many of you on the Lord's-day when I know how well you are engaged. I could spare a few more of you, if you were intent upon teaching the young, or exhorting those who are out of the way. But I earnestly admonish you never to be negligent of your own souls while you are vigilant for the souls of others. If you do not get nourished with the bread of life yourselves, you cannot grow in grace. This caution, I am fully persuaded, is not uncalled for. There are some who get so absorbed in Christian work, that they never listen to the Word; they hardly ever read; they only talk. This is sorry work. If you do not take in, you cannot give out. If your own soul is starved, you cannot be strong for the Lord's service. Get at least one good spiritual meal in the day. Then spend all the strength you have for God, and rely on Him for frequent renewals. Be constant and consistent, not excursive and erratic in your labours. Keep the fire up, and add

fresh fuel to give a more fervent heat. See to it that you are not losing communion with Christ while you think you are getting conversions to Christ. That is a peril you good people must not play with. It is far too serious.

I will not continue in this strain. It is painful to me, if not to you. I will condense into a few sentences my answer to the second inquiry,—What becomes of them? Those that go aside—what becomes of them?

Well, if they are God's children, I will tell you what becomes of them, for I have seen it scores of times. Though they go aside, they are not happy. They cannot rest, for they are miserable even when they try to be cheerful. After a while, they begin to remember their first husband, for then it was better with them than now. They return; but there are scores and scores, to say nothing of the shame which they have to carry with them to their grave, who are never the men they were before. They have to take a second place among their comrades. And even should sovereign grace so wonderfully bless their painful experience that they are fully restored, they can never mention the past without bitter regret. Their by-path serving for others' beacon, they will say to young people, "Never do as I have done; no good, all mischief, comes of it." In the vast majority of cases, however, they are not the Lord's people. So this is what comes of it. Those who prove traitors to a profession they once made are the hardest people in the world to impress. Doubtless some of you, when you lived in the country, used always to be punctual at your usual places of worship, but since you have come to London, where your absence from any sanctuary is unnoticed, you rarely enter the courts of the Lord's house; nor would you have been here to-night but for some special inducement,—some country cousin or some particular friend having brought you. Though unknown to me, God scans your path. Well, here you are, and yet it may be to little profit. You have had counsels and cautions in such profusion that it is like pouring oil down a slab of marble to admonish you. May God of his omnipotent mercy break your obdurate heart, or there will be no hope for you! Such people frequently lose all conscience. They can go a great deal further in talking against religion than anybody else. They will sometimes venture to say they know so much about it that they could expose it. Their boast and their threat are alike unmeaning; but as boys whistle while they walk through the churchyard to keep their courage up, so do their vain talk and their senseless stories betray their stifled fear. They speak contemptuously of God while they justify themselves in a course of which their own conscience upbraids them. They go back—alas! some of them to prove themselves the most abandoned sinners in the world. The raw material out of which the devil constructs the deadliest fabric is that which was presumed to be the most saintly substance. There could not have been a Judas to betray Christ, had he not first been distinguished as a disciple, who ventured to kiss his Master. You must pick him from among the apostles to make an apostate. As the ringleaders of riotous transgression when converted often make the best revivalist preachers, so those that seem to be the most loyal subjects of Christ, when they become renegades prove to be the bitterest foes and the blackest sinners. Painful reminiscences rush over one's mind. Standing here now in the midst of a great church, I call to mind things

that have harrowed up my soul. God grant I may not see the like of them again! They go away!—ah! me, full many of them go away to die in blank despair. Did you ever read the life of Francis Spira? If you want to sleep to-night, do not take up that memoir. Did you ever read the life of John Child, a Baptist minister of about two hundred years ago? Mr. Keach gives it in one of his works. He was a man who knew the truth, and to a great extent had felt its power; but he went aside from it, and before he came to die his expressions were too terrible to listen to. The remorse and despair of his spirit chased every one away. At last he laid violent hands upon himself. For a man, after having once looked Christ in the face and kissed Him, to betray Him and crucify Him afresh, to hang himself is not to be wondered at. To eat at the Lord's table, to drink of that cup of blessing, to mingle with the saints, join in their prayers and their hymns, professing to be a disciple of Christ, and then to go back and walk no more with Him, is to venture on a course of no ordinary danger. The swing of the pendulum, if it has been lifted high and let go, is so much the greater on the other side. I marvel not that any man should be precipitated into flagrant sin who wilfully renounces his vows of consecration to Jesus. And oh! when his eyes are opened and his conscience is aroused, how he wishes that he had never been born! Could he terminate his existence and annihilate his anguish-smitten soul, then the direst act of desperation by which he should end a life he could not mend might be accounted wise. But no; that is impossible. The relief he seeks he cannot find when he takes the dreadful leap from suffering here to an aggravated form of misery hereafter, ten thousand times worse to endure. He seals his doom and makes his own damnation sure as he raises against himself a murdering hand. Do I address any one here bereft of every ray of hope and shivering on the brink of cold despair? Hold now! I would cry in your ears; do thyself no harm. Thou canst do thyself no good. Think not to cure thy woes by committing another crime.

“ ’Twere madness thus to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night.”

While there is life there is hope. Jesus Christ can forgive you. Return to him. He can wash you in His blood. He can make you clean, though your sin be as scarlet. But oh! do not trifle, make no delay. Tarry no longer in your present condition; else, may be, you will fill up the measure of your iniquities or ever you are aware, and you may taste, even in this world, some beginning of the wrath to come. If not rescued as a trophy of grace right speedily, you may become a monument of God's wrath; a beacon to deter others from daring to turn aside. I speak solemnly; I cannot help it. So intensely do I feel the terror of that woe, and so confident am I that some of you are making light of it, that I would go down on my knees, and entreat you with tears to mind what you are at. You have got on the inclined plane, and you are going down, down, down. Your feet are even now on the slippery places from which multitudes have been cast down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! The Lord make haste to deliver you! May He stretch out His hand and receive you! I can only call out to you. You seem to have got where I cannot reach you. Do not venture a footstep further in that dangerous road. Look to Jesus,

look to Jesus; He can redeem your life from the pit by His sovereign grace, and He alone. Then as a wandering sheep, brought back to the fold, you shall adore His name.

Our third point is this. *Why should not we go away as they have gone?* Were we left to ourselves I cannot tell you any reason why we should not go, as they have gone. Nor, indeed, could I tell you why the best man here should not be the worst before to-morrow morning, if the grace of God left him. John Bradford, you know, as he saw the poor criminals taken away to Tyburn to be executed, used to say, "There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God." Verily each one of us might say the same. To abide with Christ, however, is our only security, and we trust we shall never depart from Him. But how can we make sure of this? The great thing is to have a real foundation in Christ to begin with—genuine faith, vital godliness. The foundation is the first matter to be attended to in building a house. With a bad foundation there cannot be a substantial house. You require a firm bottom, a sound ground-work, before you proceed to the superstructure. Do pray God that if your religion be a sham you may find it out now. Unless your hearts be deeply ploughed with genuine repentance, and unless you are thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith, you may have some cause to suspect the reality of your conversion, and the verity of the Holy Spirit's operation in you. May the Lord work in you a good beginning, and then you may rely upon it He will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ.

Then remember, dear brethren and sisters, if you would be preserved from falling, you must be schooled in humility and keep very low before the Lord. When you are half an inch above the ground, you are that half-inch too high. Your place is to be nothing. Trust Christ, but do not trust yourself. Rely on the Spirit of God, but do not rely on anything that is in yourself; no, not on a grace you have received, or on a gift you possess. Those do not slide that walk humbly with God. They are always safe whose entire dependence is upon God. Be jealous of your obedience; be circumspect; be careful; take heed to yourselves; your walk and conversation cannot be too cautious. Many are lost through being too remiss, but none through being too scrupulous. The statutes of the Lord are so right that you cannot neglect them without diverging from the path of rectitude. Watch and pray. God help you to watch, or else you will get drowsy. Never neglect prayer. That is at the root of every defection. Retrogression commonly begins at the closet. To restrain prayer is to deaden the very pulse of life. "Watch unto prayer." And I beseech you, dear friends, do shun that company which has led other people astray. Parley not with those whose jokes are profane. Keep right away from them. It is not for you to be seen standing, much less to be found sitting down with men of loose manners and lewd converse. They can do you no good, but the evil they can bring upon you it would not be easy to estimate. You may have heard the story—but it is so good it will bear repeating—of the lady who advertised for a coachman and was waited upon by three candidates for the situation. She put to the first one this question: "I want a really good coachman to drive my pair of horses, and, therefore, I ask you how near you can drive to danger and yet be safe?" "Well," he said, "I could drive very near indeed: I could go within a foot of a precipice, without fear of any

accident so long as I had the reins." She dismissed him with the remark that he would not do. To the next one who came she put the same question. "How near could you drive to danger?" Being determined to get the place, he said, "I could drive within a hair's breadth, and yet skilfully avoid any mishap." "You will not do," said she. When the third came in, his mind was cast in another mould, so when the question was put to him, "How near could you drive to danger?" he said, "Madam, I never tried. It has always been a rule with me to drive as far off from danger as I possibly can." The lady engaged him at once. In like manner I believe that the man who is careful to run no risks, and to refrain from all equivocal conduct, having the fear of God in his heart, is most to be relied upon. If you are really built upon the Rock of Ages, you may meet the question without dismay, "Will you also go away?" and you can reply without presumption, "No, Lord, I cannot and I will not go; for to whom should I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

SCPTICAL STRUGGLES.

CHAPTER IV.

In as few words as possible George Newton told his story. He began by relating to Mr. Draper how he had been wronged, and gave details which we have no desire to record in print. Such matters are, as Mr. Draper said, always best buried; and, so far as we know, after having thus relieved his mind, George Newton, in after years, rarely even referred to them. He then traced the disastrous effects which followed: how he was first led to doubt the sincerity of Christian people; how from that he was led to doubt the verity of the Christian religion itself; how, through reading sceptical debates, and hearing them, he began even to doubt the existence of a God; how, through much reading and thought, he was led, in the course of time, to see

the negative character of infidelity; how, through his mother's example and prayers, he was at last convinced that, under the influence of temptation, he had been led astray; and, finally, how he had been brought once more to embrace the Gospel, and to determine to live a Christian life, without, however, associating himself with any Christian body. To this narrative, told graphically and feelingly, Mr. Draper listened with much interest, being specially gratified to find, from the latter part of it, that his young friend had been brought into a better state of mind than he had been led to suppose or hope. From false reports that had reached his ear he had imagined that on the present occasion he would have to debate with a young and hardened sceptic; while now before him sat a young Christian, in whose heart God had evidently been working, and who needed only to be taken kindly by the hand to be led in the right way, and to be made

useful. With a smiling countenance, he said :

"Then if I understand you aright, Mr. Newton, it is through your good mother's influence that you have been brought back again!"

"It is, sir. I shall never forget my mother. To her, humanly speaking, I owe all I am and have. When dark sceptical doubts haunted my mind, and I knew not what to believe, or whom to believe, the form of my mother always rose before me, and I felt in my inmost soul that *she* was sincere, and good, and true. There was reality *there*; that I never doubted. Her struggles to bring me up respectably; the pains she took to lead me to hate every little meanness and evil; her loving approbation—always precious to me—whenever she saw me striving to do right; her noble example in sacrificing anything rather than lose a good conscience in the sight of God; her prayers offered up day and night on my behalf, and her intense sympathy for me when the professing world gave me the cold shoulder—and I might have sunk into eternal ruin for aught these professors would have cared—all this was ever before me, and was the means, with God's blessing, of saving my soul from being irretrievably lost. Oh! Mr. Draper, no one, I think, knows better than I do the value of a loving, consistent, self-denying, Christian mother."

"You remind me very much of a sweet piece of poetry, which I read the other day, representing what a venerable old man rehearsed to some children concerning his indebtedness to such a mother. It is in *Clarke's Heart Music*. I have the book on my shelf, and if you like I will reach it down and read the verses to you."

"Do, please, Mr. Draper."

"Here they are, then; the piece is entitled 'THE MOTHER'S SOW HAND,' and it runs thus :

"Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?

Your locks beneath the blast of cares
Will bleach as white as they.

"I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung;

Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

"She, when the nightly couch was
spread,

Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling pray for me.

"But then there came a fearful day—
I sought my mother's bed,

Till harsh hands tore me thence
away,
And told me she was dead!

"That eve I knelt me down in woe,
And said a lonely prayer;

Yet still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

"Years fled and left me childhood's
joy,

Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

"Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet ere at night I slept,

That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

"That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot,
And now, though time hath set

His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

"And if I e'er in heaven appear,
A mother's holy prayer,

A mother's hand and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Hath led the wanderer there."

"Is not that beautiful, Mr. Newton?"

"It is, sir. It has brought the tears into my eyes. But that is just my mother all over. Many a time has she placed her loving and

soft hand upon my head and shoulder, and said, 'George, walk in the right way, my dear boy. Do not turn aside into a wrong pathway, tempt you who may.' *'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.'* Never forget that; make it your life's motto, and you will never have cause to regret it, never.' Oh! how often she has repeated those words, so often that they appear to be burnt into me. God bless my dear mother! Ah! sir, you cannot tell how happy she is now, when she knows I have been brought back again. Her cup seems full to overflowing."

"No doubt it does, and I am sure I rejoice with her. But, see, the time has come for me to get ready to go to chapel. Will you favour us with your company, or do you prefer going home?"

"I will go with you, if you will permit me. Are Mrs. Draper and the family going, too?"

"Yes; we are all going together, and we shall be most happy for you to accompany us."

Two or three weeks passed away, after the above pleasant interview, when George Newton was surprised to receive the following note:

"DEAR MR. NEWTON,

"Can you spare an hour or two next Friday evening, after seven o'clock, and give our good minister, Mr. Baxter, a call at his house? He wishes to have an interview with you, and I am sure, if you go, you will enjoy it. Kindly drop him a line to say whether you can come. Accept Christian love for yourself and mother.

"Yours affectionately,

"FRANK DRAPER."

Shrewdly suspecting why the interview was sought, yet feeling grateful for the interest that was

evidently taken in his welfare, he wrote by return of post to say that he should be most happy to call on the minister at the time appointed. When the time came he was ushered into Mr. Baxter's study, and received from him a cordial welcome.

A few kind and sympathetic remarks soon served not only to set the youthful visitor at his ease, but also to show him that Mr. Baxter was well acquainted with his case. The worthy minister gave him to understand that he had heard about it not only from Mr. Draper, but also from other sources. He said that he had been asked by Mr. Draper to grant the present interview in the hope that it might lead him to rescind his resolution never again to join a Christian church. That resolution he thought to be an unwise one, and if he could say anything that would lead him to withdraw it, he should be most happy.

The special business in hand having thus been fairly launched, a long and friendly conversation ensued. George Newton, feeling that before him sat a noble Christian friend, freely unbosomed his mind, and made known his difficulties. They were met by Mr. Baxter in a manner that created for him, in his visitor's breast, feelings of the most profound respect. He did not shrink, in a kind way, from pointing out to him where he thought he had erred in the past, and where he deemed he was erring in the present. At the same time he did not fail to condemn those who, by their unwise conduct, had driven him to the verge of sceptical ruin, but charitably attributed it to their want of knowledge in dealing with intelligent and thinking young men. And he wound up by making an affectionate appeal, on Scriptural

grounds, to his young friend to bury the past in oblivion, and join any Christian church where he thought he could be happy and useful!

This appeal, we are glad to say, was not without its due effect. Two or three months after this interview, George Newton saw his way clear to join the Church of which Mr. Baxter was the beloved and honoured pastor. From him, from Mr. Draper, and from many influential friends he received the right hand of fellowship and cordial greetings. In such a church, presided over by so much Christian love and intelligence, he soon felt at home. His only regret was that he had not been led to join it at first; but when, in after years, the Lord made him useful as a Gospel minister to many young men, in giving them wise and judicious counsel, and saving them from the snares of infidelity, he saw then clearly that God had wonderfully overruled the "wrath of man" for good, by teaching him, through "terrible things in righteousness," how he himself should deal with inexperienced youth entrusted to his care in the execution of his high and holy calling.

SALVATION OF THE LORD.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

(A Sermon preached at Trinity Church, Gunnersbury, Feb. 25th, 1877.)

Hab. iii. 13.

THESE words no doubt have *direct* reference to the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. The prophecy looks back upon Jehovah's mercy to His ancient people. And truly that was "of the Lord;" every step of the progress proves it. Moses was

but the instrument of effecting it. Mark the emphasis on the word "*Thou*." Thus their salvation was of the Lord. It was "the arm of the Lord." Nor, considering all the circumstances, could it have been done by any other means. But the words will equally apply to that *greater* salvation, of which every other was, in some sense, a type. In this verily God may be said to have "gone forth"—in *grace, power, love, and wisdom*.

SALVATION IS A UNIVERSAL NECESSITY. By this we mean that, look where we will, man is *perfectly ruined*. The whole race are in a condition of awful apostasy. All are involved "in the ruins of the fall." So universal are the consequences of Adam's transgression, that there is no creature which is not tainted with the hereditary disease. There is no child of Adam of whom it may not be said, "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." The malady is co-extensive with the race. Now this demands very serious reflection, for it is a solemn fact. It has no illustrative parallel in any of the calamitous events which have ever transpired in this world. Even the devastating deluge left eight souls unscathed and untouched by its fatal surge. The fiery vengeance which fell upon the guilty cities of the plains spared righteous Lot and his children, safe in the mountain cave. And when ancient Jerusalem was besieged by the cavalry of Babylon, its proud and haughty conquerors left some who went not into captivity. So in after times, in A. D. 70, when the "city was encompassed with armies," and the Roman eagles devoured the carcass, there were some whose bodies were not slain—whose "hair was not singed." And in the dreadful plague of London, in 1666, when the "pesti-

lence walked in darkness and destruction wasted at noonday," there were some spared, for "the plague came not nigh their dwellings." But HERE, *not one* escapes! The entire race are affected and afflicted with the fatal pestilence. "Sin reigns unto death." Every child "bears the image of the earthly." No: there is no infant babe, however charming and lovely its features, and dear to its mother's heart, which is not "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." What a dark and painful picture of man's natural condition before God! But are we mistaken in this? Have we drawn the picture too dark? Have we distorted the *moral* features? Is our picture the production of a bungling draughtsman, or is it a true, *life-like photograph*? Are we warranted in making such a sweeping declaration concerning the whole race of mankind? Let us see. Our appeal is to the "law and the testimony." And its testimony must be accepted as *authentic*. What does it say? Hear it. See Job xi, 12, "Vain man would be wise, though born like a wild ass's colt;" see Isaiah liii. 6, "ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;" see Rom. iii. 19, "All the world is become guilty before God;" so also chapter v. 12, "*deus h* passed upon all men; for *all have sinned*." These are only a few of the many; but let these suffice as proof. But why do we urge you to do this? Because it is so commonly *ignored or overlooked*. Then if these statements are true, the evident truth of our proposition is clearly and incontrovertibly substantiated: *salvation is a universal necessity; i.e., there is no one who does not need it*. This is a solemn fact, and one, too, we should never lose sight of. *All are ruined! all need salvation.*

If these two facts are kept prominently before us the Gospel will be more highly valued. Dear reader, do not lose sight of this.

BUT SALVATION IS A HUMAN IM-
POSSIBILITY. This proposition arises out of the other. Yes; this is a fact, after the experience of 3,000 years! And surely that is long enough for human wisdom and human philosophy to have been put to the test! Surely, if it had been within the limits of man's power to have saved himself, he has had time enough to have tried all experiments which human wisdom and philosophy might have invented or suggested. Well, they have tried, tried hard; but with what result? *Failure—disastrous, unisiform, constant failure!* Hear Paul, and he was a very competent judge (1 Cor. i. 21): "*The world by wisdom knew not God,*" i.e., man's wisdom and man's philosophy have been tried and have failed. But do you say eighteen long centuries have passed since then, and the light and knowledge of science and philosophy has brightened; perhaps, in the important discoveries of the last few years, some remedial scheme may have been discovered, *more in harmony with the dignity of man's nature* than that presented in the Bible! But is it so? Let facts speak, and what is the result? Is it not this? That with all man's boasted light, and knowledge, and discovery, he is as far as ever from being his own saviour! Of all the schemes his wisdom has invented, he has made no approximation to this. What are the utterances of Darwin and Huxley but *theories, opinions, and declarations of human, and therefore fallible*. The great Archimedes is reported to have said: "Give me a fulcrum on which I may place my lever and I will overturn the universe." So man says,

give me the power and I will be my own saviour. Yes, vain man, but *that* "power belongeth unto God," "His own arm brings salvation." This is where man fails. He has lost the power "to keep the whole law," and is now "without strength." He has power to send a railway train sixty miles an hour along its iron road; steamships over the Atlantic in seven days; to despatch the telegram over seas and continents in a few hours; and rise in a balloon to the height of the Andes; but he has no power to "save a soul from death, or hide a multitude of sins." Do you demand proof of this sweeping assertion? Here it is: Psalm xlix. 7, "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." Also Rom. v. 6, "Add when we were without strength," in due time Christ died for the ungodly." This is decisive, or should be. Our proposition is, therefore, true, that *salvation is a human impossibility*. There are, indeed, some deliverances which man can effect; *this he cannot*. He has delivered his brother man from slavery, and is now trying to do it; and God speed the benevolent enterprise, and give all success to Sir Bartle Frere's mission. But why cannot man save himself or his fellow man? Because that which is requisite to secure it is not within the range of human ability. Man cannot honour the violated law; make an atonement for human sin; satisfy Divine justice; provide a justifying righteousness; quicken his own soul; shut the door of hell, nor open the door of heaven. But all this must be done, or else salvation is utterly impossible.

YET SALVATION IS A DIVINE CERTAINTY (See 2 Tim. i. 9). What a

* ασθενής.

blessed truth this is! This text is like a bright star of hope bursting through the thick gloom of a dark starless night! It is like the lovely rainbow, clear and bright, shining on the angry bosom of the impending storm-cloud! It is like some angel messenger, with snowy wings, just touching the earth with his celestial feet, and whispering in our ears, "You are saved." "He hath saved us" who believe! Oh, beautiful and heart-cheering truth! Let our weary spirits, worn down with life's cares and worries, repose in restful serenity on these cheering words! Dear reader, here is *peace*; here is *rest*; here is *hope*; here is *joy*. Here, and here only, can we *rest*. But do you say 'It is presumption to credit God's word! Presumption to believe His testimony! Why, if your friend were to place your name in his will, and leave you all his property, it *might* be presumption for you to place *implicit confidence* upon it, for if he survived something might dispose him to *change his mind* and alter his will! But *here*, in the Scripture, we have the record of the "*death of the testator*," and the *will is executed*, not by a survivor, but by the *risen testator* Himself; and now if you believe, "*all things are yours, for ye are Christ's and Christ is God's*." But suppose you were condemned to death, and your gracious sovereign were to send you a free pardon under the royal seal, would it be presumption for you to credit it, accept it, and rest upon it? We think not. Then, dear reader, if a believer, *rest here*. For *this is the very fact*. All this is true. The salvation of the sinner, though a *human impossibility*, is yet a *Divine certainty*. Hear His word (Rom. viii. 1) "There is therefore now *no condemnation*;" John vi. 14, "I

give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish;" 1 John v. 11, "This is the record, that God hath given us *eternal life*, and this life is in His Son." Now, is it presumptuous to credit this? "Hath He said it, and will He not do it"? Empires and kingdoms may vanish; sceptres and crowns may perish; the stars may fall; and the burning worlds on high may go to ruin; but "*to every one that believeth*," salvation, with all its imperishable riches, all its indescribable blessedness, all its unrealised glories, all its immortal honours, all its infinite felicities, all and everything it involves is a *Divine certainty!*

But we must not rest here and forget Christian duties. This blessed privilege should *stimulate to action.* Gratitude for this "great grace" should give life and spirit to obedience. If it has not this effect, it is injurious; it *injures personal piety*

and dishonours Christ. Duty and privilege, sonship and service go together. God has joined the two. Let them never be separated. If we are *His*, let us live *to Him* and *for Him.*

Look at the consolation. In seasons of doubt; in mental depression; in times of trouble; above all, "in the swellings of Jordan!" Oh, then it is like an angel's voice—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Mark: *this salvation is in Christ, nowhere else.* If this salvation is ours, we shall be ready to say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ; for me to die is gain." And when we come to life's last hour, then, like the immortal Knox, we shall exclaim, in our last moments, "Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death."

3, Cambridge-road, Gunnersbury, W.

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

IV. *Gilgal, Jericho, Bethany, and Mount of Olives, to Jerusalem.*

AFTER leaving the Jordan we again crossed the fertile plain, here more abundantly prolific than the part nearer the Dead Sea; the bushes so thick that it was like riding through a shrubbery. Presently we came to the brook Cherith, which Elijah found dried up, but which to us was a roaring, rushing torrent of uncertain depth. As no bridges exist in this neglected country, we must

needs force our unwilling horses down the steep, slippery mud banks, and through the turbid waters, which reached higher than our saddle girths, and threatened to carry away both horses and riders with its impetuous flood. In mid-stream, through the plunging of her horse, the saddle on which one of our ladies was mounted got loose, and she had a narrow escape of being canted over into the stream; but, at last, all got to the other shore, thankful to get through with no greater mishap than a scare and wetting; and in about an hour we saw our white tents pitched near the side of the ancient Gilgal, on the very spot where the Israel-

ites made their first encampment after they had crossed the Jordan. Here they were circumcised, and thus *rolled* away their reproach. Gilgal means "rolling." Here they kept their first Passover. Here Joshua saw the angel who proclaimed himself captain of the Lord's Hosts to lead them to victory. Here the Tabernacle was set up, and here it remained till removed to Shiloh. Here Saul was made king, and here his impatience lost him his crown. Here Elisha healed the poisoned pot. Here Naaman the leper was cleansed, and here Gehazi was punished; but only a miserable Arab village is left to mark a spot so celebrated—a cluster of flat-roofed, mud-plastered hovels, with neither windows, doors, nor chimneys—a low aperture gives admission, the earth floor is utterly bare, a hole in the wall gives light; when a fire is kindled, which is but rarely, another hole in the roof lets out the smoke. This flat roof is but four or five feet from the ground, and is covered with straw, dung, and litter, amongst which fowls roost and vermin burrow. Such are the habitations in this Arab village, which is a type of many others in this down-trodden and oppressed country. We have as yet said nothing about the inhabitants. The reason is, *we have scarcely seen any!* For a country naturally so fertile, we never found a population so scanty. There was a tolerable crowd visible at Bethlehem, but elsewhere only a scattered few. In three days we have not seen more than six villages, and (Bethlehem excepted) none large enough to shelter two hundred inhabitants; the people all seem miserably poor; children, either naked, or wearing but one dirty, ragged garment, hair unkempt, and their unwashed limbs caked with

dirt; women whose faces, according to the custom of the country, are modestly covered, but whose arms, legs, and bosoms are generally bare, and all disgustingly dirty. The men, if less ragged, are quite as unclean, and many, both men, women, and children blind in one or both eyes. The glare of the sun, the hot dust blown in their faces by the sirocco wind produces ophthalmia, while their miserable abodes and filthy habits intensify disease and hinder cure. All through the East we have longed for the power to cleanse and repair habitations, roads, and raiment, and to compel habits of decency, industry, and learning amongst the people. We cannot think the people were in so bad a condition in the time of our Lord; they must have deteriorated in quality as well as immensely diminished in number. But none who see the state in which they live can wonder that fevers, dysentery, cholera, leprosy, scrofula, and other diseases that are engendered by filth so abundantly prevail, and the saddest thought respecting the people is that they seem absolutely incapable of improvement, *that is, unless they become Christian*; then, throwing up the fatalism, the ignorance, and the idleness of Mohammedanism, they are rendered improvable, and, as a rule, they do improve. They wash, become clean, and put away other evils. Oh! that God would raise up and send forth an agency which should rescue and elevate the nations of the East.

In the evening we were invited to witness a native dance. It was quite dark, but each traveller carried a candle, and the scene of the exhibition was dimly illuminated by a few lanterns hung up on poles. The spectators being arranged in a semicircle, the performance began:

about a dozen swarthy and dirt-begrimed men, each armed with a blunt naked sword, stood in a line, and, guided by a signal from their leader, went through a series of antics—now thrusting out one leg, then the other; then uplifting one arm; then flourishing the swords; then thrusting back the head, they made a peculiar trill-trill with the tongue, the leader keeping time by a low monotonous chant, and all occasionally indulging in a shrill whoop or shout. There was little variety in their movements. We were quite tired of it in less than ten minutes; but they kept it up nearly half an hour, and at the end, of course, came for backsheesh, which we gave, as we thought, liberally, but which, we understood, was scarcely considered satisfactory by the performers. All the time of the performance our guards had to keep a sharp look out on our baggage, for a neighbouring camp had been robbed in the early part of the evening, and the whole neighbourhood is said to be infested by beggars and thieves.

Next morning we passed by Jericho, the once thriving city of palms, now a fragment of a ruin, every trace of it being lost but an old square tower called the house of Zaccheus, and a group of broken arches, apparently the remains of a former aqueduct. Here, in Old-Testament times dwelt Rahab, who hid the spies, and whose house in the sack of the city was recognised by the sign of the scarlet thread, and spared amid the general destruction. It was this city whose walls, after the sevenfold march of the Israelites, fell down at the sound of the priest's trumpets and the people's shouts. In later times it was near the gates of this city that Blind Bartimæus sat by the way side begging, and in answer to

the prayer of faith, received his sight.

But we may not linger, for we have a long and toilsome up-hill journey to make, our route being the reverse of that taken by the man who fell among thieves. He went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho—literally down—for the latter is 1,200 feet below the level of the former; we have to journey *up* from Jericho to Jerusalem. In other respects, however, there is a similarity, for the road is still infested by robbers, who are ready, not only to plunder, but to strip and maltreat the unprotected traveller, and hence our armed escort is doubled all along this road. Very vigilant are our guards too; on the sight of any unknown figure, especially if armed, we all get close together, and those who carry weapons make an ostentatious display of them—though whether these would prove very serviceable in action I greatly doubt. Happily, however, they are not put to the test, and we make our journey without molestation. We pass a ruin, said to be the remains of the inn where the good Samaritan conveyed the wounded traveller. We rest an hour at a place called Elijah's Fountain, and then, resuming our journey, we mount the hill on which stands BETHANY, the place the Master loved, for there dwelt Martha, Mary, and Lazarus. It is a gentle eminence, green with grass, and dotted with olive trees. But the houses are as filthy, the inhabitants as wretched, as elsewhere. All round the place we were tormented by beggars, and were so beset that we refused the invitation to see Mary's house and Lazarus's tomb. The best house in the place seemed to us not fit for a stable, and we could not imagine our Lord sitting and teaching in any such hovel.

In fact, the original house cannot now be in existence; the whole place is a ruinous heap, and cannot give the smallest notion of the village as it existed in the time of our Lord.

Then we ascended the MOUNT OF OLIVES, slowly climbing the hill in a heavy shower, but when we reached the summit the magnificent view of JERUSALEM made us forget the bad weather. The Holy City stands on the slope of a hill exactly in front of the Mount of Olives. From this place, therefore, its public buildings, its battlemented walls, and their surrounding valleys, are seen at a glance. Below is the Garden of Gethsemane, with its pretty enclosure of ancient trees; the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its innumerable tombs; the Pillar of Absalom, against which every passer-by casts a stone; the Hill of Evil Counsel, where Judas met the High Priests, and covenanted to betray his Master; the Potter's field, bought with the rejected price of his perfidy; the Valley of Hinnom, partly filled up by rubbish, the ruins of the ancient city; the long battlemented walls of the city itself, with its many bastions, suggestive of the Psalmist's challenge, "Go round about her walls, mark well her bulwarks, tell the towers thereof;" St. Stephen's Gate, through which the martyr, Stephen, was hurried by the furious mob intent on stoning him; Zion Gate, walled up by the Moslems from a tradition that if once a Christian

passed through it, their supremacy in Jerusalem would come to an end. Within the walls stands the large and magnificent Mosque called the Dome of the Rock, said to cover the spot where Abraham built the altar on which to offer his well-beloved son, Isaac; the Mosque of Aksa, also held in special reverence, and the smaller Mosque of Omar—all these standing in a great square, once the site of Solomon's Temple. Beyond stands the Jewish Synagogue, known by its green dome. The English church built on Mount Zion, in which good Bishop Gobat officiates; the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to our mind far too near the centre of the City to stand on the veritable hill of Calvary, which was certainly "without the gate." These were some of the prominent objects which stood out from the thickly clustering domed houses of the City. And this is JERUSALEM! We can hardly realize it. Jerusalem, the City of David, of Solomon, of a greater than Solomon—the City over which Jesus wept—where he was seized, arraigned, mocked, scourged, condemned, and close by which he was crucified. And our eyes see its walls, our feet tread its sacred streets, and follow the footsteps of its Lord. What a privilege! We cannot repress our emotions, and content ourselves with the Psalmist's exclamation—"If I forget thee, Oh! Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning."

NOTE—"Bible Reading Sketches," by Rev. J. E. Cracknell, and others, have been omitted for want of space.

Reviews.

Christ's Glorious Achievements. Set forth in Seven Sermons. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings.

To the legion lovers of Mr. Spurgeon's prolific mind and pen this gem will be very acceptable. It is one of the shilling series, and contains some of the writer's best and choicest spiritual utterances.

The Book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Elucidated on the Principle of Permitting the Cardinal Symbols to become the Exponents of the Events and Phenomena with which they are Associated. With a Diagram of the Dispensations. By GENERAL H. GOODWYN, Author of "Antitypical Parables," &c., &c. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THIS is an elaborate exposition of the author's views of the Book of Revelation from his own loved standpoint. We cannot describe the contents better than in his own words. In the first chapter the character of this Book of Revealed Mysteries is shown. The second chapter presents the Scriptural meaning of the principal symbols, as the index of the exposition. The third is devoted to an illustration of the object of the Divine Book by a determination of the sense in which the words, *in the Spirit on the Lord's Day* are to be understood. Those who read will find proof of a most earnest and devout mind. Always solemn, and pressing the conviction on you that his object is the *glory of Christ* and the instruction of His people. The area covered is so vast, the issues so tremendous and even awful in importance, that we can only say, *Read with care and thought every line*, and edification and profit must come." We have much sympathy with the literal interpretation in these pages, but cannot accord in all the views expressed in the

volume; as, for instance, those on pages 316 and 321. All we read, hear, and feel rather confirms us in the non-annihilation theory. We trust the General's life may be spared for years, and for much usefulness, though he expresses an opinion that this may be his last contribution of spiritual service.

The Faith once Delivered to the Saints; or, Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Godliness Vindicated and Enforced, and the Errors of the Times Exposed. By the late JOHN FOX. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a book to put down sectarianism written in a sectarian spirit. None are right in the author's eyes, and he is not right in ours. And even if his strokes are always justly deserved, still he might have taken for his weapon a cane dipped in the sugar of love. His descriptions of Calvinism make us open our eyes; while his treatment of Baptists, and attempted application of Scripture make us smile. *Take it altogether, we have not read so interesting a little book for some time.*

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly.
RICHARD D. DICKINSON, Farringdon-street.

HAS our sincere best wishes. The articles and essays are rich and masculine, while the range of subjects are so wide, comprehensive, and timely, that they cannot fail of being advantageous to the reader.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

What Advantage then hath a Jew? A Plain Proof from Scripture that a return of the Jews as a People to Palestine is not to be expected. By A. L. SAUL. Elliot Stock.

Well written, in a right Christian spirit, and will well repay perusal by

those who with ourselves take the other side in this interesting question.

Do we Meet only in the Name of the Lord Jesus. Observations Addressed to Brethren. Elliot Stock.

In all our experience of *High Church*, *Low Church*, *Broad Church*, and *No Church*, we have always found they have a creed. The only difference being in the number of its Articles. Therefore we say, how can two walk together unless they are agreed.

The King's Highway. Elliot Stock.

Pennel. Longley and Co.

Divine Life. Houghton and Co.

These magazines are mainly devoted to modern views of sanctification. They are well conducted, and have much profitable reading, though we do not endorse all they contain.

The Resurrection of the Just. A Tract for the Times. Elliot Stock. Has our sincere approval.

Old Jonathan. Collingridge and Co. Welcome everywhere.

The Lay Preacher. Reduced in price. We wish it increased success.

The Eastern Problem Solved. Elliot Stock.

We wish this was so. This is an allegorical satire on the proceedings and failures of the late Conference at Constantinople.

Magazines, &c. which have been previously recommended:—

The Appeal. *The Teachers' Storehouse.* *Biblical Museum.* Elliot Stock.

Baptist Magazines:—

The Baptist Magazine. Castle-street, Holborn.

The General Baptist. Marlborough and Co.

The Sword and Trowel. Passmore and Alabaster.

Good average numbers. In *Sword and Trowel* we were specially interested in the Notes of his Life and Letter from the Editor.

The Baptist and Freeman should be read by all Baptists.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. W. TARBOX, of Regent's-park College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Addlestone, Surrey.

Rev. J. C. Thompson, late of Helston, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the George-street Chapel at Paisley.

Rev. R. Bray has given notice of his intention to shortly resign the pastorate of the church at Hook Norton, Oxon.

Rev. W. Thomas, of Chester, has accepted the invitation to the churches at Hose and Clawson.

Rev. J. J. Hayman has resigned the pastorate of the church at Newthorpe, near Nottingham.

Rev. John Landels, of Kirkcaldy, eldest son of Dr. Landels, has resigned

his present pastorate in favour of mission work in Italy, where his brother William is already.

Rev. J. W. Williams, pastor of the English church at Mountain Ash, Aberdare, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at St. Mary's-gate, Derby.

Rev. Evan Davies, of South Hackney, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Monmouth.

Rev. J. Blake, of Waterbeach, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Over Darwen, Lancashire.

Rev. J. Teall, after sixteen years labours, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Queen-street, Woolwich, and has accepted a cordial invitation from the church in Meard's-court, Soho. We trust Mr. Teall's labours will be

much blessed to the building up of this old-established church, and in the ingathering of the unconverted.

RECOGNITIONS.

Services in connection with the recognition of their new pastor, Rev. J. H. Sobey, have been held by the church at Helston, Cornwall. On Tuesday Rev. W. F. Googh preached, after which a tea and public meeting was held in the schoolroom, and were well attended. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, and others.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Baillie, late of the Bristol College, at Manvers-street Chapel, Bath, were held on Wednesday, the 28th of Feb. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Gotch delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Greenhough, that to the church. In the evening a very hearty service was held, when Rev. J. Penny presided, and addresses were delivered by various ministers.

A tea meeting was held on Wednesday, 28th of Feb., in the schoolroom of Friar-lane Chapel, Leicester, in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. H. Atkinson, late of Hitchin. Some 700 members of the congregation and friends were present at the tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, when an interesting paper on the history of Friar-lane Chapel was read by Rev. J. Stubbins, and addresses were delivered by several other ministers.

PRESENTATIONS.

The anniversary tea meeting of Park-shot Church, Richmond, was held March 15, 1877; Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, the pastor, presided. The chapel has been greatly improved during the past year, and the reports showed progress in other directions. A purse of twenty-two guineas was presented to the pastor, and interesting addresses were delivered by the ministers present.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation in connection with the ministry of the Rev. W. Julyan, at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, has re-

cently been held, when several addresses were delivered, and the pastor was presented with a purse containing £40 as a testimonial.

At the annual meeting of the Stoke-green Church, Ipswich, Rev. W. Whale was presented with a purse containing twenty-seven guineas, by Mr. John Neve, senior deacon, in the name of the congregation. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. R. L. Everett, W. G. Archer, J. Gooding, J. Dennatt, and W. Smyth.

At Hunton-bridge Chapel, near Watford, Herts, an interesting meeting was held, February 28th, to present Rev. H. Channer, who has laboured there and at King's Langley with much success, with a present of books to the value of about £15.

The Vauxhall Sunday-school has just held its thirteenth anniversary. Special sermons were preached on the Sunday by Rev. D. Asquith and Rev. G. W. McGree. On Tuesday a tea and public meeting were held, at which a music-stool was presented to Miss Hearson, and writing-desks to Mr. W. Blossom and Mr. Rock. A treat was given to the scholars on the Wednesday.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel in connection with the Mechanics' Hall Church, Nottingham, has just been commenced. The school-rooms, chapel, and land will cost £3,200. The chapel will accommodate some 530, and the schools about 400.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON.—Tuesday 20th Feb., the annual meeting of the church and congregation at Park-street Baptist chapel was held. The pastor, the Rev. James H. Blake, said, in the course of his address, he was gratified that the spiritual work was prospering. Since he had been labouring amongst them (about six months), over forty had been added to the church, and several candidates for membership would be received at the next church meeting, and he was sure his brethren would be pleased to know, usually on

Monday as many as thirty persons came to his house for spiritual instruction. The chapel was fairly full on Sunday evenings, besides the separate service held at the same hour in the school-room, at which some hundreds gathered. Also about £240 pounds had been raised in a few weeks towards the new organ. Addresses were given by Rev. C. Berry, Mr. Revell Morgan, Lambourne, and others, and this concluded a happy and stirring meeting.

HORNINGTON, KEIGHLEY, YORKS.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 31, Mr. George Greenwood gave a lecture on the "Unexpected Guest," which was listened to by a large congregation.

STOV-HILL, NEWPORT, MON.—The annual tea and church meeting was held on Monday evening, Jan. 15. The pastor, Rev. John Douglas, presided. The secretary, Mr. G. Moore, read the report, which showed that during the year nineteen had been received into membership by letter, and twenty-six by baptism. Ten of the pupils from the Sabbath-school had professed conversion in baptism. The treasurer, Mr. Sheppard, submitted the balance-sheet, which showed the funds of the church were in a most satisfactory condition. Mr. G. Higgs, one of the deacons, presented, on behalf of the church, an ornamental purse, containing over £8, to Miss Moody, as a token of their esteem and gratitude for her gratuitous services on Lord-days in presiding at the organ. W. Evans, senior deacon, John Jones, W. Powell, deacons, and Mr. Preese, superintendent of the Sabbath-school, made some felicitous observations during the meeting. The Spirit of the Lord is evincing His presence in this church.

WORTHVILLE, KEIGHLEY.—The first annual congregational tea meeting was held on Jan. 17 under the presidency of Rev. William Mayo. Addresses were given by Revs. W. E. Goodman, C. Rumbt, and others. Recitations and singing by members of the Sunday-school, also a glee party from Albert-street church, added to the enjoyment of the evening. The report was very encouraging. The new system of

"weekly offerings" instead of pew rents is taking well. There were about 150 to tea, and the house was full at the after meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Glamorganshire Baptist Association took place at Berthlwyd Chapel, Pontypridd, on Wednesday and Thursday last week, when the following resolution was, amongst others, unanimously adopted: "That having heard that the respected President of the Pontypool College has determined to give up his important office, we humbly desire to hint to the notice of the Select Committee the necessity for the sake of encouragement, assurance, and co-operation of the Welsh churches; and as many of our Welsh brethren possess the essential qualification for the presidency, that they should invite a Welshman to the theological chair." A resolution was also adopted of thanks to God for the restoration to health of Dr. Price, of Aberdare, so that he is enabled to resume his ministry.

FRANKSBRIDGE, RADNORSHIRE.—On Friday, January 26, the annual tea meeting in connection with the Sabbath-school took place, at 4 P.M., when children, teachers, parents, and friends, to the number of 206, met together, and enjoyed a sumptuous tea, and a pleasant afternoon of social intercourse. In the evening, at 6.30, a service of recitation commenced in the chapel, when a variety of interesting and pleasing pieces were said by the young friends in connection with the school and congregation. The choir sang a variety of pieces.

The annual meetings of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches were held on Tuesday, March 13, in Hill-street Chapel, Dorset-square. About seventy delegates and ministers were present. The association, which has been in existence for six years, has for its object "the promoting of the unity, edification, and prosperity of the churches." During the past year, 98 members have been added to the 13 reporting churches.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation connected with the

ministry of Rev. T. V. Tymms, at Clapton, has just been held, when several interesting addresses were delivered. It appears from the report presented that £2,642 17s. 11d. has been raised by the congregation during the year, including a voluntary offering of £520 to the minister's fund, and £156 15s. 6d. for presenting the pastor with a beneficiary membership of the Baptist Union Annuity Fund. Improvements have also been effected in the building at a cost of £516 16s.

The 15th anniversary of the flourishing school in connection with Commercial-road Chapel, Guildford, was held on Sunday, February 11. Rev. J. T. Briscoe preached morning and evening. In the afternoon a service for the young was conducted by Mr. G. T. Congrove, in the Congregational chapel (kindly lent for the occasion). More than a thousand scholars were present, from all the Sunday-schools in the town. On the following Monday a tea took place in the school-room, after which a public meeting was held in the Borough and County Hall, at which addresses were delivered by ministers of all denominations.

HOSE.—The Anniversary Services were held on February 11, when two sermons were preached by the Pastor, the Rev. W. Thomas, to a crowded congregation, and on Tuesday, February 13, a tea and public meeting was held, when 200 sat down to tea, after which there was a public meeting, presided over by the Pastor, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Tansley, Rev. Everit, Messrs. Thompson, Underwood, and Silverwood. The proceeds amounted to £20.

ANNUAL SERVICES.

The following are the arrangements already made for the Annual Services of the Mission:

Introductory Prayer Meeting: Thursday, April 19. Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., Bristol, to preside.

Tuesday, April 24: Annual Members' Meeting. Chairman: Elisha Robinson, Esq., Bristol.

Wednesday, April 25: Annual Sermons. Morning Sermon: Bloomsbury Chapel. Preacher: Rev. Robert Rainy, D.D., Principal of Free Church College, Edinburgh. Instead of the one evening sermon, there will be four in London, as follows: North—Upper Holloway Chapel. Rev. Samuel Chapman (Glasgow). East—Mare Street Chapel, Hackney. Rev. James Thew (Leicester). South—Denmark Place Chapel, Camberwell. Rev. Henry Platten (Birmingham). West—Westbourne Grove Chapel, Bayswater. Rev. James Owen (Swansea).

Thursday evening, April 26: Annual Meeting—Exeter Hall. Chairman: Mr. Alderman Barran, M.P. (Leeds). Speakers: Rev. W. M. Statham, Harecourt Chapel, Canonbury; Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon; one of our Missionaries; Samuel Danks Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

BAPTISMS.

Abersychan.—March 7, at the English Chapel, Seven, by Mr. Jones.

Aberthawley.—March 4, Twenty-four, by LL Jones.

Armsley.—Feb. 26, at Wintoun-street, Five, by R. Sibby.

Ashton-under-Lyne.—Feb. 25, Two, by A. Bowden.

Bacup.—March 4, at Zion Chapel, Three, by C. W. Gregory.

Bangor.—March 4, at the English Chapel, Two, by W. H. Bishop.

Barrow-in-Furness.—Feb. 28, One, by J. Hughes.

Bailey, Yorks.—Feb. 25, Seven, by J. H. Hardy.

Bedminster, Bristol.—Feb. 25, at Phillip-street, Thirteen, by W. Norris.

Belper.—Feb. 13, Two, by Dr. Underwood.

Bildston, Suffolk.—Feb. 28, Seven, by R. Mackie.

Birmingham.—Feb. 25, at Bond-street, Three, by G. Wheeler.

Birmingham.—Feb. 25, at Cannon-street, Four, by G. Jerman.

Blaenan Gwnt.—Feb. 18, Sixteen, by J. Lewis.

Blaenavon.—March 8, at the English Chapel, Eight, by W. Rees.

Bradford.—Feb. 25, at Slon Chapel, Eight, by J. W. Ashworth.

Brierly Hill, Ebbw Vale.—Feb. 18, at Zion, Ten, by T. Garnon.

Builth.—Feb. 18, Seven, by J. M. Jones.

Burton-on-Trent.—Feb. 25, at Guild-street, Seven, by J. Askew.

- Caeraleam*, Victoria.—Feb. 25, Five, by J. W. Lewis.
- Carmarthen*.—Feb. 25, at the Tabernacle, Twenty-five, by J. Thomas.
- Carmarthen*.—March 11, at Priory-street, Eighteen, by G. H. Roberts.
- Charbury*, Oxon.—March 11, Two, by G. B. Richardson.
- Cheddar*.—Feb. 15, Three, by T. Hanger.
- Clare*.—Jan. 28, Two, by T. Hoddy.
- Congleton*.—Feb. 28, Two, by J. Walker.
- Consett*, Durham.—Feb. 25, Seven, by R. Herries.
- Corsham*.—March 1, Seven, by J. Harlstone.
- Comdare*, Glam.—Feb. 18, One, by Mr. Evans.
- Dalton-in-Furness*.—March 1, Two, by J. Hughes.
- Dinas*, Pontypridd.—March —, Seven, by H. W. Hughes.
- Dowlais*.—Feb. 16, at the English Chapel, One; Feb. 25, Four, by J. Williams.
- East Harlepool*.—Feb. 11, Four; Feb. 25, Three, by H. Dunington.
- Ebbw Vale*.—Feb. 18, at the English Chapel, Eleven, by S. Garnon.
- Gainsborough*.—Feb. 22, Two, by H. J. Dyer.
- Galashie's*.—Feb. 25, at Stirling-street, Two, by C. Hill.
- Halifax*.—Feb. 25, at Trinity-road, Four, by J. Parker.
- Halshead*.—Feb. 28, Three, by E. Morley.
- Harwell*.—March 11, Two, by Mr. Bray.
- Heaton*, Bradford.—Nov. 11, Two, by the Rev. Geo. Edmondson, for the church (one a daughter of the senior deacon); March 4, Three.
- Hose*.—Feb. 25, Two; March 6, One, by W. Thomas.
- Irvine*, Scotland.—Feb. 24, Six, by J. Blaikie.
- Jarrow-on Tyne*, Graunge-road.—Feb. 23, Two; Feb. 25, Three; March 7, One, by W. Satchwell.
- Keighley*, Albert-street.—March 4, Four, by W. E. Goodman.
- Kirby-in-Ashfield*.—Feb. 14, Eight, by A. Firth.
- Launceston*.—Feb. 18, Two, by R. Peter.
- Leigh*, Lancashire.—Feb. 25, Four, by D. Wareing.
- Lifton*, Devon.—March 4, Four; March 9, Five, by G. Parker.
- Liverpool*.—Feb. 25, at Soho-street, Three, by Eli E. Walter.
- Livynpia*.—Feb. 25, at Jerusalem, Eight, by J. B. Jones.
- Lochgilthead*.—March 4, Three, by F. Forbes.
- Lockwood*.—March 1, Four, by W. Gay.
- Long Eaton*.—Feb. 21, Four, by C. T. Johnson.
- Loughwood*.—Feb. 18, One, by R. Bastable.
- Luton*, Park-street.—March 1, Eight, by J. H. Blake.
- Manchester*.—March 7, Four, by F. J. Ryan.
- Mansfield*.—March 7, Four, by G. Parks.
- Merthyr*.—Feb. 18, at Bethel, Six, by J. Cole.
- Metropolitan District* :—
- Olapham Common*.—Feb. 25, Six, by R. Webb.
- Hackney-road*.—March 1, at Providence Chapel, Four, by W. Cuff.
- Harlington*, Middlesex. March 1, Two, by W. Crick.
- Highgate*.—Feb. 25, Five, by J. W. Barnard.
- John-street*, Bedford-row.—Feb. 27, Two, by J. Collins.
- John-street*, Edgware-road.—March 1, Ten, by J. Knight.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—March 5, Seventeen; March 15, Twenty, by J. A. Spurgeon.
- New Wimbledon*.—Feb. 23, Three, by A. Halford.
- Pockham*.—March 1, at Park-road, Two, by T. G. Tarn.
- St. John's-wood*.—Feb. 15, in Abbey-road Chapel, Four, by W. Stott.
- St. Luke's*.—Feb. 18, at Lever-street, Five, by G. C. Williams.
- Stratford*.—Feb. 15, at the Grove Chapel, Ten, by J. H. Banfield.
- Vauxhall*.—Feb. 25, Three, by G. Hearson.
- Whitechapel*.—Feb. 25, at Little Alie-street, Two, by C. Masterson.
- Wood Green*.—Feb. 25, Seven, by J. Pugh.
- Milford Haven*.—Feb. 18, One, by D. George.
- Morley*.—Feb. 25, Four, by R. Davies.
- Neath*.—Feb. 11, at the English Chapel, Two, by G. Hawker.
- Newport*.—Feb. 21, at Alma-street, Seven, by the pastor.
- Nayland*, Pembroke.—Feb. 25, Three, by M. H. Jones.
- Oakengates*.—March 7, Four, by W. Bonser.
- Ogden*, Rochdale.—Feb. 25, Three, by A. E. Greening.
- Pembroke Dock*.—Feb. 7, at Bush-street, Three; Feb. 25, One, by R. C. Roberts.
- Pole Moor*, near Huddersfield.—March 4, One, by J. Evans.
- Portsmouth*.—Feb. 19, at Lake-road, Three; March 1, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Poynton*.—Feb. 25, Two, by G. Walker.
- Radford*.—Feb. 11, at Prospect-place, Six, by A. Brittain.
- Ramoth*, Hirwain.—Feb. 18, Six, by E. Evans.
- Risca*.—Feb. 18, at the English Chapel, Two, by T. Thomas.
- Shipley*, Boss-street.—March 8, Three, by F. Poston.
- Shoreham*.—Feb. 25, One, by J. W. Harrald.
- Smethwick*, Birmingham.—Feb. 25, at Cross-street, Eleven, by G. T. Bailey.
- Southampton*.—Feb. 25, at Carlton, Four, by E. Osborne.
- Southampton*.—March 8, at East-street Chapel, Three, by J. H. Patterson.
- St. Mellons*.—March 11, Nine, by T. Thomas.
- Stockton-on-Tees*.—March 4, Four, by H. Moore.
- Taunton*.—Feb. 25, at Albemarle, Four, by O. Tidman.
- Tenby*.—Feb. 25, at South Parade, Two, by H. M. Barnett.
- Todmorden*.—Feb. 8, Five; March 9, Two, by H. Briggs.
- Todmorden*.—Feb. 25, at Lineholme, Seven, by W. Sharmar.
- Todmorden*.—March 1, at Shore, Six, by J. K. Chappelle.

Tonbridge.—Feb. 28, Six, by J. Turner.
Fonda.—Feb. 17, Four, by E. Schaffer.
Tredgar.—Feb. 23, at Bethel, George Town, Fourteen, by E. Lewis.
Trehercock, Rhonda Valley.—Feb. 25, at Bethany, Three, by E. Bosser.
Trebovy, Rhonda Valley.—Feb. 18, at the English Chapel, Four, by D. Davies.
Trenbridge.—Feb. 4, at Staines, Eight, by A. English.
Uxley, Gloucestershire.—Feb. 25, Three, by W. Evans.
Vander, Isle of Wight.—Feb. 25, Three, by J. Wilkinson.
Wickchurch, near Cardiff.—March 3, at the English Church, Five, by E. Davies.
Wirksworth.—Feb. 25, Twelve, by J. C. Fother.
Wyden.—March 4, Two, by R. Morris.

RECENT DEATHS.

DEATH OF THE REV. J. MARTIN, B.A.—Our readers will learn with much sorrow of the somewhat sudden death by pneumonia this week of the Rev. J. Martin, B.A., of Melbourne, at the age of fifty-five. Our readers will remember that he was pastor of the church at Derby-road, Nottingham, and settled at Collins-street, Melbourne, in the summer of the year 1869. He attained and maintained a position of great influence, not only in the city,

but in the denomination in the colony. Mr. Martin's name is well known to theological students as the translator from the German of a considerable number of commentaries published by the Messrs. Clark, Edinburgh.

The memory of the just is blessed. Mr. John Cookson departed this life on Saturday, February 3, after a long and painful illness. He was for many years a loved member and worthy deacon of the Church at Park-street, Luton. He also, for more than 40 years, held a very important business position in the town. Many besides his afflicted widow and family will mourn his loss. His thorough business habits, his devout spirit, his love to young and old and all good things and good men, endear him to our memory. His mortal remains were committed to the family grave in the Luton Cemetery, amidst the presence of hundreds of mourning friends; and the death was spoken of by the Rev. James H. Blake, on Sunday morning, February 11, to a large and sympathising congregation, the subject chosen for remark being "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from February 18th, 1877, to March 19th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | | |
|------------------------|---|----|---------|----------------------|----|---------|---|--|----|----|---|
| Mr. J. Hughes | 1 | 0 | 0 | A Friend of the Rev. | | | | In Memoriam Isobel | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. J. Hughes | 0 | 10 | 0 | G. Rogers | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. H. McKay | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Hector | 1 | 10 | 0 | The Cloud Dispersed | 1 | 0 | 0 | Collected at Wellington Hall, Dover, per | | | |
| Mrs. George | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. J. Graham | 25 | 0 | 0 | Rev. J. F. Frewen | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Hinton | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Pasfield | 0 | 5 | 0 | Proceeds of Lectures | | | |
| E. D. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Wells | 0 | 1 | 2 | by Rev. Frank H. | | | |
| Friends at Hackney, | | | | Mr. J. Callander | 7 | 0 | 0 | White, at Talbot | | | |
| per Rev. W. J. Dyer | 1 | 10 | 0 | J. and E. C. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Tabernacle, Notting | | | |
| Miss Winslow | 1 | 1 | 0 | D. E. G., Wilts | 0 | 2 | 6 | Hills | 3 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr Samuel King | 4 | 0 | 0 | West Hadden | 0 | 5 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | | |
| A Working Man | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. H. Eastman | 1 | 0 | 0 | Metropolitan Ta- | | | |
| Walter's Birthday Gift | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Grant | 9 | 0 | 0 | bernacle—Feb. 25 | 33 | 0 | 3 |
| Mrs. Gibb | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Westrop | 5 | 0 | 0 | " " March 4 | 22 | 0 | 9 |
| Rev. G. J. Knight | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Oumming and | | | | " " " 11 | 83 | 1 | 5 |
| Mr. W. H. Wilcox | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mc. A. McDonald | 2 | 0 | 0 | " " " 15 | 46 | 0 | 2 |
| A Reader of Sermons, | | | | Misses Mary and Ma- | | | | | | | |
| Ashby-de-la-Zouch | 0 | 5 | 0 | rian Owen | 2 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| The Misses Dransfield | 2 | 2 | 0 | Yeshua | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | |

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

AN EARNEST ENTREATY.*

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

"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."—**PSALM ii. 12.**

LET us have a little quiet talk to-night. I have known a simple, earnest conversation turn the whole current of a man's life. I recollect a good man, who lived at a certain market town in Suffolk. He was no preacher; so far as I know, he had never tried to preach; yet he was a mighty soul-winner. He had noticed how commonly it happened in that town, as in most of our smaller towns, that the lads as they grew up sought situations in London, or in some other large centre of industry, and, consequently, they left their home, their parents, guardians, and the associations amidst which they had been trained, to enter a new sphere, where they would be exposed to more temptation, while they would lack much of the oversight that had hitherto checked them when prone to wander. His watchful eye and ever-listening ear having ascertained within a little when any young man was going, he sent a polite invitation to tea, and at that tea-table the words he used to speak, the cautions he gave, and the necessity he urged of being decided for Christ before leaving, and especially the earnest prayer with which he concluded the evening—these things have been remembered by scores of young men, who, on removing to the larger towns, could never shake off the impression which his quiet, devout conversation had made. Some of them even traced their conversion to God, and their subsequent perseverance in the paths of righteousness, to the evening they had spent with that humble, but wise and earnest individual. I wonder whether any of us remember in our young days any such talk as that which exerted an influence upon us; I wonder more if, instead of trying to preach anything great to-night, which is not much in my line, I try to talk very seriously and pointedly to all present who are unconverted, whether God will not bless it by His Holy Spirit, and make it a turning point to decide the present course and eternal destiny of some of my hearers.

Our text contains some very sound advice. Let us ask—to whom was it originally addressed? and to whom is it appropriately addressed now? "*Kiss the Son, lest He be angry.*" Look at the 10th verse—"Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Thus, to monarchs and potentates of this world; to those who made and those who administered the laws, in whose hands were the liberties, if not the lives of their subjects, were these words spoken. People make a great fuss about a sermon preached before her Majesty. I must confess to having wasted a shilling once or twice over those productions. I could never make out why they should not have been sold for a halfpenny, for I think better sermons could have been bought for a penny. But, somehow, there is always an interest attached to anything that is preached *before* a king

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or a queen, and still more so if it be pointedly preached to a king. Now, this was a little private advice given to kings and judges. Still, it offers counsel by which persons of inferior rank may profit. You, sir, are not so great in station but this advice may be good enough for you. If it was meant for those who sat on thrones, wielded sceptres, and exercised authority, you will not have to humble yourself much to listen earnestly, and receive gratefully, this admonition of wisdom.

Let me take you now by your coat, and hold you for a minute, and say, Be wise now; this is the day for reason; exercise a little judgment; put on your considering cap; do not spurn the monition, or put it on one side with a huff and a puff, as though it were not discreet or urgent. This was language meant for kings; hearken to it; it may be a royal word to you. Mayhap—for strange things happen—it may help to make you a king, too, according to that saying, which is written, "He hath made us kings and priests unto God." The language which would command the attention of kings would certainly claim heed of such humble and obscure persons as are here assembled. Surely, when the expostulation proceeds from the mouth of God, and when it is spoken to the highest potentates in the world, you might account it a privilege to have the matter made privy to yourselves. And as it intimately concerns you, there is the more cause that you take heed thereunto.

The words were spoken to those who had wilfully opposed the reign of our Saviour, the Son of God, the Lord's Anointed. They had determined to reject Him. They said, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." A terrible, a disastrous course to resolve upon in the teeth of a destiny that no plot can hinder, no confederacy can avert. Hence, the caution and the counsel appeal to all or to any who have been opposers of Christ and of true religion. I do not suppose there are many such here, who are actively and ostensibly revolting against the Gospel, yet there may be some such; and, if there be, I would sound an alarm, and ring loudly the warning, "Be wise now, therefore; be instructed; do listen a little." It is good to be zealous in a good cause. But suppose it is a bad cause! Saul of Tarsus was vehement against Christ, but after some consideration he became quite as enthusiastic for Him. It may cost you many regrets another day to have been so violent against that which you will find out to have been worthy of your love rather than of your fierce opposition. Every wise man, before he commits himself to defend or withstand a policy, would make quite sure, as far as human judgment can, whether it be right or wrong; to be desired, or to be deprecated. Surely, I do not speak to any who would wilfully oppose that which is good. Or, if prejudice has prompted you, there is all the more reason why your judgment should now be impartial. Stop, therefore, and give ear. It may be thy relentings will be kindled, and wisdom will enlighten thy heart. These words were spoken to those who ought to have been wise—to kings and judges of the earth. Those mighty ones had been mistaken, otherwise the rebuke would have been untimely and superfluous—"Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth." It appears they had rebelled—partly through ignorance, but mainly through jealousy and malice—they had rebelled and revolted against the Christ of God. Doubtless they did not rightly understand Him. Perhaps they thought His way was hard, His laws severe, His

government tyrannical. But He meets your wild rage with His mild reasoning. To the gusts of your passion He responds with the gentle voice of His mercy,—“Be wise, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.” Learn a little more; get a little more knowledge; it may correct your vain imaginations. A ray of light shining into your minds might make you shudder at the darkness in the midst of which you dwelt. A view of the right might perhaps show you that you have been wrong. It might take the tiller of your soul, and turn the vessel round into another course. We are none of us so wise but we could profit by a little more instruction. He that cannot learn from a fool is a fool himself. When a man says, “I know enough,” he knows nothing. He who thinks that his education is “finished,” had need begin his schooling afresh, for a fair start he has never yet made. With a sound basis, the edifice of education may proceed satisfactorily, but it never can be completed. *Excelsior* is the student's motto. He sees higher and higher altitudes as he rises in attainment; and, so long as he sojourns in this world, fresh fields of inquiry will continue to open up before him.

Once again, I believe the words of our text have an especial reference to those who are thoughtless and careless about their best interests. The kings of the earth were deliberating how they might successfully oppose Christ; but they were strangely and culpably negligent of their real interest. Hence the remonstrance—“Be wise now; be instructed, ye judges of the earth.” The general lack of intelligence in the present day with respect to religion is, to my mind, appalling. The knowledge with which most men are content is superficial in the extreme. They do not think; they do not take the pains to make reflections and draw inferences from the facts within their reach, but they allow themselves to drift with the tide of what is called “public opinion.” Were it the fashion for people to carry brains in their heads, some religions which are now very rife would soon come to an end. I have stood aghast with wonder and with awe at the sublime folly of mankind, when I have seen how eagerly and devoutly they will bow down before baubles and raree-shows, while they vainly imagine that they are worshipping God. Have they no brains within their skulls? Have they no faculty of thought? Have they no reasoning power? What singular defect can be traced to their birth, or with what fatal folly have they renounced their common sense? Ought we to pity, to chide, or to scorn them? In indictments for witchcraft, I suppose, you punish the impostor as a knave, while you laugh at the victim as a dupe. But in cases of priestcraft, you divide the scandal more equally. So the Sunday theatricals run their course, till the force of thought, the voice of conscience, and, I might add, the love of liberty, shall pronounce their doom. People do not think. Some of them are of the religion of their ancestors, whatever that may be. You hear of Roman Catholic families and Quaker families. Not conviction, but tradition, shapes their ends. Others are of the religion of the circle in which they live, whatever that may be. They are good Protestants, they say; had they been born in Naples, they would have been as good Papists; or had they been born at Timbuctoo, they would have been as good heathens. Just about as good in any case. Thought, reason, or judgment never entered into their reckoning. They go up to their place of worship; they pray as others do, or they say “Amen” to any collect that may fall into the service.

Thought they have none. They sing without thought, hear without thought, and as the thing is to be done, I suppose, they preach without thought. Talk of preaching, I have specimens at home of sermons which can be bought for ninnence each. They are underlined, so that the proper emphasis is apparent, and the pauses to be made between the sentences are fairly indicated. Preaching made easy! We shall be favoured one of these days with preaching machines; we have already got down to hearing machines. The mass of our hearers is not much more animated than an automaton figure. Life and liveliness are wanting in both. Preaching and hearing may both perhaps be done by steam. I would it were not so. Men are evidently thoughtful about other things. Bring up a sanitary problem, and there are men that will work it out somehow. Is some new invention wanted, say a gun or a torpedo, to effect wholesale destruction of life? You shall find competitors in the arena, vying one with another in their study of the murderous science. Man seems to think of everything but of his God; to read everything but his Bible; to feel the influence of everything but the love of Christ, and to see reason and argument in everything except in the inviolable truth of Divine revelation. Oh, when will men consider? Why are they bent upon dashing into eternity thoughtlessly? Is dying and passing into another world of no more account than passing from the parlour to the drawing-room? Is there no hereafter? Is heaven a dream, and hell a bugbear? Well, then, cease to play with shadows; no longer foster such delusions. Be these things true or false, your insincerity is alike glaring. Like honest men, repudiate the Scriptures if you will not accept their counsel. Do not pretend to believe the solemnities of God's word, and yet trifle with them. This is to stultify yourselves, while you insult your Maker. I appeal to the consciences of every thoughtless person here, if reason or common sense would justify such vacillation. Having thus tried to find out the people to whom my text applies, let me now direct your attention to the advice it gives them.

The advice is this: rebel no more against God. You have done so; some of you actively and wilfully; others of you by ignoring His claims and utterly neglecting His will. It is not right to continue in this rebellious state. To have become entangled in such iniquity is grievous enough, but to continue therein any longer were an outrageous folly and a terrible crime. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Do you say, "We hear of advice and are willing to take it; our anxiety now is to find out the way in which we can become reconciled to God. How can we be restored to friendship with Him whom we have so bitterly wronged and so grossly offended?" Here is the pith of the advice. "Kiss the Son, pay Him homage, yield the affectionate fealty of your hearts to the Son of God." Between you and the great King there is an awful breach. You can obtain no audience of Him. So grievous has been your revolt, that He will not see you. He has shut the door, and there cannot be any communication between you and Himself; He has hung up a thick veil, through which your prayers cannot penetrate. But he refers you to His Son. That son is His other self—one with Himself in essential deity, who hath condescended to become man, hath taken your nature into union with Himself, and in that nature hath offered unto Divine justice an expiatory sacrifice for human guilt. Now, therefore, God will deal with

you through His Son. You must have an advocate; as many a client cannot plead in court, but must have some counsellor to plead for him, who is infinitely more versed in the law and better able to defend his cause than he is, so the Lord appoints that you, if you would see the face of your God, must see it in the face of Jesus Christ. The short way of being at peace with God is not to try and mend your ways, or excuse yourself, or perform certain works, or go through certain ceremonies; but to repair to Christ, the one only Mediator, who once was fastened to the cross, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. He is now at the right hand of God, and you are required to worship Him, to trust in Him, to love Him. Thus do, and the reconciliation between you and God is effected in a moment. The blessed Jesus will wash you from your guilt, and the righteousness of Christ will cover you with beauty, which will make you acceptable in the sight of God. "Kiss the Son." It means render Him homage, just as in our own country they speak of kissing hands with the Queen when certain offices are taken and homage is required. So come and kiss the Saviour: No hard work this. Some of us would fain for ever kiss His blessed feet. It would be heaven enough for us: Oh, come and pay your homage to Him; own that Christ is your King. Give up your life to His service. Consecrate all your powers and faculties to do His will. But do trust Him. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." That is the true kiss. Trust Him, rely upon Him, depend upon Him; leave off depending upon yourself, and rely upon Jesus. Throw yourself flat down upon the finished work of Christ; when you have so done your faith has reconciled you to God, and you may go your way in peace. Only go your way henceforth to serve that King whose hand you have kissed, and to be the willing subject of that dear Redeemer who ought to have you, because He bought you with His precious blood.

This advice is urgent. Do it at once. I am not speaking now after the fashion of the orator, but I am talking to you as a friend. I wish I could pass along those aisles, or over the tops of those pews, and gently take the hand of each one, and say, "Friend, God would fain have thee reconciled to Him, and it only needs the simple act of trusting Jesus and accepting Him to be thy leader and thy king." Do it now. If it be ever worth doing, it is worth doing at once. It is a blessed thing to do. Why delay? It is a simple thing to do—why hesitate? It is the very least thing God could ask of thee, and even that He will not require thee to do in thine own strength. Art thou waiting, but weak? He will help thee to do what He commands thee to do. Now, as thou sittest in thy pew, what sayest thou to this? "I will think it over," says one. Does it want any thinking over? If I had offended my father, I should wish to be at peace with him directly; and if my father said to me, "My son, I will be reconciled to you if you will go and speak to your brother about it," well, I should not think it hard, for I love my brother as well as my father, and I would go to him at once, and so all would be well. God says, "Go to Jesus; I am in Him. You can reach Me there—go round, by His cross; you will find Me reconciled there. Away from the cross I am a Judge, and My terrors will consume you. With the cross between you and Me, I am a Father, and you shall behold My face beaming with love to you." "But, how am I to get to Jesus?" do you ask. Why, have I not told you, simply to trust Him, to rely upon Him? Faith is trusting Christ.

This is the Gospel, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Put your entire trust in Him. Renounce all lordship that has ever been exercised over you by any other master, and become Christ's servant. Rely on Him to land you safely at the right hand of God, and He will do it. "Kiss the Son." Oh, friend, I cannot make you do it; it must be done of thine own will. God alone can lead that will of thine to yield itself up to Christ's will; but I pray thee do it—kiss the Son, and do it now.

Pursuing our quiet talk, I come to my third point, which is—how is this advice pressed home upon us? The vanity of any other course is made palpable. Be reconciled to God, because there is no use in being at enmity with Him. The kings of the earth opposed God, but while they were plotting and planning God was laughing. "Yet," saith He, "have I set My King upon My holy hill of Zion." I think if I were a king, and had the misfortune to be driven to go to war, I should not like to fight one that had ten times my own strength. I should rather engage in a somewhat equal combat, with a prospect that, by dint of valour and good generalship, victory might be gained. To contend against omnipotence is insanity. For any man, I care not who he may be, to put himself in opposition to God, is utter folly. I have often watched, as doubtless you have done, the foolish moth attracted by the glare of the candle or the gas. Plunge he makes at it, as though he would put it out, and he drops, full of exquisite pain, upon the table. He has enough wing left to make another dash at the flame, and again he is filled with another pain, and unless you mercifully kill him outright he will continue as long as he has any strength to fight with the fire which destroys him. That is an apt picture of the sinner's life, and such will be the sinner's death. Oh, do not so, dear friend—do not so. Speak I not with voice of reason when I thus dissuade you? If you must fight, let it be with some one that you can overcome. But sit down now and reckon whether you can hope to win a victory against an Almighty God. End the quarrel, man, for the quarrel will otherwise end in your death and eternal destruction.

We are further pressed to the duty commanded by the claims of the Son. "Kiss the Son." As I read the words, they seem to me to have a force of argument in them which explains itself and vindicates its own claims. Kiss! Kiss whom? "Kiss the Son!" And who is He? Why, he is Jesus, the well-beloved of the Father, and among the sons of men the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. Surely Christ is such a princely one that He ought to receive homage of mankind. He has done such great things for us, and He has shown such good will towards us, that to pay Him reverence seems not so much the call of duty as the natural impulse of love. The worship which is His due should flow spontaneously from the instincts of grace rather than be exacted by the fiat of law. Even those that have denied the authenticity of inspiration have always been charmed with the character of our Lord, and you will notice that the most astute opponents of Christianity have had little, if anything, to say against the Founder of it, so transparent His virtue, so charming His humility. Oh, kiss the Son, then. He is God—trust Him. He is man, a perfect man—confide in his friendship. He has finished the work of human redemption, therefore hail Him as your king, and pay your homage to Him now. Oh that God's eternal Spirit may lead you so to do without hesitation or demur!

Were I talking to some of you in a quiet corner I might gather an argument from the simplicity of the promise here offered you. "Kiss the Son." Is that all? Pay Jesus homage. Is that all? The Emperor of Germany, in the olden times when popes were popes, had offended his Unholiness, and before he could be restored to favour he had to stand for three days (I think it was) outside the castle gate, in the deep snow, in the depth of winter, and do penance. I have seen, myself, in Rome and elsewhere, outside of the older churches, places uncovered and exposed to wind and rain, to the heat of summer and the frost of winter, where backsliders were made to stand, sometimes for years even, before they were restored, if they had committed some offence against ecclesiastical statutes. You will sometimes see in old country churches of England little windows that run slanting and just look toward the communion-table, through which poor offenders who professed repentance, after some months of standing in the churchyard, or perhaps outside of it, were at last allowed to take a peep at the altar, at the expiration of their weary term of penance. All this is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, for the spirit of the Gospel is, "Come, now, and let us reason together; though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool." The spirit of my text is, "Kiss the son, now;" and that is all. Though those lips were once blaspheming, let them kiss the Son. Though those lips have uttered high words and proud words, or perhaps lying and lascivious words, "Kiss the Son." Bow down at those dear pierced feet, and trust Emmanuel, and own yourself His servant, and you shall be forgiven—forgiven at once, without delay—and this night you shall be accepted in Christ. I am right glad I have got so good a message to tell. I would that you would receive it with gladness. May it drop like the snow-flakes on the sea, which sink into the wave! May each invitation sink into your soul, there to bless you henceforth and for ever!

Moreover, the exhortation of our text is backed up with felicitations for those who yield to it. "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." Those of you who do not know anything about trusting in Christ must have noticed how joyously we sang that hymn just now—

"Oh! happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

Don't you think there was some fervour in our tones? Was it not sung as if we meant it? If nobody else meant it, I did; and I could see by the look of your eyes that a good many of you were stirred with grateful recollections. It was the happiest day in all our lives when Jesus washed our sins away. Far be it from us to deceive any of you by saying that to be a Christian will save you from the sorrows of the world, or from trials and tribulations, from physical pain or from natural death. Nothing of the kind. You will be liable to sickness and adversity in their manifold forms as other men are, but you will have this to comfort you in every dark distressing hour, that these light afflictions which are but for a season will come to you from a loving Father's gentle hand, with a gracious purpose, and they will be dealt out to you in weight and measure according to His judgment, while some sweet consolations will

always be sent with them; and, above all, there is perpetual joy and perennial satisfaction in that man's heart who knows that he is right with God. Although his house may not be as he would have it, yet he has accepted God's way of reconciliation—he is reconciled by the blood of Christ—God loves him and he loves God; he is confident, therefore, that whether he live or die he must be blessed, because he is at peace with God. Oh! happy day, happy day, thrice happy day, when a man comes into this blessed state! I have heard many regret that they have pursued the pleasures of sense and been fascinated with them; but I never yet heard of one who had found the dear delights of faith spall on his taste. It has never fallen to my lot yet to attend a dying bed where I have heard a Christian regret that he put his trust in his Saviour; neither have I ever heard at any time of any one who died believing in Jesus who has had to say, "Had I but served the world with half the zeal I served my God, I should have been a happier man." Oh, no! such bitter reflections on misspent time and misused talents beset the worldling, and the world's post put it into the dying man's mouth in another form from that in which I gave it; for "what we might have been" and "what we might have done" make the sum of life's bewailing, when death in view makes such repentance unavailing. The Christian's satisfaction is, on the other hand, only shaded by the wish all feel that they had loved the Saviour more intensely, trusted Him more confidently, and served Him more diligently. Never have I heard any other kind of compunction and self-reproach.

"Come along, then, friend, come along," they say to us, "what matters so long as you are happy?" I have often heard them say so. And let me say to you, if that is one of your mottoes, and you really do seek after happiness, you cannot do better than pay homage to the Son of God, end the awful rupture between you and your Creator, and henceforth put your trust in Him. One other motive I must mention. "Kiss the son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." A striking expression! If Christ gets a little angry, men perish from the way. Then what must His great anger be? If His anger, kindled but a little, burns like devouring fire, and men perish from the way of life, and from all hope of salvation, what must His great wrath be! Is there a fear suggested here that anybody will provoke Christ to fiercer anger? There is, alas! there is. Shall I tell you the likeliest person to do it? Not, methinks, that abandoned sinner who was born and bred in an immoral atmosphere, and has followed a vicious course to the present hour. To him I would say, "Come to Jesus, and He will wash you now and cleanse you from all your pollution." But the man I tremble for as most likely to make Him swear in His wrath is such a one as I was, privileged with godly parents, watched with jealous eyes, scarcely ever permitted to mingle with questionable associates, warned not to listen to anything profane or licentious—taught the way of God from his youth up. In my case there came a time when the solemnities of eternity pressed upon me for a decision, and when a mother's tears and a father's supplications were offered to Heaven on my behalf. At such a time had I not been helped by the grace of God, but had I been left alone to do violence to conscience, and to struggle against conviction, I might have been at this moment perhaps

dead, buried, and doomed, having through a course of vice brought myself to my grave, or I might have been as earnest a ringleader amongst the ungodly as I desire to be for Christ and His truth. When there is light given, when one is not left to grope in darkness, when conscience is kept tender, a little provocation may then very much anger Christ.

I am afraid some of you young people that are growing up here stand in deep need of remonstrance. You have got good parents. You have been instructed in the Scriptures from your infancy, and you have had a great many deep impressions while sitting in these pews listening to the sound of the Gospel; and yet you are playing with them, you are trifling with them. Nothing bad about you—so you think. You are not conscious of having grossly violated any moral law. But have you never heard of a gentleman in India who had a tame leopard that went about his house. It was as playful as a cat, and did no one any harm till one day, as he lay asleep, the leopard licked his hand, and licked until it had licked a sore place and tasted blood. After that there was nothing for it but to destroy it; for all the leopard-nature was aroused by that taste of blood. And some of you young people, with all the godly associations that are round about you, will—I am always afraid—get a taste of the devilry outside, of the world's vice and sin; and then there is the leopard's nature in you. If you once get the taste and flavour of it you will be prone to be always thirsting for it. Then, instead of the hope we now cherish, that we shall soon see you at your parents' side, serving Christ—see you take your father's place, young man, in after-years—see you, young woman, grow up to be a matron in the Church of God, bringing many others to the Saviour—we may have to lament that the children are not as the parents, and cry, "Woe is the day that ever they were born." I therefore want you to decide, lest you perish from the way—from the way of God and the way of righteousness—while His wrath is kindled but a little, lest He say, "Let them alone," and throw the reins on your neck; for if he should once do that, woe worth the day! Nothing can happen worse to a man than to be left to himself. Kiss the Son, then. Affectionately and earnestly do I entreat you—not standing here *ex officio* to deliver pious platitudes, but from my very soul, as though I were your brother or father, I would say, young man, young woman, kiss the Son now. Yield your heart up to Jesus now. Blessed are they that trust in Him now. Oh! to-night, to-night, to-night—your first night in grace, or else your last night in hope! *To-night, to-night!* The clock has just struck; it seemed to say, "To-night." God help you to say, "Ay, it shall be to-night, for God and for Christ!"

"Songs of triumph then resounding
From thy happy lips shall flow;
In the knowledge of salvation
Thou true happiness shalt know,
Through Christ Jesus,
Who alone can life bestow."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

DEACON TODD AND HIS LAW BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

IF Mr. Todd, when sustaining the honoured office of a deacon, had resided in America, he would in that great country have been dignified with the title of *Deacon Todd*. Being, however, an English deacon, and not a transatlantic one, such an honour rarely, if ever, fell to his share; though a deacon, and, as we shall see, one rather out of the common order, the only title usually accorded him was the ordinary one of *Mister Todd*. It may therefore seem strange, in introducing him to the reader, that we should adopt the American prefix, and not abide by the English rule. A word of explanation will soon set the matter right. Our object in doing it is, for once, simply to "give honour to whom honour is due." We must confess that we have a kind of liking for the American custom. Its adoption tends to make the officer feel continually what he is in the church, and is a constant warning to him to act uprightly in the world. Called a deacon, he is expected at all times and in all places to sustain the deacon's character. It is a wholesome reminder that cannot fail to exert a salutary influence, not only on the worthy man himself, but also on those with whom he is connected. If it is reckoned orthodox to give stated ministers the prefix of Reverend or Pastor, we do not see why it may not be equally as orthodox to give

the deacon the "good degree" of this often well-earned title too.

