

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

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

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



Buy me a coffee

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



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_baptist-messenger_01.php

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1873.

LONDON:
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Another year of vicissitude and blessing has fulfilled its course, and with its departure many seasons of unimproved privilege might be profitably recalled; regrets are useless, for the past is gone for ever. True wisdom seeks to turn the present to good account rather by reflecting that “the time is short.” Much that might have been done must for ever remain undone, because we failed of utilising opportunities as they were presented. Thus it is that so large a portion of human life runs to waste instead of being devoted to the service of God and to the welfare of our fellow-men. We are all apt to forget our duties and relationships. If raised by Divine grace to the dignity of sonship, we should ever remember that adoption implies service, and consecrated service of the best kind. “In all labour there is profit,” says Solomon. And if this be true in ordinary life, how intensely and emphatically true does it become when applied to that “higher life” of which we hear so much and see so little. During the past year it has been our aim to stimulate the growth and practice of personal holiness in the full conviction that the influence of the Church depends rather upon the character of its members than the calibre of its teachers. Highly-gifted pastors and earnest preachers fail of the mark set before them in the Gospel if the Lord’s people are unfruitful in every good word and work.

We have abundant reason for thankfulness to the many kind helpers who have contributed to this magazine during the twelve months now drawing to a close.

Gratefully recognising the goodness of God in the past, and prayerfully invoking His guidance for the future, as we stand on the threshold of an approaching year we reverently commit our magazine, our friends, and in short all our work, to the blessing of Him who alone can make *one thousand eight hundred and eighty* to ourselves, our families, and the Church of God in very deed a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,
Editor.

THE BUTTS,
NEW BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.
December 31st, 1879.

INDEX.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Baptisms 27, 54, 83, 110, 137, 166, 193, 223, 245, 306, 331 | | Miscellaneous 26, 81, 109, 136, 165, 221, 244, 279, 305, 330 | |
| Changes in the Pastorate 25, 52, 80, 107, 135, 164, 191, 229, 242, 276, 304, 327 | | New Chapels 54, 165, 192, 221, 278, 305, 329 | |
| Denominational Intelligence 25, 52, 80, 107, 135, 164, 191, 220, 242, 276, 304, 327 | | Presentations 26, 53, 81, 108, 136, 192, 220, 244, 278, 305, 328 | |
| Denominational Meetings... .. 165 | | Poetry 24, 51, 79, 106, 134, 219, 242, 302, 326 | |
| Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects:— | | Quiet Thoughts 303 | |
| John Carter's Good Name, and How he Won It 10, 38, 64, 94, 122, 151, 179, 206, 233, 263, 290, 319 | | Reviews 22, 56, 77, 105, 133, 162, 189, 217, 240, 274, 299 | |
| A Mountain Scene 14 | | Recognitions 52, 80, 107, 135, 164, 191, 220, 243, 304, 327 | |
| Bless the Lord 18 | | Recent Deaths 55, 138, 194, 246, 306, 332 | |
| Search the Scriptures 19 | | Sermons, by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON:— | |
| Calling the Lambs 41, 97, 156, 209, 267 | | The Old, Old Story 1 | |
| The Power of the Word 46 | | A Watchword for Soul Winners... 29 | |
| The Triumphs of Grace 67 | | Are you Invited? 57 | |
| The Adoption of Sons 70 | | The Banished Ones Restored ... 85 | |
| True Charity 73 | | A Strong City... .. 113 | |
| A Good Example. Follow it ... 74 | | A Notable Warning 141 | |
| Mary Magdalene Misunderstood... 101 | | A Plant of Renown 169 | |
| Infant Salvation 125 | | A Request of the Beloved 197 | |
| The Christian's Daily Calling ... 129 | | A Phillip for the Wayworn 225 | |
| Evangelical Christianity our Duty 182 | | Though often Unperceived by Sense, Faith sees Him always Near 253 | |
| The Worth of the Bible 212 | | The Faithful Witness 281 | |
| God's Knowledge of His Children 237 | | No Condemnation 309 | |
| Assurance 270 | | | |
| Will it Pay? 293 | | | |
| A Pathetical Invitation to Sinners 295 | | The Names and Titles of Christ 20, 47, 74, 103, 131, 159, 187, 214, 238, 272, 296, 324 | |
| The Carpenter's Shop 322 | | | |

THE OLD, OLD STORY.*

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

"Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—HEBREWS vii. 25.

SALVATION—how full of music is that word! Not indeed to all ears, but to the ears of those who are in danger of ruin. To be saved! Why, there are times in some men's history when the thought of being saved has quickened their pulse, and made every drop of blood in their veins leap for joy. Here is an instance: A ship has gone down. She was a fair, a gallant barque; but she sailed in an unpropitious hour into the midst of tempests, and, after desperate endeavours, she sunk. What became of the mariners? How fared it with the passengers? Alas! most of them have gone down to the depths. Yet there is a remnant of them floating on those few spars, lashed together into a raft, huddled into a heap. Miserable and desolate they sit sighing to the winds and crying to the sea, fearing a watery grave, while feeling such anguish that the life to which they cling seems more bitter than the death they dread. A long time have they been on that raft. They are perishing of thirst. They have hoisted that piece of rag upon the only pole they could find, and held it up as long as their poor hands could afford them strength. They have clustered their bodies around it, and there it is floating, a sad signal of distress before a sky that has no eye of pity in it. Five were drowned yesterday; three were cast overboard this morning, found dead amongst the mass. They have strained their eyes looking for a sail, but they have not seen any. They were deceived once with the sea bird's white wing; they can scarcely be deceived now, despair has taken such hold upon their hearts. When all hope is lost should help of a sudden to their rescue come. Should a brother's cheery voice greet them—"You were lost, but you are found; you were ready to perish, but you are saved." Oh! with what joy would their bosoms throb. I tell you there is no word in any language which could charm them so much as that word "saved." A strong arm has lifted them into safe quarters; kind hands have ministered to their necessities; soft smiles have saluted them as though it were as gratifying to save as to be saved. And now, as the heart revives and the strength returns, the sudden impulse subsides only to be replaced by an intense satisfaction—the joy, the comfort, the happiness of being saved. The condition of ungodly men, as it appears to me, is not unfitly mirrored in the picture I have drawn. The great vessel of humanity has gone down. The pomp and glory of our perfect race has been wrecked, and sinners huddle together on that little piece of wreck called life, only waiting one by one their turns to die. Sick of this world, which yields no water for a truly thirsty soul, they look out for hope;

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 242, NEW SERIES.

and if they be in their senses—that is to say, if the Holy Spirit has taught them this—there is to those poor perishing men no word which can be so charming as this word “saved.” And the text, which speaks of being saved “to the uttermost,” must have in it the very ring of the music of celestial harps.

Shall I give you another illustration of imminent peril! A carriage dragged by horses crosses the crisp, white snow. A strange howling is heard. The young lady in the carriage inquires, with evident trepidation, “Tell me, father, what was that strange noise I heard?” Intent on quieting her alarm, he tells her that he thinks it was only the wind. She is still awhile; till in louder and more piercing notes she hears it. Strange sound for wind! She asks again. He cannot restrain himself, his own fears are aroused, he tells her he fears it is the wolves. Nearer, clearer, and more terrible comes the baying of these wild hounds. They are pursuing the carriage, swift to slay, athirst for blood. They overtake the travellers. A horse is thrown to them. They pursue it, drag it down, rend it in pieces; and again they are in full chase. Another steed is sacrificed, only to stimulate, not to satiate their voracity. The dilemma seems desperate. Horror seizes; hope fails them. How would the blackness of their danger intensify the brightness of their delight, if these hell-hounds were affrighted by a flash of lightning which kindled a blaze, and drove them back to their dens. Yet so it is; a flash of living faith repels a thousand deadly fears; and unspeakable is the joy of receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. Ungodly men, when thoroughly roused to a sense of their true state, are in a pitiable plight. Their sins are behind them; they seek to fly from them, but they hear the howling of their past crimes following them up; the quick ear of conscience listens to the deadly barkings of sins that have long since gone by; and let the sinner flee as he may, those sins pursue him still. Those of you who have been truly awakened know how desperate is the chase, and how certainly they will fall victims to the vengeance that tracks the path of the transgressor. Of mercy they can entertain no hope, while they feel themselves exposed to the justice of God. Who can be saved unless there be a Saviour? Courage, desponding friend, our text comes to us fraught with everything that is melodious. It tells you that there is forgiveness—nay, that there is forgiveness to the uttermost—for Christ “is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.”

I have often felt a burden on my soul when I have had to deliver God’s judgments; but I have a burden which seems quite as heavy to-night, because I feel I cannot convey to you in such words as I want the sweet love of our gracious God, His willingness to forgive sin—nay, the joy of His great infinite heart when He can find a transgressor weeping over sin, who will humbly come to Him through Jesus Christ. I do pray that I may so set forth the heart of God to you, and the power of Jesus Christ, that no sinner may be able to say, “I cannot be forgiven”—that no one may be disposed to write his own name in the black list of reprobates, and say, “There is no pity in heaven for me, and no hope in the world that I can ever be saved.” Oh! that my text may forbid thy doubts and fears. “He is able to save to the uttermost them that come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

We will begin by noticing the ground of that sweet comfort here offered

to every sinner that comes to Christ, namely, that Jesus Christ ever liveth to make intercession for sinners that come to God by Him.

The ground of this lively consolation is a living Saviour. Priests under the Jewish dispensation died in the course of nature. One priest succeeded another. But Jesus Christ abideth for ever. He is a priest after the power of an endless life. He can never die. He has once for all by His death atoned for sin. Never again will He stretch His hands to the iron, or yield up His Spirit into His Father's hands.

"He lives ! the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives."

Speaking the other day of a sick man who had been cured of a dangerous malady, we mentioned the name of the physician who had cured the patient. A sad answer was given to our remark. "Ah, sir, but do you know the doctor is dead." In vain a fresh sufferer inquires for his healing art. But when thou hearest a sinner, one who has been saved by Christ, the fear need never haunt thee that His salvation is not available for thy case, seeing that Jesus lives, ever lives. The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted. Moreover, Jesus lives in His office, as well as in His person. One may say, "Ay, sir, such-and-such a doctor did work great cures, but he has retired from practice ; so there is no hope for me." But my Master has not exhausted His benevolence. He is a priest for ever. He still goes about to do His needy people good. He lives a man in His sympathy, though very God in His supremacy. He continues to blot out sin. It is not merely a pleasant tradition, but it is a present fact that He can have compassion upon the ignorant, and such as are out of the way. Jesus lives. Heaven would be hung in everlasting midnight if Christ lived not. Truly we might go about, each man with his hands upon his loins for grief, if there were no living Saviour. But while Christ lives who once died, and while He lives still in His office to plead for us, let this clear faith dispel every gloomy thought, and let this dear hope fill our souls with joy in a living Redeemer.

The great truth that those who come to Christ are saved to the uttermost is founded on the intercession that He lives to perpetuate. Our Lord Jesus Christ dies no more, but He pleads for ever. Never, night or day, does He cease to plead. He always stands before His Father's face, urging the full merit of His blood. He pleads—what for? That the prayers of the saints may be heard, aye, but that the cries of sinners may be heard likewise. That is quite as true. I know there are vials full of odours sweet, which are the prayers of His people ; but there is also a place in Jesus' heart for the chief of sinners ; for is it not written, that "he received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." And is it not said by Isaiah, in that chapter so full of grace and truth, "He made intercession"—for whom?—"for the transgressors,"—for you who have broken the bounds of God's justice, and violated the laws of His equity by your actions. He makes intercession for transgressors still. You and I cannot lift up our natural eyes, and look through yonder firmament to see what is going on in heaven. But faith can discern far more than sense could ever descry. With the eyes of our spiritual understanding we can see Jesus standing there, the

Advocate before the Father's throne. I think I hear Him now. From a contrite heart there has just come up a cry—"God be merciful to me a sinner." And Jesus backs it up with His powerful intercession—"My Father, hear that sinner's groans; hearken Thou to His tears: Lo, to his suit I join My own: 'Tis My prayer; I take it in My own hands: I have cleansed that prayer in My own blood, and made it worthy of Thine acceptance: receive it, God of mercy, and by these, the memorials of My wounds, grant mercy to this sinner." O soul, is not there good ground for such an assertion as this—that "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing He *ever liveth* to make intercession for them?"

I do not know whether this is coming home to your souls. I can bring the bottle of balm to you, but my Master only can pour it into the wound. Do pray now, you that love the Lord, if ever you did in your life, that poor broken hearts may get comfort while we are thus speaking.

But I cannot leave this point, the ground of the consolation, without remarking that He is a living Saviour, and a sympathising Saviour, an active Saviour. Oh! was ever such a Saviour dreamed of? He who pleads for us with God is no less than God Himself. Shall God plead and not be heard? Being one with the Father and the Spirit, whatsoever is the mind of Christ is the Father's mind too; for He can say, "I and my Father are one." Do you think that God the Son will plead, and God the Father will not answer? Why, soul, how encouraging this ought to be to thee—that thou hast nothing less than God Himself to take up thy case and plead thy cause. And then reflect how much God the Father loves Him. He is "His beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased"—His only begotten. Dost thou think He will deny Him anything? He never has done so. He saith, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." And dost thou think He will deny Him a boon to thee so great, but to Him so comparatively small, as thy salvation? Then, again, Jesus Christ has died and fulfilled all that God's law required by way of penalty for sin. Dost thou think that after this God will refuse Him? What! when He pleads His wounds; when He reminds the Eternal Presence of His bloody sweat; when He uses for argument the gashes and the furrows which the ploughers made upon His back; when He spreads His wounded hands, and points to the scar upon His side—shall this be in vain? Oh! who would wish a better Pleader? Nay, who could dream of one to rival Him? Put your case into His hands. God will have you so to do. There must be rich ground here for the most confident hope, even to the uttermost, when such a Saviour lives; and such a Saviour actively and zealously pleads before the throne of God. Thus much, then, for the ground of the comfort.

Now let us ask, to whom is this comfort given? Can you describe the persons to whom it belongs? Who is Christ able to save to the uttermost. We are told, "Them that come unto God by Him." There are some who do not come unto God at all. They live as if there were no God; in fact, some of you could get on better without a God than with him. So little do you ever think of Him, that you would do quite as well in your ordinary dealings without Him altogether. Or, it may be, religion is such a nuisance to you, that if there were no God, you would

be all the happier. Well, now, Christ has never made any promise to such as you are. While you remain godless, thoughtless, about divine things, you are beyond the pale of the promise. He may in His sovereignty meet with you and change your hearts, but you have no warrant to look for such an interposition. There are others who do come unto God, but they do not come unto God by Jesus Christ. I know some of them. They say, "Well, I do not go to a place of worship; I can worship God in the open fields or in my own garden. I do not mention the name of Jesus Christ. I go myself, just as I am. I do not think of going through a Mediator. I worship God very sincerely with my reason, my imagination, and all the powers of my intelligence." So you may, friend; but certainly there is no promise in this text to you, nor do I believe there is any promise for you anywhere else in the Word of God. "Our God is a consuming fire;" and if you get into this consuming fire, it will consume you. The apostle Paul says, "Even our God is a consuming fire." Martin Luther was wont to say, and very wisely, too, "I will have nothing to do with an absolute God." And Dr. Watts has put it happily in the hymn we often quote—

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
But if Emannel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begin,
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace forgives my sin."

You must come to God through Him, or else, evidently, the text does not smile on you. This, then, bears very hard upon all who talk about merely natural religion—to all who, in their Unitarianism, as they call it, try to do without a Saviour. Such people, whatever else they may find to comfort them, cannot read this text with any satisfaction. "He is able to save them to the uttermost." It is a certain and peculiar "them." It is "them that come unto God by Him."

Having thus noticed who are not the comforted here, we will try to find out who they really are that find succour in this salvation. Why, it is "them that come unto God by Him." It does not matter who they are, nor what they are. The poor harlot who is sinning herself out of all reputation and out of all hope, if now in her extremity she shall come to God by Jesus Christ, He is able to save her to the uttermost. The pure lady, of high birth, of amiable disposition, of charitable character, whose conduct has not been merely moral, but upright and exemplary, she must come to God by Jesus Christ, or else atonement and intercession will avail her nothing; she cannot be saved to the uttermost. This is the way the queen must come, and this is the way the beggar must come. This is the way for "my lord" who owns a million, and this is the way for the pauper that has but a penny in the world, and that he has borrowed. This is the way the thief and murderer must come, through divine grace; it is the only way the offscouring of the earth can come, and it is also the way in which individuals of the highest reputation, and the most refined members of society must come—we must all come unto God by Him.

But what meaneth this coming to God by Him? Does it mean coming by repentance? If you want a picture of that, there is the parable of the prodigal son—"I will arise and go to my father." You must come unto God, making mention of the name of Jesus Christ; and if, repenting of your sins, and hating them, and desiring to be cleansed from them, you thus come to Him, you shall be saved to the uttermost.

Is there not also a coming to God through Christ by prayer? Ah! she is an example of coming to Christ, that woman who, in the lonely chamber, is crying out with bitter tears, "My God, my God, I must find Thee; I must be found of Thee, or I perish." And he is coming to God, that lad there who, touched by something he heard, perhaps, in the Sunday-school, is now crying, "Give me Christ, or else I die." Aye, and you are coming, if whilst you are sitting yonder, or standing in the aisles, your heart is saying, "Jesus, Master, have pity upon me." That is the kind of "coming." There is no locality to which Christ is limited. He is here. You have no need that your body stir, but your soul must move with strong desire, with sincere request, with earnest cry. If you have these longings after God through Christ, that is the manner of "coming to God through Him."

But the true way, the best way, and the saving way is faith. The man who trusts in the mercy of God through the atonement of Christ is saved—that very moment saved. These lips of mine keep talking of this matter every day in the week. One does not get tired of preaching it, and I hope you never get tired of hearing it. The story is so simple, too. There is life in it. There is life in a look at the Crucified One. There is life at this moment for thee and for me. When you and I can see it so plainly, we wonder everybody does not see it; yet when we remember our former stupidity, we marvel more at the divine grace that has opened our eyes to see it now. I know what objections will arise—you will do anything sooner than come to God by Christ. You want to come to God by your repentance and prayers. They are very important. I mentioned repentance and prayers, but I did not intend to intimate that any feelings you could cherish, or any duties you could perform, would commend you to God apart from the mediation of Christ.

Your repentance and prayers may be only aggravations of your guilt, if you turn away your eyes and your heart from the One Mediator. Do not try to come to God by good works. It is like attempting to build a causeway through a bog—every stone will be swallowed up; though you should pour in many waggon loads, you will not succeed in making an inch of way by all your labours. Trying to come to God by your good works is like the toil of Sisyphus—rolling a huge stone up hill; it rolls back as fast as it rises, or no sooner does it approach the summit than it rebounds upon him, and he has to begin all over again, and keep on, with no more success than before. Do not attempt to come to God by a way in which you are to have a finger. Come to God through Christ. We read in some of the tracts that come out, for instance, about Baptismal Regeneration, that man does his part, and that God does the rest. Oh, dear, dear! that is the old doctrine of devils. I like better the interpretation which a poor half-witted soul once gave of doing his part. Sammy, they called him: though grown up to manhood, he was rather imbecile; yet he was truly converted; he knew Christ, and wanted to join the church.

When the pastor asked him how he came to be saved, Sammy said, "I did my part, and God did the rest." The minister was rather grieved, but very curious to get a fuller answer, so he said to him, "Pray what part did you do, and what part did God do?" "Why," says he, "God did it all, and I did my best to oppose Him, and God would not let me have my way." Just so. That is all man ever does or can do, apart from the mighty power of God working in him. It is God that worketh in us to will and to do; and we never will or do ought that is good until He works in us. He works in us, and then we work out what He works in. He works in, and then we work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Man's part in salvation! Brethren, where is man's part in creation? What part of the world, thou proud boaster, didst thou make? What mountain owes its birth to thee? What monster of the deep didst thou ever form? What fly or butterfly, what creeping maggot didst thou ever form? The lowest shape of life owes its shape to God and not to thee. Out upon thee! what hast thou to do here? And dost thou think in the yet more resplendent work of redemption, that God will stand and ask thy help? What! my Master, who, in his blood-red garments cries, "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there are none with me," will he condescend to ask thy name and help, and say, "Do thy part, and I will do mine?" Sinner, have thou nothing to do with great works or little works of thine own as a ground of hope. Jesus did it—did it all, long, long ago. He finished the mighty work. All thou hast to do is to take the blessing Christ has procured, and to be saved, through what He has accomplished. You must come unto God by him—not partly by Him and partly by yourselves, but you must come unto God by Him alone; for "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Thus we have shown who it is He can save to the uttermost. It is those, whatever their character or condition, who trust in Him, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Let us now proceed to inquire more particularly into the comfort that there really is in the text? Is there not this grateful, glorious truth of present salvation, to be surely realised, that the superabounding free grace of God waits for every soul that comes to Him through Christ. "Christ is able to save to the uttermost." What does this "uttermost" mean—the uttermost of human sins? What the uttermost sin that can possibly be committed may be, I cannot tell. The annals of crime are stained with records which so startled us with their atrocity at first, and then, as little by little the dark motives and the monstrous depravities were unravelled, so amazed us that we have stood aghast, and thought we saw once and again the uttermost of human sin. A troop of murderers haunts my memory. Their names are so familiar that I have sometimes thought the surest path to fame is infamy. Yet there may be, for aught I know, instigators and abettors of wickedness, whose vice has been so secret that they have saved their own necks notwithstanding their blood-guiltiness. I cannot conceive what might be the uttermost of sin. Were I to combine in my imagination the uncleanness of the debauchee, the fury of the passionate, the intoxication and sensuality of those who delight to please their palate—were I to link the avarice of the miser with the cold-blooded cruelty of the man who grasps his brother's throat, and casts him into a prison to rot for many years—were I to try and fish up all the tales of

unnatural crime committed against helpless children, the heartless ill-treatment of wives, or the savage, relentless persecution of husbands—oh! I dare not rake in such a kennel as that—but if I did, and I should rake out some monster so terrible that humanity would all point the finger of scorn at it, and, with an universal hiss, bid it be taken away from the land of the living, even then I could not produce anything that would exceed the meaning of my text, that “He is able to save to the uttermost.” If thy sins are unheard of and outrageous; if they have been so black and virous that you would not whisper them even to the ears of midnight, yet the blood of Jesus Christ, God’s dear Son, cleanseth us from all manner of sin and iniquity. That is what the uttermost means.