But although Mr. Todd for the reason assigned was not called Deacon Todd, it did sometimes happen that persons took an unwarrantable liberty with his name. It was no uncommon thing, when he was referred to, to hear him spoken of not as Mr. Todd, but as Mr. Odd. Of course, this was done pleasantly in his absence as a kind of joke, and therefore the good man suffered nothing from it. But had they called him by this mutilated name to his face, we do not think it would have given him any trouble. Once, when a gossiping person told him that he was sometimes thus nicknamed, the only reply he smilingly gave was, "Well, I suppose they *think* me odd, or else they would not *call* me odd." In this he was right. When persons are nicknamed, it is generally because of some distinguishing peculiarity pertaining to their persons, character, position, or work. The name given is intended to denote some trait of the individual—to "hit him off"—and thus let people know what he is, or what he is thought to be. Now, as a fact, as the world goes, Mr. Todd was really thought to be an odd man. He was considered to have odd notions of religion, to adopt odd practices, and to teach odd things. And for one odd thing specially was he noted. This was for his constant habit of appealing to the Bible for everything he believed, did, and taught. No one could talk with him on religious matters for ten minutes without noticing this peculiarity. It was his habit to carry a small Bible

in his pocket, and therefore it was always at hand when needed. Begin to argue a religious question with him, in a few moments out came the well-worn volume, and the appeal for one side or the other was made instantly to it. Prove your theory from that source, and it went down with the deacon; back it up by other authorities without such proof, and he almost contemptuously tossed it aside as being merely speculative and human. What uninspired man thought and said; what human reason dictated; what "the age" was inclined to maintain—all this went for nothing with him, if he believed what was taught was contradictory to Biblical statement. "To the law and to the testimony"—he would say—"if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. The Bible, sir, and the Bible only, is my Law Book. Show me that what you teach is taught in my Law Book, and I will instantly endorse it; but if it is not, you make no headway with me, not a bit, sir. Only give me chapter and verse as your proof, or show me from the tenor of Scripture throughout that what you teach is in accordance with God's mind, then I am your convert immediately. What I want for your argument is a 'Thus saith the Lord.' On questions of law, the lawyer appeals to his law books; on questions of medicine, the doctor appeals to his medical books; on questions of science, the philosopher appeals to his scientific books: and so, on questions of religion, I appeal to God's Book. What other authoritative standard have we? I know of none. When I read that 'heaven and earth shall pass away before His word shall pass away,' on this Divine Law, and on no other, can I take my stand, and I feel as I do so that I am on *terra*

firma—that my foundation remains unshaken."

How it came to pass that Deacon Todd was led to take this firm Biblical stand will be gathered from the following conversation, held one evening in his own house, with a friend who occasionally visited him to spend a pleasant hour in discussing religious topics:—

"You said, Mr. Todd, that you would on some convenient opportunity tell me how you came to set such a value on the Bible as a standard of appeal, so much so as to make it your Law Book. Will you oblige me by doing so now?"

"I will, gladly, Mr. Walters. When admitted into the church, my experimental creed consisted, like that of most young converts, of three articles. First, I was a sinner; secondly, Christ was my only Saviour; and, thirdly, I was saved through repentance and faith in His name. Whatever else I believed was what the minister and church believed, and I swallowed all the articles of the Church Covenant wholesale. When asked at the Lord's Table, after hearing the Covenant read, if I could conscientiously subscribe to it, I said at once that I could, and without a scruple appended my name to the document. It was all law and Gospel to me, every word of it. I should as soon have doubted the inspiration of the Bible itself as the truthfulness of any item of the Church Covenant. But, in the course of a few years, a *sifting* time came. Partly through reading various works, and partly through trial and temptation, I was led into the region of doubt. What did I *experimentally* believe? That was the question. Did I believe still that I was a sinner? Yes; I believed that. Did I believe that Christ Jesus was the only sa-

viour? Yes; I still believed that. Did I believe that I could be saved only through repentance and faith in His name? Yes; I still held firmly to that. These three articles, taught me at first by the Holy Spirit, were still retained. That gave me comfort. But what about the rest? What about those articles written in the Church Covenant, and to which I had so readily subscribed my name? Had I the same strong faith in these? I was bound to confess that I had not. Very few of them had I *proved for myself*. They were mostly held *theoretically*, seeing that they had been taken on human trust. The very thought appalled me; and I felt so bewildered that if it had not been for the firm grasp I had of the three simple articles referred to, I should have been almost led to question whether I was a believer at all. This was a dreadful state of mind to get into. Once only did I get relief while in it. We had a very talented minister come to preach for us. He preached a good sermon, but I could not remember much of it. But one sentence in his prayer came home to my soul with power, and did me more good than all the sermon. You will ask me what it was. It was only this sentence: 'Oh, Lord, we sometimes seem to know so little of Thy truth that we feel as if we need almost to commence learning it from the beginning again.' As he made that honest and humbling confession, I felt as if I could have started up, and said, 'That's just where I am.' No one can tell what good that sentence did me."

"You remind me very much, Mr. Todd, of what a Christian lady said to me not long ago. She was speaking of sermons, and what was likely to do good in them. She said, 'Some preachers make a mis-

take. They think that it is the full sermon and the sound and elaborate argument that, alone or chiefly, does the good; but that is often not the case. One single sentence; one text of Scripture aptly quoted; a simple illustration, or a few sharp, ringing appeals are far more often made use of by the Holy Ghost to reach the heart than the most eloquent oration.' Your case is a proof in point. What the sermon may have done for others we cannot tell; but in your case it does nothing, while one simple sentence uttered not in it, but in the prayer, is made a great blessing. It is the 'word in season' that does the good. The mind is fitted to receive it, and the preacher is prepared to utter it. That, I think, is a sufficient reason for all preachers looking up to God continually to teach them what to say. They cannot know what is passing in the minds of their various hearers, but God does; and therefore He can there and then give the thought to the preacher, and apply the word to the soul. But how did you get on after that, Mr. Todd?"

"I felt, Mr. Walters, that if I was determined to learn experimentally what was God's truth and what was not, there was only one course open for me legitimately to pursue. That course was the one taken by the noble Bereans of old. Like them, I must 'prove all things, and hold fast that which was good,' by the constant and diligent study of the Scriptures for myself. That I did, and the pleasing result was that, inch by inch, I groped my way out of darkness into light, and realised the blessedness of the Saviour's words, 'And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'"

(To be continued.)

THE SIGHT, HOW MARVELLOUS !

BY THE REV. J. TRALL.

* We shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN iii. 2.

I HAVE frequently been reminded of the fact that in the entire range of theological belief, and of Scriptural revelation, no truth appears so really marvellous as does this assertion of the inspired and enraptured John. It seems to overwhelm the reader by its truly singular grandeur and magnificence. One can scarcely realise the statement as being sober truth, and, were we not firm believers in all that "holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" have told us, we should say "this cannot be." Some of the most eminent of the saints and people of the Most High have been lost in wonder here. The Danish missionaries, stationed in Malabar, set some of their converts to translate this passage, and their reports tell us that "one of the translators was startled, and exclaimed 'It is too much! Let me rather render it—Christians shall be permitted to kiss the feet of the Son of God.'" Who can wonder at a converted heathen being thus astonished? It would have been strange had it been otherwise. It was once my duty and privilege frequently to stand by the bed of sickness and suffering, as endured by the widow of an honoured predecessor in the pastorate, who had gone to his rest. Ah! many years of affliction and trial had passed over that emaciated frame, and often had I the melancholy gratification of trying to pour the balm of comfort into a spirit depressed by protracted physical prostration. I well remember on one occasion, giving utterance to these words of the beloved disciple, "We

shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is," when my friend, with brightening eye and evident astonishment, exclaimed, "Marvellous! Oh, sir! can this be true? Do you mean to tell me that these eyes will actually see Jesus—that it will be my blessedness to be really in the presence of my Saviour—can it be so?" I answered, "Thus saith the Scripture." The Bible announces this as a glorious and positive truth—and marvellous though it be, we may not only believe it, but, more than that, we may claim as our own all the present consolation that a belief so glorious is meant to communicate." In modern times, at any rate, but few men have done more for the cause of philanthropy and religion, than did the noble founder of Surrey Chapel. The name of Rowland Hill will long be "an odour of a sweet smell" in the church of our exalted Emmanuel. Even he, however, was enraptured and astonished at the facts upon which we now dwell. Let us read his last expressions. "Well, sir," says a friend, "it is probable we shall soon lose you; but our loss will be your gain—you are going to be with Jesus, and see Him as He is." "Yes," replied the dying saint, with great emphasis, "and I shall be like Him, that is the crowning point." About ten o'clock in the morning of the day of his decease, his colleague, Mr. Weight gently whispered to him the lines in Mr. Gambold's poem, lines which had been almost hourly on his lips,

"And when I'm to die
Receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say
why—
But this I can find,
We two are sojoind
He'll not be in glory, and leave me
behind."

Mr. Hill tried to utter these words but could not, and this was almost the last evidence he gave of remaining consciousness. Thus precious, to the finishing of the course of this great man, was the sentiment upon which we write. Want of ability, and want of space combine to prevent our saying much upon this most glorious theme; still, I ask the readers of our "Messenger" to sit with me beneath the branches of this "tree of life," and pluck therefrom the clusters of ripe fruit here provided for our comfort as well as for our supply.

Now it appears to me that this sight will have two distinguishing characteristics. It will be *marvellously transforming*, and *marvellously glorious*. My reader will contemplate, with me, these ideas. First of all—A sight *marvellously transforming*—"we shall be made like Him; FOR"—mark this preposition, "for we shall see Him as He is." Yes! and to produce this resemblance between Christ and Christians, as the Scriptures inform us, is the present design and effect of genuine conversion. "We all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Aye! and where such transforming influence is not realised, there, whatever else may have been attended to, real godliness does not exist. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Equally certain is it, beloved, that where this likeness is met with in grace it shall be continued in glory; for glory is nothing more than the perfection of what grace begins. Hence Peter speaks of "the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Why," says my reader, "I thought it was 'glory' that we should receive when

that blessed revelation should be made to us." Precisely so—for 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, but the morning and noon are produced by the same sun; and the bud and the flower issue from the same plant. Glory is the perfection of those principles, services, and enjoyments by which Christians are distinguished even in this world. Is this true? We think so. Then we acknowledge no sympathy with a certain class of theologians who affirm that a man may be "*eternally saved*" to-day, and in a state of condemnation to-morrow. No. Resemblance to Jesus in grace conducts to the same ennobling privilege in glory. So far our remarks have reference to a likeness *moral* and *spiritual*, and that only; but we think that more than this is implied in the words of John. Is not this conformity to be *physical*, *material*, including a glorifying of the *body* of the believer? Does it not suppose, also, *mental*, *intellectual* resemblance? Perfection of knowledge and attainment in all matters pertaining to the glorified mind of the believer? Most certainly such is our opinion. This perfection of body our Jesus now possesses. Hear Paul. "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God." In this particular "we shall be like Him." Yes! He claims this privilege on behalf of His followers. He is "become the first-fruits of them that slept." To wit, "the redemption of your body." For this reunion our brethren "gone before" are waiting. "They without us are not made perfect." Gloomy is that system of material-

ism, and those speculations of infidelity, which speak of death as annihilation, while they describe the silence and dominion of the grave as eternal. Brethren! we are believers in One mighty Conqueror who, having vanquished death for Himself, now speaks in the language of yet further triumphs, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." As to the *nature* of this "spiritual body," into this matter we dare not pry. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is pleasant, however, to think of that glorified form which our "forerunner" tried on, in the presence of His astonished and enraptured disciples, a form so beautiful and dazzling, and to remember that in respect to that body "we shall be like Him." Oh! the prospect!

"I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
And long to see it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To Him who is my all.
Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar,
'Death, thou hast lost thy sting.'"

There can be no question but that the resemblance will be *intellectual* also. Gigantic as are the present achievements of mind, it is yet true that, with regard to many things, knowledge from us is now withheld. Graciously so, we hesitate not to say, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." "He giveth not account of any of His matters." No. Rather—amid the mysteries of His government and procedure, a voice Divine, sufficient to forbid all present inquiry, and to check all present impatience, speaks to us in accents of caution and promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou

shalt know hereafter." Well! be it so. This state of things is not to be eternal. "We shall be like Him." Yes! brethren, and I understand not the resemblance except it include a comprehension of all that is for the present mysterious and obscure. Surely Paul anticipated this. Hence he speaks of his knowledge here possessed as childish and imperfect, but he contrasts that which now is with that which shall be. "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." Admit the force of these remarks, ye brethren to whom the truths maintained in the "Messenger" are precious, and, doing this, you allow our proposition to be strictly a correct one. This sight will be marvellously transforming.

"O glorious hour! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet
surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Now let me endeavour, in a few words, to show you, secondly, that this sight will be *marvellously glorious*. I speak of it as marvellous because it was evidently so to John himself, and it will be marvellously glorious. As we have seen, it will be this so far as the believer is personally concerned. The transformation supposes this. It is not, however, to this glory that we now allude. Neither does this appear to have been the idea present to the mind of the Apostle. No. He refers to a glory possessed by a risen and dignified Redeemer, for "we shall be like Him," because "*we shall see Him as He is.*" We are here invited

to survey the contrast between the first and second appearing of Jesus the Son of God. The time referred to is His future coming. "He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day." "He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation." That is the interview. Yes, and you will mark the expression. "We shall see Him **AS HE IS.**" Not—as He was. Not as—The babe in Bethlehem. Not as—The reputed son of Joseph the carpenter. Not as—The despised Nazarene. Not as—"The man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Not as—"He who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself." Not as—"The weary, wayfaring "Son of man, who had not where to lay His head." Not as—The object of scorn and derision, surrounded by an infuriated lawless rabble, who are thirsting for His blood, and shouting out, as with tongues "set on fire of hell," "Crucify Him, Crucify Him." Not as—He who agonised in the garden, while, with broken heart, He sobbed out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Not as—He who on the top of Calvary was lacerated in hands and feet, His body torn with huge nails, as they made it secure to the "tree." Not as—He who, in nature's mortal throes, "cried," mark you, "cried with a loud voice—"It is finished," and bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Not as—He into whose side that soldier there, more cruel than his comrades, thrust his spear, to make more certain, as he thought, the work of destruction. Not as—He who was cradled in another man's manger, and buried in another man's tomb, a fitting termination to a life of singular poverty, suffering and distress. Not see Him like that. No. Although *that* sight

attracted the notice of Angels. "Yes, ye shining ministers,

"Around the bloody tree
Ye pressed, with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,—
The Lord of life expire;

And, could your eyes have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there in sad surprise."

We, however, shall not see Him like that. "As He is," instead of as He was. See Him arrayed in all the pomp of celestial majesty. See Him enthroned on high as "King of kings, and Lord of lords." See Him surrounded by a retinue of Angelic servants, "the number of them being ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." See Him, receiving their praises united with the adorations of the myriads of the redeemed. See Him exalted "far above all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named." See Him constituting, and that for ever, the happiness and the felicity of the Heavenly Jerusalem. See Him there making Paradise by His presence, and by that alone. "See Him as He is." Truly a sight marvellously glorious. Oh! my Jesus! is all this positively true? My unbelieving spirit seems to whisper "It is too much for me to receive." But hush, my soul, doubt not, for thy Saviour answers "It is not too much for Me to give." No. "Where I am, there shall also My servant be." Onward then, while I sing—

"The stroke which from sin and from
pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to
Thee."

Salem Chapel, Soho.

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. R. CRACKNELL.

No. IV.

"THE WORD."

WE frequently speak of "the Word," meaning "the Scriptures." It will be interesting to observe the allusions in the Scriptures to the Word, the metaphors and figures employed.

PSALM cxix. 103.

"How sweet are thy words unto to my taste; yea, sweeter than HONEY unto my mouth!" "What is sweeter than honey?" said the men of the city to Samson (Judges xiv. 18). "Thy Word is sweeter than honey." Honey is not only sweet in itself, but, put into that which is bitter, it will, in a great measure, take away the bitterness. Your trials are bitter—a bitter cup which you desire, if possible, may be taken from you. Have you tried the plan of connecting with your trials some of the promises of the Word? It is marvellous the effect. You then discover there is "a secret something sweetens all."

PSALM cxix. 105.

"Thy Word is a LAMP unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Where the streets were not lighted as ours are, a lamp held to the feet of the traveller was a great advantage, and especially when no streets or clear pathway, then the lamp to the feet revealed the dangers of the way. Some refuse this lamp, lest it should show them what they do not wish to see, and discover to them that they are in error. A philosopher in Florence could not be persuaded to look through Galileo's telescope, lest he should see something that would disturb his belief in Aristotle's philosophy. Be not prejudiced against the lamp;

it may show you that you are travelling in the wrong road, and if so, it will prove your friend.

JEREMIAH xxiii. 29.

"Is not my Word like as a FIRE? saith the Lord." Fire has the power of consuming; few, if any, substances are proof against its consuming power. Under the influence of the Word, applied by the Holy Spirit, our iniquities shall be consumed. Fire transmutes into its own nature the objects on which it acts. To the coldest it gives warmth, it makes the most unyielding pliable, and will cause the hardest metal to flow in a burning liquid. This illustrates the action of the Word on the human heart and life. Fire enlivens and comforts. Heat is essential to life and imparts comfort to all conscious creatures. The Word is a source of life and comfort.

(Same verse.) "And like a HAMMER that breaketh the rock in pieces." The hammer in the hand strikes the blow, breaks the stones, and drives home the nail: the Word in the hand of the Spirit breaks the heart and brings home the truth. Workers for God, use the hammer! Having put a nail in the place you wish it to be, you would not strike it with your hand—the blow would be ineffectual—but you use the hammer. So, when you have spoken a word, send it home with the hammer of the Word. You strike steady, well-directed blows with the hammer; act thus with the Word, and it will prove effectual where your own reasoning and logic will fail. Not too many blows with the hammer; it may defeat your purpose. A word spoken "in season" how good it is.

EPHESIANS vi. 17.

"The SWORD of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." The "Word

of God" is said to be "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. iv. 12). The sword pricks. Peter drew the sword on the Day of Pentecost, and many were pricked in the heart. The sword is used for defence as well as attack, and by soldiers of every rank. The Captain of our Salvation was attacked in the wilderness of Judæa; behold Him using the sword. Three temptations are presented to Him, and to each He replies, "*It is written.*" Look to Christ as our example as well as our sacrifice. Like the Master, use the sword, and you shall, like Him, be victorious.

LUKE viii. 11.

"*The SEED is the Word of God.*" It is good seed, and produces good fruit. Be sure it is the Word that you use as seed, not your own ideas about the Word merely. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." (Ecclesiastes xi. 6.) "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." (Isaiah xxxii. 20.) "Cast thy bread (meaning seed) upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." When the Nile overflowed its banks, the seed was cast into the waters, and though not

then seen, when the waters had subsided, the result was seen. A lady attacked by robbers offered to give them her pocket Bible. They declined at first to receive it, but she urged them, adding, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Some years passed away. The lady was sent for to go and see a dying man. As she entered the room, he held out her own pocket Bible, now worn and soiled, saying as he did so, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Through the Word, the seed sown, he had learnt he was a sinner, and been led to the Saviour. Through the address in the Bible he was able to communicate with her who had sown seed in this apparently unlikely soil.

There is nothing so bitter but this *honey* can sweeten it, no path-way so dark but this *lamp* can enlighten it, no mind so impenetrable but this *fire* can reach it, no heart so hard but this *hammer* can break it, no enemy so powerful but this *sword* can vanquish, no soil, however unpromising, but this *seed* can take root and bring forth fruit to the Divine Glory.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

V.—*Jerusalem: its ancient history and modern aspects.*

No city in the world has seen so many vicissitudes as Jerusalem, and for the most part its history is a history of fierce conflict, bitter

strife, remorseless cruelty, and wanton destruction. Its first mention in the Book of Judges (ch. I v. 8) sounds the keynote of its future history, and there we read that "the children of Judah had smote it with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire." But their conquest was not then complete; it extended only to the lower city, while the upper city, the stronghold

or citadel, remained in the hands of the Jebusites, who for many years defied all the efforts of the Israelites to dislodge them. All through the times of the Judges, the reign of Saul, and the reign of David at Hebron, these warlike people kept their foes at bay, till at length David came up, determined to complete the capture of the city. Even then, so confident were its defenders in its supposed impregnability that they manned the battlements with the lame and the blind in very mockery of their assailants. But it was not David's practice to abandon an object on which he had set his heart. So he caused proclamation to be made throughout the camp, that whoever should escalate the rocky fortress and drive out the Jebusites should be made chief captain of his host. This coveted distinction induced a crowd of his bravest warriors to make the attempt, but Joab was the one who succeeded. He climbed up the gutter, and ere the astonished garrison could recover themselves from their surprise, he and his followers had overcome all opposition, the fortress was taken, and the Jebusites put to flight.

It was now entirely David's, and he enlarged, improved, and strengthened it, made it the capital of his kingdom, brought up to it the Ark of God, and planned the building of its magnificent temple. Under Solomon, his son, the city speedily attained the zenith of its glory. The temple was completed, consecrated, and opened; the king's magnificent palace built, the power of the kingdom extended and consolidated. Surrounding nations became his tributaries, and monarchs came to swell the magnificence of his court, and to listen to the wisdom of his utterances. All the king's vessels were of gold. Silver

became as stones in Jerusalem; it was nothing accounted of during this splendid reign, and King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom. But too great prosperity may becloud the clearest intellect, overturn the ripest judgment, and enervate the most vigorous arm; and long ere Solomon died he had sown the seeds of future decay in the very heart of the nation which owed so much to his sagacity and skill. From the time of the successful revolt under Jeroboam, the glory of Jerusalem began to wane. No longer did the flower of the youth and manhood of the kingdom come up to the holy city three times a year. Rival sanctuaries were set up at Bethel and at Dan, where a debased and idolatrous worship divided the allegiance of God's chosen people. The reigns of subsequent kings present a shifting panorama of alternate success and failure, of humiliating sieges, or of repose still more humiliating, because purchased by despoiling palace and temple of their treasures to buy off its rapacious assailants. Now and again, under such kings as Jehoshaphat, Uzziah, Jotham, Hezekiah, and Josiah, the worship of God was restored, idolatry was suppressed, and the fortifications of the city were strengthened, its foes driven away, destroyed, or dispersed. But the good effected by these wise or godly rulers was soon neutralised or reversed by such monarchs as Jehoram, Athaliah, Amaziah, Ahaz, and Manasseh, who forsook the worship of the Most High, reinstated idolatry, and committed unknown atrocities and abominations. After the reign of Josiah, the history of Jerusalem is one unbroken series of disasters, culminating in its capture by Nebuchadnezzar, who burned both

temple and palace, threw down the walls and reduced them to a heap of ruins, plundered the city, and dispersed or led into captivity the remnant of its oppressed inhabitants.

We cannot attempt to trace its subsequent history. Restored by permission of Cyrus under Ezra and Nehemiah, its temple rebuilt, it had a brief period of prosperity and peace, but rival factions afterwards arose, and its history is again one of almost incessant conflict down to the time of the Maccabees, whose wisdom and valour stand out prominently between long periods of ignominy and desecration, till at length Herod the Great became its Governor, to dazzle it with its magnificence, sully it by his cruelties, and degrade it by his crimes.

For a brief space, indeed, it was glorified by the presence of "a greater than Solomon." Yes, our Lord Jesus Christ walked its streets, taught in its synagogues, wrought miracles of healing and mercy on its inhabitants, and sought to purify its temple. But Jerusalem refused to recognise her Messiah, cavilled at His teaching, ascribed His miracles to demoniacal agency, clamoured for His blood, and finally crucified Him. By these guilty acts it sealed its own doom, and when at length it was besieged by the Romans under Titus, it was burned with fire, its inhabitants were slaughtered, its temple razed to the ground, and the very site on which it stood levelled by the ploughshare; and Jerusalem as a capital ceased to exist. During the fifteen centuries of its existence it had been besieged no less than seventeen times, and twice it had been razed to the ground. In this respect it is without a parallel in any city ancient or modern; in fact, it is not too much to say that it has filled a

larger space in universal history, and has exercised a more powerful influence upon the world than any city in the world.

And yet, standing on the Mount of Olives, and looking at it as we do now, we are astonished at its smallness. It does not look so large as the city of Chester. It could be put down, walls and all, inside Greenwich Park, and leave room to spare. In less than an hour a man on foot can walk quite round it, without hurrying. The reflection at once suggests itself—can it be possible that it ever contained the enormous numbers ascribed to it by Josephus and other Jewish historians? 3,000,000 of inhabitants just before its destruction by Titus; 100,000 men slain on the day of its capture, &c., &c. No! These numbers cannot possibly be correct; 30,000 are the utmost that could ever have found needful accommodation at any one time within the city, and the numbers during the siege probably varied from 20,000 to 25,000. We know how full of uncertainty is any mere guess at numbers by an unpractised eye, even when there is no national bias to distort or magnify; and, we can hardly doubt, there was a powerful tendency to overstate both the numbers engaged and the extent of the national losses.

Another feature which disappoints previous expectation, is the apparent want of height of the plateau on which the city stands. The accounts of topographers and others give the idea that Jerusalem, especially the site of the temple, stood on the edge of a precipitous rock, overhanging valleys of enormous depth. True, we do see three valleys—that of Hinnom, of Jehoshaphat, and of Gihon—but now they are little more than deep trenches. We looked for some

steep, precipitous elevation, like that on which the Castle of Edinburgh rises, defying all attempts at escalade, and dooming to certain destruction him who should lose his footing on its wall-like declivity; but except at a few points you may run or roll down any of the valleys which surround Jerusalem, with little risk but a few bruises, unless, indeed, you dash your head against a stone, of which there are abundance in all directions. Either man or horse can climb up to the very walls at almost any point. Whence this change? It is not difficult to account for; successive sieges have hurled down the débris of the broken walls and the ruined houses, which has filled up the old valleys. There has been a double process going on—a levelling down of wall and buttress of temple, palace, and lane; and a levelling up of valley and chasm, of brook and water-course, till the old physical features of Jerusalem are now hardly traceable.

But probably the internal changes are greater than any other. Jerusalem never could have been a city of wide thoroughfares or great open spaces, but Solomon had 1,400 chariots and 12,000 horsemen, and there must have been streets wide enough for them to pass along, even if all combined manœuvres took place outside the city. But the widest avenue now is but a narrow, uneven, dirty lane, over which no wheeled vehicle could go a hundred yards; and most of the streets are mere alleys—narrow, tortuous, and of continually varying level. We read of splendid palaces and magnificent buildings; now we see only dingy houses of unequal height, crowded together, so that the rays of the sun can scarcely penetrate the ways of approach to them, such ways, indeed, being often arched

over above, and a foot deep in mud and offal beneath. Except the area which contains the great mosques, and which is as spacious as Lincoln's-inn-fields, and green with grass; and a small market square near the Jaffa Gate, paved with rough cobble stones, there is really no open space within the city. Such shops as there are, are in or near this square, but they are like those in Eastern bazaars, viz., mostly wooden sheds, like those found at a country fair—slenderly stocked, high priced, and limited to the sale of provisions, clothing, curiosities, or other goods in demand by pilgrims or visitors.

In fact, Jerusalem is a mere *relic of the past*. Its attractions are its shrines, or holy places, Mohammedan, Jewish, or Christian, each of which attract at certain seasons enormous crowds of devotees, besides a not inconsiderable number of permanent residents. Hence, there is within the city a Mohammedan quarter, a Jewish quarter, and a Christian quarter, besides a large and rapidly increasing suburb outside the walls on the west, where are found several noble buildings—the Greek Monastery, the Russian Hospice, the Jewish Hospice, the "Talitha Cumi" Orphan School, &c., &c.

But these are all more or less devotional or charitable in their character. Hence Jerusalem depends now, not on trade, commerce, or manufactures, but on the charitable donations of the wealthy, sent in lavish profusion from all parts of the world, by which numbers of devotees of different religions are maintained in idleness, and on these; added to the profits made from the wealthier pilgrims who flock thither to witness the ceremonies of the great religious festivals of their several churches.

Jerusalem now depends for its support.

These shrines we visited in due

course, but our limits are reached, and any account of them must be deferred to the next chapter.

Reviews.

The Parting Message of Moore Sykes. An Address to Young Men. By J. O. BAIRSTOW, Huddersfield. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

MOORE Sykes was an earnest and devoted Christian. His life was one of great usefulness, cut short by death at the age of thirty-two. From his death chamber he sent a Message to his Young Men's Class. *Young Men, read and consider it.*

The Soldier's Dream; or, The Home of Mercy for Habitual Drunkards. By Mrs. SAMUEL HARDY. S. HARRIS & Co., 5, Bishopsgate-street.

THIS well-written tractate should be perused by every foe to intemperance. Its lines are truly affecting, and carrying with them the painful conviction that Homes of Mercy for the Habitual Drunkard are the sad want of our times.

The Scripture Doctrine of Future Punishment. Briefly considered by Rev. JOHN HENRY ROWLATT, M.A., formerly of St. John's College, Camb. Elliot Stock.

WE more than like the spirit in which the writer treats this solemn subject, and cull from the work the following, which we approve with heart and soul. "There are some questions . . . too awful and mysterious to be submitted to familiar discussions. . . . Such a question is that of the duration, and especially of the nature of future punishments Unhappily we live in an age when conceit and presumption are rife and rampant, whilst becoming and reverential feeling appears to be fast decaying amongst us . . . Our days on earth will be more profitably spent in preparing ourselves for the covenants and happiness of heaven, than in speculating on the precise nature of the miseries of hell." We add, our fear is

that very many are more anxious to be rid of the doctrine of everlasting punishment, than to flee to a gracious Saviour, and secure an eternal heaven. We do not endorse all said in the twenty-three propositions of the thoughtful writer, but we advise their perusal by the serious and devout mind.

The Living Dead. Elliot Stock.

CONSOLING, stimulating, and containing some good original sentiments.

The Eurasians. By J. J. L. J. Clarke, High-road, Tottenham.

THIS little work connects itself with the object Mrs. Longley has for some time been placing before the Christians in England, which seeks the rescue of the half-caste children of Burmah, who, through the *sin of their parents*, are frequently *homeless* and ruined. The tale moves us to wish the work God-speed, and to hope that those Christians who have the means will exhibit Christian liberality.

Adulteration. Elliot Stock.

AN appeal to Christian women to make their stand against the follies and fripperies of High Church, the scandal of the Confessional, and the mysterious ridiculousness of pretended transformation of bread and wine into flesh and blood.

Baptist Magazine. 21, Castle-street, Holborn.

Sword and Trowel. Passmore and Alabaster.

The General Baptist. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

THE first of these is a good number, containing articles of more than average interest.

The Sword and Trowel has a worthy paper by Pastor CURR, entitled, "One Way to reach the Anxious."

The General Baptist. Well stored with good matter.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly is of special importance; containing a history of Field-lane Schools and Refuge. Illustrated with several first-class woodcuts and lithos.

Our full approval is given to the *Teachers' Storehouse*, *Biblical Museum*, and *The Appeal*. Elliot Stock.

Truth and Progress. A South Australian Monthly. Contains Dr. Landel's Address at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union. A paper by Mr. Spurgeon on Preachers and People; and an address by our loved brother, C. Bailhache, on Church Prosperity.

The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society. 96, Newgate-street, London.

WE wish for it and the Society all possible success.

Evangelical Christendom. W. J. JOHNSON, 121, Fleet-street.

A MASS of good and interesting news of Christian work. To all who wish for the news of the Churches throughout the world, we say, *read this.*

The Baptist and Freeman are soon to have another opportunity of doing us immense service in the approaching annual meetings. May the Lord our God be with us, and grant happy days of communion and worship!

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. ALDIS, jun., of Hitchin, has accepted an invitation from the church at St. George's-place, Canterbury.

Mr. F. A. Holtzhausen, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation from the church at Pepper-street, New Basford, near Nottingham.

Rev. T. French, of Melksham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Wantage.

Rev. G. Hitchon, of Langham, Essex, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Heywood, Lancashire.

Rev. W. B. Hobling, of Gold-hill, Bucks, has accepted an invitation from the church, South-street, Hull.

Rev. E. H. Jackson, of Ripley, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the church at Northgate, Louth.

Mr. Alex. H. Young has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Elgin.

Rev. E. Chambers of Aberdeen, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Kilmarnock.

Rev. W. G. Hailstone (formerly of Brixham) has accepted the pastorate of the church at Hencage-street, Birmingham.

Mr. J. Ney, of the Pastors' College,

has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Amersham, Bucks.

Rev. W. E. Davies, of Isleham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Wirksworth.

Rev. W. Lewis, of Bridgwater, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the English Church, at Carmarthen.

Rev. T. A. Pryce, of Aberdare, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the English Church at Maesteg, Glamorgan-shire.

Mr. C. A. Gooding, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Burnham, Essex; and Mr. F. J. Brown to the pastorate at Barnes.

Rev. S. Backhouse has resigned the pastorate of the church at Every-street, Manchester; and Rev. R. Chenery that at Moss-side, Manchester.

Rev. W. Kern has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Old Market, Ipswich.

Rev. Thos. Davies has been compelled, through continued ill-health, to resign the pastorate of the church at Dorking.

Rev. J. Williams, of Abergavenny, has accepted and removed to the pastorate of the church at Hereford.

Mr. H. M. Burt, of the Pastors' Col-

logs, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Mildenhall, Suffolk.

Rev. S. Naah, of Sarratt, has accepted a unanimous invitation to return to his former sphere of labour, Prickwillow, Ely, Cambridge, after ten years' absence.

Rev. F. G. Masters has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of the church at Bradninch.

Rev. J. Turner, of Tenbridge, has accepted an invitation from the church at Parson's-hill, Woolwich.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—At a special church meeting, held April 15th, Mr. R. E. Sears gave notice of his intention to resign his present pastorate, having accepted an invitation of the Baptist Church, Foots Cray, Kent, to become their pastor. Mr. Sears' labours will terminate at Laxfield on July 1st, and commence at Foots Cray, July 8th.

RECOGNITIONS.

FAKENHAM, NORFOLK.—The public recognition of the Rev. D. Wilsbiers, late of Prickwillow, as pastor, has just been held, after an introductory service by Rev. A. T. Osborn, and a statement by one of the deacons (Mr. R. J. Sidney) as to the steps which led to the call of the pastor. A charge was given to the church by Rev. G. Gould, and was followed by a statement of the duties of the Christian minister as pastor and preacher, addressed to the new pastor, by Rev. J. S. Wyard. At the close of the service a public tea took place, when about 130 were present. At the evening meeting Mr. Richard Vynne presided, and addresses were given by the chairman and the Revs. J. S. Wyard, W. G. Tarbotton, J. E. Arnold, D. Wilsbiers, and R. Church.

Services in recognition of the settlement of Mr. J. Catell as pastor of the church at Bessel's-green, Kent, were held on Wednesday, the 28th of February. After tea a public service was held, at which Mr. Constable, of Sevenoaks, presided. Addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen:—Mr. W. K. Dexter, of Meopham; Mr. Grigg, Dorman's Land; Mr. Huxham, Borough-green; Mr. Mumery Eyns-

ford, Mr. Field, and Mr. Jackson, Sevenoaks. The present aspect of affairs at Bessel's-green is encouraging.

PRESENTATIONS.

In connection with the pastor's Bible-class at Upper Clapton Chapel (Rev. T. V. Tynms'), at a meeting just held, a presentation was made by the members to the pastor, of the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the after volumes to be forwarded to him, as issued.

Rev. George D. Cox has been presented with a purse of gold by members of his church and congregation, on the occasion of his leaving Market Harborough. The ministers of the town and neighbourhood took part in the farewell services.

Rev. W. Brown, of Friston, Suffolk, has been presented with a purse containing £15, in recognition of his services for the past forty-five years.

ULVERSTON.—On Monday evening, March 26th, a service was held in connection with the Rev. T. Lardner's removal from this town to Battersea, London. In the afternoon, tea was provided in the schoolroom, of which a goodly number partook, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the Rev. T. Taylor, of Tottlebank. After a hymn had been sung, and prayer offered by Mr. W. Wallace, of Rawdon College, the chairman, in the name of the church and congregation, presented Mr. Lardner with a gold watch, worth seventeen guineas, and Mrs. Lardner with an electro-plated tea and coffee service, as an expression of the esteem in which they are held. Mr. Lardner replied on behalf of himself and wife, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. George Howells, Coniston; James Hughes, Barrow; T. Bell and W. Troughton, Ulverston; Messrs. W. Wallace, Rawdon, and Captain Davies, Barrow.

Mr. W. Wright, on resigning the pastoral care of the Baptist church, Burghle-Marsh, Lincolnshire, was presented with a purse containing £19, freely subscribed by the congregation and inhabitants. The gift was gratefully acknow-

ledged by the pastor after his farewell sermon on Sunday, January 28th, who stated he heartily thanked them for this and other proofs of the great kindness he had received. An address, engrossed and framed, has since been forwarded, expressive of warm affection and high esteem for his ministerial labours.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE memorial-stone of a mission-room in connection with Blenheim Chapel, Leeds, was laid by T. Aked, Esq., of Huddersfield. A public meeting was held in the evening. The cost of the premises and land will be about £1,800, towards which nearly £1,300 has been promised and collected.

The corner-stone of a new chapel has been laid at Burnley, N.B., by Mr. Alexander Brodie. It is intended to accommodate from 700 to 800 persons, and will cost nearly £3,000, about two-thirds of which has been raised. It is intended to erect schoolrooms at a future date.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KEIGHLEY.—Good Friday was a grand day for the Sunday-school teachers of Yorkshire. They gathered from Middlesborough and Sheffield, from Hull and the borders of Westmoreland, to attend the convention at Keighley. The morning and afternoon sessions were held in the Albert-street Baptist Church, and the evening meeting in the Free Methodist Church. Breakfast, dinner, and tea were provided in the Baptist and Congregational school-rooms. Very excellent papers were read by Rev. J. Robjohns, of Hull, and F. H. Grosser, Esq., of London. Gentlemen from Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Middlesborough, Huddersfield, &c., addressed the convention, and some very pertinent and useful suggestions were thrown out. The next annual conference will be held at Leeds.

SLARK LANE, KEIGHLEY.—The annual tea meeting, in connection with the new church scheme, was held on Good Friday. There was a large attendance, and the report stated that nearly £2,000 had been received in money and pro-

mises. Ground had been secured, and they hoped soon to begin to build. J. H. Cockshot, Esq. (Wesleyan), took the chair, and addresses were given by Wm. Town, Esq. (treasurer), Revs. Job Lee (pastor), C. Rumbit (P. Methodist), Wm. Mayo, of Worth, and others.

KEIGHLEY.—ALBERT-STREET CHURCH.—On Easter Monday, April 2nd, the annual tea meeting, in connection with the fund for reducing the debt on the "house of prayer," was held. There was a full attendance. Chair was occupied by Wm. Town, Esq., and addresses were given by Revs. W. E. Goodman, William Mayo, and others. The report was very encouraging, and it was hoped that before long new schoolrooms will take the place of those under the present building. The children's nursery is generally at the top of the house, why not the schoolroom, since it is the "nursery of the Church?"

HORKINGSTONE.—The anniversary sermons were preached here on April 8th, by the Rev. Wm. Mayo, to good congregations. Good collections were taken up for the schoolroom, &c., building fund.

CULLINGWORTH.—The anniversary of the Sunday-school was held on April 15th, when sermons were preached by Rev. Burdett Rawden.

THE Union-street Chapel, Maidstone, having been closed for the past six months for renovation, was, on Wednesday, February 28th, reopened, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. A. G. Brown. Between the services a tea was provided in the concert-hall, when from three to four hundred sat down. The following ministers assisted in the services:—the Revs. D. G. Watt, M.A., R. Laver, P. Storey, A. Sedder, J. F. Martiu, LL.D., C. Harrison, and the pastor, G. Walker. The services were continued on Sunday, March 4th, when sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Barker, of Hastings. The proceeds of the services amounted to £47 Os. 10d., making a sum of nearly £400, which the congregation has raised in about eight months.

PARK STREET CHAPEL, LEWIS.—On Good-Friday the new organ, built by Foster and Andrews, of Luton, was opened.

The Rev. J. H. Blake delivered an address on *Music as a Means of Grace*; and the Rev. J. Fletcher preached in the evening. On the following Lord's-day the pastor preached two sermons on the *Music of the Cross*, and the *Song of Heaven*, Miss Blake, the newly appointed organist, presiding at the organ. The total cost will be about £550, of which £350 have been raised in a short time, and the pastor and church are earnestly engaged in removing the remainder.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday, the 17th of April, at John-street Chapel, Bedford-row. The pastors' meeting commenced as usual at eleven o'clock with prayer and praise. At half-past twelve the right hand of fellowship was given by the President to pastors newly settled; and a paper, followed by discussion, was read by the Rev. W. Page, B.A., on "The Power of His Resurrection" (Phil. iii. 10). The afternoon meeting of pastors and delegates began at half-past three o'clock. An address was given on "Church Discipline" by Rev. W. H. Hooper, of Walthamstow. The business of the Association was afterwards proceeded with. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the chapel, the President in the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Hunt Cooke, D. Jones, B.A., and W. G. Lewis.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—March 28, at Carmel Chapel, Five, by T. Jones.
Aberthaw.—April 1, Thirteen, by I. Jones.
Ashford.—March 26, Six, Assembly Room Church, by E. Roberts.
Bacup.—March 25, at Zion Chapel, Three, by C. W. Gregory.
Bangor.—March 25, at the English Chapel, One, by W. H. Bishop.
Barrow-in-Furness.—March 28, at Abbey-road, One, by J. Hughes.
Bath.—April 8, at Ebenezer Chapel, Eight, by J. Huntley.
Birmingham.—April 6, by J. J. Brown, at Wycliffe Chapel, Three.
Birmingham.—March 18, at Small Heath Chapel, Six, by C. Joseph.
Blaenau.—April 5, at the English Chapel, Six, by W. Bees.
Blaenau Gwent.—March 18, Eight, by J. Lewis.

Boston.—March 29, at Salem Chapel, Seven; April 1, One; by G. West.
Briercliffe.—March 25, Six, by I. Lloyd.
Brighton.—March 30, at Salem Chapel, Bond-street, Nine, by the pastor.
Bristol.—March 27, at Thriessell-street Chapel, Thirteen, by W. Osborne.
Brymbo.—April 1, Eleven; April 3, Five; by J. Davies.
Buckley.—March 30, Two, by J. Davies.
Burnley.—March 22, at Enon Chapel, Eight; March 25, Six; by J. Turner.
Burslem.—March 14, Seven, and One for the Hanley Church, by H. Field.
Burton-on-Trent.—April 1, at Guild-street, Four, by J. Askew.
Calstock.—March 30, Twelve, by D. Cork.
Carmarthen.—March 11, at Priory-street, Nineteen, by G. H. Roberts.
Carmel, Pembroke-shire.—March 18, Six, by H. Price.
Chará.—March 22, Eight, at Holywood-street Chapel, by A. Braine.
Cheltenham.—March 25, at Cambray Chapel, Six, by W. Julian.
Congleton.—March 25, One, by J. Walker.
Countesthorpe.—March 25, Nine, by H. Hughes.
Cloughfold.—March 21, Four, by A. J. Parry.
Cwm Victoria.—March 11, Eight, by J. W. Lewis.
Ebbw Vale.—March 25, at Zion English Chapel, Brierly-hill, Nineteen, by T. Garnon.
Exeter.—March 18, at Bartholomew-street, Five, by E. S. Neale.
Frankbridge.—March 25, Three, by Ed. Bebb.
George Town.—March 25, at Tredegar Bethel, Seven, by E. Lewis.
Glasgow.—April 1, at South Side Chapel, Five, by W. H. Elliott.
Glasgow.—March 10, at North Frederick-street Chapel, Five, by A. F. Mills.
Gillingham.—March 14, Three, by T. Hayden.
Grangeltown.—March 4, Three, by J. Jones.
Great Staughton.—April 8, Twelve, by W. G. Coote.
Griffith's Town.—March 25, at Tabernacle Chapel, Ten, by J. Tucker.
Holywell.—March 18, Three, by E. Evans.
Honeyborough.—March 28, One, by J. Johns.
Keighley.—April 1, at Albert-street, Three, by W. E. Goodman, after a sermon by W. Mayo, of Worth.
Langley Mill.—April 7, Nine, by B. Grainger.
Laxfield.—April 8, Two, by E. E. Sears.
Leeds.—March 14, at Burley-road, Three, by W. T. Adey.
Leeds.—March 29, at York-road, Ten, by J. Smith.
Ledbury.—March 14, Three, by T. Field.
Lifton.—April 1, Two, by G. Parker.
Liskeard.—March 22, Three, by J. Kitchener.
Littleborough.—April 8, Two, by T. Vasey.
Liverpool.—March 25, at Soho-street Chapel, Two, by E. E. Walter.
Llanvihangel Crucorney.—March 11, Three, by M. C. Evans.
Llathdu (a branch of Maysersheim).—April 1, Three, by D. Davies.
Livynpia.—March 25, at Jerusalem Chapel, Seven, by J. B. Jones.
Lymington.—March 12, Four, by J. J. Fitch.

Lyndhurst.—April 1, Four, by W. H. Payne.
Macclesfield.—March 28, Three, by J. Maden.
Martham.—On March 27, Two, by T. G. Gathercole.
Mayersehelm, Radnorshire.—March 17, One, by D. Davies.
Miltham.—March 22, Two, by J. Alderson.
Melton Mowbray.—April 2, Three, by J. Tansley.
Metropolitan District.—
Barnsbury.—March 28, Three, by H. E. Stone.
Brentford-park Chapel.—April 19, Six, by W. Frith, for the church at Gunnesbury.
Peckham.—March 29, Five, at Park-road, by T. G. Tarn.
Kensington.—March 18, at Hornton-street, Six, by J. Hawkes.
Lee.—March 25, at Dacre Park, Four, by W. Usher.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Mar. 26, Twenty-one, by J. A. Spurgeon; April 5, eight, by V. J. Charlesworth.
St. John's-wood.—March 22, at Abbey-road, Eight, by W. Stott.
Surbiton-hill.—March 18, at Oaklands Chapel, Two, by Wm. Baster.
John-street, Edgware-road.—March 29, at Trinity Chapel, Three, by J. Knight.
Wood-green.—March 25, Six, by J. Pugh.
Maesteg.—March 18, One, by T. A. Pryce.
Mitford Haven.—March 18, Three, by D. George.
Morley.—March 25, Three, by R. Davies.
Netherton.—March 25, at Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by W. Millington.
Newark.—March 25, Five, by E. B. Shepherd.
Newport, Mon.—March 22, at Malndee Chapel, Three, by B. Davies.
Newport, Mon.—March 25, at Stow-hill Chapel, Four, by J. Douglas.
Newport.—March 25, at Alma-street Chapel, Two, by J. P. Thomas.
Newthorpe.—March 4, Two, by J. J. Hayman.
Nottingham.—March 18, at Exeter Hall, Nineteen, by E. J. Silvertown.
Oakengates.—March 20, Four, by W. Benser.
Offord.—April 1, in the River Ouse, Ten, by A. McCaig.
Ogmore Vale.—March 18, at Bethlehem, Two, by the pastor.
Portsea.—March 25, at Kent-street Chapel, Seven, by J. W. Genders.
Redditch.—March 25, Seven, by H. Rowson.
Ryeford, Hertfordshire.—March 27, Five, by E. Watkins.
Sarons.—April 1, Three, by J. Johns.
Smethwick.—March 25, at Cross-street, Three, by G. T. Bailey.
South Stockton.—April 1, One, by D. O. Edwards.
Southwell.—On Good Friday, Eight, by J. H. Plumbridge.
Spensymoor.—April 1, Two, by M. Morris.
St. Neot's.—April 1, at East-street, Two, by J. Raymond.
Stanningley.—April 1, Six, by E. Dyson.
Tirzah.—March 18, Three, by W. Maurice.
Stockton-on-Tees.—April 1, Seven, by H. Moore.
St. Helier's, Jersey.—March 14, at Grove-street, Two, by G. H. Weatherley.
Stalybridge.—March 18, Three, by S. S. Kingle.

St. Helier's, Lancashire.—March 18, at Park-road, Two, by W. C. Taylor.
Sweet Turf, Netherton.—April 1, Six, by E. Farnell.
Tenby.—April 8, One, by F. M. Barnett.
Thaxted.—March 27, at Park-street, Six, by G. H. Hook.
Tirzah.—March 18, Three, by W. Maurice.
Todmorden.—April 5, Two, by H. Briggs.
Treherbert, Rhondda Valley.—March 25, at Bethany English Chapel, Thirteen, by H. Rosser.
Trinity, Penclawdd.—April 1, Four, by J. Thomas.
Uverston.—March 14, Three; March 18, Two, by T. Lardner.
Ventnor.—March 18, Seven, by J. Wilkinson.
Warrington.—April 15, at Golborne-street Chapel, Two, by A. Harrison.
Watchet and Williton.—March 20, Four, by R. J. Middleton.
Waterbarn.—March 25, Eleven, by J. Howa.
West Hartlepool.—March 21, Four, by W. Hetherington.
Wellow, Isle of Wight.—March 2, Seven, by Mr. Hodges.
Woodslock.—March 28, Six, by L. Palmer.
Wrexham.—March 25, Two, by S. D. Thomas.

RECENT DEATHS.

ON March 19th, 1877, at Pill, near Bristol, HENRY BUTLER, seamen's missionary of that place, slept in Jesus, universally beloved and regretted. For upwards of thirty years he had been actively employed as missionary in many towns of England, and one or two in Scotland. He loved the Baptist cause with all his heart, and worked manfully in and for it the last six years under the superintendence of the worthy president of the Baptist College in Bristol. He was a man who truly loved his Lord. He has had many seals to his ministry, and especially in the village where he last worked. The last two weeks of his life, he suffered severely from cancer in the stomach. On his death-bed he testified for Christ, "Death! death! is this death? No; it is victory thro' the blood." "I am going to be for ever with the Lord, Amen; Lord Jesus, Amen." "They are coming, all coming, and Jesus too." "It's hard," he said with his dying breath, "but all's well, all's well." He was followed to the grave by nearly 200, which, but for the rain, would have been double that number.

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Shall flourish tho' they sleep in dust."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1877, to April 17th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | | |
|---|-----|----|---------|------------------------------|-----|---------|---|--|-----|----|----|
| Friends at Kingswood | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. A. West | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. F. Amsden | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Harvey | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Taylor | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. H. Olney | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Spriggs | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. W. Burnett | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. E. Amsden | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Johnson | 4 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. Wood | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Osmond | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. F. H. Cockrell | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. E. Scott | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. Capper | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mrs. T. | 100 | 0 | 0 | Miss Marsh | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Garner Marshall | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. B. Collis | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. C. Davies | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. M. Doyle | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Gardner | 2 | 0 | 0 | Miss Cornish | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Boggis | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Leeson | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. H. Virtue | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Hanneford | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Hanbury | 120 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. B. Mead | 10 | 0 | 0 | Rev. W. and Mrs. Cuff | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. G. Barrett | 1 | 0 | 0 | Miss Mead | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. H. Sawell | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. F. Patterson | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Ernest J. Mead | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Spiedt | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Burrows | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. J. T. Wigner | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. H. Olney | 20 | 0 | 0 |
| E—a C—k | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. C. Spurgeon | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Pedley | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. McLeod | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Davies | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. T. D. Galpin | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| In Memory of Loved Ones gone home during the year | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. D. G. McBean | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. H. Hadland | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Master Welton | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. Stiff | 100 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Tyson | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss R. Swain | 1 | 1 | 0 | Rev. J. Spurgeon | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Tyson | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Falconer | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. J. Spurgeon | 2 | 0 | 0 | Master Tyson | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Falconer | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. Blake, M.P. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Tyson | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Steadman | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Hill | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Banson | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. F. Jones | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Feltham | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Cowdy | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. May | 25 | 0 | 0 | Dribblet | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. G. M. Hammer | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. R. J. May | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Withers | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. B. Webb | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| T. W. | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. & Miss Winslow | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. T. Davis | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Finch | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. R. Evans | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. E. Varley | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Round | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. Evans | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Boot | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mrs. Evans | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. C. Mace | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Jarvis | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. Mace | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Hallier | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Jessie Hale | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. N. Hurry | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. R. Hallier | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. Hale | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. B. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. G. C. Heard | 3 | 3 | 0 | Rev. G. Rogers | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Ashley | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. G. H. Dean | 10 | 0 | 0 | Country Cousin | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Pullin | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| A Student | 0 | 3 | 0 | Mr. W. J. Bigwood | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Collins | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Woodard | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. William- son | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. T. Spurgeon | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Lindsey | 1 | 1 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Payne | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mrs. Taylor | 1 | 1 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 5 | 0 | Miss Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Mansell | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Vinson | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. G. H. Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Rice | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. E. J. Farley | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Payne | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. W. Sorrell | 1 | 1 | 0 | B. H. G. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. E. Alexander | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Oxley | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Gillins | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Ball | 8 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Llewellyn | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Bea | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. C. Ball | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller | 10 | 10 | 0 | Miss Taylor | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. Romang | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. Field | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Taylor | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Cronin | 5 | 5 | 0 | T. B. D. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Greenwood and family | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. G. A. Warren | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. H. Keen | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Summersell | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Haydon | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. & Mrs. Partridge | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. Greenwood, jun. | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Albany Chap-l. Brent- ford, Bible Class | 0 | 7 | 0 | A Friend | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Case | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. George Tomkins | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. T. Goodwin | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. W. E. Coe | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Johnson | 3 | 0 | 0 | Miss E. Spurgeon | 1 | 0 | 0 | E. A. | 0 | 10 | 6 |
| Dr. Swallow | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Teversham | 2 | 2 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Ta- bernacle:—Mar. 25 | 36 | 2 | 10 |
| Mr. G. H. Pike | 1 | 0 | 0 | Miss Toley | 2 | 0 | 0 | " " April 1 | 29 | 5 | 5 |
| Mrs. H. Hickmott | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. T. S. Clark | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " " 8 | 41 | 16 | 7 |
| | | | | Mr. Heritage | 5 | 5 | 0 | " " " 15 | 55 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. W. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | Mr. H. Burgess | 2 | 2 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | Mrs. Burgess | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | An Oxfordshire Friend | 10 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | Mr. J. G. Abraham | 2 | 2 | 0 | | | | |

(List to be continued in the May number.)

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

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.*

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

“David therefore departed thence, and escaped to the Cave Adullam; and when his brethren and all his father’s house heard it, they went down thither to him. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men.”—1 Samuel xxii. 1, 2.

DAVID in the caverns of Adullam is a type of our Lord Jesus Christ despised and rejected among the sons of men. Christ is the Lord’s anointed, but men perceive not the anointing. He is persecuted by his great enemy, the world, as David was persecuted by Saul, and he now rather dwelleth in the Cave of Adullam than sitteth upon His throne. Just as when David was in his dishonour it was the time for his true friends to rally around him, so at this hour, when the name of Christ is associated with much of dishonour and rebuke, now is the time for the true followers of the Saviour to rally around His banner and to espouse His cause. To come to David after he had been crowned king was poor work; the sons of Belial could do that; but to ally themselves to David when he was obliged to hide himself in mountain fastnesses from his cruel enemies, this proved men to be David’s true friends and loyal subjects. Blessed are they to whom it shall be given to enlist under the banner of Christ at this present time, who shall not be ashamed to confess Him before the sons of men, or to take up His cross boldly, and to suffer such loss and persecution as it may please His providence to ordain for them to bear.

I. As it is not concerning David, but concerning David’s greater Son I propose to address you this evening, let me say a few words on the outset to THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY ENLISTED IN HIS BLESSED BAND. Foremost among those of David’s troop were his brethren and the men of his father’s house. So, too, beloved in Christ, we who have been called by Divine grace are regarded by Him as His brethren and the men of His Father’s house. Looking round upon His disciples when He was here below, our blessed Master said, “Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of God; the same is my brother and my sister and mother.” Such His condescension that He is not ashamed to call us brethren. As many of us as have given our hearts to Him, rely upon Him, and love Him, are really and truly His brethren and of His Father’s house: His Father is our Father, His joy is our joy, and His heaven shall be our heaven ere long. Now, what shall I say to you, my brethren in Jesus Christ, but this: Let us take care that we boldly avow our kinship with David our Lord: let us never blush to defend the cause of Christ. There are different ways of playing the coward; let us seek to avoid them all. The minister who is bold enough when he preaches before the multitude may feel his lip quiver when he has to speak face to face with one individual. O God! save Thy servants from this form of

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cowardice! Or, some of you may be able to speak to one or two persons, but if, perchance, you are thrown into a little promiscuous company, where you ought to avow your allegiance to your Lord, you hold your tongue, and lose the opportunity for lack of courage. God deliver His servants from this form of cowardice also. In all companies, on all occasions, and under all circumstances, be faithful to your Master; deny Him not, but openly avow Him before the sons of men. How He deserves to be owned of us since He has taken knowledge of us and recognised us, when we were infinitely beneath His notice. Oh! ten thousand blushes should cover our faces, to think that we could ever at any time think it hard to own that He is our Lord and Master. Pray for courage, my brethren: I am sure it is wanted. It seems to come to Christians naturally in persecuting times, but in these soft, silken days of piping peace you mingle in society, so called, with such deference to fashion, and you go in and out of your drawing rooms with such dainty conceits, you converse so complacently with your friends, you are such well-bred ladies and gentlemen in your own estimation, that you often forget that you are Christians, in honour bound to keep the faith and bear the testimony to Christ. It is, perhaps, easier for the poor to be bold in confessing the Redeemer's name, than it is for those in more affluent circumstances. Alas, alas! if good fortune imperils your faithfulness. This is wicked indeed. It is a sorry rebuke to utter from a Christian pulpit. It ought to be the very reverse. Your pecuniary independence ought not to enslave you. God deliver you who love Christ from anything like shamefacedness in connection with the kingdom of your exalted Head!

Let me urge you also, as you boldly confess Him, *to leave the world in order to join Him*. His brethren and his father's house, we are told concerning David, left Saul's territory, and went away to Adullam to be with the hunted ones. Let us do the same. Ah! there is too much worldly conformity about every one among us. I will not attempt to point my finger at any of my brethren or expose their faults, but a man must be blind not to perceive that many Christians do their utmost to be as worldly as they can be consistently with their idea of getting to heaven at last. Are there not many who in their dress, in the fitting up of their houses, in the conduct of their business, conform so closely to the times and the fashions, that if they were not known to be Christians by some other evidences, they would not be classed by any observers with those who are on the Lord's side? I do not think it possible for us to be too thoroughly nonconformist in respect to the maxims, the usages, and vanities of this present evil world. What means this text? "Come ye out from among them." Is not that enough? No. "Be ye separate." Is not that enough? No. "Touch not the unclean thing." So thorough is to be the separation that there must be a coming out, a snapping of every link that maintains a connection with evil, and the renewal of that intercourse by even so much as a touch is to be avoided by us. Take David's part, ye that love David. Renounce everything for David, oh, ye Christian men! If ye love Jesus, ye must know he is worth ten thousand worlds. He is to be esteemed before all the pomp and gaiety of this poor world, were its charms and allurements multiplied a million times. He is infinitely to be preferred rather than to court the smiles of the great, or to enjoy the love of your friends, or to be flattered by the

good opinions of your relatives. Therefore I pray you leave all to follow Him, and forsake all other to cleave to Him, and Him alone.

But am I not speaking to many who have confessed Him, who are confessing Him, and who do, more or less every day of their lives, practice a self-denying nonconformity to the world? Oh, men and brethren! I long that our sense of duty should kindle to an ardent enthusiasm. Can we not do something heroic, or dare something perilous, in token of our loyalty to Christ. Often times my heart grows big with a strong desire that I might see a church in this place, pre-eminent for consecration to the Captain of our Salvation. I prayed for this just now; nor was it for the first time I offered that prayer. If we did but give of our ample property, or of our scanty pittance, at the rate which all of us should give—or if we did but work for Christ at the rate which He deserves of us, or anything at all like it—if we did but live for Jesus in any measure as gratitude might prompt, what a front we should present—what a power we should exert.

As a great church how we might tell upon this great city; what a mark we might leave upon our age! But why am I talking about the whole community, when I have not yet attained unto this pure devotion myself. Still God knows I am wishing to press onward. I aim to forget that which is behind, while reaching forward and pressing onward. Brethren, you remember the story of those three strong men who, when David sighed for a draught of the well of Bethlehem, ventured their lives to procure it for him. Are there no strong men here—men of faith, men of valour—who will dare exploits for my Master? He cries out for the conversion of souls; will none of you consecrate yourselves to that work? Will none of you break through the conventionalities of society in quest of seekers. He says, "Give me to drink;" just as he said to the woman at Samaria's well; and His thirst is satiated when He sees His Father's will accomplished. Are there not men here—strong, brave, and chivalrous, who can preach Christ where He has never been preached before? There were others among David's followers who did exploits like these: one of them slew a lion in a pit, in winter time; while of another we are told that he slew the Philistines, and the Lord wrought a great victory. And can we not do something that shall exceed and excel the ordinary service of modern Christianity? I blush for modern Christianity. Its gold has become dim; its most fine gold is changed; its glory has departed. The early Christians were full of an enthusiasm which could not have brooked the languid indifference of these times. They were so devoted, so intense, so passionate, so full of Divine furor for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, that they made their influence felt wherever they dwelt, or even sojourned for a short season. God send us some of this sacred zeal now! We want more of the enthusiasm which burned in the hearts of Wesley and of Whitfield. Where now shall we look for the glowing ardour and the untiring labours of the Apostle Paul? Where are the disciples now that emulate the zeal of the Blessed Master, whose meat and whose drink it was to do the will of Him who sent Him? May this be given to us all! God send it to us—send it to us now, send it to us here, send it to me, send it to you, my brethren, and send it to you henceforth throughout your lives.

I do not think I need say more, unless it be to entreat you to keep up

your courage when you know that you are engaged in the cause of Christ. There is a great struggle going on around us. This entire nation is from time to time convulsed with serious questions in which the honour of our Lord Jesus Christ is greatly concerned. Let all those that love Him stand forth with unflinching integrity. *Expediency* is the mean word that describes the lax morals of the age: but *righteousness* is the undeviating, the eternal principle by which the universe is governed. The kingdom of Christ is not of this world. All alliance of His Church with the State is unholy, profane, libidinous, and contrary to the chastity of the Church of Christ. Be it ours to help the oppressed, to succour the weak, and to give liberty of conscience to all men. May God defend the right. Defend the right He will. If our names be cast out as evil, if we be misunderstood and misinterpreted, belied and slandered, let it be so; we are neither surprised nor dismayed. The right has always to be maintained in the teeth of slander and abuse. But in God's name let us not be cravens or cowards. Let us ever do our duty manfully and lawfully. Let us hold fast our profession cheerfully. Let us adhere with confidence and steadfastness to the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. The star of David is in the ascendant: the house of Saul is waxing weaker and weaker.

II. Having thus addressed the soldiers, I am now coming for a few minutes TO ACT AS A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Besides his own relatives there were others who joined with David. Now, why did they join him? For much the same reason, I may answer, that has influenced many of us. It was because they had need of him. They ought to have gone to David, because his character was so good, and his conduct so upright. They ought to have helped him because his disposition was so kind and sympathising. They might well have rallied to his standard because he was the Lord's anointed. They might, as wise men, have cast in their lot with him, because there was prophecy and promise of his triumph and his reign over the nation. But they were really swayed by other motives. They went to him for three reasons—because they were distressed, because they were in debt, and because they were discontented. Through dire dismay they sought shelter and succour.

Now, perhaps it were well should I tell you of the sweet character of the Lord Jesus, but if I did so, you would not come to Him. It were well did I tell you of the prowess of my Master, and how He conquered Goliath, and slew the foemen who tyrannised over us. It might be well were I to tell you that He is God's appointed Saviour, that He is destined to reign as King, and that they who confess Him now shall be exalted with Him when He cometh in His kingdom. Attractive as all this might be to some minds, the master attraction always is, that He becomes suitable to you in your present necessities; in those dilemmas which just now press heavily on your souls. So I propose to address the three sorts of people who are most likely to come to Jesus, hoping that they will seize this propitious hour, and enlist under his banner at once, without hesitation or delay.

The first sort who came to David were *distressed*. They were "hard up," as we say. They had spent their substance; they were bankrupts; their means and their hopes alike exhausted: therefore they went to David. They seemed to say, "Our case is so bad that it cannot be worse;

it may be better if we go to David." Their case was like yours, so well described in our hymn :

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must for ever die."

I know there are some distressed ones here. I have come to enlist them in my Master's ragged regiment. 'Tis thus despair will vanish ; and thus will hope revive ; for being enlisted under Him, their courage may rally while they fight His battles, and receive His blessing.

You are distressed *because you feel you have no merit of your own*. That feeling is very right, for you have none ; you never had, and you never will have any. At one time you thought you were as good as other people, or perhaps you even thought you were better. That vain thought has gone now. Your good works, your merits, your best endeavours, your choicest prayers, all dissolve ; nor dare you glory in any one of them. Come then to Christ. He has merits for those who have none. His cause is good though yours is bad. You are the very sort of people whom He came to rescue, for whom He died. He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Inasmuch as you are evidently sinners, come ; come to the sinner's Saviour ; put your trust in Him, and live. Others are distressed because *they feel they have not any power*. You cannot believe, you say ; you cannot repent ; in fact, you cannot do anything as you would. The more you try, the more powerless you find yourselves to be. You would pray, but you cannot ; you feel so dead, so cold. If you attempt to move it seems all to end in disappointment. Well, my dear hearers, Jesus Christ died for those who have no strength, for thus is it written : "In due time, when we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly." Oh ! you that have no power, take heart, because Christ is the power of God. There is ability enough in Him to make up for all your impotency. Come, and cast yourselves with all your attenuated weakness upon His irresistible might, and you shall have a full supply of all that your souls need.

But I know there are some here who are distressed, because, in addition to their having no merit and no power, they *have no sensibility*. "I do not feel my need as I ought," says one. "I have not such a sense of my sin and danger as I should like," says another. Oh ! beloved, Jesus Christ came to raise the dead. He came to give sensibility to those who are callous and careless, to turn hearts of stone into flesh. I believe those persons who think they do not feel their need are those who do really feel their need the most. There is no sense of need so great as when a man feels that he does not feel, and thinks that he does not apprehend the depth of his own need, for then he is evidently alive to his true condition. You may possibly have more of the work of the Holy Ghost in you than some others, whose sense of need appears more lively though it proves less lasting. That deep, awful solicitude which makes you fear because you do not feel, and makes you groan because you cannot grieve, is not to be despised ; for it is an experience often associated with gracious operations of the Spirit of God. Whether it be so or not in your case, give no place to despondency, but believe that Christ can save you, for He is able

and willing to do so. If you cannot come with a broken heart, come for a broken heart. If you cannot come to Him repenting, come to Him to get repentance, for He is exalted on high to give repentance as well as remission of sins. He does not require any preparation in you. All the preparation He requires He prepares Himself, and that is the work of His Spirit in your souls. Come, then, ye that are distressed and distrustful, you that have not any good thing to recommend you as creatures, nor any good desire to extenuate you as sinners, you who are so consciously bad that there could not be found a good apology for you even in your own estimation, if you were racked over and over again. Come to Jesus, lost, ruined, undone, poverty-stricken, as you are; do come and trust my Master, the Son of David. The way to be enlisted, you know, into Her Majesty's service, is to take the shilling. The way to enlist in Christ's service is simply to trust Him. You need not bring anything nor take anything, but simply trust in Him, and you shall become a soldier of the Cross.

The next persons mentioned in the text in coming to David were *those who were in debt*. I would fain ask those in debt to come to Jesus. The man thus in debt says, "I have got to pay my life; I have sinned, and God has said that the sinner shall die. Yet I cannot afford to forfeit my life. How can I dare to die? I have no hope, no trust, no confidence with which to pass the iron gates of death: and then, after death, there is the terror of judgment for my soul, since I have broken God's law; and the law condemns me, and demands my banishment from His presence, and my final destruction. What shall I do? I cannot pay the debt; the thought of being put into prison for ever is terrible to me. How, how; oh tell me how can I escape?" Ah, well! I should be glad indeed if there were some here who should thus own their debts and their inability to pay them. Happy preacher to have to address such an awakened audience! Happy hearers to be dismayed with such hopeful anxieties! Blessed indeed were our work if we always had those before us who knew the debt of sin; who felt its grievous demerit, and feared its glaring doom. Take counsel then; whatever debt you owe, whether it be great or small, come and trust in Jesus, and you shall be relieved of the responsibility. Come, and rely on Him who suffered in the sinner's place, and was punished for the ungodly; bearing their iniquities in His own body on the tree. A look at Him; one look of faith, will disclose to you the transfer of every debt and every sin from you to Him. You shall see how He casts them into the Red Sea of His atoning blood, where, though they may be sought for, they shall never more be found. I would fain enlist you, poor debtor; and take you out of the Debtor's Prison, and introduce you to my Master's table. Bankrupt debtors make good soldiers for the king; come, then, without more ado, and be enlisted in the King's army.

Another class that came to David was those who were discontented. Such there are, nor have we far to go to seek them out. Yonder is one, to whom I now would speak. But a little while ago you were a happy young fellow. You could go into all kinds of revelry and little recked the sin; so fully did you enjoy them all. You cannot do so now. You do not understand the reason why, but the keen edge of your appetite seems to have been blunted; your taste for dissipation

is gone. Those companions that were once such rare jolly fellows have ceased to cheer you with their talk; you do not enjoy their gabble now, it seems so flat, and stale, and foolish. You cannot laugh at their lewd jests, or quaff their sparkling cup as once you used to do. You have been behind the scenes of this poor world, and you have pitied the pale cheeks that are painted with the hue of blooming youth; you have heard the heavy sighs of those that raise the merry laugh, and you have witnessed so much wanton disguise that it has filled you with woful disgust. You have seen enough to know how it will all end. No marvel that you are discontented. You are the man for me; yours is the ear I want to catch; yours the heart I love to reach. A blessed case it is when a man gets discontented with this vain world, for then, perhaps, he may seek after another world, a brighter, better sphere. When he is out at elbows with himself and all his foolish companions, then perhaps he will make acquaintance with the exiled but anointed Man of Bethlehem, and find in Him a friend, a counsellor, who will be his helper, speaking kindly, advising wisely, and leading on triumphantly till He calls you to participate in the kingdom of His glory. You are discontented with yourselves. Your own reflections bitterly reprove you. When you sit down and think a little—a habit into which mayhap you have but lately fallen—you discover that things are out of the square. You cannot feel satisfied. Strange strivings and manifold misgivings perplex you and you get no peace. For my part, I am thankful, a thousand times thankful, that you have come to be so ill at ease when there was so much cause for disquiet. Now there is some hope that you will trust your future and your fate to the Son of David. Close in with the offers of His grace, and be saved by Him. I recollect an old sailor who, after having been for nearly sixty years a drunkard and a swearer, and everything that was bad, heard a Gospel sermon that touched his heart, and when he came forward to make a profession of his faith in Christ, he said, “I have been sailing sixty years under a very bad owner and under a very bad flag, but now I have taken on board a new cargo, and am running for a very different port, and under quite a different flag.” So I trust it will be with some of you soon: that you will change your cargo, change your flag, and change everything. After preaching in the Wesleyan chapel at Boulogne one day some time ago, a person recognised me, and was telling me how he had found Christ through reading the sermons, and an old salt came up to me and said, “Do you know me? My name was Satan once; I recollect you well. Now, Satan came here one Sunday morning, and he richly deserved his name, for he was as much like Satan as a man could be; he sat there, and after the sermon the Lord touched old Satan, and gave him another name besides.” The man came to Christ because he was discontented with himself, and so he gave himself up to Jesus, and was saved by him. Isn’t there any old salt here who will do that now? May there not be some sailor, some soldier, some stranger somewhere here, who shall say this night, “I will approach to the King, and ask Him to accept me, even me”? If He does not accept you, please to let us know, for we have never yet met with a case in which Jesus refused a poor sinner that came to Him. He has said:—“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.” Should he cast you out, it will be a new thing under heaven. But He cannot do it. If you are as black as sin can stain you,

yet if you come to Him you shall be taken into the Saviour's bosom, washed in the fountain filled with blood, started on a new career, and helped to serve Him all your days.

III. But I must come to a finish. I have addressed myself to the Lord's people; I have beaten up for recruits for King Jesus, and now I want to tell the recruits a little about the service, and then I have done. Remember the last words of the text, "And David became a captain over them." Whoever, then, comes to Christ, must submit to Christ's rules. What are they? One of the first is *that you should be nothing at all, and that King Jesus should be everything.* Will you submit to that—that you shall have no honour, that you shall take to yourselves no credit, that you shall never lean on your own strength or wisdom, but you shall take Him to be made of God unto you wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption? I hope you will not kick at that.

Another of our Lord's rules in His kingdom is that if you love Him you *must keep His commandments.* After trusting Him you are to become obedient unto Him. One commandment is that you are to be baptised. Do not stumble at that! I think if there be anything plain in Scripture—I will only speak for myself, I cannot speak for anybody else—it is that every believer is to be immersed in water as a confession of his faith. I think I could as soon doubt that the deity of Christ is declared as doubt that the baptism of believers is enjoined, for the one thing appears to me to be as plainly revealed in Scripture as the other. I pray you, brother, be not disobedient to the Lord's commands, but remember the Gospel which we preach,—“He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved.” Keep to the two points, and claim the promise. Then there is the Lord's Table, whereof, if you join yourselves to Christ, you have a right to partake. Do not forget it. It will sweetly remind you of all that your Saviour hath done and suffered for you. It is nothing more than a remembrancer; but take care that you do not neglect so blessed a memorial. All the precepts and statutes of our Lord Jesus Christ are to be cordially obeyed. Albeit, Christ opens a hospital for all sick folk; He does not mean you to be always cripples, but His purpose is to heal you, and after that to teach you how to walk. He builds up His kingdom as Romulus built up Rome. He receives all the vagrants of the neighbourhood, but then He makes new men of them. Even so those that are gathered from the outcasts are to be made faithful in Christ Jesus. Drunkard, you must have done with your cups. Swearer, you must have your mouth washed out; no more of those foul oaths must you utter. You who have given yourselves up to carnal pleasures, must be purged from all your defilements. You who have been gay and frivolous, must renounce these vanities and seek after weighty solemn eternal interests. You who have had hard hearts before, you must ask the Master to make them soft, and whatsoever He saith unto you you must do.

Now, my young recruit, what do you say to this? You who would bear the name of Christ, and get to heaven, are you willing to come to Him and give yourselves up to Him, henceforth forsaking all your sins? He that gives not up His sins, makes a great mistake if he thinks to escape the wrath of God, or hopes to find grace in His eyes. Oh! will you not give up your sins? They are vipers; they will only poison your souls; they will destroy you. Oh, give them up, man! Give them up, for what

shall it profit thee to keep them, and to lose thine own soul? Come to Jesus first. Trust His merit; rely upon His precious blood, and then by His help renounce every evil way, and seek to obey Him who has redeemed you by His blood. So shall the blessing of the Lord rest upon you for ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

DEACON TODD AND HIS LAW BOOK.

CHAPTER II.

"You say, Mr. Todd, that inch by inch you had to grope your way out of darkness into light till you reached the stage to which you refer. Will you kindly give me a few details that I may understand the process more clearly?"

"I will, Mr. Walters. A celebrated writer has said that 'in the history of progress there are three things: first, doubt; second, inquiry; third, discovery.' Here, in few words, you have my case. First, there was doubt. But what kind of doubt? Was it wholesale sceptical doubt? Not at all. I firmly believed, as I have told you, up to a certain point. That the Bible was God's word I did not doubt. Nor did I doubt the three articles of faith at first embraced by every true convert. Or I might go further than this, and say that *theoretically* I also believed in the truths received generally by evangelical Christians in the present day. But as I have already intimated, the question with me was—What had I *experimentally proved* to be the truth of God? Had I not taken nearly all that I had professed to believe on human trust? It was here that I knew I fell short. Realising this sad deficiency, I felt ill

capable of meeting the startling theological questions raised by many in this age, that are unsettling so many minds. Doubt then was succeeded by *inquiry*. Believing the Bible to be God's own infallible word, I felt that my creed must be settled for me by its statements. To inquire of that, therefore, was now an imperative duty. Day and night, as far as opportunity allowed, I studied it. First, I read carefully one of its books, then another. That gave me much light. It revealed to me the unity and fulness of the Scriptures. Then I took up each fundamental doctrine seriatim, and tried thus to find out what the whole of the Scriptures taught with regard to it. That gave me a grasp of each doctrine that I could never have obtained in any other way. Then I took up the preceptive parts of Scripture, and here I was led to see how greatly my own practice and that of many other professed believers differed from the teachings and example of Christ and the Apostles. This was corrective and humbling, but it did me an immense amount of good. New fields of Divine truth were opened up to me to roam in, and in these researches I revelled in delight. The Book of God became everything to me, and I could say with the poet—

"Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair,
And every one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

“Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.

“Thy Word is like the starry host :
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

“Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring ;
Though many tongues and parts
unite,
It is one song they sing.

“Thy Word is like an armoury
Where soldiers may repair ;
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.

“O may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine ;
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine !

“O may I find my armour there ;
Thy Word my trusty sword,
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.”

Edwin Hodder, who wrote these beautiful lines, expressed my own feelings; inquiry had led to discovery, and that discovery of Divine truth, obtained from God's own Word, often filled me with ‘joy unspeakable.’”

“Your experience, Mr. Todd, is like that of some of the best and noblest Christians. Dr. Wayland once wrote of himself during a period of feeble health: ‘I have read the Bible more than ever in my life in the same space of time; and at every new reading I find more to love and admire. Oh, how much I have lost by not reading it more! I have reason to bless God for setting me aside on a side bench at school, alone to read His Word and call upon His name. Blessed be God, I am able to read His Word with increasing interest, and to entertain a more constant hold of eternal life.’ And what said Dr.

James Hamilton on this point? I happen to have a copy of his words with me, which I will read. He says: ‘If you ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you have marked in your first reading, on reverting to them you find many of those were not so striking, or weighty, or original as you thought. But the Word of God is solid: it will stand a thousand readings; and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully is the surest of finding new wonders there.’”

“The Doctor is right, there, Mr. Walters. I say Amen to that. The man who studies the Bible most will love it most. Only let us be humble enough to submit our poor proud limited reason to its sublime teachings, and as we daily study it offer up the prayer to its infallible Author, ‘Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law,’ then He who has inspired the Book will continually unfold to us its wondrous meanings, until we shall say with the psalmist, ‘The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.’”

“So far, Mr. Todd, so good; but you have not told me yet where your Biblical researches landed you. Did they shake your hold on evangelical truth, or did they strengthen it?”

“They strengthened it, sir, undoubtedly. The cardinal doctrines of the Gospel I learnt to hold more firmly than ever. But they did more than this; they led me to look at these glorious truths in new lights, and gave me more extensive views of them. Men never can see

and feel their glory until they experimentally find them out for themselves. The Queen of Sheba, although she heard 'a true report' in her own land of Solomon's acts and wisdom, was constrained to confess, after she had seen his glory for herself, that she 'believed the half was not told her.' It is just so with the earnest Bible student. What he hears of the Word, though true, is not found to be half so glorious as that which he proves for himself. The Apostle said, '*We believe and therefore speak.*' What we thoroughly and experimentally believe we can speak out with trumpet voices, knowing that we have proved what we thus fearlessly assert. Do you wonder now at my making the Bible my Law Book?"

"I do not, Mr. Todd; and I was just thinking what a good thing it would be for Christians generally if they were compelled to prove their theories and work them out for themselves in the same way. As you say, God's Word is truth. That being the case, it may be relied on. The thing is to know what it clearly teaches, and then to put it into practice, fearless of results. But may I ask you, sir, if you have any fear concerning the issue of the various theological conflicts that are now taking place in so many quarters?"

"No, Mr. Walters, I have not. For a time the minds, perhaps, of some of the best men in the Church, may be, as my own was, unsettled. But as months and years roll on, with honest Biblical research the mists of doubt will gradually disappear, and the true light of God's Word will shine on all around. A standard of religious truth men *must* have. The question is, What is that standard to be? Is it to be limited human reason? Is it to be man's mere speculations? Is it to

be shifting, varied, and often questionable scientific teaching? Or is it to be God's own infallible Word? I entertain no doubt as to which ultimately will be accepted. I remember reading that about a year before his death Dean Alford was walking with a friend in Canterbury. This friend began to speak to him about the sceptical doubts that are trying the faith of so many in the present day. The Dean seemed surprised that he should speak of them so seriously, as if they had any danger for God-fearing men. Then he said, with a quiet simplicity, '*Well, I have never felt tempted to go from my anchorage.*' What was the good Dean's anchorage? His anchorage was the Holy Word that with his learning and skill he so ably revised and translated. To that anchorage Christian men must cling, and clinging to it more tenaciously than ever, they will come out of the sceptical and doubting furnace like silver 'seven times purified.'

(*To be continued.*)

THOU ART MAD.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

To believe that the Bible is true may be hard. Some say it is. But there is one thing which is much harder. What is that? To doubt it. Rationalism often stands convicted of being very irrational. The credulity of scepticism affords evidence of the fact that "professing themselves to be wise," men become "fools."

What an air of simplicity and reality the Scripture narratives wear! If they are impostures, the fraud is unique. Never was such a semblance of veracity so complete

in its success. The records of the New Testament have the ring of truthfulness about them. Take the twelfth chapter of the book of the Acts as an instance. Peter lies in prison. He is to be executed on the morrow. The angel of the Lord delivers him, and he goes to an assembly of his Christian brethren. Having knocked at the gate of Mary's house, a maiden named Rhoda answers. Recognising the apostle, she runs back to tell her friends the wonderful news. Is not this true to the life? Could anything be more natural? To hasten back with the welcome tidings, leaving Simon standing outside, is just what nine out of ten would, in their excitement, have done. We have here one of those little touches in the picture of revelation which indicates the utter honesty of the artist.

Good people are sometimes very unbelieving in prayer. "Many were gathered together praying." About what? There can be little doubt. Surely, they were praying about Peter. Their friend, brother, teacher was in imminent peril, and they met to intercede for him. If persecution existed now, and the pastor of a church was in jail, expecting to be slain, his flock would be certain to assemble, in order that he might be commended to God. It was so then. We may rest assured that the apostle's critical situation formed the main theme of their petitions. More than that. Did they not ask his deliverance? We can believe nothing less. They would recollect the memorable persecution of Daniel in the den of lions. The three Hebrew children would be fresh in their thoughts. Stimulated by these familiar instances of Divine care, they would implore Peter's rescue from the hands of his foes. Yet mark! when their cry was answered,

they altogether doubted it. Rhoda tells them that Simon has returned, and they cannot believe it. "Thou art mad," they exclaim, with astonished countenances.

This is characteristic. There are few of us who are not sometimes unbelieving in prayer. We not seldom fail here. It would be well if we applied to ourselves the words which we ever and anon speak to our servants, when we send them with a message or a note, "Wait for an answer." As it has been observed, we resemble children who knock at a door, and then run away before there has been time to open it. Wise was the decision of David. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." That is, "I will aim at a certain mark, as an archer does when he shoots: I will have a clear, distinct purpose in my supplications." But that was not all. "I will look up," he adds; "look," to see if the petition is granted: "look," as the bowman does, to find out whether the shaft has hit the point toward which it was "directed." We should emulate Elijah. Behold him on Carmel. He bends his head, and entreats Jehovah to send rain. Does he do nothing more? Yes; he bids his servant keep watch towards the sea. "Go again seven times," he cries. Sublime faith! The prophet is so certain that his wish will be granted that he sets another to gaze for the rain.

God loves to be trusted. Nothing better pleases Him than our implicit confidence. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him," and the more we believe it, the longer will be our recompense. A captive was brought before an Asiatic prince: the scimitar was already raised over his head, when, oppressed

with intolerable thirst, he asked for water. A cup was handed to him. He held it as if apprehensive lest the weapon should fall while he was in the act of drinking. "Take courage," said the prince, "your life shall be spared till you drink the water." He instantly dashed the vessel to the ground. The good faith of the barbarian saved him. The royal word had passed; it was enough. The prisoner was spared. It is not otherwise with the King of kings. Reliance on Him cannot fail of a blessing.

Good people may be much mistaken about each other. What a blunder the brethren made? They accused Rhoda of insanity. "Thou art mad." Was she? Would God that she had communicated her malady to others. Oh that it had been transmitted from generation to generation, until we had caught the blessed infection. Mad? If so, like Hamlet's, there was "a method in the madness." As it has been finely written: "All such mad people will have heaven for an asylum."

This was not the only error. They were wrong about the apostle as well as about Rhoda. When she persisted in her assertion, that Peter had come, they said, "It is his angel." Of course! she must have seen a ghost. Had they not often heard of a man's spirit appearing about the time of his death? No doubt it was an apparition.

Longfellow says, "Things are not what they seem." He might have said as much about persons also. None of us are infallible, and we frequently fall victims to gross misconceptions about our fellow-creatures. Hannah was a good woman, and Eli was a good man; but how utterly beside the mark was the opinion which the latter conceived concerning the former. He accused

her of intemperance, and upbraided her with the same, whereas her soul was filled with the spirit of faith and devotion. Saul became Paul. A radical transformation had occurred. Christ's foe had been changed into his friend: the relentless persecutor was now the repentant preacher. But when "he essayed to join himself to the disciples, they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple."

Let us beware. It is possible that we may be guilty of the same thing. Bigotry is not yet dead. We are sometimes prone to think, that if a man does not sign our creed, acknowledge our standard of orthodoxy, and conform to our ecclesiastical practices, he is, to say the least, a suspicious character. He lacks the religious trade mark. There is a tendency in us to set up a conventional standard of faith and practice, denouncing all who do not come up to it. Well says a certain divine, "It is sheer stupidity, ignorance, and impudence for any sect, for any church, to stand up and say, you cannot be altogether Christians unless you belong to us." This is very often said; it is the language of all bigots, whatever their creed; if you believe less than they, or if you believe more, you are not a Christian. Let us all stand clear of this mistake. I may believe that the church or denomination to which I belong holds a purer creed than any other; I ought not to belong to it if I did not think this: but then I may believe that other churches are so near to the truth, that men belonging to them can be and are genuine Christians. An old writer has well observed, with reference to this subject, that "a scratch on the hand is not a stab to the heart;" and not only may a man's hand be scratched, it may be severely cut, it

may be destitute of a finger or two, and the man may have lost his hand and his arm into the bargain, and yet he lives, and is as hearty and healthy as any other man. Even so, a man's creed may be defective in some points, it may on some points be wrong, but still the man may be altogether a Christian.

Caius College, Cambridge, had within its walls at the same time two students, who ultimately won for themselves great renown. Their names were Jeremy Taylor and John Milton. Very different were the paths which they trod in after life. The first was a royalist, the second a republican. One was a bishop, the other a Baptist; Taylor was secretary to Charles I., Milton secretary to Oliver Cromwell. Nevertheless, both were signal instances of genius consecrated to the noblest ends. Who stops to ask about their minor distinctions? Each is read with interest and advantage by persons of the most opposite beliefs. Episcopalians and conservatives admire "Paradise Lost." Dissenters and radicals find "Holy Living and Dying" a valuable book of devotion. The late Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, in the course of a sermon preached at Surrey Chapel, made the following remarks: "Some time ago a countryman said to me, 'I was exceedingly alarmed this morning. I was going down in a lonely place, and I thought I saw a strange monster. It seemed in motion, but I could not discern its form. I did not like to turn back, but my heart heat; and the more I looked, the more I was afraid. But as we approached, I saw it was a man. And who do you think it was? My brother!'" As we look through the fog of prejudice and the thick mist of bigotry, our fellow-creatures appear monsters. Nearer, we find that they are men like our-

selves. Closer still, we often discover in them our Christian brethren.

Good people often talk when they should test, and argue when they should act. Rhoda's friends might have spared themselves much trouble. They should have gone to the gate at once. This would have settled the whole matter in dispute. Instead of doing so, they debated the probability or improbability of the apostle's appearance. Various theories were advanced in order to account for the apparently incredible story of the damsel. They argued instead of acting.

A like course is still pursued. To give one illustration of it: some are doubtful about the value of religion. They are sceptical of our praise when they read or hear strong assertions touching the blessedness of those who serve God. They regard this eulogy as the pardonable hyperbole of affection. Is it so? A short and easy method will decide. Don't dispute; try it for yourself. "Taste and see that the Lord is good." Put it to the proof. Some years ago we saw an illustrated tract which amused us. It had a picture of two men eagerly discussing the merits of food that was placed on a table. Their faces were excited, their gesticulations angry and threatening. Meanwhile, a plain, honest countryman had seated himself, and was enjoying the viands about which the others were so loudly vituperating. The moral is obvious. Let us lay it to heart. As the old hymn says,

"O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His grace confide."

COLOMBO.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

VI. *Jerusalem and its Shrines.*

WE have now to give some account of the Shrines or Holy Places of Jerusalem, of which the first in magnitude and importance is the spacious area called the "Haram Esh-Sherif," a place consecrated to the worship of God for at least thirty-seven centuries. Within its sacred enclosure stands Mount Moriah, where Abraham built the altar on which to offer up "his son, his only son Isaac." Here was the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, where David built an altar to the living God. Here he brought up the ark with songs and dances; and here the magnificent Temple projected by him, but which he was not suffered to build because he was a man of blood, was completed by Solomon his son. On or near the same site stood the second Temple, erected after the return from the Captivity by Ezra and Nehemiah, under the protection of Cyrus. On the same spot Herod the Great, to conciliate the Jews, caused to be built, on a most magnificent scale, the third Temple, which indeed he did not cease to extend and embellish till his death.

Standing within this large area, we tried to imagine the Temple as it existed in the time of our Lord, the outer court of the Gentiles—the court of the women shut off by lattice-work, to screen its occupants from the idle gaze of the curious or profane—the inner court jealously

guarded from intrusion by inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, forbidding any Gentile on pain of death to pollute it by his unhallowed feet—the Holy Place used only by the Priests, and, most sacred of all, the Holy of Holies, into which none but the High Priest penetrated, and he but once a year, and then not without blood,—the whole structure built with magnificent materials, and decorated with plates of gold, which, as they glittered in the sunshine, almost dazzled the eyes of the beholder.

We tried to imagine the child Jesus sitting amongst the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions,—the arrival of His anxious mother—His naïve reply, "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" and obedient submission to authority. We tried to reconstruct in imagination, the tall pinnacle at the S.W. corner, looking down from a giddy height on the then deep valley of the Kedron, whence Satan tried, and tried in vain, to tempt our Lord to cast Himself down—(he could not throw Him down, Satan can only tempt God's children to cast themselves away, he can never force them over the precipice). We tried to depict His subsequent visits to the same structure when He taught the people, speaking "as one having authority, and not as the Scribes;" extorting the reluctant tribute, "Never man spake as this man;" or the wondering inquiry, "Whence hath this man wisdom, having never learned?" We heard Him silence the cavilling Pharisees and Sadducees; listened to His tender plead-

ing or stern rebuke; witnessed His miracles of cleansing or healing; and saw Him, indignant at the profanation, drive out with a whip of small cords, the buyers, sellers, and money changers, from its sacred precincts. Later still we tried to picture the stirring scene when the Apostle Paul was well-nigh torn to pieces by an excited mob, on the false charge of having taken Greeks into the Temple; when the chief captain, Lysias, came to his rescue, and he delivered his timely and eloquent address to the multitude from the stairs leading to the tower.

But we may not linger in past associations. Let us note its present condition. It is now one of the places most sacred to the Mohammedans, for in its centre stands their great mosque, called "Kubbet esh Sukhrah," or "Dome of the Rock." This splendid structure is a large octagon, each side of which is sixty-six feet wide, covered with porcelain tiles emblazoned with passages from the Koran, which are carried round the building like a frieze. Some of these passages are worthy of notice, as embodying the Moslem ideas of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose prophetic character they admit, but whose Divinity they deny.

Sureh xviii. 3.—"Praise be to God, who has no son or companion in His government, and who requires no helper."

"The Messiah Jesus is only the son of Mary, and the ambassador of God. Believe then in God, and His ambassador; and do not maintain that there are three. If you refrain from this it will be better for you."

"God is One, and far be it from Him that He should have a son. God is not so constituted that He could have a son,—be that far from Him."

Each octagon has seven windows, or six windows and a door, and these windows are filled with coloured

glass in rich mosaic patterns, the glass not being framed in flat panes or sheets in the ordinary way, but consisting of short tubes piled one upon another till the space is filled, thus giving great depth of colour, the reflection of which upon the marble floor is as rich and variegated as a Turkey carpet. There are four gates, each opposite one of the cardinal points of the compass, the south gate having an open porch of eight columns. The interior is 174 feet in diameter, and is divided into three concentric parts by two series of circular supports, one within the other, all richly decorated with bronzes, marble, and tiles, and emblazoned with passages from the Koran. The dome, which rest on these supports, is 97 feet high, and 65 feet in diameter. Immediately beneath it, in the centre of the building, is the rock which gives it its name. This rock presents an irregular surface of varying height, 57 feet long by 43 wide, and rises at its highest point about seven feet from the surrounding pavement. What makes this rock so sacred that a building so magnificent should be built to shelter it? Tradition says that this rock is the veritable summit of Mount Moriah, on which Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac; that here Melchisedec, king of Salem, to whom Abraham gave tithes, offered sacrifice; that here Jacob poured out the anointing oil of consecration; that here once stood the Ark of the Covenant, &c. So say the Jewish Rabbis.

To these traditions the followers of Mahomet add many others. This rock, they say, came from Paradise! Mohammed prayed here, and one prayer offered here is better than a thousand elsewhere. From this spot the Prophet was transported to heaven, leaving the print of his foot behind him as he

ascended! (The footprint is still shown, and a gigantic footprint it is.) The rock would have gone up with him had not the Angel Gabriel put forth his hand and forcibly held it down! (You may see the five indentations as of a thumb and four fingers, and they, like the foot, are enormously large.) Moreover, the stone still hangs suspended in mid-air without support, and will so remain till the day of Judgment, which will take place on this very spot! &c., &c. (True, on going into the hollow cavity beneath we see the very substantial walls on which the rock rests, but you are gravely assured that they are quite unnecessary to its support, that they were erected only to calm the fears of timid pilgrims, and that if removed the rock would still remain hanging between heaven and earth!) Many other legends are narrated, but they are all so preposterous that we think they can obtain little credence even from Moslems themselves.

One redeeming feature there is amid all the superstition. Unlike the churches of the Roman Catholics, there is no altar, shrine, or statue in the building. Mohammedans abhor the very semblance of idolatry.

There are many other interesting structures within the sacred enclosure, which we must only mention and cannot stay to describe. Thus, there is a small domed building of great elegance called "David's Place of Judgment," or "Dome of the Chain," because there hangs from its roof a miraculously gifted chain, which has the power of detecting falsehood. A truthful witness may grasp it with confidence; but if handled by a perjurer, it betrays his guilt by dropping one of its links. (Were this true it would be a wonder that any should remain.) There is also a Pulpit, erected by a Mameluke Sultan in

the year 849 of the Hegira, which stands on arches of a horseshoe shape, and is noticeable as a gem of Arabian art; and, next in importance and sanctity to the Dome of the Rock itself, is the large and elegant Mosque of Aksa, adorned with mosaics, gilding, and rich oriental decorations, and by no means deficient in legendary shrines or sacred places. Here, they say, is a footprint of Christ's, sunk in the solid rock! Between these two columns only those born in wedlock can pass; and those who go through (paying baksheesh) are sure of heaven! This is the place where the high priest Zacharias was slain! This is the tomb of the sons of Aaron! Here, in a subterranean chapel, is the cradle of Jesus in stone! &c.

But we soon got weary of these mythical traditions and superstitious beliefs, and were glad to hurry over the rest of the show places, and escape into the open air: and while some of our companions lingered, we crossed to the boundary wall, and, climbing the battlements which overhang the valley of the Kedron, sat for a time in silent meditation.

The view from this point was full of interest. Below us lay the valley crowded with tombs, for, on account of its supposed proximity to the place of the last Judgment, both Jew and Moslem esteem it a high privilege to be buried here. Beyond us we saw the green and well-kept enclosure of the Garden of Gethsemane, whose gnarled and twisted trees looked venerable enough to be descendants of those which witnessed our Saviour's agony. Up the slope of the hill we discerned the path to Bethany; a path often trod by the Master. Opposite rose before us the Mount of Olives, still dotted with the trees which gave it its name. Here our Lord wept over the doomed city, and uttered His

memorable lamentation. "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee. How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; but ye would not." On its summit stands the Church of the Ascension, within whose corridors are placed thirty-six marble tablets, on which are inscribed the Lord's Prayer in as many different languages.

We next visited the Jews' wailing place, a narrow enclosure, where what is believed to be a portion of the walls of the Temple is still visible. To this place pious Jews resort on Sabbaths and festivals to bewail the loss of their city and sanctuary, and here they give vent to their feelings in a litany of lamentation. "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance, Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt Thou be angry for ever? Shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?"

Not far from this is the filthy lepers' quarter, where miserable objects, mutilated by disease, crouch at the doorways of their den-like dwellings, and with shrill piercing cries importune the passers-by for alms.

Also outside the walls is a detached stone building, said to contain the tomb of David, filled, it is

alleged, with jewels and treasures of enormous value; and which is not shown to visitors, lest speculative pilgrim fingers should pilfer its contents. Above this, in an upper story, is a large vaulted dungeon-like chamber, whose roof is supported by massive pillars, and whose narrow windows admit but little light. This, they say, is the large upper room where the Holy Ghost descended, and here the Lord's Supper was celebrated. This last statement, however, can hardly be true, for this building is outside the city walls, and the Evangelists tell us distinctly that the house in which the Passover was prepared was within the city. In truth, this site, like those associated with other sacred incidents, is purely traditional, and cannot now be certainly known. Yea, we even think they may be wisely hidden, lest the knowledge of them should lead to idolatry. But shall we on this account allow our faith to be in any degree weakened in the occurrence of the fact itself? Surely not. If historical research should prove that the position ascribed to Wellington on the field of Waterloo was not the point he occupied, the fact of his great victory would be none the less true. And here at Jerusalem, if the position of Calvary, the site of the holy sepulchre, or the spot on which stood the house of the Last Supper are uncertain, and can never be exactly determined, surely the truth of the great events associated with them must not on that account be impugned.

Our Denominational Meetings.

THE YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting in connection with these anniversaries, was

that of the above association which was held at the Mission House, April 18th; Rev. C. Bailhache pre-

sided. Mr. H. Bompas, M.A., dwelt upon the value of the association as leading young men, when coming into actual life, to devote themselves to the service of Christ. He did not believe that the world could be converted simply by the agency of ministers and missionaries. Every one must work for Christ if this end was to be attained. Mr. Bacon, the retiring treasurer, urged the members to adhere to the original purpose of the society, which was to create a missionary spirit in the Sunday-schools. Rev. W. A. Hobbs, who has lately returned from India, was called upon to address the meeting. Mr. Hobbs' speech embodied a series of vivid pictures of missionary operations.

THE BUILDING FUND.—The annual meeting of the above fund was held at Stockwell Chapel on the same evening, Mr. James Benham presiding. Addresses advocating the claims of the fund were delivered by the Revs. J. Hunt Cooke, J. M. Bergin, Colonel Griffin, and Mr. S. Watson. The report was read by Mr. A. G. Bowser, secretary. Fourteen churches have returned their loans during the past year, and 25 other churches have been assisted; 23 further applications being now under consideration, requiring £21,800 to meet their necessities. The total capital of the fund is now £22,000, while the known debts on the chapels in the denomination in England alone amount to £120,000, of which £100,000 is borrowed, at a cost of £5,000 every year for interest, which practically comes out of the pastors' incomes. To meet current needs, and at the same time to facilitate the erection and improvement of chapel property, the committee urge the establishment of a capital fund of £100,000.

THE ZENANA MISSION.—Friday,

April 27th, there was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen interested in this mission to breakfast at the Freemasons' Hotel, Sir William Muir in the chair. Dr. Underhill, the secretary, read the report, which stated that the work in India was under the superintendence, in each place, of the wives of missionaries labouring in Calcutta, Baraset, Delhi, Benares, Allahabad, Soorie, Serampore, Dacca, Barisaul, and Monghy, the staff consisting of about 18 European lady visitors, and about 36 native teachers and Bible women. Nearly 500 women received religious instruction in the Zenanas; and eleven girls' schools, containing about 350 children, are taught by these agents. The receipts this year were £2,000, a large increase on those of last year. It had been necessary to build homes for the agents, and £600 had been already raised for that purpose. The Chairman expressed his pleasure at finding the interest taken in this country in the instruction of females in India. His experience of India had taught him that it must long remain in a state of social degradation—to say nothing of religion—unless something were done for the education of its women. The teaching was good, and Lady Muir, who had access to the Zenanas, had made to him very encouraging reports. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. Dr. Green, the Rev. A. W. Hobbes, and the Rev. J. Smith.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—On Monday evening, April 23rd, the annual meeting of this society was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, Dr. Underhill in the chair. The report of the committee for the past year was read by the secretary, from which it appears that there has been in some localities a considerable failure in the amount of the usual

contributions. The success, therefore, in new districts, instead of materially augmenting the total for the year, will simply, but very opportunely, supply their deficiency. The failures, however, are not attributable to any decline of interest in the society, but are amply accounted for by the great depression of trade, felt with terrible effect in some districts, letters from which are painful to read. This is especially the case with regard to South Wales, Scotland, and the manufacturing districts of England. The income from subscriptions, donations, and collections for the year amounts to £1,873 13s. 9d.

THE BAPTIST UNION ASSEMBLY.—The first Session of the Union was held on Monday, April 23rd, at Bloomsbury Chapel. At the devotional service, Dr. Landels, the retiring president, referred with gratitude to the presence of the venerable Dr. Steane among them, and to the appreciative way in which his own services to the denomination had been remembered in the prayers which had been offered. He expressed the pleasure which he felt in resigning the chair to his successor, the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton. Mr. Brown was both gentle and firm. He thought that he and Mr. Brown were like David and Solomon—one a man of war, the other a man of peace. Reference was next made to the Annuity Fund, in the raising of which Dr. Landels has taken the most prominent part. It was now over £50,000, and it was left to his friend, Mr. Brown, to place the topmost stone, for not less than £80,000 would enable them to do all that they wished. Having welcomed Mr. Brown by a hearty shake of the hands to his new duties, Dr. Landels left the chair, and the new president entered upon its occupa-

tion. Mr. Brown, who was sensibly affected by the kindly words that had been uttered, briefly remarked that whatever he could do for the denomination and for the kingdom of Christ should be cheerfully done, and proceeded to call upon one who, he saw, would get more good from their countenances than from the palm trees under which he had lately been sitting. The assembly was then favoured with the annual report. The chief points in the report were an expression of thanks to Dr. Landels and Mr. Williams for their exertions in connection with the Annuity Fund, and a statement of the action of the Union in reference to Agricultural Labourers, the Home and Irish Mission, the Education Bill, the Outrages in Bulgaria, and the Burials Bill now before Parliament. The statistics of the denomination for the year were then given, which showed that 95 pastors have settled over churches, 75 of whom received collegiate training; that there are 975 churches in connection with the Union, with a membership of 195,892 persons; and that £194,545 had been expended in the erection, improvement, &c., of chapels and schoolrooms. Rev. C. Bailhache moved the adoption of the report. Rev. Dr. Price, of Aberdare, seconded the resolution, in a few words. The president now left the chair, and proceeded to deliver his opening address, commencing with a few brief and modest personal references, uttered in a tone which indicated strong emotion. The subject chosen was "Christ and the Church." The opening sentences dwelt upon the fact that the light which was in Christ was "sufficient for the whole world and for all time," and that "the Divine Speaker is greater and more illuminating than anything He said." In the evening the usual

service was held in the library of the Mission House. Tea and coffee were served at five o'clock. There was a large attendance. At the subsequent meeting the Rev. J. T. Brown took the chair. The concluding sitting of the Union was held at Walworth Chapel, the president in the chair. On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Stock, a petition was agreed to be sent to the House of Lords, to be presented by Lord Granville, condemning the Burials Bill. The motion was seconded by the Rev. J. Bloomfield. The Rev. J. Bigwood then delivered an address relating to the junction of the Irish and Home Missions with the Baptist Union, and a resolution recommending it was moved by the Rev. Mr. Morris (Ipswich). It was then resolved that a deputation on behalf of the Union should attend the next conference of the Religious Liberation Society. The assembly then adjourned to dinner in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to which they were invited by the members of the London Baptist Association; the Rev. Archibald Brown, president, in the chair. After speeches by the chairman; Sir Morton Peto; Dr. Mitchell, Chicago; the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, &c., a handsome testimonial in the shape of a silver tea-service and an illuminated address, was presented to the Rev. D. Landels, the retiring president, as a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by his brethren.

BAPTIST HOME AND IRISH MISSION.

—The annual meeting of this association was held in Bloomsbury Chapel on Tuesday evening, April 24th, Mr. Thomas Blake, M.P. in the chair. From the report read by the secretary, Rev. Mr. Bidgood, it appeared that the churches and ministers helped in England were about the same as last year. In Ireland there had been several

changes. The station at Cork had been reluctantly abandoned. There had been additions to the churches at Belfast, Ballymena, Derrynell, Grange Corner, Banbridge, Athlone, and Tubbermore; and it was intimated that much improvement was to be expected from the closer connection of the society with the Baptist Union that had been resolved on. The treasurer's accounts showed receipts amounting to £5,100. In his speech Mr. Blake bore the highest testimony to the character of the agents of the society, and to the efficacy of their labours, and made an urgent appeal to all present to support the society. The meeting was further addressed by the Revs. J. B. Meyers, W. Sampson, and F. Trestrail.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—

The annual meeting of this society was held on Thursday evening, April 26th, at Exeter Hall. From the report, which was read by the Rev. C. Bailhache, one of the secretaries, it appeared that the past year had been an encouraging one. In France there had been less political interference; in Norway the churches had greatly prospered; and progress had been made in the West Indies. In Bible and translation work much had been done by Dr. Wenger, and Mr. Rouse, of Calcutta; Mr. Bate, of Allahabad; Mr. Ellis, of Jessore; and Mr. Carter, of Ceylon. It was calculated 156,000 copies of the Bible had been circulated by the agents of the society. In Italy alone Mr. Wall and his colleagues had circulated as many as 50,000 copies of the New Testament. In India great temperance efforts had been made, and much good had resulted from the society's labours among the soldiers. During the past year fresh missionaries had been sent out to Chefoo, China, India, the West Coast of Africa, and Norway. Two

brethren and one sister had died, two had finally returned to this country, and four temporarily on account of ill-health. On the year the total of funds had increased to £5,157 16s. 10d.; the receipts for the year amounted to £38,359 6s. 10d.; and the expenditure to £38,336 18s. 10d. Resolutions in support of the society were spoken to by the Rev. W. M. Statham, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the Rev. J. Smith, and Mr. Waddy, M.P. In the course of his speech Mr. Spurgeon contended that the Church wanted missionary work to raise her to her proper elevation. He expressed his belief that all the world would be won over to the Gospel, and that as yet missionary work was young—not more than eighty-five years old.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, April 25th, in the lower room of Exeter Hall, Mr. Alderman Whitehead, of Bradford, presiding. The secretary, Rev. J. T. Briscoe, read the report, from which it appears that the society has existed for thirty-six

years, and considerable progress has been made during the past year. New issues, to the number of thirty-six tracts and handbills, have been added to the catalogue during the year. The number of publications thus reaches 780. The grants for the year form an encouraging feature. No application has been refused, thanks to the generosity of the friends who have placed means at the disposal of the committee. The tracts and handbills thus circulated amounted to 892,741; the money grants to £182, bringing up a total of £800. Details of foreign grants were specified, and many encouraging results quoted. Mr. J. Macmaster read the balance sheet, showing that the donations of the year amounted to £106 12s. 2d.; subscriptions, £1,022 12s. 3d.; dividends on stock, £5 19s.; sale of books, £151 16s. 11d.; balance from last year, £120 18s. 9d. The total expenditure was £1,361 1s. 11d., leaving a balance in hand of £108 15s. 9d. Revs. J. Wilkins, T. R. Tymms, T. G. Tarn, J. Stock, and W. Dowson addressed the meeting.

Reviews.

Light Amid the Shadows. By Mrs. HURCHON, Author of *Leaves from a Mission House in India.* Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a sweet soothing volume. Its notes sound like a song in the night, and the music is the more effective because it is set in the minor key. The writer has a charming way of telling her subject, carrying the reader with her, and helping you to realise by her simple and loving strains, the sympathy and consolation always found in the old, old story. *Bereaved parents and sisters and brothers, read it.*

The Village Chapel. By the Rev. WILLIAM LUKE. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 32, Paternoster-row.

A BUNDLE of instructive characters and tracts, brought together for the purpose of giving the history of the struggles of real religion with *darkness and prejudice* in a benighted country village, and they are not only true in the circle described, but are to be found in a much more extensive area. We know them to be true to life, and many such histories might be written. *We fear that some of the village clergy and squires have much to answer for.*

Calls to Christ. A Series of Addresses.

By the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., Free Church, Duff Town, N.B. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-row.

THIS neat-looking book, well printed on toned paper, we place among our evangelical gems. The calls are earnest expressions of a devout soul yearning to bring sinners to Christ. Its contents may be described as *stirring, wise, and Scriptural. May many hear the calls and be won for Jesus.*

What the Gospels teach on the Divinity and Humanity of Christ. By a Layman. Elliot Stock.

LAYMAN seems to think that an extensive reception of his teachings would promote the ultimate formation of a True Church of Christ in God. We believe there are already churches holding similar views, but we should be sorry indeed to think them the only True Churches of Christ. We do not consent to the statement that *baptism is a priestly rite*, and therefore ought to be abandoned. The Baptist scorns to consider his minister a priest, and does not object to non-ministerial hands administering the ordinance. We also take strong exception to the passage on page 55, where the doctrines of the *Trinity, imputed righteousness* and salvation by Christ's blood shed on the cross, are denied. Again, on page 58, the author says of infants, *we know they are sinless.* Now we do not know any such thing; for while we believe that the love of our Heavenly Father in Christ Jesus has secured the salvation of all who die in infancy, we believe also the Word which says, "I was BORN IN SIN, and shapen in iniquity." And, of course, our author will expect us to dissent from page 59, where he says, "*We have before found that there is no authority for water baptism. No true Church of Christ will entertain any other than Christ's spiritual baptism of individuals.* NOT ONE WORD OF THIS CAN WE ENDORSE.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Substance of Six Lectures on Dore's celebrated Pictures, delivered in

Emmanuel Church, Putney, during the season of Lent, 1877. By H. ORION MEYERS. (E. Franks, High-street, Putney, S.W.) To all who have sat and mused before the legion works of this great artist of modern times, these Lectures will prove very acceptable. They are at once a key and a guide, enabling the reader to realise the profound conceptions of this master-mind, and withal accompanied by many beautiful Scripture thoughts. The author devotes the profits to the Church Building Fund. We wish him success.

The Preacher's Analyst. A Monthly Homiletical Magazine. (Elliot Stock.) Without doubt some preachers need the kind of help afforded here, and we have known some whose hearers would have been considerably profited *if their ministers had borrowed a little.* We believe in the necessity and usefulness of such works; *not that we may carry away a cartload, but that we may gather a golden grain or two, or pluck an ear of corn for use in the Master's service.* This work promises to be of value; and in addition to many outlines, a list of sermons named to be read on the subject. This will be of great service in our libraries. We should like the exterior to have a brighter and less naked appearance.

Baptism; its Mode and Subjects The Controversy Examined. By J. RUSSELL LEONARD. (Yates and Alexander.) Our author is bold and original, and that is saying much, for we seldom find originality in modern works on baptism. We, however, fail to see that when baptism cannot be administered, sprinkling should be adopted. If a something cannot be done, why do a something which is totally different? *We, however, advise a careful reading.*

Is it the Duty of Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ to be Baptised into His Name? Addressed to the thoughtful and prayerful consideration of those who are Baptists in conviction and not in practice. By EBENEZER MACLEAN, Greenock. (Elliot Stock.) If this well written and pungent tract can reach those whom it concerns (*and they are legion*) it must do good.

Quarterly Register of the Baptist Tract Society, with a number of excellent specimen tracts. Dépôt, 3, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

Teachers' Storehouse. The Appeal. (Elliot Stock.) The first of these is always good, and we are pleased to see that the back numbers of *The Appeal* can be had in packets of 100 at reduced prices for distribution.

The King's Highway. The Divine Life. (Elliot Stock.)

Works on Holiness. (Houghton and Co., 10, Paternoster-row.)

Forty-sixth Report of the Trinitarian Bible Society. We rejoice in the continued success, and have unabated confidence in the work of this Society.

The Baptist Magazine. 21, Castle-street, Holborn. Has a good letter-press portrait of our friend Dr. Landels.

The Sword and Trowel. (Passmore and Alabaster.) The Inaugural Address and Report of the College, both by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, make a valuable number.

The General Baptist. (Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.) Contains articles full of vigour and spiritual life.

The Baptist and Freeman to hand. What Baptist would be without them? Their faithfulness in reporting our principles and annual gatherings make us prize them exceedingly.

WORKS APPROVED.—*Biblical Museum.* By James Comper Gray.—*The British Flag.* The only Magazine for Soldiers. W. A. Blake, Trafalgar-square.—*Evangelical Christendom.* W. J. Johnson, Fleet-street.—*Truth and Progress.* A South Australian Monthly.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. DUNN has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate at Pole-street Chapel, Preston.

Mr. D. Gardner, of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Stantonbury, Bucks.

Mr. C. F. Styles has resigned the pastorate of Old Kent-road Church, having sustained the ministry over six years, free of cost.

Mr. J. T. Briscoe, late of Meard's-court, Soho, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Rye-lane, Peckham.

Rev. Robert Silby has announced his resignation as pastor of the church, Wintoun-street, Leeds.

Rev. G. A. Brown, late of Philadelphia, has accepted the invitation of the church meeting in Mint-lane, Lincoln, to become their pastor.

Rev. J. Jenkins has resigned the

pastorate of the churches at Dolan and Rhayader.

Rev. H. Bradford, of Diss, Norfolk, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Church at Brixham, Devon.

Rev. G. A. Short, late of Sittingbourne, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Marlborough-crescent Church, Newcastle.

Mr. G. E. Ireland, late of Mildenhall, has accepted the invitation of the church at Every-street, Manchester.

Rev. D. R. Hamilton, of Rawdon College, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Sabden.

Rev. T. Lardner, of Ulverstone, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Battersea; the Rev. G. Hider, of Stogumber, that of Beckington, Somerset.

Mr. J. Wilson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Shotley-bridge, Durham.

Rev. G. W. Cross has resigned the charge of the church in Regent-street, Belfast, having accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope.

Rev. Thomas Havard, has resigned the charge of the church at Glasburn, Radnorshire, on account of old age and failing health, after a pastorate of over fifty years.

Rev. S. R. Aldrige, B.A., LL.B., of Regent's-park College, has been invited by the church at Mare-street, Hackney, to act as assistant minister to the Rev. D. Katterns.

PRESENTATIONS.

ISLEHAM.—On Friday, April 27th, a farewell tea and public meeting was held in the High-street Chapel, in connection with the retirement of Rev. W. E. Davies from the pastorate. The chair of the public meeting was taken by Mr. B. Cornwell, the senior elder, who in the name of the church and congregation presented Mrs. Davies with a silver teapot. On Sunday, the 29th, Mr. Davies preached his farewell sermons. In the morning, at eleven, three were baptised in the River Lark, in the presence of about a thousand people. The members and pastor of the sister church showed their respect in a very practical form. Mr. Davies commenced his ministry at his new sphere, Worksworth, on Sunday, May 6th.

Mr. Joseph French, who has been for twelve years labouring at Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, is leaving to undertake the charge of the cause at Rye, Sussex. At a meeting of the church and congregation he was presented with a purse containing over £6, whilst Mrs. French received several presents from her various Bible-classes. The parishioners and friends in the surrounding villages have also presented Mr. and Mrs. French with a testimonial amounting to more than £17.

RECOGNITIONS.

WOOLWICH.—A recognition service, in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Turner as pastor, was held at Parsons's-hill Chapel, on May 1st. About

200 partook of tea; and afterwards the chair was taken by Mr. J. T. Olney, who addressed the meeting on the relation between pastor and people. Mr. Harris, one of the deacons, briefly touched on the past history of the church, and welcomed their new pastor. One of the deacons from the church at Tonbridge spoke of Mr. Turner's work amongst them, and addresses followed by the Revs. D. Harding, G. E. Arnold, R. Balgarnie, J. Brittain, T. Sissons, A. Sturge, W. Usher, and Messrs. J. W. Murphy and T. R. Richardson.

Rev. R. T. Lewis, late of Hanslope, Bucks, has been recognised as pastor of the church at New Wittington, Derbyshire. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. R. Green, B.A., of Sheffield. After which a tea and public meeting were held, when gratifying statements as to the progress of the cause were made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our friend the Rev. J. Teall, Minister of Salem Chapel, Soho, has been the afternoon preacher at the Special Services held in the large St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, during the month of May; presenting the grand old truths of the Gospel to large and attentive congregations in this beautiful structure.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—May 2, at Carmel, Six, by T. Jones.

Abertillery.—April 29, Five, by L. Jones.

Armley.—May 6, at Zion Chapel, Three, by A. P. Fayers.

Bacup.—May 6, at Zion Chapel, Six, by C. W. Gregory.

Barnsley, Yorks.—May 6, Four, by W. Osler.

Bath.—April 23, at Hay Hill Chapel, Eight, by S. Murch.

Batley.—May 10, Twelve, by J. H. Hardy.

Bedminster.—April 23, at Philip-street Chapel, Nine, by W. Norris.

Birmingham.—April 25, at Circus Chapel, Nine, by S. W. Martin.

Bishop Auckland.—April 12, Two, by H. Gray.

Blackfield Common.—April 23, Five, by J. Domoney.

Blackley.—April 21, Three; May 5, Four; by R. Briggs.

Blackwood, Mon.—May 6, English Church, Eight, by S. K. Williams.

Bosey Tracey.—May 6, Five, by C. Love.
Bourton.—April 12, Six, by R. W. Mansfield.
Braxenose-road, Bootle.—April 22, Two, by J. Davies.
Bridgend.—May 6, at Hope Chapel, Two, by T. Cole.
Brymbo.—April 29, Five, by J. Davies.
Builth.—April 15, Eight, by J. M. Jones.
Burton-on-Trent.—April 29, at Guild-street Chapel, Four, by J. Askew.
Bury.—May 6, at Knowsley-street Chapel, Two, by W. Bury.
Cardiff.—April 8, at Salem Chapel, Seven, by D. Lloyd.
Cardiff.—May 6, at Bothany-street Chapel, Five, by W. E. Winks.
Carmarthen.—May 7, at the English Chapel, Two, by W. M. Lewis.
Carmarthen.—April 22, at the Tabernacle, Two, by J. Thomas.
Cheam, Surrey.—May 3, Three, by W. Sullivan.
Chester.—April 22, Two, by W. Durban, B.A.
Chipping Norton.—May 3, Ten, by Mr. Bentley.
Christchurch.—April 29, Six, by J. Thompson.
Cinderbank.—April 29, Four, by T. Lewis.
Clara, Suffolk.—April 29, Three, by T. Hodyd.
Consett, Durham.—April 29, Six, by R. erries.
Cullingworth, Bingley, Yorks.—April 29, Seven, by C. B. Berry.
Cwmivor.—April 29, Four, by M. Jones.
Derby.—April 18, at Osmaston-road Chapel, Five, by W. B. Stevenson.
Dunfermline.—April 11, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Eastcombe, Gloucestershire.—April 29, Six, by C. L. Gordon.
Ebbw Vale.—May 6, at Zion English Chapel, Brierly Hill, Fourteen, by T. Garnon.
Germanstreeck, Devon.—April 22, One, by W. Down.
Haitfaz.—April 10, at Trinity-road Chapel, Five, by J. Parker.
High Wycombe.—April 29, Three, by W. J. Dyer.
Howey, Radnorshire.—April 22, Two, by S. Thomas.
Isleham.—April 29, for the High-street Church, Three, by W. F. Davies.
Leigh, Lancashire.—April 23, Four, by D. Wareing.
Letterston.—April 15, Five, by B. Thomas.
Lifton, Devon.—May 5, One, by G. Parker.
Lincoln.—April 29, at Mint-lane Chapel, Seven, by G. A. Brown.
Little London.—April 8, Two, by W. Gill.
Liver, ool.—April 29, at Soho-street Chapel, Three; and May 2, One, by E. E. Walter.
Langunider.—April 15, One, by Wm. James.
Long Eaton.—May 5, Seven, by C. T. Johnson.
Long Preston.—May 6, Seven, by W. Giddings.
Luton, Park-street.—May 3, Eight, by James H. Blake.
Lymington, Hants.—April 10, Two, by J. J. Fitch.
Maesteg.—April 29, at the English Chapel, Eight, by T. A. Pryce.
Manchester.—May 6, at Gorton, Wellington-street, Six, by E. K. Everett.

Manchester.—April 29, at Medlock-street Chapel, Eleven, by A. J. King.
Manfield.—May 2, Four, by H. Marsden.

Metropolitan District:—

Barking-road.—April 23, Three, by E. H. Gillespie.
Brentford.—April 26, at Albany Chapel, Two, by W. Sumner.
Hackney-road.—April 19, at Providence Chapel, Fifteen, and May 3, Six, by W. Cuff.
Hanwell.—May 1, Seventeen, by G. E. Lowden.
Hilgate.—April 29, Three, by J. W. Barnard.
John-street, Bedford-row.—May 1st, Four, by J. Collins.
John-street Chapel, Edgware-road.—May 3, Ten, by Frank Knight.
New Cross-road.—April 29, Six, by J. S. Anderson.
Penge.—April 29, Seven, by G. Samuel.
Shouldham-street Chapel.—May 13, Four, by W. T. Russell.
St. Luke's.—April 29, at Lever-street Chapel, Three, by G. C. Williams.
Morley.—April 29, Four, by R. Davies.
Nantwern.—April 8, at the English Church, Two, by G. Hawker.
Nantyglo.—April 22, at Bethel Chapel, Two, by E. E. Probert.
Neath.—April 29, One, by G. Hawker.
Newb-ld, Yorks.—April 15, Three; April 22, Four, by U. G. Watkins.
Nes Tredegar.—April 1, Two, by E. Evans.
Nuneaton.—April 1, Five, by C. Hood.
Offord, Hunts.—May 6, Eleven, by A. McCaig.
Over Darwen, Lancashire.—March 25, Two; April 22, Six; by J. Blake.
Paulton.—May 6, Fifteen, by J. Kempton.
Pole Moor, Huddersfield.—May 6, Three, by J. Evans.
Portsmouth.—May 2, at Lake-road Chapel, Seven, by T. W. Medhurst.
Ramoth, Hirwaia.—April 15, Seven, by E. Evans.
Rickmansworth.—April 4, Two, by W. Hood.
Rivding.—May 6, Three, by C. F. Jamieson.
Rochdale.—April 30, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Roxley, Durham.—April 15, Twenty-two, by J. Wilson.
Shoreham, Sussex.—April 29, One, by J. W. Harrald.
Strigley View.—April 15, One, by the Pastor.
Small Heath, Birmingham.—April 29, Six, by G. Joseph.
Smethwick.—April 29, at Cross-street Chapel, Six, by G. T. Bailey.
Souhampton.—April 23, at Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne.
Southend.—April —, Six, by J. Bradford.
Southport.—March 25, Six, by L. Nuttall.
Spennymoor, Durham.—April 15, Three, by M. Morris.
Stockton-on-Tees.—May 6, Three, by H. Moore.
Sunderland.—April 29, at Enon Chapel, Eleven, by T. J. Malyon.
Sutton-on-Trent.—April 29, Two, by H. A. Fletcher.

Zhornbury.—April 22, Two, by G. Bees.
Tondu.—April 15, Four, by E. Schaffer.
Borrington.—April 22, Two, by T. Dowding.
Treherbert.—April 16, at Bethany Chapel, Seven, by H. Rosser.
Freorkey, Rhondda Valley.—April 22, at the English Chapel, Two, by D. Davies.
Trinity, Penclawdd.—April 29, Three, by J. Thomas.
Ventnor.—April 8, Three, by J. Wilkinson.
Waltham.—April 29, Two, by W. Jackson,
Walthamstow.—April 29, at Markhouse Common Chapel, Nine, by T. Breewood.
Warrington.—April 15, Two, by A. Harrison.

RECENT DEATHS.

APRIL 13th, at 37, Cleveland-road, Church-road, Islington, **MARY DISHER**, sole surviving sister of Frances Whittemore, aged 81. Her remains were interred at Abney Park Cemetery on the following Saturday. Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, conducted the service. 1 Thess. iv. 14.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1877, to April 17th, 1877 (continued).

| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | | |
|-------------------------|----|----|---|---------------------|-----|----|----|-------------------------|----|----|----|
| Mr. and Mrs. E. Howlett | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. Murrell | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Murrell | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Pugh | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. G. Hall | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Goodwin | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. C. H. Goode | 5 | 5 | 0 | Miss Clara Murrell | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. L. S. Watt | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. Whittaker | 5 | 5 | 0 | Miss Esther Murrell | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. C. Russell | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Venables | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. B. Metcalf | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| J. A. | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Falkner | 1 | 1 | 0 | Collected by Miss | | | |
| A Friend | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. C. J. Padgett | 5 | 0 | 0 | Jephs | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Carr | 7 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Startin | 5 | 5 | 0 | Rev. C. Festro | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. H. W. | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. H. Tubby | 5 | 0 | 0 | Rev. W. H. Knight | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. L. Links | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. W. Edwards | 5 | 0 | 0 | Rev. G. H. Hook | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Williams | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. A. Doggett | 10 | 0 | 0 | Collection at SALTERS' | | | |
| J. B. | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Parkinson | 5 | 5 | 0 | Hall, per Rev. A. | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Cross | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Greenop | 2 | 2 | 0 | Bax | 12 | 0 | 10 |
| Mr. S. Bellany | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Alder | 2 | 2 | 0 | Collection at East- | | | |
| Mr. J. Coxeter | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Price | 5 | 0 | 0 | bourne, per Rev. A. | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Odiver | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Horni- | | | | Babington | 5 | 16 | 6 |
| Mr. G. Pearson | 1 | 1 | 0 | man | 10 | 10 | 0 | Collection at Lake- | | | |
| Miss Cook | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. P. Bacon | 5 | 0 | 0 | road, Landport, per | | | |
| Mrs. Cook | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. F. Warnington | 5 | 5 | 0 | Rev. T. Medhurst | 10 | 12 | 6 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. James Duncan | 300 | 0 | 0 | Rev. W. H. Elliott | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Mills | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Brown | 2 | 2 | 0 | Rev. J. W. Thomas | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. F. Carpenter | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Dafforn | 1 | 1 | 0 | Rev. W. H. Smith | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Black- | | | | Mr. A. Townend | 5 | 0 | 0 | Collected, per Rev. F. | | | |
| shaw | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. F. Hill | 5 | 5 | 0 | G. Marchant:— | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Potier | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Raines | 10 | 0 | 0 | T. T. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. M. Romang | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Raines | 1 | 1 | 0 | A Friend, per Mrs. | | | |
| Miss Martha Romang | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Walter Mills | 1 | 1 | 0 | Sellwood | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. G. Redman | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Mills | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| Mr. S. Walker | 5 | 5 | 0 | R. L. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Collection at King's | | | |
| Miss Walker | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Murray | 1 | 0 | 0 | Langley, per Rev. H. | | | |
| Messrs. Straker and | | | | Mrs. Cassin | 2 | 10 | 0 | Channer | 0 | 8 | 0 |
| Sons | 10 | 0 | 0 | Rev. S. Cowdy | 1 | 1 | 0 | Collected, per Rev. C. | | | |
| Mr. Edwards | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Townsend | 0 | 10 | 0 | Chambers:— | | | |
| Mr. Fox | 5 | 0 | 0 | S. M. S. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. F. Edmond | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Elwood | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mrs. Wilkinson | 4 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Stewart | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Thorne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Priestman | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. B. McCombie | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Higgs | 50 | 0 | 0 | Mr. James Toller | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. A. Murray | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Higgs, jun., Bro- | | | | Mrs. Toller | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Bryce | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| thers and Sisters | 25 | 0 | 0 | Miss Alice Toller | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Roger | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. T. Mills | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Clara Toller | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | Miss Esther Toller | 1 | 1 | 0 | Collection at the As- | | | |

| | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. |
|--|---------|---|---------|--|---------|
| sembly Rooms, Ashford, per Rev. E. Roberts | 3 0 0 | Collection at Rother- say, per Rev. S. Crabb | 5 0 0 | ton, per Rev. J. J. Fitch | 4 13 0 |
| Collection at Ches- ham, per Rev. C. A. Ingram | 1 0 0 | Collection at Clay Cross, per Rev. W. Williams | 2 5 0 | Collection at Ulver- ston, per Rev. T. Lardner | 2 2 0 |
| Collection at Sheffard, per Rev. T. Smith | 1 9 2 | Rev. C. D. Crouch ... | 1 0 0 | Mr. Fukes | 1 0 0 |
| Collection at Bromley Common, per Rev. T. Sunshine | 1 17 4 | Per Rev. F. D. Cam- meron:— | | Subscription at Salem Chapel, Burton-on- Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers | 1 0 0 |
| Collection at Bristol, per Rev. W. J. Mayers | 8 0 0 | Lecture at Arbroath Church at Lochee.... | 1 0 0 | Collection at Stroud, per Rev. F. J. Bena- kin | 7 1 6 |
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THE DRAWINGS OF LOVE.*

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

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."—**JEREMIAH xxxi. 3.**

FROM the connection it is clear that this passage primarily refers to God's ancient people, the natural descendants of Abraham. He chose them from of old, and separated them from the nations of the world. Their election fills a large chapter in history, and it shines with resplendent lustre in prophecy. There is an interval during which they have experienced strange vicissitudes, been visited with heavy chastisements, and acquired an ill reputation for the perverseness of their mind and the obstinacy of their heart. Yet a future glory awaits them when they shall turn unto the Lord their God again, be restored to their land, and acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth as the King of the Jews, their own anointed King. Without abating, however, a jot or tittle from the literal significance of these words as they were addressed by the Hebrew prophet to the Hebrew race, we may accept them as an oracle of God referring to the entire church of his redeemed family, and pertaining to every distinct member of that sacred community. Every Christian, therefore, whose faith can grasp the testimony may appropriate it to himself. As many a believer has heard, so every believer may hear the voice of the Holy Spirit sounding in his ear these words, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

There are two things of which we propose to speak briefly to-night—the unspeakable boon, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and the unmistakable evidence, "therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

How exceedingly great and precious this assurance, how priceless this blessing, to be embraced with the love, the everlasting love of God? Our God is a God of infinite benevolence. Towards all his creatures He shows His goodwill. His tender mercies are over all His works. He wisheth well to all mankind. With what force and with what feeling He asserts it. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live (**Ezekiel xxxiii. 11**). And whosoever of the whole human race, penitent for past sin, will turn to Jesus the Saviour of sinners, he shall find in Him pardon for the past and grace for the future. This general truth, which we have always steadfastly maintained, which we never saw any reason to doubt, and which we have proclaimed as widely as our ministry could reach, is not at all inconsistent with the fact that God hath a chosen people amongst the children of men who were beloved of Him, foreknown to Him, and ordained by Him to inherit all spiritual blessings before the foundation of the world. As an elect people they are the special objects of His love.

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On their behalf the covenant of grace was made; for them the blood of Christ was shed on Calvary; in them the Spirit of God worketh effectually to their salvation. Of them and to them it is that such words as these are spoken, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" a love far superior to mere benevolence—towering above it as the mountain above the sea; love kindlier, deeper, sweeter far than that bounty of providence which gilds the earth with sunshine or scatters the drops of morning dew; a love that reveals its preciousness in the drops of blood distilled from the Saviour's heart, and manifests its personal immutable favour to souls beloved in the gift of the Holy Spirit, which is the seal of their redemption and the sign of their adoption. So the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

Now, think for a little while of this inestimable boon. Let us consider the text word by word. "I have loved thee." Who is the speaker? "I," the great "I am," Jehovah the Lord. There is but one God, and that God filleth all things. "By Him all things were made, and through Him all things consist." He is not far away, to be spoken of as though He were at an infinite distance from us, though heaven is His throne; for He is here with us. We live in Him, move in Him, and have our being in Him. Imagination's utmost stretch fails to grasp any true conception of what God is. The strong wing of reason, though it were stronger than that of the far-famed albatross, would utterly fail if it should attempt to find out God. Incomprehensible art Thou, Oh, Jehovah! thy Being is too great for mortal mind to compass! Yet this we understand—Thy voice hath reached us; from the excellent glory it has broken in tones distinctly on our ears: "Yea, I have loved thee." Believer in Christ, hast thou heard it? The love of any creature is precious. We prize the love of the beggar in the street. We are flattered by it. We cannot estimate it by silver or gold. Most men court the acquaintance or esteem the friendship of those among their fellow-creatures who are in anywise distinguished for rank, for learning, or for wealth. There is a charm in living in the esteem of those who themselves are estimable; but no passion of our nature will supply me with an adequate comparison when I ask, what must it be to be loved with the love of God; to be loved by Him whose dignity is beyond degree, whose power to bless is infinite, whose faithfulness never varies, whose immutability standeth fast like great mountains—to be loved by Him who dieth not, and who will be with us when we die; to be caressed by Him who changeth not in all our cares, to be shielded by His love when we stand at the judgment seat and pass the last dread ordeal that responsible creatures have to undergo! Oh, to be beloved of God! Had ye the hatred of all mankind, this honey would turn their gall into sweetness. It were enough to make you start up from the dungeon of wretchedness, from the chamber of poverty, ay, or from the bed of death. How like an angel you might feel; and know that such thou art, a prince of the blood Imperial. If this be true of thee, my friend, in joy unspeakable thou mayest emulate the bliss of spirits blest, who see Jehovah and adore Him before His throne. "*I have loved thee.*" Drink that in if thou canst, Christian. Come to that well-head; here is joy for thee indeed. Repeat the words to yourself with fitting emphasis, "Yea, I have loved thee." Is it not a wonder that the Mighty God should love

any of the race of Adam—so insignificant, so ephemeral, so soon to pass away. Did an angel love an emmet creeping on an ant-hill it were strange, though the disparity is comparatively trivial between these twain; but for the eternal God to love a finite man is a marvel of marvels! And yet had He loved all men everywhere, save and except myself, it had not so amazed me as when I grasp the truth in relation to myself that He has loved me. Let me hear His voice saying, "Yea, I have loved thee," and forthwith I sit down abashed with humility and overwhelmed with gratitude, to exclaim with David, "What am I, and what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hither? Why hast thou loved me.?" Surely there was nothing in my natural constitution, nothing in my circumstances, nothing in my transient career, that could merit Thy esteem or regard, O my God! Wherefore, then, hast Thou spoken thus unto Thy servant, saying, "I have loved thee!" Oh, how well I could imagine His having rather said to one and another of us, "I have despised thee! Thou wast, perhaps, once a drunkard, yet He loved thee; a swearer, yet He loved thee; thou hadst a furious temper, yet He loved thee; and thou hast even now infirmities and imperfections that make thee sometimes loathe thyself and lie down in shame, weary of life, chafed with the conflict in which you have to fight with such besetting sins day by day—evil thoughts and evil desires, so degrading to thy nature, so disgusting to thyself, so dishonouring to thy God. Still He saith, "Yea, I have loved thee." Come, brothers and sisters, hear the word and heed it; do not fritter away the sweetness of the text with vexatious questions. Here it is. In large and legible letters it is written. Come to this well-head and drink. Take your fill and slake your thirst with this love divine. If you believe in Jesus, what though you be poor, obscure, illiterate, and compassed with infirmities, which make you despise yourself, yet He who cannot lie saith, "I have loved thee." These words have been said to a Magdalen, they have been spoken to one possessed with seven devils, they were whispered in the heart of the dying thief. Within the tenfold darkness of despair itself they have sounded their note of cheer. Blessed be the name of the Lord, you and I can hear the voice of His Spirit, as He bears witness with our spirit, "Yea, I have loved thee." What a disparity by nature, what a conjunction by grace between these two, the "I" and the "thee"—the infinite "I" and the insignificant "thee"—the first person so grand, the second person so paltry!

Whenever I attempt to speak about God's love, I feel that I would rather hold my tongue, sit down to muse, and ask believers to be kind enough to join me in meditation, rather than wait upon my feeble expressions. If the love of God utterly surpasseth human knowledge, how much more a mortal's speech? That God should be merciful to us is a theme for praise; that He should pity us is a cause for gratitude; but that He should love us is a subject for constant wonder, as well as praise and gratitude. Love us! Why; the beggars in the street may excite our pity, and towards the criminals in our jails we may be moved with compassion; but we feel we could not love many whom we would cheerfully help. Yet God loves those whom He has saved from their sins, and delivered from the wrath to come. Between that great heart in heaven and this poor throbbing aching heart on earth there is love established—

love of the dearest, truest, sweetest and most faithful kind. In fact; the love of woman, the mother's love, the love of the spouse, these are but the water; but the love of God is the wine; these are but the things of the earth, but the love of God is the celestial. The mother's love mirrors the love of God as the dewdrop mirrors the sun, but as the dewdrop compasseth not that mighty orb, so no love that beats in human bosom can ever compass it at all by likening to it, for height, depth, length, and breadth, the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. "Yea, I have loved thee." Oh! come thou near then, Christian. Thy Father, He that chastened thee yesterday, loves thee; He whom thou forgettest so often, and against whom thou hast offended so constantly, yet loves thee. Thou knowest what it is to love. Translate the love thou bearest to thy dearest friend, and look at it and say, "God loves me better than this." Think you there are some thou couldst die for cheerfully, whose pain thou wouldst freely take if thou couldst ease them of it for a while, upon whose weary bed thou wouldst cheerfully lie down if a night of suffering could be spared him: but thy Father loves thee better than that, and Jesus proves it to thee. He took thy sins, thy sorrows, thy death, thy grave, that thou mightest be pardoned, accepted, and received into Divine favour, and so mightest live and be blessed for evermore.

Passing on with our meditation; let us observe that there is incomparable strength, as well as inexhaustible sweetness in this assurance: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." That word "everlasting" is the very marrow of the Gospel. Take it away, and you have robbed the sacred oracle of its Divinest part. The love of God is "everlasting." The word bears three ideas within it. It has never had a beginning. God never began to love His people. Or ever Adam fell; ere man was made, ere the mountains were brought forth, before the blue heavens were stretched abroad, there were thoughts of love in His heart towards us. He began to create, He began actually to redeem, but He never began to love. It is eternal love which glows in the bosom of God towards every one of His chosen people. Some of our hearers, strange to say, take no delight in this doctrine; but if you know that everlasting love is yours, you will rejoice to hear it proclaimed again and again. You will welcome the joyful sound. Ah! God's love is no mushroom growth. It sprung not up yesterday, nor will it perish to-morrow; but, like the eternal hills, it standeth fast. You were loved of your God before He had fashioned Adam's clay, or ever this round world was rolled from between His palm to spin in its mighty orb, long ere the stars began to shine, ere time was, when God dwelt in eternity all alone, He loved you then with an everlasting love.

The second idea is, that He loves His people without cessation. It would not be everlasting if it came now and then to a halt; if it were like the Australian rivers, which flow on, become dry, and flow on again. The love of God is not so. It swells and flows on like some mighty river of Europe or America, ever expanding—a mighty, joyous river; returning again into the eternal ocean from whence it came. It never pauses. Christian, thy God loves thee always the same. He cannot love thee more; He will not love thee less. Never, when afflictions multiply, when terrors affright thee, or when thy distresses abound, does God's love falter or flag. Let the rod fall never so heavily upon thee, the hand that moves,

like the heart that prompts the stroke, is full of love. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust Him for His grace. Whether He brings thee down into the depths of misery, or lifts thee up into the seventh heaven of delight, His faithful love never varies or fluctuates; it is everlasting in its continuity.

And being everlasting, the third thought is, it never ends. You will grow gray soon, but the love of God shall still have its locks bushy and black as a raven, with the verdure of youth. You will die soon, but the love of God will not expire. Your spirit will mount and traverse tracts unknown, but that love shall encompass you there; and at the bar of judgment, amidst the splendours of the resurrection morning in the millennial glory, and in the eternity that shall follow, the love of God shall be your unfailing portion. Never shall that love desert thee. A destiny how splendid! For thy soul an heritage, how boundless! Stand thou to-night on thy Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes to the north, and the south, to the east, and the west, for the infinite prospective that lieth before thee is all thine own inheritance. God began not to love thee, nor will He ever cease to love thee. Thou art His, and thou shalt be His when worlds shall pass away and time shall cease to be. There is infinitely more solace and satisfaction here than I can bring out. I must leave it with you, and commend it to your meditation. Sure I am there is no more delightful manna for the pilgrims in the wilderness to feed upon than this doctrine applied to the heart. The love of God towards us personally in Jesus Christ is an everlasting love.

Now, we come to the second point, which is the manifestation by which this love is made known. Good people often get puzzled with the doctrine of election. In their simplicity they sometimes ask, "How can we know whether we are the Lord's chosen, or ascertain if our names are written in the Lamb's book of Life?" You cannot scan that mystic roll, or pry between those folded leaves. Had you an angel's wing and a seraph's eye, you could not read what God has written in His book. The Lord knoweth them that are His. No man shall know by any revelation, save that which the Holy Spirit gives according to my text. There is a way of knowing, and it is this: "Therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Were you ever drawn? Have you been drawn with loving-kindness? If so, then there is evidence that the Lord loved you with an everlasting love. Be ready, therefore, to judge yourselves. You are challenged with this pointed question: Were you ever Divinely drawn? Say now, beloved, have you experienced this sacred attraction that made you willing in the day of His power? Were you ever drawn from sin to holiness? You loved sin once; in it you found much pleasure; there were some forms and fashions of vice and folly which were very dear to your heart. Have your tastes been changed and your track been turned by the sovereign charm of this Divine loving kindness? Can you say, "The things I once loved, I now hate; and what gave me pleasure, now causes me a pang"? Is it so? I do not ask you whether you are perfect and upright. Alas! who of us could answer this question, otherwise than with blushes of shame? But I do ask, if thou dost hate sin in every shape, and desire holiness in every form? Wouldst thou be perfect if thou couldst be? If thou couldst live as thou wouldst list, how wouldst thou list to live? Is thy answer, "I would live as though

it were possible for me to serve God day and night in His temple, without a wandering thought or a rebellious wish" ? Ah, then, if you have been thus drawn from sin to holiness by the way of the Cross, no doubt He loved you with an everlasting love, and you need not discredit it. You may be as sure of it as if an angel should come and drop a letter into your hands on which these words should be inscribed. Yea, surer still ; for the angel might have missed his way ; but God's Word cannot err. If thou art thus drawn, He has loved thee with an everlasting love.

Harken again. Hast thou ever been drawn from self to Jesus ? There was a time when thou thoughtst thyself as good as other men. Had the bottom of thine heart been searched, there would have been found written there, "I do not see that I am so great an offender as the most of my neighbours ; I am respectable, upright, moral ; I should hope it would speed well with me at the last, for if I am not now all that I should be, I shall try to be good, and by earnest endeavours, joined with fervent prayers and repentance, I hope to fit myself for heaven." Oh that you may be drawn away from all such empty conceit, and led to rest your hope solely on that blessed Man who sits at the right hand of God crowned with glory, though He was once fastened to the tree, despised and rejected of men, and made to suffer as a scapegoat for our sins. This, beloved, would be a sure sign that you had renounced yourself and closed in with Christ. You must have been loved with an everlasting love. It is as impossible for any of the elect of God to come to Christ and lay hold on him without Divine drawing, as it would be for devils to feel tenderness of heart and repentance towards God. If thou canst say from thy heart :

" Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling,—"

then His drawing may suffice as the proving that He loved thee with an everlasting love.

Have you ever been drawn from sight to faith, from consulting your creature faculties to confidence in God ? You used to depend only on what you called your common sense. You walked by the judgment of your own mind. Do you now trust in Him who truly is, though He is invisible ; who speaks to you though His voice is inaudible ? Have you a sense, day by day, of the presence of One Supreme whom you cannot hear nor see ? Does the unseen presence of God affect you in your actions ? Do motives drawn from the next world influence you. Say whether do you, in the day of trouble, lean upon an arm of flesh, or cry and pray and make supplication to the Almighty ? Have you learnt to walk in dependence upon the living God, even if His providence seem to fail you and give a lie to His promises ? Know, then, that a life of faith is a special gift of God ; it is the fruit of Divine protection, so as thou art enabled to walk with God, and He deigns to befriend thee, thou mayest humbly but safely conclude, that in the records of the chosen thy name stands inscribed. To be drawn into a life of faith is a blessed evidence of Christ's love.

Are you, moreover, day by day, being drawn from earth to heaven ? Do you feel as if there were a magnet up there drawing your heart, so that when you are at work in your business, in your family with all its

cares, you cannot help darting a prayer up to the Most High? Do you ever feel this onward impulse of something you do not understand, which impels you to have fellowship with God beyond the skies? Oh! if this be so, rest thou assured that it is Christ that draws. There is a link between thee and heaven, and Christ is drawing that link, and lifting thy soul forward towards himself. I love that sweet hymn, and I hope you love the sentiment of it :

“ My heart is with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay ;
Each moment listening for the voice,
‘ Make haste and come away ! ’ ”

If your heart is here below, then your treasure is here ; but if your heart is up there—if your brightest hopes, your fondest wishes be in the heavenly places, your treasure is manifestly there, and the title-deeds of that treasure will be found in the eternal purpose of God, whereby He ordained you unto Himself that you might show forth His praise. Thus have I tried to show you that those who are thus drawn may be assured that they were loved with an everlasting love. And now will you further observe that it is with loving kindness they are drawn.

Some people are frightened into religion. Beware of any religion that depends upon exciting your terror. Some people's religion consists entirely in doing what they think they must do, though they do not like it. They are afraid of punishment or they are anxious for a reward. Such is not the religion of Jesus Christ. It is said that the soldiers of Persia were driven into battle, and that the sound of the whips of the generals could be heard even while the battle was raging, lashing on the unwilling ranks to fulfil their part in the fray. Not so went the Greeks to battle. They rushed like lions amidst a flock of sheep to tear their prey. They fought for their country, for their temples, for their lives, for all that they held dear, and right cheerily from such an impulse within did they engage in the war. The difference between the Greeks and the Persians is just the difference I want to describe among the professed followers of our Lord. The genuine Christian serves God because he loves Him ; not that he fears hell, for he knows that he has been delivered from condemnation, being washed in Jesus' blood ; not that he expects to earn heaven, he scorns the idea. Heaven is not to be merited by our poor paltry works. And besides, heaven is his inheritance, since Christ has given it to him, having made his title sure. But he serves God because He loves Him. He is drawn by a sense of the love of God towards him to love God in return. Who is the best servant? Not, surely, the man who only does what he is paid for ; who serves you for his wage, and who would betray your interest to benefit himself ; rather is he the true servant who would cling to you in all your fortunes or misfortunes, through good or through evil report. Some of the old-fashioned servants were so attached to their masters, that they were reckoned on and regarded as members of the family. Those are the true servants of Christ who love Him, and render Him their services, not menially for the pay they count upon, but loyally, because their hearts are faithful and true to Him ; they love Him so that they could not turn aside from Him, or seek another Lord. Say now, are you thus drawn with loving-kindness?

What a lovely word this "loving-kindness" is! "Kindness" seems to be like some huge opal or some sparkling diamond, a Koh-i-noor; and love seems to be like fine gold to encircle it. Methinks I could stand and look at that word "loving-kindness" till with sacred enchantment I burst into a song. There is such a charming sweetness and yet such an immutable stability in the grace of God which it reveals, that our rapture is kindled as often as we review it. Of that loving-kindness I have tasted here below, and of that loving kindness I hope to sing in yonder skies in worthier notes than this weak voice can compass now. The loving kindness of the Lord, as it beams from His eyes, as it is communicated by His helping hand, as it is expressed by His gentle, tender voice, quickens the soul in the path of duty, and restrains it from falling into sin. How can I do this great wickedness, how can I sin against so almighty a Friend, whose kindness to me is so gratuitous, so constant, and so exceedingly generous.

"Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

"Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake,
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!"

Thus clearly and thus surely may ye judge for yourselves whether ye are God's chosen or not. Are you drawn, and how are you drawn? Is it with loving-kindness? These are the two points that melt and fuse in experience. As before that God whose eyes of fire search you through and through, I do conjure you to judge, and righteously judge, now as to your own condition. Be not satisfied to rest peacefully until you can say, "Thanks and praise to God's eternal love, I am drawn; by grace, by grace Divine, I am constrained. Henceforth I freely yield myself up to Christ to be His servant, His disciple, His friend, His brother, for ever and for ever. The Lord hath appeared unto me, saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'"

Do I hear a sigh come up from some in this assembly; a sigh which, being interpreted, would say, "Alas for me, this sacred solace was never mine; I never was drawn; I feel no love, no such melting favours as your description of loving-kindness ever dawned on me: but, ah! I wish I were drawn; that I had a part amongst that blessed throng who shall for ever see His face. Oh, that I could believe that I, though the meanest of them all, should find my name written in the Lamb's book of life!" Why, friend, with thee, it would seem, the drawing has begun. Surely God's loving kindness hath made thy mouth water. I rejoice exceedingly over those who hunger after the bread of life, for they shall speedily be filled. Right well I know my Master will give it to them. If thou desirest Christ, depend upon it, Christ desireth thee. No sinner ever was beforehand with Christ. When you are willing to have Him, He is evidently willing to have you. You had not put out one hand towards Him, if He had not put two hands on you already. Oh! if thou wilt but trust the bleeding Lamb; believe that He can save thee, and trust in

Him to save thee with unfeigned confidence, then thou art already drawn. This is proof positive that God has loved thee from before the world's beginning. Oh, how I would that some might be drawn to-night; some who have been great and grievous sinners. There be many such among the chosen vessels of mercy. God grant some of you young people may be drawn. And you, who, though no longer young, are still without the blessing, I cannot bear the thought that you should tarry longer uncalled by sovereign grace. May the Holy Spirit attract you! May you feel in your heart the wish to belong to Christ; the desire to be counted among them when He maketh up His jewels. Turn that wish into a prayer. Bow your head now, and pray with this petition. God will hear your secret sighs. He does not reject sincere prayers, however badly they may be worded. If you can get no further than a sigh it has its value in His kind esteem. The tear that fell just now upon the floor of the pew was not lost; for an angel tracked and treasured it, and carried it on high. God will accept thee if thou wilt accept Christ. If thou trustest Jesus now, 'tis done! Thou art saved. The moment a sinner believes and trusts in Christ, he is saved—saved for ever. In that moment his iniquity is blotted out, and he is accepted in the Beloved. From that moment he might sing:

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice Divine."

The Lord appear to you, speak to you and bless you, saying to you: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn you." Amen.

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DEACON TODD AND HIS LAW BOOK.

CHAPTER III.

As a deacon, Mr. Todd found plenty of opportunities afforded him of making good use of his Law Book. Having discovered its value in relation to his own case, he determined, so far as he might be able, to reveal its great worth to others. He saw that in giving him the Bible, God had put into his hands the "Sword of the Spirit;" and that if the weapon was skillfully used, it was

calculated to do great execution. With this conclusion, his constant prayer was that he might have Divine wisdom to use it aright, and specially to quote it as "A word in season." One thing had often struck him. He had observed that in talking with men on religious subjects, when his own arguments and reasons had failed to convince, an apt quotation from God's own Word had not only tended to enlighten the mind, but also, in many cases, to settle the question. It was this fact that served to show him the force and beauty of that passage in Hebrews: "For the Word of

God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." He remembered, also, that it was said of Mr. Jay: "It would seem as if the whole of the Scriptures were in his memory, and that he had the power on every occasion of selecting the very passage that was most to his purpose." As one "coveting earnestly the best gifts," Deacon Todd prayed fervently that he might possess this power; and further, that he might acquire it, he studied the Word with such assiduity as to be like unto the man described by the Psalmist, whose "delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night."

Often at the close of the Sunday evening services his pastor was in the habit of holding *inquirer's* meetings, when the worthy deacon's assistance proved of essential service. To this meeting Deacon Todd invariably went Bible in hand. He would as soon have thought of leaving his home without his hat on a fine day, or without his umbrella on a wet one, as of leaving his Bible behind him when going to converse with inquirers. That was the "hammer" with which to "break the rocky heart in pieces;" the unerring guide to point out the eternal way; the light to illumine the darkness of the mind; the precious balm to heal the stricken sinner's wounds; and the authoritative standard of appeal by which both teacher and taught must finally abide. Seated then in some quiet corner with an inquirer alone, he would ask a few kind questions, get as soon as possible into the seeking one's case, give the counsel that was required, and always clinched what he had said by quoting emphatically some pas-

sage of the Divine Word, which, on account of its appropriateness, he trusted would be a help to the inquirer, not only for the time being, but also throughout life. This done, he would kneel down, and, in a brief prayer of about two minutes, commend the seeker's case to the Lord, specially pleading that the Holy Spirit would be pleased to fix the passage quoted, or some other, on the mind of the anxious one, that through the teaching of God's Word alone liberty might be felt and enjoyed. As it may prove interesting thus to see the deacon at his work, we will take the liberty for once of following him into the inquiry room, and note how he goes on.

"Well, *Henry*, what is the matter with you? Are you seeking the Lord?"

"I am, sir; but I am afraid I don't repent enough."

"Do you repent at all?"

"A little, sir."

"Oh! only a little! Can you tell how much?"

"I repent as much as I can, but I want to repent more."

"That's right. Always, my boy, want to repent more, for I am afraid none of us repent enough. But I suppose you think God will not pardon you because you do not repent more than you can?"

"That's it, sir."

"Then you are wrong. The question is not, do we repent so much, but do we repent at all? Have you your Bible with you, *Henry*?"

"Here it is, Mr. Todd."

"Then turn with me to 1 John i. 9. Now read it up."

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"You confess your sins, do you not?"

"I do, sir."

"All of them?"

"All that I can."

"And you hate them?"

"Very much."

"And forsake them?"

"I try to, sir."

"Then this promise is for you. Believe it, my boy. Now let us pray over it."

"Now, *Charles*, what do you want?"

"I want to be saved, sir; and I should like you to tell me if I can be saved *now*."

"What! do you want to be saved here, at this time, and on this very spot?"

"Yes, sir; if it is possible."

"Well, you are asking a great thing, but, blessed be God, not too great a thing for the Lord to do. But first let me ask you why you want to be saved now, and can't stop any longer?"

"I am in such trouble, sir. The sermon preached to-night from the text, '*Prepare to meet thy God*,' has gone to my heart; and when the minister said, 'We might not live to see the morrow, and therefore we ought to be prepared now,' I felt that I ought to come to Christ at once, without delay! Will He, then, sir, have me and save me now?"

"Are you willing to forsake your sins, and trust Him now with the salvation of your body and soul for time and eternity?"

"I am, sir."

"And you will do so now?"

"I will, sir."

"Then, doing that, He will save you now; and here is God's word for it. Turn to 2 Cor. vi. 2, and read it up to me."

"Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation."

"You see, *Charles*, it does not read: 'Behold, to-morrow is the accepted time: behold, to-morrow

is the day of salvation.' As the minister says: we do not know that we shall live to see the morrow. Therefore the Lord brings down to us a present salvation. Directly we make the complete surrender, we receive a complete pardon."

"Well, *William*, I am glad to see you here. What do you want?"

"I want to feel certain that I am saved."

"Do you hope you are saved?"

"I do, Mr. Todd; but I want to get beyond that; I want to know that I am saved."

"Have you prayed to the Lord about it?"

"Yes, sir; I've been praying to the Lord for a long time to give me some sign that I am saved."

"I see. You want a sign. Well, what sort of a sign do you want?"

"I want the Lord to give me a vision, or a dream, or some revelation, like some persons have had, and so take away my burden."

"Did you ever hear of anybody who had their burden taken away in that manner?"

"Yes, sir; there was *Hannah Roberts*. She said she had a great burden on her mind, but when she lay ill one night she asked the Lord to give her some sign that she was pardoned. She then fell asleep, and when an hour or two after she woke up, she saw a light in a corner, and then she felt her burden gone!"

"Oh! And that was the wonderful style in which she got her burden taken away, was it! Do you know whether in her illness she was ever lightheaded?"

"She was several times, sir."

"Then I have no doubt she was also this time; and I am sorry she was so deluded. So you thought, did you, that if you went to bed, and saw, like her, a light in a corner, that you would then be all right?"

"I did think so, sir."

"Then never think such nonsense again. If you want to be assured of your salvation, you must have a stronger warrant for the belief than mere dreams, visions, or lights. Are you a believer on the Son of God?"

"I trust I am, sir."

"You either are or are not. Do you repent of your sins?"

"I have for more than two years repented of them."

"Do you trust Christ as your only Saviour?"

"I have no other. I know my own works cannot save me; nor any thing that I can do; so I trust Christ altogether."

"Then you are a believer: and on the testimony of God's Word—the Word that cannot be broken—you may rest assured of your salvation. Find John iii. 36, and read it up."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Look at that passage closely, William. Who is it that has everlasting life?"

"He that believeth."

"That means every one that believes, does it not?"

"It must, sir."

"Who is it that shall not see life?"

"He that believeth not the Son."

"And that means all that believe not the Son."

"Just so, sir."

"You do not doubt the latter part of this verse, do you? You believe that all who do not believe on the Son shall not see life?"

"I never doubt that."

"Why do you not doubt it?"

"Because God says it."

"And is it not God who says in the first part of the verse, that all who believe have everlasting life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you, on His testimony, believe the good news as firmly as you do the bad?"

"It seems strange, Mr. Todd, that hitherto I have not done so."

"Then do so now. Take God at His word. Believe both His promises and threatenings. He will be true to both. The way to *know* we are saved is not to wait for visions and remarkable revelations that may never come, and that might simply delude if they did come; but to see to it that we do heart and soul come to Christ; and then live and die on the precious promise: *"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."*

(To be continued.)

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. V.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

WHAT is the duty of the Church to the world? This is an important question, and may be more clearly understood if we consider the teaching of the Word on the subject of the relation of the Church to the world; we shall then perceive the obligations that relationship involves.

ISAIAH xliii. 10.

"Ye are MY WITNESSES, saith the Lord." Those who attend courts of justice are familiar with the words, "The evidence you shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The witnesses in a case being tried are thus charged. Now there is a great controversy going on between God and the world. The world makes false statements respecting

God's character and conduct of the world's affairs, and calls its witnesses in support of its assertions. God also has His witnesses, and addressing His people redeemed by blood and saved by grace, He says, "Ye are My witnesses." In what a responsible position this places those who profess to be the Lord's! How important that our testimony be truthful! "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Take heed that thou dost not by word or deed bear false witness against thy God.

The world affirms that religion is only another name for melancholy; that religious people are miserable people.

You must witness for God to the exceeding joyfulness of a life of faith in Christ; show by every expression and act that there is nothing to be compared to it for brightening the joys of life, and bringing sweetness to all its sorrows.

The world says there is no efficacy in prayer. *You must witness for God in this also,* and there must be no mistaking your testimony. Having cast your burden on the Lord, let there be no question about your having left it with Him. Far better than any argument will be the calm confidence expressed in the words, "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplication; therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live" (Psalm cxvi. 1).

As a witness you must be prepared for cross-examination. The world will cross-examine you, and try to upset your testimony. "You said," remarks the world, "that Religion is a joyful thing," then what makes you look so straight?" "You said that God will answer your prayers, then what makes you so miserable? It is evident that as a witness you

damage the case by your contradiction." The testimony to be of value must be consistent with itself.

MATTHEW v. 13.

"Ye are the SALT OF THE EARTH." *Salt seasons and preserves.* Sin has rendered the earth unsavoury and exposed it to destruction. The truly godly are the preservation of the earth. More spiritual salt in Sodom, and the city would not have been destroyed.

If salt is present it will discover itself. Are you seasoning those around you? Does your influence spread silently and penetrate deeply? "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt" (Colossians iv. 6).

Salt creates thirst. Your example and joyfulness will create desire in others to know the secret of your happiness, and the source of your spiritual pleasure.

Salt may lose its savour, and we are told in that case, if cast upon the land, would cause barrenness. Hence the remark, "It is good for nothing,"—positively injurious. Be watchful, lest it should be true of you. "Thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men" (Matthew xvi. 23). The world needs gracious persons. May the Lord season us with the salt of His grace!

MATTHEW v. 14.

"Ye are the LIGHT OF THE WORLD." (Verse 16.) "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." *Light is derived.* "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts" (2 Cor. iv. 6). It is this light of God in you that is to shine; not you, but your light. The exaltation of self would only

tend to obscure the light. "Let your light shine before men,"—not like a policeman's lantern, turned suddenly upon a detected and affrighted criminal; but a steady, consistent, brilliant light, that does not obtrude, but is always manifest and welcome. It is an essential property of light to shine. It does not need any external display; let no foreign body intervene and it will shine.

Light is silent. Lamps do not talk, but shine. The lighthouse sounds no drum, but silently sheds its friendly light across the dark waters to guide the mariner. The keeper of a lighthouse, alluding to the vessels passing and the importance of keeping his light burning, said, "I feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light." "Ye are the light of the world." The eyes of the world are upon your light. *Let it shine.* Let not worldliness—pride, unbelief cover the light. The avaricious wrecker, anxious to seize the prey, would hide the light on the cliff, that the vessel may be dashed upon the rocks; and he is a moral wrecker who would hide the light of God, and leave souls to perish in the dark waters of sin.

2 CORINTHIANS iii. 3.

"*Ye are the* EPISTLES OF CHRIST." The opponents of the Apostle had asked for his credentials. He replies, the people of Corinth are my credentials. "Ye are our epistles, forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us." This Corinthian epistle recommended Paul to the confidence of all men—proved him to be an apostle sent of God, their lives showing what God

had wrought by him; as though he should say, "I preached Christ's Gospel to them; the truth written by the Spirit of God on their hearts, is seen in their lives, and I bid you read them as epistles of Christ."

The great value of an epistle is to be from a living writer. Can we be the manifest epistles to others of a living Saviour? We can, by the grace of God, so that men shall no more doubt a living Saviour than they doubt the life of a correspondent whose letter they read—like the Pharisees, who took knowledge of Peter and John "that they had been with Jesus," read Christ in them.

A letter is written to be read. We are formed to "show forth His praise, who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light." Let us become more legible to the world as God's "workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

A letter may be so blotted that it becomes very difficult to read. Let not our inconsistencies blot Christ's letter so as to prevent sinners from reading His writing. We are conscious of many infirmities and sins, but amidst the stains and blots may it be clearly legible that we are reconciled to God through the blood of the atonement—washed, justified, sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. "A peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Ye who are witnesses for God, the "salt of the earth," the "light of the world," the "epistle of Christ," fulfil your high mission, so shall you bless the world, and have the testimony that you please God.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

VII. Jerusalem.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre, &c.

WE have now to visit the shrines and monuments which commemorate the incidents of our Lord's Passion; and in so doing we say at once that we set aside all questions of actual locality. Some of these sites are possibly accurate, others are palpably false, but all may be accepted as memorials, and, as such, visited with feelings of reverence and devotion. We begin with the narrow lane which zigzags through the city, from the governor's house to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and which bears the name of *Via Dolorosa*, or the Way of Grief; along which piety or superstition has located the successive scenes, historical or legendary, of our Lord's trials, sufferings, and death. Here, say the monks, stood the *Palace of Pilate*, where our Lord was questioned by that time-serving and timid governor. Here once stood the *Santa Scala*, or staircase leading to the Judgment Hall, but which was removed to Rome by the Emperor Constantine, where it now stands, close to the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Up these stairs pilgrims go only upon their knees, kissing each step, and repeating prayers as they go. This was the staircase on which occurred the crisis in the life of Martin Luther, who, while performing this painful penance, had the words of Holy Scripture, "the just shall live by faith," so vividly impressed on his mind, and felt them to be so

repugnant to the exercise in which he was engaged, that he started to his feet, rushed down the steps, and there and for ever abjured that method of seeking the forgiveness of his sins. Near the former site of Santa Scala, on the opposite side of the street, is the *Church of the Flagellation* (according to one tradition), the spot where Christ was scourged. A few paces west, the street is spanned by an arch, containing a single window in its centre. Here, say they, Pontius Pilate brought Jesus forth, and presented Him to the people, saying, "Behold the Man!" Any place more unlikely for such a purpose can hardly be imagined, for the window is small, and the passage low and narrow; but such is the tradition. In the church adjacent, however, over the altar, stands a striking and beautiful statue in white marble, representing the Saviour wearing the robe of mockery, crowned with thorns, and the reed in His hand. And this figure, standing alone on a rocky pedestal, beneath a majestic arch, is wonderfully effective. It is a perfect embodiment of the meek and lowly Jesus, who "turned not His face from scorn and spitting," that He might save a guilty world from the punishment due to their sins.