Again, it means the uttermost of despair. I have seen several cases of this kind; and I have never felt myself more foiled than when I have met with them. “There is no hope for me, sir.” I quote the promises. “Yes, they are very sweet; but they are not for me, sir.” I mention cases of conversion. “Yes, they will never come to me.” I have met with some that have been ten years in despair. I recollect one that was so for twenty years, until a few hours before his death this despair settled into such awful gloom that it overshadowed the entire retrospect of life, chilled the tender relationships that ought then to have glowed with sympathy, and made it dreadful to sit in the same room with the individual. Alas! such despair sometimes ripens into suicide. There have been many who have gone down to hell, because they would not believe that God was merciful, or could not grasp the fact that pardon is to be had. But remember God is able to breathe hope into your souls even when you are feeling the pangs of despair. What though you have given yourself up; that is no proof that God has given you up; and though you write yourself down amongst the lost, you are not lost for all that. You may make a covenant with death and a league with hell, but if Christ has bought you with His blood you belong to Him, and you cannot give yourself away. You do not belong to yourself. Christ will claim thee, however dark and black thy gloom may be. “He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him.”

Another “uttermost” is the uttermost of evil habits. Some men have acquired habits that they cannot master. I do believe, dear friends, that many confirmed drunkards have often seriously resolved and earnestly endeavoured to escape from that destroying habit before they were completely enslaved. The iron net has gradually compassed them round about. Like Samson, when his hair was shorn, they could not snap their bonds. Others have fallen into the habit of swearing. I have known instances of men fully alive to the evil of the habit, yet under sudden emergency, the black words come rolling out to their own confusion. They have said, “It is no use, mine is a hopeless case; I have been stewing for years in the devil’s caldron, and do you mean to tell me that the hell’s broth can ever come out of me?” Yes; though you have been boiled in the devil’s dye-pot, and made a blood-red scarlet sinner, the dye can be got out of you. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, but Christ can change your heart; the leopard cannot change its spots, but Christ can take all your spots away. Aye, there is an art in the Gospel to turn the lion to a lamb, and the raven to a dove. Look at John Newton: was there ever a more depraved wretch or ever a more godly minister of

Christ than he? The cases are many in which the change has been wrought; and however besotted you may be in sin, He is able also to save you from the uttermost of evil habits, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for you; so that when Satan desires to have you to sift you as wheat, He may pray for you, and you may be delivered.

Let me add here, that He is able to save you from the uttermost of temptation. Some persons live in a position where they must be tempted. I do not think, if you can avoid it, that you are right in living in such a position. When we have received into Church fellowship, as we have occasionally done, young women who served at the bar of a gin palace, they have invariably been obliged, for conscience' sake, to give it up, feeling themselves that it was not a proper place for them, the temptation being too strong for young minds to tamper with. But you may be in a position out of which you cannot extricate yourself. The Christian soldier, for instance, especially the private soldier, thrown into a common room, bound to hear the talk of his comrades, and compelled to sleep where there are many others, must find it very difficult to bear his witness for the truth; but Christ is able in this matter to save to the uttermost. Indeed, it is very remarkable that when you find, as you often do, Christians in the camp—I speak from experience and observation—they are the most decided Christians that you meet with anywhere. It seems as if, in the imminent peril to which their 'good profession is exposed, God had given them more grace; so that, in the midst of evil company and unholy language, they have nevertheless been enabled, with clean hands, to stand as priests before God's altar. Wherever your lot is cast, or whatever condition you may be in, "He is able to save to the uttermost of temptation them that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

And there is an "uttermost" coming, dear friends, with you and with me. When the strong limbs shall lose their vigour and the pillars that bear up the body shall totter, when the eyes shall be darkened, and the grinders shall cease because they are few, till, at length, the lungs shall cease to heave, the silver cord be loosed, the golden bowl shall be broken, and the wheel shall be broken at the fountain—ah! He is able to save to the uttermost in that last extremity. When there is no balm in Gilead and no physician there, He can stand by us, and make the dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are.

"But if my Lord would come and meet my soul,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly joyful through death's silent gate
Nor fear the terrors as she passed."

This is rich comfort for any one under fear of death. "He is able to save to perfection, to the end, to the uttermost, them that come unto God by Him."

Now, I have tried to preach a full and free salvation to you, and I hope I have not failed, but I do pray the Master may apply it.

When Martin Luther was in great distress of mind, and had talked with certain learned doctors and got but little comfort, he went to a poor monk. This monk was not much of a theologian, but he believed his

creed, and so he repeated his creed till he came to this article of it, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and as soon as Martin heard that it was heaven's message to his soul. Sinner, may it be so to you! What are you? Have you sinned much? "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Don't you? Did you break your mother's heart? "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Have you been a Gospel hater, and has your heart got hard, and have you sinned against light and knowledge? "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." That is a good expression of old Wycliffe, who said, "Lord, save me gratis." Ah! that is the only way of being saved. "Lord, save me gratis." It is said concerning Christ, "They hurt him without a cause;" and, beloved, it is "without a cause" that we are healed. The gift of forgiveness is bestowed without a cause, without any cause on the sinner's part, without any good cause in you, without any cause at all, except the cause of God's great love. I read the other day of a soldier in battle whose soul was saved by the same providence that spared his life. A spent shot struck him in some part of his body where he carried his money. It struck a silver coin, which had on it, as all shillings and sixpences have, the words, "Dei Gratia;" and when he took out his money and looked at it, he saw his life had been preserved by the bullet striking the words "Dei Gratia," "by the grace of God." "Ah," he thought, "it is indeed by the grace of God my life is spared;" and then he sought the grace of God that his soul might be spared too. The next time you handle your coins, I trust you will think of that "Dei Gratia!" The word is "gratia;" it is precisely the same as "grace." May you find that grace of God unto eternal life. I pray God the Queen may find it, as the inscription says, she is Queen by the grace of God. May you and I find it in our calling, in our life, in our death; and may we mount to heaven, bearing Jesus Christ's image upon us, like the true coin of heaven's realm; and let this be the motto and superscription, "Dei Gratia," by the grace of God I am what I am. May the grace of God be abundantly shown in you and me, for His namesake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CARTER was a newly married man. He was also a working man, and therefore had a working man's home. His wife was a neat, cheerful, industrious young woman, whom he had known from childhood, and was, he firmly believed, just the partner to make home happy and com-

fortable. As yet they had only been married three months; but it was cheering to observe how nicely settled down they seemed to be. The four-roomed house was well furnished. The parlour had its Kidderminster carpet and hearth-rug, its sofa, its easy-chair, half a dozen good chairs to match, a well-polished mahogany table in the centre, a bright looking-glass over the mantelpiece, and in a recess in one corner of the room

were fixed several bookshelves, well filled with books, all of which were religious, moral, instructive, or entertaining. The kitchen was well supplied with a broad fire-place, oven, and boiler, and all the utensils needed by a good housewife in the daily performance of her domestic and culinary labour. The bedrooms upstairs with their iron bedsteads, carpets, cane-bottomed chairs, drawers, pictures, and ornaments were models of neatness and good taste. Then, at the back of the house, was a moderate sized garden, filled with choice flowers, plants, and vegetables, which it was John's delight to cultivate, and which he took care should be well stocked, for his own gratification and profit. In fact, to tell the honest truth, both John and Sarah Carter were quite proud of their new home, and we must candidly confess that to a certain extent they had justifiable cause for indulgence in such kind of feeling.

The old proverb says—

“Before thou marry,

Be sure of a house wherein to tarry;”

and it was quite evident that this young husband and wife had both well laid this proverb to heart. And in this it will be admitted they had acted wisely. To one of his “mates,” who on giving them a call had expressed his satisfaction at seeing the house so well furnished, John gave his ideas in this fashion:

“Yes, we are comfortable; thank God for it; but it has taken some time let me tell you to get all these articles together. There are three things, mate, I don't believe in; shall I tell you what they are?”

“Yes; go on.”

“Well I don't believe, in the first place, in a young man marryin' before he's out of his time. If he takes to himself a wife before he's served his apprenticeship, it's very

likely he'll begin with short rations; and it's just as likely that he'll end with 'em. Some of this sort that I've known, have never been able to get their houses half furnished as they should be, their wives and children are but poorly fed, and you seldom see any of 'em with clothes on their backs fit to wear on a Sunday. In the next place, I don't believe in young people marryin' with the intention of stoppin' with father and mother. From what I've observed, they soon get tired of livin' with the old people, or what is far more probable, the old people get tired of livin' with them. Old people and young ones when they are differently related don't often agree very sweetly together. The poor old folk being a bit conservative, have their ways, and the newly married couple, with modern notions, have theirs; and so if either side's obstinate they are certain to lead a miserable, jarring, jealous sort of life all the week through. Then I don't believe in marryin' to go straightway into furnished rooms, and for this reason. People who do that are paying for the furniture all the year round, and yet after all it is no more their own at the end of the year than it was at the beginnin'. Now isn't that true, Harry?”

“I've no doubt of it, John. Why I knew a party that just did that very thing. They were in such haste to be married that they couldn't wait to find 'a cage to put the bird in,' but they must need take furnished lodgin's, intendin' as they said to get a house of their own soon afterwards. But after stoppin' in two rooms for three years they were forced by circumstances to leave with the addition of two little ones into the bargain, and make a new start in a small house, with some second-hand things that their parents and friends gave

'em out of charity; and even then the house looked half empty."

"That's just what it comes to, Harry. Well, Sarah and I took that view; and from the time we were engaged, we both agreed to save up and start fair when we did start. She was in a good place of service, and I wasn't in a bad one neither, so we got on well with clubbin' together. We both put our savin's week by week in the Post Office Savin's Bank, and when the time came to draw both sums out we found that we'd not only enough to furnish the house with but also a little to put back again either to add to or to help us in time of need. So you see now we reap the fruits of providin' beforehand for wedded life; and young folks must do the same if they think about marryin' and being happy."

But a well furnished house was not all that made this young couple happy. Had either John or Sarah Carter been asked if this was all that constituted their happiness they would instantly have repudiated the notion. They had both learnt that external things, however good they might be, or however capable of contributing to human comfort, were of themselves ill-fitted to satisfy the wants of an immortal soul. Both husband and wife were believers in the Lord Jesus, members of a Baptist church in the town, and a credit to their profession. Hence, at the time when they are introduced to the reader, we find them on an evening at the close of autumn seated opposite each other by their bright fireside. The nights were just growing dark and cool, and John, having had a late tea, washed himself, and slightly changed his dress, is engaged in reading aloud to his wife "a good Sermon," which a sermon-tract distributor in the neighbourhood has

kindly left for their perusal. To this sermon there are two texts, and they both have relation to the value of a good name. The first text selected is Prov. xxii. 1—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and the second from Ecclesiastes vii. 1—"A good name is better than precious ointment." From these texts the preacher explains what in a scriptural sense is meant by a good name; he then proceeds to show how it may be obtained and also kept; and closes by dwelling solemnly and feelingly on the wretched condition of all those who do not possess it. Now as this sermon had a great deal to do in exerting a beneficial influence on John's after life, it will not be considered out of place if we just give a summary of it.

By a good name, the preacher explains, is meant a good Christian character, which sheds its light and beauty and fragrance all around, its Christlike influence and work permeating everywhere, blessing humanity, and redounding to the glory of God. Such a name is good in the sight of God, good in the sight of man, and good for all who possess it here and hereafter.

Its superiority to *wealth* is proved by the fact that a good character is superior to anything *material*, that its acquisition is often more honourable and useful, and that it will certainly prove more lasting. Great riches often bring great cares, lead to great temptations, and create hardness of heart, while a good character gives peace of mind, keeps all out of temptation, and gives proof that they have "a heart that is right in the sight of God."

By being "better than precious ointment," is meant—that the good name is superior to all that the world from its own carnal standpoint esteems fragrant, valuable.

and honourable. A man with a good religious character, however poor he may be in regard to this world's goods, is better off in God's sight than the greatest earthly monarch, with all his glitter, pomp, and show. The spiritual good he has in possession now will culminate in lasting honour and glory, when kings and potentates and the great ones of the earth shall call upon the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the splendour of God's majesty and the greatness of His power.

Such a good name as this, however, can only be obtained by coming to Christ, trusting Him as the only Saviour, owning Him as Master, and consecrating every power and faculty to His blessed service. To keep this good name, and so be among the number of those who "endure unto the end," its possessor must strive to "*abide* in Christ." He must abide in Him in loving trust, in private prayer, in the constant perusal of the Scriptures, and in walking willingly and cheerfully in the path of obedience, as it is laid down in the Word, and is further indicated by the leadings of God's Spirit and Providence. It is in this way only that the good name can be kept, and, like good steel armour constantly used and polished, shine continually brighter and brighter.

It was such a good name as this that Joseph had. He had a good name at home, a good name in slavish service, a good name in the dungeon, a good name as the ruler of Egypt, and a good name of such lasting character that although three thousand five hundred years have passed away since his decease, its fragrance is felt to the present day, and will be as long as the world lasts. Such a good name also had Obadiah, who, in his old age, could as

a reason for good and fair treatment make the honourable plea, "But I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." And such a good name, too, had Samuel, and Abijah, and Josiah, and Timothy; and it is worthy of note that the latter won it specially because, through female influence, "from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation." But this good name was likewise possessed by one who was more illustrious than them all. Jesus when a boy was known as the carpenter's son, and as such he was poor and would doubtless be early inured to hard rough work. But even then, in Nazareth, for the benefit of the young, it is recorded of him, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Well would it be for the young if in their best and brightest days they sought, by God's grace, to copy these examples, and so throughout their whole earthly history, let their godly life, and work, and influence, be felt for good far and wide!

Without such a good name no man, in a Christian sense, could be truly wise, truly great, truly happy, or truly useful; for a bad name indicates a bad character, and therefore a bad life. With an appeal to the advanced in years who might not yet have obtained this good name to seek it at once ere it might be too late the preacher closes; and as John Carter reads the last sentence, which expresses the minister's loving wish and fervent prayer, "May we all win this good name, for Christ's sake!" he almost startles his wife by adding, in a strong tone of voice, almost loud enough to be heard in the next house, "Amen, and Amen!"

How the reading of this sermon affected John Carter at the present

time and throughout his future career, subsequent chapters will show.

(*To be continued.*)

A MOUNTAIN SCENE, OR GLIMPSES OF THE PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST.

BY REV. GILES HESTER.

Matt. xvii. 1—8.

MOUNTAINS are considered by all who have gazed upon their towering heights as ranking amongst the august wonders of the world. They are the solid, massive, and enduring monuments of those eruptions and those rending convulsions which once agitated primeval nature. They often bear on their craggy sides, and carry on their rugged brows, the traces of those igneous forces and upheaving processes which played such an important part in the formation of the exterior crust of the earth.

Much of the grand scenery of Scripture history is found associated with mountains. Moses was leading the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law to the back side of the desert to Horeb, the mountain of God, when the angel appeared to him in the burning bush. It was on the heights of Sinai, the most solemn and rugged mountain of the desert, that God communed with Moses and imparted to him His holy law. On mount Hor Aaron was stripped of his priestly robes, and laid to rest in the arms of God. On mount Nebo Moses pensively surveyed the promised land, from the entrance of which his unadvised lips excluded him, and then yielded up his spirit to Him who gave it. It was on a mountain that Deborah, and

Barak gathered an army inspired with feelings of patriotism, and utterly defeated the enemies of Israel. Saul and Jonathan fell in battle on the heights of Gilboa. It was on mount Carmel that Elijah challenged the priests of Baal and called down the fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice.

The New Testament is not destitute of glorious mountain scenery. The sermon which contains the standard of ethics for all the Christian ages was delivered on a mountain slope. It was in the solitude of a mountain that Jesus continued all night in prayer to God. One of the most striking mountain scenes is presented to us in the text. It unfolds to us important knowledge relating to the person and work of Christ. Jesus Christ is still the theme of history and the problem of philosophy. "What think ye of Christ, whose son is He?" "Who is this son of Man?" These are pre-eminently the questions of the present day. Lives of Christ, written by distinguished scholars, are continually leaving the press. No subject is so absorbing in its nature and so thrilling in its influences as that which sets forth the wonder-working power of Christ.

The importance of the subject cannot be over-estimated. To get a true conception of the person and work of Christ is the primary duty of every intelligent mind, and is absolutely indispensable to the right enjoyment of personal religion. It is possible, I think, to make this mountain scenery contribute something towards this important end.

Placing ourselves then in imagination, on the mount of transfiguration, let us look round and notice what takes place. What are the chief points in this wonderful scene which attract our attention?

I. *We have here glimpses of the Humanity of Christ.*

Jesus Christ was a real man. His body was not a phantom and a delusion. His human nature was composed of body, soul, and spirit. He had flesh, blood, and bones. He had senses as the instruments of His physical nature, and a brain as an organ of His mental nature. He could perform all the functions of human life. He could speak, walk, work; think, feel, suffer. The actual humanity of Christ enters into the great mysteries of our faith. To reason it seems almost incredible that God should become man. The early Church, while believing in the Divine nature of the Lord, discredited the fact of His real and substantial humanity. The Apostle John who survived all the Apostles, combats the heresy of the early Church in his Epistles. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life. For the Life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that Eternal Life, which was with the Father and was manifested unto us. Hereby know we the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of Anti-christ which ye have heard that it should come: and even already is come into the world." The humanity of Christ therefore, on the testimony of one of His most intimate and beloved Apostles, is to be received as an unmistakable fact.

The human nature of Christ was among the qualifications necessary

to fit Him for the proper discharge of His duties as the Redeemer of men. "It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren." In stepping down from the throne to the cross, He took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." "And being found in fashion as a man He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Through His human nature He became the tender sympathising Saviour. He was made perfect through sufferings. He was in all points tempted like as we are. He can take hold of all our trials and enter into all our sorrows. He knows what sore temptations are for He has felt the same.

The mountain scenery before us is in perfect harmony with the Scriptural doctrine of the humanity of Christ. What is Christ come up in this mountain to do? Is it merely to gaze upon the out-lying landscape, and to catch the fresh cool breeze which blows upon the mountain's brow? Not so. He is come up here with His disciples to pray. Luke supplies what the other Evangelists omit to mention. "He went up into a mountain to pray, and as he prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening." Now prayer is not an act of God, but the spiritual effort of man. God is self-existent, and independent. God in the fulness of His boundless love diffuses His bounty, and communicates His mercy. Angels praise God, but men pray to God. Prayer is that inward spiritual movement of the soul which indicates desire, want, dependence. Prayer is the finite coming to the Infinite for help. In prayer the soul struggles through the darkness of nature into the light of God. Prayer is an act of

homage paid by the human to the Divine, and in the very fact that Jesus came up into a mountain to pray we have a convincing proof of His real and actual humanity.

The humanity of Christ is an article of faith in the Christian scheme which we are sometimes apt to lose sight of. By His visible life as a perfect man Christ becomes to us an example or pattern of holiness. In Him was no sin. He was separate from sinners. His nature was undefiled. His character was spotless. In the Old Testament we read of holiness. In the New Testament we see it. The life of Christ is the most luminous page in the volume of the world's history. Distinct and impressive above all the voices of all the great teachers of the world are the words of Jesus, "Follow Me."

II. *In this mountain scene we have glimpses of the Divinity of Christ.*

Surely something more than the mere humanity of the Lord is unveiled to our eyes in this mountain scene. The spotless and holy life of Jesus does not constitute the whole of Gospel truth. The temple of Christian faith is not built upon a reed, however perfect that reed may be. It is granted that Christ was a real, true, and perfect man, but Christ was more than this. God forbid that we should ever narrow down the nature of Christ to His perfect humanity. Christ was real, true and perfect God. He was God manifest in the flesh. In this mountain scene, the limitations of His human nature are indicated, but the glory of His Divine nature is unfolded. Heaven and earth are blended together in this mountain picture. The dazzling splendours of the eternal light are for a moment unveiled. We have glimpses of the pre-existent majesty of the

Son of God. Here is a prelude of that ineffable glory which was to follow the pangs and darkness of the cross. "And Jesus was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." "His raiment," says another evangelist, "became shining exceeding white as snow; so that no fuller on earth can white them." What means this over-spreading cloud? What means this dazzling glory? Have we not glimpses here of the original glory of the Redeemer? of Him who was the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. The depth of the impression left on the minds of the Apostles is indicated by Peter in his memorable words, "For He received from God the Father honour and glory when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory, This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The deity of Jesus Christ is the main pillar which supports the arch of Gospel truth. Take that away and the whole structure will fall to the ground. This grand doctrine of the Christian creed forms a sure and solid basis for our faith to rest upon. It gives reality to our hope of immortality and eternal life. The Divinity of Christ gives splendour to His royalty. He is King in Zion. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. On His head are many crowns. He is supreme both in creation and in redemption. He is the master of all the assemblies which meet in His name. He gives commands. He metes out rewards and punishments. The government of the world is upon His shoulders. He is head over all things to His Church. Principalities and powers are in subjection to Him. His

spiritual body fills all heaven with its unspeakable glory.

Jesus, the Christ of God,
The Father's blessed Son,
The Father's bosom thine abode,
The Father's love thine own.

God and yet man Thou art,
True God, true man art Thou,
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us Thou art now.

III. *We have glimpses of the Atoning Death of Christ in this mountain scene.*

The humanity of Christ and the Divinity of Christ are both disclosed to us in what we witness in this wonderful scene. But you and I and all mortals need something more than these two features of the Lord's person to meet the deep moral wants of our nature. Some other element is necessary to satisfy the requirements of our case. There is sin in our nature. Guilt, like poison in the tooth of an adder, is hidden in our corrupt hearts. We are morally undone in ourselves. Sinful human nature is under condemnation. It is a fixed decree that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. Immutable justice demands it. A sacrifice of infinite value is required to form an adequate expiation for our guilt. That sacrifice of inestimable value was offered for us by Christ when expiring on the cross. Intimations of this approaching sacrifice were given to those who talked with Christ when He was wrapped in the brightness of the heavenly glory.

Two groups of individuals are to be seen amidst the glories of the mount. In one group are Peter, James, and John. These three yield to the weakness of nature and are borne down with sleep. At some distance from them are three others, the glory of whose presence

illuminates the darkness of night. Who are the three arrayed in glory? They are Moses, Elijah, and Jesus. They are talking. What are they talking about? They are speaking of His decease (*éxodon*) which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. His going out of the world is the great and all-absorbing theme of their conversation. His death, the nature and the significance of that death—the expiatory character of His sacrificial sorrow—this is the subject which aroused the interest of the great Lawgiver, and the majestic prophet, and this is the subject that angels desire to look into.

The salvation, the present safety and the future happiness of man, grows out of the death of Jesus Christ. His death is the ransom-price paid down for our Redemption. The sacrifice of Christ is the central meeting-point of all the truth of Scripture. Prophets anticipated His sufferings, and pictured in vivid colours the depth of His anguish and the burden of His grief.

“He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.”

Great sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife.

To Thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing,
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

Standing then in imagination.

amidst the glories of this mountain scenery, we have unveiled to our gaze three of the principal facts of Christianity. We have glimpses of the humanity, the Divinity, and the atonement of Christ.

Having considered how complete are the qualifications of Christ to be the Saviour of men, let us think for a minute of ourselves. A perfect and an omnipotent Saviour does not of necessity secure our personal salvation. There needs a spiritual tie to connect the soul to Christ. That tie is faith. Faith is the act of confiding and trusting in Christ. It is the glorious object on which faith rests which makes the principle of faith saving. The world was lost by faith in Satan. It is to be saved by faith in the Saviour. Let us have faith in Christ. He is worthy of our best affections. Faith delivers the soul from guilt. It purifies the heart. It lifts the soul above the pleasures of sense; and delivers it from the cares of the world. It will give us patience in sickness, fortitude in death, and confidence in judgment. In all circumstances may our prayer be, "Lord increase our faith."

This mountain scene is suggestive of the glorious meeting in Heaven. There prophets, apostles, and martyrs will surround the glorified Lord. The saints of ancient days shall have converse with those who have fought life's battles in these modern days. In one unbroken assembly shall be gathered together those who in all ages have known and loved the Lord.

Sheffield.

"BLESS THE LORD."

A Good Motto for the New Year.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

DAVID was richly favoured with unction from on high when he penned the 103rd Psalm. His soul was then bathing in the full ocean of God's rich mercy, and his heart was sweetly tuned as he sung concerning the constancy thereof. He bursts forth with jubilant fervour, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name." He is not content with the mechanical, passionless, soul-lacking utterance of the lip, but calls upon his "soul," all his inner powers, to break forth into rapture, while he contemplates the iniquity-forgiving, the disease-healing, the life-redeeming, the glory-crowning, and the soul-satisfying mercies of his God. He is conscious that God's "tender mercies" and acts of "loving-kindness" are numerous beyond the powers of his memory to retain them ALL; but, nevertheless, is desirous to remember SOME, and for them to "bless the Lord" with all his heart, soul, and strength. And, believer in Jesus, does not the mercy of Jehovah, which is from everlasting to everlasting unto you, demand that you likewise "bless the Lord?" Can you not join in singing,

"Did Jesus die for me?

And am I one of His?

Did He for me hang on the tree?

What wondrous love is this!

Did Jesus bleed and die

To save a wretch like me?

That *with* Him I might reign on high,

And ever happy be?"

—then I must and will call upon "my soul, and all that is within me" to bless and praise His holy name.

Let us recall a few of those mercies which loudly call upon us as children of God to bless Jehovah. All our iniquities are forgiven. Mark, ARE forgiven, not shall be, but ARE at the present moment. Salvation is of the Lord, and is a FINISHED work for all on whose behalf it was accomplished. All our diseases are healed by Jesus the Physician. We are now the redeemed of the Lord free from condemnation. We are now constantly crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies. We are now satisfied with the precious things of the everlasting hills, and with the good things of the unchanging covenant. We have now an abiding renewal of our youth in an everlasting Jesus. At the present moment, notwithstanding the subtlety of our foes, and the falsely fair speeches of our pretended friends, it is a heart-sustaining fact, that "the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed." His ways and His acts are still made known unto His spiritual Israel. Jesus is full of mercy, bounteous in grace, plenteous in love, slow to anger, gentle in His chidings, tender in His rebukes, and compassionate in His corrections. Then again we say to our souls, and to all our new-born powers, "BLESS THE LORD."

"O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up, His holy name
To magnify and bless.

"Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
HE HAS BESTOWED ON THEE."

Portsmouth.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

(For the Young.)

REV. W. FRITH.

JESUS ought to have all the praise, and all the honour, and all the glory, because He has done all that was required for redemption. This great, work of sacrifice on the cross was complete. It left nothing to be done by man. Then and there God's law was fully honoured; and God's justice was fully satisfied. Now, Christ having done all that the Divine law and God's justice required, "the kingdom of heaven is opened to all believers." Those who believe in Jesus have nothing to do, but trust to, and rest on, what He has done.

There is, however, now a large class of persons, some of them ministers too, who, like the Pharisees of old, are saying that you must do this, and do that, in order to be saved. Those who are called Ritualists, like the Roman Catholic "priests," make a number of laws, and rules, and orders, by their own authority, and without any warrant from God's Word; and affirm that these things must be done in order that you may be saved, or be a good Christian! You must go to a certain church—make confession to a so-called "priest." Attend "matins" and "vespers." Go at seven or eight in the morning to "early celebration." Bow each time to the so-called "altar." Rise up from your seat when the "priest" comes out of the "sacristy" or vestry. Believe that the "wafer" is changed into the real body of Christ, and that the wine is changed into the real blood of Christ, after the so-called priest has uttered a few words over it. Attend church all holy days, and use and read all

books the so-called "priest" tells you to use, and a *thousand and one* other commands.

Now, we simply affirm, on the authority of Scripture, that this is not only quite unnecessary, *but contrary to Scripture*. All the *Bible requires* (and never forget, that this is *God's Word, and our only guide*) is, that you should go and hear the *Gospel faithfully preached*, then *believe its testimony*, trust to Jesus, and endeavour to keep His commandments. You will look in vain for any one text in the New Testament to warrant all these useless and *Popish ceremonies*. And if Jesus were here to-day, He would make the same complaint now as He did when on earth. Just take your New Testament, and turn to Matt. xv. 9, and hear what Jesus says, speaking of the Pharisees, "IN VAIN DO THEY WORSHIP ME, teaching for doctrines the commandments of

men!" Now, this is just what He would say to the Ritualists and Romanists of this day, for they do the same things; they rest their teaching on "traditions of men;" they all introduce a number of *rites and ceremonies* without Scripture warrant, and put them in the place of God's Word. And it is the duty of faithful ministers of Christ to warn the people against these things, and *direct them to Christ alone*. This *we do now, and shall always do!* Dear reader, we beseech you, then, as you value your precious soul, and would not dishonour Christ, nor grieve His Holy Spirit, turn from all these things *at once*. Do not tolerate them by *your presence*; "no, not for an hour." If Jesus were here, He would say, "*Come out from among them;*" *look to Me alone*; I will save you! "There is life in the look of the Crucified One."

Gunnersbury.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

FOR JANUARY 5TH.

"I am that bread of life."—John vi. 48.

"This is that bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die."—John vi. 50.

WHEN the Spirit of God quickens the soul nothing but Christ, who is "the bread of life," will feed and satisfy the life which is given. The soul then cannot feed upon its own thoughts, feelings, joys, sorrows, duties, or outward observances, much less upon the pleasures and

possessions of the world; it hungers after living bread, even a living Christ. And Christ, by faith, in all His names and offices as the ever-living, ever-present Prophet, Priest, and King, becomes the life of its pardon, justification, peace, sanctification, adoption, liberty, and joy. And this bread never loses its sweetness in the experience of those taught of God, and, feeding upon it, the regenerate soul is built up unto eternal life, and gains strength from day to day to overcome self, the world, flesh, and the devil, and to live with the affections set on things above, where Christ sitteth at the

right hand of God. Dost thou, dear reader, thus hunger after the bread of life? blessed art thou; thy very hunger is the result of the Spirit's work, unfolding to thee thy need and the beauty of Christ; but remember that in order to permanent peace and daily victory over thy spiritual foes Christ must be kept constantly before the eye of thy faith as the daily bread of thy spirit, and stay and staff of spiritual life.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

FOR JANUARY 12TH.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. viii. 3.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

No theme so deep, so vast, so sweet as this to the true Christian. The love of Christ is an ocean without bottom, brim, or shore; self-originated, springing up from the secret depths of His own divine nature, ever flowing and yet ever full; constantly filling the hearts of His people with something of His own life and blessedness. It is like the light of the sun, which ever streams forth in its own munificence, and while pouring its glory upon the mountain range and ocean's heaving bosom, stoops to shine upon the poorest worm, to revive the drooping weed, and to clothe the meanest thing with something of its own life and beauty. Thus shines, too, the love of Christ; it is not alienated by our sinfulness nor repelled by our selfishness, ingratitude, and insensibility, but comes to us freely to quicken and renew our spiritual life and to bring something of its own strength, liberty, and joy into our withered hearts, unfolding them upwards towards heaven to drink in the dew of God's own peace and

blessedness. O that this love may become increasingly dear to us, and may we seek to understand more of its heights and depths, that we may be filled with the fulness of God and be constrained to follow more closely in the steps of our Redeeming Lord.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST ETERNAL.

FOR JANUARY 19TH.

"Behold, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."—Jer. iii. 3.

"Having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end."—John xiii. 1.

THE love of Christ for His people, or all those who believe, is not a passion simply of His humanity, but belongs to His sovereign will and the perfection of His divine nature. The little stream of divine love which flows into the soul of a believer in regeneration, and gushes forth at once in living faith towards Christ, and rests not until finally it reaches His home above, comes from a living spring deep as the being of God and immutable as His throne. It is indeed a covenant love, the love of the Trinity in Unity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, flowing forth to heal the wounds of the stricken heart through the cries and tears, the sufferings, blood, and death of Christ. Has but a little stream of this love reached thy soul, believer, springing up in faith, hope, and love, and the spirit of adoption crying "Abba, Father?" then thou mayest exclaim with wondering joy and admiration, "Behold, the Lord hath appeared of old (from afar) unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and thou mayest well go forth in the dances of those who make merry and with

joy draw water out of the wells of salvation, as thy faith exclaims: "Behold, God is my Salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also has become my salvation."

"Would'st thou life's sweetest joys here prove,
Off muse on everlasting love."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE.

FOR JANUARY 26TH.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.

THE love of Christ is but another name for Himself, for He is Love even as God is love; and having loved His people with a covenant, sovereign, free, eternal love, He gave Himself for them, as we read: "For as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death." Hence, says the Apostle, "herein is love, not that we loved God but

that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins," and "God commendeth His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." And the adequate expression of the Father's love is only to be found in His Son, our Blessed Saviour, who came here, assumed our nature, and gave Himself to toil and suffering and shame and death. He was indeed the Good Shepherd, and proved it by laying down His life for the sheep; in sight of such love as this, should we not show our love to Him by cleaving to Him, obeying His word and seeking to exemplify His Spirit, and by resting in peace upon His Father's words, that having in the greatness of His own love given His Son for our redemption He will also with Him freely give us all things.

"O love! thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me.
While Jesu's blood, through earth and
skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries."

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Brighton.

Reviews.

Speeches by C. H. Spurgeon at Home and Abroad. London: Passmore and Alabaster. 2s. 6d.

THIS handsome little volume is issued uniformly with *Lectures to my Students*. It contains eighteen platform addresses, more or less correctly reported for the daily newspapers. By the rather ambiguous words "at home and abroad,"

let it be understood that some of these little speeches were made at the Tabernacle, and some away from the Tabernacle; and none of them in foreign parts. Of course they are not revised by Mr. Spurgeon; but they are skilfully collected, arranged, and edited by our good friend Mr. G. Holden Pike, whose name is a guarantee for good taste.

Shams and Realities in Dress, Manners, and Religion. By THOMAS CHESHIRE. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

WE live in an age of shams and counterfeits, and our disgust and grief are that these abominations intrude themselves among our religious things and lift their brazen faces in our holy places. No language is too strong for their exposure, and no treatment of them too severe. We detest all shams; more especially religious shams.

This book is written with considerable vigour. With forcible language and manly boldness the writer exposes the sham and then rends it, and while exposing pretence and hollowness endeavours to guide his readers into a better way.

Old Jonathan, the District Parish Helper. W. H. and L. Collingridge, London.

Who does not, as Christmas draws near, give a hearty welcome to this annual? An old friend with such graces that age is crowned with stores of wisdom, and yet his juvenility such as to electrify babes by the sight of his features in a host of beautiful pictures, and to instruct the young in the rich matter recorded and the pleasing mellow tones in which it is given. It should find a place in every family.

The Biblical Museum: A Collection of Notes Explanatory, Homiletic, and Illustrative on the Holy Scripture. By JAMES COMPER GRAY.

The fourth volume of the Old Testament series. We have nothing to add to what we have said already of this incomparable commentary. We have called the attention of some of our best teachers to the former volumes, and in all such cases have had pleasure and approval expressed in return. This volume contains the Books of Kings and Chronicles, and will prove a worthy book for our ministers, our village preachers, and all workers in our congregations and Sabbath schools.

A Hindu Gentleman's Reflections Respecting the Works of Swedenborg and the Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church. James Spiers, London.

FROM the pen of a gifted and sincere writer, and will be sure to be read carefully, as giving in detail the mental working of an intelligent mind finding its way from a form of heathen superstition to certain forms of Christianity. While we confess to have thus read, we hope, from the evident sincerity and earnestness of the writer, that it may not be long ere some Priscilla or Aquila will be successful in teaching the Hindu gentleman the way of God more perfectly.

Notes on the Rev. G. W. Olver's Fernley Lecture, 1878. By J. L. POSNETT. Elliot Stock.

If proof were needed of the disunity existing among the disciples of modern thought, the Fernley Lecture adds another to the many. The men who write themselves as far in advance of some of their brethren appear only as united when they endeavour to make a breach on some old-established vein of truth. Every Methodist ought to read this pamphlet. The Fernley Lecture is disposed of, and we thank the writer for his vigorous exposure of error and valuable contribution to the old faith.

The Baptist Messenger. The Volume for 1878. 61, Paternoster-row.

ONE of the children's hymns has the refrain, "*My own Sunday school is the best;*" and we confess to something like this toward our MESSENGER. Take it for all in all—its price, its contents, and its usefulness—it will stand foremost in the race with competitors, and prove a treasure in any Baptist home. The volume for 1878 is suitable as a Christmas present, or as an addition to our Baptist Sunday-school libraries.

MAGAZINES, &c.

The British Flag; also The Soldier's Almanack. (W. A. Blake, Charing-cross.) Circulate these by thousands among

our soldiers. They will, like Christian missionaries, go about doing good. We are glad to see that by the time of our issue the excellent Society from which these works emanate will have sent a soldier missionary to Cyprus. Will our readers forward to the office, 4, Trafalgar-square, a Christmas gift or a New Year's donation? It is not possible for them to do a better thing.

Topics for Teachers. By James Comper Gray. (Elliot Stock.) A re-issue in numbers of a work which has been weighed and tested by our teachers, and not found wanting.

The Biblical Museum, The Teachers' Storehouse, The Appeal, The Scripture Doctrine of Regeneration. (Elliot Stock.) The first of these we have noticed. The second is really a teacher's storehouse. *The Appeal* is the tract for the masses, and the circulation of *The Scripture Doctrine of Regeneration* has our best wishes.

Truth and Progress: a Baptist South Australian monthly. Very good. We wish it had a London publisher. *The Voice of Warning* to hand; also that cabinet of world-wide information

of missionary work, *Evangelical Christendom.*

OUR BAPTIST LITERATURE.

The Sword and Trowel. We truly pray that the editor may soon be as full of health and vigour as this monthly. Here is plenty of matter for Christian thought and Christian work.

The General Baptist and The General Baptist Almanack. The latter is a capital pennyworth, well got up, well illustrated, and a packet of interesting information.

The Baptist Magazine has completed its seventieth year, and we are to-day well satisfied with it. The first in the field, it has renewed its youth, and the fear we had some years ago that it would die of feebleness has given place to gladness that we have a magazine so well and ably conducted, *intellectually, respectably, and evangelically.* May the editor be spared many years for his work. *The Freeman* has never flagged in serving the interest of the denomination, and we are gratified that *The Baptist* frequently shows itself to have the courage of its opinions. May great grace rest upon them all.

Poetry.

LINKS TO THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

AH, me, he has gone from this world
Of sorrow, toil, and care;
To live in the heavenly home.
No sickness, no heartaches there.

Yes, 'twas when sleeping,
His spirit took flight
Up to the realms of glory,
Up to the realms of light.

Oh, how the chariot hurried,
To him the time seemed long;
He longed to go to glory,
To sing a lasting song.

Though in the cold and silent grave,
His body now is lying;
His spirit is with God above,
No tears are there; no sighing.

Methinks if we could see him,
Oh what a blessed sight;
Could we but pierce the skies,
And see him robed in white.

See him in all the splendour
Of a washed and ransomed soul;
And see Christ who died for him,
To hear the music roll!

To meet with other dear ones,
Among the blood-bought throng;
Those whom we loved on earth,
Who long ago have gone.

Human nature could not bear it,
The scene would be too grand;
Who, who could paint that picture?
No artist in the land.

But thought may take wing,
And fancy may paint;
What it is to be there,
A glorified saint.

Oh, yes! I think I see them,
With their golden harps in hand;
Each one a link to the beautiful,
A link to the heavenly land.

Yes, they are happy there;
But the home is not complete
Till every blood-bought child
Shall meet at His feet.

There in that beautiful home,
Before the white throne they'll be;
There, if we are links to the beautiful,
They are waiting for you and for me.

And whilst we stay on the earth,
Whilst we in this wilderness roam;
Lord Jesus, prepare us to be
Links to that beautiful home.

KATE PUNG.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Cotham Grove, Bristol, and accepted that at Victoria-road, Leicester.

Rev. G. Wainwright, of Waterbeach, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Wellington-street, Stockton-on-Tees.

Rev. J. T. Collette has given notice of his intention to resume the pastorate of the church at Willenhall.

During the last month the following students of the Pastors' College have accepted pastorates:—Mr. C. J. Clark, West Bromwich; Mr. F. J. Feltham, Winslow, Bucks; Mr. J. Bradford, at Leytonstone; and Mr. Greenwood, at Catford-bridge.

Rev. A. P. McKenzie, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation worshipping at the Old Meeting, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, to become their pastor.

Rev. J. T. Almey has removed from Hucknall Torkard to Ryde; and Rev.

J. Near from Stanwick to Ringstead, Northampton.

Rev. W. Wood, of Market Harborough, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Bradford, Yorkshire, to become their pastor.

Rev. R. Y. Roberts has resigned the pastorate of the church at Clarence-street, Portsmouth, and accepted that at Belgrave, Leicester.

Rev. R. C. Evans has left Llanfihangel, Mon., and has settled at Fern-dale.

NAILSWORTH.—Mr. Peter Hutton, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping at the Nailsworth Tabernacle.

LONDON: BEDFORD-ROW.—Rev. J. Collins has announced to the congregation worshipping in John-street Chapel that he intends closing his ministry there.

EXETER.—Mr. Sidney W. Bowser, B.A., of University and Regent's-park Colleges, has accepted the invitation of the church at South-street, Exeter, to

become assistant-minister to Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A.

Rev. A. Harrison has resigned the pastorate of the church at Golborne-street, Warrington, and has accepted a call to that at Scapegoat-hill, Golcar, near Huddersfield.

Rev. W. Jenkins, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Paincastle, has accepted that at Lord's-hill, Snail-beach, Salop.

Rev. D. Davis has resigned the pastorate of Oakes Chapel, Huddersfield, and accepted a call to that at Ponthier, Newport, Mon.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. E. Forman, of Marcl, has been presented by his church and congregation with a purse of £41 6s, in appreciation of his thirty years' pastoral services at Providence Chapel. At the same meeting, Mr. Ball, a deacon, for thirty-five years, was presented with a handsome Bible.

Rev. H. Dunn has resigned the pastorate of the church at Haddenham, and at a farewell meeting has been presented with a purse of £20 as an expression of regard.

At a public meeting just held in connection with the church at Irwell-terrace, Bacup, the Rev. J. S. Hughes was welcomed on returning from his wedding tour, and presented by the church and congregation with a purse containing £14, as a mark of esteem.

On Wednesday evening, November 6, a purse containing £32, and an album in which were the portraits of many of his friends, were presented to the Rev. A. Babbington, of Eastbourne, in appreciation of his faith and patience under a severe trial through which he has just passed. B. A. Lyon, Esq., of London, presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Jefferies and the Rev. Williams, Wesleyan ministers. A letter was read from the Rev. W. Griffith, expressing his regret at being unable to attend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL, BECCLES.—The second anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. W. F. Edgerton of the Pastors' College, took place on Lord's-day, September 22. There was a special prayer meeting at 9.30. At the morning service the Rev. J. Cooper, of Wattisham, preached from John xx. 17. The evening sermon was preached by the pastor, from Matt. xxviii. 17, 18, who afterwards baptised three believers. The Rev. J. Cooper, preached a powerful sermon on the following Monday afternoon, from Hob. ix. 24. A largely-attended tea meeting took place in the Assembly Room, which was followed by a public meeting in the chapel. The pastor presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Samuel Vincent, of St. George's Park Chapel, Yarmouth; Rev. J. Hagen, of Yarmouth Tabernacle; Rev. J. Hollingshead, of Rattlesden; and the Rev. S. K. Bland, of Beccles.

LUTON.—The fourth and last lecture, given by Rev. J. H. Blake, under the auspices of Messrs. Hayward, Tyler, and Howard, took place at the Baths, Waller-street, on Sunday, November 24. The subject was "The Battle of Life; or, How to Succeed." The room was crowded, nearly 600 people being present, and the Mayor presided. At the close Mr. Blake announced that as the four lectures had been so well attended, he proposed to give another four lectures, commencing about the middle of January. Messrs. Hayward, Tyler, and Howard had kindly defrayed the expenses, and been very courteous, so that with their consent, he hoped a committee of the workmen would take the matter in hand and make arrangements for their delivery. The proposition met with warm approval.

LYNDHURST, HANTS.—The anniversary sermons of the Sunday school were preached by the pastor, Rev. W. B. Payne, on Sunday last, from John xxi. 15—17. Appropriate hymns were sung. The congregations were large, and the collections were liberal.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—November 17, at Carmel, Two, by T. Jones.

Ashley, near Lyrnington. — November 24, Four, by T. J. Stockley.

Bath.—November 10, at Widcombe, Six, by Mr. Huntley.

Belper.—November 20, Three, by W. Bonser.

Birmingham.—November 24, Constitutional-hill, Six, by J. Burton.

Blackley, Yorks.—November 30, One, by E. Briggs.

Bootle.—November 24, Ortel-road, Three, by Z. T. Dowen.

Bowdon.—November 24, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.

Burton-on-Trent.—December 1, Field-street, Three, by J. Askew.

Caersalem, Dowlais.—December 1, Two, by T. Morgan.

Cardiff.—November 24, Bethany Chapel, Five, by W. E. Winks.

Chester.—December 11, Pepper-street, Two, by W. Durban.

Clydach, Swansea Valley. — December 8, Eleven, by H. C. Howells.

Crews.—November 30, Eight; December 8, Two, by the pastor, F. J. Greening.