It is a sad coming down to turn from this noble conception to see the localities of absurd traditions and monkish legends, such as the place where the Saviour, faint and weary, leaned against the wall of a house, and left on it the impression of His shoulder!—or another place, where, meeting His virgin mother, He said, "*Salve Mater!*" In the bottom of the valley they

point out the *house of the rich man*, and say, that on the stone in front of it Lazarus sat when the dogs licked his sores. Turning the corner, we are shown the *house of St. Veronica*, a sainted female, who came forth to wipe the bleeding brows of Jesus with her handkerchief, and was rewarded by finding His features permanently imprinted upon it. This handkerchief is to this day exhibited as a relic in more than one Roman Catholic church. Here (again say the monks), by this fragment of a column, the soldiers compelled Simon the Cyrenian to bear the cross; and here, Jesus said to the lamenting women, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but for yourselves and your children."

Turning away from these, we come to the culminating point of all—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; so called, because it said to enclose the garden in which there was a new tomb, where never yet a man was laid till the body of Jesus was reverently deposited there by Joseph of Arimathea and the weeping disciples.

The church is of large extent and great sanctity; and, like the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, it is used simultaneously by Greeks, Armenians, and Latins. The Syrians and Copts have also chapels within its walls; but the Latin Church has the largest share; and it is under its auspices that the principal altars and shrines have been chosen and are still maintained. We can scarcely do more than name these in the order of the events they commemorate. The first (they could scarcely begin sooner in the world's history) is the so-called *Tomb of Adam*, near which is a stone, said to be the centre of the Earth (though why this should be the centre any more than any other spot on which an

observer stands, we know not). Next stands a place called the *place of Abraham's sacrifice*. (This must not be confounded with the place where Isaac was bound and laid upon the altar, which is upon Mount Moriah, and within the Temple area.) Then, coming down to the time of our Lord's Passion, we have the *Chapel of Derision*, where He was mocked and buffeted by the brutal soldiery. The *Chapel of the Prison*, where are shown stocks in which His feet are supposed to have been confined. The *Chapel of the Scourging*, containing the pillar to which He was bound. This pillar is encased in a covering of wood, and is not visible; but a hole is left, through which the visitor is permitted to touch it with a stick, which stick is usually devoutly kissed by those who believe in the authenticity of the legend. The *Chapel of the Virgin*, where she took leave of her Son. The *Chapel of the Nailing*, where He was fastened to the cross. The *Chapel of the Elevation*, where the cross was uplifted. The *Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment*, where the soldiers cast lots for His seamless coat: and, of all others the most interesting, if we could only accept it as veritable, THE CHAPEL OF CALVARY. This is on a rocky elevation, and is approached by a flight of stone steps. Here stand three gaudy altars, garnished with tinsel, gold, and spangles. In front of them are three holes in the floor, allowing a candle to be let down to show the places dug in the earth, in which the three crosses stood; the depth of these the visitor may probe with a wand, if he be so inclined. He may also feel a rift in the rock, said to have been caused by the earthquake which took place at our Lord's death, and which rift is said to extend to the centre of the earth! The *Chapel of the Penitent Thief*,

where the body of the believing malefactor was laid. *The Chapel of St. Longinus*, the soldier who pierced the Saviour's side, but, who being miraculously cured of blindness hitherto affecting one of his eyes, thereupon became converted, and died a martyr for the faith. The Stone of Anointing, on which the Saviour's body was laid out for embalming. *The Chapel of the Three Women*, where they stood reverently watching this operation. And then we come to the largest and most handsome shrine of all

—THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE. This is a large detached structure, 26 feet long by 18 broad, standing beneath the dome of the great Rotunda, encased in marble, surmounted by a crown-like covering, and hung with banners. A low door, on the east side, gives admission to a small chamber, called the *Chapel of the Angel*, where, it is said, the angel sat on the stone when it had been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. From this little antechamber, stooping very low, we reach the Holy Sepulchre itself. It is a quadrangular vault, about six feet by seven, with marble sides and roofs. The sepulchral couch occupies the whole of one side, and is covered with a slab of white marble, worn into deep depressions by the kisses of generations of pilgrims. Over it burn incessantly, night and day, 43 lamps of gold or silver; while fragrant perfumes and sweet incense continually fill the air. In spite of its meretricious ornamentation, this place is far more solemnising to the feelings, and appears far more real and genuine than any other of the many shrines set up within the building, and it would be difficult for any believer in Christianity to visit it without emotion: many pilgrims, indeed, give way to floods of passionate

tears, and indulge in paroxysms of grief, on visiting this sacred spot.

There are several other chapels, such as the *Chapel of the Apparition*, where Jesus appeared to Mary when she thought Him to be the gardener; *the Chapel of St. Helena*, the mother of Constantine, whose liberality stimulated; and whose credulity accepted, the discovery in succession of so many spurious relics and supposititious sanctuaries; one of which is actually named, as if in very mockery, the *Chapel of the Invention of the Cross*.

The reflection which at once occurs to the Protestant visitor is, How wonderfully these shrines correspond in their grouping and arrangement to the *Stations* found in all Roman Catholic places of worship. As memorials of the sacred events to which they are dedicated (so far as they indicate events recorded in Scripture, and not mere monkish legends), as stimulants to the devotion of the faithful, they, doubtless, have both interest and value. And in this light we strove to regard them; but the gaudy trappings, the glitter, the tinsel and spangles, the superstitious ceremonies and usages connected with them, could not fail to offend the taste, jar upon the sympathies, and detract from the solemnity of our feelings. On Calvary especially, where, of all other places, we longed to linger in silent meditation, we were hustled by such a crowd of eager gazers, that it was impossible to indulge in suitable feelings of reverence and devotion. We could not rise above the paltry surroundings, the palpable impostures, and the glaring vulgarities of the place; and we left the sacred precincts with the painful consciousness, that, even regarding the shrines as mere memorials of the events they commemorate, our feelings had

been quite inadequate to the place and the occasion.

Turning from memorials of the past, to exemplifications of the present, we visited some of the excavations recently made by Capt. Warren and others; and have no doubt, that to archæologists, historians, and students of topography, they are of great interest and real value. To us, however, for want of special knowledge, they were a sealed book; hence we took more interest in the curious collection of swords, daggers, and other weapons, which, mingled with human remains, had been unearthed in making these excavations. One skull, with a deep cleft in it, the traces of a mortal blow, suggested past scenes of fearful conflict and desperate strife.

We visited with more pleasure the hospital and schools maintained by the liberality of the Rothschilds. The Baroness Lionel had kindly furnished us with a letter of introduction to Dr. London, the chief physician of the Jewish hospital, and superintendent of the Jewish school. From this gentleman we received much valuable information; and by him we were conducted over both these institutions, whose benefits are open to all willing to partake of them, of whatever creed or nationality. Both were in a high state of efficiency. We witnessed an examination of the scholars, who exhibited a surprising amount of knowledge, considering they were rescued from the gutters; were, on admission, totally ignorant; and even now only half reclaimed from their nomad habits, and not wholly rescued from squalid and degrading associations. Those who, having no parents or friends, were wholly maintained in the schools, showed by far the greatest progress.

By Dr. London's introduction, our

ladies had the privilege of visiting the *harem* of one of the chief Turkish officials. They were most kindly received by his three chief wives, who offered coffee, sweetmeats, and pipes, all of which they were instructed to partake of, as to refuse either would have been a breach of etiquette. (So, for the first time in their lives, they had to smoke, or to seem to do so.) The ladies of the harem took great interest in their dress and jewellery, feeling the texture, examining especially brooches and trinkets with great curiosity and attention. They in turn brought forth for inspection the treasures of their wardrobe, and their most esteemed articles of personal decoration, and were particularly proud (as mothers in most countries are) of their babies and children. On leaving, they insisted on presenting specimens of antique porcelain, as tokens of their goodwill. Other souvenirs we brought, such as pieces of polished olive wood with the name of the holy city inscribed; flowers and olive twigs from the Garden of Gethsemane; bottles of water from the Jordan; mother-of-pearl carvings from Bethlehem; and beads, necklaces, armlets, and leg ornaments, as worn by the Syrian women; with a large number of photographs. These latter, sold by Bergheim, were both good and cheap.

But, perhaps, the most truly enjoyable day of all was the Sunday, when we had the high privilege of worshipping God upon Mount Zion, in the pretty English church, under the pastorate of good old Bishop Gobat. There was a congregation of about 150 present, and unitedly we joined hearts and voices in the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England; after which the bishop preached a thoroughly Evangelical sermon on the subject of "The

Dying Thief." How impressive was this discourse, preached so near the very spot on which that poor penitent found pardon and acceptance, we cannot tell. That Sunday is one of the greenest and

brightest spots memory can recall. We can only say: "We were glad when they said unto us, let us go up into the house of the Lord; our feet shall stand within thy courts, O Jerusalem!"

Reviews.

The Two Spirits; or, Truth and Error: being a comparison of the teachings of Rome with the words of Jehovah. By ARTHUR GARDINER BUTLER and MONTAGU RUSSELL BUTLER. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.)

THE authors are entitled to the name they claim for their work, *The Two Spirits; or, Truth and Error*. Never could testimonies be more hostile to each other than the *Voice of Rome* and the *Voice of God's Word*. In this book we have all the darkness of the apostate Church in one continuous black cloud, brought into exposure by the brightness and the light of Scripture teaching, so that the reader cannot fail to see that Rome is weighed in the balance and found wanting. The work is a timely one. It will, we trust, put on their guard some who are in danger of being led astray like silly women by those who, under music and dress, and a sensuous Ritualism, are teaching worse than old wives' fables.

Sunrise, Noonday, and Sunset of a Christian Life. Reminiscences of Edward James Oliver, late Treasurer of the Baptist Tract Society. By JOHN T. BRISCOE. (Baptist Tract Society, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.)

We are grateful to Mr. Briscoe for his comprehensive little work on one whom we loved. That which Mr. B. has attempted he has accomplished, in brief outline, the life of a good man. We also agree in the writer's *probably* when he speaks thus: Probably it is not too much to say, that if the strict Communionists of our country geno-

rally exhibited the fulness of the Gospel as our brother held it, and expounded those views in the spirit of love as he did, there would be less complaint among them of secession to the open communion ranks. In accepting this tribute of our late brother, we have only one regret, namely, that so interesting and lengthened a life has not been embodied in a longer memoir.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

A Voice from the Mine. The Colliery Inundation, and the Lessons it teaches. The Forgotten Truth; or, The Gospel of the Holy Ghost. Preachers and Hearers; or, what does the Pew expect from the Pulpit. By REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., formerly Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester; Editor of *The Fireside, Hand and Heart, &c.* (Hand and Heart Publishing Office, Shoe-lane.)

OUR thanks are given to the writer of the above. The two last call attention to what we fear is in some pulpits a nearly forgotten truth, and while some Churches are mourning over their sad condition, may, perhaps, find the true way to prosperity is to return to the acknowledgement before God of the old and never altered truth. *It is not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.* We pray for these little books a circulation of hundreds of thousands.

The Beauty of Holiness. By REV. W. FRITH, Minister of Gunnersbury, with prefatory note by REV. GEO. SAVAGE, M.A.

EVANGELICAL and useful.

Echoes of the Street. Saved at Last; or, the History of Poor S. L.; being an account of her dreadful sufferings and happy death. By GEORGE DAVIS, Edgbaston, Birmingham. (S. W. Partridge and Co.)

THIS is a truly awful account of how vice tempts, deludes, and destroys its victims. The only brightness being the glory of the Gospel in snatching this firebrand from the flame.

We trust that the contemplation of the dreadful facts in these pages may bring *condemnation* to the impure, *hope to the penitent*, and deter others from straying away from purity into blackness and ruin.

MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Baptist has much worthy of commendation, among which is a good number, six contemporary preachers, in a sketch of Mr. R. W. Dale.

The Sword and Trowel, among several valuable papers, has *The Brave Picture*

in the House of the Interpreter; by Pastor Geo. Hill: and a very fair one on the late William Gadsby, by C. A. Davis.

The General Baptist has the usual full measure of good things.

WELCOMED AND HEARTILY COMMENDED:

Old Jonathan.—Truth and Progress.—Biblical Museum.—Evangelical Christendom.—The British Flag; and our valuable leaders, *The Freeman and Baptist.*

“HOLD THE FORT.”—Every one who has heard or sung this beautiful hymn, will be glad to hear that a memoir of the author, the celebrated Philip P. Bliss (who was killed in the terrible railway accident in America last December), is now being issued. It is embellished with a very fine photographic portrait, and the publisher is F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane, London.

Poetry.

TAKE MY HAND.

Father, take my hand,
For I am prone to wander and to stray;
Be Thou Thyself the guardian of my
way,
And lead me on.

Father, take my hand;
The way is rough, the path obscure;
“Hold Thou me up,” my strength
assure,
And lead me on.

Father, take my hand;
Deal tenderly with me, Thy wayward
child;

And though I've sinful been and wild,
Yet lead me on.

Father, take my hand;
I did not always choose that Thou
shouldst be my guide;
But now I need Thee ever at my side
To lead me on.

Father, take my hand
Till all this earthly conflict's past;
Thou bring me to Thy home at last.
O, lead me on!

Fareham.

E. S.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. H. Ibberson, late of Westgate, Bradford, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire.

Rev. James Walker, of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Sheppard's Barton, Frome.

Rev. J. P. Clark, of Bristol College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of St. Andrew's, N.B.

Rev. G. A. Brown, of Philadelphia, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Lincoln.

Rev. R. Howarth, of Manchester College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Heaton.

Rev. J. S. James, of Pontypool College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Capel-y-Fin.

Edward W. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk-farm-road.

Rev. G. D. Cox, late of Market Harborough, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sittingbourne, Kent.

Mr. T. Hancocks, of the Pastors' College, London, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Tonbridge.

Rev. Wm. Heaton has resigned the pastorate of the church at Shirley, Southampton, on account of ill-health, and does not intend at present to resume the ministry.

Rev. H. Moore, of Stockton, is removing to the pastorate of the church at Bridgwater.

Rev. J. Seanes has resigned the pastorate of Crook.

Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bootle, Liverpool.

Rev. G. Wainwright, late of Aldershot, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Water-beach, Cambs.

Rev. G. Allen has resigned the pastorate of the church at Quainton.

Rev. J. Bentley, of Bridlington, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Central Church, Allerton.

Rev. O. D. Campbell, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Charlotte-street, Edinburgh.

Rev. W. H. McMechan has accepted the pastorate of the church in Windsor.

Rev. S. Chapman, of Glasgow, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Collins-street, Melbourne, recently made vacant by the death of Rev. J. Martin.

Rev. W. G. Fifield has resigned the pastorate at Goodshaw.

Rev. W. E. Lynn, late of Liverpool, has accepted an invitation to the church at Chiswick.

Rev. W. K. Dexter is removing from the church at Meopham to that at Grundisburgh.

Rev. I. Preston is removing from the church at Halifax to that at Tarporley.

Rev. R. F. Griffiths, of Tarporley, has accepted the oversight of the church at Stoney-street, Nottingham.

Rev. E. Morse has resigned the pastorate of the church at Pontrhydryn, Mon., after eleven years' service. A farewell meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, J. Williams, and S. Price, and a purse of sixty guineas was presented to Mr. Morse as a token of affection and esteem.

Rev. W. Mayo has resigned the pastorate of the church at Keighley, in Yorkshire, and is open to supply destitute churches.

Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A., Classical Tutor of Pontypool College, has been elected to the office of President, and Mr. D. Thomas, B.A., has been chosen to succeed him as Classical Tutor.

After forty-eight years of denominational and public service, the ministry of Rev. J. Aldis was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, June 6th, by a largely-attended farewell meeting held in George-street Chapel, Plymouth,

at which Mr. Peter Adams (one of the deacons) presided. Addresses were delivered by Dr. France, Mr. Serpell, Rev. B. Bird, and Rev. J. Aldis, who sketched the history of his pastoral work from its commencement. Mr. Aldis was presented with a purse of £330 as a parting token. Although retiring from the stated ministry—intending to reside near Bratton, Wiltshire—Mr. Aldis will occasionally preach and render such other special services to the church as his health will permit.

Mr. F. Green will be open to the service of any destitute cause on Lord's Days or week evenings. Address, 9, Denmark-terrace, Bonner-road, Victoria-park.

PRESENTATIONS.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO, LONDON.—On Sunday evening, May 27th, the Rev. J. Teall conducted his first baptismal service in this place of worship, in the presence of the largest congregation that has been gathered there for many years past. The members of the church took the opportunity of presenting to Mr. Teall an elegant and costly new Bible for his use in the pulpit. Mr. Teall, in accepting the valuable gift, and thanking his friends for the same, assured them that however new and elegant the book might be, by Divine help, the truths deduced therefrom would be as old and homely as before. It would be a new book, but in the future, as in the past, the theme of the preaching would still be—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

RECOGNITIONS.

CANTERBURY.—On Thursday, June 7th, a recognition service was held in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Aldis, junior, at St. George's-place Chapel. Tea was provided in the schoolroom, and in the evening the chair was taken by Rev. J. Drew, of Margate. After devotional exercises Mr. Bateman, as senior deacon, gave some account of the way in which the church was led to invite Mr. Aldis. He was followed by the newly-elected pastor, who read letters of apology for the

unavoidable absence of his father (Rev. J. Aldis), Rev. J. P. Chown, and Rev. T. Pottenger, and referred to the necessary absence of the Revs. Dennis, G. Doe, and others, and gave a short account of his call to the ministry and to the church in Canterbury. The charge was delivered by Rev. W. Sampson, after which the pastor was commended to God in prayer by Rev. J. Drew. Rev. C. Kirtland addressed the church on its duties, and gave reminiscences of his fourteen years' labour in the city. Brief addresses were then given by Revs. H. Creswell, W. H. Clarkson, T. Jeffreys, G. Stanley, and Mr. Halsey.

A tea and public meeting in connection with the settlement of Rev. E. Davies (late of Hackney) as pastor of the church at Monmouth, were held in the Market Hall, on Thursday, May 31st. About 250 persons sat down to tea, and the subsequent meeting was a large and influential one. The chair was occupied by Rev. C. Griffiths, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. W. Lance, S. R. Young, and other ministers.

Recognition services were held on Thursday, May 31st, at Addestone, in connection with the settlement of Rev. E. W. Tarbox, of Regent's-park College. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Brock, and a public meeting, largely attended, was held in the evening, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Angus, when addresses were delivered by several ministers.

Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. G. Hawker, late of the Bristol College, as pastor of the church at Neath, were held on May 3. The charge to the pastor was given in the afternoon by Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., and the address to the church by Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. A largely-attended meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Dr. Gotch, when addresses were delivered by various ministers.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. G. Samuel, of the Pastors' College, at Penge Tabernacle, were held on Wednesday, May 30. Dr. Landels preached in the after-

noon. A tea and public meeting followed, when Rev. G. Rogers delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D. Gracey gave a practical address to the church.

Special services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. T. A. Pryce, late of Aberdare, as pastor of the Bethel Church, Maesteg, Glamorganshire, were held on Monday, May 14. At the annual tea, held in the Llynvi school-room, some 600 persons were present. An interesting public meeting was subsequently held, at which addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Pryce, T. Jones, T. Cole, and other ministers.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. C. D. Gooding, of the Pastors' College, as pastor of the church at Burnham, Essex, were held May 23. The charge to the minister was given by Rev. A. G. Brown, that to the church by Rev. J. T. Wigner. A tea-meeting was subsequently held, after which the anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. A. G. Brown.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE church formerly meeting in Hope-street, Glasgow, have entered their new chapel in Adelaide-place, Bath-street. At the opening sermons were preached by the pastors, Rev. Samuel Chapman and Rev. Jas. Paterson, D.D., and by Rev. Wm. Pulsford, D.D. The chapel, which seats upwards of 1,000, was well filled at each service. It is, without doubt, the largest and handsomest Baptist church in Glasgow, if not in Scotland, having cost about £18,000. Dr. Paterson, in the course of his remarks in the afternoon, mentioned it was forty-eight years since he founded the church, and forty-one since Hope-street was built. Then £1,800 sufficed to pay for their place of worship, now the hundreds had become thousands. Their old place so increased in value that it realised, when sold, upwards of £15,000.

TOOTING.—On Wednesday, June 6th, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon laid the memorial-stone of a new chapel, in Trinity-road, Upper Tooting. The site is an admir-

able one, being on the main road from Wandsworth. The chapel, which is ultimately intended to become the schoolroom and vestries of a large and more imposing building, is partly erected, and is about 45 ft. long 32 ft. in width. Messrs. Higgs and Hill, who have built so many chapels, have the work in hand, which, with the site, will cost about £1,000. The design is semi-Gothic, and is being carried out from the plans and under the care of Mr. W. Higgs, jun. Mr. Spurgeon has always taken a warm interest in the cause, on one occasion rising from a sick bed to address the friends; and now gives the sum of £250 towards the building fund. After prayer by the Rev. R. R. Finch, Mr. W. Winsford, in a preliminary address, stated that the church was commenced in a little building in an adjoining road six years ago. The friends having asked him to become their pastor, he had the happiness of giving the right hand of fellowship to twelve brethren and sisters, who then publicly united to form a church. The church could not grow much in the building where they had hitherto worshipped on account of the unsuitability of its position. Their numbers were now twenty-eight. Mr. Spurgeon then proceeded to lay the stone, being presented with an embossed silver trowel. The dedication prayer having been offered by the Rev. B. C. Etheridge, a considerable number of the friends adjourned for tea, which was provided in the present chapel. A public meeting was held in the evening, Mr. C. Spurgeon, jun., opening the meeting with prayer. Mr. T. Spurgeon followed with an exhortation. Rev. B. C. Etheridge was surprised to see such a large population growing in the neighbourhood. The chapel would be in the very centre. There was plenty of room and plenty of work for them all to do. He felt they should be a mutual strength to each other. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. R. R. Finch, Messrs. Tompkins, Tredray, Winsford (who presided), and Curtis. The amount realised by the collections during the day amounted to £52 10s. 6d.

A new chapel, erected by the church

at Falmouth, of which the Rev. W. F. Gooch is pastor, has been opened. Services were conducted by Rev. J. P. Chown, the Mayor and Corporation attending in state. The edifice, which occupies a commanding site in Market-street, and is intended to seat about 900 persons, is one of the handsomest chapels in the west of England, and has been erected at a total expenditure of £5,109, exclusive of a young men's institute, to be added at a cost of £350. Towards the outlay the sum of £4,549 has been already received, leaving a deficiency of £560, and of £290 on the institute. At a public luncheon held in the Polytechnic Hall, several addresses were delivered, and the Mayor, referring to the rapid growth of Non-conformity in Falmouth, mentioned that since 1853 five chapels had been built, affording accommodation for nearly 4,000 persons, at a cost of £10,700. The first Baptist chapel was built in 1803, the church, however, having worshipped many years previous to that in the old Market House. A public meeting followed, at which Mr. R. Cory, of Cardiff, presided, when several congratulatory addresses were delivered.

Four memorial-stones of the chapel and school-rooms, Woodborough-road, Nottingham, were laid on May 10, by Miss Bayley, P. Spence, Esq., J.P., Mr. Arnold Goodlife, and J. Cockayne, Esq. There was a large attendance. A tea-meeting was afterwards held in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, presided over by T. Bayley, Esq., when congratulatory addresses were delivered by the pastor, Rev. F. G. Buckingham, and other ministers and gentlemen. The collections during the day amounted to £124.

FINSBURY-PARK.—A corner site, one hundred feet square, situated in Stapleton-hall-road, Stroud-green, has been secured, upon which a school-chapel is being erected for the ministry of Rev. J. Wilson. As there is no Baptist chapel near, and a large and growing population, it is considered that the opening is an admirable one. The new building will seat 250 people, and land is reserved for a larger chapel when needed. The structure, which is being

built, will, it is expected, be opened about the commencement of July.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel, under the pastorate of Rev. Jas. Watts, has just been laid at Totnes, South Devon. The total cost of ground and building is estimated at £1,500, towards which £700 has already been collected.

The foundation-stones of a new chapel, to be erected at Girlington, Bradford, and to cost £8,000, have been laid by the Rev. H. Dowson and Mr. D. Mellor.

The opening services connected with the new chapel of Maze Pond, under the ministry of Rev. W. P. Cope, were commenced on Tuesday, May 29th. Mr. Spurgeon had been announced to preach at noon, and the chapel was well filled with an expectant congregation. A letter, however, was read from him expressing his sympathy with the cause, and regretting that through ill-health he was unable to attend. Dr. Landels being present, was asked to fulfil the engagement, and accordingly preached a powerful sermon from the words, "Who loved us, and gave Himself for us." At the close of the service, at half-past two, a large number of friends adjourned to the schoolroom underneath the chapel to partake of a cold collation. Mr. James Duncan presided, and was supported by several influential ministers and friends, including the pastor, the Revs. Dr. Landels, C. Stanford, J. A. Spurgeon, S. Green, C. Kirtland, J. Bigwood, G. A. Hutcheson, V. J. Charlesworth, J. T. Wigner, and others. Mr. Harrison, the treasurer, submitted the financial statement, from which it appeared that the cost of the chapel, according to the lowest building tender—that accepted—was £9,938, and with additional expenses the total outlay had reached £13,761, towards which—including £5,500 received from Guy's Hospital, the purchasers of the old building—£8,761 had been received, and it was estimated that even as much as £5,500 would still be required.

WATERFORD, IRELAND.—The new Baptist chapel in Catherine-street was formally opened by a prayer-meeting

on Thursday, May 17, and by a public meeting the same evening. Rev. John Douglas, of Newport, Mon., father of the pastor, was called on to preside over the public meeting. He complimented the pastor and church on their having obtained so beautiful a chapel. The pastor was his son, and he, his father, had dissuaded him from undertaking the toil and anxiety of this new erection. But in the face of great discouragements he persevered in securing to the church a new chapel. Rev. F. Trestrail, the warmly attached friend of Ireland, came all the way from the Isle of Wight to show his sympathy with the pastor and church, and delivered a most telling address. Addresses were also delivered by Rev. G. Price, Rev. W. Cather, E. Jacob, Esq., the pastor, and by Messrs. Bennett and Copeman. Miss M'Clean presided at the harmonium. On the following Sabbath, May 20, Rev. John Douglas, Newport, Mon., and Rev. F. Trestrail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE anniversary sermons of Park-street Sunday-schools, Luton, Bedfordshire, were preached by the late pastor of the church, the Rev. J. W. Genders, now of Portsea, on Sunday, May 13th. The number of scholars now in the school is 698, the average attendance being 504. There are 54 teachers in the school, and 70 members of the church, of whom 20 have been baptised during the past year by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Blake. The collections amounted to £51.

The annual meetings of the Worcestershire Association have been held at Kidderminster, under the presidency of Mr. J. Bamford, of Pershore. Resolutions were passed on the Burials and Eastern questions; and the letters from the churches showed that 114 had been received into the churches during the year, and that the work had been generally of an encouraging character. The association sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Rowson, and the services closed with a sermon preached by the Rev. A. Mursell.

The quarterly proceedings of the London Baptist Association were held at West-end Chapel, Hammorsmith, on Tuesday, June 12, between seventy and eighty pastors being present. Ten new pastors were received. Rev. C. M. Longhurst read a paper, followed by discussion, upon "Sources of Denominational Weakness." The pastors and delegates having dined together, Rev. J. R. Wood opened the afternoon proceedings with a paper upon "The Church's Duty in Regard to Open-air Preaching." The question of personal membership occupied the rest of the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening, under the presidency of the Rev. A. G. Brown, the present chairman of the Association, when able addresses were delivered by Revs. J. P. Chown, C. Stanford, and J. T. Wigner.

The Spring Conference of Southern General Baptists was held at Tring on the 23rd of May. The conference sermon was preached by J. Clifford. Reports of churches were received and conference business was transacted in the afternoon. A petition to Parliament against the Burials Bill was adopted, and a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's position on the Eastern Question was heartily and unanimously carried. Rev. D. Burns presided at the evening meeting, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Batey, J. Fletcher, and J. Harcourt.

The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Association met at Boxmoor on June 13. Attendance numerous. Spirit good. Dr. Culross preached a masterly discourse, and in the evening stirring addresses were given by J. H. Blake, of Luton, and W. Taylor, of Workgate-street.

OVER DARWEN, LANCASHIRE.—The anniversary of the Sunday-school was held on May 23rd, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, Rev. J. Blake (late of Beccles). The congregations were good, and the collections realised £35. The school is flourishing, and several of the scholars have been added to the church since Mr. Blake has been with us.

BAPTISMS.

Accrington.—May 13, at Bethel Chapel, Six, by Mr. Oaterral.

Bangor, Wales.—May 20, at the English Chapel, Three, by W. H. Bishop.

Barrow-in-Furness.—May 31, Four, by J. Hughes.

Bath.—April 29, at Hay-hill Chapel, Eight, by S. Murch.

Bingley, Yorks.—May 27, Five, by E. Cossey.

Birkby, Huddersfield.—May 28, Two, by T. W. Ward.

Bishop Stortford.—May 17, Five, by B. Hodgkins.

Blaenau Gwent.—May 13, Nine, by J. Lewis.

Boole, near Liverpool.—June 3, at Brazenose-road Chapel, One, by J. Davies.

Bourton, Shrivensham.—May 31, Six, by R. W. Mansfield.

Bradford.—May 27, at Zion Chapel, Thirteen, by the Pastor.

Bristol.—May 1, at Thrissell-street, Fifteen; May 28, Six; by W. Osborne.

Broadstairs.—May 23, One, by J. Kiddie.

Bures.—June 10, Two, by J. Kemp.

Burton-on-Trent.—May 3, at Salem Chapel, Seventeen, by J. T. Owers; May 24, Six, by H. Lakin.

Calstock, Cornwall.—May 16, Seventeen; June 11, Eleven; by D. Cork.

Cheam, Surrey.—May 31, One, by W. Sulivan.

Cheddar.—May 17, Four, by T. Hanger.

Chepstow.—May 13, Three, by W. L. Mayo.

Chester.—May 27, at Pepper-street, Two, by W. Durban.

Clay Cross.—May 20, Four, by W. Williams.

Dartmouth.—May 13, Seven, by E. T. Davis.

Derby.—May 27, at St. Mary's-gate, Sixteen; May 30, Four, by J. W. Williams.

Dunfermline.—May 9, Eight, by J. T. Hagen.

East Hartlepool.—May 13, Three, by H. Dunnington.

Ebbw Vale.—May 12, at Nebo, Five, by W. Jones.

Falkirk.—May 12, One, by Mr. Robertson.

Ferrirose, Scotland.—May 20, One, by F. Dunn.

Frome.—May 27, at Badeox-lane Chapel, Two, by W. Burton.

Glasgow, North Frederick-street.—May 13, Two, by A. F. Mills.

Glasgow.—May 6, at South Side Church, Seven; June 3, Two; by W. H. Elliott.

Graingetown, Cardiff.—May 30, Four, by P. Jones.

Harlington, Middlesex.—May 31, Two, by W. Crick.

Hastings.—May 31, at Wellington-square Chapel, Four, by W. Barker.

Helston.—May 23, Five, by J. H. Sobey.

Henryock, Devon.—June 10, One, by A. Pidgeon.

Hereford.—May 20, at Commercial-road, Seven, by J. Williams.

Holywell.—May 13, Three, by E. Evans.

Hoze.—May 9, Three, by W. Thomas.

Huddersfield.—May 31, for Primrose-hill Chapel, Twelve, by W. Gay.

Kirkby, Notts.—May 27, Nine, by A. Firth.

Launceston.—May 13, One, by R. Peter.

Laxfield, Suffolk.—June 10, One, by R. Sears.

Leeds.—May 27, at Hunslet Tabernacle, Three, by J. Hillman.

Leicester.—May 30, at Dover-street Chapel, Four, by W. Evans.

Lenton.—May 27, Nine, by J. Parkinson.

Lifton.—May 30, One, by G. Parker.

Liverpool, Drill Hall, Coleridge-street.—May 30, Five, by T. Thomas.

Lochgelly.—May 9, Two, by J. Grant.

Long Eaton.—June 3, Five, by C. T. Johnson.

Lynn, Cheshire.—June 3, One, by H. Davies.

Luton, Park-street.—May 31, Eight, by James H. Blake.

Maesteg, Glamorganshire.—May 20, at the English Chapel, Six; May 27, Four; by T. A. Pryce.

Maidstone.—May 30, at Union-street, Eight, by G. Walker.

Maldon, Essex.—May 27, Two, by H. Charlton.

Malton.—May 30, Four, by W. Smith.

Melton Mowbray.—May 13, Four, by J. Tansley.

Metropolitan District:—

Acton.—May 13, Seven, by C. M. Longhurst.

Alperton, Middlesex.—May 30, Five, by W. Pontifex.

Battersea.—May 30, at Park Chapel, Seventeen, by T. Lardner.

Clapham Common.—May 27, Six, by R. Webb.

Dalston Junction.—May 27, Six, by A. Carson.

Hackney-road.—May 31, at Providence Chapel, Seven, by W. Cuff.

Hornsey-rise.—May 27, Six, by F. M. Smith.

John-street, Bedford-row.—May 29, Five, by J. Collins.

Kensington.—May 27, at Hornton-street Chapel, Eight, by J. Hawes.

Meant's-court, Soho.—May 27, at Salem Chapel, Two, by Mr. Teall.

- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—April 26, Nine; by V. P. Charlesworth; May 3, Twenty-three; May 24, Seventeen; May 31, Nineteen; by J. A. Spurgeon.
- Penge*.—May 20, Three, by G. Samuel.
- St. John's Wood*.—May 17, at Abbey-road Chapel, Two, by W. Stott.
- Vauxhall*.—June 10, at Vauxhall Chapel, Five, by G. Hearson.
- Woolwich*.—May 17, at Charles-street Chapel, Thirteen, by R. Holmes.
- Woolwich*.—June 10, at Charles-street Chapel, Four (from the Elm-grove-street Mission House), by H. G. Blackie.
- Middleboro'*.—May 27, Boundary-road, Two, by G. W. Wilkinson.
- Mill End, Rickmansworth, Herts.*—May 27, Eight, by A. J. Grant.
- Minsbridge*.—June 2, Four, by R. Speed.
- Milwood, Todmorden*.—Feb. 8, Five, by H. Briggs.
- Nantyglo*.—June 10, at Bethel English Chapel, Four, by Mr. Llewellyn.
- Near Malden, Surrey*.—April 29, Two, by G. Simmons.
- Newport, Mon.*—May 27, at Stomm Hill Chapel, Five, by J. Douglas.
- Netherton*.—June 3, at Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by the Pastor.
- Old Basford*.—May 30, Six, by W. Dyson.
- Oldham*.—May 26, at King-street Chapel, Seven, by R. H. Bayly.
- Oldham*.—April 29, at Manchester-street, Four, by E. Balmford.
- Oldham, Hants.*—On Whit Monday, at Fleet Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), Three, by D. Sharp.
- Osselt, Yorks.*—June 6, Two, by J. W. Comfort.
- Over Darceon*.—May 27, Five, by Joseph Blake.
- Presteign, Radnorshire*.—June 8, One, by S. Watkins.
- Pembroke Dock*.—June 3, at Bush-street Chapel, Two, by E. C. Roberts.
- Rattlesden, Suffolk*.—May 6, Five, by E. Probert.
- Ryeford, Herefordshire*.—May 8, Nine; June 1, Four; by E. Watkins.
- Risca*.—May 20, at the English Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.
- Relford, Notts.*—June 10, Three, by W. J. Avery.
- Ridgmont*.—May 6, Four, by A. Knell.
- Royton*.—May 27, at Oldham-road, Four, by H. Webster.
- Shoreham, Sussex*.—May 20, One, by J. W. Harrauld.
- Shaldon, Devon*.—May 10, Five, by G. Beer.
- Southport*.—May 27, Seven, by J. Nuttall.
- Southampton*.—May 27, at Carlton Chapel, Three, by E. Osborne.
- Sunderland*.—May 16, at Enon Chapel, Two, by T. J. Malyon.
- Sheepshead*.—May 6, Two, by H. A. Blount.
- Stanningley*.—May 6, Five, by E. Dyson.
- Sheerness*.—May 23, at Strode-crescent Chapel, Five, by J. R. Hadley.
- Shipley*.—June 2, at Bethel Chapel, One; and June 3, Eleven, by H. C. Atkinson.
- St. Helen's, Lancashire*.—May 20, at Park-road Chapel, Two, by W. C. Tayler.
- Saint Hill, Devon*.—June 3, Two, by A. Pidgeon.
- Taunton*.—May 29, at Albemarle Chapel, Four, by O. Tidman.
- Tenby*.—June 3, at South Parade Chapel, One, by H. M. Barnett.
- Tondu, Glam.*—June 10, Five, by E. Schaffer.
- Tongwynnias*.—May 20, at the English Chapel, Six, by J. Thomas.
- Torquay*.—June 3, at Upton Vale, Five, by E. Edwards.
- Tredgar*.—May 20, at Bethel, George Town, Four, by E. Lewis.
- Trowbridge*.—May 30, at Back-street Chapel, Eight, by Mr. Barnes.
- Upper Stratton*.—April 28, Three, by N. Rogers.
- Warrington*.—May 13, at Golborne-street, One, by A. Harrison.
- Wolverhampton*.—May 1, at Waterloo-road, Four, by D. E. Evans.
- Woodchester, Gloucestershire*.—May 13, Two, by G. H. Tanswell.
- Waterbarn, Lancashire*.—May 27, Fourteen, by J. Howe.
- Weston-by-Weedon*.—May 27, Eight, by J. Longson.
- Wootton, Beds.*—May 17, One, by the pastor.
- Walton, Suffolk*.—May 30, Six, by G. Ward.
- Wrexham*.—June 10, Four, by S. D. Thomas.
- Watchet and Williton, Somerset*.—May 29, Six, by J. Middleton.
- West Bromwich*.—May 20, Six, by W. J. Acomb.
- Whitmoor, near Nottingham*.—May 15, Six, by W. Sialing.
- Waltham Abbey*.—May 20, Four, by W. Jackson.
- Wellow, Isle of Wight*.—Jan. 25, Fourteen, by W. Dean.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 18th, 1877, to May 16th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | |
|-------------------------|----|----|---------|------------------------|-----|---------|----|------------------------|----|----|
| F 58—71,598 | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Congrieve | 5 | 5 | 0 | Messrs. Hollings and | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hill | 10 | 0 | 0 | Miss Minnie Congrieve | 2 | 2 | 0 | Brook | 5 | 5 |
| Two Friends at Home | | | | Mr. G. Gowlaud | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. Osmond | 2 | 2 |
| Bay | 2 | 0 | 0 | Miss Jessie Congrieve | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Wolcott | 10 | 0 |
| S. H. | 9 | 2 | 6 | Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon | 200 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Goldstone | 2 | 2 |
| Mrs. Gibbs | 0 | 13 | 4 | Mr. Gothard | 1 | 1 | 0 | Messrs. Pocock Bros. | 2 | 2 |
| O. C. | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. G. Sheppard | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. W. D. Pearson | 2 | 2 |
| Mrs. Virtue | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Benham | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. W. Baynes | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. E. Ryder | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. Haywood | 2 | 6 | 0 | Mr. Bartlett's Class | 74 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Gibson | 15 | 0 | 0 | Mr. H. J. Shepley | 1 | 0 | 0 | Messrs. Passmore and | | |
| Mr. A. Jamieson | 1 | 0 | 0 | A Friend | 1 | 0 | 0 | Alabaster | 20 | 0 |
| Mr. Frearson | 5 | 0 | 0 | J. T. D. | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. Alabaster | 5 | 0 |
| W. W. | 40 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Hurst | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. H. Alabaster | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Cole, per Rev. W. | | | | Mrs. Hill | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. J. Passmore, jun. | 2 | 2 |
| Usher | 0 | 10 | 0 | W. G. | 2 | 2 | 0 | A Widow | 1 | 0 |
| J. S. | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Jenkins | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. Barrow, M.P. | 20 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Selway | 2 | 2 | 0 | A Friend, per Mr. W. | | | | A Sister, Bankhead | 0 | 2 |
| The Misses Dransfield | 5 | 5 | 0 | Higgs | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. McIntyre | 0 | 2 |
| Miss Charlotte Ware | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Hill | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. S. Child | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Harrison | 10 | 10 | 0 | Miss Wigner | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Carter | 1 | 0 |
| The Editor, Christian | | | | Mr. Sharp | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Sewright | 1 | 0 |
| World | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. S. Thompson | 3 | 0 | 0 | A. B. | 0 | 10 |
| Dr. H. Gervis | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. Curtis | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. T. Paterson | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Chivers | 2 | 2 | 0 | J. D. | 5 | 0 | 0 | The Misses Drans- | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. E. V. | | | | Mr. H. Varley | 5 | 0 | 0 | field | 2 | 2 |
| Barrow | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Fisher | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Owens | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Roberts | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Bloom | 1 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. N. Bacon | 0 | 10 |
| Rev. W. J. Mayers | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Bloom | 1 | 0 | 0 | A. B. H. N. | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Mart | 8 | 3 | 6 | Mr. H. Fisher | 5 | 0 | 0 | Hest. Hadow | 0 | 5 |
| Mr. Vickery and | | | | Mr. E. S. Pearce | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. Groom | 1 | 0 |
| Friend | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. E. S. Pearce | 1 | 1 | 0 | Collection at South- | | |
| Mr. T. A. Walker | 10 | 0 | 0 | Miss Emily Pearce | 1 | 1 | 0 | sea, per R. F. Jeffrey | 12 | 9 |
| Mr. J. Neal | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. E. T. Carrington | 0 | 2 | 6 | Lecture at Notting- | | |
| Mr. J. S. Neal | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. Casson | 1 | 0 | 0 | ham, per Rev. E. | | |
| Mrs. Bathborne Tay- | | | | Mr. A. Stewart | 0 | 5 | 0 | Silverton | 7 | 2 |
| lor | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. B. Rose | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. McDou- | | |
| F. R. T. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Green | 6 | 0 | 0 | gall | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Huntly | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Lewis | 1 | 0 | 0 | A First Mite | 0 | 5 |
| Willie and Lizzie Hunt | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Adam | 1 | 0 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 5 |
| Mr. W. S. Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. E. Weeks | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. C. Bodie | 0 | 10 |
| Mr. Dowsett | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Spreight | 0 | 10 | 0 | Friends at Brimington | | |
| Mr. B. J. Scott | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Jolley | 0 | 5 | 0 | Collection at Sutton- | | |
| Mr. W. Olney | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mrs. Richardson, per | | | | on-Trent | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. W. Olney, jun. | 1 | 1 | 0 | Rev. J. Jackson | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Buttery | 0 | 10 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Marsh | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. Gerland, jun. | 5 | 5 | 0 | Miss Galloway | 0 | 10 |
| Mrs. Jenkins | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. Stiff | 100 | 0 | 0 | Collection at Shrews- | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Hayes | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Corrie | 0 | 2 | 6 | bury, per Rev. W. | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Pearce | 4 | 4 | 0 | Mr. J. Deverill | 1 | 19 | 11 | Robinson | 3 | 15 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. J. Evered | 1 | 0 | 0 | Per Rev. J. Field | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. S. Barrow | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Haldane | 5 | 0 | 0 | Rev. J. Jackson | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. G. Apthorpe | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Campbell | 1 | 0 | 0 | Per Rev. H. Wilkins | 2 | 12 |
| J. R. M. | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Frowd | 3 | 3 | 0 | Proceeds of Lecture, | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. G. Ever- | | | | A Friend | 5 | 0 | 0 | per Rev. W. G. | | |
| rett | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. R. Fortune | 0 | 10 | 0 | Hailstone | 2 | 5 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. G. | | | | Mr. D. Smith | 0 | 5 | 0 | Friends at Newcastle, | | |
| Taylor | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. D. G. Patterson | 0 | 5 | 0 | per Rev. J. Wright | 1 | 10 |
| Mr. S. M. Osmond | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Callan | 5 | 0 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | |
| Mr. C. Neville | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. R. Gibson | 10 | 0 | 0 | Metropolitan Taber- | | |
| Mrs. Woodfall | 1 | 1 | 0 | A Friend | 20 | 0 | 0 | nacle, April 22 | 26 | 10 |
| Mr. J. P. Coe | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Innocent | 0 | 1 | 0 | " " April 29 | 44 | 9 |
| Mr. W. R. Rickett | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Hugh Paterson | 0 | 10 | 0 | " " May 6 | 33 | 0 |
| Mr. J. H. Townsend | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. J. Town, Leeds, | | | | " " May 13 | 41 | 16 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Ross | 7 | 7 | 0 | per Rev. G. Hill | 2 | 0 | 0 | " " May 20 | 12 | 3 |
| Miss Ross | 0 | 10 | 6 | W. S. S. | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " May 27 | 41 | 16 |
| Mr. F. W. Straker | 2 | 2 | 0 | J. R. | 1 | 0 | 0 | " " June 3 | 34 | 19 |
| Mr. Quebec, per Mr. | | | | 328, 261 | 50 | 0 | 0 | " " June 10 | 36 | 2 |
| Fry | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. Barrow | 0 | 10 | 0 | | | |
| Mr. W. Izard | 10 | 10 | 0 | E. B. | 50 | 0 | 0 | | | |

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

THE STRAIT GATE.*

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

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."—LUKE xiii. 24.

THE precepts of our Lord Jesus Christ are dictated by the soundest wisdom. He has given us Divine prescriptions for the health of our souls, and His commandments are clothed with sovereign authority—they are spoken in such infinite kindness, that we may regard them as the advice of a true and faithful friend. This is not a legal, but a Gospel exhortation—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate." He Himself is the only gate, or the door, by which we can find admission, and the way to enter in through Jesus Christ is not by working, but by believing. Then, as to the strife we are urged to carry on, it is an earnest endeavour to steer clear of all the rocks, and shoals, and quicksands of popular fallacies and deceitful traditions, and to sail in the deep waters, with His covenant for our chart and His Word for our compass, in simple obedience to His statutes, trusting to Him as our pilot, whose voice we always hear, though His face we cannot see. The storm signal may well rouse your fears; the cry of peril had need excite your caution. The mere mention sounds like a menace. "Many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Listen to that warning, lest ye be amongst the "many" that founder—mayhap you be among the few that escape. Harken to what Jesus tells you shall come to pass with the multitude, that it may never come to pass with you as individuals.

Mark now—A GATE WHICH IT IS MOST DESIRABLE TO ENTER.

Surely "many" would not seek to enter if they were not convinced of the desirableness of passing through it. The very fact that so many, although they fail, will at least seek to enter, proves that there is a desire, a reason, and a motive why men should aim to enter.

This gate—that is Christ—it is most desirable for us to pass through, *because it is the gate of the city of refuge*. Cities of refuge were appointed for men-slayers, that when they were pursued by the avenger of blood, they might pass the gate and be secure within the sanctuary or city. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is intended as a refuge for those who have broken the law of God, whom vengeance is pursuing, who will certainly be overtaken, to their eternal destruction, unless they fly to Christ and find shelter in Him. Outside of Christ the sword of fire pursues us swift and sharp. From God's wrath there is but one escape, and that is by a simple faith in Christ. Believe in Him, and the sword is sheathed, and the mercy and the love of God will become your everlasting portion; but refuse to believe in Jesus, and your innumerable sins, written in His book, shall be laid at your door in that day when the pillars of heaven shall reel, and the stars shall fall like withered fig-leaves from the tree. Oh! who would not wish to escape from the wrath to come! Mr. Whitefield, when preaching, would often hold up his hands and cry, "Oh! the wrath

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to come! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!" There is more weight and meaning in those words than tongue can tell or heart conceive. The wrath to come! the wrath to come! When past that gate, like Noah after he had passed into the ark, you are safe from the overwhelming deluge, you are sheltered from the devouring conflagration which shall consume the earth, you are rescued from the death and the doom that await the countless multitudes of the impenitent. Who would not wish to enter where salvation, the only place where salvation can be found!

It is desirable to enter this gate, *because it is the gate of a home.* There is sweet music in that word "home." Jesus is the home of His people's hearts. We are at rest when we get to Christ. We have all we want when we have Jesus. Happiness is the portion of the Christian in this life while he lives upon his Saviour. I have seen outside the night refuges crowds of persons waiting an hour beforehand, till the doors were opened. Poor souls! Shivering in the cold, but in expectation of being warmed and comforted in a little time for a little while, when they should be admitted. What think ye, O homeless men and women, were there a permanent home for you, a home from which you never could be banished, a home into which you could be introduced as dear children, would it not be worth your while to wait long at the door, and to knock again and again right vehemently, could ye but ultimately gain admission? Jesus is a home for the homeless, a rest for the weary, a comfort for the comfortless. Is your heart broken, Jesus can comfort you; have you been banished from your family, or one by one have the dear ones been taken to their last home, and do you feel solitary, friendless, cheerless, accounting "the black flowing river" to be preferred before this troubled stream of life, and that pitiless society of men and women, eager all for gain and gaiety, recking nothing of your griefs or your groans—oh! come to Jesus; trust in Him, and He will light up a star in the black midnight sky; He will kindle a fire in your hearts that shall make them glow with joy and comfort even now. It were worth while to be a Christian, irrespective of the hereafter. The present comfort which a belief in Jesus imparts is an inestimable compensation. This is the gate of refuge, and it is the gate of a home.

Moreover, *it leads to a blessed feast.* We read just now of the supper that was spread. Jesus does not feed our bodies, but He does what is better, He feeds our minds. A hungry stomach is terrible, but a hungry heart is far more dreadful, for a loaf of bread will fill the one, but what can satisfy the other? Oh! when the heart gets craving, and pining, and yearning after something it cannot get, it is like the sea that cannot rest; it is like the grave that never can be filled; it is like the horse leech, whose daughters cry, "Give, give, give." Happy the man who believes in Jesus, for he becomes at once a contented man. Not only does he find rest in Christ, but joy and gladness, peace, and abiding satisfaction are the portion of his lot. I tell you what I do know—and I would not lie even for the Lord Himself—I tell you that there is a mirth to be found in faith in Christ which cannot be matched. Speak ye of their buoyant spirits who make merry in the dance, or of the festive glee of those that are filled with wine? it is but the crackling of a handful of thorns under a pot—how soon it is gone! But the joy of the man who meditates on the love of Christ which embraces him, on the blood of

Christ which cleanses him, on the arm of Christ which upholds him, on the hand of Christ which leads him, on the crown of Christ, which is to be his portion, the joy of such a man is constant, deep, overflowing, beyond the power of expression. The meanest Christian in all the world, bed-ridden, living on parish allowance, full of pains and ready to die, when his heart is stayed upon Christ, would not change places with the youngest, brightest, richest, noblest spirit to be found outside the Church of God. Nay, kings and emperors, boast no more of your beggarly crowns, their glitter will soon fade; your purple robes will soon be moth-eaten, your silver shall soon be cankered, of your palaces not a stone shall be left upon its fellow. Bitter shall be the dregs of your wine-cups, and all your music shall end in discord. I tell you that the poorest of all the company of the faithful in Christ Jesus excel you, and "would not change their blest estate for all that earth calls good or great." So abundantly worth while is it to come to Christ for the happiness, as well as the repose, which we find in Him.

Well, likewise, dear friends, may men desire to pass through the strait gate, knowing it is the gate which leads to Paradise. There was one gate of Paradise through which our father—Adam—and our mother—Eve—went weeping as they left the garden all behind them, to wander into the desert world. Can you picture them to yourselves, with the cherubim behind them and the flaming sword bidding them begone, for Paradise was no place for rebels? Men have wandered up and down the world since then to find the gate of Paradise, that they might enter yet again. They have scaled the peaks of Sinai, but they have not found it there. They have traversed the tracks of the wilderness, weary and footsore, jaded and faint, but they have found no gate to Paradise anywhere in all their expeditions. The scholar has searched for it in the ancient books, the astronomer has hunted for it among the stars, sages, as they were called, have sought to find it by studying their arts, and fools have tried to find it among their viols and their bowls. But there is only one gate. See, there it is. It is in the form of a cross, and he that will find the gate of heaven finds the cross and the Man that did hang thereon. Happy he who can come up to it and pass through it, reposing all his confidence in the atonement once made by the Man of Suffering on Calvary's tree. On earth he is saved, and in the article of death he shall pass through that gate of pearl unchallenged, walk the streets of gold unabashed, and bow before the excellent glory without a fear. He is free of heaven. The cross is a mark of a citizen of the skies. Having truly believed in Jesus, everlasting felicity is His beyond all doubt. Who, then, would not pass through the strait gate?

And who would not wish to pass through it when he considers what will be the *lot of those outside the gate*? How we tremble at the thought of that outer darkness, where shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. There are many inquiries nowadays about eternal punishment. Oh, men and brethren, do not rashly or carelessly challenge the bitter experience of such condemnation! Speculate as you will about the doctrine, but I pray you do not trifle with the reality. To be lost for ever, let that mean what it may, will be more than you can bear, though your ribs were iron and your bones were brass. Tempt not the avenging angel. Beware that ye forget not God, lest He tear you in pieces, and

there be none to deliver. By the living God, I pray you fear and tremble lest you be found out of Christ in the day of His appearing. Rest not, be not patient, much less merry, till you are saved. To be in danger of hell-fire is a peril that no heart can adequately realise, no language fitly paint. Oh, I beseech you, halt not, give yourself no rest, till you have got beyond that danger! Flee for your lives, for the fiery shower will soon descend! Escape! God in His mercy quicken your pace that you may escape full soon, lest the hour of mercy cease and the Day of Judgment come! Surely, these are reasons enough for wanting to pass in at the strait gate.

II. Observe still further what our Lord tells us. THERE IS A CROWD OF PEOPLE WHO WILL SEEK TO ENTER AND WILL NOT BE ABLE.

Who are these? We will look first at the *crowd who this day seek to pass*. And methinks there is a considerable difference between seeking and striving. You are not merely advised to seek; you are urgently bidden to strive. Striving is a more vehement exercise than seeking. Are you amongst those who coolly seek admission because, forsooth, they suppose it is the proper thing. Many there be who come up to the gate of mercy and seek to enter, not striving, not particularly anxious, certainly far enough from being agitated. And when they look at the gate they object to the lintel because it is too low, nor will they deign to stoop. There is no believing in Jesus with a proud heart. He that trusts Christ must feel himself to be guilty, and acknowledge it. He never will savingly believe till he has been thoroughly convinced of sin. But many say: "I will never stoop to that. Unless I have something to do in the work, and share some of the merit, I cannot enter." No, sirs, some of you are quite unable to believe in Christ because you believe in yourselves. As long as a man thinks himself a fine fellow, how can he think well of Jesus? You eclipse the sun, you hold up your own little hands before the sunlight, how can you expect to see? You are too good to go to heaven, or, at least, too good in your own apprehension. Oh, man! I pray God prick that bubble, that blown-up bladder, and let out the gas, that you may discern what you really are, for you are nothing after all but a poor worm, contemptible, notwithstanding your conceit and pride, in spite of your poverty, an arrogant worm, that dares to lift up its head when it has nothing to glory in. Oh, bow thyself in lowly self-abhorrence, else thou mayest seek to enter, but thou shalt not be able!

Some are unable to enter *because the pride of life will not let them*. They come to this gate in their carriage and pair, and expect to drive in, but they cannot get admission. There is no different way of salvation for a peer of the realm than for a pauper in the workhouse. The greatest prince that ever lived must trust Jesus just as the meanest peasant does. I recollect a minister once telling me that he attended the bedside of a very proud woman, of considerable wealth, and she said to him: "Do you think, sir, that, when I am in heaven, such a person as Betty—my maid—will be in the same place as I am? I never could endure her company here. She is a good servant in her way, but I am sure I could not put up with her in heaven." "No, madam," said he, "I do not suppose you will ever be where Betty will be." He knew Betty to be one of the humblest and most consistent of Christian women anywhere; and he might have told her proud mistress that in the sight of God meekness is preferable to majesty. The Lord Jesus, in the day of His coming, will wipe out

all such distinctions as may very properly exist on earth, though they cannot be recognised beyond the skies. Oh, rich man, glory not in thy riches! All thy wealth, if thou couldst take it with thee, would not buy a single paving-stone in the streets of heaven. This poor stuff—do not trust in it. Oh, lay it aside as a crown of glorying, and pass humbly through the gate with Lazarus!

Some are unable to enter *because they carry contraband goods with them*. When you land in France, there stands the *gendarme* who wants to see what you are carrying in that basket. If you attempt to push by you will soon find yourself in custody. He must know what is there; contraband goods cannot be taken in. So at the gate of mercy—which is Christ—no man can be saved if he desire to keep his sins. He must give up every false way. "Oh," saith the drunkard, "I'd like to get to heaven, but I must smuggle in this bottle somehow." "I would like to be a Christian," says another, "I do not mind taking Dr. Watts's Hymns with me, but I should like sometimes to sing a Bacchanalian song, or a lightsome serenade." "Well," cries another, "I enjoy myself on Sunday with God's people, but you must not deny me the amusements of the world during the week; I cannot give them up." Well, then, you cannot enter, for Jesus Christ never saves us in our sins; He saves us from our sins. "Doctor," says the fool, "make me well, but I'd like to keep my fever." "No," saith the doctor, "how can you be well while you keep the fever?" How can a man be saved from his sins while he clings to his sins? What is salvation but to be delivered from sin? Sin-lovers may seek to be saved, but they shall not be able; while they hug their sins they cannot have Christ. Some of you are in this grievous predicament. You have been attending this house of prayer a good long time. I do not know what hinders you, but this I do know, there is a worm somewhere eating out the heart of that fair-looking apple. Some private sin that you pamper is destroying your souls. Oh! that you had grace to give it up, and to come in by the strait gate trusting in Jesus Christ!

Not a few are unable to enter in because they want to postpone the matter until to-morrow. To-day, at any rate, you are engaged with other plans and projects. "A little longer let me revel in some of the sensual enjoyments of life, and afterwards I will come in." Procrastinators are among the most hopeless of people. He that hath "to-morrow" quivering on his lips is never likely to have grace reigning in his heart.

Others, and these are in the worst plight of all, *think that they are in*, and that they have entered. They mistake the outside of the gate for the inside. A strange mistake to fall into, but many do thus delude themselves. They rub their backs against the posts, and then they tell us they are "as near heaven as anybody else." They have never passed the threshold; they have never found shelter in Christ, albeit they may have felt wonderfully excited at a revival meeting, and sung as loudly and lustily as any of the congregation,

"I do believe, I will believe."

There is a considerable show of reformation about them, Although they have not got a new garment they have mended up the old one

They are not new creatures, but still they are better behaved creatures than they were before. And they are "all right." Be not deceived, my dear friends; do beware of mistaking a work of nature for the operation of God's grace. Do not be taken in by the devil's counterfeits. They are well made; they look like genuine; when they are bran new they shine and glitter like fine gold, but they will not stand the test; every one of them will have a nail driven through them one day; they will never pass current with God. If you have a religion, let it be real and true, not feigned and hypocritical. Of all cheats the man who cheats himself is certainly the least wise, and, as I think, he is the least honest. Do not play the knave with thine own soul. Suspect thyself too much rather than too little. Better journey to heaven in terror of hell than dream of the happy land while drifting in the other direction. "Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes!" Be on your guard, every one of you. Let not any man deceive himself.

Thus it is that a crowd—I had almost said a countless crowd—of people nowadays seek to enter in, but for manifold reasons they are not able to do so. And yet there is a more appalling aspect to the same fact. "Many, I say unto you, *will* seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Panic-stricken, the dying man sends for the minister whom he never went to hear when his health was good and hours hung heavy on his hands. The charm of Sundays lay in their dissipation; an excursion up the river, or a cheap trip to Brighton and back; anything—everything sooner than hear the Gospel. He never read his Bible; he never prayed. Now the doctor shakes his head; and the nurse suggests that they "fetch a clergyman." Poor soul! she means right; but what, think you, can he do? What can we ministers do for you? What can any man do for his fellow-creature? "None of us can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him." He begins to seek, when, alas! he cannot think, poor fellow, for he is in *articulo mortis*, with the throes of his last struggle. His head swims, pains grow at his vitals, a glassy film is o'er his eyes, rambling words fall from his lips. Could he think, he has got something else to think about than the dread future that awaits him. Look at his weeping wife. See those dear children, brought in to get a last kiss from their father. Were his mind more vigorous it were not likely to be taken up with spiritual thoughts, there is too much in the solemn farewell to occupy the moments left in preparation for the future. "Pray for me, sir," he says, with fainting, failing breath. Yes, he is seeking to enter in. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred I fear the answer is, he shall not be able. Little hope have I for deathbed repentances. Never trust to them, I beseech you. Such a vestibule as a deathbed you may never have. To die in the street may be your lot. Should you have a deathbed you will have something else to think about besides religion. Oh! how often have I heard Christian men say, when they have been dying,— "Ah, sir, if I had a God to seek now what a misery it would be! What a blessing it is that with all the cares that now come upon me, I have a sure and certain hope in Christ, for I found Him years ago." Oh! dear hearers, do not be among those who postpone and procrastinate, till, in a dying hour, after a fashion you seek to enter and find you shall not be able.

Some years ago I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by

a sharp ring of the door-bell. I was urged without delay to visit a house not very far off London Bridge. I went; and up two pairs of stairs I was shown into a room the occupants of which were a nurse and a dying man. There was nobody else. "Oh, sir," said she, "Mr. So-and-so, about half an hour ago, begged me to send for you." "What does he want?" I asked. "He is dying, sir," she replied. I said, "I see that. What sort of a man was he?" "He came home last night, sir, from Brighton. He had been out all day. I looked for a Bible, sir, but there is not one in the house; I hope you have got one with you." "Oh," I said, "a Bible would be of no use to him now; if he could understand me I could tell him the way of salvation in the very words of Holy Scripture." I spoke to him, but he gave me no answer. I spoke again, still there was no reply. All sense had fled. I stood a few minutes gazing at his face, till I perceived he was dead; his soul had departed. That man in his lifetime had been wont to jeer at me. In strong language he had often denounced me as a hypocrite. Yet he was no sooner smitten with the darts of death than he sought my presence and my counsel, feeling no doubt in his heart that I was a servant of God, though he did not care to own it with his lips. There I stood, unable to help him. Promptly as I had responded to his call, what could I do, but look at his corpse and go home again? He had, when too late, sighed for the ministry of reconciliation, sought to enter in, but he was not able. There was no space left him then for repentance; he had wasted the opportunity. Therefore I pray and beseech you, my dear hearers, by the near approach of death—it may be much nearer than you think,—give earnest heed to these things. I look round on this building, and note the pews and sittings from which hearers, whose faces were once familiar to us, have gone—some to glory, some I know not where. God knoweth. Oh, let not the next removal, if it be yours, vacate the seat of a scoffer, or of a neglecter, or of one who having been touched in his conscience silenced the secret monitor and would not turn. As the Lord liveth you must turn or burn; you must either repent or be ruined for ever. May God give you wisdom to choose the better part!

It appears from Scripture that even after death there will be some who will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. I do not attempt to explain what I cannot understand, but I find the Master represents those on the left hand asking a question,—“When saw we Thee hungry, and fed Thee not?” as if they had some glimmering hope that the sentence upon them might be reversed. And I read in another place of those who will come and knock at the door, and say, “Lord, Lord, open to us.” But the Master of the house, having already risen up and shut to the door, will answer, “Verily, I say unto you, I know you not.” Is there, then, such a thing as prayer in hell? While the soul has passed out of the body without hope, will it seek for hope hereafter? Perhaps so. Did not the rich man pray to Abraham to send Lazarus? It is but natural to expect that as they doubted God’s promises on earth, they may doubt God’s threatenings in hell, and may hope, peradventure, that there will be a way of escape. They will seek, they will seek, but they shall not be able, not able to enter heaven. They said they were not able on earth; they shall find they are not able in hell. *Non possumus* is the sinner’s cry. “We are not able to leave our sins; we are not able to believe; we are not able to be serious; we are not able to be prayerful;” and then, how

it will be thrown back into their teeth ! not able to enter heaven ; not able to escape from torment ; not able to live ; not able to die ; not able because the gate of heaven admits no sinner who has not been washed in the Redeemer's blood. Back with you, sir ! You would not come to the fountain, you would not wash. Back with you. You are not able, not able because heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and you never thought of preparation. Away with you, sir ! How can you enter when you are not prepared ? Heaven is a place for which a fitness is needed. Men cannot enjoy that which would be contrary to their natures. Away with you, sirs ! You could not enjoy heaven if you were admitted, for you are not changed in heart. Away with you ! What, do you linger ? do you cry ? do you pray ? do you weep ? do you entreat ? Away with you ! Nay, the angels shall sweep you away, for is it not written ? You yourselves shall be thrust out—unceremoniously driven and scourged away from the gate of glory because you would not come to the gate of grace. These are terrible things to utter. I well might shrink from speaking thus, were it not that fidelity to your souls makes such demands that I must ring the warning. If ye die without faith in Christ, behold, there is *a gulf fixed* between you and heaven. I do not know what that means, but I know what idea it gives to me and should give to you. Between heaven and hell there is no traffic. None ever passed from hell to heaven.

“There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.”

They would fain pass the gulf—were it fire they would be glad to pass it ; were it full of torments, many and manifold as a Spanish Inquisition could invent, they would be glad to bear them ; they could but hope to cross the gulf. But no, the voice is heard—an angel's voice : “He that is filthy, let him be filthy still ; he that is unjust, let him be unjust still.” The wax has cooled ; you cannot alter the impression. The die is cast ; you cannot remould it. The tree has fallen ; there it lies. I wish I could speak now in words that should burn their way right into your inmost hearts. Alas ! I cannot ! I must, however, just repeat the text again, and leave it with you. Many shall seek in that dread day to enter, but shall not be able. Oh, enter then, enter ye ! Enter now, while yet the gate stands open wide, and mercy bids you come ! Make haste to enter while yet the avenging angel lingers and the angel of mercy stands with outstretched arms and cries : “Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.” May God, the ever-blessed Spirit, without whom no warning can be effectual, and no invitation can be attractive, sweetly constrain you to trust Christ to-night. Here is the Gospel in a few words. Jesus suffered the wrath and torment we justly merited. He doubtless bore the penalty of your transgressions, if so be you penitently believe in His sacrifice. When you trust in Him for pardon, 'tis proof your sins were laid on Him for judgment. You are, therefore, a forgiven man, a pardoned woman ; you are saved—saved for ever. If you have a simple, child-like trust, you may go home, singing for joy of heart, knowing that you have already entered the strait gate, and before you lie grace on earth and glory in heaven. May God bless you richly, and may you adore Him gratefully, for His dear name's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

DEACON TODD AND HIS LAW BOOK.

CHAPTER IV.

WE could, if space permitted, give other specimens of the way in which Deacon Todd dealt with inquirers; but we think these will prove amply sufficient to illustrate his method and guide others into the same wholesome practice. We have often thought that never is Divine wisdom needed more on the part of any than by those to whose lot it falls to conduct inquirers' meetings. So varied are the cases, and so difficult is it to answer the questions and objections brought forward by those who in some way or other think that they "are not fit," and, moreover, so persistent are anxious souls in putting obstacles in their own way, and in blinding themselves to the light, that unless the Lord is looked up to on the spot for immediate help, the conductor will make but little headway. Deacon Todd himself learned this by experience, and, therefore, not only did he continually look for help from the Spirit while in the inquiry-room, but he also, by frequent preparatory study, sought to find out those passages of Scripture which might be specially adapted to meet the various cases of anxious inquirers with whom, from time to time, he had to deal. Nothing he found was received more eagerly by them, nothing was more blessed to them, than God's own Word. *That* God seemed specially to own and honour, and therefore he never felt satisfied

unless he had been enabled to send the inquirer home with the Scriptural promise, counsel, or precept calculated to guide him into the way of truth.

But it was not, however, at inquirers' meetings only that Deacon Todd found his Law Book of so much use. All who are in any measure acquainted with the duties of the diaconate, know well that a thorough working deacon is often as much mixed up with church action and the affairs of individual members, as the pastor himself. As it was the custom in the well-regulated church of which Deacon Todd was a member to "look the members well up," cases were often brought forward at the deacons' meetings that required much consideration there, and delicate handling afterwards. It was in the management of such cases as these that the deacon's prudence, tact, and skill were displayed. Through his wise, judicious, and Scriptural counsel many a young convert was guided into the truth, many an incipient backslider warned in time of his danger, many a growing evil nipped in the bud, and many a wanderer brought back to the fold. Some persons, knowing what a large business the worthy deacon superintended, and the responsibilities connected with it, and also what an amount of family care must have fallen to his share, often wondered how he could *find time* to look after the varied interests of so many individuals. In fact, when asked the question, he replied it was often a mystery to himself, "His only solution of the matter," he said, "lay in this — that whatever the

Word of God called upon him to perform, he felt it to be his duty to do, and therefore, aiming at that, the Lord brought him through it. The standard for a business man was given in Rom. xii. 11 : '*Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.*' Could a business man act up to that standard? He believed that, through Divine grace, he could. For years he had sought to carry on his business *primarily* for the Lord, and the result was that he had had fewer losses and less care than many men in the same trade who made business their chief end of life. In the path of Scriptural duty he felt that he himself was safe, that his family was safe, and that the business itself was safe. His time was the Lord's, his wealth was the Lord's, and it was his desire that all belonging to him should be the Lord's. From the period that, through the study of the Scriptures, he saw it to be his duty to make a full surrender of himself and all he had to the Lord, he had sought to know what the Lord would have him do each day as it came round; and thus placed at His disposal, not only was the work found him, but needful strength in some degree to accomplish it also."

We have thus allowed Deacon Todd to speak for himself in relation to his guiding principle, in order that the reader may perceive the secret of his success in dealing with various members of the church and with outsiders. If his *example* had not preached for him louder than his *precept*, his influence would never have told for good as it did. It not unfrequently happened that he came in contact with those who differed from him in doctrine and in practice, and who were by no means inclined to give way to what they considered as his dogmatism.

That he was somewhat dogmatic cannot be doubted. Like most men who have, through dire mental conflict, fought their way into what they believe to be the field of unerring truth, he laid his various theories down with an air of infallibility that occasionally irritated, rather than convinced. But to his credit be it spoken, when he found that he had unwittingly gone too far, he ever had the manliness to try, by kind words, to soothe the wounded feeling, and thus it rarely happened that his dogmatism did much harm. The fact is, people felt as they talked with him, "Here is a man who evidently believes what he teaches, and who is prepared to carry out his religious convictions at any cost. He may be an odd man, but he is no sham. Differ from him as we may, we cannot doubt either his sincerity or integrity. We can, therefore, trust him, and only wish there were more like him." They felt, indeed, as Dr. Macleod did when he said, "My heart bows before a good Christian whenever I meet him."

The man and his Law Book being thus found so far to agree, it was comparatively easy for him to quote effectively passages from the Word necessary for the instruction, guidance, and correction of those who needed them. No one could say to him, as he quoted them, "Don't you think, Deacon, you had better carry them out yourself." They knew well that he either did, or tried to, and therefore the retort would prove powerless. Did he exhort an offended brother to carry out Matt. xviii. 15—17, the brother knew that the deacon would, in a like case, carry out the same law himself. On several occasions offence had been either given or taken, and in each case the deacon had *first* seen the offended brother

alone, and tried to reconcile matters, before resorting to public and painful church action. Did he exhort a quarrelsome member to carry out Matt. v. 9, the member knew well that the deacon's character was that of a peacemaker, and that although he did not value "peace at any price," he was willing to pay almost any price save the sacrifice of principle, in order to secure it. Did he exhort a noisy, meddling, gossiping busybody to carry out 1 Thess. iv. 11, the exhortation came home with force from one known to attend so well to his own business, and, unless necessity demanded the interference, to let other people's alone. Did he exhort a covetous man to carry out 2 Cor. ix. 7, the grasping one had plenty of proof that it was the exhortation of a liberal sower and cheerful giver, who had, according to the promise, reaped as bountifully as he had sown. And did he urge his brethren and sisters in Christ to show that they had "pure religion and undefiled," by practically attending to James i. 27, the appeal proved powerful, from the well-known fact that in numbers of lowly homes the widow and the orphan, the poor and the sick, the dying and the bereaved, poured their grateful blessings on the good deacon's head for his timely and seasonable help, often rendered so quietly and unostentatiously to both body and soul. Like Job, it might be said of him, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Our sketch of this worthy deacon and his Law Book must now be brought to a close. But ere we lay down the pen, we cannot help asking the reader a question, which we know Deacon Todd would himself like to ask if he had the power.

As he cannot, we will. Reader, what is the Bible to you? Is it your Law Book, or is it not? If it is, let it not be so merely in theory, but in reality. Study it well, and seek the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable you to carry it out fully. Ever remember, as it has been well said, that "a desire to have Scripture on our side is one thing, and a sincere desire to be on the side of Scripture is another." Strive to be on the side of Scripture, then will you *be* right and *do* right. If the Bible is not your Law Book from this hour, make it so. No book is more worthy of your confidence and trust. As Locke tells us, "It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter. It is all pure — all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting." This Book, and this book alone, "is able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus." Do not then despise it, turn away from it, or choose other books in preference to it. Of all books, you need this one the most, living or dying. When the shadows of death were gathering round Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book!" "What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law. There is but "*One Book*," said the dying man. He had written many books in his day—books that the world will treasure up while time lasts—but when his end came, for him there was but *One Book*—the Book in which he had written, years before, lines worth printing in letters of gold. Of that noble Book, and the way to read it, he wrote, for the guidance of all mankind—

Within this awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries;
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace

To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, to force the way;
 And better had they ne'er been born,
 Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

BY DAWSON BURNS, M.A.

IF we are to speak at all of the times we live in, let us try to do so without prejudice, and with due consideration. Let us not magnify their faults and minimise their merits, or *vice versa*. Many persons' estimate of their age is simply the reflection of their own temperament, sanguine or bilious, lively or melancholic. Temper, also, has not a little to do with impressions of the times. The amiable are disposed to think well of everything; the churlish and cynical to think well of nothing. One of the chief wants of our own and of all times is a spirit of discrimination. If we must err at all, let it be on the side of appreciation, thinking as kindly and hopefully as we can of the world of men and things in which we are moving, and of which we ourselves form a part. We know how easy it is to be misjudged: let us learn from this how easily we may misjudge others, and so be on our guard.

Our times are notably busy times. There is movement everywhere. Never before were land and sea so frequented and traversed. The white-winged flocks of commerce are seen on every sea. Steam has breathed a new power into all the machinery of labour. Electricity both signals and stimulates the progress of human industry. Never were so many hands and brains at work, and never was so much work done within a given period. How far this augmented effort and toil is healthful and elevating, is another question. Some of it, undoubtedly,

runs in a wrong direction entirely, and not a little of it is applied to ends that are of the earth earthy. But largely it is otherwise. In a considerable degree it is constructive and reconstructive; employed in adding to the comforts and health of the people. The earth is made to yield more of her capable increase. The dwellings of men are more suited to their welfare. Drainage is extended; cities are rebuilt; the links of intercourse are multiplied. If we cannot say that in all the labour of our times there is profit, we can say that, taking it all for all, it yields more profit than it once did. We raise no pyramids, but the muscle used up in erecting those monuments of despotic might we put into railways, factories, and museums. We are also busy intellectually and socially. When were so many books and magazines ("so many worthless ones," a modern Timon interjects)? so many writers and readers? so many speakers and hearers? When was Parliament so busy ("and to so little purpose," Timon again asks)? When were so many societies in active operation? When, too, were so many labouring for distinctly religious objects; preaching, teaching, visiting? Evangelists and revivalists were never so busy, so continuously busy, as they are in these times. Wisdom may not always direct the best-meant endeavours; but the fact of busy times cannot be denied. A Carlyle may call it dizzy din and senseless clatter, the chief part of it insufferable to God and sober men; but we are busy, and love to be so, with a zest that our respected ancestors understood not. Yet the number of idle people is very large, and *ennui*, the penalty of indolence, is a disease that has spread in circles where daily bread has not to be earned by daily toil or sweetened by

sweat of brow or brain. The growth of wealth has tended to the growth of luxury and self-indulgence, and in things moral and spiritual many have to work so hard, because so many work so little or not at all. The shorter period of bodily labour in many departments has been a gain on the whole, but not wholly gain. The hours thus rescued from the loom and the bench have often been sacrificed to pleasures more sensual than sacred, more depraving than refining. Less manual work does not necessarily mean more moral worth; and real recreation is only possible where demoralisation is discouraged.

We live in inquiring, scrutinising times. Things are not taken for granted as they were. We want to know more than our forefathers, and to know that we know more. Hence our explorations into sea-depths, up to mountain-tops, and as near as we can to the North Pole. We like to cast our plummet into the darkest recesses, and we listen to hear the tap that tells a bottom is found. Tradition avails but little. We love to have things tried and proved, weighed, measured, gauged, assayed. We want to reach certainty, and therefore we are full of doubts as to many matters that men have generally believed. Hence with great truth it may be said that the times are credulous and sceptical, scientific and superstitious, pious and profane. To deplore this characteristic of the age is useless and unwise; for agitation is better than stagnation, and the disquietude of inquiry is ever to be preferred to the placidity of an unreasoning acquiescence. The one thing to be desired is that a moral earnestness may animate this search after the unknown, this pursuit of good.

The times we live in are times of

extraordinary transition. All times have been transitional, but ours are so in a peculiar sense. The world is getting to know itself as it never before did, or could do. The nations are drawing together. Japanese children are learning English. English literature is circulating universally. Christian missionaries are not only proclaiming but demonstrating the unity of the race. We live, therefore, on the threshold of mighty changes which will affect the population of the globe. The millenium may not be near, but events are in process of evolution which will supply the indispensable conditions for a millennial era.

Let us not forget that these times are *our* times, and that we are responsible for making them as good as they can become. The former times we could not influence; they have influenced us: the times to come will be influenced by us. But our principal work is with our own times—these days, this age, in which we have our being. Let us, then, not dream of Past or Future, but think of the Present; think of it kindly, carefully, solemnly, prayerfully; and act in its behalf with all our powers, that its evils may be banished, its excellences increased, and its character Christianised. Don't let us fret that we were not born in other times. It might have been worse for us if we had been. God's providence has put us where we may be useful and happy. The light within us, if it do but shine, will assist to render these times brighter and more cheerful. Better than all grumbling against the times, will be the resolute attempt to make them ours in the truest sense, by infusing into them whatever of grace has been bestowed on us by Him who "giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not."

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. VI.

"THE PRECIOUS THINGS OF HEAVEN."

DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 13.

MANY things are called precious that are comparatively of little value. The real value of anything to us depends upon its supplying some want. The Word of God speaks of many things as "precious," which, tried by this text, will prove inconceivably so.

PSALM cxxxix. 17.

"How precious are **THY THOUGHTS** unto me, O God." Divine thoughtfulness is seen in creation. Men speak of natural laws, and rightly so; but the child of God rejoices to read his Father's thoughts in His works. In Providence, what thoughtfulness! how clear and indisputable the evidence of a special and direct superintendence. A son travelling in a distant land, coming to a certain place, finds everything arranged for his comfort, and says, "My father's thoughtfulness provided these." Your children are objects of distinct individual thought to you. You that have half a dozen do not forget one because you have five others—you think of each in particular; and so are we objects of distinct individual thought to God. "I am poor and needy," said the Psalmist, "yet the Lord thinketh upon me," and "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God."

1 SAMUEL iii. 4.

"The *Word of the Lord* was precious in those days." It is precious as a Divine revelation. God's works tell us **HE IS LOVE**. God's Word tells us **HE IS LOVE**. It reveals His

love in the gift of Jesus. If the portion of the Word possessed in those days was precious, how precious the Word we have, containing a record of doctrines the lips of Jesus taught, and precepts His holy life embodied. It reveals the tender and endearing relation of Father, and comes to us as His message—our Father's own letter to us. A poor blind girl had read the Bible by means of the raised letters; her fingers became hardened, and she foolishly took a pair of scissors and cut the skin, thinking to restore the sensitiveness, but it prevented her reading at all, and she pressed the Bible to her lips and kissed it, feeling she must part with it, when to her joy she discovered that her lips were more sensitive than her fingers, and she could read with her lips. Let us learn to value our privileges.

2 PETER i. 4.

"**PRECIOUS PROMISES**." Precious when we think of Him who makes them—His faithfulness and ability; of the Channel through which they come—the Lord Jesus. We are unworthy, but they come to us through the sacrifice He offered and the intercession He presents. Precious because of the blessings promised. Comfort for the troubled, guidance for the perplexed, rest for the weary, strength for the tempted, pardon for the guilty, salvation for the lost. Have your mind well stored with the promises, and be assured no circumstance can arise for which a suitable promise may not be found.

2 PETER i. 1.

"**PRECIOUS FAITH**." Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and therefore precious. It is also precious in the object to which it leads. It looks to Christ and leans upon Him alone. Beware of making a Saviour

of your faith. It is precious in its discoveries of and dependence upon Christ; in the joy which it brings and the hopes which it inspires.

2 PETER i. 7.

"THE TRIAL OF YOUR FAITH is precious." We should not put trial among the "precious things," if God had not. In trial your faith is proved and strengthened. It is also purified from the alloy which in our hearts mingles with the precious gold. Trials are intended for good, and in them we are to glorify God. I have read a fable, in which a Garden Walk, addressing a Camomile Flower, remarked, "How sweet you smell." "I have been trodden on," replied the flower. "But I am trodden on and it does not make me smell sweet." "No, that is because our natures are different. You being trodden on become harder, but if I am crushed when the dew is upon me, I give forth this fragrance." When the trial comes to the soul bedewed by the Holy Spirit, it gives forth a fragrance acceptable to God and man.

1 PETER i. 19.

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST." Words fail us to tell how precious this blood is to those who, defiled with sin, come to Christ and realise that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. "Bless God," said a minister, "for the E-T-H in that passage. It not only

cleansed yesterday, but it cleanseth to-day, and

'Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.'

1 PETER ii. 7.

"UNTO YOU THAT BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS." We have been dwelling upon precious *things*—here is a *Person* declared precious to them that believe. Now look at everything we have named, and see how each is precious because of its connection with this Divine Person.

God's thoughts are precious and find their brightest and most blessed expression in the incarnate *Word*, concerning whom it is said that, "As the word of man expresses the mind of man, Christ is called the *Word* because He expresses the mind of God."