Denbigh.—November 3, Three, by T. Thomas.

Deritend, Birmingham.—November 27, Warwick-street, Four, by S. W. Martin.

Dundee.—November 24, Long Wynd, Four, by J. C. Brown.

Falmouth.—November 27, Emmanuel Chapel, Eleven, by L. Douglas.

Fawdale, Rhondda.—November 3, Nine, by R. C. Evans.

Foreest.—November 17, at the Tabernacle, Three, by C. Bloy.

Glasgow, Frederick-street. — December 8, Seven, by the pastor, A. F. Mills.

Hanley, Staffs.—November 26, at the Welsh Church, Four, by W. Davies; December 1, Three, by C. Chambers.

Hill Cliffe, near Warrington.—December 8, Three, by W. Pilling.

Hoibeach.—Four, by R. Maplesden.

Hucknall Torkard, Notts.—November 6, Four; 27, Four, by J. T. Almy.

Idle.—December 1, Six, by J. Lee.

Kenninghall, Norfolk.—December 8, One, by T. J. Ewing.

Knighton, Radnorshire. — November 24, Three, by W. Williams.

Lays Hill, near Ross.—November 24, Two, by T. Reeves.

Leibury.—October 27, Two, by T. Field.

Leeds.—December 1, Burley-road, Three, by J. Hambley.

Malton.—November 27, Four, by W. Smith.

Merstham.—November 27, Three, by H. H. Garrett.

Millgate, near Rochdale.—December 1, Five, by T. Griffiths.

Morley.—November 24, Five, by R. Davies.

Metropolitan District:—

East London.—December 7, at Charlton-square Chapel, Mile End, Eight, by J. A. Soper.

Hendon.—November 29, Ten, by C. A. Cook.

Hornsey-rise.—November 24, Thirteen, by F. M. Smith.

Nantwich.—November 17, One, by R. P. Cook.

Oswaldtwistle.—November 24, Three, by J. Naylor.

Paincastle, Radnor.—September 27, One, by W. Jenkins.

Penryhoel, Breconshire.—November 17, Two, by D. Howell.

Pembrokeshire.—November 24, at Salem, Four, by D. O. Edwards.

Pinchbeck.—November 24, One, by A. J. Robinson.

Poulner, Hants.—December 1, One, by G. Diffeys.

Presteign, Radnorshire.—November 10, Two; December 3, Three, by the pastor, S. Watkins.

Rhos, North Wales.—November 17, Seven, by J. Roberts.

Salem, Cardiff.—November 17, Three, by D. Lloyd.

Smethwick.—November 24, Four, by G. T. Bailey.

Southampton, East-street. — November 24, Four, by J. H. Paterson.

St. Helen's, Lancashire. — November 24, Park-road, One, by W. C. Tayler.

Swansea, Cambs.—November 17, at Bethel Chapel, Twelve, by J. G. Hull.

Tabor, Llantrisant.—December 1, Three, by T. Baker.

Ta'garth, Breconshire.—November 24, One, by D. B. Richards.

Thurleigh, Beds.—November 24, One, by G. Chandler.

Turquay, Upton Vale.—December 1, Six, by E. Edwards.

Waltham Abbey.—November 10, One, by W. Jackson.

Watchet and Welliton, Somerset.—November 19, One, by R. J. Middleton.

Westpark, Dumfries.—November 18, One by W. Milligan, jr.

West Lavington.—November 8, Two; December 10, Two, by S. Kiag.

Weston, Towcester.—November 24, Two, by J. Longton.

Wobeshampton.—November 28, Waterloo-road, Six, by D. E. Evans.

Wootton, Beds.—December 8, One, by J. H. Readman.

RECENT DEATHS.

WE are called upon to record the death of Rev. JOSEPH WILKINS, of Queen-square Chapel, Brighton, at his residence, 95, Ditchling-rise. For some months he has been suffering from weakness of the heart, and has been unable to attend to his ministerial work. He returned from a long visit to Somersetshire and Wiltshire, thinking he was able to recommence his duties, but, to his great regret, found himself incapable. Mr. Wilkins was the son of Rev. Benjamin Wilkins, Baptist minister, of North Bradley, Trowbridge, and was born very near Longleat House, in Wiltshire. His early years were employed in business; but he preached occasionally in the villages around Trowbridge. His first settlement in the ministry was at Leighton Buzzard, when he removed to Brighton for ministerial work some twenty-two years ago, and for twenty-one years he occupied the pulpit at Queen-square. Mr. Wilkins preached his last sermon four weeks ago, but has since been

gradually sinking, and during the few days preceding his death he had been conscious only at intervals. He was fifty-five years of age; and his last sermon, preached on Sunday evening, October 20, was from Romans viii. 20.

Mr. EDWIN WEBB fell on sleep in Jesus, September 9, 1878, at his residence, Tyshaw Farm, Tregase, near Monmouth. For many years our dear brother was the subject of much suffering, and was often laid aside from business, and from the means of grace. When in health he was most regular in his attendance upon the ministry of the Word, and also the prayer meetings. His beloved wife joined with him in contributing in various ways to help on the cause of their Divine Master on the earth. He had been a member with the Baptists for forty-five years. He was an earnest worker in the cause of God; wise in counsel, the pastor's friend and sympathiser; to him Christianity was a blessed reality; his enjoyment of the blessings of the Gospel was heart-joy, deep down, settled. Our dear brother's last illness, which terminated in his death, although at times his pain was very great, yet by the grace of God he was enabled to bear it with much patience and sweet resignation. When it was evident he was dying, his loving wife asked him if Jesus was precious. He faintly said, "None but Jesus;" and thus passed away, without a lingering sigh or groan, on his Redeemer's breast, aged seventy-one years. He was interred in the graveyard of the above chapel September 13th, in the midst of weeping relatives and friends. October 6th his death was improved by his pastor to a large and affected congregation.

On the 13th December, at 6, Leigh-road, Highbury, N., the Rev. CLEMENT BAILLACHE, one of the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, aged forty-eight. His remains were interred in the Abney-park Cemetery, on Tuesday, December 17.

A WATCHWORD FOR SOUL-WINNERS.*

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

* * * This sermon was preached some years ago. By a pleasing coincidence it has been forwarded to us for publication this month. Now, as then, *revival services* are about to be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The peculiar appropriateness will be obvious to all our subscribers.

“The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel saith, Yet will I gather others to Him, beside those that are gathered unto Him.”—ISAIAH lvi. 8.

THIS grand proclamation was no doubt intended as a prophecy of the spread of the Gospel to the Gentiles. The Jews were like a city walled around, under the guardianship of God, while the Gentiles were like fields unprotected, or like villages left without a defender. But in the days of Christ the walls of that ancient city were extended, so that multitudes out of all peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, have been comprehended within the New Jerusalem, whose walls are brass and whose bulwarks are salvation. Happy days! happy days! Happy days we live in; when the Gospel is proclaimed to every creature under heaven; when there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free; when circumcision is no longer indispensable, and uncircumcision is no more an impediment to the hope of the covenant of grace. Joy to the earth! let every land be glad, because the day is come in which those are gathered who once were outcasts!

In this proclamation there seems to me to be a double blow upon the head of all religious monopoly,—first, in the glorious title which is given to God; and, secondly, in the gracious promise which is made known to the sons of men.

When the Gospel was preached to the Gentiles, the Jews were filled with anger and resentment. They rejected its gracious message, not so much because of its own terms as because it was published among all nations. This was their great stumbling-stone. Had Christ reserved His blessings exclusively for the tribes of Israel, and the Apostles been sent to none other than the children of Abraham according to the flesh, they might have entertained it with at least some degree of respect; but no sooner were the good tidings of great joy circulated among other kindreds and tongues than there was a noise and a clamour. Those ancient monopolies could not brook the purpose that the kingdom of the Messiah should embrace other lands and realms than their own. The same spirit, I am grieved to say, is rife among some professing Christians, whose line has fallen in places of peculiar privilege. After tasting, as they would lead us to suppose, that the Lord is gracious, and entering into Church fellowship, they treat with suspicion, rather than sympathy, those who hail the message of mercy. Instead of encouraging hopeful souls with

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 243, NEW SERIES.

radiant smiles, they put on their spectacles and scrutinise them severely to see whether they be honest men or hypocrites. Alas! we have too many in our churches who act the part of the elder brother in the parable. They are angry, and they will not come in to join in the family mirth at the prodigal's return. They look sullen and they speak sharply, because they cannot understand why one who has spent his living with harlots should be received by the Father with joy, and welcomed into the household with feasting and music.

Now the generosity of the Great Father beams forth with ineffable grace when He appeals to us as the Lord God who gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. Has He not often manifested this attribute of his character, this agency of His government? Were not the sons of Jacob outcasts in the land of Egypt; had they not the brand of slavery upon their brow; were not all their male children doomed by a cruel edict to be cast into the river. How did they toil and sweat at the brick kilns! With what relentless oppression were they made to gather the straw for themselves to make their bricks, while the full tale of bricks was demanded of them! How did they hear the crack of the taskmaster's whip from morning till evening, and how often did they throw their exhausted bodies down among the pots between the ovens! They were a despised people. Even the Ethiopians looked contemptuously upon them, and the sons of Ham laughed them to scorn. And what was the outcome of all this obloquy? Their wrongs were redressed with a redemption that has no parallel! Never did God interpose with so high a hand or so outstretched an arm for any people as for those who had lain among the pots. He shook the fields of Egypt, brought the rattling hail from on high, mingled with fire; with signs and wonders He made His name terrible; with plague and pestilence He made their hearts quail, till, at length, He smote all Egypt's firstborn sons. Outcasts did we call those children of Israel; but the Lord their God gathered them. The brick-makers were fetched out of their captivity. Ye contemned them as abjects; ye despised the bearded race. Pharaoh's heart grew harder as he scowled with defiance at the hapless serfs. But their Protector pleaded their cause; He showed His power when He had tried their patience. He revealed His name to them in mystery; in their emergency He became their Emancipator. With the rod of His strength He revealed Himself the Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel. One by one He gathers them, brethren. Let me give you an instance. It is the case of one who was an outcast not merely by position, like the Israelites, but by pedigree. Jephtha was the son of a harlot; he was cast out by his brethren. By an ignoble birth and a base extraction he became despicable, yet he mustered round him a band of men of little better pedigree than his own, such as the world would call "vain fellows." A man was needed to smite the oppressor. Where was he to be found? The sovereignty of God descried the suitability of Jephtha. So he went up to the prey, and he took the prey, and he led the captivity captive. Ah! ye who account that the accidents of your birth have crowned you with honour, and brand the man who is not to blame, censuring him for a crime he never committed, see the irony of heaven on the heartless animosities of earth! The Spirit of the Lord came upon Jephtha, and he passed over to the children of Ammon to fight against

them, and the Lord delivered them into his hands. So he stands among the worthies of whom time would fail to tell. In later days there was an outcast, neither by pedigree nor by position, but still an outcast from the bitter prejudice that pursued him. You know his name; it is dear to you all. David became an alien to his mother's children, he was driven from his country and his kindred, he had to hide himself amongst the goat-fields of Engedi, and seek a shelter in the caverns of Adullam; there he rallied round him a band of men, in debt and discontented, victims of the vices of the age. Saul hunts them like wild fowl. In whatsoever retreat he seeks rest rumours reach the royal quarters, and the king is on the scent, as one who seeks his blood. But what saith the Lord? Why he who gathered together the outcasts of Israel had elected His servant David, and rejected Saul as a reprobate. So many a man against whom the public mind is prejudiced, till he is hunted about even by his own brethren, and scorned and scouted of them, proves to be the chosen champion to deliver Israel. To that man will He look; to him will He have regard when he boweth his knee in prayer or bendeth his bow for fight. No position, pedigree, or prejudice can prevent the Divine purpose in gathering the outcasts.

The Israelites in the latter part of their history were outcasts through their perfidy. They had set up false gods, and turned away from the Most High. He gave them up to Nebuchadnezzar, who carried them away captive. By the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept; they wept at the contrast between their present poverty and their former prosperity. They remembered the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, become as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. They were outcasts whom no man sought after; the dregs of a nation that had lost its natural eminence; the offscouring of a people that had forfeited the seat of prestige and of power. Yet they could not forget how the Lord had appeared for them, how He had raised up a heathen helper in His servant Cyrus, how the temple was built, and its former glory in part restored. Once again the God that passeth by transgression iniquity and sin had earned Himself the title of "the gatherer together of the outcasts of Israel."

Do ye doubt that harlots can grow chaste, drunkards sober, thieves honest, swearers simple in their conversation, and gamblers become godly? God's grace in reclaiming the reckless calls for our devout gratitude. Will any of you quarrel with God's own title? He is the gatherer together of the outcasts. Does not His name "Jehovah" make you tremble? Is not His name, "Al Shaddai," full of comfort to you? Should not this name also command your reverence and esteem. He will vindicate it whether you relish it or rebel against it. "The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, Yet will I gather others to Him, besides those that are gathered unto Him." Sound as it may to you, it is music to my ears. I could dance with delight, for I revel in repeating it. That "God gathers the outcasts of Israel" is the ground of my own confidence in preaching, and the glory of my hope in all the persuasives I offer to you.

"Yet will I gather," beloved, strikes a grand note. It seems to me at once deliberative and defiant. As there is no lack of precedents, there is a fulness of prediction. Here is the mercy. If you have been charmed

at what He has done, He will cheer you more by what He purposes to do. He will not be mean or meagre of His mercy; He will not turn from His purpose, or stint His bounty. Your thoughts can never compass His counsels; nor can your frugality measure the fulness of His benevolence. Now, this second clause of the text was, in a measure, fulfilled when Christ came. The Samaritans were outcasts peculiarly obnoxious to the Jews; at the very mention of Samaritan the Jew was ready to gnash his teeth; but where did the teaching of Christ obtain a more signal triumph than at Sychar, when He went and sat upon Jacob's well and talked with the woman that came there to draw water! You remember the tale she told, the credit it gained, and how the Samaritans came to Him, besought Him to tarry with them, and acknowledged Him as the Saviour of the world. Thus did He gather together outcasts unto Him. So, too, after our Lord's earthly sojourn was brought to a close, and the day of Pentecost was fully come, Peter stood up in the street and preached concerning Jesus of Nazareth, approved of God, rejected by men, who was put to death by wicked hands, but whom God raised up from the dead to sit on His throne. Then Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, heard the word of salvation, and "other outcasts were gathered unto Him." And when the Apostles went forth, in ever widening circles, proclaiming among all nations the Gospel of the kingdom of God, outcasts were gathered from all the highways and by-ways of the world into the fold of the Good Shepherd. When the proud and haughty Roman centurion cast aside his sword to bend the knee to the Prince of Peace; when the Parthian broke his arrows and bowed before the conquering cross; when the Cythian lost his wildness, and, unconquerable before, yielded himself to the victorious arms of King Jesus; when the savage Briton became clothed and in his right mind; when the Gaul submitted his neck to the yoke of the Lord Jesus; and when throughout all Europe the idols were broken, and their temples turned into places for Christian worship—this prophecy proved to be true, "The Lord God which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, Yet will I gather others to Him, besides those that are gathered unto Him." You know the history of the church; you have seen its progress. Whenever and wherever there has been fidelity to Christ on the part of His disciples, there has been a large muster of followers recruited from all ranks of life. Our own times have witnessed the gathering of multitudes who heretofore were aliens. Who would have dreamt a few years ago that theatres should be temporarily converted into temples, and used on the Sabbath-day for preaching? Who would have thought that men who had no college training, no special orders conferred upon them by their fellows, no peculiar qualification as preachers, except the fact of their being snatched like brands from the burning, should become conspicuous as able and useful evangelists? Who would have listened to you had you anticipated the growth of public opinion and the ripeness of popular conviction which has so far acknowledged the good done by simple and unordained men, that priests and prelates, as well as peers and senators, are raising a cry for *lay agency*, which means neither more nor less than that every man should teach his neighbour. God has laughed to scorn the wisdom of this world. He has shaken your old systems from their centre to their

circumference. By the preaching of men who had no other gift than great plainness of speech He has roused society even to its very lowest strata, and given fresh proof that He will "yet gather other outcasts unto Him, besides those that are gathered to Him." For those who would keep their religion as a close borough, here is *reform*; for those that would bolt the door against penitence, and say, "Stand by, we are holier than you," here is a reproach that shall recoil into your own bosoms. Your rigid forms and ritual ceremonies have slammed the door of mercy in the face of coming souls. Now Jehovah besieges your gates, breaks down your batteries and bulwarks, and makes a breach, through which His redeemed may safely pass. "Despite your narrow prejudices, He says, I will yet gather other outcasts unto Him, besides those that are gathered unto Him."

But I hope I have no need to enlarge upon this subject in this place, for I know that there is a large-hearted and generous spirit amongst you, and that you do pant for conversions, that you are always ready to welcome new converts; nothing gives you more joy than when you see "outcasts gathered."

What a call for gratitude there is in the fact that the Lord God does save the outcasts? Oh, what heights and depths of mercy in the gathering in of outcast sinners; of such as have addicted themselves to gross vices, and abandoned themselves to open depravity, and ruined their character and estate with riotous living. When God reclaims these desperate wanderers the kingdom of Satan is shaken. When He saves an outlaw and sanctifies an outcast our gratitude is stirred indeed.

A common sinner, like a private soldier, is thought no great loss to one cause, and no great gain to the other, but there is quite a sensation when any one of the devil's colonels is taken prisoner, and led captive in chains. Why; the Lord loves to send the Gospel, as John Bunyan says, to Jerusalem sinners first. When He gets hold of one of these, there is confusion and dismay in their camp; they cannot go on at the reckless rate they were wont to do before. They are sure to miss a ringleader. Ay, but he is not only converted; do you know he has turned king's evidence against his old pals, his former comrades in transgression; he is not merely a captive, he is a deserter; he is gone over to fight for his former foe; he preaches the faith which he once destroyed. To cast scorn upon his adversaries, the Lord God gathers the outcasts of Israel.

And under such circumstances, mercy comes to those by whom it is most needed. This is God's rule. He does not lavish His gold on those that have great possessions. He bestows His bounty on the broken-hearted. He gives food to the famishing. He has princely supplies for His poor subjects. Gloomy destitution glorifies the grace of the Great Benefactor. Salvation from sin is a heaven of rapturous delight in lieu of a hell of racking despair.

Oh! what must be the agonies of the wretch who dies in his sins! What a deed of love God has done in plucking such a log from the furnace, in snatching such a firebrand from the flames, in redeeming such a soul from destruction! Why, methinks to save twenty common sinners would scarcely raise such an outcry as to save one of these outcasts of Israel! Think what glory it brings to God! How the neighbourhood rings with it. "What!" they ask, "is swearing John saved?"

“What! can it be that Mary, who went so far astray from the paths of virtue, has been brought to the feet of Jesus?” So they talk to one another of the power of the Gospel, and the wonders it works. Thus, while hell is in alarm, earth is aroused; they gaze and admire, even though they hate the change. And this is what God does in the Church. We never have such church meetings as when we have big sinners before us, talking of the blessed change that has been wrought on their hearts. These are the men who cause tears to flow from our eyes as they talk of what Christ has done for them. Ah, poor outcasts! you give us more joy when you are brought into the fold, than many who need no repentance. We are glad to hear the modest and moral children of pious parents profess the faith, and avow themselves followers of our Lord. On their behalf there is great reason for thankfulness; but when the Lord seizes the outcasts, it is meet that the bells of heaven should peal with the melody of our joy.

The best soldiers in our regiments have been recruited from among the outcasts, and the most loving disciples have been drawn from among those whom society disdained to acknowledge. No woman shall anoint His head but she that was a sinner. She shall wash His feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head. None shall preach so boldly as Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor. Who shall strengthen the brethren more than Peter, who once denied his Master with oaths and curses? Their gratitude shall be warmest to whom the largest debt has been forgiven; they will be sure to love their Lord the most. Amongst the names of the great preachers whose words have found echoes in many hearts, can you find two more eminent than John Bunyan and John Newton? yet both of them had been ringleaders in sin before they became van-leaders in the army of the Redeemed. Thus, heaven gets strong men upon its side; hell loses its champions; the world is astonished; the Church is made glad; and precious souls are saved. “Well,” says one, “I almost wish that I were an outcast, for then I could feel my sins more than I do.” Say you so, dear friend? then cast yourself out, and you will be an outcast, and God will gather you. I recollect when I used to think myself ten times viler than the vilest wretch whom I heard cursing God in the streets. Although I knew I was not so vile in open conduct, yet because I could not repent as I ought, I felt myself to be more guilty than any outcast. Now, soul, if thou hast written down damnation against thy own name, put on a black veil and pronounce thyself “lost;” there is hope for thee; since God’s forbearance has spared thy life, His justice has hitherto refrained from pronouncing thy doom, and His mercy has issued this glorious proclamation, “I will yet gather other outcasts unto Me.” What a theme for gratitude! Let us together bless God that He does bring the outcasts to Christ, for His own glory and his people’s good. Methinks, dear friends, this should cheer the hearts of many sinners. Will He gather more outcasts? Then, why should not He gather me. I recollect a man of the name of Jennings, who used to spend a great part of his time looking after the register of his own birth, and of his various ancestors. He had heard that somebody of the same name as himself had died many years ago, and left a large sum of money which was never claimed, but had been accumulating at interest, till it amounted to some two or three

millions sterling. I think there is hardly anybody named Jennings but has had a touch of that mania. I wish they may any of them get it; but I have my doubts about it. Now, the Lord says He will "gather the outcasts." Well, mayhap some black sinner has crept in here who feels that he is an outcast from society. Then, friend, because your name is "*outcast*," I bid thee hope. If thou art such an one as no man seeketh after, if you feel solitary and miserable, and it appears to you no one cares for your soul; if you are left to cry and weep alone; I say unto you, arise; and because you are an outcast, and the text says, "He will gather together the outcasts," be of good courage; for there is comfort in store for you.

There is another cheering thought. Does it not appear clear enough that loss of character is no barrier to your salvation? If He gathers the outcasts, it is evident that the sins for which they were cast out are not beyond the pale of repentance and remission.

Remember, sinner, that the one great impediment to your present salvation is your own unbelief. All the crimes you have ever committed were they multiplied a thousand fold, could not procure your condemnation if you only would believe in Christ, and rely upon the propitiatory sacrifice He offered. If you believe not, the black indictment stands against you. To reject the grace of God that greets you with such overtures and such promises is folly, fool-hardiness, nay, 'tis madness. Behold, He cometh, He cometh—leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills—over hills of sin and mountains of guilt, he cometh with good tidings. Welcome him, ye poor guilty souls; press to his bosom.

Fear not that your weaknesses and impotency will hinder the Lord from gathering you. A man gathers his sheep, though the sheep should be helpless to gather themselves. They may have "*foot and mouth disease*." Thy foot may be lame, and thy tongue black; yet His mercy can reach thy misery. If thou hast strayed to the uttermost length of thy tether, God knows how to find thee out and bring thee back. It is wonderful that He should go so far afield that the farthest off should be soonest found. So it often is. The Good Shepherd might have found a worthier man to save when dying on Calvary, one would think, than the thief. But He was looking out for the worthless, and He found one. His whole soul was bent on saving sinners. His last act before he quits the world, is to say to a poor thief, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise!" Oh, sinner, what if thou be near to the gates of death as that thief, God's mercy is equal to thy emergency; His goodness can gather thee from the very gallows of infamy to the presence of His glory.

I know not how to handle this subject as I would. It is so full of grace that I would rather have it speak for itself. Let it salute you in all its sparkling freshness. You, chief of sinners, He will gather you. And He will gather you whose sins have not caused you such open shame. Take the consolation. As I have often told you, the bridge that carries the heaviest sinner will certainly bear the weight of a light one. The door that is big enough for an elephantine sinner to pass through will admit creatures of less dimension. Doubt not the power of the Master, nor question His willingness to save. To every one of you is the word of this salvation sent, "He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." God grant that you may

be a witness of His grace! His promise may well prove a sweet encouragement to your soul!

And surely, brethren, we might make this text a motto for our missions, and a motive for our exertions—I mean those of us who are God's saved people. Carry it in your thoughts all through the coming month, and on still for the next three months, when we want a more than usual blessing in answer to more than ordinary supplication. I learn from some of our brethren that it is already laid on their hearts and remembered at the family altar. This seems to me like the foreshadow of a gracious future. "Yet will I gather others to Him, besides those that are gathered unto Him." Plead it in prayer; occupy your thoughts with it as an omen of prosperity; let it be wedded to your own particular work. Such of you as teach our young men and young women, should take any signal success that God gives you in your classes as a stimulus to stir you up to seek yet more. There is room, there is room, there is room! Christ has a great heart, the fountain for sin and uncleanness has great fulness; the healing stream has great virtues. Sunday school teachers, I present this to you. God has set His seal on your services. Give the more diligence.

You have made our heart glad when we have seen your little ones coming forward to confess their faith. Do not relax the strain of your right-hearted efforts. Plead this—look to have it fulfilled—labour to have it realised as a matter of fact—"Yet will I gather other outcasts besides those that are gathered." You street preachers, that throng the neighbourhood, I pray you persevere. To call the careless, to rescue the reckless, to stop the saunterer, to catch the ear of those who contemn the sanctuary, is your office. Oh! do bring others in. You that attend the midnight meetings, and mercifully glide about the moonlit streets in quest of the daughters of misery, be encouraged: take with you as a charm this message to the Magdalens—"Yet will I gather other outcasts unto Me." You, too, that rake together little roughs in ragged schools, and try to teach the teeming throngs of poor waifs that populate the crowded courts of our monstrous metropolis, from your labours of love there is likely to come a lasting benefit. Look out among the outcasts, for others must be gathered. How this should instigate, invigorate, and inspirit! how it should awaken and animate us! You are not to labour in vain, or spend your strength for nought. Think of the millions that populate this city, the multitudes that die, and how the cemeteries are crammed with their corpses! In what poverty and privation many of them live! In what squalid barbarity, in what shameless depravity they pass their small span of fellowship with their fellow-mortals; drunkenness and debauchery their cherished delights! How God's name is blasphemed by sots revelling in their low haunts, and then reeling through the streets to their wretched homes, there to make their wives more miserable than before! Think of the crimes of this city, its shameful lust, its unblushing harlotry, its secret villany, and its robberies with violence! The whole mass reeks before God. Is not this metropolis like a huge dunghill—a mass of corruption? Were it not for God's great grace, which restrains the malignant influence of wrong-doing and counteracts it by the salutary influence of true religion, would it not sink as deep in sin as Sodom, and be consumed with fire and brimstone like Sodom and Gomorrah? Do ye bewail it? then pray over it and labour for it. The priest fosters foul superstitions that lead men astray;

the infidel pours forth his bitter sarcasms, decrying the doctrines and mutilating the morals of the Word of God. The most pernicious agencies are prevalent. Do you despair then of doing aught to serve your generation? Nay! But whet your sword anew, furbish up your armour, seek from God renewed courage and redoubled earnestness. The battle must be fought, the victory has to be won. In God's name the outcasts must and shall be gathered. The darkest alley shall yet be sunlit, the most squalid lodging shall yet be cleansed, the most debauched libertine may yet be reclaimed, the rudest ignoramus may yet be illuminated. Who knoweth but the men who are damned already to your apprehension may be destined to a station among the saints. The salvation we proclaim is equal to all emergencies. Oh! brothers and sisters, let us not sleep, as do others! I have never preached among you a cold, chilly, careless Gospel, which could make you content with being saved yourselves, while remiss about the salvation of others. No; by the tears which fell from the dear Saviour's eyes as He surveyed Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, I pray you weep over this far larger but not less sinful city; by the pangs that moved the heart of Paul when he said, "I could wish myself accused for Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Oh! that ye might feel something of his holy disinterestedness, and be content to be cut off from the cosy comforts and the too enchanting ease that make life delicious, if so be you may pluck some firebrands from the flames. I see them, I see the heedless throngs. The stream of life is aflow; it grows more rapid every moment, as it draws nearer and nearer still to the great cataract of death. Into the current they come! Not spray, but blood, is rising to the surface and staining it crimson. Corpses are consigned to the grave; souls are sinking into the deep abyss. Oh, Christians! by the multitudes of the perishing; by the thousands that each day pass to their dread account; by the shrieks of the lost; by the heaven they cannot reach; by the hell at which they rail, but from which they can find no retreat; above all, by the streaming wounds of the martyred Mediator, who deserves your love, your life, your all, I beseech you, I charge you, awake and stir yourselves for the salvation of men! What! can I not move you? Then, my Master, do Thou undertake the charge. Thou hast said that "other outcasts shall be gathered." Oh! make this people the gatherers of them. Let them not be cursed like Meroz, because they come not up to the help of the Lord! For this purpose, mayhap, Thou hast brought them into prominence, and made them a great people. Alas! if they prefer to take their ease they may incur an awful peril. How might "Ichabod" be written upon the walls of this holy church! Plead with the perishing; plead with them persistently. Let every tongue speak for Jesus; let every heart yearn for conversions; let every eye weep for sinners; let every one of you who loves the Lord travail in birth for souls, so shall many be begotten again to a lively hope of everlasting life. I leave the matter with you. God has given you a promise. Perfume your prayers with it. Push on your ministry of mercy in the strength of it. Day by day put it into action and profit by it. God bless you in your gracious purpose to overtake the outcasts, and to gather those that are not yet gathered, till they shall rally like a great host. And to His Name shall be the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH, as we have intimated, John Carter was but a working man—being in fact nothing more than one of the head porters at a large railway station—he made it a point of duty always to have family worship at the close of the evening, if the opportunity was afforded him. It was not always practicable, because it frequently happened that he was on night duty, and therefore had to take his rest during the day, and leave home shortly after tea. To have family worship, under these circumstances, in the morning was out of the question, but when he could have it at night, he esteemed it to be a great privilege. On the present occasion, after reading this sermon on the value of a good name, and partaking of supper, he took up the family Bible, and selected for reading the two chapters out of which the texts were taken. Then he and his wife knelt down, and the burden of his prayer was specially that he might have a good name in the high and noble sense referred to in the Scriptures, and that, not for the attainment of self-glory, but for the glory of God. “Grant, Lord,” he said, “that I may win this good name to honour Thee. Hast Thou not bought me with Thy precious blood? Didst Thou not die that I might live? Then, as I am all Thine, body, soul, and spirit, let my good name be Thine, so that if any should think well of me, they may be led to praise,

not the man, but the grace that Thou hast given him.” Such was the burden of his prayer, and graciously was it answered.

From a careful reperusal of the sermon, and in answer to prayer, John Carter saw clearly that in striving to win the good name, the first thing to be sought for was the attainment, on his part, of the “*spiritual mind, which is life and peace.*” When reading the eighth chapter of Romans, he observed the great distinction that is drawn betwixt those that “walked after the flesh,” and those that “walked after the spirit.” The one class being carnal, concentrated their minds and affections on the things of the flesh; the other class, being spiritual, followed continually after the things of the spirit. To be carnally-minded was, then, to be in a dead state, at enmity with God, and under condemnation; while to be spiritually-minded, was to be alive unto God and righteousness, to be at peace with Him, and to live constantly in the enjoyment of His favour. Self-examination proved to him to his satisfaction, that from time to time he had enjoyed such a spiritual frame of mind, but now the question suggested itself, Was it possible for him, situated as he was as a working man, to live *constantly* in the enjoyment of it, and realise *continually* in his daily life its sanctifying and fruit-bearing power?

It was John Carter's favoured lot to sit under a sound Gospel ministry. The Rev. James Fuller was a preacher of the old stamp. His

glory was that he "preached Christ and Him crucified." With modern notions, that tended to subvert the cardinal truths of the Gospel, he would have nothing to do. He steered clear of them, as he would from the contagion of a deadly plague. When he saw that the so-called "higher criticism," "scientific discoveries," "evolution theories," "keeping pace with progress," and "being abreast of the times," meant generally, the denial of the inspiration of God's Word, the substitution of human reason in its place as a rule of life, a disbelief in Christ's Divinity, sneering at the Atonement and at the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost, and questioning the immortality of the soul, the genuineness of Biblical miracles, and in some cases, the need of having any particular creed at all, he felt that it was his duty to do all that he could to stem these semi-sceptical torrents threatening to drown so many of the unstable in the waters of perdition. Much as he valued "culture," "intellectual growth," "Biblical criticism," and "new scientific and historical discoveries," he was bound to come to the honest conclusion, that if the end of it all was to lead people *en masse* to sink into infidelity, the less Christian ministers and Christian people had to do with it the better. Not that he was afraid either of "honest doubt," "fair inquiry," or "free controversy." He had no fear of the results flowing from the true teachings of either science or history. The God of nature, he believed to be the God of the Bible, and that, consequently, fairly tested, explained, and proved, the facts of science and history would be found to agree indisputably with the facts recorded and the doctrines taught in the revealed Word. But it was against the mere speculative theories

of the world's professed philosophers that he stoutly and resolutely set his face. His constant observation proved clearly to him that the so-called "*advanced thinkers*" were after all nothing better than "*advanced doubters*." He argued, and argued wisely, that if the loudly applauded and vaunted "rational light of the nineteenth century" led people to suppose that it mattered not much what they either believed or disbelieved, inasmuch as at last, all classes and persons, both bad and good, righteous and wicked, clean and unclean, would certainly if there was an invisible world at all—which after all was rather questionable—turn up all right in that world, then such "rational light" must be the grossest darkness, seeing that it gives the lie to the plainest teachings of the New Testament, and tends to sap and undermine the very foundations of morality itself. To him the solemn declaration of Christ himself—"the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—"*He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned,*" was a revealed fact, placed beyond all dispute, and he felt that no professed human discoveries could nullify it. Mr. Fuller, therefore, as one who loved the Gospel, and felt in his own soul its living power and efficacy, met these nineteenth century heresies by ringing out all the more boldly and firmly those "central truths" which have been the glory of the true Church of Christ in all ages. To all "anxious inquirers" he consequently proved a safe guide and counsellor, and thus as one out of many who often conversed with him on religious topics to his own personal profit, was our friend John Carter.

It was the custom of this worthy minister to hold a teachers' training

class one evening in each week, specially to go over the lessons for the ensuing Sabbath, and at its close he invariably gave any present an opportunity of staying for a short time to have religious conversation. As John was a teacher in the Sunday school, as often as he could, he availed himself of the privilege, and therefore, about a fortnight after he had received so much good from the perusal of the tract distributor's sermon, we find him, after the class was gone, relating the circumstance to his pastor, and naming his difficulty.

"If I understand you aright, Mr. Carter, you really want to know if it is possible for you to have and enjoy an habitual spiritual frame of mind under all circumstances."

"That's just what I want to know, sir."

"And you think that unless you have that habitual spiritual frame of mind, you cannot act so uprightly as to secure under all circumstances the good name which is so essential to a Christian's well-being and character, and the promotion of God's glory?"

"Yes, that's the way to put it. You see, sir, it's very easy for me to have a spiritual frame of mind when I'm at home, or in the house of God, and can meet with those who sing, and pray, and worship the Lord; but it is another thing to feel to have it when one has to mix up with such a lot as I have to work with at the station—men who, perhaps, even deny the existence of God, who disbelieve the Bible, who curse, and swear, and lie, and make game of everything that is good.

Why, after a good Sunday's services to have to meet with 'em on a Monday, is just like comin' out of a hot room in a Turkish bath into a cooler room, to be pelted with showers of cold water; what I

should like to know is, if one can really enjoy a spiritual frame of mind then? And then, again, troubles are sure to come upon us—not that I have many now to complain of, thank God!—but they come to us all, sooner or later, and try us sorely. Now, does God intend when we've losses and crosses, and sore bereavements, and scores of vexations, that we should still have this habitual spiritual frame of mind, and live under its influence? If so, I should like to know for one, how I may be able thus to enjoy it."

"I see where you are, John. You evidently "covet earnestly the best gifts" and much grace. Let me, then, answer your question by asking you one or two more. When do you most stand in need of food?"

"When I'm hungry."

"And of drink?"

"When I'm thirsty."

"And of money?"

"When I'm very poor."

"And of medicine?"

"When I'm sick."

"And of comfort?"

"When I'm sorrowful."

"And of God's helpful grace?"

"In sorest times of need."

"Just so. It is our want that calls for all these things. Now here is your answer, When do you want a spiritual frame of mind most? Undoubtedly at the times to which you refer. You want it at your work to stand your trials there, and so act as to glorify God. You want it in all the troubles of life, so as to bear them with patience and resignation, and get good *out* of them, as well as to glorify God *in* them. If, therefore, the Lord has not in the Gospel made provision for giving us a spiritual frame of mind on these occasions I should, with all my love for it, consider the Gospel sadly lacking. But who that knows

anything of the fulness there is in Christ, in whom it is said, 'all fulness dwells,' would ever dream there was such deficiency as that?"

"There cannot be, sir."

"Let me ask you another question or two, John. Are we not told to 'live in the spirit,' 'walk in the spirit,' 'pray in the spirit,' 'worship in the spirit,' 'sing in the spirit,' 'mortify the deeds of the body in the spirit,' 'sow in the spirit,' 'live according to God in the spirit,' and really to perform *all our duties* in the spirit?"

"So I read in the Word, sir."

"Then, if that is the case, do not these commands imply that the spirit is *always attainable* in times of need? Would God command us to do all these things in the spirit if He were not ready at all times to 'give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'"

"It hardly seems probable."

"It is not only improbable, Mr. Carter, it is impossible. The truth is, He knows that 'without Him we can do nothing,' but that 'through His strength we can do all things.' He is willing, therefore, to impart His strength to help us under any circumstances, in any place, or at any hour. In the workshop, in the market, in the home, in the sick room, in any lawful place where duty calls, there the Lord is willing to be with us; to help us, bless us, and do us good. In all the exigencies of life He comes to us, saying, 'My grace is sufficient for thee: My strength is made perfect in weakness.' We have not to mourn over the thought that when most we need His help, through His absence from us, that help will be withheld. He who has said, 'Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' will prove true to His word to our latest day; and so far from com-

plaining of deficiency and want then, it will be our joy to testify with our last breath, that in truly seeking Him throughout life, we have found that 'not one good thing has failed of all that God has promised.'"

(*To be continued.*)

CALLING THE LAMBS.

An Address to the Children.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

"And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE ii. 7.

So the Son of God in His own world was without a home. There was room for the wise, the rich, and the powerful, but for Him, whose heart was full of love, who came to do more good than had ever been done before, there was no place at all. Had He come down into the world to do what others were doing, He would have been welcome. Had He gone to the army of the Romans and said, "Let me join your ranks, and go forth to conquer with you," they would have taken His hand, and said, "Come." Had He gone to the Pharisees and said, "Let me be amongst you, and I will wear long fringes to my garments, I will make a great display of what little good I do, and show the world what a blessed thing it is to be a Pharisee," they would have opened their arms and said, "Come." Had he gone to the wise doctors and said, "Let me join you in your disputes about the law of God and the law of the country," they would all have

gathered round Him, and said, "Come." But He came into the world to do God's will, which was what they knew little about, so no one came of his own accord to welcome Him.

When you and I were born there was a great deal of flurry and bustle in the old home. Neighbours and friends kept calling and asked, "Is the baby come?" Then they would go away, and after a little time come back and ask the same question again, "Is the baby come?" Until one day the servant went to the door, and said, "The baby is come, step in and see him." So in they came, and then you and I, who did not understand much about it, were kissed, and cuddled, and nursed, until we were obliged to cry, and kick, and scream to get rid of them. Of course when we did that they thought it time to go, and when they went they left such lovely little presents on the table for baby. There was a coral caul, with beautiful bells all round it, and shaking out such sweet music. Then there was a silver spoon, made just big enough to fit our tiny mouths, and lots of other things, all very nice and pretty.

But when Jesus was born, there was nobody to bid Him welcome. There was scarcely a place to be found where He might even be born in. His poor mother came into the little village of Bethlehem and went from house to house, asking for shelter, but no one knew her, so they shut the door in her face. They said they would not have a stranger in their house if they knew it. Ah! they little knew they were shutting the door against God. At last Mary, all tired out, came to the inn, and even there they had no room to spare. Every place was full, so Mary and Jesus were crowded out. She went away and found

rest in one of the stables, and there Jesus was born and placed in a manger. What a curious cradle for a King's Son! What strange surroundings! But it does not matter at all where we are born, so long as we do our duty afterwards; and Jesus when He grew up never talked much about His lowly birth; all that He cared about was to cheer and help those who were as poor as Himself!

Many years ago, a man was seen hastening down the great staircase of one of our English palaces, where the Queen lives, and as he came the servants all looked into his face and said, "What is the matter?" Without stopping, he shouted as on he went, "The Queen has a son." Away he ran to the sentinel at the gates, and said the same words, and the sentinel, full of joy, told it to the people who were gathered together outside, and they answered with a great shout, "Hurrah!" and then started off through the streets telling the glad tidings to every one they met. The Lord Mayor heard it, and said, "Let us be merry. Set all the bells ringing, and at night illuminate the public buildings with fireworks." Everybody was pleased because the Queen had given birth to a son, and little boys all through the country wished that she might have a son every day, if there were to be fireworks and holidays at every birth.

Jesus was a far greater Prince. He was the beloved Son of the King of kings, and Lord of lords; but there were no rejoicings when He was born. Ah! I see a young lad over yonder twinkling his bright blue eyes, and saying to himself, "How can that be? We have a picture at home where angels are singing and playing on harps upon the plains of Bethlehem, while the shepherds on the grass all seem

frightened." That is just what I want to come to. I said there were no rejoicings, and when I did, I meant that men did not rejoice until they were told to do so by the angels. It seemed as if the angels had looked down into the world, and, seeing Jesus alone with His mother, determined to come and welcome Him themselves. They came, and the sweetest anthem that ever was heard was sung at their coming, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, goodwill to men." After that the shepherds came and rejoiced with Mary and Joseph. It would have been strange indeed if they had not come when such wonderful things had been told them by the angels. Yes; I know you are all thinking about the wise men now, who came and worshipped Jesus, but you will all remember they came because God told them to do so. The bright beaming star in the sky was the finger of God telling them where to find Jesus. The shepherds came, and the wise men came, but all the rest of the world stayed away. They were far too busy to come and worship a poor little child like Jesus. That was just it, they were far too busy with sin, with their own proud thoughts, and foolish notions. Here is the secret, "*They had no room for Jesus in their hearts, and did not want Him to reign over them.*" Alas, they never had room for Him. They drove Him from place to place all His life through, until from the cross they sent Him back to God.

Our text says there was no room for them in the inn. Now, if you will read the Gospels right through carefully, you will find that He never could settle down to do God's work in any town whither He went because of the opposition of the people. Even in Bethlehem, where

He was born, there was no room; for at the time of His birth there was a wicked king reigning in the country, who, when he heard that Jesus was born, trembled on his throne (what a coward to be afraid of a little baby!) But sin will make any of us cowardly, and he was afraid because he had heard that Jesus was sent by God to rule righteously; and a little child sent by God into the world is greater far than all its kings and warriors. Well, he ordered the soldiers to slay the children in Bethlehem, thinking thereby to get rid of Jesus. But Mary took her child to Egypt, and saved His life. So you see there was no room for Him in Bethlehem. And that was the way all through. When He told the people of Nazareth that God had sent Him to heal broken hearts, and wipe away tears, they tried to throw Him down a precipice. When He went to Capernaum the inhabitants were so set against Him that He was obliged to leave; and He bade farewell to them thus: "Woe unto thee, Capernaum." When He found a path over the sea to Gadara, the people came out and said, "Jesus, we don't understand you. Go away, we do not want you here." Everybody had a home but Jesus. Once He noticed the birds flying through the air, and the foxes coursing over the fields, and said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." He who had rested in the bosom of God, nowhere to lay His head? Yes, it is true! A pillowless head, and an aching heart was the portion of the Son of Man, when at eventide all the people went back to their quiet cosy homes. At last He came to Jerusalem, and wept bitter tears because every door was shut against Him. *There was no room for Him*

there, so they led Him out to Calvary. He had healed the sick, and the blind, and the lame, and comforted those who were sad—still He must go forth to die. Instead of giving Him their hearts, they gave Him a cross and a thorny crown. Instead of saying, "Welcome," they cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." He died, and even in death slept in a borrowed tomb. Ah, little children. There was no room for Jesus in the world. He was too good, too honest, too truthful, to please men, so they slew Him. Now, I must finish; and as I do so, I see that teardrops have gathered in your eyes, and are falling down on your hands. What do they say? for tears know how to talk as well as you do; they say: "If I had been living when Jesus lived, I would have been kind to Him; there should have been room for Him in my home, and I would have shared half of my pillow with Him. Poor, poor Jesus, I do wish I could have helped Him." Well, Jesus lives now. He comes round and asks for a home with us. *He wants to be born in our hearts.* He asks us to let Him in. He does it by this address. He does it by all the mercies that surround you, by all the preaching you hear, and by His blessed Book of Truth. Remember, if your hearts are full of bad thoughts, wrong desires, and proud feelings, there will be no room for Him. These are the enemies which will drive Him away, and crucify Him afresh. Do let Him in, and you shall be happy.