God's word is precious because Christ is the Centre and Sun of the Scriptures.

God's promises are precious because they are all "yea and amen in Christ."

Faith is precious because He is its object.

Trial is precious because it endears Him.

The blood is precious because it is the blood of Christ.

View all these things in Him, and if they be precious, how much more so shall He be?

South Shields.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

VIII.—*Jerusalem to Shechem, Samaria, and Jenin.*

AND now we must quit Jerusalem, and commence the somewhat formidable journey through the desolate region of Samaria to Galilee, and thence by the waters of Merom to Damascus. Hitherto we have always been within a day's journey of Jerusalem, where supplies of food, provender, and fuel could easily be renewed; but for this part of the tour more extensive preparations are needed, as, except at Shechem and Nazareth, there are no markets or stores, and all we require must be carried with us. Hence, for our party of eleven tourists, we require two dragomen, twenty-six muleteers and servants, and forty-six animals, besides a palanquin for one of our ladies, who is unable to ride; an awkward machine, like half a London four-wheeled cab, cut lengthwise. This is perched on the backs of two mules, one before and the other behind, giving a very unsteady, jolting, and disagreeable motion. We carry also six tents—one large saloon tent, in which we take our meals, one kitchen tent for the cook, and four sleeping tents. All these are very completely furnished. We have an excellent stock of table and kitchen utensils, and abundant supply of wholesome food. The sleeping tents are furnished with iron bedsteads, good bedding, carpets, wash-stands, chairs, and tables. In short, the equipment is

complete, and we could not have more comforts in any hotel in the country.

As we quit Jerusalem we form a long procession, one dragoman in front leading the way, the other behind, bringing up the rear. We linger on the hill of Scopus to take a farewell look at the old historical city around which so many recollections cluster, and towards which so many hopes are directed, and we think of the Psalmist's exhortation, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love her." But we have a long journey before us and must press on; and we ride over the stony hills of Judæa, which form a succession of rounded bosses or knolls, very stony, but green with tufted grass, and which give, on the whole, a considerable descent. Gradually the sun goes down lurid and threatening, while the moon struggles to send her pale beams through the clustering clouds, which only permit a fitful gleam to show at broken intervals our ill-defined track. We dread losing our way, though Selim, our guide, is a careful and attentive dragoman. We fear a stumble over the steep, slippery stones, or sinking in the soft mud, or being stopped and plundered by some band of wandering marauders; but after seven or eight hours' ride we reach the welcome camping-ground. And where is it? AT BETHEL, where ABRAHAM erected his first altar in the land of promise; where JACOB slept with a stone for his pillow when he fled from the face of his justly incensed brother; where he saw the vision of the ladder whose top reached to heaven, with angels ascending and

descending upon it; where in the morning he made his vow, and set up a stone for a memorial, calling the place *Beth-el*, saying, "This is none other than the house of God and this the gate of heaven;" and where thirty years after he came again, *renamed*, no longer JACOB the supplanter, but ISRAEL, for "as a prince he had power with God and man." Here, beneath a spreading terebinth was buried Deborah, the faithful nurse of Rebecca, Jacob's mother; and, in after years, here Jeroboam erected one of his two national altars for the debased and idolatrous worship of the golden calf. Here the youthful prophet manfully bore his testimony for Jehovah, and, at the peril of his life, foretold its future destruction. Here Jeroboam's hand, as he stretched it out to seize him, dropped withered and powerless at his side, till it was restored at the intercession of the man he would have destroyed. Here, on this sacred spot, we found our company assembled, our tents pitched, our evening meal prepared; and here we slept; but ours was a dreamless slumber. Next morning we scanned the spot with curious eyes, but found little in its physical aspect to remark, except the abundance of its stones. So stony a country we never saw; no, not even in the Isle of Portland, nor on the mountains round Snowdon. If it presented the same features in Jacob's time, he had not far to look for one to serve as his pillow; he might have had his choice of hundreds.

Our next day's journey is a very long one, and we start early. Our course is still over rounded hills, only steeper and more stony than before. Sometimes we have to clamber or descend a perfect staircase of slippery rocks, but our horses climb well, never losing their footing,

and come down as cleverly as they go up. After some hours of this terribly dangerous track, we descend into a more level and fertile country. We pass in succession groves of olive trees, whose dull metallic-looking leaves glisten in the morning sunshine, plantations of fig-trees, as yet destitute of leaves, a few vines, and much young corn. We are in the possession of Ephraim, who had the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil. We traverse a valley in which we are shown a square stone structure, in ruins, called the Robber's Fountain, said to be still infested with thieves, though we saw none, unless the ill-looking fellows who now and then passed us, armed with long guns, old-fashioned flint-locked horse-pistols, or heavy bludgeons, were such, and passed us because they thought us too numerous to attack. On our right was *Shiloh*, where the Tabernacle was first set up; where the child SAMUEL ministered to the Lord; where he heard and answered the midnight call; where ELI fell backward and died on hearing of the capture of the Ark of God; where Ahijah received the visit of the wife of Jeroboam, coming with a mother's anxious heart to inquire the fate of her sick child, coming only to hear its doom. After another hour's ride, we halt for lunch in a pelting shower, for last night's clouds did not gather in vain. It is not pleasant to sit down on damp ground, imperfectly protected by waterproofs and umbrellas, and to eat meat, bread, and salt saturated with water; but we make the best of it, and after a time it left off, as most troubles do if you wait long enough, and then we remounted and resumed our journey. The country now opened out, and a broad level plain stretched out before us. We rather plume ourselves

upon this; the good horsemen hope for a gallop or a canter, the bad ones expect an easier time, and the palanquin, very difficult to get along on rocky and uneven ground, should be more manageable now. So away we go in the highest spirits. But appearances are ever deceitful. When fairly on the flat, we find the recent rains have converted the ground into a perfect swamp. The poor animals sink in the soft mud at every step, and every foot-hole is filled with water. In vain do we leave the track, and straggle over the plantations in search of firmer ground. In vain we cross from one side to the other, as if we were performing a quadrille on horseback. It is for several miles a perfect struggle, exhausting to the animals, wearying to the riders, and not quite devoid of risk, for a poor mule broke its leg to-day, trying to drag it out of a hole. But on we go, splashed from top to toe by the muddy water thrown up by the poor creatures, and for an hour at least we expect that some of us will be completely stuck in the mud.

But at length—oh! such a long time—we reach a spot sacred indeed. No other than *Jacob's Well*, where our Saviour, journeying from Jerusalem to Galilee, and of necessity passing through Samaria, "*being wearied with His journey*" (oh! what new power these words have now for us) "sat thus by the well, and a woman of Samaria came to draw water." (See John iv.) Alas! the well has no longer any seat or wall around it. It is quite a ruin, but the opening is discoverable amid the tufts of rank grass, and the water, seventy feet below the surface (for the well is deep), could be heard and seen. We would have drunk, but, like the Master, "we had nothing to draw with," and neither man nor woman came to

let down a waterpot for our refreshment. It is not far to the city from which the woman came—(not Samaria; the title "woman of Samaria" denotes her nationality, not her citizenship)—but *Sychar*, formerly *Shechem*, now called *Nablous*. It is a large city (some 8,000 inhabitants) and is to Samaria what Jerusalem is to Judæa, and, indeed, compares favourably with its sister capital, for a wide street runs through it, with many shops, larger, cleaner, and more busy than those of Jerusalem. It has an ancient mosque, a Jewish synagogue, with a very old copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, in high repute by scholars. It has manufactures of soap, oil, and cotton, and is more industrious and thriving than its rival, which lives chiefly on visitors and charity. The historical associations are too numerous for me to enumerate within the limits of this paper. Here Abraham pitched his first tent in the land of promise; here Jacob settled with his unruly family on his return from Mesopotamia; here his two sons, Simeon and Levi, cruelly and treacherously slew the men of the city, in revenge for the dishonour of their sister Dinah; here Abimelech the bastard seized the inheritance of the lawful sons, whom he ruthlessly put to death; here Jotham uttered his parable of King Bramble; here, on the revolt of the ten tribes, Jeroboam was proclaimed king of Israel; and close by, Ebal and Gerizim rear their steep mountain sides, on the slopes of which the tribes were wont to assemble to hear read the Book of the Law, pronouncing in strophe and antistrophe, blessings on those who kept, and curses on those who violated its precepts. As we walked in the evening twilight along the valley, and looked up at their gaunt summits, we recalled in imagination

those old times ; we saw the assembled multitudes, heard the chorus and response, and lived again in sacred history ; and then we sought refuge from the rain beneath the impervious covering of our tents, and with hearts full of thanksgiving for the mercies of the day, we composed ourselves to sleep.

Next morning was still cloudy and threatening, and we had a heavy shower while dressing, but ere we mounted it cleared off, and we had no other rainfall all day, so the ride was more pleasant, yea, even enjoyable. The country became more fertile, the fields more green, the flowers more abundant in quantity and more rich in colour. Now we ride through a forest of dark green olives, now past plantations of luxuriant vines, now the fig trees, beginning to show their broad shady leaves, capable of completely screening a worshipper like Nathanael from the gaze of the curious ; now the pomegranate, chosen by Jehovah as a model for the carved ornaments of the Tabernacle ; now the stately oak or terebinth, beneath which Deborah the prophetess sat to judge God's people ; now the spreading cedar, the peculiar glory of Lebanon. And thus, amid a constant succession of lovely landscape, we rode on till we reached the site of the ancient city of *Samaria*, the city so often attacked by the Syrians, where Benhadad suffered a severe defeat, to teach him that God was the God of the plains as well as of the hills ; where Elisha led the blinded messengers who came to arrest him ; where the terrible siege took place during which two famishing mothers made a horrible compact to kill and eat their two children ; and after one had thus given up her babe, the other, whose maternal instinct was too strong, refused to carry out the

unholy bargain ; where the unbelieving lord, who could not trust the word of the prophet, was trodden to death by the famishing mob crowding to plunder the abandoned tents of the panic-stricken Syrians.

Samaria, the most beautifully situated city of central Palestine, on a terraced garden-planted hill, commanding on every side lovely views. We saw the tall columns of Ahab's palace, the remains of its hanging gardens, but all was ruined now, and swarms of squalid, ragged mendicants, screaming "*Backsheesh, backsheesh*," followed us all through the city, and kept up the pursuit far into the environs, long after any hope of extorting another piastre remained. The entire scene formed a sad contrast to its ancient glory, and we saw in it a striking fulfilment of Micah's prophecy : "Therefore will I make *Samaria* as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and discover the foundations thereof."

After this we were conducted to an old church, built by the Crusaders in honour of John the Baptist, who is supposed to be buried in the vaults. But we have become incredulous about the authenticity of these burial places, for we have been shown no less than three tombs of Moses, whose real resting-place no man knows ; only it certainly is not on this side the Jordan. Yet pilgrims come hundreds of miles to worship at these supposititious shrines, and kiss those dusty stone sarcophagi. Alas ! for imposture on the one hand, and credulity on the other.

We stopped for lunch at Dothan, where Joseph, sent by his father to find his brethren, was cruelly seized, stripped of his coat of many colours, and after being put into a pit to

perish, was drawn out only to be sold a slave to wandering Midianitish merchantmen. Here also Elisballved, and here, when his servant, dismayed at seeing the city completely surrounded by Syrians, he was shown, within the hostile circle of his foes, a cordon of the angels of God still more numerous and powerful, constituting a sure defence. Then we rode on to pleasant Jenin, where our tents were pitched in a meadow walled in by thick cactus hedges,

near a grove of waving palms. Ere we retired to rest, we walked out, and saw the moon rise grandly behind the tall minarets and broad cupola of the old city, till its pale clear light illuminated the scene like a picture of fairy-land. During the night jackals and foxes prowled about our camp, but safe under God's watchful care we slept in peace.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Protestantism and the Church of Rome; the Last Battle with the old Papacy: a Discussion between Father Ignatius, of St. Paul's, Passionist, and the Rev. A. King. New Edition, with Notes. *The People's Primer of Church Principles.* New Edition, enlarged. (Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.)

WE are gratified with new editions of these. The former we have noticed in a previous number. *Church Principles* is written in an uncompromising Christian spirit by a sharp, keen controversialist, who grapples with errors and exposes some of the most popular delusions of the age. These works are of service in forwarding and defending New Testament principles.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly; The Homiletic Quarterly; The Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. (R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.)

It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the enterprising spirit of the publisher in placing within the reach of all some of the most useful and vigorous religious essays of the day. *The Theological Quarterly* has all the excellences of former numbers, while

the Chapter by Professor Morris on the Immortality of the Human Soul calls for special and careful reading. In the *Homiletic* we highly appreciate, among a treasury of good things, the Essay on the Right Temper for a Theologian. Lectures for Week-Night Services are well written, and contain much valuable thought. The sermonic outlines are original and of service. Of the *Rev. Joseph Cook's Lectures* we can say—**READ THEM;** we are *edified and delighted.*

The Ritualistic Conspiracy; comprising lists of Priests who desire the appointment of Licensed Confessors for the Church of England—of the Priests' Associate—of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament—of the Clerical Members of the English Church Union, and also of the Society of the Holy Cross. Reprinted from *The Rock*.

WHAT is it all about? Well, *The Rock* clearly shows that the Church of England is anything but the Rock of Protestantism. And we feel now as aforesaid, that the Nonconformist Church and not the Church of England is the real bulwark of Protestantism.

Memoir of Philip P. Bliss. (Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster-row.)

Two editions have been published, but we give preference to the one issued by Morgan and Scott, as the profits will be devoted to the children of Mr. Bliss. It will be read by thousands with peculiar melancholy interest. The pen which wrote music for the million has fallen from the hand, and the voice which sang sweetly of Jesus has been hushed in death.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Baptist Magazine; *The General Baptist*, and *Sword and Trowel* are, as usual, filled with valuable Magazine lore. *The Divine Life* and *The King's Highway* with their favourite theme—Holiness—make us say with them, would that we had more of it among God's Church and people.

WE HAVE ALSO RECEIVED—

The Teacher's Storehouse; *The Quarterly of the Ragged School Union* and *Tritarian Bible Society*; *Truth and Progress*, from Australia; and our always welcome friends, *The Baptist and Freeman*.

Poetry.

THINKING.

“For I know the things that come into your mind, every one of them.”—Ezek. xi. 5.

Thinking, thinking, *always* thinking,
Is the busy soul of man;
Never wearying of its labour,
Carrying out its Maker's plan.
Never does it think of stopping;
But its onward motion keeps,
Visits all the realms of dreamland,
While the careworn body sleeps.

Thinking, thinking, *foolish* thinking,
Softly steals o'er many minds;
Leads them into 'wilderling mazes,
Nought of entertainment finds;
Steals away the precious moments,
Leaves no recompense behind,
But a lengthened list of follies,
To the sad dospending mind.

Thinking, thinking, *wicked* thinking,
Oh! can human nature tell
All the daring deeds of darkness
Which from this deep fountain swell!

Drop the curtain o'er the picture,
Close your eyes and let it pass;
Dwell not on a sight so shocking,
Horrid and forbidding mass.

L. M.

Since we must be “*always* thinking,”
Let us have a subject near,
Which shall elevate our spirit,
And make truth itself more dear.
Let us think of God, of Heaven,
Of the Saviour's dying love;
Of the wonders of creation,
And of wonders far above.

Think of hell and all its horrors;
Of our sin, which dooms us there;
Think of this, that “*thoughts* of evil”
Lead the soul to dark despair;
Think again of love so wondrous,
In the Saviour's sacred heart;
Trust the merits of His passion,
Then from Him we ne'er shall part.

WILLIAM MAYO.

Keighley, Feb. 1877.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. D. B. Richards, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Talgarth, Brecon.

Rev. Frederick Pugh, of Salcombe, Devon, has accepted the unanimous call of the church at New Swindon.

Rev. J. O. Wills, of Cupar Fife, has accepted the pastoral care of the church at Stockton-on-Tees.

Rev. T. H. Morgan has resigned the pastorate at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and accepted an invitation to become the minister of the church at Grove-street, Hackney.

Rev. E. T. Scammell, of Bromsgrove, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Huddersfield.

Rev. G. Ward has resigned the pastorate of the church at Walton, Suffolk.

CHATTERIS, CAMBS.—Mr. F. J. Bird, of Chilwell College, has accepted the invitation of the General Baptist Church in this place to become their pastor.

RECOGNITIONS.

SERVICES have been recently held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. P. Clark as pastor of the church of St. Andrew's, N.B. The Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, delivered the charge.

Services were held on Sunday and Monday, June 10th and 11th, in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. Meredith, of Pontypool College, as pastor at the church at Kensington, Brecon. Sermons were preached on the Sunday by Revs. T. Thomas, D.D., and W. Rees. On Monday afternoon the ordination service was held, the charge to the pastor being delivered by Rev. Dr. Thomas, and that to the church by Rev. W. Rees. A public meeting was held in the evening, when the Rev. D. B. Edwards presided.

BRENTFORD (ALBANY CHAPEL).—A Recognition Service was held on Mon-

day, June 25th, in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Sumner, of the Pastors' College, Dr McAulane, of Finsbury, presided. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. A. Fergusson, and Rev. G. Rogers addressed the church. Several neighbouring ministers took part in the service.

MILDENHALL, SUFFOLK.—Recognition Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. H. M. Burt, as pastor, were held on Thursday, July 5th, when a sermon was preached at three o'clock by Rev. T. M. Morris. A tea was provided in the schoolroom. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. F. Ridley, when the charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. T. M. Morris, and was followed by addresses to the church from the Revs. C. Gomm, J. Porter, G. Wainwright, J. A. Wilson, and J. Bonham.

LONDON (CHILD'S-HILL, HAMPSTEAD).—About nine years ago Mr. James Harvey, seeing the spiritually destitute condition of the residents in this village, and that there was no Nonconformist church in existence, sent to work, as a missionary, Mr. W. Richard, and in time the mission became a branch of the church at Hampstead. Such has been the success, that in 1870 the friends built a chapel seating 400, at a cost of about £1,300. In 1875 they erected a building adjoining for day and Sunday schools, costing £700, the British school now having 200 scholars, and the Sunday school 225, with thirty teachers. A church meeting was convened on Tuesday, June 12th, when the communicants, to the number of seventy-five or eighty, formed themselves into a Baptist church, several having been dismissed from the Hampstead church for that purpose. The brethren elected Mr. Rickard to the pastorate, while Messrs. James Elphic, Keevil, Rudd, Sims, and Smith were chosen as deacons. Recognition Services were held on the 24th and 26th of

June, the Rev. W. Brock preaching on Sunday, and Rev. Newman Hall on Tuesday afternoon; the evening meeting was addressed by Dr. Landels, the Revs. W. Scott, W. Brock, Johnson, Barker, LL.B., and Messrs. S. R. Pattison, James Harvey, Benjamin Lyon, and other gentlemen.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. J. H. MILLARD, B.A., has resigned his pastorate at Trinity Church, Huntingdon, having accepted the duties of secretary of the British and Irish Home Missionary Society. His ministry in Huntingdon, exclusive of an interregnum during which he was pastor of the church at Maze-pond, London, has extended over twenty-seven years. At a farewell meeting, presided over by B. Brown, Esq., J.P., a purse containing £80 was presented to Mr. Millard, as an expression of the esteem in which he is held by the church and congregation he is leaving.

Rev. H. Moore, of Stockton, having accepted a call to Bridgwater, the church which he is leaving on Wednesday last presented him at a public meeting with a gold watch and purse of gold. The Young Men's Bible Class also asked his acceptance of an illuminated address, in token of affection and esteem.

The twelfth anniversary of the church at Kilburn was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, the 17th and 18th of June. Sermons were preached on the Lord's-day in the morning by Rev. W. Luke, and in the evening by the pastor, Rev. T. Hall. On the following day a tea and public meeting were held, at which J. Peters, Esq., presided. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Angus, W. G. Lewis, and other ministers. Rev. E. W. Tarbox, who has gratuitously laboured as co-pastor for 18 months, was presented with a handsome timepiece, and Miss Hall, who has presided at the harmonium for six years, with a purse of gold and an address containing the names of the subscribers.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE opening services in connection

with a new chapel at Burslem, under the pastorate of the Rev. H. C. Field, have just been concluded. The cost of the new building—which has been designed to accommodate 400 persons, and will admit of the addition of galleries—£2,015, towards which £838 has been received. The collections at the opening services realised £97.

A new and very handsome chapel is to be built in Finchley for the ministry of the Rev. J. Chadwick, at the cost of about £4,000. £1,400 have been collected, and as soon as that sum has been increased to £2,000 the work will be begun. The church is at present worshipping in a small and inadequate building. The site has been purchased and paid for at a cost of £450.

TRINITY CHURCH, GUNNERSBURY.—On Wednesday, July 4th, the friends of the above cause assembled to perform the important ceremony of laying the foundation and memorial stones. After a splendid collation, provided by the generosity of — Tapson, Esq., Cambridge-road, an adjournment was made to Bradenburgh-road, the site of the new building, which lies in front of the temporary iron church erected about two years since, and which, when the new edifice is completed, will be used as school-rooms. Seven stones had been cut with suitable inscriptions, headed with mottoes such as "Ebenezer," "Jehovah Isid Kenn," "Jehovah Shalom," "Jehovah Jireh," "Jehovah Nissi," and others. Joseph Peters, Esq., of Kilburn, had the honour of laying the foundation stone. Two young ladies, Miss Short and Miss Kent, each laid a memorial stone, the first on behalf of the boys, and the latter the girls of the Sunday-school; and four gentlemen, S. L. Worth, Esq.; J. Short, Esq.; H. Tarrant, Esq., of Kilburn, and T. Wheeler, Esq., High Wycombe, laid the four last memorial stones, each making appropriate speeches, and each receiving a handsome silver trowel, with carved ivory handle, seven in number, all bearing suitable inscriptions. The fineness of the day added to the enjoyment as well as to the picturesque character of the scene. After the cere-

mony the company adjourned to the Town Hall, Turnham-green, where 350 persons sat down to tea. A public meeting was held afterwards, numerously attended, and addresses were delivered by neighbouring ministers. The church, of which Rev. W. Frith is pastor, although a Baptist, is intended to be a Union Church for all Evangelical Christians.

BRONDESBURY, KILBURN.—We are informed that Mr. James Harvey and the St. John's Wood Church have secured a plot of land for the erection of a commodious Baptist Chapel, close to the Edgware-road and Brondesbury-station of the London and North-Western Railway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The annual meeting of the Baptist Theological Institute, Brighton-grove, Manchester, was held on Wednesday, July 11th. It was stated that during the past session seventeen young men had been under training in the institution—a number in excess of all former years. Three of the number had accepted invitations to the pastorate; one was about to return to his own country, Sweden, to labour among the Baptist churches in that land; and Mr. J. T. Marshall, M.A., has been invited to fill the office of tutor in the Classical, Mathematical, and Hebrew Department, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. Webb, after nine years' service. A letter was read from the Rev. Henry Dowson, who has been president of the college from the commencement, nine years ago, resigning his office on account of his advancing years and infirmities. The resignation has been accepted, and the Rev. E. Parker, of Farnley, has been invited to accept the vacant post.

ALPERTON, MIDDLESEX.—The second anniversary was held on June 28th. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Landels, the first part of the service being conducted by the Revs. T. H. Morgan and J. James. Tea was provided in a marquee erected upon the chapel ground, and a public

meeting was afterwards held in the chapel, when General Copeland Crawford, of Sudbury, presided, and was supported by the Revs. W. A. Blake (of Brentford), D. Jones, B.A., J. James, W. G. Elmslie, T. H. Morgan, and others. The pastor, Mr. Pontifex, gave a brief account of the progress of the church's work since his settlement last November. There had been added to the church thirty members, the Sunday-school had increased, a Dorcas society had been formed, also a tract society, and two village stations had been opened for the winter season. The congregations were encouraging and the collections liberal for a small village place, viz., £10. Twenty-two trays were also given by ladies and friends. On Sunday, July 15th, two sermons on behalf of the Sunday-school were preached by Rev. W. A. Blake. The collection was liberal.

LYNDHURST.—The first anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. W. H. Payne took place July 18th. A well-attended tea was held in the Baptist Chapel, after which a public meeting was held, the Revs. E. Osborne and E. J. Boon (of Southampton), W. Power Cadman, Messrs. Tipple, Head, and the pastor taking part. The report of the past year was very encouraging.

PORTSMOUTH, LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL, LANDPORT.—On Sunday, June 10th, the anniversary sermons of the Sunday-school were preached by Rev. John Spurgeon, morning and evening, and by the pastor, T. M. Medhurst, in the afternoon.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 11th, 12th, and 13th, the annual meetings of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches were held at Lake-road Chapel, J. A. Byrley, Esq., Moderator.

On Sunday, June 17th, Mr. Thomas Cooper, the celebrated lecturer on the evidences of Christianity, preached two sermons; and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 18th, 19th, and 20th, delivered three lectures on "The Evolution Theory and Current Errors," at Lake-road Chapel.

LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.—The first

anniversary of; Rev. J. H. Blake's pastorate at the Baptist Church, Park-street, Luton, was attained on Sunday, July 8th. Before commencing his sermon in the morning he made a reference to the circumstance, and adverted to the friendly relations which existed within the church, and also between it and the other religious bodies in the town. During the year 68 additions have been made to the church membership, and a handsome organ, for which the cost has been nearly raised, erected.

The annual outing of the Sunday-school teachers took place on Wednesday, the 11th. The party, numbering about 150, left Park-street at half-past nine, and spent a really happy, festive season at Box Hedges. The weather, the scenery, the arrangements, the company, were all so good that each one came home hoping to enjoy a similar treat next summer.

On Sunday, the 15th, the annual sermons on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society were preached by Rev. J. Ewen (of Bengal). On the following evening, Monday the 16th, a public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. J. H. Blake. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, J. Ewen, W. A. Blake (of Brentford), and Mr. Cole.

HOUNSLOW.—A week of evangelistic services for the people has been conducted in Providence Chapel, by Rev. W. A. Blake (Brentford), Rev. J. D. Kilburn, Rev. A. P. Mackenzie, and Mr. S. V. Robinson. The attendance has been encouraging.

BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL STOPSLEY.—The anniversary of this Sunday-school was most successfully held on Sunday, July 8th. In the morning the service was conducted by Mr. Aikenhead, and in the evening by the Rev. J. H. Blake. The chapel was crowded to excess at each service, and the singing of the children was very good. The collections amounted to about £10. On the following afternoon (Monday) the children had their annual treat and tea.

ZOAR BAPTIST CHURCH, LLANVHAMEL, CERCORNEY.—The annual meeting of the above church was held

on Whit-Monday, and was attended by a large number of friends. Rev. S. R. Young took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Howells, J. Watts, M. Lewis, J. Lutas, T. Williams, J. Davis, and R. C. Evans. The church and Sunday-school are in a flourishing condition.

GENERAL BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The 108th Annual Session of the General Baptist Association meeting at Leicester was held there on June 18th. There was a good attendance of ministers and delegates. The proceedings commenced on Monday with devotional services, followed, on Tuesday, by the first business gathering, at which the Rev. Chas. Clarke, B.A., of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, was elected president. According to the report read, the number baptised during the past year was 1,865, as against 1,578 the previous year; 465 were received and 108 restored, while 519 had been dismissed, 149 excluded, and 85 had died, making a total of 767 erasures. The number of churches was 175, as against 170 last year; the members 23,747, as against 23,453, giving a clear increase of 294. The amount collected for Missionary purposes was £3,365 12s. 4d. The Annual Home Missionary meeting was held in the evening, Mr. R. Johnson presiding, and addresses being delivered by Revs. J. Clifford, T. Goadby, H. B. Robinson, G. W. McCree, and others. From the financial statement submitted, it appears that the income of the society for last year was £608. On Wednesday morning a conference was held on the subject of lay preaching, Mr. W. Richardson reading a paper thereon. A public missionary meeting was held in the evening, under the presidency of the Mayor of Leicester, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Silby, Signor Grassi, the Rev. J. Wall, of Rome; Rev. J. Fletcher, and Mr. T. Cook, the latter intimating that they intended to raise £1,000 towards the new chapel in Rome, and that about £400 had already been collected for the object. On Thursday the report of Chilwell College was read and discussed. There are twelve students

now in the college, and the number of applications for admission exceed the vacancies. Out of 112 ministers in the denomination, only 47 had been trained in the college; so that it was necessary to depend upon other institutions. The receipts for the year amounted to £735 7s. 4d., and the total payments £821 10s. 11d., leaving a deficit of £86 3s. 7d. It was arranged to meet next year in Westbourne-park church. Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., was appointed president of the next Association, Rev. S. Cox, the preacher, and Rev. D. Burns to write the next Association Letter, upon "The duties of Christians in political life." Rev. S. H. Booth spoke as to the Annuity Fund. Rev. T. Barrass, of Peterborough, read the Association letter upon "The attitude of the Church towards backsliders." A memorial from the local temperance societies was received. Rev. N. Shaw presented the Building Fund Report, which stated that £1,900 had been lent to eleven churches, and that the wants of the fund would be larger than usual, towards which £2,144 2s. 6d. had been promised.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—June 24, at Carmel English, Four, by T. Jones.
Alerton.—July 1, at the Central Chapel, Four, by J. Bentley.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—June 24, Four, by A. Bowden.
Aston-on-Cliun.—June 17, One, by A. T. Head.
Aylsham.—June 10, Six, by J. B. Field.
Bacup.—June 24, at Zion Chapel, Five, by C. W. Gregory.
Bangor.—June 17, One, by W. H. Bishop.
Bildeston.—June 27, Five, by R. Mackie.
Birkly.—June 27, Two, by T. W. Ward.
Blaenavon.—June 28, Five, at the English Chapel, by W. Rees.
Bristol.—June 26, at Thrissell-street, Five, by W. Osborne.
Caersalem.—June 17, at Victoria Chapel, Two, by J. W. Lewis.
Cardiff.—June 3, Salem Chapel, Eight, by D. Lloyd.
Chalford.—June 17, Ten, by D. E. Morgan.
Chard.—June 14, Holyrood-street, Nine, by A. Braine.
Cinderford.—July 1, Three, by C. Griffiths.
Chester.—June 12, at Pepper-street Chapel, Four, by W. Durban, B.A.
Derby.—June 24, at Osmaston-road, Five, by C. T. Johnson.

Dunchurch.—July 4, Seven, by H. T. Peach.
Dunfermline.—June 3, One; June 13, Four; by J. T. Hagen.
Eastcombe.—June 24, Six, by J. E. Brett.
East Hartlepool.—June 17, Three, by H. Dunnington.
Fbbis Vale.—June 24, at the English Chapel, Briery-hill, Five, by T. Garnon.
Eynsford.—June 3, Five; June 24, Nine; by W. Mummery.
Fornett.—June 24, One, by the Pastor.
Glasgow.—June 17, North Frederick-street, Three, by A. F. Mills.
Great Grimsby.—June 24, Three, by E. Lauderdale.
Great Staughton.—July 1, Ten, by C. G. Coots.
Great Leighs.—May 3, One; June 26, Two, by E. C. Sowerby.
Halstead.—June 4, Three, by E. Morley.
Halwill, Devon.—July 1, Six; July 3, Five; by T. Bray.
Heanor.—June 17, Eleven, by W. Smith.
Holyhead.—July 14, at New Park-street, Five, by W. B. Saunders.
Kenninghall, Norfolk.—June 17, One, by T. J. Ewing.
Knighton, Beds.—June 10, Two, by S. Watkins.
Leake and Wymenwold, Leicestershire.—June 10, Eighteen, by W. Morris.
Lewestoft.—June 12, at London-road, Four, by E. Mason.
Luton, Beds, Park-street.—June 28, Four, by J. H. Blake.
Lyndhurst.—July 1, Three, by W. H. Payne.
Lymington.—June 24, Three, by J. J. Fitch.
Lynn.—June 17, One, by H. Davies.
Maesteg.—June 17, Seventeen, by T. A. Price.

Metropolitan District:—

Barnes.—June 27, Five, by F. J. Brown.
Borough-road.—June 17, Three, by G. W. McCree.
Brentford.—July 5, Albany Chapel, Seven, by W. Sumner.
Clapham Common.—June 24, Six, by R. Webb.
Dacre Park, Lee.—June 24, Five, by W. Usher.
Dalston Junction.—June 24, Seven, by A. Carson.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 21, Fourteen; June 28, Eighteen; by J. A. Spurgeon.
Maeserhelem, Radnorshire.—May 12, Two; June 10, One, by D. Davies.
Maidenhead.—June 21, Three, by J. Wilkins.
Market Harborough.—June 10, Four, by W. Wood.
Masham.—June 17, Two, by R. J. Beecliff.
Milsbridge.—June 28 and 30, Six, by R. Speed.
Nantyglo, Mon.—July 8, at Bethel English Chapel, Seven, by T. Phillips.
Nebo, Ebbw Vale.—June 10, One, by W. Jones.
Ogden.—June 24, One, by the Pastor.
Ossett.—June 27, Three, by J. W. Comfort.
Pentre, Ystrad (English).—July 8, Three, by M. H. Jones.
Portsea, Kent-street.—June 24, Six, by J. W. Genders.

Portsmouth, Lake-road, Landport.—June 27, Five, by T. M. Medhurst.
Rye-ford.—June 26, Three, by F. Watkins.
Shefford.—June —, Two; July 1, One; by T. H. Smith.
Skipton, Yorks (for Long Preston).—June 24, Four, by W. Giddings.
Southwick, Wilts.—June 24, Six, by W. Doel.
Stalybridge.—July 12, at Ebenezer Chapel, One, by W. Hughes.
St. Helen's.—June 10, Park-road. One, by W. C. Taylor.
Swansea.—June 24, York-place, Eight, by B. D. Johu.
Thaxted.—June 26, at Park-street Chapel, Two, by G. H. Hook.
Todmorden.—July 8, at Lincolne Chapel, Five, by W. Sharman.
Tredegar.—June 17, at George Town, Three, by E. Lewis.
Treherbert, Rhondda Valley.—June 17, at Bethany English Chapel, Two, by H. Rosser.
Trowbridge.—June 3, at Bethesda Chapel, Nine, by A. English.
Walton.—July 1, Four, by W. Seaman.
Weston-by-Weedon.—June 24, Three, by J. Longson.
Westmancote.—July 1, Three, by W. J. Smith.
Willenhall.—June 17, at Lichfield-street Chapel, Two, by W. Wootton.
Wirksworth.—July 1, Four, by W. E. Davies.
Wolsingham.—June 17, Three, by E. G. Sones.
Wolverhampton.—June 3, Five, by D. E. Evans.
Ystrad, Rhondda.—July 1, at the Tabernacle, One, by M. H. Jones.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE death of Mr. J. C. MARSHMAN, in his eighty-fourth year, which took place on Sunday, July 8th, closed a remarkable career, the details of which have been far less known than might have been expected. Mr. Marshman was the son of Dr. Marshman, the Baptist Missionary, and went with his father to Serampore in 1800. A writer, evidently intimately acquainted with the subject of his remarks, says, in the *Times*, that "from 1812, when he (Mr. Marshman) was only eighteen, he was the moving spirit of the large religious undertakings managed by Dr. Marshman and his colleagues. For nearly twenty years he held the position of a secular bishop, choosing, directing, and providing for a great body of missionaries, catechists, and native Christians, scattered in different parts of Bengal, collecting and earning for them great sums of money, while living, like his colleagues, on £200

a year." The mission was at length given up to the Baptist Missionary Society, and Mr. Marshman betook himself to secular pursuits, still devoting an immense amount of time and money to the cause of the evangelisation and education of Hindoos. His labours were extraordinary in extent and versatility. He started the *Friend of India*, and the first newspaper in Bengal; published a number of law books, one of which was for years the Civil Code of India; established a paper mill; and built and maintained, by an outlay of £30,000, a college for the higher education of natives. He was an accomplished linguist, and occupied for ten years the post of Official Translator to the Government, at a salary of £1,000 a year, the whole of which he gave away (although even his family were not at the time aware of the fact) for educational purposes; besides this, he had an immense amount of various knowledge, had read everything that was written about India, and wrote the most popular history of India which has appeared. This is but a very imperfect account of this singularly-gifted and most generous man. It is astonishing that his merits were never adequately recognised by the Home Government. He tried in vain to get into Parliament, was refused a seat on the Indian Council, and only after long delay received, at Lord Lawrence's suggestion, the Star of India for his services to education.

On June 10th, Mrs. JAMES READING, aged 77, fell asleep in Jesus. She was one of the oldest members of Lake-road Baptist Church, Landport, Portsmouth, having joined the church March 1828. For nearly 50 years she was enabled by sovereign grace to walk worthy of her profession of faith in Jesus. During the last ten years of her life she was a great sufferer, being unable to help herself in any way; yet she was never heard even once either to murmur or to complain. Her daily prayer was—"Lord, give me patience, for Thou hast ever been kind to me, a poor, unworthy sinner." Her dying testimony was—"I am on the Rock of Ages, Jesus will never fail me nor

SPEAKING ON GOD'S BEHALF.*

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

"I have yet to speak on God's behalf."—JOB xxxvi. 2.

So said Elihu. And verily many of us might make the like resolve. We have tasted that the Lord is gracious. When first we came to Him laden with guilt and full of woes, we found Him ready to pardon—a God with whom there is plenteous redemption.

"Many days have passed since then,
Many changes have we seen."

Still we have the same tale to tell. God has been faithful to us under all circumstances. He has passed by our backslidings, He has been patient of our shortcomings, and He has borne with our waywardness. To this day His kindness has not abated, His promise has not been forfeited, and His covenant is unbroken; it has never failed us. In bounden duty yet with cheerful gratitude we are constrained to say that the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth for ever. On God's behalf, then, we will speak. Much reason have we to do so. While the world is scoffing or despising, while some are doubting and others are blaspheming, while idolatry and infidelity have their respective champions, we will offer our personal testimony in the teeth of all the Lord's adversaries. Blessed be His name, He is a faithful and true God, and if all the dwellers on earth should belie and forsake Him, His love binds us fast. We cannot, neither will we, let our trust in Him be displaced or our witness to Him be silenced. It seems to me that the chief business of a Christian while here below is to speak on God's behalf. Why is he placed here? Lower ends or meaner objects do not appear to me to resolve that question. Merely to work, to toil, to fulfil his days as a hireling in common with the rest of his fellow-creatures were a poor account to give of a pilgrim to the heavenly city bound. Is he not suffered to tarry here that he may glorify his God by speaking on His behalf? Are we not, each one of us, appointed to linger in these lowlands, that we may personally bear witness to what we have heard and seen, tasted and handled, tested and proved to be true of the good Word of Life? This sacred obligation may be very heart-searching to some of you. I am afraid there are dumb tongues that do not speak on God's behalf; and which of us can escape a sharp rebuke on this score? for those of us who do speak speak not as we should; we are not always giving such evidence and bearing such witness as well becomes us on God's behalf.

I purpose this evening to mention *some of the occasions on which we have yet to speak on God's behalf;—some prevalent excuses for silence; some imperative reasons for bearing testimony; and some pointed suggestions to those who feel constrained to open their mouths boldly for the honour of God.*

I. To my mind it seems obvious that **THERE ARE CERTAIN OCCASIONS**

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WHEN EVERY SAVED ONE SHOULD SPEAK ON GOD'S BEHALF. Is it not peculiarly incumbent upon us *immediately after we have found peace by putting our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ?* He that believeth with his heart is bound, according to the Gospel rule, to confess also with his mouth. Hast thou heard the good tidings, the way of salvation thyself, and believed it, and received the fulness of its blessing? Then thou art forbidden to hide thy light under a bushel, thou art admonished to let it be seen by all that are in the house. Thou art not, as a coward, to conceal thine allegiance to thy Lord, but thou art, as a warrior, to put on the King's livery, enter the ranks, and join with the rest of His people. Is not this the message we are told to circulate—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved"? Should you not, therefore, avow your faith and confess your Lord in baptism; then, having believed His Word and obeyed His precept, take up His cross as one who is dead and buried with Him in the outward type and symbol, to follow henceforth wherever He leads. This seems to me, as I read the Word of God, to have been the course with all the early Christians. They believed and were baptised. They did not postpone or procrastinate, but no sooner were they Christians than they confessed their Christianity in baptism. And why is it not so now? Would God that His people would come back to the simple methods of the early churches, and feel that, being saved, their next business is to give the answer of a good conscience toward God, speaking thus on His behalf, and avowing themselves to be the Lord's people.

This is but a fitting preface to a life of testimony. The whole of a Christian's career should be vocal with spiritual power. By the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost within him he should ring out, as it were, in silver notes, through all his conversation, both in the Church and in the world, a goodly, gracious, grateful testimony—"I have yet to speak on God's behalf. Even if I have spoken for the last twenty years it becomes me yet to speak on God's behalf." I may be grey-headed, I may lean upon my staff, I may come near the bounds of man's short span on this poor stage, "I have yet to speak on God's behalf." Even when pillows stay up my aching head, and when my flesh and my heart are failing, until the pulse of life shall flag and the power of speech shall fail, our witness to the sons of men must never falter, much less must it come to an ignoble end. "I have yet to speak." When first I knew Him I was constrained to speak. Would that every converted man was moved instantly to avow his Lord. But if we have aught to regret in the past, let us not be hesitant now. Say it, resolve it, ay, vow it. I have and I shall have yet to speak on God's behalf till speech shall fail me, till, dying, "I clasp my Saviour in my arms, the antidote of death."

And oh, how specially bound the Christian is to speak on God's behalf *when he is cast among ungodly men and women!* There may be in the house where you live no lover of Jesus except yourself. Take care that your conversation makes the rest know that you have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him. There is no other candle in the house; oh, put not the extinguisher on that one. You only are the salt, take care that you be sprinkled over the mass. Let the savour of your walk and conversation be diffused among your associates. At times the name of Christ will be blasphemed, perhaps, in your presence; or, it may be, unholy and even lewd conversation will assail your ears. It is for you to express your

displeasure at anything which is displeasing to Him you serve. You must put in a word, though you do but feebly thrust it in edgeways, for the Christ whom ungodly tongues are slandering. You may not sit still and hear your best friend evil spoken of; that were ungrateful in the extreme. Well might he say, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?" Should you smile, they will think you are amused, but if you laugh with them over an unholy jest, they would say you enjoyed it. "Thou also wast as one of them" was a charge made against a professor. Oh, let it never be laid against any of us. If we see our neighbour sin, and rebuke him not when the opportunity offers, we become partakers in his sin. Remember this: on such occasions it is our bounden duty to speak on God's behalf.

Yet again, we meet with brethren in affliction. They are mourning and bemoaning themselves and their hardships. God's own people commonly find that in all their trials they are beset with temptations. How apt they are to speak unadvisedly because they think untowardly of the order of God's providence and the manner of His love. I wish this ill condition of the heart and this bad habit of the lips were less prevalent than unhappily it is. They talk as if they served a hard Master, and they murmur as if His providence were peculiarly severe towards them. I beseech you, seize the propitious moment to speak on God's behalf. Daughter of poverty! you who have known the pinch of want, tell of the faithfulness of God that supported you. Child of pain! thou who hast tossed so long upon a bed of affliction, changing your posture o'er and o'er, till your bones began to peep through your skin, tell, ye patient sufferers,—and there are many of you whose pangs are smart, whose wounds are incurable,—tell how God has succoured you. Be not silent, ye who have gone through fire and water, the furnace and the flood. Testify, ye fathers in the Church, and ye mothers in Israel—speak on God's behalf of the goodness, the guidance and the grace you have proved. Do not let the young recruits entertain hard thoughts of your Lord and Master. Tell them that the battle of life, stern though it be, does not baffle His counsel or His care. He who has upheld you will bear them through ten thousand billows, keep them alive in the midst of afflictions fiery as a furnace seven times heated, and even to the end will prove that He is their gracious God. You have yet to speak on God's behalf.

Now, brethren and sisters, some of you may not only have so to speak in the chambers where the afflicted are confined, and in the Sunday-school where the little children come round your knee, and in your own families and workshops, but *you may have a call to speak in the open streets, or in the pulpits of our sanctuaries.* I pray you, then, if you have ability for such work in this day of blasphemy and rebuke, stand not back. I am persuaded that some of my brethren look for greater talents before they can speak for Christ than they have a right to expect at the first. If none are permitted to speak on God's behalf but those who have ten talents, surely the kingdom of God must be deeply indebted to the education and scholarship of learned men. But if I read this Word aright it is not so. Rather has it pleased God to take weak and foolish things to confound the mighty and the wise. Therefore, let not the brother of low degree keep back his testimony. If thou canst only say a few good words, say them. Who would withhold a few drops of moisture from the flowers in

the garden because he had no plenteous streams at his command? Should every twinkling star cease its shining because it was not a sun, the night how dark! the firmament how bereft of its beauty! Did each drop of rain refuse to fall because it was but a drop, we had lacked the goodly showers which cheer the thirsty soil! Do what you can if you cannot do what you would, for you, even you, have yet to speak on God's behalf. And, peradventure, you have more talent than you think; a little exercise might bring out your latent powers. Men grow not up to man's estate in a week or a year. Rome was not built in a day. How can you expect to be qualified to serve your God with much success unless you are trained with drill and discipline. If you begin to walk, or even to crawl on all fours, you may afterwards learn to run. Be content to use such powers as thou hast to the utmost of thy ability; for He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Do not reserve thy strength, but consecrate all thou hast, "for He giveth more grace;" diligently cultivate every faculty, knowing that He giveth grace upon grace. "I have yet to speak on God's behalf."

I know not whether I am just now like the seraph who flew with a live coal, bearing it in the tongs, from off the altar, to touch some lips, to put it to any one's mouth, and say, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips." It may be so. Some child of God hitherto dumb may be called henceforth to speak for his Master. If you now hear a voice saying, "Who will go for us? Whom shall we send?" let your answer be, "Here am I; send me." Respond, in the words of our text, "I have yet to speak on God's behalf."

TURN WE NOW TO THOSE ARGUMENTS WHICH READILY SUGGEST THEMSELVES TO SOME MINDS FOR KEEPING SILENCE.

Have I yet to speak on God's behalf? "Nay," says one, "pardon me, but *speaking out for God cannot be accounted essential to salvation*. Are there not some who come, like Nicodemus, by night? May there not be many believers in Jesus who have not the courage to speak out of the fulness of their heart? Why should not I be one of these secret believers, and yet enter into heaven?" You think to go to the celestial city by a by-road, unseen and unnoticed, hoping to be safe at the last. Suppose it true that to avow your faith is not absolutely essential to salvation, I ask you if it is not absolutely essential to obedience, and I ask again if obedience is not essential to every believer as a vindication of his faith? Though you may tell me that there are many secret believers, I venture to affirm that you never knew one, or do you think you did, the secret must have been ill kept if you knew it. Obviously if it was a genuine secret it must have been beyond your ken or mine either, so we cannot fairly argue about it, and as we do not know that such a thing ever was, we have no fact to build upon. Surely to some one or other that gracious secret must have been made known; or what you tried to conceal some one would have found out. I should think, if your Christian character and conduct were not palpable, your Christianity could scarcely be sterling. Who can conceal fire in his bosom? Will it not sooner or later break out? The more wicked the persons by whom you are surrounded, the more readily will they discover the difference between a Christian and themselves. You can scarcely conceal the light; it must reveal itself. Why, therefore, should you attempt to hide it? Merely to

do what is absolutely needful for salvation is a mean, selfish thing. To be always thinking about whether this or that is necessary to your being saved, is this how you would show your allegiance to the Saviour? Should the self-denial of our blessed Lord and Master be requited with the selfishness of followers who are always muttering, "*Cui bono?* What profit can I make of His service?" Oh, that we may be delivered from such an ungenerous disposition! Knowing that Christ has done so much for us, and feeling the constraining power of love, may we rejoice to serve Him, whether the service shall be grateful to our taste or mortifying to our pride; so doing, we shall soon find that in keeping His commandments there is great reward.

"*But do you happen to be of a very retiring disposition?*" A beautiful disposition that is, I have no doubt, and rare enough in some select circles to claim admiration, but undesirable indeed on some particular fields at some critical junctures. For a soldier, when the battle is raging, to be of a retiring disposition would be neither patriotic nor praiseworthy. Had this dainty temper been the main virtue of the hosts from whence British heroes leapt forth, the trumpet of fame had long since ceased to resound the deeds of prowess of which every Englishman is proud. A soldier of Christ may well be modest in estimating himself, but he had need be mighty in serving his Lord. If he be too modest to avow his Master this shameless modesty betrays a craven spirit, at which his comrades well might shudder.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
It must not be; be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name."

Ashamed of Jesus! Really the words seem so harsh that they imply an insult. Yet this beautiful, retiring disposition, when translated out of the fine words in which you wrap it up, means nothing more nor less than a disloyalty which verges hard on treason. Ashamed of Jesus, who shed His blood for you! Ah! you must all confess that there is no violation of genuine modesty in avowing one's intense attachment and allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ. This may be true retirement, after all, for you may renounce thereby the world's praises, repudiate her honours, bring upon yourself her loudest censure, and be requited with the cold shoulder by your companions when you take up your cross and follow Him.

But have I not often heard persons say, "Why should I speak on God's behalf, when already some who do speak are hypocrites?" This seems to me a reason why you should speak twice as much, in order to counteract their false testimony, and why you should speak with all the more carefulness and integrity, making their example a beacon, lest you fall into the same condemnation. If a friend of mine has an enemy who is a snake in the grass, pretending kindness while he is plotting mischief, am I therefore to say, "I will forsake my friend and not own him, because another is a traitor to him"? Such reasoning would refute itself; let us not therefore delude ourselves with its subtlety. The more hypocrites there are, the more need of honest men to grasp the banner of the cross. The more deceivers, the more cause why the faithful and the true should come

and fill up the ranks, and prevent the battle being turned over to the enemy.

Or do you hesitate to speak for God *because you are afraid your testimony would be so very feeble?* But why disquiet yourselves on this ground? Are not all great things the aggregate of little things? and may there not be something great involved in the motion of the little? A good word from your tongue may kindle a thought or a series of thoughts which may issue in the conversion of one whose eloquence shall shake the nation. You emit but a spark, but what a conflagration it may cause, heaven only knows. What though you seem tiny and insignificant as the coral insect; yet if you do your fair share of the work with your fellows, you may help to pile up an island that shall be abundant in fertility, and adorned with beauty. Thou art not called upon to do aught that exceeds thy power or thy skill. Enough that ye do what ye can. God requireth not according to what a man hath not, but according to what a man hath. Therefore let it be no excuse for thy silence that thou canst not speak with a voice of thunder.

"But," saith one, "were I to open my mouth on God's behalf, *I should feel ever afterwards a weight of responsibility from which I could not escape.* A man of God standing by that pool not many weeks ago said to me, "I dare not be baptised, though I believe it is a Scriptural ordinance, because I feel that it involves such a solemn profession. I should never be able to live up to it." My reply to him was, "Is not that the very reason why you should yield up yourself to God at once; for the more we feel bound to holiness the better." "Thy vows are upon me." Should the profession of our faith in Christ become a restriction to us, it need not be regretted on that account. We want such restrictions. If we shall feel bound to be more precise, we serve a precise God; and if we feel bound to be more jealous, we serve a jealous God. I like to see men put upon their mettle. Members of this church, whenever the world picks holes in your coat and watches you, I am thankful to the world for so doing. It is good for our welfare to have an eagle eye upon us. What though Argus use all his eyes, let us only be what we should be, and we need not mind who criticises or carps at us. If we are not what we ought to be, but mere hypocrites, then, in truth, we may well wish to be hidden. Confess the name of Jesus, become a true follower in His blessed footsteps, and walk with all humility and carefulness, as His grace shall enable thee, worthy of thy high calling. Be bold to confess His name all the more, certainly none the less, because such confession will lay thee under solemn obligations to live nearer to Him than before.

Still I can imagine that there are many here who are urging some excuse or other, which they would not like to mention. They say they will wait a little; they will tarry awhile. Others say nothing, but are simply neglecting the duty. Well, I will not stay to argue with them, but I will rather pray that God the Holy Spirit may convince them, if they have been quickened from their spiritual death, and are this day heirs of God, to face their incumbent duty and their blessed privilege in all ways, and on all prudent opportunities to speak on God's behalf.

But there are cogent reasons why we should speak on God's behalf, to which I will now draw your attention.

Surely *it is demanded of all believers.* We are bidden to confess with

the mouth if we have believed with the heart. We have, moreover, the promise, that "He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth confesseth, shall be saved;" and this likewise, "He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father who is in heaven." The alternative is fraught with judgment: "He that denieth Me"—which signifies a non-confession—"he that denieth Me before men, him will I deny before My Father which is in heaven." If it be, then, the Lord's will, it is at your peril that you forget or neglect it. "He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Hasten, then, thou backward Christian. Make haste, and delay not to keep this commandment; be convinced that thou hast yet to speak on God's behalf.

Be assured that such testimony as you can and ought to bear *would be a great comfort to the Lord's people*. You do not know, some of you saved ones who have never confessed your faith, what pleasure it would give the minister. I know of no joy comparable to that of hearing that one has been made the instrument of the conversion of a soul. It keeps our spirits up, and our Master knows that we have good need sometimes of some success to encourage us. He who thinks that the Christian ministry is an easy post, exempt from care and free from trials, had better try it. 'Twere better to be a galley-slave chained to the oar, than to be a minister of the Gospel, if it were not for the strong consolations which support us in the present, and for the Divine reward which there will be at the last. He who diligently discharges this solemn vocation, never knows rest or release from anxiety. His mind is always actively exercised in his Master's service, his heart bears about a load which it cannot shake off. He dreams of some who walk disorderly, and wakes to sigh and cry over others who grow cold or lukewarm. He must plough the stony ground, and he can but regret the loss of his seed. He scatters the good seed on the way, and if it come not up by-and-by, according to the promise, he crieth, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" As cold water to a thirsty soul, so would the news be of your conversion. You saved ones ought, for that reason, to speak on God's behalf.

And how encouraging it is to the entire Church! In the church assembly I am sure we often have simple music that is more thrilling than any of the anthems in your cathedrals. There is joyful melody in our hearts before the Lord when we hear of a broken-hearted penitent finding peace, of an outcast reclaimed from the wilds, an outrageous sinner led into paths of obedience and holiness. Even the angels account this to be rare music mightily to be relished. I believe they strike their golden harps to nobler melody when they learn that prodigals have sought their Father's face. You have yet to speak on God's behalf for His Church's sake, that she may be encouraged.

Greatly, too, does it behove you to speak on God's behalf, *for the sake of the undecided*. Some of them would probably be fully persuaded if they saw your example. How many people there are in the world who are led by the influence that others exert over them. Thousands have been brought to Jesus just as those early disciples, of whom we read, that Andrew followed Jesus, and presently brought his own brother Simon to Jesus; or Philip, who, after being found of Jesus, finds Nathanael, and tells him and draws him to the Saviour. We can all exert an influence of

some kind ; let us tell what God has wrought in us, and many a one who halteth between two opinions may, by Divine grace, be induced to cast in his lot with the people of God.

Look on the great outlying world. What a mass of creatures whose *lives must prove a blessing or a curse*. Will you not speak on God's behalf for their sakes? Do you not feel constrained to bear your testimony against their neglect, their waywardness, and their wilful disobedience of the great Father? With habitual negligence and constant forgetfulness they slight Him who never forgets them, Him who, with unslumbering eyes, watches for their good. Lay this to heart, my brethren, and come out, I pray you ; be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing. You have your Father's promise that He will be a Father to you, and you shall be His children. You are not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world ; why, then, should you seek to remain mingled with the world in name? Be distinct and separate ; take up the cross daily, and follow your Master.

For your own sake, too, I would venture to press this upon any of you who are backward in avowing your faith. You cannot conceive what blessing it would bring you were you distinctly and persistently to speak for Jesus. That timidity which now embarrasses you would speedily cease to check your zeal. After you had once openly professed Christ, gifts that now slumber unconsciously to yourself would be developed by exercise. Rich comfort the service of God would then bring you. Were you ever to win a soul for Jesus, you would be happier than the merchantman when he found the goodly pearl. You would think that all the happiness you ever knew before was less than nothing compared with the joy of saving a soul from death, and rescuing a sinner from going down into the pit. The bliss of speaking a word that should affect three worlds, making a change in heaven, and earth, and hell, as devils grind their teeth in wrath because one of their victims is snatched out of their jaws ; as men on earth wonder and admire the change that grace has wrought ; and as angels rejoice when they hear of sinners saved.

For the sake of Him who bought you with His precious blood, seek out others who have been redeemed at the same inestimable price. For the sake of that blessed Spirit who brought you to Jesus, and who now moves in you that you may move others to come to Jesus, be up and doing, steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord. You have yet to speak on God's behalf, and these are the motives that ought to move you.

And now let me close with ONE OR TWO SUGGESTIONS.

Should you feel, dear friends, that you ought to speak on God's behalf—and I hope you do feel it—whether brethren in public ministry, or sisters in the privacy of social circles, I would counsel you before you begin to speak to *seek of God guidance as to how you shall speak on His behalf*. There are better words spoken by the ignorant when they wait upon God than by the wise when they speak out of their own heads. It is wonderful to read the answers which some of the martyrs gave to their accusers. Think of that woman, Anne Askew, how, after being racked and tortured, she *nonplussed* the priests. It is really marvellous to read how she overcame them. And there was my Lord Mayor of London—what a fool

she made of him. He put to her this question: "Woman, if a mouse were to eat the blessed sacrament which contains the body and blood of Christ, what dost thou think would become of it?" "My lord," she answered, "That is a deep question; I had rather thou wouldest answer it thyself: my lord mayor, what dost thou think would become of the mouse that should do that?" "I verily believe," said the Lord Mayor, whose ears must have been preternaturally long, "I verily believe the mouse would be damned!" And what said Anne Askew? Why, what could she reply better than this: "Alas! poor mouse!" Often a few short words, even three or four words, have met the case when the martyrs have waited upon God, and they have made their adversaries seem so ridiculous that methinks they might hear a laugh both from heaven and hell at once at their foolery, for God's servants have convicted them of folly and put them to shame. Ask what thou shouldest say, particularly when men would wrest thy words, and when they would catch thee in thy speech. Be like thy Master sometimes—stoop down and write on the ground; wait awhile. Sometimes a question is best answered by another question. Ask your Master to teach you that rhetoric which confounds men who would catch you in your speech.

And if you seek the conversion of others, especially recollect that *it is words from God's mouth rather than words from your mouth that will effect it*; ask the Master, for He knows how to draw the bow when you cannot. You might draw it at a venture, but He can draw at a certainty, so that the arrows shall surely pierce between the joints of the armour. Here is a prayer for every man and woman that has to speak for Jesus: "Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."

And look to *the Holy Ghost, that He would bless what He directs you to say*. 'Twere better to speak five words by the promptings of the Holy Spirit than to utter whole volumes without His guidance. Better be filled with silent musings by the blessed Spirit of God than pour forth floods of words and sentences, however piquant, without His influence. There is an irresistible power about the man who hath an unction from the Holy One which Demosthenes or Pericles, Cicero or Socrates never dreamed of. Put the man up to speak to his fellow-men who is endowed with this mysterious power, and he will make hearts of stone melt, and force a way for the truth of God through gates of brass and bars of triple steel. Where the Divine Witness attests the word spoken there is a majesty in the simplest utterances that carries conviction to the heart, while it makes Satan and all his myrmidons tremble. Seek for this might. Tarry at Jerusalem till thou art endowed with power from on high, and then speak boldly on God's behalf. Wherever thy calling may be, and whenever thy opportunity shall arise, speak as one whose heart has been enlarged, as one whose mouth has been opened, as one who is filled with the Spirit.

Very earnestly would I caution you young Christians not to put off or delay speaking; otherwise you will lack the facility you might quickly attain by habitually attending to it. An aptitude for speaking to people one by one is very desirable. I know some brethren in the ministry whom I greatly envy for the possession of a talent which I do not possess in the same proportion that they do. The genius of conversation so sanctified that one can be personal and yet prudent; plain and pointed yet withal pleasant; administering a rebuke without endangering a rebuff; winning

a man's confidence while wounding his pride, and commending the Gospel by the courteousness with which it is stated—that is a power of utterance to be emulated by us all. We are too apt to be ambitious of speaking to the many and oblivious of the talking power that can adroitly speak to a friend. Begin early, then, after your conversion to speak one by one with your kinsfolk and acquaintance. Keep up the practice. Should you find yourselves getting sluggish, so that it becomes irksome to you, seek unto the Lord, confess your sin before Him. The tact of speaking to individuals is worth all the study and attention you can bestow upon it. Ask for wisdom and prudence to know when to speak, and how to speak. It is not every fisherman that can catch fish. There is a knack about it, and so there is about speaking for Christ. There is a suitable time and there is a suitable way. Why, there are some people who, if they were to try to speak for Christ, would do mischief. They have got such forbidding faces, such ungainly manners, such a coarse way of expressing themselves, that in spite of good intentions, they rather hinder than help. They expect to catch their flies with vinegar, but they will never succeed or be able to do it. If they could learn to be kind and genial, affable and sympathetic, they would be far more likely to succeed. There are men who put the truth in such a shape that it looks like a lie. There are other men who do a good deed with so little delicacy that they affront those they intend to oblige. Do let us learn, when we speak for God, to speak in the best possible manner, exercising all the Christian graces. Of our blessed Lord it was said, "Never man spake like this man." Of us who are His humble followers may it be observed that we have been with Jesus, and have learned of Him.

God grant you, believers all, grace to speak for God; and you unbelievers, may you be brought to trust the Master and to love Him, and then speak for Him; and His be the praise, though yours the profit. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

PASTOR FISHER AND HIS GREAT WORK IN LITTLETON VILLAGE.

CHAPTER I.

SLOWLY and mournfully the funeral procession wended its way from the old chapel house to the new chapel. First in order came that important functionary the undertaker, who, with slightly bowed head and measured steps, led the way. Four ministers preceded the coffin, one being old and venerable, the others either middle-aged or young. The

coffin itself, covered with a large black pall, was borne by six deacons, who, in pairs, had been selected for that purpose by three different churches. Then followed the relatives of the deceased and one hundred and fifteen members of the Littleton Baptist Church and congregation. Such a lengthy and imposing procession had, in all probability, never before been seen in the little village, and therefore it was not to be wondered at that a large crowd from the adjacent districts had gathered along the route to behold it. It was observable also

that most of the white blinds in the windows were drawn down in token of respect, and that many stood at the doors of their respective habitations who were deeply affected. Evidently some individual of note and greatly revered by the people had departed this life. But who was it? Was it some noble lord whose country seat was in the neighbourhood? Was it some wealthy landowner who claimed as his own property most of the farms in that part of the country? Or was it the village squire whose practical benevolence had made him a blessing to the poor and needy all around? No, great as was the respect shown it was not for one of these. In that narrow coffin lay the corpse of one who throughout a long and laborious life was a complete stranger to worldly honours, wealth, and ease. John Henry Fisher—the humble Dissenting village pastor—had for upwards of half a century presided over the small Baptist church in the village, preached in the small chapel, and ministered to the spiritual necessities of the small population. But now his work on earth was done. The voice that the rustic inhabitants had delighted to hear was now silent in death; the venerable face that they had loved to gaze upon was now hidden by the coffin lid; and the spirit that had so often when in the body instructed the ignorant, cheered the disconsolate, and pointed out the way to heaven to those who sought to know it, was now before the Throne. Of him, however, all felt that it could be truly said, “he being dead, yet speaketh.” As the mournful cortege passed on its way before them many felt—to use the eloquent words of Charles Vince—that, “with all his terrible power, death could not blot out the quickening, healing, purifying memory of the departed

one; that in the thoughts of others he still lived, and in the lives of others he was one of the spiritual forces wherewith God makes goodness to grow, and turns the moral wastes into the gardens of the Lord.” It was this feeling, and not the love of mere outward show, that made them turn out in such numbers as to give their late pastor what the spectators called “a grand funeral.”

The coffin placed in front of the pulpit, one of the younger ministers reads solemnly the first part of the service. That completed, the venerable minister already referred to proceeds to deliver a touching address. With a voice tremulous with emotion he dwells feelingly on the loss that the church and congregation had sustained on the death of their beloved pastor, and tenders them his profound sympathy; he then relates several appropriate personal reminiscences of the deceased, from which it appears that they had been acquainted with one another from their entrance in early life into the ministry, and had often given each other aid by an interchange of ministerial labour; and, finally, he closes by giving a brief account of the good man's latter days, of his patient suffering and peaceful death, the recital of which is often broken by the sighs and sobs of the weeping congregation.

From the chapel the procession moves slowly to the grave. Now the black pall is taken from the coffin. It is a plain coffin made of oak, and the plate on the lid gives no more than the name of the deceased, his age, and a Scriptural quotation which declares those to be blessed that “die in the Lord.” The coffin lowered into the tomb, an impressive address is again delivered, but this time by a popular neighbouring town minister, who specially urges all present to live to

purpose while they were permitted to live, and to aim daily to tread in their departed pastor's steps so far as he himself trod in the footsteps of his Divine Master. For an unusually long period the Lord had graciously permitted him to serve them; but now they were called upon to consign him to the tomb, and there the body would lie in its quiet resting place till the trump of the archangel would reverberate through the world and summon the dead of all ages and lands to awake and appear before the judgment-seat of their God. But the inspired Word told them that "the memory of the just is blessed," and that the "righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." In the case of their beloved pastor those statements were sweetly verified. His just memory would long linger in their affections and minds to bless them, and his "works of faith and labours of love" were recorded on high, in the book of God's remembrance, inscribed there in indelible characters for ever. That solemn service over, all present would, no doubt, return to their respective homes to talk about the past, and recall to their minds and memories vividly and affectionately scenes connected with their dear pastor's life and work which had either caused them joy or sorrow, and that were calculated still to exert a beneficial influence over them. That they would do this was no matter of surprise, for if there was one thing for which their departed minister was noted more than another it was for his being a thorough pastor. Geoffrey Chaucer must have had such a minister in his mind when he wrote the following descriptive lines:—

"A true good man there was of religion,
Pious and poor, the parson of a town.

But rich he was in holy thought and work,
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure Gospel would sincerely preach
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave
That first he wrought and afterward he taught
The Word of Life he from the Gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth, what should iron do?
Not of reproach imperious or malign,
But in his teaching soothing and benign;
To draw them on to heaven by reason fair,
And good example, was his daily care."

That, indeed, was their pastor. His earnest prayer was that God would soon send them such another. In the meantime it was their duty to bow with humble submission to the Lord's will, to labour still more earnestly in the Lord's vineyard, and so to live as to be in constant readiness for the Lord's appearing. Waiting patiently the Lord's time, and praying in faith, an under shepherd would sooner or later be raised up for them to "go in and out before them," but until then they must not cease to show, by their love, unity, and concord, that the Great Shepherd still fed and ruled them; and that they prospered under His loving, watchful care. The prosperity of God's cause—and it was a mercy to know this—was not dependent upon men, however talented, good, or faithful. The Holy Spirit ever dwelt within the Church, and could display His mighty power without a pastor as well as with one. It was when the disciples were nearly heart-broken with the thought of

their well-loved Saviour's departure that Christ, to dry up their tears and soothe their wounded spirits, gave them the cheering promise: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." Beloved pastors might be taken away, useful members might be removed, their ranks might be thinned by many causes: but amid all these changes and desolations the Spirit of God still lived to quicken sinners, revive the saints, and to extend, by His spiritual influences, the Redeemer's Kingdom. To that blessed Spirit, then, let them all now look for help in the time of pastoral bereavement, and they would find in Him far more than would compensate them for their heavy loss.

With a brief prayer and the benediction the solemn service is brought to a close. The relatives and spectators give the last lingering look into the grave. Then the sexton proceeds slowly to fill in the earth, which rises until the mound is shaped on which the green turf is to be laid, and at the head of which a tombstone is destined to be placed as a memento of real love and affection on the part of subscribing members of the church, congregation, and other friends in the neighbourhood.

As the mourners were leaving the grave one old man was heard to say, in sorrowful tones: "The minister who gave the address at the grave just hit the mark. Mr. Fisher was indeed, as he said, a pastor. I'm afraid it will be a long time before Littleton village will see the like of such a pastor again. But anyhow we may be thankful that he was spared among us so long to do a great work—great in the sight of the Lord, if not in the eyes of the world."

In thus giving utterance to his thoughts the aged man spoke out what was felt by many. It was because he was a great pastor and not at all a great preacher that Mr. Fisher really did in a small village a great work—great in the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. It was true that Pastor Fisher never had the honour of preaching before an Association; it is true that he was never selected to write the annual Circular Letter; it is true that he was rarely called upon to preach anniversary sermons outside the boundaries of his own county; it is true that when his death was recorded comparatively few in the denomination knew little more about him than that he was an accredited minister whose name for years had been duly published in the public denominational records; but it is also true that when he died he left behind him an imperishable name as a pastor, which proved that the record of his work was on high and that it would be his happy lot to hear the Master say, at the last great day, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

(To be continued.)

THE PECULIARITY OF GOD'S CHOICE; OR THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

THESE words were spoken by God to His ancient people, and are descriptive of His dealings with them. When He called them originally to Himself they were not in a happy or fruitful condition, but were in the iron furnace of Egypt.

Egypt was like a furnace to them, a place of toil, bondage, and suffering; and God made use of their condition to prepare them to accept gladly His deliverance. And in these providential dealings of God with this people we have pictures of His spiritual methods in saving men from the guilt and dominion of sin and fitting them for a better country, even a heavenly. Let us notice, then, how God uses affliction to save, purify, and fit His children for service here and His presence hereafter.

God works by affliction, as He uses it to *stimulate thought* in those whom He means to bless. "I thought on my way," says one, "and turned to the Lord." Had he not thus have thought on his way, he would not have turned to the Lord.

This was good thinking. Men left to themselves are averse to thinking about the higher interest of the soul, and God, knowing this, often by affliction puts them on one side, and finds place, time, and disposition to think. Mere suffering is of no service—the brutes suffer, and remain brutes. It is a part of the glory of man that he can think, use his reason, and, through it as taught of the Spirit, find his way back to his God and Father through the correction he finds in the meaning of His dealings with him, humbling his heart, like the prodigal, through want and sorrow. The meaning of God through which a man reaches God, does not pass through him like the sap of a tree, but through his own thinkings as taught of God. Men left to themselves often think themselves away from God, and God so teaches them often through affliction, that they think their way back. Affliction is not in itself joyous, but grievous; but *afterwards* it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them

that are *exercised* thereby; those who think over it; reach God's intention in it. And the time will come when, standing before the throne of God, we shall not thank Him so much for our health, wealth, or fame; our houses land, and prosperity; but that He chastened us, set us thinking, *would not let us have our own way*, and so blessed us.

By affliction God brings us to a knowledge of ourselves as guilty and lost, and to receive and prize the full and free salvation He has provided for us in Christ.

By affliction we are brought to the knee of earnest, importunate prayer. In the days of spiritual death, ease, and prosperity, how insincere, often cold and perfunctory, were our prayers; but when conviction of sin really seized the conscience and heavy trouble came into our circumstances, the publican's prayer then started to our lips, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" meaning what we said; and how anxious and importunate we were to get the ear and touch the heart of God so as to bring real help. Is prayer cold or restrained with the reader? Beware! Dost thou want a real blessing? "If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul *full bent*."

By affliction we are driven to the prayerful study of the Word of God. In times of ease how seldom or how carelessly and listlessly we read the Word of God! but trouble drives us to read it for light, life, comfort, and real help. We come to it as we ought; as the labouring, hungry man for his food; we have no time or disposition for crotchets or speculations then.

By affliction we are taught our weakness and need of God's strength—folly, and need of His wisdom. In a few words, for we must be brief, by affliction God humbles our

pride and clothes us with humility, makes us glad to receive His grace and to live by it; shows us the vanity and helplessness of the creature, and that we need more than our best friends, even when most willing, can supply. For as the fire makes manifest and separates the dross from the gold, so affliction brings out the corruption of nature and drives the soul to God for help. Thus by affliction God deepens and manifests His work, sanctifies and enriches the soul, increases our spiritual knowledge and conformity to Christ, and thus fits us for eminent service. Gold before it is used must be melted, and have a certain image stamped upon it before it becomes the current coin of the realm and of real use, and those whom God is pleased to employ and greatly to bless in His service must be fitted for their work, and God uses the fire of affliction to this end, purging away the dross and tin of pride, self-righteousness, selfishness, and love of the world, and stamping upon them the image of His Son. Observe, then,

That true religion is personal: "I have chosen thee," says God; and the discipline is personal, involving the work of God: "I have chosen thee, and not only chosen thee, but chosen thee in the furnace." In another place he says, "I will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," &c.; and Christ, speaking on the same subject, says: "Every branch of Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch which beareth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."

God only is equal to His own work with His people. Infinite wisdom and love are involved. He only can melt and purify His own gold and prune His own vine. And when He sees the gold pure the fire

is withdrawn; the branch fruitful, the knife is laid aside. Hence one of old said, "And when He has tried me I shall come forth as gold," and said the Apostle, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." These words of God also imply that His discipline with His children is frequently so severe that they think it for a time to be a denial of His love; hence God says, "I have chosen thee in the furnace; it is a fact; believe it, and wait for the result. What is more painful to the flesh than fire, and my dealings with you and teachings will sometimes be just as trying to the mind." We must beware, therefore, of despising the chastening of the Lord, and ever keep before us our Father's own loving word, that whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourges every son whom He receiveth. We must bear in mind, too, that life will be to us what our faith makes it to be, for the same thing here happens to the righteous and the wicked; but God has promised that through His teachings His people shall suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock. The same sorrows which in themselves only tend to death and often destroy the man of the world, when sanctified of God become sources of blessing to the Christian. This is well put by an eloquent writer: "The radiance of a Christian life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright-hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the Divine lustre of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds carelessly flowering out of the life-garden. It is the internal which makes the external. It is the force required in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. So is the beautiful

soul within, which forms the crystal of the beautiful without. There are exquisite shells in the sea—the shell of the nautilus, many chambered, softly carved, pearl adorned, glowing with imprisoned rainbows; there are ugly shells within the sea—rude, dirt-coloured unsightly clam shells; but the shells are as the fishes are within. To them is given the power of extracting out of the same sea the beauty and the grace, or the dulness and the rudeness. So life will now be what we make it—nautilus shell or clam shell. If we would have our life true and beautiful then we must be true and beautiful. There is no other secret.”

Let us be careful, then, how we deal with the afflictions of life; let not our first and only thought be to escape them or get rid of them, but seek, by faith, thought, watchfulness, prayer, and patience to reach

God's meaning in them, and work with Him, believing that He can turn the curse into a blessing, the shadow of death into the morning, and make all the sorrows of life work for our good and to deepen the life of God in the soul. And let us not forget that affliction may be purposely long continued of God. When it is said, “I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction,” more than one solitary act is included. The words in their full meaning may include a life-long suffering and discipline, and that because we *need* it; for “He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men,” and while affliction when sanctified is meant to purify and bless us here, its full meaning can only be reached and realised in the eternity that is to come.

Brighton.

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

IX.—*Jezreel, Nazareth, Mount Tabor,
and Sea of Galilee.*

OUR ride to-day is across the plain of Esdraelon. This great plain—about twelve miles long by fifteen to eighteen broad—has been for ages the great battle-field of Palestine. Here Barak, after his flagging spirit had been spurred to action by the prophetic address of Deborah the prophetess, won his great victory over the forces of Sisera. Here Gideon, with his

three hundred chosen followers, overthrew the Midianites. Here, on the mountains of Gilboa, Saul and Jonathan fought their last disastrous battle against the Philistines. Here David finished his decisive and successful campaign against Hadadezer, by which he became master of the entire country, and finally consolidated his power. Later on, here Josiah, in his foolish but chivalrous attempt to prevent Pharaoh Necho from crossing his territory, lost his life, and brought his wise and godly life and reign to a premature end; and here, in the dawn of the present century, Napoleon's General Kleber, with a force of only three thousand men, won a splendid victory against the

Saracens; whose forces were ten times more numerous.

We visited on our way the hill of Jezreel, the site of Ahab's ivory palace. Close by lay the field of Naboth, which the king desired for a garden of herbs; but Naboth refused to part with it, saying, "The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." The lamentable story of the king's sulky resentment, of Jezebel's false accusation, of the unjust condemnation and cruel stoning of Naboth and his sons, of the king's taking possession, of the prophet's denunciation, and the fearful but deserved retribution which overtook all concerned in this act of atrocious wickedness—came rapidly to mind as we rode over the green hillside, from the summit of which we could see right along the valley through which Jehu, the son of Nimshi, rode so furiously on his errand of slaughter, and we regretted that a scene so fair should be disfigured by a tragedy so fearful.

Then on to Shunem, where dwelt the woman who prepared a little chamber for the prophet Elisha, and to whom in recompense, God gave a son, and this son falling sick and dying, the man of God miraculously restored to life.

We saw the village of Endor, where dwelt the witch consulted by Saul the night before the battle, and where he was warned of his coming doom by the spirit of Samuel, permitted to revisit earth for this purpose. We next discerned the village of Nain, at whose gate our Lord raised to life the widow's son; and now before us, stretching across the plain like a wall, we saw the range of the Galilean hills, apparently quite blocking up the way and forbidding further progress; but when we reached their base we discerned a steep, stony zigzag

path, and by dint of an hour's struggling climb, our hardy horses reached the summit of the pass, from which, as soon as we emerged, we saw below us a green basin-like depression, in the midst of which rose a cluster of white houses, "like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald." As we drew near we discerned the pretty Gothic English church, perched on the crest of a hill. Behind it rose the tall minaret of a mosque, from which is heard three times a day the Moslem call to prayer. To the right, a low building, surrounded by a battlemented wall, marks the site of the Latin convent, said to enclose the house and workshop of Joseph, and the site of the Annunciation. Not far off is an ancient spring, called the Virgin's Fountain, to which the women of Nazareth still bring their large and heavy water pots, which, when filled, they pose gracefully on their heads, and with unflinching steps carry securely to their homes. The fountain is probably the very same as that which existed in the Virgin's time, but whether it be so or not, every spot around Nazareth is holy ground, consecrated by the footsteps of the Master, who spent nearly thirty years of his life in this small upland village. At other places he was a visitor; here he was at home. Every tree, every house, every field, every hill, must have been familiar to his eye. Every passer by must have been known to him, and he could seldom walk its streets without giving and receiving the neighbourly salutation. Other places saw him for a few days or weeks, or at most a few months; here he dwelt, till driven away by its ignorant and envious inhabitants, irritated at his claims to Messiahship.

The site of the Mount of preci-

pitiation has often been a matter of dispute. The best authorities place it above the city, behind which rises a mountain ridge, along whose steep sides many and many a precipitous path is found, any one of which might have served the murderous purpose of his furious assailants. On the top of this mountain ridge is a square domed building, said to be a Mohammedan tomb, and from this point a splendid panoramic view unfolded itself before our eyes. Below us lay the cluster of white flat-roofed houses which formed the village, in front stretched out the great plain of Esdraelon, the swampy ground of which we had just crossed with so much toil. We saw the pools of water on its surface still glistening here and there in the sunlight. On a green mound in its centre stood Safed, said to be the type of the "City set on an hill which cannot be hid." Opposite rose the hill Jezreel; beyond in the distance the ruins of Samaria's once splendid city. To the left we could see Mount Tabor, in shape like an inverted basin, irreverently compared to the half a plum pudding, by reason of the speckled appearance given to its sides by innumerable little clumps of trees. Below in a hollow lay the Galilean lake, with ruined Capernaum at its head, barely discernible amidst its surrounding hills; nearer still lay the mountains of Gilboa, with Nain and Endor at their feet, while to the right the promontory of Carmel stretched out into the sea, with two convents on its brow, erected in memory of the prophet Elijah, whose victory over the priests of Baal took place there; and from this promontory the noble bay of Acre sweeps in wide and graceful curve, the blue waters of the Mediterranean breaking upon

its sandy shore, like a fringe of lace on the border of a garment. Behind us the white mountains of Lebanon rear their snow-clad summits, Mount Hermon standing up, giant like, from their midst. And this scene too, in all its sublimity, must have been quite familiar to our Lord, who, thoroughly acquainted with the history of his people as recorded in the Jewish Scriptures, could not fail to identify each sacred locality with the events which even in His day made it famous.

Who can wonder that of all places we had seen, Nazareth was one of the most charming, and our joy seemed to culminate when on Sunday we worshipped in the pretty English church, and listened to a suitable discourse, by good old Dr. Eaton, from Luke iv. 18—a text most appropriately written over the communion table in Arabic characters. Another feature worthy of notice is the manifest improvement in the condition of the people here as compared with other cities of Palestine. In the villages south of Jerusalem, the raggedness, squalor, and degradation of the people were nearly as bad as those of Egyptian fellahs. The people of Jerusalem were a little better; those of Shechem certainly better than those of Jerusalem; but the people of Nazareth were better—much better—than those of Shechem. Here shoes are worn say by one person in two; here clean white cotton garments, and gaudy Manchester prints, are not infrequent—patterns like those used for bed furniture in England make conspicuous, if not picturesque, the women and children;—here bedding may be sometimes seen hanging out of the windows to air and purify, and, wonder of wonders, along the hill side road we detected the track of wheels. Yes, it was really so; a waggon

had been used to draw stone from a quarry for building purposes—in Palestine a very marvel of mechanical appliance. Here ploughs are seen, rude enough, it is true, but better than the forked stick which performs that duty in Judæa and Samaria. True, the streets are very dirty, in some places running with liquid mud, by the side of which in one place we saw a crowd of daintily dressed women and children, waiting to be lifted across by a stalwart, barefooted villager, who waded to and fro through the mire with his fair burdens. True, stinks and foulness are not infrequent, but on the whole it is the cleanest place we have seen, and we rejoice in witnessing any signs of improvement in a country so degraded as this.

On Monday morning we were again in saddle, *en route* for Mount Tabor and the Sea of Galilee. The ascent of the mountain is very steep, but, though toilsome, it was neither difficult nor dangerous, for the monks have made a good zigzag path, just like those found in Switzerland; and on reaching the top we found the ruins of three convents, erected in memory of Peter's suggestion when he saw the Transfiguration, "Lord, let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias. But he wist not what he said." And it seems equally certain that the builders of these convents were quite as much mistaken, for modern research has settled that the Transfiguration could not have taken place here at all, but on one of the spurs of Mount Hermon, near the site of Cæsarea Philippi. Apart from the tradition, however, the mountain well repaid the trouble of the ascent by the magnificent view it afforded, not unlike that from the hill behind Nazareth, but

comprising within its range more of the Sea of Galilee and the mountains of Lebanon.