It is Christmas time. The frost is on the pane, the snow is on the ground; birds are dropping down dead from the branches, killed with the cold, and beggars come with hunger-pinched faces, and ask for bread. Rap, rap, rap, comes at the door. Who is it? Ah, you know, it is father. He is bringing us all

presents from town. Let him in quick, he will feel it unkind if we don't. So you let him in, and kiss the cold off his dear old face. Now, let Jesus in just like that. Open the door of your heart, and say, "Jesus, come in out of the cold world; there is room here." Let the Father of all good come in; He brings us Christmas presents from heaven. Good thoughts, holy desires and happy feelings. We will let Him come into our hearts to-day, then He will let us enter heaven when we die.

Now let us gather up all these thoughts, and sing them heartily in our own little hymn.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

No room for Thee, dear Jesus,
 In this Thine own bright earth,
 No friendly roof to cover
 Thy gentle lowly birth;
 Was this the world's reception
 Of its Redeemer-King
 Who left His throne in Heaven
 Eternal life to bring!

No room for Thee, dear Jesus,
 Nor for Thy mother, poor,
 No love to bid Thee welcome,
 And open wide the door;
 But in a manger-cradle,
 Where once the cattle fed,
 On Thy first day of sorrow,
 Did rest Thy little head.

No room for Thee, dear Jesus,
 Throughout Thy loving life,
 No kindly hand to cheer Thee,
 Nor help Thee in the strife;
 Alone in God's own armour,
 Thou didst maintain the fight,
 Didst nobly scorn the shameful,
 And didst uphold the right.

No room for Thee, dear Jesus,
 And so Thy cross was made;
 Men would not love Thy beauty,
 So death was on Thee laid:
 Room, room they had for evil,
 Where it might freely be,
 But oh, Thou loving Saviour,
 They had no room for Thee.

No room for Thee, dear Jesus—
 This shall not now be true,
 My heart doth bid Thee welcome,
 Its portals enter through:
 Though all the world despise Thee,
 If Thou wilt only come,
 With joy beyond expression,
 I'll find for Thee a home.

Preston.

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

THE Holy Scriptures were given by inspiration of God, and are able to make man wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. The following interesting narrative of the remarkable conversion of a Romanist at Belfast affords a striking illustration of the power of the Word. A young woman, who was a Roman Catholic, had a book given her by a young man. The book was called, "The Garden of the Soul," &c. At the end of the book is a copy of the New Testament, published by the English College at Rheims, A.D. 1582, "with lawful authority," and bearing the signature of "Card, Wiseman, West., 29 Sep., 1858." Simply by reading this copy of the New Testament the young woman was led to trust her all in Jesus Christ, and to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free. The following is her own unvarnished tale.

"When I read the New Testament, I gave up the prayers and the forms of the church. I saw that they could do me no good; the priest could do nothing for me; I could do nothing for myself. None but Christ; for He says, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' It was by reading the Saviour's own words

and promises that I was led to trust in Him and in His blood alone. The first thing that brought me to know and love Him was reading all the merciful things and miracles that He did, and the promises He made to them that believe in Him. I loved to read the place where it tells about the raising of Lazarus, and where Jesus said to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' That was a great promise. I liked the Gospel of St. John because it has so much of the words of Christ in it. I had it nearly all by heart.

"When I began to get sorry for my sins I sometimes thought I would die in them; I was so distressed I could not sleep at night; I grew nervous, and would all shake, and I could scarcely walk. At last I spoke to a man about the trouble I was in, having lost my faith in "the church." He told me to speak to the priest, but I knew he could not convince me, and that it would only cause trouble and anger, so I did not go to him. In all my struggling and striving in the world, it was still the uppermost thought with me,—how I could be saved? After I saw there was no other way but through Jesus, I had great doubts and fears. Sometimes I would think 'This way will not save me; it will take something else to do that.' I was taught that if I did not live up to the rules of "the church," and believe in it, I could not be saved. Then I would think some evil temptation had come over me to believe in Christ; but when I would go to the Book, I saw then that it was right to trust in Jesus. I often wondered if any one else had the same belief as I had. I sometimes thought there was no one in the world believed as I did;

but, whether they did or not I was determined that I would hold on by my faith.

"For about three years after this I did not join any church, nor did I intend to join any. I said to myself that I would stay at home and read my Bible, and trust in Christ to save me. But I was not happy; I thought I could not live on in that way, and that I must let it be known to some one. A woman reported me among the neighbours that I was turning Protestant, and a man, who was a great Catholic, came to see me. He asked me if I prayed much, and what I thought was the best prayer to pray. I asked him what *he* thought was the best. He said it was to pray to the blessed virgin to intercede with her Son for me. I said I could not pray that prayer, for I did not believe *she* knew anything about me.

"The way I came not to believe in praying to saints and angels, was by reading how our Saviour taught His disciples to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' and I could not see any place where we are allowed to pray to any but God. One day, coming home from 'chapel,' I saw a woman beating her breast, and saying, 'Holy Mary, have mercy on me!'—and I thought what a great sin it was to *take the power off the Lord, and give it to the virgin.*"

"The first thing that led me to doubt the rules of 'the church' was the place where it tells of the Lord giving the cup as well as the bread to His disciples; but the priest gives us only the bread. At first I thought I had not taken the right meaning out of the words, or that I did not know enough of the Scriptures. I tried to persuade myself that I was wrong; but when I read the Word over again, I saw

it was so plain, that I could not be mistaken.

"I went to '*chapel*' some time after I knew the truth, but I was very unhappy; I felt it was like a hypocrite to go when I did not believe in their ways. The last time I went there I did not go in; I stood at the door till all was over; but I could hardly reach home after it, I was in such a state, thinking how sinful it was—the greatest sin—for me to pretend to be what I was not. I said to myself, 'I will never go again to please the people; better to stay at home, and let them condemn me.' They told me that I could not be saved out of '*the true Church*;' they said if I would read the Bible it would be my ruin. They prayed prayers on me (*that means, they cursed her*). One man said to me, 'Is it not an awful thing for any one to sell their soul to hell for the world?'—as much as to say that I was turning for gain. At last I told my mind one night to the Sunday-school teacher of my master's children. She advised me to go and speak with a minister in town. I went to him, and he asked me, 'Do you believe that Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to die for sinners?' I said I did. Then he told me to lay my sins on Jesus, and to believe that He died for me, and would pardon my sins. He told me to believe that very instant, and my sins would be forgiven; and so they were. I had doubts and fears before that time; but I had peace then. I felt sure then that I was right in trusting to Jesus. I felt that I was free then. I had no more trouble about my sins. I never saw my past sins after I believed. I was so happy on my way home that evening, as if I was in another world. I was so overjoyed that I

could not sleep that night, knowing that all my sins were pardoned."

It is only necessary to add to this unadorned tale, that this poor Irish convert joined a meeting of Christians at B—. Since she renounced the Popish heresy she had been twice obliged to shift her residence. The Roman Catholics withdrew their custom from her little shop, so that she was forced to close it; and fearing, from their threats, that her life was in danger in their district, she was received as a servant in a Christian family.

"God's Word is perfect, and converts

The soul in sin that lies :

God's testimony is most sure,

And makes the simple wise.

"The statutes of the Lord are right,

And do rejoice the heart :

The Lord's command is pure, and doth

Light to the eyes impart."

Portsmouth.

SALVATION.

"By grace are ye saved through faith."—EPHESIANS II. 8.

CHRISTIAN FAITH is, then, not only an assent to the whole Gospel of Christ, but also a full reliance on the blood of Christ; a trust in the merits of His life, death, and resurrection; a recumbency upon Him as our atonement and our life, *as given for us and living in us*. It is a sure confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ, *his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God; and in consequence hereof, a closing with Him, and cleaving to Him, as our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" or in one word, our salvation.*—REV. JOHN WESLEY, *Sermon on "Salvation by Faith."*

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

CHRIST IMMANUEL.

FOR FEBRUARY 2ND.

"Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel."—Isaiah vii. 14.

THE Apostle applies this name to Jesus Christ, and tells us that it signifies God with us. How wonderful is the constitution of Christ ! And through it what a divine life and what exalted privileges by faith we reach. In Christ all Christians may be said to be in God, as in Christ God may be said to be in them. Through the incarnation

God came down to man and man was taken up into God. And the Word was made flesh, and pitched His tent among us, and we beheld His glory, says the Apostle, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. O how encouraging is the thought that God in Christ is now one of us ; Solomon of old surveying the temple he had built, exclaimed in relation to it, "But will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth ? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee." And looking at our redeeming Lord

in the glory of His Divine nature, we may well exclaim, And will God indeed dwell with us, become bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh? Such, however, is the fact, and the reason of this stoop of Divine love is made known to us in the words of the Apostle. "For as much then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who, through the fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." And we have now in Christ one who *can* be touched by a sense of all our infirmities—able to sympathise with us in all our sorrows, while yet as Jehovah He is able to save all through the ages all who come unto God by Him.

—

**CHRIST GOD OVER ALL,
BLESSED FOR EVER.**

FOR FEBRUARY 9TH.

"Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever."—Romans ix. 5.

OUR Immanuel is said to be the great God and our Saviour; He is said to be the Mighty God; the everlasting Father; the God of the whole earth; it is said that His throne is for ever and ever, and that He is over all, God blessed for ever. O what a joy to the Christian to contemplate his Saviour as thus exalted, to behold Him supreme in heaven and earth. If He is the God of the whole earth, then all things are His, and will be used by Him for His own glory, and the present and final happiness of His people. And wherever we may be located in this vast universe He will be able to reach us, and we shall be

able to find Him who is its Lord and King; and may we ever seek to enjoy His presence and abide under His protection and blessing. And as He is not only supreme in authority, power and dominion, but also blessedness, wherever we may be, He can impart to us something of His own joy, and make everything, both on earth and in heaven, subserve our happiness and the highest interest of the soul. May we seek, therefore, for a faith worthy of His perfections and dominion and love, looking to Him with implicit confidence for all that we need, leaving with Him the burden of every care, and believing that as He has the power He will make all things work together for our good and His own glory. May we ever hear His voice speaking to us at all times, and in all places and saying:—

"Bear not a single care alone,
One is too much for thee;
Mine is the work and Mine alone,
Thy work is rest on Me."

—

CHRIST MIGHTY TO SAVE.

FOR FEBRUARY 16TH.

"I that speak in righteousness mighty to save."—Isaiah lxxiii. 1.

CAN we wonder that when it is said that Christ our Immanuel is Jehovah, Most High, Lord of Hosts, Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, the Glory of the Lord, the Name of the Lord, the Word of the Lord, God over all blessed for ever, that it also should be declared that He is mighty to save. Who, indeed, can effectually resist His will? He says He will work and none shall hinder. All in heaven and earth consciously or unconsciously bow to His sceptre and do his bidding. He is mighty to save on account of

what He is, what He has done, and what He purposes to do, and God has given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as the Father has given Him. Here we have a ground for faith which can never fail in seeking the extension of His kingdom; our efforts cannot fail, however feeble, for we are working with one who is the mighty God, who can by His word and spirit save all His redeemed, and has said that He will gather all nations and tongues, and that they shall come and behold His glory. Reader, art thou trusting in Christ and yet doubting thy salvation, thy very fear is a denial of the fact that He is mighty to save; mighty to save thee by His blood from the guilt of sin, and no less mighty to save thee by His spirit from its dominion and power; mighty to subdue thy fears, to sustain thee amid all thy sorrows—to prosper thy work, to supply thy need, to give thee a present victory over all thy fears in life and death, and finally to bring thee unto His Father's presence above with exceeding joy. Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages—our Lord and Saviour, and mighty to save.

CHRIST THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

FOR FEBRUARY 23RD.

“His name shall be called the Prince of Peace.”—Isaiah ix. 6.

O WHAT an illustrious character have we here! Christ is the everlasting King; the King of ever-

lasting Love; the King of the everlasting Age. His mercies are everlasting because He is everlasting. Isaiah speaks of Him as the Prince of Peace; Ezekiel calls Him David or the Beloved, the Prince and Priest of God's people for ever; Daniel terms Him Messiah, the Prince; Zechariah declares Him to be the King of Zion and Jerusalem. O how princely He is in His person and Divine constitution; in His words and work; in the gifts He bestows, the graces He inspires, the heaven He has procured and prepared, and in the peace which He has purchased and bequeathed to His people for ever. For this peace He had great bitterness, and yet how freely and magnificently He bestows it! “Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” This peace is Christ's own righteous peace, God's righteous peace, built upon His own finished work; it is kingly peace, His own peace, surpassing all understanding, having in it all the elements of strength to feed, keep and garrison the heart, and fill it with all that can bless and satisfy, and bring a present heaven into the soul. And we are exhorted to let this peace come in and rule in our hearts. O that we may surrender ourselves more fully to its influence, and through it know more of His kingly and blessed reign in our hearts, of whom it is said that He is the Prince of Peace, and who through the influence of His own peace in the hearts of His own, makes them children of peace, filling them with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Brighton.

Reviews.

The Way of Peace. Illustrated by Fact and Not Fiction. By Rev. W. P. BALFERN. Partridge and Co.

MINISTERS, tract distributors, missionaries, and all who have to instruct inquirers as to the way of salvation, will find this little book just what is wanted. It is difficult to get unconverted people to read religious books, but Mr. Balfern's incidents and illustrations are so interesting as to the way of peace, that they are likely to be read with interest by all. The book is beautifully printed and very cheap; its price is 6d.

On the Treatment of some of the most Important Affections of the Nervous System. By Dr. HENRY BELCHER. Gould and Son, London.

THIS book is written by a physician who has devoted much attention to nervous affections. To the nervous it will be a boon, recording the treatment of many cured, and is calculated to inspire hope in such as suffer from these distressing affections. The chapter on the nervous system is especially interesting and instructive to the general reader.

The Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Working Sunday-School Teachers. Vol. III. 1878. Elliot Stock.

WELL bound, good letter-press, materials rich and various. A real cabinet of treasure for the working Sunday-school teacher. We should be happy to know that among the thousands of our Sunday-school teachers no teacher was without a copy.

The Ragged-School Union Quarterly Record. The Volume for 1878.

THE Ragged-School Union has still a great work to do, and of that kind

which others have not attempted or else have failed to reach. Let every one who would be convinced of this read this Quarterly. It has numerous illustrations, and among its pictures is a beautiful chromo-litho of Our Favourite Shoeblack, worth a frame.

Truth and Progress. A South Australian Monthly. Edited for the Baptist Association.

THIS number deserves more than a passing notice from us. It is full of interest, giving a full report of the three days' Association Meetings, from which we gather that there are 37 churches with 2,264 members; 30 Sunday schools, containing 3,047 scholars and 317 teachers; 118 have been received by baptism, while from other sources 266 have been received. Against this there have been 236 removed from the books. Mr. Varley's visit has somewhat quickened church life and a few have been brought in from the world. But the general state of the churches may be gathered from the following sentence expressed in their report. *The absence of any great ingathering of souls is a cause of sadness and depression.*

The Sympathy and Action of England in the late Eastern Crisis, and what came of them. Also, *The Value of the Rhodope Report.* By A. BOYLE. Elliot Stock.

A SHARP, caustic letter, severely castigating some of our leading statesmen, and deservedly so. *It should be read by all.*

OUR trusty friend, *The Baptist*, has entered on this year's work, enlarged and improved, possessed of all its usual energy. We can but rejoice that

more than once the publishers have seen their way to share success with the readers. So again we have extended columns and other improvements. We hope the *Baptist*, as hitherto, will be independent, and the Editor always have the courage of his opinions.

OUR Magazines for the New Year bid fair to be of great and good service to their readers. *The Baptist* has a leader on the New Year. *The Sword and Trowel* one on Twenty-five Years Ago; and *The General Baptist*, on the Denominational Mainspring, all of which will please and profit their readers.

The German Baptist Mission Quarterly affords a very cheering account of work done and fields white unto harvest, but complains that present funds

are inadequate to meet the rich opportunities presenting themselves for usefulness. It therefore makes a most earnest appeal for subscriptions, to be sent to the treasurer, M. H. Wilkin, Esq., Hampstead, N.W.

RECEIVED and have our hearty recommendation—*The Biblical Museum, The Teachers' Storehouse, The Appeal, Evangelical Christendom*, and our excellent representative, *The Freeman*. Several additional Almanacks have reached us. On our table we have *The Christian Age Sheet Almanack, The Baptist Vestry Almanack and Diary*, very serviceable. *The Soldier's Friend and Army Scripture Reader's Society*, the usual Annual. *Everyone's Almanack and Luttonia*; this last is full of Lutton matter; it is somewhat costly, but not to the readers, as a copy may be had gratis on application to Wootton and Son, Lutton.

Poetry.

SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S HYMN.

Sunday is a joyful day,
Then we read, and sing, and pray;
Children then their voices join,
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

Slain? Yes, for our sins He died,
Suffered shame, was crucified,
That we might, whene'er we die,
Go to live with Him on high.

Jesus, grant that we may be
Loving, gentle, kind, like Thee;
That we may go to heaven above,
Where all is mercy, truth, and love.

Jesus, now our sins forgive,
Help us more like Thee to live,
And may we in heaven sing
Better praises to our King.

W. H. P.

Lyndhurst.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. WILLIAMS, of Pontheer, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Crane-street, Pontypool.

Rev. H. W. Taylor, of Markgate-street, Herts, has received a very cordial invitation to become pastor of the church at Redruth, Cornwall.

Rev. G. J. Knight, owing to ill-health, the result of a railway accident, has been compelled to relinquish the pastorate of Chelsea Chapel, Lower Sloane-street.

Rev. A. Underwood has resigned the pastorate of the church in Burton-on-Trent.

Rev. T. J. Hazzard has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wedmore, Somerset, and accepted a call to that of the church at Westbury Leigh, Wilts.

Rev. James Brown has, on account of failing health, resigned the pastorate of the church at Clayton, near Bradford.

Rev. T. W. Davies, of Regent's-park and University College, London, late senior student at Pontypool, has accepted the pastorate of the High-street English Baptist Church, Merthyr Tydvil.

Rev. Richard Hardy has resigned the pastorate of the church at Queensbury, near Bradford, after a ministry of nearly forty years.

Rev. W. Satchwell, of Jarrow-on-Tyne, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Fair Ground, Wakefield.

Rev. T. Graham Tarn, of Peckham, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge.

Rev. Edwin Brown has resigned the pastorate of the church at Inskip, Lancashire.

Rev. J. J. Fitch has resigned the pastorate of the church at New-lane, Lymington, and accepted that vacant at Broad-street, Nottingham.

Rev. W. Coots has resigned the pastorate of the church at Great Staughton.

Rev. T. Yates, who has laboured at Diseworth and Kegworth for fifteen years, has resigned the pastorate and retired from the ministry.

Rev. Albert Smith, of Sunderland, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Park-road Church, Esher, Surrey.

Rev. J. H. Wait has resigned the pastorate of the church at Coxall, Salop.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services connected with the settlement of Rev. C. J. Clark as pastor of the Bethel Church, West Bromwich, have been held, under the presidency of the Rev. G. Jarman, of Birmingham. Several addresses were delivered.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. J. W. Davies, late of Ebenezer, Dyfed, Pembroke-shire, as pastor of the Tonyfelin Welsh Church, have been held. Sermons were preached or addresses delivered by the Rev. Spencer James, R. Roberts, G. Thomas and others.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. W. Jenkins as pastor of the church at Snailbeach, Salop, have been held. Rev. J. Jones preached, and at the public meeting addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Evans, Price, J. Jones, and others.

Recognition services have been held connected with the settlement of Rev. H. Phillips, B.A., as pastor of the church at Weymouth. Rev. Dr. Green pre-

sided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Lewis, R. Allen, J. Harrington, and others.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. J. Raymond, late of St. Neot's, Hunts, as pastor of the English church at Ilandudno, was held on the 5th of Jan. After tea the Rev. Duncan McGregor presided at the public meeting, in which the Revs. G. Bowden, J. Thomas, R. Parry, D. Davis, and others took part.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. H. Kidner at Minchinhampton, as successor to Rev. W. James, removed to Stratford-on-Avon, have just been held. Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, preached, and at a public meeting, under the presidency of Mr. Dangerfield, addresses were delivered by Revs. H. Kidner, J. Owen, Price, Williams, and others.

The recognition service in connection with the settlement of the Rev. C. F. Vernon as pastor of the church at Parnell-road, Old Ford, was held on Tuesday, December 10, 1878, when a large number of members and friends sat down to tea, after which followed a public meeting, presided over by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. A most interesting speech was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, who spoke of his knowledge of and intercourse with Mr. Vernon for more than twenty years. The meeting was then addressed by Revs. J. K. Rowe, W. T. Lambourne, R. R. Finch, and Messrs. C. Bowes and T. Simmons. Several pieces were sung by the choir during the evening.

NECKINGER ROAD, BERMONDSEY.—The recognition of the Rev. Rob. R. Finch to the pastoral charge of the Baptist Congregational church took place on the 3rd December. William Olney, Esq., presided. Rev. John Teall offered the recognition prayer. The meeting was addressed by Rev. T. J. Cole, Rev. J. Fletcher, Rev. W. P. Cope, Rev. John Farren, Rev. J. A. Brown, Rev. C. F. Vernon, and the Chairman (W. Olney, Esq.), gave also very telling addresses; Rev. J. Camp, David Taylor, Jas. Billington, and G.

M. Murphy took the devotional parts of the service. The evening engagements were well sustained throughout, and the large attendance promises well for the future of the church in this populous locality. Rev. W. A. Blako would have been present but for very recent severe family bereavement. Letters were received from several ministerial neighbours expressive of their warm sympathy, but of inability to attend from previous engagements.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. ISAAC NEAR, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Stanwick and accepted a call to Ringsstead, has at a public meeting connected with the former church been presented with a purse of £5 10s., as an expression of the appreciation in which his four years' ministry has been held.

Rev. R. J. Middleton having resigned the pastorate of the church at Watchet, Somerset, after a three years' ministry, a farewell meeting was held, when he was presented with a purse containing £11, as an expression of esteem. Addresses were delivered by Revs. S. Sutton, J. Francis, R. Groves, and others.

Rev. B. Y. Roberts, of Portsmouth, having resigned his pastorate there and accepted a call to Leicester, was entertained at a public farewell dinner at the former town. He was presented with a handsome gold watch, with a suitable inscription, testifying to his public usefulness during his ten years' residence in the town. A silver salver was at the same time presented to his wife.

A meeting has been held in South-street Chapel, Greenwich, to bid farewell to Rev. W. L. Giles. There was a large attendance. An address, expressive of the general regret felt at the pastor's resignation, and a purse containing over £68, were presented to Mr. Giles in the course of the evening.

Rev. W. J. Scott having resigned the pastorate of the church at Lewes, a meeting was held in the Friends' Schoolroom, Friar-lane-walk, when he

was presented, by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, with a purse of £6, as an expression of esteem. A farewell meeting was held in the chapel on the Wednesday following, and a presentation of £9 was made, several addresses being delivered.

NEW CHAPELS.

OPENING services connected with a new chapel just completed at Octavius-street, Deptford, by the church under the pastorate of the Rev. D. Honour, were held on Tuesday, January 14. Rev. A. G. Brown preached in the afternoon, and after tea a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., the Revs. Dr. Stanford, D. Jones, B.A., W. Usher, and others, taking part in the proceedings. In the absence of the pastor, through indisposition, Rev. W. R. Brown submitted a financial statement, which set forth that the new building had been erected upon a freehold site which was purchased at the time the old chapel was erected. The outlay involved in the present structure, which is neat in appearance, and capable of seating 550 persons, was £2,277, towards which £1,705 had been received.

A new chapel, which has just been erected at East-road, Cambridge, at a cost of about £6,000, has been formally opened. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown preached morning and evening. The new structure will seat about 900 persons, and it has been built by the church under the pastorate of the Rev. J. R. Campbell. In connection with the opening services a public dinner was held at the Alexandra Hall. The sum of £4,000 had, it was stated, already been contributed to the building fund, and we understand that the amount now remaining to be liquidated is £1,500.

A new chapel has just been opened at Strode-crescent, Sheerness. The building cost £1,350, exclusive of the site, and will seat nearly 400 persons. The interest connected with which the present structure has been erected was commenced by the pastor, Rev. J. R.

Hadler, in 1867. In 1869 schoolrooms were commenced, where the services have since been held. Revs. A. G. Brown and J. H. Millard, B.A., took part in the opening services.

A new iron chapel has just been completed and opened at Hendon. It is capable of seating 300 persons, and cost £500. Dr. Landels and several other ministers took part in the opening services. Towards the building fund upwards of £300 has already been contributed.

A new chapel was opened at Crook, near Darlington, on the 4th January. Rev. H. J. Betts preached, and after tea a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. T. Illingworth, of Crossley Garrett. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Fletcher (pastor), T. Durrant, T. Dodd, and others. On Sunday, the 8th inst., Revs. W. Hanson and J. Tesseyman, preached; and Revs. E. Riley and T. Dodds on the 18th.

The Rev. C. Starling, formerly of Cardiff and since of Brunswick-square, London, having taken the Mission Hall, at Crouch-end, with the object of forming a Baptist church in the neighbourhood, special opening services were held on Tuesday last week. In the afternoon the Rev. G. W. McCree preached, and in the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of the Rev. F. Smith, addresses being delivered by the Revs. G. T. Edgeley (Bow), James Pugh (Wood-green), M. Cumming (New Barnet), and D. Russell. It was stated that the building was formerly, some fifty years ago, used as a Baptist chapel.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—December 15, at Carmel English Chapel, Fourteen; January 12, Seven, by T. Jones.

Aberdare, Calvarea.—December 17, Two; 22, Twenty-two, by Dr. Price.

Aberthillery.—January 5, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by Ll. Jones.

Accrington.—January 5, Barnes-street, Four.

Alloa, N. B.—December 22, Four; January 5, One, by J. Scott.

Bacup.—December 22, at Zion Chapel, Seven, by C. W. Gregory.

Burged.—December 29, Five, by J. Parrish.
Barrow-in-Furness.—December 29, Four, by J. Hughes.

Bedford.—December 8, Mill-street, Three, by G. C. Williams.

Birmingham.—December 10, at Christ Church, Two, by W. Oates; December 18, Six, by G. Jarman.

Birmingham.—December 22, at Cannon-street, Fourteen, by J. E. Barton.

Birmingham.—December 29, at the Mission Hall, Constitution-hill, Three, by J. Burton.

Blackley, Yorks.—January 7, One, by R. Briggs.

Baith, Breconshire.—December 15, Five, by J. M. Jones.

Barton-on-Trent.—December 29, Guild-street, Three, by J. Askew.

Caerleon, Mon.—December 22, One, by D. Bevan Jones.

Cheam.—December 15, Two, by J. Easter.

Cinderford.—December 1, Five; January 5, Four, by C. Griffiths.

Coleford.—December 9, Eleven; 30, Eighteen, by T. Williams.

Consett, Durham.—December 1, Three, by R. Herries.

Crick, near Derby.—December 22, Two, by one of the deacons.

Cum, near Ebbw Vale.—December 15, Three, by D. V. Pritchard.

Erdington.—January 1, Four, by W. Donald.

Eythorne, Kent.—December 29, Four, by J. Stubbs.

Glasgow.—January 12, Three, by A. F. Mills.

Gladwick, Oldham.—December 15, Five, by N. Richards.

Gold Hill, Bucks.—January 2, Two, by T. Thomas.

Great Yarmouth.—December 29, Two, by T. Hagen.

Helston.—December 29, Five, by J. H. Sobey.

Honeyborough.—December 29, Two, by J. Johns.

Horsforth.—December 31, Two, by W. H. Rolls.

Ibstock.—December 29, Five, by F. Joseph.

Little Leigh.—December 28, Two, by A. Spencer.

Lowestoft.—December 15, London-road, Four, by E. Mason.

Luton.—January 12, at Park-street Chapel, Eleven, by J. H. Blake.

Maesteg, Glamorgan.—December 29, at Bethel Chapel, Five, by T. A. Pryce.

Metropolitan District:—

Clapham Common.—December 29, Nine; January 1, Five, by R. Webb.

Leyton.—December 29, Six, by J. S. Morris.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 28, Nineteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—January 2, Four; January 5, Two, by J. O. Fellowes.

Woolwich.—December 12, Charles-street, Five, by J. Wilson.

Mill End, Chatteris.—January 5, Three, by E. J. Bird.

Nash, Mon.—January 5, Two, by T. Delahaye.

Newport, Mon.—December 15, Stow Hill, Three, by J. Douglas.

Neathorpe, Notts.—January 5, Two, by T. Watkins.

Oswaldtwistle.—January 5, Four, by J. Naylor.

Pattishall.—December 25, Two, by J. E. Jones.

Plymouth.—December 11, George-street, Eight, by J. W. Ashworth.

Pole Moor.—January 5, One, by J. Evans.

Portsmouth.—December 29, at Lake-road Chapel, Nine, by T. W. Medhurst.

Presteign, Radnor.—January 12, Two, by S. Watkins.

Raglan, Mon.—December 29, Four, by B. Johnson.

Salem, near Haverfordwest.—December 22, Two, by D. O. Edwards.

Shefford, Beds.—December 21, Four, by T. H. Smith.

Spennymoor, Durham.—January 5, Three, by M. Morris.

Tredegar, Bethel.—December 22, Three, by E. Lewis.

Thurleigh.—December 29, Three, by G. Chandler.

Sharpton-on-Avon.—January 5, Three, by D. Sharp.

Ulverston.—January 12, One, by M. H. Whetnall.

Waingate, Yorks.—January 5, Four, by G. W. Wilkinson.

Watchet and Williton.—January 2, Three, by R. J. Middleton.

Weston Turville.—December 23, One, by Mr. Goacher.

Willenhall.—December 29, Lichfield-street, Eleven, by E. Hilton.

Westpark, Dumfries.—December 12, Three, by Wm. Milligan, jun.

Fstrad, Raondda (English Church).—January 12, Nine, by M. H. Jones.

RECENT DEATHS.

WOOLLACOTT.—On Jan. 2, the Rev. Christopher Woollacott, aged 89, for many years pastor of the church in Little Wild-street. His remains were interred in the Kensal-green Cemetery on January 7th. Rev. Dr. Landels conducted the service.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from November 19th, 1878, to January 18th, 1879.

| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|---|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Mr. Thomas Gemmill | 1 | 0 | 0 | M. H. S. | 100 | 0 | 0 | Mr. John Clover | 5 | 0 | 0 | |
| Mrs. Thomas Lewis | | | | Mr. A. Fortune | | 5 | 0 | Mr. Richard Parser | | 10 | 0 | |
| Johnson | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Summerville | | 10 | 0 | Mr. T. Mann | | 10 | 0 | |
| Mrs. Calvin A. Richardson | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Sarah Arnold | | 1 | 1 | 0 | From dear Granny | | 5 | 0 |
| A. V. | | 2 | 6 | Mr. Thomas Kennard | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Robert Rymer | | 5 | 0 |
| Miss Rooke | | 10 | 0 | Collected by Mrs. Withers. Reading: Messrs. Heelas and Co. | | 1 | 1 | 0 | H. T. | | 5 | 0 |
| A poor Missionary in India | | 13 | 0 | Mr. Andrew Richardson | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Readers of the Christian Herald | | 12 | 6 |
| The late Mr. B. Baker, per Mr. T. B. B. Skinner | 100 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. James Leach | | 10 | 0 | M. and M. Hall | | 1 | 0 | |
| Mr. G. S. Stowe | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Robt. Oakshott | | 10 | 0 | Mr. H. Ormond | | 2 | 0 | |
| Mrs. Hurrell | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. James Withers | | 10 | 0 | Mr. John Brewer | | 5 | 5 | |
| Mrs. McNeillage | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Saml. Gostage | | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. Hector | | 1 | 0 | |
| W. S., per Rev. E. Chettleboro' | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. H. Fuller | | 5 | 0 | The Misses Dransfield | | 2 | 2 | |
| The Misses Dransfield | 2 | 2 | 0 | Profit on sale of Mr. Spurgeon's books, almanacks, &c., by Mrs. James Withers | | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Johnson | | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Jeanneret | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Rateliff | | 7 | 6 | Mr. Blindstone | | 1 | 0 | |
| Mrs. H. | | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Krell | | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Armitage | | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Seiwright | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. McGill, M.D. | | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Bowker's class | | 14 | 10 |
| Mrs. Webb | | 10 | 0 | Mr. W. Macfie | | 10 | 0 | Part collection at Grosvenor-street Chapel, Manchester | | 5 | 0 | |
| G. M. R. | 1 | 0 | 0 | A widow's thank-offering, A. K. | | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Casson | | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. E. T. Carrington, Part collection at Penge, after sermon by Rev. C. Spurgeon | 7 | 4 | 2 | Contributions at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Rev. E. J. Edwards | | 2 | 14 | 6 | Mrs. A. C. Watson | | 2 | 0 |
| Rev. J. Bridge | | 10 | 0 | Miss Armstrong | | 1 | 0 | 0 | M. Mulligan | | 10 | 0 |
| Rev. W. S. Llewellyn | | 10 | 0 | Mrs. Jas. Johnstone | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Hetherington | | 1 | 0 |
| Sigma | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. D. Rutherford | | 1 | 9 | 0 | Rev. B. Scott | | 1 | 0 |
| S. S. Absolum | 5 | 0 | 0 | First Fruits | | 10 | 0 | Mrs. R. De Kavanagh | | 10 | 0 | |
| Ashford | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Auberry | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Thomas W. Lister | | 10 | 0 |
| A Saved One | | 2 | 6 | Mr. H. Lever | | 10 | 0 | Miss Matilda Miller | | 10 | 0 | |
| Well-wisher, Newtown, Montgomery | 3 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Hayles | | 2 | 2 | 0 | J. B. T. Greenock | | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Charles Matthews | 10 | 6 | 0 | Mr. Spriggs | | 5 | 0 | Friends, Craig, Montrose | | 5 | 0 | |
| Mr. Benjamin Tice | 1 | 10 | 0 | Collection at Drummond-road, Bermuda-sey, per Rev. J. A. Brown | | 4 | 10 | 0 | S. S. Absolum | | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. Thomas R. | 25 | 0 | 0 | Rev. J. A. Brown | | 1 | 1 | 0 | Part collection at East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth, per Mr. Sallwood | | 3 | 0 |
| N. M. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Ellwood | | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Balne | | 13 | 0 |
| Mr. Josiah Bauger | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Pratt | | 2 | 2 | 0 | Collection at Dalston Junction Church, per Mr. L. Evans | | 5 | 3 |
| Mr. Griffith | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss E. Jane Bowley | | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. R. Hunt | | 1 | 1 |
| E. H. B. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Jane Jamieson | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. G. Hall | | 1 | 1 |
| Margaret M. D. Ferguson | 1 | 5 | 0 | Mr. John M. Ferguson | | 1 | 0 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, Nov. 24 | | 30 | 9 |
| Mr. John Masters | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Mausergh | | 10 | 0 | 0 | " Dec. 1 | | 30 | 6 |
| J. M., "In memoriam," on reading memoir of W. H. Priter | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. E. Robertson | | 15 | 0 | 0 | " " 8 | | 35 | 6 |
| "In memoriam," on reading memoir of W. H. Priter | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Edwin King | | 1 | 0 | 0 | " " 15 | | 20 | 0 |
| Mary Ann Wilson | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. William Ewing | | 1 | 0 | 0 | " " 22 | | 62 | 12 |
| Mr. G. Wren | 10 | 6 | 0 | Mr. E. P. Gibbon | | 2 | 0 | 0 | " " 29 | | 62 | 12 |
| Maria Gooding | 5 | 0 | 0 | P. B., Dumbartonshire | | 1 | 0 | 0 | " Jan. 5 | | 42 | 9 |
| A Friend in Scotland | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Bult | | 10 | 0 | 0 | " " 12 | | 25 | 14 |
| Mrs. Townsend | 1 | 1 | 0 | | | | | | | | | |
| The widow's mite, Dundee | 2 | 6 | 0 | | | | | | | | | |

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

“ARE YOU INVITED?”*

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

“Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.”—MATTHEW xxii. 9, 10.

I WANT to open my sermon this evening with a very pointed question. Are you invited, my friend, to the great feast? Have you responded to the invitation? What kind of answer have you given? It were a lamentable thing indeed for any of you if it could be proved that you have not been invited to that gathering here represented under the parable of the marriage of the king's son. Has God's Word directed no invitations of grace and mercy especially to you? Then, I pray you, why do you come here? This is no house of mercy to those for whom God has no regard, and to whom He sends no particular address. The preacher would be very jealous of inviting you himself unless God had invited you. If you are not invited in this precious volume of inspiration, you have no portion or inheritance among the saints; the day of rest can afford your consciences no repose; you are not interested in the sacrifice that cleanses from sin; you are not introduced to the privileges of peace with God; you are not included among those to whom the tidings of eternal salvation are sent. As for the blessed Bible, it does but tantalise you; telling you of the mercy of God to others without throwing one single ray of light on your path to cheer your own darkness; showing you the happy freedom of other men whose chains have been snapped, but leaving you in gloomy bondage with no hope of release for ever. Unless you are invited it were almost a pity to tell you of the well-springs of joy in that world to come. Better that, like the poor beast, you should live and die in entire ignorance of the future. The terrors of your out-look would only torment you before your time. Why put the telescope to your eye and point out the goodly land, whose soil you shall never tread, or portray the gorgeous temple in whose courts ye shall never worship? It were a pity to tell you of a heaven you might never hope to reach. Your untoward envy or your unavailing hopes would recoil on your restless spirits, for certainly heaven can never be your portion if you are not invited to the feast.

But we will not harass you any further with such unwelcome thoughts. The open question has an obvious answer—**YOU CERTAINLY ARE INVITED.** In so speaking I make no exception of anybody within hearing of my voice. Nay, to no single creature under heaven do I take exception; to whomsoever the Gospel has ever come the invitation has been directed. Yes, **YOU ARE INVITED.** The imperative command to God's messengers is to invite “as many as they shall find.” All of you who are found to-night within these courts have come within the compass of this command. In the name of the infinite Jehovah, the God of mercy, who sends me unto

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved. No. 244, NEW SERIES.

you, I bid you receive the atonement provided by Christ Jesus, and resort to the great marriage banquet which sovereign grace has abundantly spread. You are invited, every one of you. Observe how they "gathered all, both good and bad." None of you are too good for the invitation, self-righteous and self-satisfied as you may seem; and none of you are too bad, profane and profligate as your characters may appear. You are still invited. The great bell of mercy, as it rolls to and fro, rings out this silver note—"Come and welcome, sinners come."

Let me then DIVIDE THE AUDIENCE TO-NIGHT INTO GOOD AND BAD, if so ye will. Doubtless among the many here present the greater proportion may be set down as good; not that you are good in God's sense, but good in the human sense. We may, at least, include in this class those whose lives have been pure and chaste, such as have never become amenable to any of the laws of the land, or probably have not even broken the code of unwritten laws which we call "good morals." Your house furnishes a pattern of a well-conducted family; you are not among those who "sit in the seat of the scorner, or stand in the way of the wicked, or run with the multitude to do evil." You are what are called "respectable, good sort of people." Friend, I say that *thou* art invited to come; for however good thou art openly, there is still a plague within thy heart; however excellent thou mayest appear to the eye, still thou hast a taint of natural depravity. Nay more, thou hast committed a multitude of offences which God's pure and holy eye can see, and thine own conscience must keenly feel if it be at all awakened. You honest tradesmen! you "honourable women not a few!" you kindly mothers of families! you amiable young women! you young men of excellent moral carriage!—I address myself to you who think yourselves good, and are thought to be so by others—do not any of you fancy that Christ came merely to save the rogue, the harlot, the profane. Know that He came also to save such as you are, and to you is the invitation sent.

On the other hand, I fear me there may be gathered here *some who may be called bad*. Did I say I feared it? No; I am thankful that they are found within these walls. You cannot, some of you, plead not guilty to the charge of drunkenness. Sometimes, at least, you stagger through the streets, or if not seen publicly, yet in private you do not refrain your lip from the drunkard's cup. Perhaps you are guilty of swearing; you may have fallen into such a habit that you can scarcely utter a sentence without larding it with an oath. Possibly the harlot may have strayed in here, and she feels bitterly her shame while thus I speak. And there may be one who could not even claim the title of honest mingling with this throng; with what motive is best known to himself. But, put yourselves down among the bad as you may, or let others put you there—ay, though the adjective in its superlative degree should be applied to you, and you should be accounted the worst of the worst—still you are invited. Christ bids the vilest of the vile come to Him. Come to Him just as you are, then, in all your filthiness and in all your vileness, what if I say with all your crime and villany, and you shall find that He is willing to save you. The prodigal, when first welcomed by his father, was no well-washed sinner, clothed in decent array. He came fresh from the harlot's bosom; fresh from disreputable association with the swinish herd; fresh from the degraded tastes of an abject pauperism which would

fain have devoured husks to appease hunger; he came from a far country, in a famished condition. Yet foul and filthy, wretched and full of remorse as he was, his father's arms were ready to embrace him, and his father's greeting gave him a spontaneous welcome. So you see the good and the bad are both invited.

I sometimes meet with persons who almost wish that they had been gross sinners; not because they delight in sin, but because the grace seems grandest to those who have gone farthest astray, and a free pardon seems most precious to those who are on the very verge of perdition. In order to reach the worst of sinners with our invitations, we often specially address ourselves to them, while to the more moral we offer fewer words of encouragement. It shall not be so to-night. The virtuous, whether rich or poor, are invited; and the vicious, whether rich or poor, are not excluded. Both bad and good are to be gathered in to the Gospel supper.

Divide the congregation yet again. There may be some here who are bad in the sense of being callous and obdurate, and others who are good in the sense of being sensitive and impressible. Your hearts may be very hard. It is but little that you feel. Possibly you wish that you could feel more. You would fain, if need be, that visions of hell should scare you rather than remain stubborn and impenitent. When you see others weep, you wish that your eyes were fountains; nay, you feel that you would give ten thousand worlds to have the power to shed tears. No adamant appears to you to be harder than your poor heart. Put yourselves down then, dear friends, among the bad, for whom love Divine has so distinct a liking that to you the invitation is directed.

Among you are some doubtless of *quite an opposite character*. You tremble at the Word of God; you have the semblance of a broken heart and a contrite spirit; you have been often aroused and alarmed; your nerves have been made to thrill and throb. With many a shudder and shiver, you have thought of your condition before God. Well, you are invited to come, and recollect you have nothing more to recommend you than the hard-hearted sinner has; for your natural sensitiveness is not a virtue; it is no spiritual attainment; it has no merit of its own that can commend you to the regard of God. You must come self-condemned, just as much so as the man who bewails his hardness of heart. Indeed, I think that those who mourn over the hardness of their heart are generally more broken-hearted in truth than those who are often smitten with compunction only to trifle with it; for the very fact that you think you cannot feel is a clear proof that you are feeling those impressions which the Spirit works in you. At any rate, sinner, let thy heart be like the nether mill stone, or be it like wax in the flame, in my Master's name I bid thee come, and in answer to the question, "*Are you invited?*" my answer is: you are solemnly, heartily, earnestly invited, and just as you are, to look to Him who did hang upon the tree.

"Well," say you, "I have often heard that the invitations of the Gospel are addressed to characters." So in truth, my dear friend, many of them are; but granting this that such promises specially made to special characters ought not to be wrested from their purport and rent from their connection, let me ask you if there is anything about character in this case: "Go ye unto the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the wedding." Is any introduction needed, or any certificate required before

accepting such an invitation? "So these servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good." Does character appear to have offered any bar in faithfully executing these orders? Nay, it is like the open fountain to the thirsty traveller. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." If the willingness be the witness of character, then thy well-liking will secure thy welcome, seeing that "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." What character is called for here except that which is covered by thy conduct in coming? "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Is there any qualification that need give thee a qualm? Nay, in quoting the words you may well quicken your pace. A chorus of voices cries "Come." Let it be any "him" in all the world, though he be the best or the worst, the most penitent or the most perverse, if he come to Christ he shall not be cast out. "Are you invited?" is a question then which you may readily answer, for whatever your moral state you are invited to the feast of love.

"Both bad and good," says my text, therefore I will take the liberty of dividing you again. Is there not a class of persons here whom we might pronounce bad because *they have no desire after God*? When they hear the Gospel, they only listen to criticise the manner of the preacher, the metaphors he uses, and the language in which his message is couched. They confer the passing compliment of quiet attention to the sermon, and then turn upon their heels, contemptuously treating the true sayings of God as if they were the trite talk of a theatre. These are they who resist conscience, persistently opposing the power of the Gospel, and protesting with the pride of Pharaoh, they say, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice?" Bad as they are, still they are invited.

On the other hand, some of you *are seeking Christ*. You have been seeking Him for months; your prayer has constantly gone up to heaven: "Oh! that God would save my soul!" Sitting there as you are, the tears flow down your cheeks, and your soul is crying to Jesus: "O! thou Son of David have mercy on me." You are invited; invited to believe on Christ; invited to trust the Saviour; invited to look where life is to be had for one single glance; invited to wash where every sin shall be cleansed away; invited to a feast where a wedding-garment shall cover your nakedness; invited to come and sit at the table of free grace, where all your wants shall be richly and speedily supplied. "Bad and good," as many as I find, thus are you invited.