Another pretty ride through flower besprinkled meadows brought us to the brow of a steep hill, from which the whole of the Galilean lake suddenly revealed itself. There it lay visible in its whole extent; below us the white houses of the City of Tiberias, standing close by the margin of the rippling waters. Farther along, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Magdala, and Capernaum, now all ruins. Opposite was the hill country of the Gadarenes, on whose shores many a steep place could be discerned, down which a herd of swine once set running could not stop, but must plunge headlong into the sea.

How shall we recall the many memories which cluster round this lake. Here Matthew was called from the receipt of custom, and Peter and James and John from their occupation of fishermen. Here from the raised poop of one of their boats Jesus taught the thronging multitudes, and spake many of His parables; on the opposite shore the hungry crowd were twice miraculously fed; and innumerable other miracles of healing and mercy were wrought. On two occasions Jesus by a word quelled the storm. Twice was a miraculous draft of fishes given by His power; on its waters He walked as upon the solid land; and oft when night was come he was wont to retire to its mountain solitudes for communion with His Father.

But the once busy villages are empty now; their trade has departed, their commerce gone. Only two poor rickety fishing boats remain on its once crowded surface, and ruin and desolation reign around.

We pitched our tents near the

shore of the lake, and next morning as we breakfasted on fish caught in its waters, and broiled on a fire of coals, we thought of our Lord's appearance after His resurrection to His desponding and hungry disciples, who, weary of waiting for Him, seem to have left the attempt to become "fishers of men," and to have gone back to their former occupation, apparently giving up for a time all hope of success in the higher work to which they had been called.

About mid-day we chartered

these two vessels, and after an exciting race between the rival crews, were rowed quietly across the lake, and landed by the ruins of Capernaum, of which once splendid city scarce one stone is now left upon another—a terrible fulfilment of our Saviour's denunciation; "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be cast down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in you had been done in Sodom it would have remained until this day."

Reviews.

Seven Wonders of Grace. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings.

MR. SPURGEON is moved by a noble ambition to reach the people through the press, and his shilling series of books, of which this is the second volume, promises to realise his desires. A volume of 224 pages, well printed in bold type and tastefully bound in cloth, is not likely to lack purchasers, especially when the author is Mr. Spurgeon. The subjects or "wonders," each being handled with the pastor's characteristic vigour, are as follows: "Manasseh; or, the Outrageous Rebel." "The Woman that was a Sinner; or, the Loving Penitent." "The Dying Thief; or, the Lone Witness." "Saul of Tarsus; or, the Pattern Convert." "The Philippian Jailer; or, the Good Officer Improved." "Onesimus; or, the Run-away Servant." "The Greatest Wonder of All." The work is well adapted for presentation to the young, for introduction into the cottages of the poor, and for awakening soul concern in the hearts of all classes. This shilling series should circulate by tens of thousands.

The Best Wish and other Sunday Reading for the Home. By the REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., formerly Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, Editor of "The Fireside," &c. Hand and Heart Publishing Office, Shoe-lane.

WE have felt while reading this work what a good thing it would be if much which is written for Sunday reading partook of the character of this beautifully printed and handsomely bound book. It consists of a variety of papers, all of which are scriptural, vigorous, interesting, and instructive, such as while they engage the attention, will impart real profit to all, young and old, and be greatly valued by the real Christian. The paper on the Trinity deserves especial commendation; it is brief but very lucid; while "The Forgotten Truth," "Preachers and Hearers," are so seasonable that we should like to see them circulated by thousands.

Christ All and in All. A Discussion on the Person and Work of Christ. By TWO BROTHERS. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

We have nought but praise for this

excellent book. The prefatory note says, it is written with a view to furnish the rising generation with a few convincing and conclusive arguments drawn from the sacred Scriptures, proving the *real divinity of Christ* and his death to have been an *atoning sacrifice for sin*, and that all young persons who may read the book may be thoroughly established and settled in these two great verities of the Gospel, and second, if possible, convince those who deny the divinity of Christ and His atoning sacrifice of the error of their views. It is well adapted to accomplish these objects, and its circulation must do good to the cause of truth.

For the Dear Lord's Sake. A Story of Every-day Life. By RYECROFT TAYLOR, Author of "Little Snow-drop's Life." Elliot Stock.

A WELL told tale. A good moral and religious tale, and while it will interest the mind of every reader, must result in doing the heart good.

Vox Dei, or Scripture Testimony. Contrasted with Ritualism, Romish and Anglican. By W. FRITH, F.R.G.S., Minister, Trinity Protestant Church, Gunnersbury. London: Protestant Tract Society, 17, Buckingham-st., Strand.

THE foundation chosen by our author is that chosen of God, Jesus only. Its branches are Jesus only in *Church Headship*, Church Law, Mediation, Justification, Regeneration, Supplication, Confession and Absolution, Lord's Supper, Our Preservation, the Hour of Death. It is a most timely and seasonable book, for what with Romanism rampant on the one hand, and the Ritualism of the Established Church, showing how to make Papists on the other, it is quite refreshing to have the foundation truths of our holy faith stated with the force and clearness with which the writer of *Vox Dei* puts Jesus only before his readers. We wish for it crowds of readers. It really deserves it.

Hand-Book of Summer Games. By E. MARSHALL, Author of "The Lantern Readings." 78, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

WE advise all superintendents of Sunday-schools, managers of boarding-schools, parents, and others who will promote and help happy recreation days among the young to obtain a copy of this book.

Young people will play and rightly so too.

MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

The Group of Baptist Ministers in the Yorkshire Association. Seventy portraits for sixpence. Rev. William Mayo, Keighley. An excellent group of worthy brethren. The arrangement is good and the picture clear. We recognise capital likeness of Dr. Stock, and others of our familiar friends. We are sure that both the carte and the cabinet picture will be hailed with pleasure by many in Yorkshire and elsewhere.

The Parables of Jesus, Anointed King of Israel. In which He proclaimed the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven. By CAREY PHILLIPS. Elliot Stock. Part I. contains the "Seed Sowers and the Wheat and Tares." We believe the series will prove very acceptable to the student of the Parables of our Lord, and when complete will form a volume of considerable worth. We hope to give a more extensive notice as the work progresses.

The Biblical Museum. Elliot Stock. Part 20 commences Deuteronomy. All the interest and power of former numbers is continued.

Grace Magnified in the Life and Death of Robert Newton Sears. A Memorial Address. By the Rev. WM. HOWISON, minister of Walworth-road chapel. With a brief Biographical Sketch. By James Sears, father of the deceased. F. Davis, Chapter House-court. The address is wise and good

and the account of the life and death of Robert Newton Sears is a touching one, full of interesting gems. And the lessons drawn are such that we hope it may be read by thousands of our young people.

Sir Donald McLeod, C.B., K.C.S.I. ; or, Decision for Christian Ordinances, The Coming One and some distant Echoes of his Advent. By W. FRITH, F.R.G.S. These little books are by the Editor of "Vox Dei." The one on "Decision for Christian Ordinances," we recommend for a large distribution. It is suitable for the inquirer, the halting, and the Christian.

Magazines, &c., approved :—
The Baptist Magazine, 21, Castle-street, Holborn.

The Sword and Trowel, Passmore and Alabaster.

The General Baptist.—A specially good number, full of profitable reading.

The Teachers' Storehouse. He is the poorer who does not read.

The King's Highway. Evangelical Christendom.

The British Flag. W. A. BLAKE. The only magazine and newspaper for soldiers.

The Baptist and Freeman. All worthy.

Poetry.

LYRICS FOR THE HEART.

GOD'S FURNACE.

"I have chosen Thee in the furnace of affliction."

God hath His furnace everywhere,
And into it doth cast,
His children each He means to teach
And bring to heaven at last.

God will not have us steal His love,
Nor yet escape His ire :
But all who win shall smart for sin,
And know God has a fire.

O sleepy soul! I pray thee wake!
Behold God's furnace flame!
All those above now filled with love,
Through tribulation came.

Has some disease now seized thy frame,
And pierced thee like a dart?
Hear now God's word for with His sword,
He saith, "Give Me thy heart!"

True gold is melted in the fire,
To purge it of its dross ;
The faith which glows the anvil knows,
And glories in the cross.

'Mid smoke and flame and loss of name,
And many a blow and tear,
The upright soul must reach the goal,
And love which casts out fear.

O soul awake! behold God's fire!
Shrink not from God-sent pain,
Trust Him who died, the crucified!
Thus turn thy loss to gain.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Brighton.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

THE Rev. William Mayo, after more than twelve months' engagement as Evangelist to the Yorkshire Baptist Association, has resigned, being de-

sirous of a permanent settlement as pastor. His present engagement terminates on September 30th. Address till then, Keighley, Yorkshire.

Rev. F. G. Marchant has resigned

the pastorate of the church at East-hill, Wandsworth, and accepted that of the church at Tilehouse-street, Hitchin.

Rev. J. Jones, of Rhymney, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Briton-ferry; and the Rev. J. E. Jones, of Pontypool College, to that at Pattishall, Northamptonshire.

Rev. J. O. Wills, of Cupar, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Stockton-on-Tees, and Mr. F. J. Bird, of Chilwell College, to that at Chatteris.

Rev. I. Birt, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of Clarence-street church, Penzance, on account of the health of Mrs. Birt requiring a more bracing climate.

Rev. W. Williams, of Clay-cross, Derbyshire, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road.

Mr. T. C. Manton has resigned the pastorate of Union Chapel, Kettering-road, Northampton, on account of ill-health, greatly to the regret of the Church and congregation.

Mr. G. Smith, of the Pastors' College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting at Trinity Chapel, Bexley Heath.

Rev. T. H. Holyoak, of Onslow Chapel, Brompton, has, at the special request of the Missionary Society, resigned his present pastorate for the purpose of proceeding to Jamaica to succeed the Rev. J. M. Phillipps, who retires from the field after fifty years' ministry at Spanish Town. Mr. Holyoak, who has been a very successful labourer at Brompton, leaves England early in September.

Rev. E. Parker, of Farsley, having accepted the office of president and theological tutor to the Manchester College, has resigned his present pastorate, and will commence his new duties on the 1st November next. The Rev. A. E. Greening will succeed him in the office of honorary secretary.

Rev. R. Bray, of Hook Norton, Oxon, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Tetbury, Gloucestershire.

Mr. R. Holmes, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a "call" to the

pastorate of Regent-street church, Belfast.

FARINGDON, BERKS.—Rev. T. Wheatley has signified his intention of resigning his charge in this town at Michaelmas Day.

Mr. J. G. Raws, of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Kimbolton, Hunts.

PRESENTATIONS.

A CROWDED meeting was held in the schoolroom, East-hill, Wandsworth, on Tuesday evening, August 7, to take leave of Rev. F. G. Marchant, on his departure for Hitchin. Addresses, full of the heartiest goodwill, were delivered by Revs. C. Winter, R. A. Redford, W. G. Lewis, and others. A valuable plated tea and coffee service and papier-mâché tray were presented to Mrs. Marchant.

Rev. W. H. Payne has completed the first year of his pastorate at Lyndhurst, Hants. In connection with the services a testimonial was presented to Mr. Joseph Short, who has been for fifty-one years a teacher in the Sunday-school.

At the annual meetings of the Manchester College, Rev. James Webb, who, after nine years' service, retires from the classical chair, was presented by present and former students with a gold watch, as a token of love and esteem. Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A., was appointed as Mr. Webb's successor.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—On Monday evening, July 30, a meeting was held in the Tabernacle, when the Rev. J. E. Cracknell gave notice of his intention to resign the pastorate before another winter. The Rev. W. Hanson, Secretary of the Northern Association, presided, and expressed his unabated interest in the Church, and his sorrow at the prospect of Mr. Cracknell leaving. Addresses were delivered by the deacons, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and several young men, who feelingly alluded to the kind manner in which their pastor had always sought their moral and spiritual welfare. The following resolution was unanimously

adopted:—"That the Church deeply regret that the Rev. J. E. Cracknell has seen it his duty to resign his pastoral office, and, in accepting his resignation, wish to express their high appreciation of his Christian consistency and ministerial labours, and their earnest hope that he may be guided to a sphere of equal usefulness in a more congenial climate."—ROBERT TURNBULL, *Hon. Sec. to the Church.*

NEW CHAPELS.

THE memorial-stone of a new chapel to be erected in connection with the ministry of the Rev. F. W. Goadby, at Beechon-grove, Watford, has been recently laid by Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., who was supported by a large and influential audience, including Sir Morton Peto and other friends. The proposed new edifice, which is, it seems, much needed, is designed to accommodate at once 850 persons, and to leave room for another 150 sittings when required. The total cost involved is £7,500, towards which £4,200 have been already paid or promised, Mr. Colman having given £100 and Dr. Gleane £50. A luncheon was held in the Agricultural Hall, followed by a tea and very largely-attended public meeting, at which Mr. J. S. Wright, of Birmingham, presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, on "Good Temper, Good Sense, and Good Courage;" by the Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Coventry, upon "Evangelical Nonconformity and Popular Ecclesiastical Errors;" and by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, W. G. Lewis, Mr. Littleboy, and others. The day's services throughout were unusually hearty and successful, the proceeds amounting to £350.

GREAT GRIMSBY.—The last anniversary of the Upper Burgess-street Chapel, previous to removal to the large and handsome new edifice in Victoria-street West, took place during the last month. Sermons were preached in the morning and evening on Sunday to large congregations by Rev. G. Rogers. On Monday evening, Rev. W. Cuff, of

London, delivered an able discourse in the chapel to a numerous gathering. On Tuesday the annual tea meeting was well-attended, after which a public meeting assembled in the Town Hall to hear a lecture under the attractive title of "Slums and Slaves of great cities," by Rev. W. Cuff. After the opening hymn and prayer by Rev. J. Fordyce, Rev. E. Laudordale, the pastor, said this was the last anniversary of the old chapel. He referred to how God had prospered them during the last fifty years, speaking particularly of his nine years' ministry. He spoke of the advantages and conveniences of the new building, and trusted that the glory of the latter house would exceed the glory of the former. During the last year they had much to rejoice over, for their blessings had exceeded their sorrows by far. Their position in every respect was increasing year by year, and this last anniversary would be, he believed, the best financially, and he hoped it would be productive of great spiritual results.

LLANDREINDOD WELLS.—Opening of a new chapel.—A chapel, including schoolroom and vestries, has been erected on a piece of land kindly given by Mr. John Bennet, of Llandrindod. The building, which cost £900, is convenient and substantial. The opening services were held on Friday, 29th day of June, and Sunday, the 1st July. Sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Owen, N. Thomas, E. Thomas, J. E. Williams, and J. Edwards. A number of other ministers and a great many friends from neighbouring churches were present. The attendance on Friday was so large that the services had to be held in the open-air in a field. The minister, Rev. J. Jones, had succeeded in collecting upwards of £600 towards the chapel before the opening services. The collections on Friday and Sunday amounted to about £50. A handsome pulpit bible and cushion were given by Mrs. Wilding, of Coleford, who has friends at Llandrindod, and a hymn-book for the pulpit by Mrs. Surrell, of Werngeoch.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. LARDNER was recognised as pastor of Battersea-park Chapel on July the 9th. The chair was taken by the former pastor, Rev. W. Mayers, of Bristol. It was stated that a new chapel in front of the present school-chapel would soon be erected, and that Mr. Spurgeon had promised £100 towards the effort.

The recognition of the Rev. R. E. Sears as pastor of the church at Fooks Cray, Kent, took place on Monday, August 6th. In the morning Rev. Mr. Jones (Congregational) delivered an address on "Our Protestant Principles;" whilst Rev. W. Alderson spoke on "The Power of Prayer." Over 300 persons sat down to dinner. In the afternoon the chapel was crowded, when Rev. J. S. Anderson delivered the usual charge. Some 500 of the friends partook of tea, after which there was a public-meeting, when Mr. C. Wilson presided, and addresses were delivered by various ministers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON, PARK-STREET CHAPEL.—The annual meeting, &c., in connection with the close of the first year of the pastorate of the Rev. James H. Blake, was held on Wednesday, August 15th, 1877. The ministers and a number of friends from Bow (Mr. Blake's former charge) took dinner provided for them by the Park-street Church officers; after which Mr. Solby, in the name of some of Mr. Blake's former members at Bow, presented him with a handsome gold watch-chain as expressive of their unabated Christian love. Rev. A. G. Brown, of London, preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held at which addresses were given by Revs. W. Frith, W. A. Blake, J. Taylor, A. Brown, J. Morgan, W. Blackwell, Mr. Wootton and Mr. Cole. It has been a year of prosperity, nearly seventy added to the church. Large inquiry meetings continue on each Monday, from ten till four. Earnestness at prayer meetings, &c., showing that much spiritual and vital power is being felt by pastor and people.

CHEPSTOW.—A most salubrious spot, replete with reminiscences of the Norman conquest, was chosen as the rendezvous of the friends who met to congratulate the Pastor of the Church, at Chepstow, on the anniversary of his settlement. Many friends of various denominations gathered in the grand old Castle grounds. Tables were spread under a large awning for tea. Swings, &c., for the younger portion of visitors. W. H. Sully, Esq., took the chair, and some good speeches were delivered by Revs. W. Norris, Bristol; J. Broughton, Sydney; — Prettyman, Caerwent; and others. The pastor (Rev. W. L. Mayo) was surrounded with smiling faces and happy hearts on this his first anniversary.

BLAENAVON, SOUTH WALES.—On June 24th, 1877, special sermons were preached at Forge-side chapel, morning and evening, and a children's service, conducted in the afternoon, by the Rev. William Mayo, of Keighley; and on Monday, 25th, an evening of sacred song was given by the same gentleman, entitled, "The Railway of Life." There was a large attendance at each service, and J. Hubble, Esq., took the chair on the Monday evening.

BOURNEMOUTH.—The anniversary services of the Landsdowne Chapel were held on Sunday, August 5th, Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., preached twice. On Thursday, August 9th, Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached. At the tea-meeting which was held previous to the service, Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., in the names of friends belonging to the united churches of Bournemouth and Boscombe, called upon Mr. Kitcher, to present a handsome gold watch to the junior pastor, Rev. G. P. Gould, A.M. Addresses were also given by Revs. R. Colman, J. H. Osborn, of Poole, and T. W. Medhurst.

BOWER CHALKE (near Salisbury).—A special effort is being made here to provide a colporteur for the neighbouring villages. Rev. T. King, of Somley, preached two sermons on Sunday, July 10th, and on the following day, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, preached in the afternoon and addressed a public

meeting in the evening, in furtherance of the object. Mr. J. S. Hockey, the pastor, presided.

HENLLAN, MONMOUTHSHIRE. — On July 5th, the church under the pastorate of the Rev. J. S. James held its annual tea meeting in the chapel, when the tea was provided by ladies; 200 friends sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. James, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. Evans, Davies, Pandey, Lewis, the late minister, Messrs. Bernard and Gardner.

The annual meetings connected with the college at Haverfordwest has just been held under encouraging circumstances. Four new candidates were admitted; and, amongst other things, a committee was appointed to consider the question of forming a scholarship in commemoration of the valuable services rendered by some of the founders of the institution. The financial statement showed a balance in hand, and the number of students is unusually large. Rev. R. D. Roberts preached. Rev. B. Evans presided at subsequent proceedings, in which Dr. Phillips, President of the Nashville Training College, took part.

The centenary of the Baptist Church, Farsley, was celebrated last month. Rev. E. Parker, the present minister, gave a sketch of the history of the church, a sermon was preached by Dr. Landels, and the meetings concluded with a public gathering under the presidency of Alderman Whitehead, of Bradford, and addresses were given by the Rev. Professor Dowson, Dr. Landels, and Dr. Underhill.

The anniversary services of the Sunday-school at Sarratt, near Rickmansworth, were held on July 22nd, when sermons were preached by Mr. C. A. Stack. In the afternoon an interesting children's service was held. The school treat was held on the following day, consisting of dinner and tea. A tea for adults and a public meeting were held afterwards, when J. Chapman, Esq., of Harrow, presided. Mr. H. Simmonds was presented during the evening with a sum of money for his

kindness in presiding at the harmonium. A second treat, called a gipsy party, was also given to the scholars, as it was very wet on the Monday.

At Hope Chapel, Ponder's-road, Middlesex, a church was formed on the 25th ult., by Mr. Alex. Sharp, of London. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Townsend, of Enfield Highway, and by the Rev. G. W. White, of Enfield. The church has been formed upon Open Communion principles. Mr. A. F. Cotton, of the Pastors' College, is the minister of the chapel.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercarn.*—July 29, Two, by T. Thomas.
Abertillery, Mon.—July 23, Six, by L. Jones
 July 29, Three, by J. Evans.
Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale.—August 1, Five, by W. B. Vasey.
Ashwater, Devon.—July 8, Two; August 4, Eight, by Mr. Parker.
Barnsley.—July 29, Ten, by B. W. Osler.
Bath.—July 15, at Hay Hill Chapel, Three, by S. Murch.
Batley.—July 18, Two, by J. H. Hardy.
Billingboro'.—July 22, One, at the Tabernacle, by C. Horne.
Birches-lane, South Wingfield.—August 5, Thirteen, by J. S. Paige.
Blackwood.—August 5, Two, by S. K. Williams.
Blaenavon.—August 2, Four, by W. Bees.
Bradford.—August 5, Tetley-street, Nine, by B. Wood.
Bradford.—June 24, [Sion Jubilee, Five; August 5, Ten, by the pastor.
Bradwinch, Devon.—July 19, Five, by F. G. Masters.
Bushey New Town, Herts.—July 29, Two, by W. H. Rolls.
Burslem, Staffordshire.—July 29, Six, by H. C. Field.
Caevent, Mon.—July 15, Two, by J. Berryman.
Ceŷa, Glamorgan, S. W.—July 22, Two, by E. Schaffer.
Chadwell, Heath, Essex.—August 11, One, by D. Taylor.
Corwen.—July 15, One, by H. C. Williams.
Coxall, Salop.—July —, One, by J. W. Wait.
Coventry, Glamorgan.—July 8, at the English Chapel, Three, by Mr. Lewis.
Dartford.—July 4, Two, by A. Sturge.
Downham Market.—August 12, Three, by S. Howard.
Dunfermline.—July 18, Three, by J. T. Hagen; August 10, One, by J. Grant.
Eythorne, Kent.—July 22, Two, by J. Stubbs

Fawley, near Southampton.—August 5, Two, by Mr. Soper.

Glasbury, Breconshire.—July 18, Two, by D. Howell.

Glodwick, Oldham.—July 1, Three; July 17, One, by N. Richards.

Grantham, for Westgate Hall.—July 14, One; July 26, One, by W. Bown.

Great Grinsby, Upper Burgess-street.—May 27th, Three; June 24th, Three, by Mr. Lauderdale.

Halwill, Devon.—July 8, Two, by Mr. T. Bray.

Haverfordwest.—July 18, Ten, by Dr. Davies.

Honeyborough.—July 15, One; at Sardis, July 22, One, by J. Johns.

Keynsham, Bristol.—July 22, Three, by W. Owen.

Lancaster.—July 10, Two, by J. Baxandall.

Launceston.—July 15, One; July 29, One, by B. Peter.

Laughwood, Devon.—July 29, One, by H. Bastable.

Leake and Wymeston.—August 1, Eight, by W. Morris.

Lincoln, Mint-lane.—May 20, Five; June 17, Five; July 11th, One; July 29th, Eight, by G. A. Brown.

Liverpool.—July 29, at Soho-street, Two, by Eli E. Walter.

Llanfair.—August 4, Four, by G. Evans.

Llanrhangel, Crucorney, near Abergavenny.—August 12, Five, by R. C. Evans.

Long Eaton.—August 5, Two, by C. T. Johnson.

Lowestoft.—Aug. 18, at London-road Chapel, Two, by E. Mason.

Macclesfield.—August 1, One, by J. Maden.

Maesteg, Glamorgan.—July 15, Six, by T. A. Pryce.

Maidstone.—July 30, at Union-street, Five, by G. Walker.

Malton.—August 18, Six, by W. Smith.

Meopham, Kent.—July 29, Two, by W. K. Dexter.

Metropolitan District:—

Barnes.—July 30, Two, by T. H. Smith; August 1, Three, by F. J. Brown.

Battersea Park Chapel.—May 17; June, 10; July 9, by T. Lardner.

Bedford Row, W.C.—July 31, at John-street, Ten, by J. Collins.

Brentford.—August 23, at Park Chapel, One, by W. A. Blakc.

Daiston Junction.—July 29, Ten, by A. Carson.

Dulwich.—July 22, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Five, by H. J. Tresidder.

Kilburn.—August 12, at Canterbury-road Chapel, Two, by T. Hall.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Aug. 2, Eighteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Potter's Bar.—July 29, Three, by J. Hart.

Regent Street, Lambeth.—July 29, Nine, by T. C. Page.

Richmond.—July 15, at Parkshot Chapel, One, by J. H. Cooke.

St. John's Wood.—July 19, at Abbey-road Chapel, Four, by W. Stott.

Waltham.—July 29, Two, by W. Jackson.

Minchinhampton.—August 8, Eight, by H. A. James.

Netherton.—August 5, Two, by W. Millington.

Newcastle, Staffordshire.—July —, Three, by G. Dunnst.

North Curry.—July 15, One, by W. Fry.

Offord, Hunts.—August 5, in the River Ouse, Eight, by A. McCraig.

Ogden.—July 29, Four, by A. E. Greening.

Osselt, Yorks.—July 29, Two, by J. W. Comfort.

Park End.—July 8, Two, by T. Nicholson.

Penknep, Westbury.—August 5, Two, by T. C. Finch.

Pentre, Ystrad (English).—August 5, Two, by M. H. Jones.

Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—August 5, One, by J. Evans.

Pontyclun, near Llantrissant.—August 12, Three, by J. Hier.

Pontypool.—July 1, at the Tabernacle Church, Twelve, by J. Evans.

Portsmouth.—August 1, at Lake-road, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.

Quaker's Yard.—August 5, Two, by Rev. T. Thomas.

Radford.—July 8, at Prospect-place Chapel, Three, by A. Brittain.

Ramoth Hithraim.—July 12, Five, by E. Evans.

Redbourn, Herts.—July 29, Four, by J. Campbell.

Rhondda Valley.—August 11, at Bethany English Chapel, Four, by H. Rosser.

Rhos, Mountain Ash.—July 22, One, by W. Williams.

Shoreham, Sussex.—July 29, Two, by J. W. Harriald.

Shotley Bridge.—July 10, at Highgate Chapel, One, by J. Wilson.

Smethwick, Birmingham.—July 22, Four, by G. T. Bailey.

Soham, Cambs.—Aug. 3, Seven, by J. Porter.

Southampton.—July 29, at Carlton Chapel, Ten, by E. Osborne.

Southend.—July 29, Two, by C. A. Cook.

Southwell, Notts.—August 5, Three, by J. H. Plumbridge.

Spennymoor, Durham.—July 15, Four, for the Welsh Church, by M. Morris.

Staylittle.—July 18, Eight, by H. C. Williams.

St. Helen's.—July 29, Three, by J. Williams.

St. Neot's, Hunts.—August 5, at East-street, Two, by J. Raymond.

Strode Crescent, Sherness-on-Sea.—July 29, Two, by J. R. Hadler.

Surbiton Hill, Surrey.—July 15, at Oaklands Chapel, Two, by Wm. Baster.

Tenda.—July 28, Two, by E. Schuffer.

Tredegar.—August 12, at Bethel, Nine, by F. Lewis.

Treorkey.—August 12, in Horob English Chapel, Four, by D. Davies.

Watchet and Williton, Somerset.—July 15, Two; July 19, Six, by R. J. Middleton.

Wilburton.—August 12, in the River Ouse, Fifteen (six for the church at Wilburton, seven for the church at Chittering, two for the church at Wotchoford), by James Stocker.

Woodborough.—May 22, Three, by J. Manning.

Wyken, near Coventry.—August 12, Four, by R. Morris.

RECENT DEATHS.

On the 18th July, at an advanced age, having been born in the last year of the last century, REV. JOHN CHAPMAN passed tranquilly to his eternal rest, after an illness of ten weeks, during which, though physically much prostrated, his mental faculties were unimpaired, his recollection of Scripture remarkably accurate, and his prospect of heaven wholly without a cloud. Though his Christian confidence was firm and unshaken, his sense of personal unworthiness was profound, and he repeatedly expressed himself as relying solely on the merits of Christ his Redeemer. A few hours before his death he desired the twelfth chapter of

John, the fourth chapter of Hebrews, and that beautiful hymn beginning—

“When Jordan hushed its waters still,”

to be read to him. Mr. Chapman commenced his ministry as pastor of the church at Stogumber. After remaining there twelve years he accepted the pastorate of the church at Upottery, Devon, where he remained twenty-five years. At the age of seventy he retired from the ministry, and during the remaining eight years of his life was proud to serve as an ordinary soldier in the army of the Lord, and to devote himself to village preaching and house to house visitation, so far as his strength would permit. A diary found among his papers after his decease, shows that the prayers and appeals of his public ministry were in harmony with his most secret thoughts and emotions.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 19th, 1877, to August 19th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|----------------------------------|--------|-----------------------------------|---------|--|------------------|
| Mr. G. Milligan, per Ripper..... | 0 10 0 | W. S., per Mr. Chettleboro..... | 2 0 0 | Miss Way | 1 0 0 |
| Mrs. Mackenzie..... | 1 0 0 | Mr. T. Scoular..... | 3 0 0 | Margaret Davidson ... | 0 2 0 |
| Dr. Beilby | 4 0 0 | Mrs. Jane Davies..... | 0 10 0 | Mrs. Hull..... | 2 0 0 |
| Mr. E. T. Carrington | 0 3 0 | Mr. T. Bigden..... | 30 0 0 | Mr. D. E. Smith..... | 0 5 0 |
| Mr. A. Sinclair..... | 2 0 6 | Mrs. McKean..... | 2 0 0 | Southport | 0 5 0 |
| Mr. G. Morgan..... | 1 0 0 | Mr. J. Miller..... | 5 0 0 | Mrs. Pierson..... | 5 0 0 |
| Mr. G. Meadows ... | 0 5 0 | Mrs. Teversham, per Mr. Bax | 5 0 0 | A Friend, per Rev. A. A. Bees | 5 0 0 |
| Mrs. Chapman..... | 20 0 0 | Mrs. M. Jones..... | 1 0 0 | Mr. J. B. Denholm ... | 0 5 0 |
| Miss Hadfield..... | 5 0 0 | Mr. A. G. Wyatt..... | 2 2 0 | Mr. J. Tritton..... | 20 0 0 |
| Mr. T. Craig..... | 1 0 0 | Mr. F. W. Lloyd..... | 5 0 0 | Mr. E. Tice..... | 1 0 0 |
| Mr. J. Feltham..... | 0 10 0 | N. M. Ilkley..... | 1 0 0 | J. C. Woolwich..... | 1 1 0 |
| Mr. A. Mackenzie..... | 1 0 0 | Rev. G. J. Knight..... | 0 10 0 | Mr. Wallis..... | 0 5 0 |
| Mr. J. A. Hart..... | 0 10 0 | Mrs. Lewis..... | 2 2 0 | Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, July 22 ... | 27 1 2 |
| The late Janet Morton..... | 10 0 0 | Collected by Miss Jeph's..... | 1 5 6 | “ „ July 29 ... | 21 16 0 |
| Mr. Paterson's Class | 0 5 0 | The Misses Dransfield | 2 2 0 | “ „ August 5... .. | 30 6 1 |
| A Thank-offering, E.M. | 0 5 0 | Mr. C. Ball..... | 23 10 0 | “ „ August 12... .. | 40 0 3 |
| Mr. J. Hector..... | 1 0 0 | Miss Farquhar..... | 0 2 6 | “ „ August 19... .. | 41 16 7 |
| Mr. F. Jones..... | 10 0 0 | Wisbeach..... | 0 2 6 | | |
| J. C. K..... | 5 0 0 | J. F. C..... | 0 10 0 | | |
| Mrs. J. Matthews..... | 0 10 0 | | | | |
| | | | | | £346 18 1 |

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

WITH GOLDEN GIRDLE GIRL.

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

"He was girt about the paps with a golden girdle."—REVELATION i. 13.

BE assured, my brethren, the more real Jesus Christ is to us the more power there will be in our religion. Those men whose religion lies in believing certain doctrines, and contending for certain modes of expression, may be strong enough in bigotry, but they often fail entirely in developing the spirit of true Christianity. There may be minds so constituted that they can live under the power of an idea, and they might possibly be able to die for it. But these, I think, must be comparatively few. To draw out enthusiasm among men there must generally be a man as leader and commander in whom the people can implicitly trust, to whom they will voluntarily render obedience. *Individual men* have wrought wonders. The thoughts which they incarnated may have been in themselves strong, yet their strength was never so forcible as when the men who represented those thoughts were present to give them currency. Then the blood of the many was stirred, and every man's heart beat high. The presence of Oliver Cromwell in a regiment was equal to any ten thousand men. He had only to appear, and all his soldiers felt so sure of victory, they would dash upon the cavaliers as some mighty tornado, driving them like chaff before the wind. The presence of Napoleon at any moment in a battle was almost sufficient to turn the scale. Let but "the little corporal" appear and wave his sword, and men seemed to lose all sense of their own personal danger, and rushed into the very mouth of death to gain the victory. In those old days of the Huguenots when they were warring for their liberties, what shouts there were, what beating of hearts, what a clamour of trumpets, what exultation, when Henry of Navarre came riding down the ranks! Then each man felt he had a giant's arm, and as he rode to battle, struck home for God and for the truth as he gave out his watchword, "Remember St. Bartholomew!"

Now, the force of the religion of Jesus, under God the Holy Spirit, it seems to me is never fully brought out except when our faith greets the Lord Jesus Christ as a person, and holds to him as a personal leader and commander, loving Him and devoting ourselves to Him as an ever-living, ever-gracious Friend. It is not by believing a set of ideas, and trying to be enthusiastic over them that our courage rises or our prowess succeeds. Rather let us feel His presence though we cannot see His face, and remembering that there is such an one as Jesus of Nazareth, who became a babe in Bethlehem for us; who lived, and toiled, and suffered for us; then laid bare His breast to the spear, and gave up His life for us. We grow strong when we thus think of Him as our Saviour, when His thorn-crowned head rises before our mind's eye, when we look into that face so marred with shame, and pain, and cruelty, till we are constrained to cry out: "Oh, my Saviour, I love Thee, and for the love I bear Thy name, would fain learn

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NEW SERIES, No. 227.

what I can do to honour Thee, and I will do it ; point out to me how much of my substance I should place upon Thine altar, and I will be glad to place it there ; put me into the place of suffering if needs be, and I will account it a place of honour ; for if Thou be there, I can look into Thy dear face, and think that I am suffering for Thee ; fire shall be then like a bed of roses to me, and death itself seem sweeter far than life."

We want to have more open testimony concerning the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am persuaded of that : and we have need, as private Christians, to live more in fellowship with Him, the Son of God, the Man Christ Jesus, who hath redeemed us from wrath, and through whose life we live. To Him now—to Him exclusively let all your thoughts be turned. Oh, that ye may discern the image which stood on that Lord's Day clearly before the view of John, the eyes of your understanding being opened and your whole soul being attent to the revelation. It is but one part of John's description of our Lord Jesus Christ in heaven to which I propose to direct your attention. "He was girt about the breast with a golden girdle." What did this golden girdle signify ? And what are the *golden lessons* to be gathered from it.

What did the golden girdle mean ? It was designed first, *to set forth our Lord's excellence in all His offices*. He is a prophet. The prophets of old were often girt about with leathern girdles ; but our Saviour wears a golden girdle, for He, above all other prophets, is vested with authority. What He declares and testifies is true ; yea, it is pure truth, unalloyed with tradition or superstition. He makes no mistakes. There is no treachery to taint His teaching. Sitting at His feet you may accept every word He utters as infallible. You need not raise a question about it. The girdle of golden truth is round about Him. He is also a priest. The high priest of old wore a girdle of many colours for glory and for beauty. Our Lord Jesus Christ wears a girdle superior to this. It is of the purest gold, for among the priests He hath no peer. Of all the sons of Aaron none could vie with Him. They must first offer a sacrifice for their own sins. They needed to wash their feet in the laver, and to be themselves touched with the cleansing blood. But Jesus Christ is without spot, or blemish, or any such thing.

"Their priesthood ran through several bands
For mortal was their race."

But Jesus is immortal, and about Him He wears the golden girdle to show that he excels all the priests of Aaron's line. As for those persons who, in modern times, pretend to be priests, our Lord Jesus Christ is not to be mentioned in the same day with them. They are all deceivers. If they knew the truth they would understand that there is no class of priests now. All caste of priesthood is for ever abolished. Every man that fears God, and every woman too is a priest, according to the word which is written, "He hath made us beings and priests unto God." The priesthood is common to all the saints and not confined to some. But He wears a golden girdle among them. Their priesthood would be nothing without His. He hath made them priests. They derive their priesthood entirely from Him, neither could they be acceptable before God if they were not accepted in the Beloved. He is a King as well as a prophet and

a priest, and that girdle being made of gold signifies His supremacy over all other kings. He is mightier far than they, "the Lord mighty in battle." "King of Kings" is His name, and the burden of the music of heaven is this, "King of kings and Lord of lords." The day shall come when He shall grasp His sceptre and break the kingdoms of earth like potters' vessels with His rod of iron. He is this day King of the Jews, but He shall openly be so proclaimed. In that day kings shall bow down before Him, and He shall gather up sheaves of sceptres, while many crowns shall be upon His glorious brow. There is no kingdom like the kingdom of Christ. Other kingdoms come and go like the hoar-frost of the morning, or the sheen upon the midnight waves; but His kingdom standeth for ever and ever; it shall endure from everlasting to everlasting. As Prophet, Priest, and King He wears a girdle of gold to show His supremacy in office above all others.

The golden girdle, moreover, bears witness to *his power and authority*. Men were often girt with girdles when they received office. The Prophet Isaiah saith of Eliakim that he received a girdle of power and dominion. Keys were hung upon the girdle. The housewife's girdle with her keys signified her authority over her servants. The keys at the girdle of great men signified their power in their various offices, and when we sometimes sing—

"Lo, in His hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell,"

we recognise this meaning of Christ's golden girdle, that all power is given unto Him in Heaven and in earth. He is the universal Lord. Up in heaven He enjoys an authority that is undisputed. Angels bow before Him, and on the sea of glass they cast down their crowns and cry, "Hallelujah!" Here on earth all Providence is ruled by the man whose hand was pierced. All this dispensation is an economy of mediatorial government over which Jesus Christ presides. He putteth down one and setteth up another. He makes the wheels of Providence revolve. Everything occurreth according to His decree and purpose; in all things He ruleth and He overruleth them for the good of His Church, even as Joseph governed Egypt for the good of the seed of Abraham. What a comfort it is, beloved, for us to think of the authority and the power of our Lord Jesus Christ. He who had not where to lay His head; He who was despised and rejected of men; He who was a working man—the carpenter's son; He who felt the pangs of hunger and endured the pains of weariness; He who was neglected, condemned, opposed, and cast out by His countrymen and His kinsmen—it is He who is now undisputed Master and unrivalled Lord everywhere. No name so famous as that once branded with infamy, the name of Jesus. Whom sinful men rejected holy angels now adore. On earth He was condemned and crucified, in heaven He is hailed with highest honour. Look up to that golden girdle. See how He descended step by step into the meanest depths of humiliation; then mark how He ascended with rapid flight to the towering heights of exaltation. Follow Him. With Him take your lot. Be willing to be made of no repute in this day of reproach that you may be a partaker of His glory in the day of His appearing.

Girt thus about with a golden girdle, we have a vivid representation of His activity. The girdle was used by the Easterns to bind up their

long flowing robes. The Hebrew did not usually wear a girdle indoors. It was only when on a journey, or when engaged in some manual labour that he thus adjusted his attire. So our Lord's having a golden girdle signifies that He is still ready to serve His servants, to engage on their behalf. You remember how He once took a towel and girded Himself. That was with kind intent to wash their feet. Now it is no more with a linen towel but with a girdle of gold that He prepares Himself to work on the behalf of His beloved. He stands not in heaven with flowing garments as though all work were done, but He stands there girt about the breast that He may be ready still, and show Himself strong on behalf of His people. Be this your comfort now, Jesus has not forgotten to plead for you before His Father's throne. He never holds His peace and never will. As long as you have a cause to plead Christ will be your intercessor. Whatsoever you want He is waiting to supply. As long as you have a sin to confess Christ will be your advocate with the Father to purge your guilt and purify your souls. As long as you are persecuted on earth there will be a Christ to represent you in heaven. As long as you are in this vale of tears, He, with golden girdle girt, will be the angel of God's presence to succour and to save you. In all your afflictions He was afflicted, and He will still bear and carry you as in the days of old. Oh, my brethren, how people do sometimes talk about the Christian Church, as if Jesus Christ, who died for us, were still dead.

What gloomy forebodings I have read during the last few months! Not that I have believed a word or taken dreams for disasters. I have not even credited their sadness with over-much sincerity. I rather thought they wrote for a party purpose, with motives of policy. Were we to believe half we read, Protestantism, in a few years, would become a vestige. We might have the Pope preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral. Not a few would be doomed to burn in Smithfield, and I know not what pains and penalties we shall be subject to. Evidently the Church of Christ is quite unable to take care of herself. Unless she be provided with so many hundreds or thousands of pounds she must go to the dogs; for money, the love of which used to be the root of all evil, somehow or other, is found out to be the root of all good. As for the good men who have prayed so earnestly and worked so zealously, they are all going to leave off praying, and preaching too, when the State pay is stopped. So all the piety towards God and all the good-will towards men will come to an end. Well, I suppose this would be very likely if Jesus Christ were dead, but as long as He is alive I think He is quite able to take care of the golden candlesticks Himself; and the Church of God will probably be no worse in the next few years than it has been in the years that have passed. Nay, I will venture to prophecy that the less help she seeks from the world, and the more she leans upon her God, the brighter will her future be. Should the very foundations of society be shaken, and the worst calamities befall us, such as we hope will never come, yet over the ashes of all earthly renown and government patronage the supernal splendour of the immortal Church of God would glow forth with clearer brilliance and brighter glory. Long has she been like a ship tossed with tempest, and not comforted. She has ploughed her way, and the spray that has broken over her has been blood-red with martyrs' gore, but she has still kept on her course towards her desired haven. He that is with her is greater than all they that be

against her. So shall it be till the world's end. Look then, beloved, to the golden girdle of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as you perceive that He is still active to maintain His own cause, to deliver His people and to prosper His Church, you need not be afraid. And does not the golden girdle imply His enduring love? The breast was of old time and still is among ourselves supposed to be the dwelling place of the affections. What think ye is the ruling passion in the heart of Christ? What is it that inflames the bosom of Him who was once the Man of Sorrows but now is King of kings and Lord of lords? He is girt about the breast with a girdle of gold. He never ceases to love his people. The girdle is an endless thing; it goes right round a man. Christ's heart always keeps within the sacred circle of undiminished, unchanging, undying affection for all whom His Father gave Him, for all whom He bought with His precious blood. Never doubt the faithfulness of Christ to you, beloved, since faithfulness is the girdle of His loins. Never think that a promise will fail, or that the covenant will be broken. Trusting in Him you will never be suffered to perish. It cannot be. While He wears that golden girdle He cannot prove faithless. That heavenly decoration is a goodly order. Invested therewith He cannot forget or prove untrue to those whom He has engaged to protect. Though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one word of grace shall fall to the ground. The sun and moon shall expire; dim with age they will cease to shed their light abroad, but the love of Jesus Christ shall be as fresh and new as in the day of His espousals, and as delicious as when you first tasted of it. Yours shall it be for ever and ever to inherit and enjoy.

In days of yore, moreover, the *girdle was the place where the Eastern kept his money*; it was his purse. Some of the Orientals keep their cash in their turbans: in our Saviour's day it was carried in the girdle. When our Lord speaks in Matthew about His disciples going without purse or scrip, He mentions there that they are not to carry silver or gold in their girdles. This golden girdle, then, to use a simple word, may represent the purse of the Lord Jesus, and we infer from its being golden that it is full of wealth unequalled and riches unsurpassed. Jesus Christ bears about him all the available supplies that can be needed by His people. What a multitude of people He has to support, for on Him all His saints do depend. They have been drawing upon Him all their lives long, and so they always will. They are "gentlemen-commoners," as one used to say, upon the bounty of God's Providence. We are pensioners upon the beneficence of our Lord Jesus Christ; He has supplied us hitherto until now. Oh! how much grace you and I have wanted to keep us from starving, from sinking, from going down to the pit! And we have had all we needed! In fearful temptations our foot has not slipped. We have passed through many trials, but without being crushed. Arduous has been our service; but as our day our strength has been. We should long ago have broken any earthly bank, and drained the exchequer; but Christ has been to us like an ever-flowing fountain, a well-head, a redundant source, communicating enough and to spare. What a purse? what ready relief for every emergency Christ has ever at command? Oh! brethren, have you little grace? Whose fault is it? Not your Lord's! Oh! you that have no spending-money! you who are full of doubts and fears! you who have slender comfort and little joy! you who are saying, like the

elder son in the parable, "Thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends" !—whose fault is it? Does not your Father say, "Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine"? If you are poor in spiritual things you make yourselves poor, since Christ is yours; and with Him all things are yours. Do enjoy what God has given you. Take the good that God provides. Seek to live up to your privileges. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice! As that golden girdle gleams from afar, say in your spirit:

"Since Christ is rich can I be poor?
What can I want besides?"

And now let me briefly point out to you THE GOLDEN LESSONS to be gathered from these five meanings of the golden girdle.

It will refresh your memories if I remind you that we showed how the golden girdle set forth the excellency of Christ in all His offices. The golden lesson, then, is—*Admire Him in all His offices*. He that loves Christ will never be tired of hearing about Him. Doubtless when Jacob's sons came back and told him that Joseph was Lord over all Egypt, after hearing the story once the old man would be sure to say, "Oh, tell me that again!" I will be bound to say that as he sat in that tent of his he would ask first one and then another to tell the tale; so would he try to pump them with questions. "Tell me, Judah, now how did he look? Has he grown stouter or thinner since the day he left me, and I never thought to see or hear of him any more? Tell me, Simeon, did he sit on a throne? Was he really like a king? Tell me, Levi, what did the Egyptians seem to think of him? Had they a high estimation of his character? Tell me, Zebulon, how did he speak? In what terms did he speak of his old father? Was there a tear in his eye when he referred to Benjamin, your other brother, the little one whom his father would not spare?" Surely I might draw that picture without being suspected of exaggeration. It would be all true. He loved his son so dearly and doated upon him so fondly, that he could not know too much; nay, he could not know enough about him. Anybody that had anything to tell about Joseph would be sure to be welcome. So with every renewed heart. If there is anything to be learned about Jesus you will want to know it. Dear brethren, let us cultivate this spirit more and more. Let us live in the study of the life of Jesus. These are things the angels desire to look into. Do you not desire to look into them too? Watch your Master. Let your experience, as it alters and ripens, reveal to you fresh beauties in your Lord. As you turn over page after page of Scripture, search after Jesus in it as men search after gold, and be not content unless you see your Saviour's face revealed in every page.

Does the girdle indicate His power and authority? The golden lesson is, that ye *trust Him*. If all power is His, lean on Him. We do not lean on Christ enough. The remark of the Church was, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved?" Lean on Him. He will never sink under your weight. All the burdens that men ever had to carry Christ carried, and He certainly will carry yours. There can be no wars and fightings that perplex you which did not perplex Him, for in the great fight which comprehended yourselves, and the great warfare for all His saints, He overcame. Nothing, then, can be difficult to Him.

How often we weary ourselves with walking when we might ride—I mean, we carry our troubles when we might take them to Christ. We fret, and groan, and cry, and our difficulties do not get any the less, but when we leave them with Him who careth for us, and begin to trust like a child trusts its father, how light of heart and how strong of spirit we become! The Lord give us to watch that golden girdle carefully, and as we see the power of Jesus Christ may we come to lean upon that power, and trust Him at all times.

Or did the golden girdle signify His activity? The golden lesson is that *we imitate Him*. Christ is in heaven and yet He wears a girdle. Christian, always keep your girdle round your loins. "Stand, therefore, with your loins girt about," says the Apostle, "and your lamps trimmed." This is not the place for the Christian to unbind. Heaven is the place of rest for us, not this world of temptation and of sin. Still stand ready to suffer or to serve. At the Master's gate watch and wait to do His bidding. Never, on week-days, and much less on Sabbath days, let your spirits be out of order for Christian service. We ought so to live that if called to die at any minute we should not need to say a prayer—ready for heaven, ready for a life of service or for a death of glory. The true way for a Christian to live in this world is to be always as he would wish to be if Christ came at that moment, and there is a way of living in that style—simply depending upon the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, and then going out into daily service for Him, moved by love to Him, saying to Him, "Lord, show me what Thou would'st have me to do." I wish we always were as I have thus said we always should be. The Lord can teach us; let us ask Him to teach us the lesson.

We told you, moreover, that the golden girdle indicated His enduring love, inasmuch as it is girt about His breast. Well, then, the golden lesson is *let us love Him in return*. Let us wear the golden girdle, too. Oh, beloved, love Him with all your heart, and soul, and strength. Let no rival come between you and Jesus. Keep your heart chaste for the Well-Beloved. My greatest longing is that I may present you as a chaste virgin unto Christ, that there may be nothing by way of error in respect to doctrine or to holiness of life that may disturb the full union of your souls with Jesus. Oh! to see that golden girdle, and as we see it to feel that He has belted us about after the self-same manner! "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine." I am not the world's nor is the world for me; but I belong to Jesus and Jesus belongs to me. May that be the deep feeling and the truthful expression of every one of you.

And then does the golden girdle suggest to us the wealth of Christ, as being his purse, let it be our golden lesson to *rejoice in Him*. If He be so rich, and all that He is, and all that He has belongs to us, bring hither your choicest music, and let your souls be glad in the name of the Lord. Why art thou bowed down? Why distressed? Has thy Lord withdrawn, or has He changed, is He deaf, or is His arm shortened that He cannot deliver? Nay, but let the children of God be joyful in their King. If you cannot be glad in what is created be glad in the Creator Himself. If you cannot drink of the streams go and drink of the fountain-head, the water is sweeter and better there. Blessed wreck which makes us lose everything and cling to our God, for the loss will be a gain if we get nearer to God, love Him better, and prize His friendship more.

Ah, me! the day will come when those of you who love not Christ will have to look on Him, and you will see that golden girdle then, but it will bring no comfort to you: you despised Him, hence in that girdle there will be no love to you, no blessing for you, no power for you. But what will there be? Why, that very girdle, since it is made of faithfulness, will show Him *faithful to His threatenings*. Those who hear Christ preached and reject Him will find that word true, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Nothing but condemnation can be the lot of the man who contemns pardon and treats forgiveness with contempt. When simply to trust Christ saves the soul, to distrust Him is the direst and most damnable of sins. It is suicidal. Unbeliever, thou refusest to pass through the only door that can lead thee to heaven. Well, man, if thou never enter there thy blood be on thine own head. Oh, that grace may lead thee just now to seek salvation! The man with the golden girdle can save thee, and none but He. Look to Him. Behold Him as He hangs upon the tree with hands and feet fastened there. Look and trust—trust and live. The Lord incline your hearts to espouse and not eschew His rich mercy, for His own dear name's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

PASTOR FISHER AND HIS GREAT WORK IN LITTLETON VILLAGE.

CHAPTER II.

FIFTY-TWO years before the "grand funeral" recorded in the last chapter, a young man might have been seen very early on most of the Sabbath mornings throughout the year trudging along the roads, lanes, and fields that led from a small country town to the village of Littleton. In his hand he generally carried a small Bible, which ever and anon he looked at, and then partly closed, as if meditating upon some particular portion, and trying to grasp its meaning. This he could easily do, inasmuch as he had the road—unless he brought a companion with him—nearly all the way to himself, the silence alone being broken in summer by the

songs and twittering of birds, the humming of bees, and the shrill crowing of the cock; and in the winter, by the passing by of some conveyance, or the salute of some early riser, whose work on the farms was deemed a necessity at the first gleam of daylight. The youthful pedestrian thus making the best use of his time was none other than John Henry Fisher, whose interment we have chronicled, but who was then well known as an acceptable local preacher, who felt it to be his duty to travel almost every Lord's-day fourteen miles on foot that he might have the privilege of preaching the Gospel to a few plain country folk in an obscure village.

The village of Littleton contained at this period but five hundred inhabitants, connected with the agricultural interest. It had but one small church, and a still smaller chapel, built to meet the spiritual

wants of the parishioners. But this provision was, unfortunately, not quite so good even as it might have been, arising from the somewhat notorious fact that the clergyman who, some ten years before, had been inducted into the living, having purchased it at an auction sale for some thousands, entered upon it with the satisfactory feeling that his "cure of souls" meant a large salary, light work, plenty of hunting, shooting, and fishing, and read sermons once or twice on the Sabbath, as short as he liked to make them. With this feeling, it is not surprising to know that he was held in higher estimation by the worldly and wealthy gentry in the district than by the poorer members of the parish; and that the few that went stately to church, went not because of the profit they derived from his spiritual ministrations, but solely on account of their love for the Establishment, or because their ancestors had trained them to be "good churchmen." The vicar, however, had hardly held his easy situation five years before, in God's good providence, a slight change for the better took place in the village. A small farm was taken on lease by a middle-aged farmer and his wife, who were "ardent Dissenters." Settled down, one visit to the parish church sufficed for them both. The poor spiritual fare offered to them in that quarter was such that on it they felt their souls could not live. What was to be done? The nearest town in which there was a Dissenting chapel was seven miles off; and there was only one village, four miles distant, where the Gospel could be heard occasionally at a Methodist station. Was it their duty, under these circumstances, to spend their Sabbaths at home, resting and reading, or taking occasional country walks? They felt

that it was not. Not to speak of themselves merely, the souls of the villagers were "perishing for lack of knowledge;" and it might be that God, in His wonder-working providence, had brought them into the district for the promotion of its spiritual welfare! But what initiatory step could be taken? A consultation with the pastor of the Baptist church in the adjacent town, led them to open their house on the Lord's-day evening for worship. Supplies were sent for a few months under the auspices of the church and the association with which it was connected. The house soon became so crowded that it was deemed necessary to erect a small chapel for the convenience of the worshippers. With a great deal of difficulty and delay, a piece of freehold land was purchased, and a chapel erected on it, capable of seating a hundred and fifty persons comfortably. Then a church was formed, composed of twenty members, including the worthy farmer and his wife. With little or no opposition from the clerical party, the cause thrived under the "supplies," until young John Henry Fisher, sent from the Baptist church referred to, made his appearance in the pulpit. From the first his homely preaching told upon the people. Though self-educated, and deficient in culture, he was well posted up in plain Biblical truth. Trained in a poor, but godly family, he was led in early life to love and fear God. Thus from the days of his boyhood the Bible was his companion, and the few good books he could obtain, or borrow,—chiefly the old Puritan divines,—his delight. Having to work hard at his trade during the week, he had but little leisure for study, except in the early hours of morning, or the late hours of night. But every

spare hour was made the most of, and, as a result, he became an acceptable local preacher. He had not preached many months before he was appointed to take a Sunday at Littleton. So refreshing was the Word, so much was it enjoyed by the people, that he was solicited to come again and again; and, ultimately, he made an engagement to supply the pulpit regularly. For eighteen months, with rare exceptions, as already intimated, he tramped on foot seven miles in the morning and seven miles in the evening—except when driven part of the way home at night—and preached two sermons each Lord's-day, most of them the fruits of nightly toil and daily meditation. This year had a half's hard and continuous labour was blessed by the Lord. Fifteen members were added to the small church, making a total membership of forty-four. By this time all felt that a pastor was needed; and who so fit for the post as their faithful young evangelist? He had served them well, with but slight remuneration, and surely they might, with systematic effort and a little self-denial, raise him sufficient while he continued single to live amongst them. That it would be to his pecuniary loss, they knew full well, but they believed that if he felt the Lord called him to the work, such loss would be treated but lightly! At any rate, they would unanimously give him the call, and there leave it.

Thus casting themselves and the cause on God's providential guidance, they gave the call, and John Henry Fisher, after much prayer and consultation with his pastor and others, finally sent in his acceptance of it. But this acceptance involved self-sacrifice to start with. All that the small church could offer him was a stated salary of

forty pounds per year, and for that he willingly surrendered a situation that brought him in eighty. But this loss did not trouble him. He thought of Him who, though He was rich, yet for his salvation became poor; and of the great apostle who, for the sake of Christ, was willing to "suffer the loss of all things," yea, to "count them but dung and dross." In comparison with his sweet Master, or the self-denying apostle, with forty pounds a year he would be surpassingly rich. But rich or poor his duty was to serve the Lord heartily, and to the best of his ability, when and where he might be called; and therefore, to the joy of the little flock, he made, through God's grace, a surrender of himself to their service, by giving up all his worldly prospects and emoluments, and entering upon a pastorate which he only relinquished at the close of a long and useful life.

This kind of beginning could not fail to make a deep impression upon the minds of the people. As a speaker said, at a tea meeting held in connection with his ordination services,—“It was a beginning that was likely to end well. Mr. Fisher was no stranger to them. He had not been recommended to them by some friend who ‘*thought* he might suit!’ He had not preached trial sermons for two or three Sundays, and then received a doubtful call. He had laboured amongst them for more than eighteen months; had gone on the Lord's-day in and out amongst them; knew nearly all, if not all of them, personally; had been the instrument of converting some, and turning them from darkness to light; and was, therefore, well qualified by experience to judge whether or not he should be happy in their midst. Then they knew what he was made of as a

preacher. If he was informed aright, his preaching, as time wore on, got better and better. (Hear, hear, from many.) That was a sign that it was likely when he settled down to get better still. If he had been able, when busily engaged in his secular pursuits, to get up such profitable sermons, what might they not expect when he had more time given him to study? He might never care, perhaps, to become a very learned preacher, and obtain a diploma, and so have M.A. or D.D. appended to his name,—that sort of thing was hardly needed in a village,—but he believed he would do what was far better, and more needful for them, ‘study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.’ As to coming amongst them for the sake of a ‘living,’ they knew well that he had not done that. (Cheers.) It was a slur sometimes cast upon the ministry, that when a parson moved from one sphere to another, at the call of Providence, the call to ‘a larger sphere,’ meant a call to the acceptance of a larger salary. Certainly that slur could never be cast at their first pastor. Not only had he willingly relinquished double the amount they were prepared to give him, but he had also given up the prospect of a thriving business in the future, to receive, as long as Providence might ordain that he should remain amongst them; a small salary on which he could only just live and pay his way. (Loud cheers.) Such a beginning he believed would command the Divine blessing, inasmuch as Christ had said, ‘Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God’s sake, who shall not receive

manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.’”

(*To be continued.*)

SERMONS FROM THE GRASS.

BY REV. E. MORLEY.

“He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.”—Ps. civ. 14.

THE psalm from which I have chosen my text is a psalm of praise, and what is more, it is surrounded by psalms of praise. In the psalm that precedes it David praises God mainly for blessings which had been bestowed upon himself. In the psalm that succeeds it the psalmist praises God for blessings bestowed upon Israel. Here, however, he offers thanks unto God for blessings bestowed upon man at large—nay, for blessings bestowed upon all creatures. He gives thanks unto God for the earth and the sea, for the mountains and the valleys, for the provision that He has made for man and for beast. He gives thanks unto God because “He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.”

Our great dramatist speaks of “Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and God in everything.” This witness is true. There are “sermons in stones.” There are “books in the running brooks,” and there are good and useful lessons to be gathered from well-nigh every thing. But there are not only “sermons in stones,” there are sermons in fruit and in flowers, and there are sermons in blades of grass. Let me ask you, then, to listen to the preaching of the grass which has lately been made to bow before the mower’s scythe. The grass of the field preaches to us many a sermon.

May we have grace to give heed to what it says!

I. The grass preaches a sermon on *God's faithfulness*.

Of course there are a great many things beside the grass that may be said to preach to us a sermon on God's faithfulness. The sun and moon and stars, as they look down upon us from heaven; the solid earth on which we dwell, and which is upheld by the mighty arm of God; the lofty mountains as they lift their heads above the clouds; the waving corn-fields as they rustle through the evening breeze—all these and many things beside preach to us of God's faithfulness; but so, too, do the tiny blades of grass that we tread beneath our feet. This you will see at once if you just turn to the eleventh chapter of Deut. Moses is there giving direction to Israel, and in the fifteenth verse of that chapter, speaking as the mouth-piece of God, he says, "I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle." *There is the promise. Here, in my text, is the fulfilment of the promise.* How faithful is God! A great many years ago He promised that "seed time and harvest, summer and winter should not fail," and that promise is fulfilled before our eyes continually. A great many years ago He promised that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and that promise was fulfilled when Christ died on the cross, and with His parting breath said, "It is finished." A great many years ago God promised that "His word should not return unto Him void," and that Jesus should "see of the travail of His soul," and these promises are fulfilling before our eyes now. There are many other promises. Some have been fulfilled, others have been partially fulfilled, and yet others remain to be fulfilled. All shall be

fulfilled in their season. This is the teaching of the grass. Every tiny blade says to us, "He is faithful that promised."

II. The grass preaches a sermon on *man's frailty*.

Many other things do the same. The "weaver's shuttle," as it quickly passes to and fro; the "swift ships" as they speed their way across the mighty ocean; the arrow from the bow as it hastens toward the target; Jonah's gourd that sprang up in a night and perished in a night—all these preach to us of man's frailty. So, too, does the grass of the field. Have you not noticed how very frequently in Scripture the grass is used as an emblem of man's frailty? It is so used in the xc., cii., and ciii. Psalms; it is so used in the 1st Epistle of Peter, and in other places. We are indeed like unto the grass. How frail we are! Let our graveyards and cemeteries bear witness to it. So frail are we that the prick of a pin, or the partaking of a little unwholesome food, or a shower of rain, or a sudden alarm, or an unexpected ecstasy of joy may land us in eternity. Ought we not, then, to learn the lesson of the Apostle Paul, to be content with such things as we have, and not to be grasping after wealth? Ought we not to arrange, as far as we possibly can, all our temporal affairs, so that should we be called away at any moment all would be straight and square. Above all, ought we not, by a simple trust in Him who died for the ungodly, to be prepared for death and judgment?

III. The grass preaches a sermon on *the end of the wicked*.

There are two classes brought before our notice in the Holy Scriptures. Two classes in regard to their standing before God. These classes are spoken of by different titles. Sometimes they are spoken

of as "wheat and chaff," sometimes as "sheep and goats," sometimes as "wise virgins and foolish," sometimes as righteous and wicked. Now God employs the grass as symbolical of the end of the wicked. In the 37th psalm, speaking of the wicked, He says, "They shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb." How many illustrations have we of the truth of this statement in the Scriptures! How many instances have we in which the ungodly have been soon cut down! How soon were the people in Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed! How soon the people of Babylon overthrown and their monarch slain! How soon were Ananias and Sapphira smitten with death! Reader, take heed to the words of the wise man. They may contain a lesson for you—"He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

But when God speaks about the wicked being soon cut down, He may mean us to understand that He can compass their destruction with the greatest possible ease. And this is indeed so. The mower does not find it such an arduous task to take two or three strokes with his scythe and lay at his feet many a blade of grass; neither will God find it at all difficult to bring about the death of the wicked, to compel them to stand before His bar, or to consign them to eternal woe.

IV. The last sermon that the grass will preach at this time is a sermon on *God's care for His people*.

"Well," but you say, "how is that? I do not see anything about God's people in the text, and of course nothing about His care for them." Do you not? You have not forgotten the question Paul puts in the Corinthians? He says, "Doth God take care for oxen?"

How our text affords an answer to that question. He does take care for oxen, for "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." But then, if God takes care for the cattle, do you not think that He will take care for His people? Surely He will. If you saw a man at his back door scattering the crumbs to the birds, would you not imagine that he would be careful to provide for the wants of his own children? And when we see God providing for the wants of the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, must we not feel, Surely He will provide for His own people? nay, has He not provided for them? Does He not care for them? Has He not shown His care for them by entering into covenant on their behalf? Has He not shown His care for them by the gift of His Son, by the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and by His work of grace in their hearts? Believer, cast all your care upon Him, for "*He careth for you.*"

Has He provided grass for the cattle, and has He not provided the best of pasture for His people? Why, the Bible is a very land of Goschen for the people of God. How many "sweet fields arrayed in living green," and full of the most soul-nourishing food are to be found in the Holy Scriptures!

There is the field of the promises. How delightful to wander here, and eat and be satisfied! There is the field of the doctrines and the field of the precepts, too, alike nourishing, I think, and even the field of the prophecies is not so bare of nutriment as some would make believe. Believer, God would have you walk along the green pastures and beside the still waters. They are provided expressly for you. Make use of the key in your bosom

called "faith." Enter into these pastures and enjoy rest and food.

But then, if it be true that God takes care for oxen, do you not think that He has a care in regard to all men in general? May we not here quote the words of our Saviour, "How much better is a man than a sheep?" God has a care in regard to all men. "His tender mercies are over all His works." He "willeth not the death of a sinner, but had rather that such should turn unto Him and live." He sends forth His servants and commissions them to beseech men to be reconciled to Him.

My reader, God cares for you. He cares for you, though you may have no thought or care for Him or for His truth. He cares for you though you may have heard His Gospel and rejected it hundreds of times. He cares for you though by your sins you may have estranged from you those whose love seemed stronger than death. Christ is not estranged. Still He stands at the door of your heart and knocks. I pray you, "Open; let the Master in."

Halstead.

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. VII.

DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

"*Will ye also be His disciples?*" said the man who was born blind and whose eyes Christ opened, to the Jews who sought to perplex him. This is an important question, and should not be answered without a due consideration of what is implied and involved in being a disciple of Jesus. Let us study the

Word upon this subject of discipleship.

LUKE xiv. 26.

Disciples must prefer Christ before relatives, and even life itself. The word "hate" in this passage is a very unhappy translation, and might lead to a misunderstanding. To honour father and mother is a Divine command; to obey and love them a Gospel precept. But it means Christ is to be first—preferred before all, and even life itself sacrificed, if needs be, for Him.

Verse 27 shows that the cross must be borne and Christ followed by the disciple.

Verse 33. That all a man hath must, if needful, be forsaken. This is intended to teach that the true disciple will be distinguished by a spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice.

JOHN xv. 8.

Fruit-bearing is given as an evidence of discipleship.

JOHN viii. 31.

Continuance in Christ's Word is the test employed; not merely beginning well, but continuing. These statements put together show the question, "*Will ye also be His disciples?*" to be a very important one, and a question not to be lightly answered. Be assured that this true religion will be to us a costly thing, but cost what it may, it is worth the cost.

ACTS ix. 36.

We read of a *female* disciple named Tabitha, or Dorcas, who made garments for the poor, when there were no sewing meetings or sewing machines. Working alone and unaided, she proved her love to Jesus by her care of the poor.

ACTS xvi. 1.

We find a young disciple named Timotheus, well reported of by the

brethren. This spoke well for the *young* disciple, who was doubtless willing to learn from older brethren, who were also ready to discover and speak well of what was commendable in this young man who was favoured by good home training and destined to occupy a prominent and honourable position in the Church.

ACTS xxi. 16.

Here is reference to an old disciple—"one Mnason of Cyprus"—with whom the Apostle lodged; and we can imagine what sweet converse they would have—what holy fellowship—proving in sorrow helpers of each other's joy.

JOHN xix. 38.

Joseph of Arimathea was a secret disciple, but came out boldly after the Crucifixion and begged the body of Jesus. Let not the fear of man keep *you* back from avowing your discipleship.

ACTS ix. 26.

We find the discipleship of Saul was questioned by other disciples when he assayed to join them—they did not at first believe he was a changed man. Be not surprised or discouraged if this is your case, but be ready with humility to give a

reason of the hope that is within you, and others will not fail to recognise and rejoice in the grace of God in you.

MATTHEW x. 24, 25

Shows the treatment the disciple is to expect from the world—no better than the Master. The world does not like spiritual religion now any more than in times of old, and the faithful disciple will sometimes be called to suffer. "If so be that we suffer with Christ, that we may also be glorified together" (Romans viii. 17).

Now, "*Will ye also be His disciples?*" You see what it involves. That it is confined to no sex or age—that men and women of like passions with ourselves have been disciples. Christ obeyed the law for you; will you not obey His commandments? He gave His life for you; will you not give your life to His service? He is ready to bestow upon you forgiveness for the past and strength for the future. Be it ours to say,

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine—yea, Thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

South Shields.

Tales and Sketches.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

X.—*Capernaum to Damascus.*

WE rested two hours amid the ruins of Capernaum, and then taking

one last lingering look at the Sea of Galilee, now lying unruffled by the slightest breath of air, reflecting the surrounding mountains on its unbroken surface, and reddening with the tints of the evening sunset, we reluctantly turned away from one of the most lovely and interesting scenes of Palestine, and rode briskly northwards up the

long valley of the Upper Jordan. The entrance to this valley resembled a flower garden in full bloom. Masses of flowers, red, white, yellow, pink, blue, or violet, quite covered the meadows through which we threaded our way; and the tall stalks of corn or maize reached to the horses' girths. We camped for the night at a place called Joseph's Well, in the centre of a verdant plain, and rose early next morning for a tedious and dreary ride along a level track which skirted Lake Huleh, better known to Bible scholars as the waters of Merom, a large shallow sheet of water formed by the feeders of the River Jordan, which, rising in the mountains higher up the valley, gradually unite and spread over this plain, which thus becomes a great swamp, with a shallow channel in the midst of uncertain course and varying depth, which finally empties itself into the Sea of Galilee. The general appearance is not unlike the "Rhone" Valley, between Martigny and Villeneuve, where that turbid stream empties itself into Lake Lemman. But here all is in its original wildness. No trim villages, no signs of careful cultivation or manufacturing industry. Here vegetation is rank and coarse. Where husbandry is attempted a stone suffices to mark the owner's boundary, reminding us of the denunciation against him who should "remove his neighbour's landmark." But only at rare intervals are these signs of civilisation visible. More commonly we see great herds of heavy cattle, buffalo-like in build. They are descendants of the "wild bulls of Bashan," whose ferocity was a fitting type of the rage and malice of David's enemies; and, more to be dreaded than these, we discerned the encampment of a tribe of wandering Bedouins. Their

low tents, made of coarse black goat's hair, such as Saul, the tent-maker, once learned to manufacture, supported by wattled willow sticks, were seen by thousands on the hill-side, and their tall, dark-skinned occupants, ostentatiously armed to the teeth, were quite threatening enough to make us glad when we had passed by their unwelcome neighbourhood, and the more so, because the women and children came out in numbers, and showed their dislike by putting out their tongues and spitting at us as we rode by. These unwelcome manifestations caused our dragoon to send our baggage mules and tents some miles further ere they pitched our camp; and in the endeavour to find it we lost our way, so that for two hours or more after sunset we were riding hither and thither, tired and hungry, over stony hills or swampy plains, vainly trying to discover our resting-place for the night. We really began to fear we should have to pass the whole night in the saddle, when our guide, climbing to the top of a steep stony ridge, discerned through the blackness the white canvas of our tents. It took us a good hour to scramble over the loose boulders, and through a miserable bog at the bottom ere we reached it, but we got in safely at last. Not to rest, however, for all through the night we were kept on the alert by galloping of horses, barking of dogs, shouting of men, and firing of guns and pistols—a continual exchange of shouts and shots being kept up between the Bedouins' camp and our watchmen, and none of us took any rest all the night. Towards morning, however, all became quiet, and we got a little sleep ere the tom-tom sounded for striking the tents and resuming our journey. We were told afterwards that our

fears and precautions were totally groundless, for the galloping and gun firing in the Bedouin camp were nothing but the rejoicings of an Arab wedding. Next day we gladly quitted the marshy plain, and began to climb the green slopes near the base of Hermon. Here the trees were festooned with woodbine, and the bees hummed busily in the Oriental plane-trees as we crossed a bridge which spans the Jordan, or rather the Hasbany, which we found a turbulent mountain torrent of brightest blue, dashing amidst great volcanic boulders, and hemmed in between walls of basalt, a striking contrast to the muddy stream sluggishly crawling along the valley below. This is a lovely spot, abounding with oleanders, honeysuckle, clematis, and wild rose, whose perfume filled the air, while the song of the bulbul and nightingale mingled with the murmur of insects and the sound of the torrent below. Dean Stanley calls it a Syrian Tivoli, and it well deserves the title.

Three miles further we reached the ancient Dan, near which Jeroboam erected one of his idol altars for the worship of the golden calf. Here, also, is seen one of the sources of the Jordan; a mighty torrent gushing forth like a gigantic fountain from the centre of an arched rock. This spot, shaded by thick foliage of oak, terebinth, and oleander, is a very Paradise for beauty; and a little further, as we climb the steep watercourse above it, we reach a small shady plateau, from which we look back on the way we have travelled the past two days, and see the whole extent of Lake Huleh, and the swampy valley right-away to the head of the Galilean Lake.

Just above us, perched on a precipitous rock, is the ruined Castle

of Banias, over 1000 feet long and 300 feet wide, with an outer and inner citadel. In its prime it must have been almost impregnable, a giant sentinel and sure defence of Cesarea Philippi, which Herod built in honour of the visit of the Roman Emperor.

But the chief interest of the locality is not its loveliness of situation, nor its monuments of former greatness, but the incident in the life of our Lord, when, in reply to the question, "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living-God!" For this remarkable confession he received the commendation, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." Moreover, competent authorities agree that the Transfiguration, which took place shortly after Peter's confession, must have occurred, not on Mount Tabor, where tradition has long localised it, but on one of the slopes of Hermon, near this spot. And here, that which has given the chief interest to our tour—tracing the footsteps of our Lord—comes to an end. He never went farther north than this, but as soon as he came down from the mountain, and had healed the demoniac boy, set his face towards Jerusalem, there to suffer and to die.

And now we climb the steep sides of the mountain, and pitch our camp within a few yards of the line of perpetual snow, some 5000 feet above the level of the sea. This is anything but a desirable camping ground, for it is bitterly cold, and during the night the wind rises till it acquires the force of a gale. We are roused from our first sleep by the blowing out of the tent door; ere we can refasten

that in its place, the canvas blows open on the opposite side, and ere long the central pole quivers and bends, threatening every moment to snap in sunder, and bury us in a dense mass of canvas and cordage. So we rise and dress, and huddling our bedding around us, sit up and long for daylight—an experience which enabled us to understand better than we had ever done before the beauty and force of the Psalmist's exclamation, "My soul waiteth for Thee, O God, as those that watch for the morning."

And now we are once more in the saddle, and soon cross the stony ridge and begin our descent into the plain. We are on the road along which Saul was journeying, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, when he was suddenly smitten down, and at the call of Jesus was converted from a persecuting blasphemer into a penitent believer, from that time becoming the foremost champion of the truth, "preaching the faith he had once destroyed."

After a long, hot, dusty, and exhausting journey, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the pinnacles of the mosques and minarets of the city of Damascus. Most writers go into raptures about Damascus. Some extol its magnificent appearance, a very oasis in the desert, one green, fertile, flowery spot in the centre of an arid, burnt up plain. Some admire the riches and beauty of its wares, its damask draperies, its damascened weapons and armour, its rich shawls and carpets, trappings and horse gear. Others dilate on its antiquity—the oldest city in the world, dating from the time of Abraham, wonderfully preserved through the ages, while mightier cities have grown up, culminated, and sunk to decay ;

and it has in all these aspects undoubted claims to interest.

But let not expectation be unduly excited, for on all these points disappointment may be experienced. We found it a cluster of dingy-looking houses, surrounded, rather than defended, by walls of crumbling mud, that could be washed down by the well-directed play of any London fire engine. Its streets are narrow, crooked, dingy, and unclean, varying so much in level that no wheeled vehicle can travel a hundred yards in any direction ; its bazaars, long covered avenues of shops, where the richest goods are stowed away rather than displayed ; and its best dwellings hidden in the narrowest and most filthy alleys. Its public buildings all more or less ruinous and decayed, for Mohammedans hold it sinful to repair the ravages of time, at any rate in their ecclesiastical edifices, so that they all begin to fall down before they are completely finished.

Our camp was pitched in a green meadow just outside the gate, near one of the branches of the River Baroda (the ancient Pharpar). The spot was not well chosen, for it was low-lying and damp, and during the night the river rose to within a few feet of our tents, bringing up an army of large-eyed, green-backed, active frogs, which invaded our tents and threatened to intrude into our beds. The night was made further hideous by hundreds of pariah dogs. These dogs infest all the cities of the East ; they belong to no owner, but live on the refuse and offal cast away in the streets. No one kills them, for they are the only scavengers, and they snarl and fight over every morsel they find. The night we arrived they had a grand festal banquet, for a poor horse had dropped down dead

near our camp; the carcase was, of course, left where it fell, and all the dogs of the city came to assist at its obsequies. Such a yelling, snarling, barking, and howling we never heard before. At last, however, our watchmen dispersed our howling foes, and we were lulled to slumber by the croaking of the frogs, and the swirl of the rapidly-rushing stream.

In the morning, glad of a Sabbath rest, we found our way through a series of narrow lanes to the Irish Presbyterian Missionary Church, where Dr. Eaton officiated to a congregation of about 40 or 50 European worshippers. Dr. Eaton spent much time with Mr. Wright, one of the two devoted men labouring here, and heard a sad account of the hatred of the Moslems to them and to their work, and of the persecution to which the converts from Islamism have to submit, two now being in prison for teaching the Christian faith to their countrymen. Neither life nor property are secure against the fanaticism of Mohammedans, and Christians here, like the Apostles of old, are literally "in jeopardy every hour."

We devoted Monday to a rapid survey of the city, and escorted by the splendidly-attired Cavassa of the English Embassy, with silver-laced escutcheon, gilt sword and gold-headed cane, we looked a very imposing company. We walked through the street called Straight, which, by-the-by, does not particularly merit its name. We were shown the reputed house of Ananias; the hole in the wall through which Paul was let down in a basket; the tomb of St. George, the saint to whom the Apostle owed his escape, and other traditional holy places. We saw the Great Mosque, built on the site of the Temple of Rimmon, which Naaman

asked to be pardoned for attending when waiting upon the king his master. We found it a large, clean, light, prettily-decorated building, less out of repair than usual for a building of such evident antiquity, with a large sparkling fountain in the centre of its wide, open courtyard. We enjoyed most of all the view from the gallery of the tall minaret. From this we saw the entire city mapped out at our feet. When we say mapped out, it must not be thought that lines of streets or open public spaces are visible, or even traceable. The streets are all rudely roofed over to protect from the glare of the sun, and cannot be distinguished from shops or houses, so that the whole seems one mass of roofing, bossed by innumerable cupolas or domes. The larger domes cover mosques or public buildings, the smaller, dwellings of the more wealthy inhabitants, many of which were adorned by a square central garden with fountain, along the sides of which the living rooms and dormitories are grouped, and into which they all open, it being a feature of Oriental architecture that these apartments shall not communicate with each other. The entrance, too, is always hidden in some dingy corner, so that its magnificence and wealth shall not be suspected by the passers-by, lest cupidity should be awakened and plunder invited.

The bazaars and chief thoroughfares are, however, full of life and bustle. Jews with long beards, loose trousers, turbans, and red shoes; Mohammedans, not unlike Jews in attire, but frequently tattooed on face or forehead; poor slaves, black as ebony, heavily ironed, sweeping the dusty road, but never removing the refuse; Arab sheiks, with head scarfs of gaudy silk, long rifle, gaily deco-

rated pistols, and damascened daggers and swords (walking arsenals some of them); water carriers, sweetmeat sellers, lemonade, and iced water vendors, women of every variety of colour and complexion, their faces wholly or partly hidden by a mask-like veil, many of them wearing great white cotton dresses like bed-gowns, looking quite spectral as they stalk along; these, with swarms of half-clad children, throng the thoroughfares, mingled with donkeys, horses, dogs, and long lines of laden camels, pushing noiselessly along amidst the thickest throng, regardless of who may be in their way, there being no footway, but only one narrow path common to all. All these made a

scene peculiarly Eastern, and very startling to a European.

But behind all this there exists terrible evils. Slavery is rampant; there is a slave market in the city itself, where white as well as black slaves are publicly sold; cruelty, fanaticism, ignorance, sensuality, superstition and vice are rife, so that the mass of the population live in a state of mental and moral degradation, quite unworthy of true manhood, from which nothing but Christianity can rescue them. May the time soon come when this city, from whence a Saul of Tarsus came forth to spread Christianity through the world shall become the possession of the Lord Christ, the Saviour of the world!

Reviews.

Mrs. Bartlett and Her Class at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By her Son, EDWARD H. BARTLETT; with Preface by C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

UNDER the shadow of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry many tributary institutions have sprung up and flourished, but we suppose Mrs. Bartlett's class of young women has been the most notable of them all. Starting with a class of three at New Park-street Sunday-school, it gradually increased till the attendance in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle had an average of six or seven hundred adults every Sunday afternoon. More than nine hundred members were added to the Church as the fruit of this godly woman's labours in the course of twelve years. Towards the Pastors' College, for which they had a weekly offering, the attendants of the class were so generous that they contributed a total of mere

than thirteen hundred pounds, which must be worth chronicling as an instance of the power of the pence. The story is well told. Though filial love has prompted the tale, it is just such a memoir as her own class would wish to possess and preserve. A lifelike portrait for the frontispiece, a few short-hand reports of her addresses, a fair sample of her letters, and a small selection of incidents, supply the staple of a little volume which can be purchased for half-a-crown. Well, not many of our lives are worth a hundred and seventy pages of small octavo. A very simple woman with a very striking pathos, full of love if not of learning, did what she could, and her deeds are sweet to remember; they might be blessed to imitate. King David had his heroes; Mr. Spurgeon has his helpers. His Preface is a sacred *immortelle* over the bier of one such; and such an one as a king might be proud to honour.

The Light of Life. Every Christian Duty in New Testament Words. Compiled by R. J. ELLIS, Missionary, Bengal. Elliot Stock.

THE manual now presented is believed to contain every command or exhortation which may be considered binding on any Christian, and including—Special Duties, Duties of Special Individuals, Duties under Special Circumstances, Negative Duties, General Duties, &c., with a valuable Index of duties treated of and Texts illustrated in the work. We can sincerely advise all to get the work. We do not know any person or class of persons to whom it will not be acceptable and profitable. It promotes the holiness and happiness of the reader, and the glory of God. The writer has to heaven gone, *but the dead yet speaketh.*

Pure Gold for the Sunday-school. A New Collection of Songs. Prepared and adapted by the REV. ROBERT LOWRY and W. HOWARD DEANE. Edited by Daniel Sedgwick, Hymnologist.

The Royal Diadem. Songs for the Sunday-school. By the same Compiler. Sampson, Low, & Co., Crown Buildings, Fleet-street.

Two more hymn books for Sunday-schools. Their number is legion, and yet we joyfully accept *Pure Gold* and *The Royal Diadem*, which contain some very sweet and devout compositions, as well as some of the old favourites. We say of these sacred melodies, God speed them.

MAGAZINES, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

Heartily commended to Baptists—

The Baptist Magazine. Castle-street, Holborn.

The General Baptist. Always good. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

The Sword and Trowel. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings. Contains a valuable article on Earnestness in Ministers, by C. H. Spurgeon.

The Scottish Baptist. Elliot Stock. A very worthy representative organ of our northern brethren.

Truth and Progress. A South Australian monthly. Edited for the Baptist Association. Comes to us freighted with richest merchandise. Also, *The Baptist and Freeman*, of which it would be superfluous to write.

For Sunday-school teachers—

The Biblical Museum. Still filled with good and useful materials for all Biblical students; and our favourite *Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury*, both published by Elliot Stock.

The Preacher's Analyst. A monthly Homiletical Magazine. Elliot Stock. A cheap and valuable work for all who need aid of this kind.

The Voice of Warning. Protestant Tract Society, 17, Buckingham-street, Strand. All who would help to arrest the progress of Romanism have an opportunity of doing so through this society.

The Priest in Absolution. A Sermon preached in Park-street Chapel, Luton, by Rev. J. H. Blako, Wiseman, Bute-street, Luton. The sermon contrasts the confession and absolution of Scripture with the innovations and vulgar priestly pretensions of the present hour.

Evangelical Christendom. As interesting as ever.

Poetry.

LIKE JESUS.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

Lord, I would Thy word obey,
And Thy true disciple be;
Let my strength be as my day,
Give me grace to live like Thee.

When with sin or grief oppressed,
At Thy feet I bend the knee,
Hoping, longing to be bless'd,
Teach me, Lord, to pray like Thee.

When the wicked laugh and mock,
'Let me neither fall nor flee;
And though earth's foundations rock,
Let me stand unmoved like Thee.

When with heart o'erwhelmed with grief,
I recall Gethsemane,
Weak, and far from all relief,
Let me be resigned like Thee.

Lest I murmur or complain,
I would think of Calvary;
And when racked with sharpest pain
Let me bear it all like Thee.

Whilst I strive to serve Thee here,
Gracious Saviour, smile on me;
Let me daily persevere,
May I bear my cross like Thee.

With Thy banner wide unfurled
I march on to victory;
Though I face a "frowning world,"
Let me overcome like Thee.

When through grace in heaven I stand,
And Thy face unveiled I see,
In that bright and happy land,
Saviour, I shall be like Thee.

Nova Scotia.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. R. Silby, of Leeds, has accepted the pastorate of the church at West Retford.

Rev. J. Green has announced his intention to resign the pastorate of the church at Broughton, Hants, at the end of October.

Rev. E. Hilton, of Gretton, Northamptonshire, has accepted the pastoral charge of the church at Litchfield-street, Willenhall.

Rev. E. E. Probert, of Pontypool College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the English church at Abercarn (Mon.).

Rev. J. Pearce, of the church at Rounds, Northamptonshire, has accepted a call from the church at Hatherleigh, North Devon, to become their pastor.

Rev. S. H. Case, of Bristol College, has accepted the unanimous invitation to become assistant minister for the

Cothill district of the church at Abingdon.

Rev. T. Thomas, of Wendover, Bucks, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Goldhill, in the same county.

Rev. T. Jones, of Manchester College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Queen-street, Woolwich.

Rev. J. Jones has removed from Rhymney to Briton Ferry.

Rev. W. V. Robinson, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the cordial invitation of Mr. Barnes, of Trowbridge, to become his assistant in the ministry, with the unanimous concurrence of the church.

Rev. P. Griffiths, of Biggleswade, Beds, after more than twenty-two years' labour, has resigned and accepted the invitation of the church at Union Chapel, Shirley, Southampton, to become their pastor.

Rev. C. Ingram, of London-road

Chapel, Chesham, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Roade, Northamptonshire.

Rev. J. Evans, of Cwm-dare, has accepted an invitation from the church at Trealaw, Rhondda Valley, to become the pastor.

LONDON.—Mr. W. J. Avery, of Chilwell College, has accepted an invitation to the assistant pastorate of Praed-street church.

LLANTWIT MAJOR. — The church have invited the Rev. John Hier to become their pastor.

Rev. George Smith, of the Pastor's College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping at Trinity Chapel, Bexley Heath.

Rev. S. Jones has removed from New Swindon to Leominster.

Rev. James Gay, of Knighton, Radnorshire, has resigned the pastorate, owing to a severe and protracted illness, which has already lasted for nearly two years.

PRESENTATIONS.

ON the 17th inst. at Penzance, a meeting was held in the Clarence-street Chapel, to bid farewell to the pastor, Rev. J. Birt, B.A., and to present him with tokens of respect and esteem, in the form of a drawing-room timepiece and purse of gold. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. Eva. Messrs. Elliott, Newall, and others bore testimony to the value and faithfulness of Mr. Birt's preaching. Mr. Birt had occupied the pastorate for five years, and during that period baptised upwards of sixty persons.

A farewell meeting was held at Swindon on the 11th of August, when Rev. S. Jones, the late pastor, was presented with a purse of money as a token of appreciation of his labours. Mr. Jones preached his farewell sermons on the following day.

A purse of gold and an illuminated address have been presented to Rev. W. Woods, in token of the appreciation in which his services for seven years as Hon. Sec. of the Notts, Derby, and Lincolnshire Association are held by his brethren.

Rev. W. Taylor, formerly pastor of

Wintoun-street Chapel, Leeds, is proceeding to Australia. On his leaving, the church presented him with a purse of £9.

On Monday last, Rev. T. Fisk, of Kidderminster, was, on his return from a tour in America, presented by his congregation with an illuminated address and purse containing twenty-six guineas towards his travelling expenses.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE foundation-stone of a new chapel to be erected at Smethwick, Birmingham, required in consequence of the growth of the church, has just been laid. The building, including school accommodation, is estimated to cost £5,800, and will seat nine hundred people. The proceeds of the old chapel, added to the contributions already subscribed, have realised about £2,500.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel to be erected at Griffithstown, Wales, has been laid by Mrs. Lewis, of Pontypool College, Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A., presiding. The new building—which is to accommodate five hundred persons and to cost £1,300—is necessary, owing to the remarkable growth of the church, which commenced fifteen months ago in the Mechanics' Institute with fourteen members, but has now increased to eighty. At the evening public meeting, which was largely attended, several addresses were delivered.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel was laid at Beulah, Llandinam, by Captain Crewe-Read, R.N. Mr. John Smout presided, several addresses were delivered, and contributions amounting to £30 were placed upon the stone. The dimensions of the new building are to be 31 ft. by 36 ft., its cost being £630.

On the 25th of August, the memorial-stone of a new chapel and schools was laid at Normanton, in connection with a movement commenced there some three years ago by the Yorkshire Baptist Association. The new edifice is intended to accommodate six hundred persons, and will cost about £3,000. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W.

C. Upton, Dr. Stock, W. Turner, J. Hilman, and others. The proceeds of the day realised about £80.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. W. George, was laid at Llangunllo, near Knighton, on Wednesday, the 29th of August, by Sir Richard Green Price, Bart. The building is to cost £620, and to seat 150 persons. The public meeting was attended by some 700 persons.

The new chapel in Roomfield-lane, Todmorden, has been opened by services conducted by the Revs. H. S. Brown, H. Briggs (the pastor), and G. W. McCre. The collections were liberal and congregations large.

The services at Harrogate, commenced in July, 1876, have been so far successful that a plot of ground in an excellent position has been purchased for £1,000, the Yorkshire Association assisting with a grant of £700. The plans have been made for buildings, to cost about £7,000. The schoolroom has been commenced, and on the 30th of August a memorial-stone was laid by W. Stead, Esq., of London, when tea was provided, and a public meeting held in the Congregational church premises, kindly lent for the occasion. The Revs. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, J. P. Chown, of London, and other ministers and friends took part in the proceedings. Donations to the building fund will be thankfully received by the treasurer, W. R. Thorp, Esq., Harrogate.

The new edifice erected at Tynnewydd, Ogmere Vale, at a cost of £2,000, has just been opened. It is designed to seat seven hundred persons.

A new cause has been commenced at Erdington, Birmingham, whose claims have been for some time past advocated, and the Rev. W. Donald has accepted the pastorate. The erection of a chapel is contemplated.

The chapel in Bassett-street, Kentish Town, hitherto known as Albert Temperance Hall, but now devoted entirely to the use of the Gospel Oak Fields Church, was reopened on Sunday, August 26, after important alterations

and improvements. The appearance, both external and internal, is now quite in keeping with its religious uses; and it occupies an admirable central position between the main thoroughfares of Haverstock-hill and Kentish Town-road. Mr. Martin H. Wilkin, the pastor of the church, preached in the morning, and Rev. G. W. Anderson, D.D., of Philadelphia, in the evening. On the Thursday evening Rev. J. T. Briscoe preached, and on the following Sunday, September 2nd, the series of reopening services was brought to a close, the pastor preaching in the morning, and Rev. James Webb, late of the Baptist College, Manchester, in the evening.

RECOGNITIONS.

TONBRIDGE.—Pleasant services have been held in connection with the settlement of Rev. T. Hancocks, from the Pastor's College. In the afternoon the charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. G. Rogers, from 1 Tim. iv. 6, "A good minister of Jesus Christ." A goodly number assembled for tea, and at the evening meeting the Rev. W. Sampson presided, and gave the church some suitable advice and admonition as to upholding the pastor in every good work. The following ministers and friends were present and took part in the services:—Revs. J. Field, D. Harding, J. Jackson, E. S. Ladbroke, and E. Moulton; Messrs. Annison, East, and Neve (deacons of the church), and Messrs. Blair, Doust, and Macted.

Rev. D. B. Richards, of Pontypool College, was, on the 13th of August, publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Talgarth, when Dr. Thomas offered the ordination prayer, followed by several addresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE second Annual Conference of the Bristol College has just been held, the attendance of old students—comprising many leading ministers of the denomination—being large. Dr. Gotch, President of the Institution, presided. On Tuesday papers were read—followed

by discussion — by the Rev. R. H. Roberts upon "The Object and Method of the Conference;" the Rev. J. Trafford upon "The Relation of Home Ministers to Foreign Missionaries;" and the Rev. Charles Stanford on "The Workman that Needeth not to be Ashamed." An effort to increase and improve the college library was decided upon. Suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. C. M. Birrell, Jas. Owen, R. Glover, and others, the evening public meeting being largely attended by outside friends. On Wednesday an address was given to the students by the Rev. C. M. Birrell, followed in the afternoon by the annual public meeting under the presidency of Mr. E. S. Robinson, treasurer of the college. The report was read by the Rev. R. Glover. It stated that four students had become pastors during the year, and that several candidates had been accepted for the usual term of probation. The balance of £105 against the college with which the year opened has been reduced to £5. The total contributions for the year were £520, which with the amount from dividends, £670, and other sums realised £1,697.

THE JAMAICA MISSION.

FAREWELL TO THE REV. T. H. HOLYOAK.—Rev. T. H. Holyoak, of Onslow Chapel, Brompton, has accepted the urgent invitation of the Missionary Society to return with the Rev. J. M. Phillippo to Jamaica, to take the oversight of the Church, from which Mr. Phillippo, after 30 years' pastorate, is, owing to his advanced age, retiring. A well-attended farewell tea and public gathering has been held at Onslow Chapel, under the presidency of Dr. Underhill, who graphically sketched the Jamaica mission work from its commencement. Revs. J. Bigwood, C. Bailhache, and J. M. Phillippo also addressed the meeting. Mr. Chisholm, as representing the church, presented Mr. Holyoak with a gold watch, and Mrs. Holyoak with a travelling bag; while the young men of the congregation added a silver inkstand, as a token of affection and esteem. After a few

words of acknowledgment from Mr. Holyoak, who explained his reasons for accepting the call, and exhorted the people to free the chapel entirely from debt previous to his departure (a request which was afterwards complied with), a very interesting meeting was brought to a close.

Bramley Chapel, Leeds (Rev. A. Ashworth, pastor), which has for some time been closed for repairs and the erection of an organ, has been reopened by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the Revs. Professor Dawson and W. G. Adey. Collections were made amounting to £104. The cost of the alteration made is estimated at £1,000, towards which £450 have already been contributed.

HOUNSLOW.—The Sunday-school anniversary in connection with Providence Chapel, took place on August 12, when the sermon in the morning was preached by Mr. S. V. Robinson, of Regent's Park College, who also delivered an address to the scholars and friends in the afternoon. The sermon in the evening was preached by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. On the following Tuesday the annual treat to the children took place in a meadow in King's Arms Lane, tea being provided for adults in a schoolroom adjoining. The anniversary was successful in every way.

LUTON PARK-STREET CHAPEL.—On Sunday, September 16, sermons were preached in the above chapel by Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, and collections made after each sermon in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. The amount contributed was liberal.

HANWELL, SEPT. 12.—Wednesday was a red letter day in the history of the Union Church. An early prayer-meeting was presided over by the pastor, and in the afternoon the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a crowded congregation a pre-eminently powerful practical discourse. After tea a public meeting was held, at which John Chapman, Esq., of Harrow, a liberal-minded churchman, occupied the chair, and telling addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Baxendale, W. Sanders, and A. Fergusson, Mr. Turner, and

the Rev. G. Rouse Lowden, pastor. Several ministers were present at the afternoon service.

A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PASTORATE.

The Rev. T. Barrass, pastor of the Queen-street Baptist Chapel, Peterborough, having completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate, special services were held in honour of the event on Wednesday, September 5th. In the afternoon the Rev. H. B. Robinson, of Wisbeach, preached, and at half-past five a public tea was held in the school-room, which was crowded, about 500 being present. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held in the chapel, when the Rev. T. Barrass presided, and amongst those present on the platform were the Revs. A. Murray, Dr. Dawson, H. Watts, H. B. Robinson, W. Orton, J. Sarvent, G. Austin, Messrs. S. C. Colman, Heath, Pentney, Roberts, jun., &c.

The Chairman said they had gathered together to celebrate the silver wedding between the pastor and the church connected with that place of worship. Twenty-five years ago the union had been formed. It gave him exceeding pleasure to be able to look back on the length of time during which he had been connected with that church, and it might be interesting if he gave a few particulars of what they had done during that quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago their number of church members was 30; since then, however, 529 had been baptised, 201 received from other churches, 14 restored to fellowship, making a total of 774. There had been dismissed 159, excluded 30, withdrawn 33, removed to various places and out of the country 85, died 63, total 370. The present number of church members on the books was 404. During the twenty-five years the following sums had been raised; money raised for the Westgate chapel debt and alterations, £700; for the New Fletton chapel about 500; for Stanground chapel, £30; for the Queen-street chapel and renovations, £4,600. They had indeed much to be thankful

for. Twenty-five years ago they had in the Sunday-school sixty scholars and nine teachers, but now they had three schools, 556 scholars and fifty-eight teachers. His own feeling was one of profound thankfulness for the peace enjoyed by them for so many years. The pastor and the deacons also had worked together with unbroken peace.

Revs. W. Orton and A. Murray having spoken, Mr. S. C. Colman, in the name of the church and congregation, presented a purse of £110, and Mr. Roberts, jun., on behalf of the Sunday-school, read an address, and a clock, study table, and other articles were also presented to the pastor.

Addresses having been delivered by the Rev. H. Watts, Mr. Pentney, the Rev. Dr. Dawson, the Rev. H. Robinson, the Rev. J. Sarvent, and Mr. C. Roberts, son., Mr. Barrass said he felt as if he were starting on a new period of his life.

BAPTISMS.

- Ashton-under-Lyne*.—August 26, Four, by A. Bowden.
Aberillery.—August 19, at the English Chapel, Three, by H. Jones.
Addlestone, Surrey.—July 29, Two, by E. W. Tarbox.
Ashwater.—September 2, Five, by G. Parker.
Barrow-in-Furness.—August 29, at Abbey-road, Four, by J. Hughes.
Belfast, Regent-street.—August 30, Three; September 11, One, by R. Holmes.
Bethel Lower Chapel, Breconshire.—July 22, One; September 16, Two, by J. L. Evans.
Blackhill.—August 19, One, by J. Wilson.
Blackwood, Mon.—September 2, Two, by S. H. Williams.
Brynlayryd, Ebbw Vale.—August 12, One, by J. Griffiths.
Bradford.—September 1, at Tetley-street, Four, by B. Wood.
Corwen.—August 25, Three, by H. C. Williams.
Corsham, Wilts.—August 31, Two, by J. Hurlstone.
Dowlais.—August 15, at Beulah Chapel, Three, by J. Williams.
Exeter.—August 29, at Bartholomew-street, Two, by E. S. Neale.
Forton, Gosport.—August 19, Three, by T. G. Strong.
Germanstreek, Devon.—August 12, Five, by M. White.
Gainsborough.—August 30, One by H. G. Dyer.

Glasgow.—September 2, at Southside Chapel, Five, by W. H. Elliott.

Gledwick, Oldham.—August 17, Twelve, by N. Richards.

Hiperton.—September 9, Four, by W. Pearce.

Hucknall Torkard.—September 5, Six, by J. T. Almy.

Holyhead.—August 2, at the English Chapel, One, by W. R. Saunders.

High Wycombe.—August 26, at Union Chapel, Two, by W. J. Dyer.

Leeces.—August 26, One, by J. W. Scott.

Llantwit Major, Glamorganshire.—Sept. 9, One, by J. Hier.

Llandudno.—August 12, Three, by the pastor.

Llansainffraid, Corwen.—August 12, One, by H. C. Williams.

Lymington, Hants.—August 26, Six, by J. J. Fitch.

Madeley.—September 2, Two, by E. Jenkins.

Maisey Hampton.—August 29, Three, by C. Testro.

Maesteg.—August 12, at Bethel Chapel, Two; August 29, Two; September 12, Eleven, by T. A. Pryce.

Maidenhead.—August 16, Four, by J. Wilkins.

Maesyerhelem, Radnorshire.—July 7, One; August 4, One; September 2, One, by D. Davies.

Melbourne, Cambs.—August 9, Three, by G. Wright.

Mills Hill, Chadderton.—August 19, Eight, by W. Wiggins.

Manchester.—August 29, at Grosvenor-street Chapel, Two, by C. A. Davis.

Melton Mowbray.—September 5, Three, by J. Tansley.

Metropolitan District :—

Barking.—August 29, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.

Clapham-common.—August 26, Thirteen, by E. Webb.

Commercial-road.—August 26, Five, by J. Fletcher.

Highgate.—August 2, Three, by J. W. Barnard.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 27, Four; August 30, Eighteen; August 31, One; by J. A. Spurgeon.

New Wimbledon.—August 15, Three, by A. Ha'ford.

Penge.—August 26, at Penge Tabernacle, Four, by G. Samuel.

St. Luke's.—August 26, at Lever-street, Four, by G. C. Williams.

Walthamstow.—September 9, Markhouse-common Chapel, Seven, by T. Breewood.

Newport, Mon.—July 29, at Stow-hill Chapel, Four; August 28, One, by J. Douglas.

Openshaw, Manchester.—August 16, Three, by R. Stanion.

Ogden.—August 26, Four, by A. E. Greening.

Oxenpole.—August 12, One, by D. Davies.

Pole Moor.—September 2, Two, by J. Evans.

Pontycloun.—Sept. 2, One, by D. Llewellyn.

Portsmouth.—August 29, at Lake-road Chapel, Landport, Nine; September 5, One; by T. W. Medhurst.

Portsea.—August 26, at Kent-street Chapel, Six, by J. W. Genders.

Rhydyran.—August 19, Nine, by J. Tucker.

Rotherham.—July 29, Two, by J. Harper.

Sardis.—August 19, Two, by J. Johns.

Stanningley, near Leeds.—September 2, Three, by E. Dyaon.

Sunnyside.—August 28, Two, by B. Bowker.

St. Mellons.—August 23, Five, by T. Thomas.

Shelfanger.—September 2, Three, by T. H. Sparham.

Stroud.—August 29, Eleven, by F. J. Benskin.

Sutton-in-the-Elms.—September 2, Two, by W. Bull.

Todmorden.—September 2, at Shore Chapel, Four, by J. K. Chappelle.

Tonbridge.—September 2, One, by T. Hancock.

Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—September 9, English Chapel, Six, by D. Dewar.

Troubridge.—August 29, at Back-street, Thirteen, by W. Barnes.

Upton-on-Severn.—August 29, Three, by J. Dunckley.

Wirksworth.—September 9, Five, by W. E. Davies.

Wem.—September 10, Three, by the pastor.

RECENT DEATHS.

SUSANNAH WILSON (or as she was familiarly called Susan), of the Low, Ulpha, Cumberland, died on the 28th of May last, in her 91st year. She had been a member of the Baptist denomination sixty-eight years, having been baptised when 23 years of age at Hawksheadhill Old Chapel, which has recently been rebuilt, and is with Coniston and Sunny Bank under the pastoral care of the Rev. G. Howells, of Coniston. Susan Wilson's life-character exhibited the following features in a very marked and consistent manner—1. Industry. She worked hard, early and late, indoors and out, managing a small farm and looking after two deaf and dumb brothers, and a deaf and dumb sister. 2. Hospitality. The householders of the secluded dales among the Cumberland mountains have been generally known as given to hospitality; Miss Wilson was eminently so, in the spirit of the Apostle's instruction, "especially unto them who are of the household of faith." 3. Great interest in public worship. For many years she was a frequent worshipper at Tottlebank, Sunny Bank, and Hawksheadhill, and these places are scattered among the mountains of High Furness, the nearest, Sunny Bank, being some seven or eight miles

distant. As often as she could obtain the services of a minister she had preaching in her own house, and she has occasionally conducted meetings herself. 4. Strong attachment to Baptist principles. A strict communion Baptist. Could she have known that her character and principles would be thus publicly recorded, this is one thing she certainly would not have had concealed. 5. Active zeal for the circulation of the Word of God. She is, perhaps, most widely known for her more than forty years' active connection with the Alpha and Seathwaite Bible Association. At the Annual Bible Meeting, three years ago, she was induced to speak. Her three opening sentences contained these three maxims—"The Bible is the best book," "God is the best Friend," "The law of Christ in the New Testament is the only authoritative rule of the Christian life." Such was this earnest Christian. She was buried in the Ulpha parish churchyard. Her death was improved on Lord's-day evening, June 17th, by the Rev. G. Howells, from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, to a goodly gathering of the dwellers in the vale of the Dudson, in the Baptist schoolroom, where the Bible meetings are held. "The memory of the just is blessed."

G. H.

We much regret to record the death, at the early age of 26, of the Rev. W. H. PRITER, of Middlesborough. Mr. Priter, who was one of the most promising of Mr. Spurgeon's students, had very rapidly attained a deservedly popular position in the north, and had established, after six years' ministry, a most successful church in Middlesborough, in connection with which the new chapel recently erected cost £5,500, and is now, by his exertions, nearly free from debt. The Nonconformists put him forward as their candidate at the last School Board election, and, in the contest, he headed the poll by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Priter's death resulted from congestion of the lungs, which succeeded the bursting of a blood-vessel, through overwork, after a visit to Rome in 1875.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. J. GAY, late pastor of the church at Knighton, Radnorshire. He was much respected and beloved, and his funeral, on the 8th August, was attended by a large number of friends and by all the Nonconformist ministers of the town. On Sunday last the Rev. J. R. Brown, the vicar of Knighton, preached with special reference to the loss the town had sustained by the death of so worthy a minister.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, 1877, to September 19th, 1877.

| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | | |
|----------------------|-----|----|---|--------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|----|----|----------|
| C. M. H. | 100 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Bydowell | 0 | 3 | 3 | Mrs. Jamieson | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss O'Leary | 0 | 2 | 6 | Mr. W. Crawford | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Murdock | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mrs. Martin | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Reddock | 50 | 0 | 0 | J. C. | 0 | 2 | 8 |
| Mr. Arthur Green | 0 | 7 | 6 | Mr. G. Meadows | 0 | 5 | 0 | Collection at Trisell- | | | |
| Mrs. Leaning, per E. | | | | Mr. W. McArthur | 25 | 0 | 0 | street, Bristol, per | | | |
| L. | 0 | 19 | 0 | Mr. E. Henry | 0 | 7 | 0 | Rev. W. Osborne | 6 | 15 | 4 |
| Mr. Ponny | 4 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Brown | 0 | 4 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | | |
| Mr. W. Middlemore | 25 | 0 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 5 | 0 | Metropolitan Taber- | | | |
| Mr. H. Williams | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. MacLeod | 1 | 0 | 0 | nacle, August 26... | 36 | 0 | 6 |
| P. L. S. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Leannington | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " Sept. 2... | 36 | 16 | 2 |
| Mr. W. J. Graham | 25 | 0 | 0 | Messrs. Wilson and | | | | " " " 9... | 33 | 13 | 4 |
| A. Z. | 2 | 10 | 0 | Soz. | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " " 16... | 33 | 0 | 3 |
| Mr. Perkin's Bible | | | | Mr. Vass | 0 | 10 | 0 | | | | |
| Class. | 16 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Glennan | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | £419 4 6 |

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

A BLESSED COMPETITION.*

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

It would be very sad, dear friends, would it not, if we were all of us to indulge in the question of the Apostles, "Who among us shall be the greatest?" Much of the blessing which God has granted to us has come, I believe, in consequence of the Lord having given us so much unanimity of spirit. I do not know that any of us desire to be in other than our right place. I do not see the spirit of envy, of jealousy, of emulation; but I do see, as far as I can discern, a spirit of holy union, of Christian fellowship, and of earnest intention to work together for the common cause.

It would be a great pity if I were to throw an apple of discord in among you, and I am not going to do so. Yet I am going to stir you up, or, at least, try to do it. My text is one which will lead you, if you enter into its spirit, to desire to take the foremost place. It will suggest that to your mind. It is a question which, answered aright, answered with the holy enthusiasm of a spirit's ambition for Christ's glory, would lead each one of us to seek to excel his fellow. This is the question:—

"Tell Me, therefore, which of them will love him most?"—LUKE vii. 42.

I feel inclined to knock the word "them" out, and to put it as a question to ourselves this evening—"Tell me, therefore, which of us will love Him most?" He has forgiven us all our debts; nay, He shed His blood first to pay them: tell me, therefore, which of us will love Him most?

Now, it is a good thing, when there is a competition, *for us to feel that we are able to compete.* Suppose the question should be: "Tell me, therefore, which will preach Him best?" some of you might say, "Well, I must not preach; Paul bids me keep silent in the assembly;" others would say, "I cannot preach, I have not the necessary ability, neither am I equal to such a task." Well, that is not the question, you see; and it is well for us that it is not. And it is also well that the question is not—"Tell me, therefore, which of us shall give Him most?" because, in point of quantity in giving, there are some here who always must, if they give their full share, be bound to give ten times, perhaps twenty times, more than some others to whom God has entrusted but very little of this world's goods. If that were the race, perhaps some of you might be soon out of it, and others of you could not enter the lists at all. But it is not who shall preach Him best, nor yet who will give most money to His cause; but the question is an open one: "Tell me, therefore, which of us will love Him most?" Here, surely, the poor are on an equal footing with the rich, and the man of one talent stands on a level with the man of ten, for we have each of us a heart, and that heart in each case is capable of the most fervent affection. Or should it not be in every case so large, yet we can pray—"Lord, enlarge my heart," so that

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there may be in our soul, when enlarged, as much room for the love of Christ, as in the soul of the greatest saint that has ever lived, or ever shall live. The competition seems to be a very open one. "Tell me, therefore, which of us shall love Him most?"

Observe, too, that the question is not "Tell me, therefore, which of us *shall love Him?*" That is quite another question. Oh! I think there are many of us who can say we do love Him. "'Tis not a point I long to know," nor "does it cause me anxious thought." I *do* know the Lord, and feel His love shed abroad in my heart. There are many here who can say that very confidently, though, alas, there are others to whom it is not an anxious question, because they do not care for Christ; they do not love Him. I will leave them, however, with the question which Christ proposed to Peter: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" Mary, do you love Christ? Thomas, is your heart given to the Saviour? I leave that question and come to another—not "Which of us shall love Him?" but "Which of us shall love Him most?"

Well, some of you will have to love Him a very great deal if you love Him more than some who are here to-night, for I thank God there are some in this place

"Whose hearts are fully bent
To magnify His name;"

and who do rejoice at the very mention of Him; whose hearts are entirely set upon Him; and who spend and are spent in His service. These, perhaps, *do* love Him most. I think I could single some of them out; but still the question is, "Which of us *shall* love Him most?" and we intend to excel these excellent ones, and to outrun even these first runners, so that "that other disciple" may "outrun Peter." "That other disciple's" name may not be known, but still it may be a well-ascertained fact that he has outrun Peter, good runner as Peter is. "Which of us shall love Him most?"

The question may be put in another shape—"Which of us *ought* to love Him most?" Well, I ought; but if the question is put I suppose all of you will claim to make the same reply. Some of us were saved when we were very young: surely for that early mercy we ought to love Him most! And some of you were spared a long while, when you lived in sin and provoked the wrath of God, yet you were called at an advanced stage of life; well, he that is called at the eleventh hour has deep reason for gratitude, and ought to love most. Some here present have been able to live a consistent course of Christian profession for many years with an unstained public character. Why, this is a great privilege. They ought to love Him most, for they have been saved those broken bones which the wandering Davids get, and which the erring Peters are sure to meet with. And then, on the other hand, there are some present who, though they once stained their profession, have been restored by rich grace, and they are now rejoicing in Christ Jesus. They ought to love Him most. It is a blessed competition amongst us when it comes to be, Which has the deepest motive for gratitude? Which has the most powerful incentive to love? I do not know that we shall ever end the controversy this side of heaven, and perhaps in heaven we shall still have to raise the question—"Which of us ought to love Him most?"

Suppose I put the question in another shape and inquire, Which of us has *shown our love* to Christ the most? Methinks I can picture to myself some who show their love to Christ most by their scrupulous obedience to His laws. I am sorry to say I have met with Christians who seem to think that the discipleship of Christ does not demand any further obedience than they are pleased voluntarily to render. To some of His precepts they show profound respect, especially if agreeable to their own taste; but if there be other precepts which prove a little inconvenient, or seem a little troublesome to the flesh, whatever it may be, they wink their eye at that, they pass it by as insignificant; and not being particularly impressed with its value, or concerned about its obligations, they leave it entirely out of their reckoning. Surely if we cannot live according to His precepts our hearts do not answer to that Divine request, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Instant and constant, cheerful and impartial, thoughtful and hearty, should be our obedience to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ; for this is one of the marks of those who love Him most. Those love Jesus Christ the most, I think, who take most delight in His company. If our closets are little frequented, if communion with Christ is a thing of long-divided intervals, if we become absorbed in the world and seek to draw all our comfort from the gratification of our natural senses, making few approaches to our Beloved, then we can hardly pretend that there has been any special feature to distinguish our love. Far otherwise; we must, in that case, if we love Him at all, fall back amongst the very small ones in the rear. It is being much with Jesus that gives a sure indication of Jesus being much beloved of us. I think, too, those who love Jesus most, *become most like* Jesus. We may easily judge ourselves by this rule. Have we tried to curb that ugly temper, or to break down that high, domineering spirit which mayhap has often gained the mastery over us? Have we striven, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to be fervent and zealous, whereas naturally we are languid and dull? Have we endeavoured to be generous, in spite of an ill propensity to be stingy and mean? Have we sought to be forgiving, instead of being revengeful; to forget insults or injuries instead of treasuring them up in a too retentive memory? If we have been brought by the Holy Spirit into some conformity with Jesus, and His mind be in us, we may gather from this likeness to Him some inkling of the depth of our love to Him; or, on the contrary, we may see proof of the shallowness of our pretensions.

And may we not, dear friends, test our love to Jesus by asking—*Who do the most for Him—comparatively?* I am obliged to put in the word "comparatively," because I believe that some who seem to do very little love Him more than some who apparently do much. Their different ability and position must be taken into account. It may be a great thing for some of you to speak to one soul, and yet for me it may have been a light matter sometimes to have spoken to many thousands. Your fidelity in a small case may have been more commendable than mine. At least, dear friends, we may lay less stress on the quantity that we do, than on the quality of our work. I must freely confess that I often envy some of you with all my heart when I think how easily you can fill your little sphere, while mine is so huge that I cannot even hope to fill it; so far has it outgrown all the capacities of any one human being. The vineyard has

become too big for my labour or my oversight. I cannot attend to it as I would, and I can only throw myself back on the thought that my Master will not expect me to do more than I can, and even then I rely on His grace to do even that, be it little or much. So then, brethren, give all diligence; render all the service you can without grudging; surrender yourselves without reserve to show the sincerity of your love to Christ. Alas that there should be any with great abilities who use them to little profit, for they do not do much for Jesus Christ! They give Christ a little corner of their hearts. They profess to enthroned Him as supreme. But they seem to treat Him as a stranger, for they do not take much notice of Him. Happily there are others who give Jesus Christ their whole hearts. When you pierce a barrel near the top, and insert the tap there, not much of the liquid will run out; but all that is inside will flow forth if the tap be inserted near the base of the barrel. Even so it is with those who love Christ most devotedly; they empty their whole soul and spirit in the service of their Lord. Do not let it be half reserved, but let it all run out as a libation of love. Spend yourselves every time you have aught to do or aught to say. Trust God to replenish you as your needs arise; do your best at every opportunity; as your days demand, so should your strength be. Those love Christ most who do most for him exhaustively. May we be amongst those who do thus show themselves His truest disciples!

In giving, as well as in doing, you may prove the fervour of your love. Not that the largest sum counts for the liveliest offering. The poor widow's two mites were a very blessed contribution. So far as she was concerned they were queenly; an imperial gift; her entire fortune—her all. Howbeit her example has cost the Church more than I can count. The rich, in their abundance, have too often sheltered themselves behind that woman, and doled out of their abundance an offering that only befitted her penury. Such their wilfulness, their wickedness, their foul hypocrisy. The reason why our Lord commended the woman was obviously not because she had given only two mites, but *because those two mites were all her living*. I remember a rich man once giving me a small coin for a great work in the Lord's vineyard, saying, "There, that is my mite." To which I replied, "Oh, am I to presume, then, that your mite is all your living?" He looked round as if he remembered the story and felt the rebuke. Of course he meant the widow's mite to excuse his meanness. I thought it rather unseemly on his part to suggest a comparison between him and the widow; his pittance and her bounty. His donation was a deception. His liberality was a lie. So I thought then; so I think still. The widow's mite was not to be measured by the amount. It was a princely present, or a paltry pittance, according to the means of the donor. When that gracious woman, to whom we are indebted for the Stockwell Orphanage, gave twenty thousand pounds to found that institution, it was *nearly* all she had. Her noble gift was like the widow's mite; in fact, it was in quality nearly identical. There are plenty of persons who have vastly more than she had, who, if they had given away a pound or two in charity would have thought they had made a noble sacrifice.

Do not make cloaks for yourselves to cover the contortions of conscience; and never rely on a reputation you do not rightly deserve. Those

love Christ most who give Him the most according to their means. The widow with the two mites gave her all. No fraction of that man's wealth who owned a million would vie with hers. His was but a part, hers was a total which left an empty purse. Well might that woman have taken a front place, not ambitiously, but none the less deservedly. Who of us has given all as she did? Some few have done so, and they would be prepared to do it again, by God's grace, whenever they saw that the Church of God demanded such a sacrifice from the loving members of its sacred fellowship.

I believe, then, that those love Christ most who not only do most, and give most, but who do all, and give all. This is what we should seek to do in the cause of Christ. We are occupied in the world; we are busy here and there with a thousand things, and yet there is such a thing as fulfilling all our ordinary duties as unto the Lord. It is possible for a man to act the part of a priest in the workshop, or in the warehouse, being holy unto the Lord. Your common vestments may be as the garments of the Lord's anointed; you may go about your ordinary service, be it in the nursery or in the kitchen, doing the duties of home as unto the Lord and not unto men. The humble and common acts of domestic or commercial life may be gilded with a grace which is better far than gold. The glory of God as it shines through the heart of a man wholly sanctified to the Most High throws a bright halo round his action. These, then, seem to me to love Him most.

Well, now, for the noble rivalry, which of us shall love Him most? Brethren, I hope you will every one of you excel me in this, but I will try my best to surpass you all. I should not like to sit down complaisantly, and say, "There, then, you may all love Jesus Christ more than I do." No; but I hope you will. And yet it shall be my aim by thought, by word and by deed, to offer the highest conceivable expression of my love to my blessed Saviour. I would, and I will, by the help of the Holy Spirit, give myself unreservedly to Him. And then, if you take precedence of me, I shall have one consolation, like him of old in the Roman State, who, when others were elected to be consuls before him, said he was thankful that his country had better men than himself.

Let this searching question be seriously entertained by us all, "Which of us shall love Him most?" Let it not be which of us shall talk most pretentiously about Him, nor which shall make the loudest profession. There was a lamentable observation made just now at our elders' meeting. I fear I must bear witness to its truthfulness, that some of those very persons who seemed at one time to be the most earnest helpers have been the most grievous dishonour to us. We almost tremble when we hear of people so supremely good that they seem too good for this world, who presently turn out so bad that they very soon appear to us too bad for it. It is sad that it should be so, but it has too often happened. We do not want, therefore, to get into a state of mind that deceives ourselves and others also; but we do pray that our love to Jesus may increase in depth and volume, like the water of a full river fed by many springs; and that our love to Jesus may burn vehemently, and shine more and more brightly, like a fire which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it. May we be wholly given up unto Him who loved us and gave Himself for us! Which of us shall love Him most? Let this question

stimulate us during the week and throughout our lives, and may God help us to press forward in the sacred race, and win the coveted prize of His approbation, as disciples whom He specially favours and servants He delights to honour!

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

PASTOR FISHER AND HIS GREAT WORK IN LITTLETON VILLAGE.

CHAPTER III.

To give in detail in two brief chapters the work done by a useful village pastor during half a century would be an absolute impossibility. As this is merely a "sketch," and not a history, all that we can do is to summarise the work itself, and endeavour to show wherein its greatness consisted. But even here we meet with difficulty. While it is comparatively easy to gather up facts and statistics tabulated in a well-kept church book, how much of the work done even by a humble village pastor remains, and must necessarily remain, unwritten! It is, indeed, a question if the silent, unobtrusive unwritten work is not far greater and more precious, practically, in the eyes of the Lord, than that which is capable of being recorded. Unknown labours, unknown suffering, and unknown deeds of love and mercy, form a great portion of every faithful and energetic pastor's life. We even go further than this, and assert that the public work done by a large majority of the successful servants of the Lord, both ministers and others, is, after all, but a small portion of the labour actually put forth. It is in the quiet study; in

the secret chamber; in hundreds of small committee meetings and gatherings; in often having to do the greater part of the work alone and bear the responsibility; in the exhibition of patience, tact, and perseverance amid well-nigh insuperable difficulties: it is in these places, and under these influences, that solid preparation is generally made for successes afterwards achieved and victories won. Still, the tabulated record gives the reader some little insight into the real amount of work performed; and the case of Pastor Fisher will be found to be no exception to the rule.

In the first place, then, we affirm that Pastor Fisher did a great work *by remaining in one village station as its honoured pastor fifty years.* This we regard as no slight achievement. A well-written paper on "Ministerial Settlements and Removals," by the Rev. Charles Williams, tells us that in these days "A three years' pastorate is regarded in some of our churches as a fitting term of service. To remain at a post for seven years excites surprise. When one of our number has continued in a bishopric five-and-twenty years he is looked up to as a patriarch, and revered as one of the ancients. A lifelong ministry to the same people is a singular phenomenon, and is scarcely possible in more than one

church out of fifty." There can be no doubt whatever that, for some cause or causes, pastors in the present age shift from sphere to sphere with amazing activity. Any person who will take the trouble to look into the Denominational Records for five or ten continuous years, and therein trace the course of the pastors generally, cannot fail to be amused with the interesting items of intelligence that relate to these changes. One illustration will serve for most.

Here, first, is the paragraph recording the ministerial *settlement*. The pastor elect is received with open arms. Everybody admires him. He is—and there can be no mistake about it—"the right man in the right place." Marvellous is the Providence that has directed him to the spot! The deacons predict, joyously, that all the seats will soon be let. The members bring all the friends they know and can get to hear him. At a large tea meeting he receives a public welcome. The ministers of various denominations in the district extend to him with fraternal love the right hand of fellowship. He is informed in the speeches that "a wide field of usefulness lies before him," and that he has only to "go up and possess the land." And the local newspaper gives a full and graphic account of the proceedings, which, condensed in the "monthlies," serves to let all know, far and wide, what a happy ministerial settlement has been effected.

Three, four, or five years pass away, and what then? Now we have the paragraph recording the ministerial *removal*. Not much, however, is said on this occasion. The local paper first merely intimates, with commendable caution, that "it has been given to understand that the esteemed minister at

such a place has announced it to be his intention to resign his pastorate as soon as a 'suitable sphere' opens." What renders the present sphere "unsuitable" is not revealed or even hinted at. A few months elapse, a good part of which is spent by the minister in travelling up and down, and then the "suitable sphere" is happily found. But, prior to his removal to it, the emigrating pastor is invited to a farewell tea meeting. This meeting turns out to be most touching and affecting. From the reports in the "monthlies" we learn with admiration what "a great work has been done" during his pastorate, and "how deeply his removal is regretted by the church and congregation and a large circle of friends in the neighbourhood;" and how, as a tangible proof of it, he is there and then presented with "a slight token of their affection," in the shape of "a small purse of gold," "a silver inkstand," "a marble timepiece," "a pair of gold spectacles," or "a beautifully-written address, handsomely engrossed." We turn over a few pages and find the record of the next settlement, which seems to be almost an exact copy of the first—as eulogistic and hopeful; and when a few years have rolled over the good pastor's head, here he is again with his resignation, waiting patiently for the "suitable sphere" to turn up; and ultimately getting it to the "deep regret of the people he is leaving behind," and the great joy of those to whom he is going. And thus, as a ministerial "stranger and pilgrim," he passes through his pastoral life vegetating everywhere, but in reality settling nowhere.

That this is no isolated but rather a representative case cannot be disputed. The causes that produce such changes we do not care to discuss. Suffice it to say that the

changes themselves may be either a good or an evil for most of the parties concerned. Each case must be dealt with on its own individual merits. It goes so far, however, as to prove one thing, and that is that comparatively few ministers possess within themselves the qualifications, or the stamina, that fit them to be lengthy or lifelong pastors. That granted, it may be best, both for themselves and the congregations to whom they have, for comparatively short periods, ministered, that they should "move about." It is possible for a minister to stay too long in one place. We have known ministers who, long after it has become apparent to most around them that their "work was done," have, with foolish pertinacity, still stuck to a place until splits have arisen, the congregation has dwindled gradually away, and the cause has been well-nigh ruined. Such men invariably, in the long run, do themselves irretrievable harm, and find their own level. In a few short pastorates as great a work may be done as in one lifelong pastorate, if a minister who desires to evangelise, or act as a pioneer or founder of churches, will only take special care to leave each cause "better than he found it." Evangelists and pioneers are needed as well as lifelong pastors; and the gifts necessary for each are diversified. Let each minister find out what he is specially adapted for, and then exercise his talents in the way Providence may direct. Should a minister, however, feel that a short pastorate suits his talents better than a long one, much care must be taken that damage is not done to the cause left by his removal. Every effort should be taken to leave the people united, and not split up into parties: and the parting should be on all sides as friendly as possible. When

a minister can afterwards visit a former charge with an unsullied character, and the consciousness that during his stay with the people his purity of aim and work of love were recognised, and still exerts a living influence, the fact is alike honourable to himself and the people among whom he has laboured.

Still, willingly conceding all this, it must be confessed, that in the present age the lifelong pastor in Congregational churches is a rarity. One or two centuries ago it certainly was not so. The long-lived pastoral race then flourished in many quarters, in the land. To that race Pastor Fisher belonged. When he accepted the call to the pastorate of the small Baptist church in Littleton it was not in order to make it a kind of stepping-stone for a higher and more influential post. He took it, if it were the will of God, for life, and just as a man takes a wife, "for better and for worse;" and when we are enabled to add, as we do with pleasure, that it was with the full consent, as well as joy, of the flock that he resigned the pastorate only when he yielded up his spirit to his Maker, we think the reader will agree with our affirmation that the retention of such a pastorate with honour, during such a long period, was one reason why the pastor did a great work in his chosen but limited sphere.

He did a great work *in winning, during the course of half a century, many souls for Christ.* It must be acknowledged that there is no work like that. When Dr. Lyman Beecher was on his dying bed, a ministerial brother asked him what was the greatest of things for ministers to attend to? and his reply was, "It is not theology; it is not controversy: it is to save souls." Some ministers feel this at the close of their lives, but John Henry Fisher

felt it from the *first*. His feeling, then, was like that of Brainerd. On more than one occasion, we are told, Brainerd said of himself, "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I waked the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was the conversion of the heathen, and all my hope was in God." The pastor who *begins* thus is sure, sooner or later, to succeed. The late Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, relates in his autobiography how, from the time the Lord gave him the enjoyment of His love, he was very desirous of bringing sinners to the Saviour. This, although his shyness was a great hindrance to him, led him to lure one young man to walk in the fields with him, where, under an old tree, he spoke to him of Jesus, kneeled and prayed with him, and, as his reward, had reason to believe that he was saved in the Lord. Soon after he became a settled pastor he received a letter from his oldest brother, informing him that a remark made to him in conversation had awakened serious thoughts in his mind, and led him to seek the Saviour. "This," said he, "deepened and strengthened my desire to win more, which has increased from that day to this; and I now record it as my settled conviction, that no believer ever desired the salvation of souls, and made use of means in a prayerful spirit to that end, but was more or less successful. No one could be less likely than myself in the early days of my religious experience, for my natural temperament and some things in the creed I then held, were directly opposed to it, and yet the Lord gave souls to me then; and, blessed be His holy

name, He has given me a troop since then." Like unto this was the experience of the Littleton village pastor. Some years fewer were added; other years more. But in half a century what was the total in a village which, to the last, never numbered over 700 inhabitants? The Members' Book showed that, not to speak of those that were brought in before, from the commencement of Pastor Fisher's ministry to its close, not fewer than two hundred and twenty souls had been brought out of that village to know the Lord as the result of his instrumentality, two-thirds of whom he buried ere the time came for his own departure. Of the remainder at his death, some still resided in the locality, and were pillars in the cause; others had left to build up the town churches; two were pastors occupying influential positions; and several more were local preachers. In other villages around also, souls were converted, and became themselves centres of light and usefulness. Thus winning souls for Christ; he became, in his limited sphere, to many a great power for eternal good, and did a work for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom that many a far more popular and eloquent town minister might well envy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

QUICKENING GRACE.

BY REV. W. ABBOTT.

"Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name."—Psa. lxxx. 18.

SUCH a graphical psalm. By the picture of the vine it describes the socially prosperous state of religion

amongst the Jews. And with equally suitable figure details the disastrous circumstances that occurred. It depicts a sad case, but not a hopeless one. A case is never hopeless when it is not shut out of the court of Divine mercy. If God says, "I will not hear prayer about it," then it is sad with us. But if there be no heart among the people to pray, there is then little hope for the case; for what use is the throne of grace if it be not used?

The spiritual state of the people is much shown in the text; the desire for quickened hearts in relation to prayer is one of the most hopeful signs we meet with in the history of Christians, in the history of Churches.

Many are the effects which the Spirit of God produces in the heart, of which quickening is one. He quickens from moral death to spiritual life, and we live in our souls as we never lived before. We are made alive unto God. His spiritual presence is felt by us. It is the source, centre, and circumference of our life, pleasures, comforts, and prospects.

We are prone to relapse into spiritual deadness. We do not cease to be religious; we are surrounded by the circumstantials of religion; we still attend upon its services, read and converse upon its topics; but we are influenced more by its outward forms and aspects than by its spiritual life and power. We are more intent upon the gratification of our religious feelings and tastes, than influenced by fervent love to the Saviour, so as to deny ourselves that we may honour Him. He sees the heart is not right with Him as it used to be; He sees there is the great need of the prayer of the text, "Quicken us," and thereby He seeks to bring us

back to the spiritual state from which we have relapsed.

The text does not treat of the spiritual quickening generally, but particularly in relation to prayer. It is in this, the prayerful attitude of the heart towards God, that its spiritual state is most noticeable in His sight. What proofs of this we have in the Book of Psalms, and in all Christian biography! There is much prayer without piety, but no piety without prayer. Piety is the life, heart, and hope of prayer. One of the firstfruits of quickened hearts will be prayer. "Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name."

What a quickening power is the sun in all the world, acting upon all vegetation, and upon all life! What a quickening power is the blood as it circulates in our bodily system, and how essential to life, health, activity, and happiness! What a quickening power is fire in our homes, and what cheerfulness and comfort it gives! So to our souls, what a quickening power is the love of God! It is the sun, the life, the joy, the hope of our souls. But, is it so? If not, we need to use the prayer of the text, "Quicken us, and we will call upon Thy name."

As quickened by the Spirit, this calling upon God is a good result. It brings us near to God, into confidence and delight in God. "It is good for me to draw nigh to God." "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thine heart." Thus prayer becomes a joy. It is not only a great relief in adversity, but a good resort in prosperity. It is a happy exercise in happy seasons, and has happy prospects. "Happy is the man whom Thou chooseth, and causeth to approach Thee." Thus God recognises us as His people:

"I will be your God, and ye shall be My people."

Christ saves us from death, and gives us life and immortality. "He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Him." By the Spirit's quickening we come to the Saviour, and by Him to the Father, and thus become "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God," and so, also, the heirs of glory. Such are our privileges, and such are our prospects; and for both we are indebted to the riches of Divine grace.

What a quickening state of life, love, joy, and praise will heaven be!
Bunham.

A GOOD LIFE.

BY REV. W. FRY.

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."—HEB. XI. 5.

THE history of Enoch is brief but impressive. A few short verses suffice to chronicle the events of his life. Volumes have been written upon men who in their day were only babes in comparison to him, whose lives were not half so important, nor their departure from earth half so sublime. Enoch's life of faith and holiness appears specially important when we consider the age in which he lived. In the first place it was an age of great darkness, scepticism and degeneracy. It was near the time of the flood, when all "flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth," and when men, in the pride of their hearts, said to the Most High, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." The sky of

the moral world was black as night, but this bright star of the morning peeped out between the clouds, shedding forth light and beauty, and condemning sin and unbelief. It is a great mercy to have grace to live a life of devotedness in good times, but specially so when evil is rampant and wickedness abounds. Again, the age in which Enoch lived was an age when few outward privileges were enjoyed. The Book of books which we have he had not. He had conscious spiritual communion with God, but he could not sit down and contemplate His thoughts, which are so precious to the saints now. Not only so, but he knew but little about the "fellowship of kindred minds." Very few had any sympathy with his spirituality, or helped him in his pilgrim course. Healthy that piety must have been to have flourished in such an atmosphere, with such adverse surroundings. If, under such circumstances, Enoch lived such a life of fellowship with God, what ought to be the degree of ours? With our special privileges let us aspire to attain a degree proportionate to his. Now, in this eleventh chapter of Hebrews we find that the writer makes special mention of Enoch, and affirms that "by faith he was translated that he should not," &c. Here, then, we have a picture of a good life, and whilst tracing out the lineaments of the same, may our spiritual life be stimulated, strengthened, and consolidated?

I. Observe the characteristics of a good life. What are they? Of what do they consist? Let us examine the life of Enoch and see. 1. A good life is a life of faith. By faith Enoch was made pleasing to God, and was translated. Faith was at the root of his spiritual being. Like the rest of the race,

he fell, but through faith in the testimony of God, a simple trust in the promised "seed of the woman," he was raised, and received pardon and purity. And not only was he justified by faith, but he lived by faith; it animated and sustained him amidst all his discouragements, and led him to do battle for the Lord. And by faith he was ultimately taken from earth to dwell for ever in the paradise of God.

Now let it be observed that as with Enoch so with all the saved. Faith is at the root of their spiritual life. "We are justified by faith, and have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We are not justified by our obedience, or our works, or our sufferings, but by faith in the sacrifice of Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Surely here is encouragement for us all. If our salvation depended on our works or our achievements we might well despair; but it does not. "By grace ye are saved through faith." This is the hand which lays hold on Christ, and appropriates the blessings of redeeming love; this is the link which unites the soul to the Saviour. Have you believed in Christ? Have you received the Divine testimony? If you would wish to reach the altitude attained by Enoch you must take this first step. And whilst we are justified by faith, we also walk by faith and live by faith; "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." We see not the God we serve, nor the Christ whose name we bear, nor the heaven to which we are going, but we believe that God is, "and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." We believe that Christ is near, and to Him we look for strength and grace; we believe that

the rewards of grace will come, and that the morn of glory will ultimately dawn upon us. Precious faith, we would not part with it! In seasons of persecution, affliction, and bereavement, when earthly prospects are blighted, when there is gloom within and darkness ahead, faith beholds Jesus on His throne, ruling the universe, and His voice comes with power to the drooping soul, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called," &c.

And whilst the Christian is justified by faith and lives by faith, by faith he also enters heaven. Faith brings heaven very near earth, takes away the fear of death, yea, opens the gate of glory—

"Faith builds a bridge across the gulf
of death,
To break the shock blind Nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the
further shore.
Death's terror is the mountain faith
removes,
That mountain barrier between man
and peace:
'Tis faith disarms destruction, and
absolves
From every clamorous charge the
guiltless tomb."

The saved one is on the bed of death, terrestrial enjoyments fade away, earthly joys leave the breast, "beneath woe's withering touch the last fond hope of mortal bliss perishes," friends weep, the tement of clay is a wreck, but there is light and joy, and bliss and gladness. Oh, what does it mean? What is the secret? Tell me, O tell me quick! Ah! it is faith in God, in the realities of the future. Sitting under the shadow of the cross, the shadow of death loses its terror, Christ is near and heaven is near, and there is an abundant entrance into the glory. O who would

not have this faith, who would not be accepted and saved?

2. Again, a good life is a life of holiness and fellowship with the Eternal. Enoch *walked* with God, he pleased God, and had the testimony of the Divine favour. His was a life of holy obedience and heavenly communion. And this was not a mere fitful or flighty experience, but a continuous one. For hundreds of years he stood upon the mount of God, with sunlight in his soul. Now, as with Enoch, so with every true child of God. That is to say, the experience is the same in kind, if not in degree; would that it were in degree! They love holiness, hate impurity, and delight in the ways of the Lord. "Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ." Now there are two thoughts amongst many which we may specially notice in connection with this heavenly walk. And the first is, that it conveys the idea of likeness to God; God is loving, holy, true, hence if we walk with Him, we must be like Him. For how can two walk together except they be agreed? Holiness is the atmosphere in which He lives and reigns, hence if we live and walk with Him, we must have the spirit of holiness. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." And it also conveys the idea of fellowship, communion with God. If we walk with Him, and have His Spirit, then there will ever be the most enjoyable communion. O how sweet to breathe our wants into His ear, to hang upon His lips and to realise the riches of His grace. Is this our experience? Are we walking with God? Are we seeking to please God? or are we living to ourselves, and seeking to please ourselves? Full of failings we shall be, we know; at the last, much that is sinful will be mingled with our

words and deeds, but "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Let not sin, then, be tolerated or unconfessed for a moment, or darkness will creep over the mind, communion with God will be interrupted, and the savour of the Christian life will be destroyed.

3. Again, a good life is a life of spiritual activity, a life that bears witness for the Master; Enoch was engaged in this holy service, and he bore witness for God and reproved the ungodly (Jude 14, 15). And as with Enoch, so with all the Lord's, they witness for Him. True that witnessing is weak or powerful in proportion as there is conformity to Christ and fellowship with Him. Some witness for Christ in their families, and shed a quiet elevating influence there. Others in their business, and in the various walks of life. They may say but little, but there is the Christ-like deportment, which is so convincing, which condemns evil, and aids the cause of righteousness. Shall we not witness for Christ more in the future than we have in the past? What we need is more of the "power from on high," and then no exhortations would be needed to go into paths of usefulness. Earnest Christian service would be the spontaneous outburst of the inner life, and the cry would be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Here am I, send me."

II. Observe the Divine approval of a good life. Before Enoch's translation he had this testimony that he pleased God. Evidently Enoch was greatly beloved. "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness, and His countenance doth behold the upright." And God made no secret of His love; the patriarch knew it; he had the testi-

mony that he pleased God. But the inquiry may be started here, How did he receive this testimony? Was there any visible manifestation of Divine favour? Did God speak to him as to Abraham and others, and testify his good pleasure? This may have been the case. Or possibly God, by His gracious presence, by the communications of His Spirit, by giving answers to prayer, and by enduing him with power for holy service, gave him to know that the course he pursued was right and true. Now God shows His approval of that which is pleasing to Him to-day as then. And this is done in various ways. The audible voice we do not hear, no special revelation is given, but there is the witness of the Spirit, the testimony of a good conscience, answers to prayer, and success in Christian service.

1. There is the witness of the Spirit. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Believer, you know what this is better than any words of mine can describe it. There are some experiences which are so spiritual and heavenly that no human language can define them. And this I regard as one of them. We can touch upon some of the outside features, but the thing itself is beyond our grasp. God comes to me as a God of holiness and love, and I feel all wretched and condemned. I hear His voice which says, "Look and live." To the cross I turn my eye. The Spirit reveals to me the things of Christ, faith lays hold upon the same, and there is pardon and salvation; there is love to God, filial fear, consciousness of Divine favour, joy in the Holy Ghost. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

2. Further, there is also the testimony of a good conscience. Conscience is God's vicegerent placed in every human breast. Through the deadly power of sin, that conscience may become seared and stupefied, but when it is awakened and purified by the power of Divine truth and the virtue of a Saviour's blood, then it is sensitive, and condemns evil, and approves that which is good. Truly valuable, then, is the testimony of a good conscience. To stand with the light of Divine truth shining on it, amidst accusations and reproaches, and to have no twinges, but peace and satisfaction, is blessed indeed. Thank God for this testimony!

3. And God also testifies His approval of His people by hearing and answering their prayers. Christ says, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Ah! here we have a key to much which may appear at times inexplicable to us. Says the believer, "I asked for such a blessing a long time ago, and I have waited and expected but have not received it, how is it?" Are you abiding in Christ? Have you real and constant communion with Him? And does His word abide in you, regulating and controlling your life? Or else is it communion with Christ one day and conformity to the world the next? Obedience to His word now and then, and at other times observance of the maxims of folly? If so, no wonder prayer is not answered. But if like little children we are loving, sincere, faithful, confident, our Father will not turn a deaf ear to our cry. Daniel was a man greatly beloved, one who pleased God, and while he was pouring out his heart the blessing came, and he was strengthened and encouraged. Surely if God hears

our prayers, it is a clear evidence of His approbation.

4. God also testifies His approval of His servants by giving them success in His service. Joshua said to the children of Israel, "If the Lord delight in us, then will He bring us into the land and give it us." He felt sure that notwithstanding the mighty obstructions that stood in the way, that if the Lord delighted in them, Canaan would be theirs. And how this was exemplified in their history. When they went up against Jericho according to the word of the Lord, it fell at the sound of the rams' horns, a true manifestation that the Lord delighted in them, was well pleased with them; but when sin entered the camp, defeat followed defeat. Does God own our efforts? Does He put His seal upon what we do and say? Are consciences aroused and hearts comforted by the message of truth? Then let us take courage, for by this also we have the testimony that we please God.

In these various ways, then, God manifests His approval of His people—gives them the testimony that they please Him. Have we this testimony? We may have it, we ought to have it. It is indispensable to our usefulness, our peace of mind, our Christian cheerfulness. Don't be carried away with the theory, that it is impossible to get it in this life. Enoch before his translation experienced it. And Paul could 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." Blessed assurance, sweet realisation. Let us ever be found looking unto Jesus and it shall be ours.

III. Observe the triumphant end of a good life. In the Book of

Genesis we read that "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him," and here it is said that he was "translated that he should not see death." We are not informed how Enoch was taken, whether visibly or otherwise, nor neither does it matter. The inspired statement is simple and concise, but sufficient: he did not see death, God took him, he was not found.

1. He did not see death. Without sickness or pain he went up to the heavenly inheritance. Like those who shall be alive at the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus, he was changed and entered into the glory. And the believer's departure from earth now can scarcely be termed dying. It is sleeping in Jesus. "He giveth His beloved sleep." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

2. Further, it is said, "God took Enoch." Took him away from a scoffing, frowning world to the bliss of paradise. He walked with God on earth, and by Him was received into glory. And this is what God does now; He takes His loved ones to Himself. "I will come again and receive you unto Myself." Believer, be of good cheer; the same kind and gracious Friend who sustains and guides thee here will take thee right through the valley into the inheritance above. He will not leave, nor forsake thee. Trust Him, for ever trust Him.

3. Further, it is said that Enoch "was not found." When Elijah was translated some of the sons of the prophets went to look for him, and undoubtedly some of the age went in search of Enoch,

but he was not found, for the simple reason that he was with his God whom he loved. Some live so that their departure is but of little consequence. They are but little missed, but not so Enoch, not so the living devoted servant of Christ. In the home there is a void, the powerful, ennobling influence is gone. In the church the wise counsel and earnest service are missed. In the world, the holy

consistent life, a terror to evil doers, no longer appears. Ah, it is a good thing thus to live, so that when we are gone the loss is felt. May our lives be of this kind! Who would not be an Enoch, to live such a life, to have such a testimony, to receive such a blissful departure? Let Enoch's God be yours, and then, after walking with Him here, He will receive you to glory.

North Curry.

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

XI.—*Damascus to Baalbec and Beyrout.*

OUR tour is now drawing to a close, and, indeed, by taking places in the diligences which ply daily between Damascus and Beyrout, we might bring it to an end at once. Some of our party whose strength is exhausted adopted this course, and bade us farewell here, but we enjoy tent life so much that we decide not to turn our faces homewards till we have seen Baalbec, whose gigantic ruins compare with those seen at Karnac on the Nile, and in many respects deserve to be ranked amongst the wonders of the world.

These ruins stand in the centre of a long valley, lying between the two parallel mountain ranges of Lebanon and Anti Lebanon, and are about sixty miles distant from Damascus, and the same from Beyrout; so that the entire excursion occupies

about five days. The scenery all the way is quite alpine in its character, in places sublime in its grandeur and almost enchanting in its beauty. It follows pretty closely the course of the river Barada, or its feeders, and wherever the life-giving waters flow, greenness takes the place of arid sand, vegetation instead of sterility. Flowers in abundance attract the eye and perfume the air. Masses of wood, or clusters of fruit-trees—such as the apricot, fig, orange, poplar, and walnut—afford refreshing shade, while now and again we cross a rippling stream peacefully meandering across the plain, or wade through a rushing torrent furiously dashing between high walls of rock, or ford a broad deep river, whose depth is uncertain and current almost overwhelming. Anon we mount a narrow, steep, and slippery ledge of rock, where none but Palestine ponies could keep their footing, and then we once more descend into the plain, and indulge in a general canter, each trying to pass his companion, and be the first to reach the camp. But if the magnificence of the scenery excites our admiration, the misery of the people evokes our pity. We

think of Bishop Heber's lines, quite as applicable to Syria as to India—

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,”

for whenever we come to town or village, we see nothing but lassitude, dirt, squalor, and wretchedness; to-day, for instance, we took our midday meal in the presence of the entire population of the nearest hamlet. The sheik, his wives, their children, and a herd of half-clad, dusky, and filthy humanity squatted in a circle around us, watching with greedy eyes every mouthful we ate, caught up eagerly every morsel we threw away, just as dogs or cats might do, and when we had done and moved away, closed up after us and devoured orange-peel, fish bones, and all the edible *debris* of our feast, and this was done quietly, without strife, pushing, or disorder, as if from habit rather than famine. Amongst this motley crowd there were many able-bodied men quite capable of work, who seem content to exist in a state of indolent beggary, while fields are untilled, roads unmade, bridges unbuilt, and the whole country running wild from sheer neglect. We fear the explanation of this anomaly must be sought in the misgovernment and oppression of the Turkish Government. Who will sow the land if he is liable to be robbed of its fruits? who make roads, or build bridges or houses, if he cannot ensure wages for his toil? who improve his habitation or his attire, if the first sign of cleanliness or comfort will make him a mark for fresh exactions from the rapacious tax-farmer?

Let no one say these remarks are uncalled for. We, in common with all Syrian travellers, are sufferers from this state of things. For the dangers of travel are greatly increased by the universal neglect.

In crossing a narrow stream to-day one of our ladies stepped on a rolling stone, was thrown into the current, and saturated to the skin with water. In this drenched state she had to ride two dreary hours, at the risk of taking severe cold or fever. In another place, while crossing a very innocent-looking gully, four of our baggage mules in succession were borne away by the unsuspected strength of the swirling torrent, and it required four hours, and the labours of twenty men to extricate them and their burdens. All the tents were soaked, and came out the colour of pea-soup; one tent was broken and rendered quite useless, and other damage done. Thank God, however, there was no loss of life nor injury to limb, and we got the camp pitched ere nightfall in spite of our disasters; and by starting very early the next morning reached about midday a spot from which we could see the great Temples of Baalbec, standing majestically in the centre of the valley.

And what shall we say about Baalbec, and why do travellers go so far over a desolate country to visit it? It has no sacred or classical associations. Its history is meagre, obscure, and disputed. What is there to see? Nothing but gigantic ruins. Ah, but these ruins are amongst the wonders of the world. They are the remains of three great heathen temples—one called the Great Temple, the second the Temple of the Sun, the third the Circular Temple. The wonder consists partly in their enormous size, partly in the exuberant richness of their carvings and decorations. Columns of stone 75 feet high, each of only three pieces. Immense stones built into the southern wall, 63, 65, and 68 feet long, 15 feet thick, and 14 feet

broad, on a platform of masonry 30 feet high; and these were erected in the first century of the Christian era, if not earlier! How did the men of that age, with their rude mechanical appliances, without steam or hydraulic power, without any of the massive shears or instruments familiar to us, ever get these blocks into position? We know the stones to be the size represented, for one of them still lies in the neighbouring quarry, excavated and dressed, but not quite detached, and we walk round and measure it. It is 68 feet long, 14 feet 2 inches high, and 13 feet 11 inches broad. It is computed to contain 13,000 cubic feet, and to weigh more than 1,100 tons.

The decorations, even in their present state of mutilation and decay, are wondrously elaborate, tasteful, and delicately wrought. Fluted shafts, carved capitals, basso-relievo friezes, shell-like recesses, scroll work, acanthus leaves, eagles, and busts, all in the highest style of Grecian art. And all this in a district where human habitations are seldom more than five feet high, where a dwelling with a second story is a marvel of luxury, where no wheeled vehicle is to be found, and could not be used if it were, because there are as yet no bridges and no roads; where men and women, for want of a shovel, scrape up dung for manure with their hands; where they plough the earth with two sticks placed crosswise, and drawn by two oxen urged forward by a goad; and where scarce any traces can be found that anything much better ever did exist. It seems incredible that the poor natives could have either planned or built these temples. A mud hovel is their highest achievement, and if the Romans built them, as is generally supposed, why in the world did they choose this out-of-

the-way place to erect temples larger and grander than the Acropolis of Athens, or the finest erections of their own capital, and where did they get the tools, the machinery, or the tackle, and where did they find the labourers? This is the puzzle, and no solution has as yet been found. They are by some believed to have been built by the Phœnicians, and certainly they were used for heathen worship of the sun, of Baal, and other gods; and not much more is known. Our admiration and wonder were both gratified; but for us they had few attractions compared with the sacred scenes of the Holy Land.

So after a night's rest we turned our backs on the ruins without regret, and retraced our steps along the valley towards Beyrout, our destined port of embarkation for home. As we got nearer the foot of the Lebanon range, we saw some signs of industry and social improvement. These were most marked in the village of Zaaleh, where we found houses of two stories, with whitewashed fronts, paved streets, and, marvel of marvels, a bridge over the stream! But the mystery seemed to be cleared up when we learned that the village is Christian—10,000 inhabitants, nearly all Christian. If Syria were all thus, it would, we believe, soon be transformed from a wilderness into a garden; roads would be made, bridges built, life and property be secure, agriculture would be developed, industry become general, trade would thrive, education advance, cleanliness and decency be practised, God, the true God, worshipped, and the Saviour accepted. May God hasten the time!

After leaving Zaaleh, we struck into the great diligence road formed by a French company between Beyrout and Damascus. This is a

fine work, carried over the Lebanon mountains, solidly constructed, and maintained in good order. Here we had no rocks to scramble over, no swamps to flounder in, no rivers to ford, no torrents to cross, but a plain path for our feet. It resembled exactly an ordinary Swiss diligence road, and for three hours we ascended the Lebanon by easy slopes cut zigzag fashion out of the mountain side. We soon saw snow, lying at first in patches, but as we mounted the snow fields became more extensive, frequently extending quite across the road, but the way had been everywhere cut through it, and then we rode between crystal walls, and moistened our parched lips with its glittering morsels. About ten o'clock we met the diligence to Damascus, quite full of passengers, and besides much general traffic. Good roads are among the first essentials to any country, and this one has started the northern section of Syria on a career of prosperity capable of indefinite extension. Were the southern and central sections equally well provided, similar beneficial results could not fail to follow. Before midday we reached the summit of the pass, and, to our joy and amazement, looked down upon Beyrout, our destination, apparently just beneath us. Yes, there it lay, like a cluster of white stones by the margin of the blue Mediterranean, and we could even see the coasting vessels with their white square or lateen sails. Though we had several hours' fatiguing ride yet to accomplish, the sight cheered us. It was looking towards home! We were refreshed by a cup of maddy coffee at a wayside khan, served as Turkish coffee always is, with the grouts,

which you are expected to swallow with the liquid.

Halfway down we subsequently took lunch beneath the welcome shelter of a roof; very acceptable now as a screen from the burning heat, for here in Syria there is no shade during the day; the sun's rays strike so direct upon you, that even between high walls there is hardly a foot of shadow in any direction. As we descended, groves of lemon-trees filled the air with fragrance. The mulberry-trees, just clad anew in fresh young leaf, gladdened the sight with living green,—a beautiful contrast to the metallic appearance of the dark olive. The fig-tree, too, put forth her leaves, the walnut-tree blossomed, and verdure and beauty became more and more abundant. And now we canter down the last slope, and reach Beyrout, where we find a large handsome hotel by the margin of the sea. Here tents, camp, horses, &c., &c., are all given up. We have returned to civilisation, to houses with tiled roofs, glazed windows, separate rooms, with appliances for privacy and cleanliness—great comforts these. Yet tent life has its charms—fresh air, healthy glow, bodily vigour, good appetites sharpened by horse exercise, and sleep sound and refreshing because it came of weariness; and notwithstanding exposure to biting winds, drenching showers, storms of snow and hail, followed by the brightest sunshine and burning heat, we took neither cold nor fever, but felt better in health and physically stronger at the end of the journey than at the beginning, and we should rejoice to have the opportunity of making the trip again.

Poetry.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Hope had made life's future joyful,
 Light was shed on all the way,
 Flowerets bloomed and streamlets
 sparkled,
 Blithely sang the birds so gay.

But one day the sun was clouded,
 Flowerets lost their fragrant breath,
 Birds were still and hope was blighted
 By the chill swift hand of death.

When the glorious sun has vanished,
 Then peep out the stars so bright ;
 So God gives His children comfort,
 And in darkness sends them light.

Erith. J. E. M.

A PRAYER.

Lord, I would sit where Mary sat,
 And be a learner at Thy feet,
 To hear Thy words of love that fall
 Upon my soul in accents sweet.

Yea, more than this, I crave the chil-
 dren's place,
 And with it crave the blessing, too ;
 Oh, keep me as a little child,
 Humble and meek, and pure and
 true.

Yet higher still, my Jesus, would I
 climb ;
 I'd lay my head upon Thy breast,
 And regulate my heart by Thine,
 In this sweet attitude of rest.

And, as the loving spouse of old,
 I crave the kisses of Thy mouth to
 share ;
 Oh, let Thy lip of promise, Lord,
 Meet with my faltering lip of prayer

Fareham. E. S.

Things New and Old.

REWARDED IN DOING.

"NOTHING done is so useful as the doing of it." How is that? It may be more useful to others who may reap the fruit of it largely ; but the doing of the useful work, overcoming all its difficulties, and patiently waiting for the result, brings a reward with it which benefits the doer while the work is being done. There is a reward in patient labour which real workers alone understand.—H. W.

THE WALDENSES CONQUERING WITH THE BIBLE.

ON one occasion a Roman Catholic monk was sent to preach amongst

the Waldenses to try and convince them of their so-called errors, but he came back in confusion. He came back saying that "he had never in all his life known so much of the Scriptures as in these few days that he had been holding meetings with the heretics." On another occasion some Roman Catholic doctors from Paris were sent amongst them to instruct them, but one of them, when he came back, owned that "he had understood more of the doctrines of salvation from the answers of the little children in their catechisms than by all the disputations he had ever heard." The Bible was the defence of this noble people ; and with it in their hands and, better still, in

their hearts, they confounded all their foes. And so must it be with us: we must be well acquainted with God's Word; we must understand its doctrines, and then, using it as "the sword of the Spirit," we shall cut right and left into the ranks of Roman Catholics, Ritualists, Spiritualists, and all other sects that set up doctrines and practices that are opposed to its teachings. But the question is, "Do we understand God's Word as did these Waldenses?" Are we prepared, from our acquaintance with it, to use it in their fashion? Are the children in our Sunday Schools as well acquainted with the way of salvation as were their children? I am afraid that we cannot say that such is the case. With more Biblical facilities the simple truths of the Gospel are not understood by old and young as they were by these Waldenses. Let us see to it that God's Word is better understood by us all, for it is the only sword that can put the enemy to the rout.—H. W.

THE CHILD IN CHRIST'S ARMS.

"CHRIST called the child, and he came, and He took him in His arms." Now you know you cannot always do that. There are some men that can win the confidence of any child—there are some men that never can command the confidence

of a child. They may call, but they will see the little ones retire behind the door. There was that in Christ that gained the confidence of the little one in a moment, and he looked up into Christ's face and he saw there more love than in a father or mother's face: greater love than that of a brother, sister, lover, or friend. And the little child thought, "I can live for ever in your arms; I am not afraid; I could live with you any length of time. I am sure you are kind and good, and true and noble. I will sleep in your arms if you like." There was no fear whatever. Then He put Him by His side, in the midst of the disciples; and the lad stood there, glad to be near the great stranger whom he had already learned to love. There was no fear, there was perfect trust in Christ. Now to be a Christian is to trust Christ perfectly, and to cast all fear to the wind. There never was such a picture of Christ and the soul as that of the little boy in the arms of the Saviour. It is the best picture in the whole Bible—the little boy in the Saviour's arms without a tear, without a sigh, without a fear, willing to remain there as long as the Saviour pleased. It is the finest picture of the human spirit in the embrace of Christ to be found anywhere in the Bible or out of it. We should learn to trust perfectly.—THOS. JONES.

Reviews.

Life and Death. By EDWARD WHITE. (Elliot Stock.) Letters written in Reply to Sermons by the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown on the Doctrine of the Non-immortality of the Wicked, and the Non-eternity of Future Punishment.

We have very great respect for the author's talent, and believe in his sincerity, and if we accepted his basis we should be carried with him to his conclusions. But we do not. Our belief is that the discussion of this subject is only disturbing, without yielding any

real profit. We are therefore content to say to the wicked, *Escape for thy life. Flee from the wrath to come. For God says the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.*

How I Became a Christian and a Baptist. By A. McCaig. (Oxford, Hunts.)

THE recital of the author's progress from death to life, and from error to truth, is told with great force, and will be serviceable in finding and directing others into the good old way.

Baptist History from the Foundation of the Christian Church to the close of the Eighteenth Century. By J. M. CRAMP, D.D. With Introduction by Rev. Dr. Angus. (Elliot Stock.)

ALL we have said of the volume we repeat, with expressions of additional pleasure at seeing the work in this cheap and popular form. The contents, the letterpress, the woodcuts—all excellent. It ought to command an immense sale. Parents and Sunday-school teachers will do a right thing in bringing it to the notice of our young people.

Thought Blossoms, Gathered in Kew Gardens. By J. HUNT COOKE. (E. King, King-street, Richmond.)

OUR friend sent forth this contribution in aid of the debt on Parkshot Church, Richmond. A very worthy object. The writer is skilful with his pen, both botanically and poetically. It is first class.

Vivisection; or, Cruelty to Animals, Tested by Reason and Scripture. By Rev. W. FRITH, F.R.G.S. (Guest, Paternoster-row.)

MR. FRITH, by his painful facts, logical deductions, and apt Scripture quotations, takes his readers with him in his final judgment.

The Kindling Fire. Counsels to Young Inquirers. By P. W. DARNTON, B.A. (Edward E. Barnett, Paternoster-square.)

WE hail with joy this work for young inquirers. It will be acceptable to all who are directing the youthful seekers, and will be used as an earnest, plain and fervent friend to the burdened and anxious ones.

Treasures for our Sunday-school workers and others:—*The Sunday-school World, The Biblical Museum, The Teacher's Storehouse, The Preacher's Analyst.* (Elliot Stock.)

The British Flag. W. A. Blake. Charing-cross. The only religious newspaper for soldiers.

The Voice of Warning. (17, Buckingham-street, Strand.) It speaks with trumpet tongue against Popery, Ritualism, and Rationalism.

The Appeal. (Elliot Stock.) The best tract for universal distribution.

Truth and Progress. A monthly Australian Baptist Newspaper. We read it with great interest.

The King's Highway. A magazine on holiness.

Evangelical Christendom. (Johnson, Fleet-street.) Real news of the churches.

Ragged School Quarterly Record. The title speaks for itself.

Our own magazines and papers:—

The Baptist (Castle-street), *The General Baptist* (Marlborough and Co.), *The Sword and Trowel* (Passmore and Alabaster), all fruitful, and more than an average of articles. Instructing, stimulating and profitable. *The Baptist* and *Freeman* also to hand.

WE have also received copy of Resolutions and Appeal unanimously adopted by the Conference of Protestant Missionaries at Shanghai, May 16, 1877. The Resolutions are important, and the Appeal for China thrilling. The Lord fill our treasuries and send labourers to the field already white unto harvest.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. H. Bishop has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bangor.

Rev. H. Luckett, who removed from Gainsborough nine years ago to take charge of Ebenezer Church, West Bromwich, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to return to his former charge.

Rev. Samuel Hawkes, of Braintree, has accepted the invitation of the church at Nelson, Lancashire, to become its pastor.

Rev. John Phillips, on account of ill-health, has resigned the pastoral charge of the church at Astwood Bank, Worcester-shire, which he has held for twenty-seven years. The church and congregation have awarded him an annuity of £20.

Rev. H. Abraham, of the Pastor's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Redruth, Cornwall.

Rev. A. T. Gibson has been compelled, on account of ill-health, to resign the pastorate at Crayford, which he has held for eighteen years.

Rev. J. W. Parker, of Carey Chapel, Moulton, has, after ten years' successful ministry there, accepted a unanimous invitation from the united churches at Castle Donington and Sawley, Leicestershire, to become their pastor.

Rev. J. J. Irving, late of Chicago, has accepted the invitation of the church at Swadlincote, near Burton-on-Trent.

Rev. T. Watkinson has resigned his pastorate at Fleet, Lincolnshire, and commences his new sphere of labour at Newthorpe, Notts, on the second Sabbath in November.

Rev. E. Morse, late of Pontrelydyrun, Mon., has accepted an invitation from the church and congregation at Earl's Barton, Northamptonshire.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. E. HILTON, of Gretton, Northamptonshire, having accepted an invitation

to the pastorate of the church at Lichfield-street, Willenhall, preached his farewell sermons on Sunday, Sept. 30, at Gretton and Thorpe-by-Water. A purse containing £9 was presented to him prior to the evening service.

A meeting has been held at Foxton, Leicestershire, to take farewell of the Rev. T. H. Carryer, who, after a ministry of more than thirteen years, has been compelled by ill-health to relinquish the pastorate. A testimonial, comprising a silver-plated hot water jug and teapot and timepiece, was presented to the retiring pastor.

The first anniversary of the Rev. W. Jackson's pastorate at Waltham Abbey has been held, when special sermons were preached, and a public meeting was held on Wednesday, under the presidency of the Rev. John Spurgeon. £15 was collected for the pastor.

A social gathering, connected with Portland Chapel, Southampton, to welcome home, after his wedding tour, the Rev. H. O. Mackey, pastor, has just been held; he was presented by the congregation with a handsome bijou pianoforte. The Bible-class also added the gift of an ornamental timepiece, and the Sunday-school children a study chair.

At a meeting held in connection with the Cambridge-street Chapel, Glasgow, the Rev. A. Wright, M.A., pastor, was presented by the congregation with a handsome gold watch and chain, together with a purse of sovereigns for books, as a token of esteem.

Rev. T. Wheatley has resigned the pastorate of the church at Faringdon, Berks. A purse of gold has been presented to Mr. Wheatley.

Rev. P. Griffith, who has been for twenty-two years pastor of the church at Biggleswade, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening, the 23rd of Sept. At a tea-meeting held on the following Wednesday, a purse, containing £71, and an album, were presented to Mr. Griffith, who has accepted the

pastorate of Union Chapel, Shirley. The Beds Union of Christians have also presented £40 to Mr. Griffith as a token of their appreciation of his services as secretary.

PARK CHAPEL, BRENTFORD.—A social meeting was held in the school-room of the above chapel, on Thursday evening, October 11th, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Tilson J. Blake, for his gratuitous services as organist of the above chapel for over eight years. H. Tarrant, Esq., presided. Mr. J. Barnes, on behalf of the friends, presented Mr. Blake with a purse of gold. Mr. Blake having suitably replied, addresses were given by the chairman, Rev. W. A. Blake, J. S. Stanion, W. Brown, C. Henwood, and W. Roberts.

RECOGNITIONS.

DOVER.—On September 27 there was a crowded meeting, composed of representatives of all the Nonconformist congregations in Dover and the neighbourhood, in Salem Chapel, to welcome the Rev. E. J. Edwards, the new pastor of that place of worship. The Rev. W. Sampson took the chair. Addresses were given by the Revs. J. Vercoe, Peter Ward, J. E. Gibberd, J. F. Frewin, J. Garratt, I. Stubbs, and J. Aldis.

Ordination services were held on Tuesday, October 3rd, in connection with the settlement of Mr. James Walker, late of Rawdon College, as pastor at Sheppard's Barton Chapel, Frome. The service was rendered additionally interesting by the presence of the former pastor, the Rev. T. G. Rooke, now president of Rawdon College, who gave the introductory address. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. Dr. Green, of London.

The recognition services of the Rev. Henry Moore as pastor of the church at Bridgewater, were held on the 2nd of October. Rev. G. Rogers preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. W. Sully, senior deacon. A hearty welcome was accorded the new pastor by the Revs. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., R. James, J. Tetley, E. S. Prout, M.A., other ministers and gentlemen.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new and handsome chapel, erected in York-road, Leeds, by the efforts of friends connected with South Parade Church, has just been opened. The building is calculated to seat 750 persons, and there are six classrooms and a large infant schoolroom. The total cost is £6,000, of which £2,000 has been fully contributed. The pastor is the Rev. Jas. Smith.

A new and handsome Gothic chapel has recently been opened at Umberslade, Birmingham, by a sermon preached by the Rev. C. M. Birrell. The building has been erected at the cost of Mr. G. F. Muntz, and is in connection with the church under the pastorate of the Rev. Geo. Sears.

A new chapel, capable of accommodating nearly 750 worshippers, has just been opened at Todmorden by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown. The total cost of the building is estimated at £4,000, of which £2,800 has been raised, £200 being contributed at the opening services. The Rev. H. Briggs is the pastor.

Four memorial stones of a proposed new chapel to be called the "Wycliffe Union Tabernacle," were laid on the 1st of Oct., in Herries-street, Queen's-park, Kilburn, in connection with the Canterbury-road Church, of which the Rev. T. Hall is pastor. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. W. Tarbox, R. D. Wilson, W. Luke, J. M. Cox, and others, and contributions amounting to £160 were laid upon the stones. The dimensions of the new building will be 86 feet by 51 feet, and it will be capable of development. The ground has been presented for the purpose.

The new chapel at Cambridge, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Mr. J. Colman, M.P., will cost £4,000, which has already been promised. The cost of the site, with alterations of the old chapel to adapt it for school purposes, will be an additional £2,000. An effort is being made to obtain the whole amount, £500 having been promised on that condition. Mr. Colman gave a cheque for £100, the total proceeds of the day £220.

The new chapel at Upper Tooting was opened on Thursday, Sept. 27th, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The collections amounted to nearly £44. Mr. Spurgeon has himself contributed to the building fund £250. The chapel, which is a neat and substantial building, seats upwards of 200 persons. It is intended that it shall form at some future time the vestries and schoolroom of a larger building.

New mission premises in connection with Blenheim Chapel, Leeds, were opened on Wednesday, September 26th, when a sermon was preached by Rev. G. T. Rooke, B.A. A public meeting was held in the evening of the same day, and addresses delivered by Rev. J. Stock, LL.D., Rev. John Haslam, Rev. J. Hillman, Rev. J. Smith, and Rev. J. W. Cole, who has removed from Whitehaven in order to take charge of the mission work. The total cost of the buildings, which comprise a large schoolroom, classrooms, and care-keeper's house, is £1,850, of which about £600 is still to be raised.

A bazaar in aid of the erection of a new chapel in the city, has just been held at Hereford, in the Corn Exchange. The opening address was delivered by T. Blake, Esq., M.P. The various stalls were filled with useful and ornamental goods. The amount realised is fully £260, and there is about £200 worth of goods unused, which it is hoped will be disposed of next Christmas.

The opening services of a new chapel erected at Swadlincote, have just been held, sermons being preached by the Revs. J. Clifford and T. Goadby, resulting in contributions amounting to £250 towards the building fund. The new edifice is intended to accommodate 500 persons, at a cost of £1,700, towards which upwards of £1,100 have been obtained.

WESTBOURNE-PARK CHAPEL.—The opening services were held as follows:—Sunday, September 30th, dedicatory service, conducted by Rev. John Clifford; Tuesday, October 2nd, sermons were preached by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Rev. H. Stowell Brown; Sunday, October 7th, the Rev. Archibald G. Brown

and Rev. John Clifford; Thursday, October 11th, Rev. Donald Fraser; Sunday, October 14th, Rev. T. Goadby. There was a large attendance at each of the services.

On Tuesday, October 9th, the foundation stone of new schools and a lecture hall, connected with the church at Peckham-park-road, was laid by James Stiff, Esq. The total cost, including the purchase of the freehold site, will amount to £2,400. Over £300 was contributed during the day, including a cheque for £25 from Mr. Stiff.

A tea and public meeting were held on Tuesday, October 2nd, at Mark-house-common Chapel, Walthamstow, to commence the "Land Purchase Fund," one of the three plots on which the chapel stands having to be paid for by next April. The amount required is £125. The collection realised nearly £9.

The church at Brockley-road Chapel, New-cross, has just opened new mission premises in Creek-street, Deptford, in the midst of a crowded population of the labouring class. There are two halls, one holding 400, and the other 100 persons. The total cost of the buildings has been £1,600, exclusive of internal fittings. A debt of £600 remains.

PUTNEY.—A mission work was started some time since in the rapidly improving town of Putney. No Baptist chapel was then to be found in it, although it contained about 10,000 inhabitants. That which was started as an evangelistic effort developed into a Baptist interest. Several Christians were immersed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the increased attendance made it necessary to seek a more commodious building. As this could not be found, the only plan left open for the little company was to build. A piece of land close to the High-street was taken on lease (with liberty to purchase), on the rear of which the building, which is at present used as Putney Baptist Chapel, has been erected, space being left in the front for the permanent chapel. The present structure will seat over 200 persons, and on Sunday evening, September 30,

the congregation was about equal to the number of sittings, many being attracted to witness the first baptism, when four believers were immersed by the pastor. The young church, which was formed in April, numbers over forty members.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland was held at Newport, Mon., October 8 to 11, 1877. President, Rev. J. T. Brown. Monday, Oct. 8, sermons were preached at Commercial-road chapel, Rev. H. S. Brown, Vice-President, and at Maindee, Rev. W. Cuff. On Tuesday a sermon to young men was preached by Rev. C. Stanford. A missionary designation and valedictory service was held to set apart Mr. J. W. Price, and others, of Pontypool College, for mission work; and to take leave of Revs. James Smith, Isaac Allen, M.A., and H. T. Piggott, returning to the mission-field. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held. Chairman, Sir R. Lush; speakers, Revs. Dr. Landels, R. H. Roberts, B.A., A. Saker, of Cameroons, and W. Hill. Wednesday, Oct. 10th, a prayer meeting was held in the schoolroom, Commercial-street Chapel, Rev. E. Parker, President, of Manchester Theological Institution, Commercial-street Chapel. At the Session of the Union the President was in the chair. After devotional service, President's address; statement from the British and Irish Home Mission, by Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.; and a presentation to the Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A.; Report of Board of Education, by Rev. S. Green. Thursday, Oct. 11, Rev. C. Williams preached a sermon to Sunday-school workers. Commercial-street Chapel. Session of the Union. Devotional service conducted by the President; report of Annuity Fund, Rev. C. Williams; report of Augmentation Fund, Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A.; paper on "Lessons drawn from the History of the Welsh Churches," Rev. James Owen, of Swansea. Discussion: Rev. Dr. Thomas, late Principal of Pontypool

College; Rev. D. Morgan, of Blaenavon, Mon. Resolution, Indian Famine Fund. Victoria Hall. A public meeting was held. Chairman, G. Fothergill, Esq., Mayor of Newport. Speakers, Rev. J. Aldis, "The Evil and Cure of modern Speculation;" Rev. H. B. Robinson; W. Willis, Q.C.; Rev. D. Jones, B.A., "The Policy of our Churches in view of coming changes in the Establishment." Upwards of 1000 delegates attended, and the interest at the various meetings was kept up to the close.

CHRISTCHURCH.—The district meeting of the Southern Baptist Association was held on Oct. 2, when the revised rules were unanimously adopted, and other business was transacted. The Rev. W. H. Payne and Mr. Godwin led the devotions. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Ridler; the Revs. J. B. Burt, J. J. Fitch, J. Colman, with the pastor and the resident Wesleyan minister, took part in the service. On the previous Lord's Day the Revs. C. Bailhache and J. Thompson preached the missionary sermons. The entire services were well attended.

AN association of the Baptist churches in Surrey, was formed on the 25th of September at a meeting held at the Commercial-road Chapel, Guildford. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon was appointed moderator, Mr. J. Cowdy, treasurer, and Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, secretary.

LAKE ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.—Rev. T. W. Medhurst commenced the ninth year of his ministry at Portsmouth, Sept. 23rd. Collections were made on behalf of the Indian Famine Relief Fund, which amounted to £19.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S-COURT, SOHO.—The fifty-third anniversary of this place of worship was held on Sunday, Sept. 23rd, when the pastor, Rev. J. Teall, preached. This being the first anniversary since Mr. Teall's settlement, the friends were anxious that the services should be in every respect successful; and we are pleased to state their anticipations were realised. Thirty years before on that day, the lamented John Stevens preached his LAST sermon, from Heb. ix. 28; and

Mr. Teall selected the same words as his morning text. The evening discourse was based on Zech. iii. 9, and on this occasion the congregation was larger than any seen within the walls for some years past. Between the services a dinner was provided, in accordance with the usual custom, for the poor of the church. On Tuesday the friends assembled for tea, the provisions for which were kindly given by two of the deacons. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which the pastor presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Alderson, Master-son, and Usher, with the deacons of the church; after which the friends dispersed, satisfied that the anniversary for this year had been throughout a success.

TRINITY CHAPEL, JOHN STREET, EDGEWARE-ROAD.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 11th, a reunion tea-meeting was held to celebrate the return of the Rev. J. O. Fellowes from Australia. Over 400 sat down to tea. Addresses were delivered by Mr. F. Knight (who has supplied the pulpit during Mr. Fellowes' absence), Mr. R. Beazley, Messrs. Luff and Exton, and Rev. J. O. Fellowes. We hope in a future number to give an account of Mr. Fellowes' visit to Australia, which we are sure will be read with pleasure by our readers. The health of Mr. Fellowes has much improved.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—October 14, at the English Chapel, Seven, by T. Jones.
Abersychan, Monmouthshire.—October 3, at the English Chapel, Four, by Mr. Jones.
Aberlillery.—October 7, at the English Chapel, One, by D. E. Jones.
Armley.—October 7, at Sion Chapel, Two, by A. P. Fayers.
Ashwater.—September 16, Three, by T. Bray.
Aston-on-Clun.—September 9, One, by T. Rowson.
Bacup.—October 7, at Irwell-terrace Chapel, Two, by J. S. Hughes.
Barnsley.—September 30, Eight, by B. W. Osler.
Batley.—September 30, Two, by J. H. Hardy.
Beccles.—September 30, Two, by W. F. Edgerton.

Bedminster, Bristol.—September 30, Six, by W. Norris.
Belfast.—October 4, at Regent-street, Five, by Robert Holmes.
Beazley Heath.—October 4, at Trinity Chapel, Five, by G. Smith.
Biltingborough.—September 16, One, by C. Horne.
Birkby.—September 26, Two, by T. W. Ward.
Bishop Stortford.—October 4, Three, by B. Hodgkins.
Bourton, Shrivenham.—October 4, Three, by R. W. Mansfield.
Bowdon.—September 30, One, by W. S. Llewellyn.
Bramley, Leeds.—October 7, Two, by A. Ashworth.
Bridport, Dorset.—September 30, Three, by J. F. Eames.
Brynffryd, Ebbw Vale.—September 16, Six, by J. Griffiths.
Builth.—September 30, Three, by J. M. Jones.
Burton-on-Trent.—Oct. 4, at Salem Chapel, Twenty-two, by J. T. Owers.
Burton-on-Trent.—September 23, at Guild-street, Four, by J. Askew.
Caerwent, Monmouthshire.—September 30, One, by the pastor.
Cambridge.—September 26, at Zion Chapel, Eight, by J. P. Campbell.
Ceifu, Glamorganshire.—Sept. 16, Three, by E. Schaffer.
Chelmsford.—October 7, Eight, by S. K. Bland.
Chiswick.—September 30, One, by E. W. Lynn.
Crosby Garrett, Westmoreland.—September 18, Two, by D. Thomas.
Derby.—September 16, at Watson-street Chapel, Four, by G. Slack.
Doulaie.—September 10, at the English Chapel, Two, by A. Humphreys.
Dunchurch.—October 4, Three, by H. T. Peach.
Dunfermline.—October 3, Five, by J. T. Haen.
Ebbw Vale.—September 16, at Zion English Chapel, Two, by T. Garnon.
Foot's Cray, Kent.—September 30, Three, by R. E. Sears.
Forton, Gosport.—September 9, One, by T. G. Strong.
Glasgow.—September 16, at North Frederick-street, Four, by A. F. Mills.
Gladestry, Radnorshire.—September 23, Two, by T. Jermyn.
Great Leighs.—October 4, One, by R. C. Sowerby.
Great Staughton.—October 7, Seven, by W. G. Coote.
Heaton, Bradford.—October 7, Three, by R. Howarth.
Helston.—September 30, Two, by J. H. Sobey.
Heywood.—September 23, Two, by Mr. Hitchon.
Holyhead.—September 16, One, by W. R. Saunders.
Honeyborough.—October 7, One, by J. John.
Leads.—October 3, at Bushley-road, Four, by W. T. Adey.

Leeds.—September 30, York-road, Nine, by J. Smith.

Liverpool.—October 4, for the Drill Hall, Coleridge-street, Kensington, at Everton Village Chapel, Four, by B. Thomas.

Liverpool.—September 30, at Soho-street Chapel, by E. E. Walter.

Llanvihangel, Crucorney, near Abergavenny.—September 30, Five, by R. C. Evans.

Lyminster.—September 30, Three, by J. J. Fitch.

Lyndhurst.—October 3, Two, by W. II. Payne.

Maesteg, Glamorgan.—October 7, at Bethel Chapel, Four; October 12, at Bethel, Four, by T. A. Pryce.

Maesyberrilan, Brecon.—September 16, Three, by G. H. Llewellyn.

Maldon, Essex.—October 14, Two, by H. Charlton.

Metropolitan District.—

Battersea.—September 3, at Battersea-park Chapel, Eleven, by T. Lardner.

Bedford Row.—October 2, at John-street Chapel, Three, by J. Collins.

Bermundsey.—September 30, at Drummond-road, Seven, by J. A. Brown.

John-street, Edgware-road.—At Trinity Chapel, June 28, One; July 26, Two; August 30, Three; October 4, Three, by F. Knight.

Kilburn.—September 30, at the Canterbury-road, Three, by T. Hall.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—September 27, Nineteen; October 1, Six; October 4, Twenty; by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.

Whitechapel.—September 30, at Little Alie-street, Five, by C. Masterson.

Milnsbridge, Yorks.—October 6, Two, by Mr. Speed.

Neath.—September 23, at the English Baptist Church, Five, by G. Hawker.

Oakengates, Salop.—October 14, Four, by D. C. Chapman.

Offord, Hunts.—October 7, Two, by A. M'Caig.

Oyden, Rochdale.—September 30, One, by A. E. Greening.

Oxsett, Yorks.—October 3, Three, by J. W. Comfort.

Oswestry.—September 12, at Ernest-street Chapel, Five, by J. Naylor.

Pole Moor.—October 7, Three, by J. Evans.

Porlhenry.—September 16, at Horeb, Six, by J. G. Phillips.

Portsea.—Sept. 30, Six, by J. W. Genders.

Providence, Ebbw Vale.—September 16, Five, by W. Jones.

Redditch.—August 29, Seven, by R. Rowson.

Retford, Notts.—September 23, Two, by R. Silby.

Riddings.—September 16, One, by C. F. Jamieson.

Rye-ford.—September 26, Eight, by E. Watkins.

Sardis.—October 14, One, by J. John.

Sheerness-on-Sea.—October 3, at Strude Crescent, Two, by J. E. Hadler.

Smethwick.—September 30, Three, by G. T. Bailey.

Southampton.—September 30, at Carlton Chapel, Four; October 4, One; by E. Osborne.

Southport.—September 30, Three, by L. Nuttall.

Spennymoor, Durham.—October 7, Two, by M. Morris.

Sutton-in-the-Elms.—October 7, Four, by W. Bull.

Threlstone Gower.—September 7, Three, by S. Jones.

Trealaw, Rhondda Valley.—September 16, Three, by J. Evans.

Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—October 7, at Horeb English Chapel, Seven, by D. Davies.

Wedmore, Somerset.—September 30, Three, by T. J. Hazard.

Widnes, Lancashire.—September 28, Three, by Hugh Stowell Brown.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, 1877, to October 19th, 1877.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|--------------------------------|---------|---|--------|---|----------|
| Miss Spliidt | 5 0 0 | Mrs. Spriggs | 0 5 0 | Miss Wade | 1 0 0 |
| Mr. T. G. Owens | 10 0 0 | T. R. | 10 0 0 | Mr. J. H. Fidge | 2 2 0 |
| Mrs. Sims | 5 0 0 | Mrs. Elias | 50 0 0 | A Student | 5 0 0 |
| Mr. Pentelow | 1 0 0 | Gloag | 5 0 0 | Mr. Dugdale | 1 0 0 |
| E. A. S. | 0 10 0 | Mr. J. G. Hall | 1 1 0 | T. Kennard | 1 0 0 |
| J. C. K. | 5 0 0 | Mrs. H. Keevil | 5 0 0 | Mrs. De Kavannah | 0 10 0 |
| A Friend in Scotland | 20 0 0 | Miss Spencer | 0 5 0 | Fitzgerald | 1 0 0 |
| Legacy late Mr. Dalton | 283 2 6 | Mr. J. La Touche | 5 0 0 | N. M. | 1 0 0 |
| H. F. | 5 0 0 | P. Hurrell | 2 2 0 | A. K. | 5 0 0 |
| Two Friends in Edinburgh | 0 8 0 | W. Glanvill | 0 10 0 | Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, Sept 23... | 43 6 5 |
| Mr. J. C. Trotter | 1 0 0 | Mrs. Robinson | 2 0 0 | " " " 30... | 40 0 3 |
| R. Jones | 0 7 6 | Mr. G. James | 1 10 0 | " " " Oct. 7... | 30 17 10 |
| J. Cook | 1 0 0 | Thank-offering from Waltham Abbey | 1 3 0 | " " " 14... | 20 0 3 |
| Miss Dransfield | 2 2 0 | Rev. W. Jackson | 1 0 0 | | |
| Mr. E. Barnett | 2 0 0 | Mr. J. Edwards | 10 0 0 | | |
| Mrs. Cassin | 2 10 0 | Part of a Sailor's Tithe | 1 0 0 | | |
| Mr. R. P. Blyth | 0 10 0 | A Friend T. | 1 0 0 | | |
| | | Mr. G. Brewis | 4 6 4 | | |
| | | | | | £607 9 1 |

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

HIS MANIFEST LOVE.*

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

“Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him!”—JOHN xi. 36.

IF the sight of Jesus weeping constrained the Jews to admire His love to Lazarus, with what emotions shall we contemplate the far greater proofs of affection which this same Jesus has given to poor, lost, and ruined sinners. I wish it were in my power so to set forth my Lord's love to the perishing children of men, that you also would be constrained to exclaim—“Behold how He loved us!” Were it possible for me to paint the bleeding Saviour in such lovely colours that, as the apostle Paul said to the Galatians, “Before your eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth crucified among you,” I am persuaded the evidence of His great love would become so irresistible, that you would cry out, “Behold, how He loves us!” Oh that the Spirit of God may grant me this desire of my heart, while I try to *hold up the love of Jesus to your admiration.*

Surely if you ponder the love of Jesus towards sinners, as shown in His concern for their welfare, your admiration must begin to kindle. In distant ages, far beyond our power to count, before this world was created, God, who sees all things from the beginning, foresaw that man would violate His law, fall into sin, and consequently plunge into sorrow. Wonderful to relate, the Lord Jesus Christ, the maker of the heavens and of the earth, prescient of the future, and seeing us lost and ruined, exercised His gracious mind and His infinite wisdom to devise a way to save rebellious man. Have you ever considered it—that He, to whom the great circle of the heavens is but a span, who holds the waters of the rolling seas in the hollow of His hand, who plucks up the mountains by their roots, and counts the islands to be a very little thing—exercised His infinite thought in old eternity for the good of such insignificant and worthless creatures as the sons of men? Sinners, rebels, ungodly ones, had a place in the heart of Jesus or ever the earth was. The covenant for their redemption was framed when as yet they had no existence! Behold, then, how He loved sinners! Behold the antiquity of His love and venerate and admire it.

When the fulness of time had come, however, the purposes of eternity were brought into practical action. He who was pure spirit condescended to veil Himself in human flesh. He took upon Himself an infant's form; hung upon a woman's breast, was cradled and nursed as our children are wont to be. Behold how God must love man to become man for man's sake! The incarnation was the wonder of angels when they sang the descent of God from heaven to Bethlehem: let it be our wonder and our admiration now. Jesus, whom cherubim adore, before whose throne the ranks of shining ones count it their delight to fall in speechless reverence, becomes, like ourselves, “a man of sorrows and acquainted with

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NEW SERIES, No. 229.

grief." He toils in the carpenter's shop ; He journeys along the weary miles of Canaan ; He works ; He suffers ; He thirsts ; He hungers ; He becomes in all respects like unto us, except that He knew no sin ! Behold how He must love us to leave those halls of Zion to come to the dungeons of this world !

But, mark you, our Saviour was not only incarnate, but he was incarnate to suffer for us. Follow Him, my brethren, through those lonely nights upon the mountain side. You little know the privations He suffered, when the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, but the Lord of glory, who had become the Son of man, had not where to lay His head ! Oh ! that I could tell the story as it ought to be told ! . You know how His griefs at last culminated in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane. You have heard the narrative read, perhaps, a thousand times, of that agony when he was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death—deserted by those who were his friends and companions ; and left by God Himself to bear the utmost grief that flesh and blood could bear ! See Him in the garden ; recollect that every pang He suffered there was for others ; not a groan did He utter nor a tear did He shed, not a drop of crimson sweat did He exude for Himself ; all His smart was for His enemies—for us, His forgetful, ungrateful, rebellious foes. Methinks, as I take my stand where the angels stood who succoured Christ on that dark, betrayal night, all I could say is—"Behold how He loved sinners !"

Yet these were but the beginning of His sorrows. Track the Saviour to the hall of Herod, of Pilate, of Caiaphas. See Him stripped, and mocked, and spat upon ; enduring reproach and insult with patience and fortitude. Like a lamb led to the slaughter, He was dumb. See Him taken by wicked hands. Remember who He is—very God of very God, in our nature clothed—the man Christ Jesus. See how they fasten Him to the ignominious tree. They lift Him up upon the Roman gibbet. They put Him to death as a malefactor. They crucify Him between two thieves. The centre of heaven's glory, He is made the centre of earth's scorn. The sun of the splendours of eternity is now eclipsed. The Saviour is shrouded in the blackness of darkness. Human derision and Divine indignation gather around His devoted head. He suffers till He dies. Behold how He loved us ! And all this was for us who had not any claim upon Him. He loved us because He would love us, and would be one with us, and would have us to be one with Him. Therefore He would not let us die, He would sooner die Himself. Nor would He let us be cast into the pit ; so He descended into the grave Himself that He might ransom us from its power. See Him, my dear friends ; see Him. What if I am telling you a story you well know ! there is nothing like it in the annals of time. Harps of angels cannot discourse their sweet music to a sweeter theme than I discourse upon to-night, albeit their notes might thrill your hearts, while my style may mar the story. See, see Him now ! He rises from the tomb. He cannot be holden captive in the bonds of death. The empty sepulchre He leaves behind. To Mount of Olivet He goes ; there His disciples meet ; and thence to heaven He presently ascends. A cloud receives Him out of our sight. Let your faith picture Him as He takes His seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high. What is He doing ? With authority He pleads before the Father. Like Joshua, the high-priest, He wears His breastplate, and before the mercy-seat pleads

with His own blood, which He has carried within the veil. For whom is that pleading carried on, that ceaseless intercession? It is for sinners! Jesus is constant to His first love. He forsakes not His chosen. Having loved His own when He was in the world, He loves them still. To heaven He has gone to prepare a place for them, and make intercession for them, according to the will of God. So may we say, as we see Him exercising His priestly office, "Behold how He loves us!"

And He is coming again; be assured of that, my brethren;

"On flying clouds He comes;
His advent draweth nigh."

But wherefore is He coming? For what purpose is He about to return? It is for His people; to fetch His ransomed people home. When He shall appear they also shall be manifested, and be made like to Him. All the splendours of that glorious advent shall be shared by the lowliest of His saints. Does He come to reign, they shall be kings and priests to reign with Him; does He come in triumph, they shall follow Him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, when He—the Faithful and True—rides upon a white horse, clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and in righteousness doth judge and make war. Behold how He loves us! All He did of old, and all He has yet to do in the cycles yet to roll, give proof of a love so marvellous, so Divine, that no words can paint, no metaphors illustrate. Behold how He loves sinners!

Well now, leaving the trail of ancient history, and turning from the scroll of unravelled prophecy, I want each saved soul among you to recall and recount from his own experience the proofs and evidences of our great Redeemer's love. Oh! how our Lord Jesus Christ must have loved us to have borne with some of us when we were estranged from Him, and enemies to Him in our natural state. This is not the time or place for us to make open public confession; still, if your conscience is tender, the remembrance of youthful sins and follies will startle you. How could Christ have borne with our waywardness? And yet his patience exceeded our provocations. As for the grosser follies of our manhood, our heart bleeds at the recollection! Some of you, my brethren, rioted and revelled in transgressions too infamous to recount; yet you were not struck down, when on this earth you had met with no pity, from heaven you could have looked for no mercy. You were spared. The Saviour never turned away from His purpose of saving you. As we sometimes sing—

"Determined to save, He watched o'er your path
When, Satan's blind slave, you sported with death."

What hair-breadth escapes some of you have had! When you provoked Him to His face, He let the lifted thunder drop, and you survived. For years you were like a barren tree,—the axe lifted to cut you down: Jesus said, "Spare it yet another year." Oh! He must have loved us to have exercised so much long-suffering towards us. All of us, if we look into our hearts, will feel that our lives upbraid us, for our outward actions are not always conformed to our inward convictions. How much He must love us to track our devious footsteps, even as a good shepherd tracks a wandering sheep; following us over hills of sin, and down into

valleys of darkness and of rebellion, never ceasing in His blessed chase of love till He overtakes His poor, wandering sheep, and throws it upon the shoulders of His grace.

Thinking, dear friends, of the day when we were saved, how emphatically we can exclaim, "Behold how He loved us!" We came laden with grief, and full of woe. We thought that He would drive us from His presence, but He blotted out our sins like a cloud, and like a thick cloud our iniquities. It was only a word, and all was done! Do you recollect it? Why, it was only a few months ago with some of you. With others of us many years have since passed; still, the very thought of that blessed day makes us wonder and admire. I am sure it was no small astonishment to me when I found that my load was gone; I could not have believed it was possible for such a poor, heavy-laden sinner to be set free—in a moment; for such a black, filthy wretch to be made white as snow with only one washing in the precious blood;—that I, who had been an alien and a stranger, should be admitted into the full privileges of Christian citizenship, and all in an instant, by one simple act of believing. Had our Lord Jesus Christ set us to perform certain duties or penances, by which we might merit His grace, it would not have so surprised us; but that He should take us just as we were, like the prodigal—all in his rags, and say, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put the ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet," was more than our fondest hopes could compass. Wayward and undutiful, yet received as a child beloved. Forlorn and degraded, fresh from the swines' trough, yet welcomed to sit at the table, and to feast with all the saints on the riches of grace. Oh! this is love amazing! It is like a God. What shall we say of it but "Behold how He loved us!"

Nor were His mercies exhausted in that glad hour. No sooner were we pardoned than we were clothed in the righteousness of Christ—a glorious array for such poor worms as we! and then we were adopted. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God!" Then the Spirit of God came and dwelt with us, as He does even to this day. Henceforward we were led into one truth after another, and from one treasure-room into the next, while the sweet voice of love kept saying, "This is thine; this is thine; I have given thee all this!" Oh! how sweet to be able to sing—

"All things are ours; the gift of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood:
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge and heaven our home."

But it really is so! The measureless love of Christ—who shall tell it out? The sparkling, priceless gift which the covenant of grace guarantees to every heir of mercy—who shall read the catalogue? Who shall hold the scales while I weigh so much as one of these huge benefits? Ten thousand times ten thousand mercies greet us. Such is the love of Jesus that He is not satisfied with merely saving us from ruin, but He enriches us according to His own riches in glory, and ennobles us according to His own excellent dignity. He is ours; the Spirit is ours; the Father is ours; all things are ours, whether things present or things to come; all are ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Would

God I could describe to you what I sometimes feel about my Lord and Master's love. When I think of the trespasses He has forgiven me, of the gifts He has bestowed on me, and reflect with a childlike spirit on the great wheels of Providence revolving for my welfare; while I know that He is tutoring me for the skies, and educating me for eternity, to possess a crown which no head but mine can wear, to own a harp that no hand but mine can ever play, and to enter a mansion which none can ever occupy but this poor, unworthy soul, I am melted with gratitude, and I do bless Him for His love! Deeply abashed, though highly honoured, I could creep to His feet, and kiss the very dust whereon He stands. Blessed be the Son of God! He has multiplied the tokens of his love while we were unworthy of His slightest notice.

"Behold how He loved them" will, I can readily imagine, be the exclamations of angels when they see us received up into heaven. We shall ere long quit this temporary sphere, and when our spirit leaves our body Jesus will be with us to take us to Himself. Unless His personal coming precede the hour of our departure, it is appointed unto us to die. The gleam that lights us through the gloom is this—Christ will be there. When He opens the golden gate of heaven to admit us, will it be to sit behind the door, or to stand in the outer courts, the suburbs of the celestial city? Nay; He will take us up to His own throne, and make us sit there with Himself. He will place us in His own bosom, and in that delightful bed of fragrant spices our souls shall rest for ever. Is it possible to depict the entrance of a soul into the presence of the Lord? I trow not. In very deed the hour will soon dawn on some of you. Ah! you will not need to imagine it long; you will soon have to enjoy it. When the good Lord shall pour happiness into your soul; when "your eyes shall see the King in His beauty;" when your lips shall be tuned to the everlasting song; when your heart shall be filled to the very brim with ecstacy; when heaven shall be in you and you shall be in heaven,—then you will wonder that the preacher spoke so tamely on a theme so exalted, and you will feel how natural it will be for the angels to cry out—"Behold how He loved them! He took the beggar from the dunghill, and left him not till He set him on a throne! He picked him from the refuse, the offscouring of the world; He found him at hell's gates; rescued him from the black porch of the pit that is bottomless; He shielded and sheltered him, washed him and clothed him, adorned him and perfected him, and then He took him up, beyond the angels, and would not cease elevating him till He had set him down upon God's own throne, there to abide world without end!" Behold, my brethren, how He loved us!

This is rather a subject for your quiet thought than for my noisy talk. I suppose a painter may have sometimes a model of loveliness before him, in the presence of which his heart flutters and his pencil trembles; he cannot realise his own ideal. So overpowered do I feel to tell of my Master's love. My sorry genius palls before my sense of gratitude. He found me cast out where I could not help myself; He found me unwilling to be saved; He found me oblivious of a father's counsels and a mother's prayers; He found me hard of heart as a nether mill-stone. When I found favour in His sight the glance of His eye overcame me; the words of His lips slew mine enmity, and the sight by faith of His dear person, when I recognised Him as my Saviour, entranced me. I became so in love

with Him that my heart will never rest until I am with Him for ever ; I shall never be satisfied till I am made completely like Him. Some of you, peradventure, know more about this love than I do. Fain would I catch you up in the heavenly race. I wish that those of you who know nothing of it would but once sit at the fountain, or drink of the stream, and you would surely desire to drink again ! Oh ! that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate ! If you did but know my Lord's love you would not be satisfied till you knew more of it. If you could only see Him, as it were, through a telescope, you would discover such attractions in Him that you would never be content till you got into His arms. If you had but one mouthful of this Bread of God you would hunger after Him for ever. Oh ! if you did but hear one word of His mouth you would wish always to sit at His feet and listen to Him. And did you but get the flavour of one particle of His love, you would say, " Stay me with apples ; comfort me with flagons, for I am sick of love." You would be like Rutherford, when he said— " If a man did but once drink from the water of the well of Christ he would feel as though he could drink the very well dry." He knew that well was inexhaustible, but he said—" I long to kneel right down at the well's brink and drink such a draught that I should never take my lips off, but drink on for ever and ever." Such is the insatiable thirst of a true heart towards Christ, when it once knows Him, that even heaven itself without Christ would not satisfy such a spirit, and eternal joy, if it were possible, without the Saviour, would not satisfy a soul that once knew Him. " If I had seven heavens I could give them all up for Christ sooner than lose Him," as Rutherford says again, " and if there were seven hells to go through to get to Christ, it were but a cheap venture to plunge through them all to drink for ever of that love which passeth knowledge."

And now the time will barely suffice to DRAW A PRACTICAL CONCLUSION.

If this love of Christ be so sweet, I trust there are some here who are saying—" I wish I had it !" You may well wish it, for, believe me, there is nothing like it. Oh ! you who delight in the love of your fellow men, you who indulge in a love of dress, or a love of gold, or a love of fame—your fair loves are not worth mentioning in the presence of the sweet Lord Jesus. Black they are, and uncomely altogether, when contrasted with Him. Christ is the great joy-giver. Trust Him, and your heart shall beat to the tune of heaven. Know Christ, and you shall taste of earthly bliss while you are yet below. I wish that you would turn aside from all else, and say—" *Christ for me ; Lord Jesus, give Thyself to me now !*" And oh ! *let me encourage you to hope that you will have Him.* Have I not told you that the love of Christ is bestowed on very unworthy objects ? He loves those who never did anything to deserve that love ; and why should He not love you ? Have you been a great sinner ? Why then there is the more room to display His great grace. I like what one of the old fathers says about Lazarus : " Lazarus was stinking, and so much the better ; for it was more of a miracle for Christ to raise him, and the more room for Christ to work a miracle in." Now, perhaps, you are not only dead in sin, but your life is corrupt. Why, then, there is the more room for my Master's grace to wash you whiter than snow, and to accept you, through His righteousness. Have hope,

thou chief of sinners! My Master is a strange lover of souls. He looks not after those who are whole, but those who are sick; and He comes not to call the righteous, but to call sinners to repentance; so let no greatness of sin put you out of hope, or out of heart, for

“Jesus sits on Zion’s hill
Receiving sinners still.”

And now, do you desire Christ? and have you got so far as having some kind of hope? I wish I could get you a little farther. Remember, a marriage is never finished till the ring is on the finger, and the “I will” is said. Oh! that some of you would give your hearts to Christ; that you might be led to say, “I will have Christ.” You never need ask the question whether Christ will have you. If you want Him He is free to those who need Him. Will *you* have *Him*? Will you give your heart up to Him? Will you trust Him? Will you renounce both your sins and your self-righteousness, and come to Him with nothing of your own? If so, come and welcome. If you are needy, He came here to be needy Himself, that He might make you rich. If you are wounded, He was wounded that He might heal you. Even if you be dead, He died that He might give you life. Poor lost sinner! if thou wouldest have Christ, the way of getting Him is simple enough. It is—trust Him, trust Him wholly, trust Him only, trust Him heartily, trust Him now.

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

Only cast all else away. Christ will not have thee if thou hast anything else to depend upon but what He has done. Come and take Him to be thy foundation and thy topstone—to be thine Alpha and Omega, the first letter of thine alphabet and the last. Take Him to be thine all in all at all times. The poorer, the weaker, the worse thou art, the more earnestly do I urge thee now to come and rest in Him. I am persuaded that my Master means to bring some of you. We have been throwing out before His mercy-seat the grappling hooks of prayer, and we believe that some of you will be saved. May sovereign grace lead many of you to open your mouths to the Lord now. You know the story of John Bunyan’s warrior, who had to fight his way to the top of the palace, and how one came to the man with the inkhorn and said, “Set down my name, sir.” Now, I am like that man with the writer’s inkhorn: Whose name shall be set down? To trust Christ, to be called by grace out of the world, to fight his way to the skies? Who is that soul that is in love with Jesus? Oh! Eternal Spirit, grant that not one, but scores may say to-night—

“’Tis done! the great transaction’s done!
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice Divine.”

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

PASTOR FISHER AND HIS GREAT WORK IN LITTLETON VILLAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

PASTOR Fisher did a great work in *patiently and perseveringly mastering the difficulties connected with a village pastorate for half a century.* All situations have their difficulties. It matters not whether a man is engaged in this business or in that ; whether the pursuit be secular or religious ; or whether he may be called upon to work in a large sphere or a limited one ; sooner or later difficulties will cross his pathway. Every pastor must reckon upon this, and be prepared to meet it. But there is a peculiarity about the difficulties connected with the maintenance of a village pastorate that those who labour in towns cannot always understand. We do not know that we can show this more effectively than by quoting a paragraph from an admirable paper, recently written by one thoroughly conversant with the subject. The Rev. J. T. Brown thus summarises the "inevitable" part of them : "We need hardly touch upon those causes which are inseparable from village work ; the monotony of life which is nearly at the mercy of nature, returning on her path for the relief of change ; the scant population, the limited sphere, as stationary as the neighbouring fields ; the duller minds and sluggish habit of the parts ; the few opportunities to excite the energies into healthful play ; the slow increase and smallness of fruits which cheer the soul by

showing the effect of labour. These are no light things. How they wear the heart and press down the springs of activity ! how it exhausts the elasticity of the system to toil on in such straightened places and dull uniformity of life and labour only our brethren who are subject to their action can truly know. Still they are permanent and inevitable : a part of the more fixed burden of their lot." For fifty years Pastor Fisher knew experimentally what all this meant. During that period he saw, week after week, month after month, year after year, with comparatively little variation except at holiday times, or when preaching abroad, the same scenery, came in contact with the same people, and performed with almost unvarying routine the same duties. Can it be wondered at, that there were times when it seemed that mental vigour, bodily strength, spiritual energy, and even life itself, depended upon a permanent change ; and that at such seasons of nervous depression and bodily weakness the temptation to accept a call to another and wider sphere of activity was well-nigh overpowering ? Not merely once or twice, but scores of times, did the village pastor feel thus weighed down and nearly crushed with the burden ; but at each recurring season of the kind grace was given to him to roll his heavy burden on the shoulders of the Almighty, and a little temporary relaxation enabled him to return to his post with his usual vigour. But besides the "inevitable" trials of a village pastorate there were also others that fall more or less to the lot of

thou chief of sinners! My Master is a strange lover of souls. He looks not after those who are whole, but those who are sick; and He comes not to call the righteous, but to call sinners to repentance; so let no greatness of sin put you out of hope, or out of heart, for

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I am my Lord’s, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
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to enjoy married life with all its cares and vicissitudes, and bring up, with a measure of respectability, nine children, and yet remain to the last the pastor of a church which, in its palmiest days, never raised him more than sixty pounds per year.

Of the usual difficulties attendant on church work and church life we have no need to speak. To remain long in a town any parson requires, as already intimated, an amount of wisdom, prudence, tact, skill, patience, and perseverance in dealing with individuals, that few not engaged in the work dream of. But much more is this the case in villages. There "everybody knows everybody;" all actions are open to minute inspection; and as most of the residents are come in contact with occasionally, under circumstances either pleasant or unpleasant, the village pastor, if he would succeed and be a power for good to all, needs at all times "the wisdom of the serpent, blended with the harmlessness of the dove." Unless these graces are given he will soon find himself disagreeably floundering in "hot water," out of which he may learn, painfully, to his cost, how difficult it is to be extricated. It is no easy matter, year after year, to have to advise the ignorant, decide the wavering, strengthen the weak, settle disputes and quarrels, train workers, keep good works going in spite of the loss of valuable helpers, where each worker is a felt power; take the lead in every work that has to be done, put up patiently with rebuffs, bear with insults, endure discouragements, and, amid the toils of secular work, produce discourses, Sabbath after Sabbath, that feed the flock, and are instrumental in continuously bringing lambs into the fold. So, at least, Pastor Fisher found it: and that

he was enabled for such a lengthy period, in one village, to get through all—not perfectly, he would readily admit, but certainly in a great measure successfully, and that, too, notwithstanding much family sickness and trial—he attributed to that Divine grace which alone can make any man sufficient for, and establish him in "every good word and work."

We cannot conclude this sketch without adverting in few words to one more feature in Pastor Fisher's history that tended largely to make his work in a small village a great work, and that was *his constant aim to do little things well*. It has been justly remarked that "we need to bring our highest principles and motives to bear on hourly little things." The man who does little things under the influence of great principles cannot fail to do a large amount of good. Some persons never do much good because they are always waiting to do the *great*. It seems never to have struck them that they can "be great in seeking little things, and little in seeking great things." It not frequently happens that the aim to do something great has selfishness for its mainspring, and not one iota of the glory of the Lord. To all such the Lord says, "*Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.*" Where the Church needs one great Paul, one great Martin Luther, or one great Whitefield, she needs a thousand small helpers, who will each do good in his own way, and according to the measure of his ability. To be truly great we must follow Mrs. Glover's counsel:

"Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can
At all the times you can
And as long as you can."

Little helpful things thus done, and little helpful words thus spoken, "are better than pearls and diamonds strown along the roadside of life, and are certain to yield a more valuable harvest after many days." Martin Luther, when once asked how with all his cares and labours he was able to find time to translate the Bible, said, "I do a little every day." The large amount of good we might do in the sum total by copying the great Reformer's example we cannot fully estimate. Dr. Culross is perfectly right in affirming that "Noble living is not the working out of fine plans;" and he lays down a good rule when he says that "The best thing is to believe that God has a plan for us, and to surrender ourselves, day after day, to His manifested will concerning our acceptance of it, just as He unfolds it to us." This, at any rate, was Pastor Fisher's life-creed. Not a day rolled over his head, when health permitted, without some good word being spoken or some slight good being done, first to one individual and then to another; and thus it came to pass that, all being done "as unto the Lord and not unto men," for half a century the pastor's life proved in itself to be his grandest sermon, and his Christlike character his greatest and most influential power in so nobly fulfilling his mission. Of him it could indeed be said, that "his life sprung out of the death of the flesh, his pleasure out of the denial of his own will, and his glory out of counting himself nothing, that his Lord might be all in all." Thus, great in the sight of the Lord," he lived and died as one

"Who, pure in purpose, simple in his aim,

Content to labour when unknown to fame;

Yet works the work that speaks the master mind,
And pours benevolence on all mankind."

The reader, we know, will join with us heartily in the prayer—"May God graciously multiply and bless such faithful village pastors; give them needful support; and make them a greater spiritual power than ever in all the rural districts of the land!" H. W.

BIBLE-READING SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. E. CRACKNELL.

No. VIII.

THE HEART.

"Is thine heart right?" was the question Jehu asked of Jehonadab. A most important question this. There may be a profession of religion, and yet the heart not be right. We read that Philip said of Simon, who had believed (or professed to) and was baptised, "Thy heart is not right in the sight of God" (Acts viii. 21). Let us study the teaching of Scripture upon the subject, and show

FIRST—that the human heart is under the inspection of God.

1 SAMUEL xvi. 7.

"The Lord looketh on the heart."

JEREMIAH xvii. 10.

"I, the Lord, search the heart."

PSALM xlv. 21.

"God knoweth the secrets of the heart."

SECONDLY—Notice God's judgment concerning the heart.

JEREMIAH v. 23.

"This people hath a revolting and rebellious heart."

JEREMIAH xvii. 9.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?"

MARK vii. 21.

"Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts," &c.

A traveller observed a piece of rock on which some very pretty wild flowers were growing, he turned aside to admire them, and touching the pieces of rock with his stick, it moved slightly, when he discovered it was hollow, and within were some venomous reptiles.

A true picture of the human heart; we may admire the flowers that grow naturally, but within the unsanctified heart all is evil.

THIRDLY—*Read some of the promises of God in relation to the heart.*

EZEKIEL xi. 19.

"I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh."

JEREMIAH xxiv. 7.

"And I will give them a heart to know Me, that I am the Lord."

JEREMIAH xxxii. 40.

"I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me."

There is a grandeur about these promises. He speaks of Him who has the power to perform them. They are also *gracious* promises, for they all have reference to *giving*, and about giving the best things.

FOURTHLY—*What are the heart's best possessions?*

ROMANS v. 5.

"The love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

EPHESIANS iii. 17.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

2 CORINTHIANS i. 22.

"Who hath given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

Seek these possessions and thine heart shall be right; other matters are of minor importance. When Sir Walter Raleigh laid his head upon the block, he was asked by the executioner whether it lay right. With all the calmness of a hero and the faith of a Christian, he answered, "It matters little, my friend, how the head lies, provided the heart is right."

Let us present the prayer of the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me" (Psalm li. 10). If a beautiful piece of mechanism has become seriously injured it must be taken to the maker—inferior hands cannot restore it. Sin has destroyed, and now we must come to the Creator to put His hand a second time to the work, that we may be created anew in Christ Jesus.

God says, "Give Me thy heart." We reply—

"Prone to wander, Lord, we feel it—
Prone to leave the God we love;
Here's our heart, Lord, take and seal
it—
Seal it from Thy courts above."

Tales and Sketches.

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOLTEACHER'S TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY W. P. GRIFFITH, ESQ.

XII.—*Beyrout—Final Impressions.*

BEYROUT is by far the prettiest, cleanest, and most thriving town in Syria. Beautifully placed at one end of the lovely St. George's Bay, its white houses cluster on the gently sloping hills which rise from the shores of the Mediterranean, and its suburbs are dotted with detached villas standing in trim gardens—presenting an appearance suggestive of Ryde or Ventnor in the Isle of Wight.

It is true that the interior examination does not quite fulfil the external promise, but for cleanliness, industry, enterprise, activity, and comfort it is far in advance of any other Syrian town. Here, besides the long avenues of its Eastern bazaars are to be found many European shops, some even with glass fronts, whose prices are more generally fixed and reasonable than at Damascus, where every purchase is a sort of Dutch auction. Here carriages can be hired, and one or two tolerable roads can be found on which they may run. Here men are to be seen really hard at work on erections of public utility, notably on a floating lighter with a landing stage to enable passengers to alight from the steamers without the danger, cost, and annoyance of small boats. Here the Americans have a pretty church, and other places of worship are to be found. Here Christian schools are tolerated,—notably those commenced by the

late Mrs. Bowen Thomson, and continued by Mrs. Mentor Mott,—and these diversified educational efforts have stimulated both Greeks and Maronites to set up schools in competition, and thus the means of enlightenment are multiplied. There is a local newspaper, too,—mean and poor no doubt—but its existence at all is a wonder in the East. Then the people are more fully clad, wear garments of better quality, and are cleaner in person and attire than elsewhere. All these signs of amelioration are distinctly traceable to the fact that the place is more amenable to the influence of Christian teaching and European ideas than others in Syria. Indeed, were it not for the plague of beggars, it might be a very agreeable residence for a season. But the beggars—blind or mutilated, and some horribly deformed—are a constant source of irritation. They stolidly refuse to take “No” for answer. If they get a dole, they shamelessly repeat their appeal immediately after to the very same donors, whose disgust rather than compassion they excite by exposing loathsome sores or twisted limbs. So pertinacious are these beggars that walking becomes a very torment, and the only remedy is a vigorous application of the porter's stick.

We went to the American Mission Chapel on Sunday, and much enjoyed the opportunity of worshipping with those that made holy day. An able man officiated, and gave a clear and vivid historical lecture on the call of Gideon. It was full of accurate local colouring, specially appreciated by those who, like us, had recently passed over the scenes of Gideon's exploits, and it was not

destitute of practical, profitable lessons, and evangelical teaching.

And now our pleasant Palestine party must separate. We return direct, *via* Alexandria and Naples, while some of our companions take the Austrian Lloyd's steamer for Smyrna, Rhodes, Ephesus, Constantinople, and Athens. So we bid an affectionate and reluctant farewell to those whose genial temper, devout spirit, and obliging disposition have conduced so greatly to the comfort of our tour. Social qualities and tempers cannot fail to be tested during the vicissitudes of a month's tour in Palestine, and nowhere are selfishness, peevishness, and ill-feeling more mischievous than when exhibited within the narrow circle of a Syrian camp. In this respect, however, we have been highly favoured, for, while annoyances have been few and trivial, pleasing reminiscences have been many, and some friendships have been formed which will endure as long as life shall last.

It remains only to try and summarise in a few short paragraphs the impressions produced by our tour in Palestine: and first and foremost must be named the flood of new light shed on the Bible. To us all, this will read like a new book, and will convey different and more accurate ideas than ever it did before. Not only will its historical narratives be clad in new drapery, have a fresher and more vivid colouring, and a more accurate and picturesque background; but its parables, its teaching, its prophecies, and its imagery will acquire a new significance. It is difficult amidst so many which crowd on the memory as we write, to select instances, but we may name one or two as samples. Thus the promise, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not

overflow thee," can never be realised in its power and beauty till one has travelled in a desolate country like Syria where every day brooks must be forded and rivers crossed, whose depth varies with the uncertain rainfall and can seldom be known till you are fairly in their midst. Again, "Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well, the rain also filleth the pools," must be read in the sandy desert parched by a tropical sun, while witnessing how, wherever water is, greenness and fertility spring up as if by magic. Once more, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho"—the pertinence of the word "down" is not seen till you traverse the road and note that the whole way is a continuous descent. Again, those who read of Jesus teaching the multitudes assembled on the shore from Peter's fishing-boat, and have formed their idea of the vessel from the fishermen's boats on our English lakes, or from the paintings of the old Italian masters, will certainly think that such a post was not very well adapted to such a purpose; but whoever has visited the actual locality will see, as we did, that nothing could furnish a better rostrum than the raised poop of one of these fishing vessels—for it stands some eight or ten feet above the water, and when pushed out a little from the gently sloping shore, would give to one who sat or stood thereon, a command as great as any modern pulpit over an auditory ranged rank behind rank upon the sloping shore. Again, those who on our English coasts have seen our fishermen drag in their nets would certainly not think it a matter of wonder that a net should hold 153 great fishes and yet "not be broken;" but let him see that the Galilean nets did not enclose the fish in shoals as ours do, but

simply caught them in the meshes, and then 153 will be seen to be a great number for a single haul, quite large enough to *endanger* the nets. So, again, it will not seem extraordinary that when our Lord appeared to the disciples by the sea-shore after His resurrection, Peter had to "cast his fisher's coat about him for he was *naked*," when he has seen, as we did, that it is the ordinary practice for fishermen to strip off all their garments in fishing, so that they may leap or wade unencumbered in the shallow waters to secure their prey. Again, a visit to the country has cleared up a Scriptural difficulty long a favourite theme with scoffers—the cursing of the barren fig-tree. In vain had commentators explained that the fig-tree of Palestine puts forth fruit before its leaves; hence, as the fig-tree in question is described as "having leaves," our Lord had a right to expect fruit thereon. The pertinacious questioner still went on to insist on the statement "*for the time of figs was not yet*." Why, then, did Jesus complain of their absence? We know now the meaning of this puzzling passage, and all is clear and consistent. The fig-tree has two crops in the year—one in the spring, as soon as the leaves begin to show: a premature, flavourless, valueless production, like the windfalls of our apple-trees, and these any one may gather, and they are commonly plucked and eaten by the peasantry without objection or cavil. It was these that the Saviour sought in vain, and for the absence of which the barren tree was cursed. The second crop is the true luscious fig, an article of commercial value, jealously guarded and preserved for the sole profit of the owner. These are the figs "*whose time was not yet*." If it had been, neither He nor His disciples

would have been suffered to gather them.

Once more. Closer acquaintance with oriental usages removes an objection to the similitude used in the parable of the judgment-day, where the Lord is said to separate the righteous from the wicked, "as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats," to which it has been said, there is no such division. Both flocks come in together at night indiscriminately mingled. True! but when they *go out in the morning* they are carefully separated; the goats, being able to subsist on scantier herbage, are sent out first, to reach the higher and poorer pasturage; the sheep follow later, because they have not so far to go. It is not at the eventide of death that saints and sinners are sundered. They both lie in the same graveyards side by side. It is in the morning of the resurrection they are separated, when the outcast goats are driven away into the wilderness of God's wrath to brave the fierce torrents of His anger, while the selected sheep lie down in the green pastures beside the still waters of their Shepherd's love.

These examples must suffice. We can only say that in the course of our hurried trip a thousand undesigned coincidences attested the truth of Bible narrative, authenticated Scripture history, illustrated Gospel teaching; and yet these, greatly as they strengthen faith, are not the strongest evidences of the truth of Christianity. The value of the religion of the Bible; the power of Christian doctrine; its energy and might to raise fallen humanity and restore to it its lost dignity, beauty, and holiness—are most strikingly seen in the contrasted condition of nations not yet brought under its influence. Make all proper deduction for the vice,

squalor, and misery of our great cities, and for the shortcomings found in every rank of society, and then go and see the condition of the people of Egypt, of Syria, of Turkey, and other nations still heathen, and if you do not go home and thank God that you were born in a Christian land, you are undeserving your exalted privilege, and would be rightly served if you were sent back to pass the remainder of your lives in a state of semi-savagery. Sentimental admirers of Mohammedism or Hindooism, loud detractors of Christianity who love to magnify the shortcomings and failings of its nominal adherents, are like unnatural children who abuse the parents from whom they spring, and who made them what they are. The very standard of morality which they affect to exalt by decrying the inconsistencies of Christian professors, they owe to that very religion they are trampling under foot.

But, lastly, we are both pleased

and surprised at the beauty and fertility of the country. In spite of neglect, want of cultivation, and absence of development, it is a lovely and productive land, worthy of its title, "a land flowing with milk and honey." Its scenery may vie in beauty with the wilder parts of Italy or the softer parts of Switzerland. A land of swelling hill and grassy plain, of rocky mountain and beautiful lake, of rushing torrent and rippling stream, of shady tree and gorgeous flower; a land affording endless diversity and greatest contrast of scene, from snowy Lebanon to arid Judean wilderness; a land of olives and figs, of orange and citron, of mulberry and oleander, of oak and walnut, of pomegranate and prickly pear, of corn and wine, of sunny days and glorious nights. In a word, the chosen Land, the Holy Land, the Promised Land—fit emblem of the Land above.

THE END.

Reviews.

Second Series of Lectures to my Students of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. SPURGEON, President. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

THE popularity of the first series of these Lectures has prompted the publication of a second series, by no means inferior in point, in pungency, or in power. This volume has, in fact, some attractions that were not to be found in its predecessor. The purchaser will be pretty sure to open the book in the centre, where he will find himself amused with illustrations in which the artist has helped to delineate some of the features that the teacher has endeavoured to describe. Those two addresses on "Posture, Action, and Gesture" we should like to have heard, but the etchings help us to

realise the contrast between classic models and clumsy mannerisms. Nor can the two lectures on "Open-air Preaching" fail to be interesting and instructive. Other lectures there are, glowing with zeal, such as moved that noble Puritan, who wrote *The Reformed Pastor*, and overflowing with humour, like that merry bishop who wrote *A Church History*. As we have plunged, after Dr. Johnson's fancy, into the middle of the book, we may as well reconnoitre the beginning and the end. "The Holy Spirit in Connection with our Ministry" strikes a good key-note, and "Conversion as our Aim" supplies a fitting climax. The public will take none the less kindly to the book because none of these lectures were originally intended for a promiscuous audience. Every page bears evidence

that the president's thoughts were concentrated on his pupils, the rising generation of preachers; and never designed to supply fastidious, fault-finding hearers with a new handbook of censorious criticism. With Mr. Spurgeon it is possible to make a sanctified use of sarcasm; but the well-sharpened tools which he employs in skilful work might do fierce mischief and make festering wounds, if wantonly played with. A joke at which all can smile may be pointed, and yet pleasant; very pungent without being at all personal. In the issue of such a volume the public are privileged to enter the private drill-room. It is a thoroughly good book; we trust a thoroughly good use will be made of it.

The Pope, the Kings, and the People.

A History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World by a Universal Reconstruction of Society. From the issue of the Syllabus to the close of the Vatican Council.

By WILLIAM ARTHUR, William Mullar and Son, 34, Paternoster-row.

WE regret our space is so limited, for we are strongly tempted to give some extracts from these two exhaustless volumes, the outcome of years of earnest toil and watchful study, for which both the political and religious world are greatly indebted to the author. The plan and contents may be gathered from the title of each book:—Book I. From the issue of the Syllabus to its solemn confirmation. December, 1864, to June, 1867. Book II. From the first public intimation of a Council to the eve of the opening. June, 1867, to December, 1869. Book III. From the opening of the Council to the introduction of the question of Infallibility. Book IV. From the introduction of the question of Infallibility to the suspension of the Council. The work is enriched, and the reader assisted, by copious tables, indexes, and appendix. We make the following extract. Speaking of his subject, and the aim of the Italian Jesuits, the author says:—“But from 1850, when the movement which has characterised the present

pontificate began, to 1870, when it reached its legislative climax, they set forth prominently as their object,—the reconstruction of society on a model of what, in their own dialect, they call the Christian civilisation. They loudly proclaimed as the elements of that Christian civilisation,—the revocation of constitutions, the abolition of modern liberties, especially those of the PRESS and WORSHIP, with the subjection to common law of civil law, and, above all, the subjection to the jurisdiction of the Pope of all nations and their rulers, whatever the titles of these rulers might be. They set themselves to bring back again the dominion of the priest over the individual, the dominion of ecclesiastical authorities over lawgivers; and, above all, the dominion of the Pope over kings.” The evidence is taken from their own lips in almost every stage of the narrative. The work is a grand exposure of the dark designs and plottings of that enemy of God and man,—POPERY.

Inspired Ethics. Being a Revised Translation and Topical Arrangement of the entire Book of Proverbs. By JOHN STOCK, LL.D. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THIS contribution to Biblical literature will be a considerable suggestive help in the study of the Book of Proverbs, and valuable as a complete concordance to the subjects of the Proverbs.

The Biblical Museum. A Collection of Notes—Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative—of the Holy Scriptures, Especially designed for the use of Ministers, Bible Students, Sunday-school Teachers. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. The Second Volume of the Old Testament, containing Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. Elliot Stock.

WE are thankful for the progress of this valuable work, and we repeat for this all the commendations we have given to former volumes. It is a marvel for its contents, its usefulness, and its cheapness. He who does not obtain it will be the poorer for his neglect.

The Wilmots. A South Australian Story. By EFFIE STANLEY. Elliot Stock.

A WELL-WRITTEN story of Australian social life. *It reads very real*, and will prove an interesting and acceptable book for our young people.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record. Vol. II. Kent and Co.

WILL find a place in the libraries of all philanthropic persons. In addition to its valuable papers on a number of social and religious questions, it contains some pictorial illustrations which add to its interest.

Golden Christmas. Being Longley's *Golden Annual.* F. E. Longley, Warwick-lane.

Eleven Christmas stories. *Good, telling, and natural.* They read well. It contains also eight suitable pictures. *A real shillingsworth.*

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Visiting Book, 1878. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row.

ALL that can be desired. *No minister should be without it.*

Ministerial Likenesses. Portrait Gallery of Contemporary Baptist Ministers, with a Key Volume. E. Marshall, 78, Queen Victoria-street.

THIS really excellent work is now within the reach of all. The original imperial size for the drawing room, the cabinet size for the album, and whole plate size for those who do not wish the larger one. Mr. Marshall has done his work admirably, and deserves success.

The Baptist Messenger. New Volume. Now ready. Elliot Stock.

WE call attention to our yearly issue. Besides twelve sermons by C. H. Spurgeon, contains a mass of denominational information, and a whole host of articles of considerable merit. We know of no book more suitable as a present at the approaching gift season.

We have also received a beautiful tinted litho of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. It is life-like and life-size, and is sold at a low price. May be had of the publishers, R. Hoskett, Dowry-street, Accrington, or of Wiseman, Bute-street, Luton, also of Mr. Otteridge, Stuart-street, Luton.

MAGAZINES, &c.

The Preacher's Analyst. A monthly homiletical magazine. No. 1 of Vol. II. Enlarged and improved. The price the same. We like it better for the alteration, and wish it increased success.

The Baptist Tract Society Quarterly Register. Bolt-court, Fleet-street. The report is encouraging, and the specimen tracts good. We have received one, written by H. Watts, of Peterborough, No. 589, title, "Burial like a dog." We should like to know of its distribution in tens of thousands. It is most timely when the question of our parish graveyards are causing so much discussion. *Baptists, circulate it.*

God's Glory Declared. A Sermon by Horatius Bonar, preached at Mildmay-park Conference Hall, on behalf of the Religious Tract Society. A discourse on Psalm xix. 1-4, in which the preacher finds *poetry, science, philosophy, revelation, and theology.*

The King's Highway. Elliot Stock. *The Divine Life.* Houghton and Co. These may be said to well and respectably represent the views held by many on the subject of holiness. We read with interest, but do not endorse all we read.

The Church of Christ: its Work, Character, and Message. An address delivered by John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., at the dedication of Westbourne-park Chapel. Marlborough and Co. Earnest and useful.

Magazines, &c., which have our heartiest good wishes and prayers:—*The Baptist and General Baptist, The Sword and Trowel, Truth and Progress* (an Australian monthly), *Biblical*

Museum, The British Flag, The Herald of Peace, The Liberator, Evangelical Christendom, Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission, The Baptist, and Freeman.

The Protestant Almanack. Partridge and Co. John Ploughman's Almanack. Alabaster and Passmore. Each have good illustrations, and merit from us a good word.

Poetry.

LIKE some fair bubble on the stream,
That soon is broke, or like a dream
That passes in the night;
Or like the shadows we behold,
Ere yet the eastern skies unfold
The beams of morning light:
Like these our days are spending fast,
Like these we soon must say they're
past,
And we must vanish too.
Why look we, then, on earth for joys;
Why spend our time to grasp its toys,
And let true wisdom go?
Wisdom directs the mind above
For happiness, and no remove;
She knows from heaven's bright seat

"Tis sin that mars our comforts now;
For sin is mixed with all below,
Embittering every sweet.

"Tis sin, alas!—that hateful thing—
That gives to death his dreaded sting,
And all his dire array,—
That pours its poison through the soul,
While like a sea its passions roll,
Submissive to its sway.

Is sin subdued? then heaven's my home,
And Christ's my friend. Let sickness
come

And bid me yield my breath;
His presence near my dying bed,
His arms beneath my fainting head,
Will ease the pangs of death.

Brockenhurst.

R. BLAKE.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. G. SONES, late of Crook, Durham, has assumed the pastorate of the church at Haddenham, Bucks.

Rev. J. M. Stephens, late of Glossop-road Church, Sheffield, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Berwick-street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Rev. G. Wright has resigned the pastorate of the church at Melbourne, Camba, and accepted an invitation to Walsworth-road Church, Hitchin.

Rev. C. H. Hoskin has resigned the pastorate of the church at Cossey, Norfolk.

Mr. J. Edwards, of Pontypool College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Blaenavon.

Rev. J. J. Irving, late of Chicago, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Swadlincote.

Rev. J. Bently has been recognised as pastor of the church at Allerton.

Rev. A. Bird has resigned the pastorate of the church at Commercial-road, Oxford, and accepted that of Clarence-street, Penzance.

Rev. James Cruikshank, for eleven years pastor of the united churches of Prescott and Uffculme, Devon, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Crewkerne.

Rev. R. Stone has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Zion Chapel, Chesham, Bucks.

Rev. J. Somerville Paige, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Truro.

Rev. J. R. Parker has removed from Moulton to Castle Donington and Sawley, and the Rev. T. Watkinson

from Fleet, Lincolnshire, to Newthorpe, Notts.

Revs. W. Hewlett, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Shepton Mallett, J. Whetnall to Ulverstone, and D. Sharp to Bath.

Rev. Levi Palmer has resigned the pastorate at Woodstock, and accepted that at Albemarle-street, Taunton.

Rev. J. S. Stanion has accepted the pastorate of the church at Providence Chapel, Hounslow.

Rev. David Davies, of Mount Stuart-square Chapel, Cardiff, has accepted the pastorate of Wadham-street, Weston-Super-Mare, relinquished by the Rev. E. J. Rodway, on account of ill-health, after a ministry of twenty-eight years.

RECOGNITIONS.

ON Wednesday evening, October 17th, recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. T. H. Morgan, at Hampden-grove Chapel, South Hackney, were held. Rev. Newman Hall preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Gen. Crawford, of Harrow. Addresses were given by the Revs. Dr. Angus, D. Katterns, and others.

The Rev. Sydney H. Case, of Bristol College, was, on the 24th of October, recognised as the assistant pastor of Cothill, Fyfield, and Marcham united churches. The Rev. Dr. Gotch delivered the charge, and several interesting addresses by other ministers were delivered.

The Rev. George Smith, of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as pastor of Trinity Chapel, Bexley-heath.

The Rev. Robert Speed, of the Pastors' College, was on Thursday, Oct 25th, publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Milnsbridge, Huddersfield. Rev. E. Parker, of Manchester College, preached, and at the evening meeting the Revs. Dr. Stock, J. Barker, D. Davies, and others, delivered addresses.

PRESENTATIONS.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. J. TEALL.

DURING the sixteen years that the ministry of the Baptist congregation

assembling at Queen-street Chapel, Woolwich, was in the hands of the Rev. John Teall, his associations, not only with Christians of his own connection, but with those of all other denominations, and with those of the neighbourhood generally, were of a very cordial character; and when, some few months since, his ministerial duties were transferred to another sphere, at Soho, London, though still residing at Woolwich, a proposal to recognise his worth by a local testimonial met with a most cordial response. The presentation of the testimonial took place at the Town Hall, Woolwich, on Thursday evening, November 15th, and the interest felt in the proceedings was manifested by a numerous gathering of the townspeople of all ranks and conditions. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. P. Jackson, Chairman of the Woolwich Local Board of Health, and the platform, which was becomingly decorated with shrubs and flowers, generously supplied by Mr. Wright, of the Dockyard Nursery, was occupied by many of Mr. Teall's most influential friends and neighbours, amongst whom were the following, viz.:—W. J. Hurry, Esq., Rev. J. Billington, Rev. A. Sturge, Rev. W. A. Blake, Rev. C. Room, Rev. T. Sissons, Rev. R. Balgarnie, Rev. J. Hardy, Mr. W. Murphy, Colonel J. Travers, R.A., and Rev. Haydn Williams; Mr. John Taylor, Mr. W. C. Taylor, Mr. W. Topley, and Mr. Malings, members of the Woolwich Local Board of Health. After the singing of a hymn, and prayer by the Rev. H. Hercus, letters of apology for their absence and regard for Mr. Teall were read by Mr. Hobbs from several ministers. Mr. Hobbs also read a written address, accompanying a contribution, from the employés of Messrs. Jofferies and Malings, about 70 in number.

Mr. Malings, after remarking that he was glad to find the Chairman of the Woolwich Board in his proper place, read, amid considerable applause, the following address:—

“Presented, together with a silver tea and coffee service, by the inhabitants of Woolwich, to the Rev. John Teall.

"Honoured and dear Sir,—We desire to convey to you, in permanent form, an expression of the high esteem in which we hold you, and also of our regret that your official connection with the town of Woolwich has now ceased. Your long residence and successful career in our midst call forth our gratitude, whilst they excite our admiration. You have held most firmly those particular tenets distinguishing the denomination to which you belong; but at the same time your intercourse with the other religious communities in the town has ever been most fraternal and loving. We glorify God on your behalf, and gladly recognise the nobility of character which has ever been exhibited in your manly deportment, unflinching integrity, and spotless reputation. In the success of your ministerial career we cannot but rejoice, and believe 'the day only will declare' the full results of your faithful yet affectionate proclamation of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

"The members of the various committees with which you have been associated regret your absence from their councils, whilst they are pleased to remember the business tact and suavity of manner which by you were always manifested. As the sympathetic friend of the poor, the suffering, and the bereaved, your place will not be easily filled; while the wail of the orphan, which has so frequently fallen upon your ear, has ever met with a kind and ready response, which is another evidence of the manner in which God employs instruments for verifying the inspired assertion, 'In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy.'

"With our sincere and best wishes we follow you, sir, to your new and important metropolitan sphere. We trust that many days will yet be given to you, and that a long, calm, and quiet evening may, at a good old age, bring to a peaceful termination a life singularly unselfish, useful, and devoted.

"With these feelings we beg your acceptance of this address and the accompanying service of plate, which we feel sure you will prize, not so much for its intrinsic value, as for the

fact that it is the spontaneous offering of loving hearts: and when your ministry on earth is ended, may the Master, whom you serve so faithfully and well, honour you with His own commendation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"We are, on behalf of the subscribers, affectionately yours in our one Lord and Redeemer,

"JAMES MALINGS } Secretaries.
 "HENRY HOBBS }
 "November, 1877."

The Rev. E. Parker, who, as we lately announced, has accepted the presidency of the Manchester Theological Institute, has, on his retirement from the church at Fasley, been presented by the ministers of the Leeds District Conference with an illuminated address. About 1,000 persons were present, and several sympathetic addresses were delivered. His portrait in oil, together with a marble timepiece and several bronze ornaments, valued at upwards of £100, were added to the presentation, and Mrs. Parker was asked to accept a silver tray, together with an illuminated address.

The congregation at Bishangle, Suffolk, have presented the Rev. George Harris with a purse of gold, "in grateful recognition of his long and valuable services during a pastorate of thirty-two years.

The Rev. J. E. Cracknell having resigned the pastorate of the church at South Shields, preached his farewell sermons on Sunday, Oct. 28th; and on the following Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at a public meeting under the presidency of Alderman Strachen, J.P., he was presented with an album containing the Sunday-school teachers' portraits, and a silver-plated inkstand and biscuit-box.

The Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, has just refused a pressing invitation from the church of St. Andrew's, Cambridge, to become their pastor. On making known to his congregation his decision, much delight was manifested, and in a few hours a sum of £100 was collected and, in a purse, presented

to him as a token of esteem, together with a handsome bracelet for Mrs. Owen.

The Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., on his retirement from the pastorate at Bootle, was on Friday evening last presented by the congregation with a purse of £80, as a mark of their esteem for him. The young men's bible-class added the presentation of an illuminated address.

The Rev. W. P. Dexter, of Meopham, has been presented by the Sunday-school of his church with a handsome parlour timepiece as an expression of regard.

On Thursday, Nov. 18th, a deputation from the church and congregation worshipping in the chapel at Goodshaw, waited on the Rev. W. G. Fifield, who resigned his pastorate some six months ago, and presented him with a purse containing £150.

The Rev. S. Burn has, through ill-health, been compelled to resign the pastorate at Payton-street, Stratford-on-Avon, and at a valedictory service held on the 17th of October, he was presented with a purse of £20, on account of a testimonial to be yet completed in his favour, in recognition of the esteem in which he has been held.

The first anniversary of the pastor's settlement at Bow Chapel was held on Tuesday, Oct. 21st, when the Rev. John Spurgeon preached morning and evening. On the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting were held. During the evening a purse of gold was presented to the pastor.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel, capable of seating about 600 persons, has just been opened at Caversham, near Reading, under the pastorate of the Rev. T. J. Page.

A meeting was held at Octavius-street Chapel, Deptford, on the 17th of Oct., in connection with the movement for erecting a new chapel. £1,000 had, it was stated, already been contributed, Mr. Spurgeon, amongst others, giving £200.

The foundation-stone of a new chapel

and schools to be erected in Victoria-street, Bristol, under the pastorate of the Rev. W. R. Skorry, was laid on Wednesday, October 24th. The building is intended to accommodate 900 persons, and will cost £10,500. The sale of the old premises will realise £6,500, and a debt of £2,000 remains yet to be cleared.

On Tuesday, October 30th, a handsome new chapel, seating 800 persons, was opened at Llanidloes, the services—which were very largely attended, and enthusiastic throughout—being continued on Wednesday. Sermons were preached by the Revs. C. Griffiths, of Cinderford, and T. E. Williams. The cost of the new building was £2,215.

In connection with a suburban chapel building scheme by the Westgate Chapel Committee, Bradford, the memorial-stone of a new chapel was laid on the 3rd of October, by Alderman Whitehead, in Leeds-road. The structure, which is of classic design, is calculated to seat about 800 persons, and will cost £5,600. This and another chapel nearly completed at Gillington, are to be united to the church at Westgate under one pastorate.

A new chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. E. Lauderdale, was opened at Grimsby on the 6th of October. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon preached morning and evening. The building is intended to accommodate 1,000 persons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, HANTS.—Anniversary harvest thanksgiving, and re-opening services, after painting and renovating of the chapel, were held on September 26th; Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached, in the afternoon, in the open air, and in the evening in the chapel. A tea meeting was held between the services.

CLANFIELD.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held September 21st, Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached to a large congregation in Mr. Poate's barn.

CHURCH-STREET CHAPEL, EDGWARE-ROAD.—The forty-sixth anniversary was held on Monday, November 12,

1877. A public meeting was held at seven o'clock; the Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A., presided. Addresses were given by Revs. W. J. Avery, W. A. Blake, J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., J. H. Cooke, George Dibley, Esq., and Rev. J. G. Roberts.

The Rev. J. Stevens, Presbyterian minister of Berwick-upon-Tweed, was publicly immersed at Highbury-hill Chapel on Monday, November 5th, by the Rev. Dr. Culross, and afterwards delivered an address, in which he explained his change of views upon baptism.

The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tract Society was held on the 16th October, the Rev. James Spurgeon in the chair. The report stated that the object of the society is to make known the way of salvation by lending from week to week Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which are left at the houses in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle. During the past year upwards of 40,000 of these messages had been circulated with signs of Divine approval. The society's income last year amounted to £47, leaving a balance in hand of £12.

Special services have been held at West Croydon Chapel (Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's) with the object of raising funds towards the debt. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon to a large congregation, and in the evening presided at a public meeting. During the past year nearly £500 has been raised, leaving about £1,200 still due. It was resolved at once to pay off a further sum of £200, and then to erect additional class-rooms, which the growth of the Sunday-school has rendered necessary.

The quarterly meeting of the London Baptist Association was held on Tuesday, October 23rd, at Maze-pond Chapel, under the presidency of the Rev. A. G. Brown. After the usual devotional exercises, Mr. Spurgeon read a characteristic paper on "Aiming at Conversions." In the afternoon the Rev. T. V. Tymms read a paper on "Church Statistics," dealing sarcastically with the returns now made by many of the churches, as being, from their careless and indifferent character,

no reliable test of progress. An interesting discussion ensued. A proposal that all surplus funds over the £1,000 required annually towards the erection of the Association Chapel be devoted to liquidate the most urgent cases of chapel debts was negatived. Two new churches were admitted into fellowship. In the evening a public meeting was held, when addresses were given by the Rev. Dr. Culross upon the necessity of a more general recognition of the fact that, as individual Christians, they belonged to God; the Rev. Dr. Landels upon suggestions raised at the recent conference upon evangelising work and methods. He specially dwelt upon the great need for honouring the sense and performance of duty in the ministry, whether accompanied by apparent success or failure. The usual annual day of united prayer and communion was observed in many of the chapels on November 19th.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare, Carmel.—November 11, Two, by T. Jones.

Barnmouth.—November 6, Four, by W. Rees.

Batley.—October 30, Three, by J. H. Hardy.

Belfast.—November 11, at Regent-street Chapel, Two, by E. Holmes.

Bethesda, Carnarvonshire.—October 21, Six, and on 23rd, One, by T. P. Davies.

Blackhill, Durham.—October 25, at Highgate Chapel, One, by J. Wilson.

Blaenau Gwent; near Abertillery.—October 28, Seven, by J. Lewis.

Dreton Hill, Leeds.—November 1, Three, by H. Winsor.

Bowdon, Manchester.—October 23, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.

Bradford.—October 28, at Sion Chapel, Thirteen, by J. W. Ashworth.

Brynhyfryd, Ebbw Vale.—October 14, One, by J. Griffiths.

Burnley.—November 11, at Ebenezer Chapel, Ten, by W. Reynolds.

Burton-on-Trent.—October 21, at Guild-street Chapel, Three, by J. Eskew.

Bushey, Herts.—November 1, One, by W. H. Rolls.

Carrington.—October 24, Four, by W. Dyson.

Chatham.—October 24, at Zion Chapel, Twelve, by J. Smith.

Chatteris, Mill End, G.B.—November 4, Two, by F. J. Bird.

Chenies.—October 28, Three, by J. Palmer.

Cosham, Hants.—October 11, Nine, by T. G. Strong.

Cowbridge.—October 13, at the English Chapel, Three, by D. I. Lewis.

Crewe.—October 28, Four, by F. J. Greening.

Cullingworth.—October 23, Two, by C. B. Berry.

Dolgelly.—October 28, Ten, by H. Morgan.
Dunfriess.—October 28, Two; November 17, Two; at West Park, by Wm. Milligan, jun.
Dunfermline.—October 17, Five, by J. T. Hagen.
Eastcombe, Gloucestershire.—October 28, Six, by J. E. Brett.
Ebbw Vale.—October 28, at the English Chapel, Briery Hill, Three, by T. Garnon.
Frankbridge, Radnorshire.—November 4, Two, by E. Bebb.
Gravesend, Kent.—October 31, at Zoar Chapel, Three, by F. Shaw.
Heaton, Bradford.—November 4, Five, by R. Howarth.
Helston.—October 28, Three, by J. H. Sobey.
Hemyock, Devon.—October 14, One, by A. Pidgeon.
Honeyborough.—November 4, One, by J. Johns.
Hurlington, Middlesex.—October 4, Seven, by W. Crick.
Knighton, Radnorshire.—October 27, Three, by S. Watkins.
Leues.—October 31, Six, by W. J. Scott.
Lincoln.—August 26, Eight; September 30, Five; and October 28, Ten, at Mint-lane Chapel, by G. A. Brown.
Little Leigh, near Northwick, Cheshire.—October 21, One, by A. Spencer.
Llanfachraeth, Anglesea.—November 4, Twelve, by J. Edwards.
Long Eaton, Derbyshire.—November 4, Seven, by C. T. Johnson.
Longford.—October 31, Nine, by E. W. Cantrell.
Lowestoft.—November 1, at London-road Chapel, Three, by E. Mason.
Luton.—October 25, at Park-street, Seven, by J. H. Blake.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—November 4, Three, by T. A. Pryce.
Maesycyberlan.—November 11, One, by C. H. Llewellyn.
Metropolitan District:—
Acton.—October 21, Nine, by C. M. Longhurst.

Brentford.—October 25, at Albany Chapel, Four, by W. Sumner.
Chiswick.—October 21, Two, by W. E. Lynn.
Dulwich.—October 31, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Three, by H. J. Tresidder.
Kensington.—November 1, at Hornton-street Chapel, Three, by J. Hawes.
Lambeth.—October 28, at Upton Chapel, Seven, by W. Williams.
New Wimbledon.—October 21, Two, by A. Halford.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 1, Twenty-one; November 15, Nine; by J. A. Spurgeon.
Middenhall, Suffolk.—October 31, Four, by H. M. Burt.
Morley.—October 21, Four, by the Pastor.
Netherton, Ebenezer.—November 4, Two, by W. Millington.
Nottingham.—October 24, at Woodborough-road Chapel, Two, by F. G. Buckingham.
Old Basford.—October 24, One, by W. Dyson.
Onwaldenistle.—November 8, Four, by J. Naylor.
Park End.—October 21, Two, by T. Nicholson.
Pennar, Pembroke Dock.—October 28, One, by W. Rhys.
Pentre Ystrad (English).—October 28, One, by M. H. Jones.
Portsea.—Kent-street, Oct. 28th, Three, by J. W. Genders.
Raglan, Mon.—November 4, Three, by B. Johnson.
Retford, Notts.—October 28, Two, by R. Silby.
Risca.—October 21, at the English Chapel, Six, by T. Thomas.
Rushmore.—October 31, at Grosvenor-street Chapel, Four, by C. A. Davis.
Shipton.—November 4, at Bethel, Two, by H. C. Atkinson.
Tredegar.—October 21, at Bethel, George Town, Four, by E. Lewis.
Torquay.—November 4, at Upton Vale, Six, by E. Edwards.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, 1877, to November 15th, 1877.

| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|----|----|----|--------------------------|----|----|
| Mrs. Leigh..... | 0 | 3 | 0 | Mrs. Jonas Smith ... | 5 | 5 | 0 | Collection at Baptist | | |
| M. G. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Ellis | 0 | 15 | 0 | Chapel, Middleton, | | |
| Mr. W. Ladbrook ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Coll. by Miss Jephse... | 1 | 5 | 0 | Cheney | 1 | 15 |
| Mr. J. Houghton | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Garrick | 50 | 0 | 0 | Collection at East Hill, | | |
| A Friend | 15 | 0 | 0 | C. A. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Wandsworth, per | | |
| B. P. | 10 | 0 | 0 | Ebenezer | 0 | 2 | 6 | Rev. W. Jenders... | 4 | 11 |
| Mr. J. C. Grimes | 1 | 5 | 0 | Mrs. Webb | 0 | 10 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | |
| Per Mr. H. Wood ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | The Misses Draus- | | | | Metropolitan Taber- | | |
| Mrs. Payne | 0 | 10 | 0 | field | 2 | 2 | 0 | nacle, Oct 21 ... | 36 | 2 |
| Miss Peachey | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Seiywright ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | " " 28 ... | 43 | 6 |
| Mr. W. Hasker | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Seiywright | 0 | 10 | 0 | " " Nov. 4 ... | 73 | 10 |
| Mrs. Couch | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. E. T. Stringer ... | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " 11 ... | 42 | 0 |
| E. D. | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. West | 0 | 10 | 0 | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Sangster | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. W. Hetherington | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | |
| Mr. James Dougal ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. W. Sulley | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | |
| Mrs. Ward..... | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | £394 | 15 | 6 |

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