And now, as it is clear that you are invited, dear friends, please to remember that YOUR BEING INVITED IS A SUFFICIENT WARRANT FOR YOUR COMING.

You have, perhaps, been saying, "*Am I elected?*" That is a very important question in its place, but remember, you can never make your election sure till you have made your calling sure. No man comes to Christ pleading that he is one of the elect. I never heard of such a case, because no man can know that he is one of the chosen till he has come to Christ and been converted. Whether you are or are not one of the elect is not the question you have to deal with now. "Are you invited?" Yes; then bring the invitation in your hand, and God's promise is pledged that He will not cast you out. "But," you say, "suppose one should come

that is not elected!" My dear friend, you have conjectured a thing which can never occur. The soul that ventures and records her vows always discovers a convenient grace that verified its own goodwill without violating the gradual degrees of her own voluntary persuasion. She follows her own liking without the slightest suspicion that she is being secretly led. In regulating her own decision she ratifies the Divine decree. Were I to be given a card of invitation to the Lord Mayor's banquet, though I should hear subsequently that only a limited circle of people was to be invited, no misgiving would cross my mind whether my ticket would ensure my admission. My evident right of entrance would forbid a thought of my being excluded. I might think that I did not answer such and such a description, but I am quite sure that I should not trouble my head about a matter of that sort, for, if I cared to go, I certainly should go on the strength of the invitation. Were you invited to-morrow evening to some grand party, and you wished to avail yourself of the invitation, you would not stop at home because you are not a knight of the realm, and could not be called "Sir John." You would not refuse to go because you had never been presented at court. "Oh! no," you would say, "the invitation is enough for me; that is my warrant, and on the strength of it I mean to put in an appearance."

Or your casuistry may take another turn. Perhaps you are debating with yourself whether you are *particularly redeemed*? You may argue that unless Christ specially died for you you will not be saved. This is most true, but you have nothing whatever to do with it in your present stage of experience. You can never find out those secret things which belong to the Lord our God by speculating and guessing. You must come, poor sinner, simply because you have got an invitation. This is the point of the parable. There was a great banquet spread. Those who were first bidden would not come. But afterwards the servants were sent into the highways, and were told to meet as many as they should find. What then though a poor man should come who lives in a back slum, who cannot read a letter of the alphabet, whose clothes are all tattered and torn—shall his abject condition disqualify him for the hospitality? Nay, but as sure as the messengers have found him, he shall find a welcome! When he comes to the gate and presents a *bonâ fide* ticket of invitation which is obviously his own, there will be no demur. "Pass in, sir, pass in, a ticket is all that is required of you." The keeper of the gate has no right to look in the man's face and say, "You must not come because you are not dressed in such and such a way." The invitation is everything, and if you have the invitation, poor sinner, all things are ready, and you may come just as you are to Christ.

"Well," says one, "*but I do not think that I am fit.*" Again let me remind you that it is not fitness which is required of you; the question is, "*Are you invited?*" I suppose the Lord knows whom it is right to invite, and as He has invited all that are found, "both bad and good," as He has said, "Bring in the blind, the halt, and the lame," if you have got the invitation, come, and you shall be hailed with a friendly greeting. Men are not so very bashful in ordinary mundane affairs. If there were gold and silver to be given away, and a general invitation to take it, people would not be very sceptical in listening, or very slack in availing themselves of it, or very sensitive in raising objections to any rights of their own. But,

oh, when it is the love of God and the grace of Christ, it is because you do not know the value of these boons that you are ready to do anything rather than come for them, so you make true the Saviour's lamentation, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Yet, remember, it is not fitness that you have to look to. "Are you invited?" Yes, then, being invited, let this be your warrant to come just now to the living Saviour for life.

And now I shall go a step farther still. As you are invited, and as the invitation is always a sufficient warrant for coming do you not think that this is A PROOF OF SURPRISING LOVE?

How my soul was melted when I first discovered that there really was an invitation in the Gospel for me! Headstrong, hard-hearted, wilful, rebellious as you have been, He says, "Come, come to my wedding feast." You may have even cursed Him to His face, yet He bids you come. You have probably laid out your body and your soul in the service of Satan: still he bids you come. Though for you in vain rings the Sabbath-bell, and you seldom go up to His house, since you are here now He bids you come. Your mouth might well be black with oaths, but He bids you come. You have gone to such excess of sin that you cannot go much farther. Perhaps consumption has cast its pale shadow on your cheek, and you can trace the morbid symptoms to your own misdeeds: for you have done evil even as you could, with both your hands, and led others into sin, yet stupendous love has nothing to say to you to-night but "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." You have been labouring in sin; you have been labouring after pleasure, labouring after money, labouring after satisfaction, and now He bids you come to Him, and He tells you that He will give you rest. What, after you have turned a deaf ear upon Him so long? After seventy years' rejection of Him all He has to say to you is, "Come, come, come." Why, you swore you would never go to a place of worship, and yet He bids you come. You have ill-treated that wife of yours because she fears God. You have persecuted Christ in the course you have pursued towards His disciples. You have kicked against the pricks. Yet despite all these provocations He bids you come! If some man should knock me down in the street and cover me with mire, I do not think that the most likely action on my part would be to get up and tell him to come to me whenever he needed help. Perhaps I might do so, and then it would be only one poor sinner ministering to another. But here is the Prince of Life and Glory insulted by you—a worm, crushed as soon as a moth. Insulted, did I say? Nay, you even put Him to death. Your sins were the spear and the nails; your sins were the vinegar and the gall between His dying lips; and yet, looking down from that cross where you nailed Him, He saith to His murderers, "Come; come; here are My hands, they drop with blood; that blood shall cleanse you: here is My side; it is opened with the spear; it fills the fountain full; come, wash and be clean: here are My feet, fast nailed to the wood to show you that I mean to stop there until you come: come, sinner, come." Oh! I would that I were a fit messenger for my Master. It needs a heart as full of grief, and a voice as plaintive as that of Jeremy, the weeping prophet. What, when Jesus calls do you refuse? Shall it be said at the last, "Because I called and ye refused, I stretched out My hands and no man regarded it;

I also will mock at your calamity, I will laugh when your fear cometh?" Shall it be so, sinner, shall it be so? Great God of mercy, send Thy Spirit that the sinner's will may yield when Christ's Gospel invites, or else he will "still refuse to taste and rather starve than come."

It is the God you have insulted, the Christ you have despised, the Saviour you have rejected, who this night commands His servants, saying, "Go into the highways, and compel them to come in, as many as ye find, both bad and good."

And so I close the message as I commenced it, with an inquiry. Having answered "Yes" to the question "Are you invited?" let me now ask you, ARE YOU GOING TO ACCEPT THE INVITATION?

"Yes, I am," says one; "thank God I am no murderer of the prophets; I intend to accept the invitation *to-morrow*." My friend, you belong to the most numerous class of those who people the kingdom of darkness—the procrastinators who say "to-morrow." One might have thought that Felix would have become a Christian; he was "almost persuaded," but he will never perfect that resolution which he postponed. He said, "When I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." Unhappy Felix! thou didst overlook thy golden opportunity while consulting thy frivolous convenience; so thou art cast away. I will not say I would sooner hear you declare that you will never come to Christ, than hear you promise to come to-morrow, but I will venture to predict that the two protests will produce the same result. I fear me that of some of you who speak fair but show no fruit it will be said, the publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before you. Months ago we had hopes of your conversion: we looked upon you with expectation. Since that time many have outrun you who were then far behind you as to moral character. They have entered the kingdom of heaven while you are still unsaved. Mind you, "both bad and good" are invited. Take heed, take heed. You who trifle with this invitation may well tremble, for your position is dangerous beyond degree. Some men's hearts seem like a flint; when the hammer strikes them they fly to shivers; but others have hearts like india-rubber; though they yield to every stroke of the hammer, the impression is so transient that when the blows cease they return to their old shape. I would sooner you were like flints for some reasons, though not for other reasons. Oh! may God the Holy Spirit now lead you to say, "Yes, I will accept the invitation." Are you saying that? Do you say to-night, "I will go to Jesus now, and trust Him!" Then, dear friend, He will accept you now. No sinner is ever empty sent back who comes to Jesus with open hands, pleading the merit of the Saviour's blood. Try Him, sinner. Art thou a lot out of the catalogue? Still try Him. Art thou the odd man? Dost thou fancy that thou art left out of every description given in the Word of God? Yet remember that He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "But I cannot change my heart," says one. Christ can do it. "But I want to feel some meltings of heart." Christ can give them to you. "Yes, but I do not want to go on in sin as I have done." No, and you shall not if you come to Christ. Christ changes the heart. We come as lepers, but we do not remain lepers. After a washing in the blood there is a renovation of the nature as well as a removal of past sin. You may come as you are, but you shall not go away as you are. Having

believed you shall be a new creature in Christ Jesus from this time forward, to show forth the honour of the Master's name.

Now, I have been dragging the big net. I pray the Master that a great haul of fish may be taken in it. I know that His purpose shall stand, yet I feel sad as I consider that saying of the Saviour, "Many are called, but few are chosen." "Many," indeed, are called in this assembly at this solemn hour. You are all called. We wait your response. Oh! may it turn out that some "few," at any rate, shall find salvation, being made willing, in the day of God's power. Yours shall be the unending profit, and to Him the eternal praise for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER III.

"THEN as far as you've gone, Mr. Fuller, I understand you to say, that there is provision enough in the Gospel to give us habitually a spiritual frame of mind, if we do but honestly seek in the right way for it?"

"Yes, that is exactly what I mean."

Well, sir, I cannot dispute it: but it seems to me to be hard to get at."

"Did you ever know any one of your acquaintance who did possess it, Mr. Carter?"

"I can't say, sir, that I have, except, perhaps, in one case. Now you put the question, I remember there was poor Robert Smiles, who is gone to glory: what a happy chap he was! 'Happy Bob,' they use to call him, and if ever a man answered to his name he did. And yet what trials he had! And how they used to plague him in the goods yard! But it didn't matter: I never remember seein' him really put out of temper by 'em. True once I did see the tears rollin' down his poor

checks, and when they saw that they gave over with their chaff."

"And what was it that so upset him? Was it anything they said about himself?"

"No, it was just because they were makin' game of his Saviour, whom he loved so well; for he told me afterwards that he didn't mind much what they said about himself, but he couldn't bear 'em to say a word against the Blessed One, who died on the cross for him. It was touchin' a tender point, and he couldn't stand it. Well, may we all feel to love Christ as 'Happy Bob' loved Him, and be as much concerned for His honour! A more simple-minded man, I think, I never knew, and it was that which made 'em plague him as they did; but he stood fire as firm as a rock, and wouldn't give way an inch in doing right, come what might."

"But you said he had trials, John?"

"So he had. His wife died suddenly, leaving him with three children and a poor old mother to look after. She kept his house for awhile and then she was 'taken home,' and he had to do the best he could for the children, with the assistance of

kind neighbours. Then to add to his troubles he fell under one of the goods waggons, and got his poor arm so terribly crushed that he had to be taken straight to the Infirmary, and have it taken off. Fortunately it was the left arm, and all things considered he got on well; but I shall never forget the first visit I paid him there, seein' him bandaged and lookin' as pale as death. 'Ah! John,' said he, in a weak voice, 'I'm glad to see you; I was just feelin' as if I should like somebody to come and sit down by me for a bit, and read a chapter to me out of the good old Book.' 'What chapter would you like?' I asked. Said he, 'Just let me hear that chapter in Romans, which says, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."' And when I got to that verse the poor fellow couldn't hold in any longer, but actually in an undertone began to sing, the passage was so sweet to him. In the course of six weeks or two months he came out of the Infirmary 'cured,' as they said, but feelin' weak, and not knowin' how he'd earn his livin'. But one of our head men at the office, likin' him well, used his influence with the Company, and so he got nicely settled down at a small country place, where he had to mind a railway gate, and open and shut it for traffic to pass through, and that suited him well. He didn't live there, however, but about three years, being taken away with heart disease rather unexpectedly, occasioned, the doctor said, by the shock the accident had given him; but he died very happy, they told me, committin' his children into God's hands, and tellin' 'em that if they were parted from one another on earth he hoped at last to meet 'em all in heaven."

"And what became of the children?"

"They did very well, sir. A relative took one of 'em, and the other two were both old enough to go to service, and I've heard that they are very steady, and so far walkin' in the right way."

"Thank you for that little narrative, Mr. Carter, as, apart from its interest, it proves my point. Here was a working-man, simple-minded, honest, and in every way a consistent Christian, subjected to many annoyances and great trials, yet managing throughout his Christian life to maintain, by God's grace, an habitual spiritual frame of mind, which made him conqueror over them all. My argument, therefore, is that if it was so in his case, it may be so in my case, and it may be so in yours. No scriptural reason can, I think, be shown to the contrary. But did it ever strike you to ask him why he was able thus constantly to live under this spiritual influence, and so maintain daily such a close walk with God?"

"Yes; now you call it to mind. I did on one occasion, and he gave me this answer. He said, 'You see John, I've not had much education, and some people even think me a bit soft. But be that as it may, directly I found the Saviour and read in the Word what He'd done for me, I felt that the safest thing I could do was to keep close to Him, and seek His help every day and every hour. So when I rise in the morning, first thing I say is, "Lord help me all through this day!" Then I opens the Bible and reads a few verses, and prays over 'em while I reads 'em, and I'm sure always to get either a verse or a sentence as fits me for the day through to keep feedin' on. Now its this *feedin' on the Word* as principally helps me, and what I could do with-

out it I can't tell. It helps me to pray and meditate, and think constantly on good things. And then when I'm at work and am tempted and made game on, some passage is sure to come to mind just at the right time to prevent my temper risin', and teach me how to act and what to say, and knowin' its God's law I follow it straight out and try to do just as it tells me. Now, that's the real secret of my happiness, and you can hardly tell, John, how cheerful it makes me all the day long. It seems to me as if I always want to sing and praise the Lord or say something good to somebody, or do 'em some little good, because "the love of Christ constrains me."

"Well, Mr. Carter, if I talked to you till midnight I do not believe that I could give you a better prescription for obtaining an habitual spiritual frame of mind than that left you as a legacy by your late friend 'Happy Bob.' With such an illustrative example to call to remembrance as he was, you scarcely need my counsel. It is quite evident that in his case the simple-minded Christian grasped practically a great and glorious truth too often overlooked by many of us. As he proves by his life experience, to begin with the use of God's Word in the morning, to use it continually throughout the day, to turn it constantly into prayer, and to follow its teachings out at all costs—this and this only is the way, amid all our trials and conflicts to maintain a spiritual frame of mind, and so live up to the high and glorious spiritual standard which the Lord holds out to us. The evil, I fear, of the present day is that too many Christians neglect to avail themselves of the help that constant reading and meditating on God's holy Word would give them. Hence, not having God's Word con-

stantly on their mind, they follow the bent of their own wills and inclinations, say what they like, and do too often as the flesh prompts them. No wonder, then, that, being to this extent their own masters instead of Christ's, they live too much like the world, succumb to temptation, and thus dishonour the Lord who bought them. A starved soul can never be a healthy or a fruitful soul; but a soul well fed and nourished by the Word will be spiritual, happy, and useful. You have heard of George Muller, of Bristol, John, have you not?"

The good man who built the orphan houses, sir?"

"Yes, the same. Well, let me read to you what he says about this matter. "'While,' says he, in one of his Reports, 'I was staying at Nailsworth, it pleased the Lord to teach me a truth irrespective of human instrumentality, as far as I know, the benefit of which I have not lost, though now, while preparing the sixth edition for the press, more than eighteen years have since passed away. The point is this. I saw more clearly than ever that the first great and primary business to which I ought to attend every day, was to *have my soul happy in the Lord*. The first thing to be concerned about was, not how much I might serve the Lord, how I might glorify the Lord, but how I might get my soul into a happy state, and how my inner man might be nourished. For I might seek to set the truth before the unconverted, I might seek to benefit believers, I might seek to relieve the distressed, I might in other ways seek to behave myself as it becomes a child of God in this world; and yet, not being happy in the Lord, and not being nourished and strengthened in my inner man, day by day, all

this might not be attended to in a right spirit. Before this time my practice had been, at least for ten years previously, as an habitual thing, to give myself to prayer after having dressed myself in the morning. Now I saw that the most important thing I had to do was to give myself to the reading of the Word of God and to meditation on it, that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warned, re-proved, instructed, and that thus, by means of the Word of God, whilst meditating upon it my heart might be brought into experimental communion with the Lord. The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words the Lord's blessing upon His precious Word, was to begin to meditate on the Word of God, searching, as it were, into every verse to get blessing out of it; not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word, nor for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated upon, but for the sake of obtaining good for my own soul. The result I have found to be almost invariably this: that after a very few minutes my soul has been led to confession, or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication, so that I did not, as it were, give myself to *prayer*, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer. When thus I have been for a while making confession, or intercession, or supplication, or have given thanks, I go on to the next words or verse, turning all as I go on into prayer for myself, or others, as the Word may lead to it; but still continually keeping before me that good for my soul is the object of my meditation. The result of this is, that there is always a good deal of confession, thanksgiving, supplication, or intercession, mingled with my meditation, and that my inner man almost invariably

is even sensibly nourished and strengthened, and that by breakfast time, with rare exceptions, I am in a peaceful if not happy state of heart. Thus also the Lord is pleased to communicate unto me that which either very soon after or at a later time I have found to become food for other believers, though it was not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word that I gave myself to meditation, but for the profit of my own inner man."

"There, John," said Mr. Fuller, in closing the interview, "you see that this man of faith and prayer, and your late good friend, 'Happy Bob,' in their conception of the way to get an habitual spiritual frame of mind, evidently go well together. And I think if Mr. Muller, with all his immense responsibilities and daily trials, found out that in this blessed way he could be continually 'happy in the Lord,' the same road is opened up both for you and me to travel on: at any rate, it remains with ourselves to take it if we please, resting assured that if by God's grace we do so we shall thus, in our respective spheres of daily duty, be made 'vessels meet for the Master's use,' and so win the good name which, as Christians, we should all so eagerly desire to possess for the Divine glory."

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPHS OF GRACE.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"By the grace of God I am what I am."—1 COR. XV. 10.

SOME men are desperately afraid of saying, "I am." Timid and nervous, they shun publicity, and seem ready to offer apologies for their very existence. They prefer byways to

highways, prefer privacy, and at length, as dim shadows, pass into the oblivion of mortality. Others, on the contrary, are too fond of saying, "I am." They weary you with their vanity and disgust you by reason of their conceit. Their own wonderful words, or marvellous doings, or extraordinary sufferings, are themes that they never tire to dilate upon. Paul belonged to neither of these classes. He was not bashful, he was not boastful. When occasion required, he could refer to himself. In the course of three verses, in the chapter before us, he used the personal pronoun seven times. But in all this there is no egotism, taking the term in its conventional sense. The opposite is the case: it is indicative of a very profound and fine humility. He spoke of himself for the sake of his Master. To Him he wished to give the glory: "By the grace of God I am what I am." These well-known words suggest, among many others, two main thoughts.

The grace of God begins its work within.

"I am;" not "I do." "Am" is the word. Not "I achieve," or "I accomplish," but "I am." To *be* right is the thing of chief and first importance. Our inward spiritual state is the matter of main momentousness. Nor is this difficult to understand. In everything more depends on what we are than on what we have. To succeed in a trade or a profession, we must have the genius or spirit of it. Put a man in a study; give him a superb library; place pens, paper, ink, on his table; let him be surrounded by the most magnificent scenery; will that make him a poet? Take a man into a court of justice; seat him on the bench; clothe him in scarlet and ermine; call him "my lord;" will that make him a judge?

Build a man a church; conduct him into a pulpit; open the Bible before him; assemble a large congregation; will that make him a preacher? No. There must be the genius of the poet, the capacity of the judge, the brain and heart of the preacher. Sometimes we say of one who has failed in a certain calling, "It was not *in* him."

Just so spiritually. Our destiny turns upon the simple but solemn question, "Is thine *heart* right?" When Nicodemus came to Christ he was filled with notions about *doing*: "No man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him." But Jesus quickly, urgently, turns off his attention to *being*: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. Ye must be born again." To the woman of Samaria He said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him." He counselled the Seventy to rejoice not so much because the spirits were subject unto them as that their spirits are right in God's sight. When, of His pity, He healed the poor demoniac, the latter was found afterwards "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind:" yes, he was "clothed" because he was "in his right mind." Matthew Arnold has written many mistaken and even mischievous things, but one thing he has brought out with remarkable clearness and force, namely, the prominence given by our Lord to what he expressively calls "inwardness."

There is a great teaching here for some. They read in a book the exposure of a certain vice, or hear a discourse in which a certain outward act is condemned and denounced, whereupon they begin to wage war against it. "Away with it, crucify it," cry they. This is good but not best: there is a more

excellent way. Instead of cutting off a branch here and lopping a bough there, lay the axe to the root. Be, and then you will do rightly. "Renew a right spirit within me" is the prayer most needed: that offered and answered, all else will come to pass in due season. Yonder is a factory. I enter and find the whole of the machinery silent and motionless. How shall the inaction be remedied? Shall I move a wheel in one place, pull a band in a second place, and put my hand upon a lever yonder? That is but a fool's remedy, child's play. After all I have only moved a portion of the machinery, and that but for a very short time. The true plan is to go to the engine-house, turn on the steam, and thus secure both universal and continuous motion.

The grace of God accomplishes a great and glorious change in men.

This fact underlies Paul's words, and imparts to them their significance and force. When the Apostle said, "I am what I am," he obviously meant, "I am not what I once was." He, as a glance at the context will show, was thinking of the vast and memorable transformation that had occurred in him.

Have you never noticed how one thing will alter the whole life? A single event will revolutionise the course of a human being: the entire hereafter of a person is oftentimes tinctured and tinged by an isolated experience. To wit: there is disappointment. Some disappointments we never fully get over: they leave their brand on us as long as we live. Jacob wrestled, during the awful hours of the night, with the angel and prevailed: nevertheless, he always halted afterwards. And, alas, there are those who grapple with the angel difficulty only to be conquered, and they

limp from that time. As much may be said of bereavement. Death ever and anon not only deprives a man of his life but his survivors of their joy. He inflicts wounds not to be wholly healed on this side of the grave. Some people are never the same after a severe bereavement that they were previous to it. The highest lady in these realms is a case in point. What a shadow has been thrown across our honoured monarch's path by the death of Albert the Good.

This fact will enable us to see how this one thing, the grace of God, can completely revolutionise a man. Think of this one who gives us his history in the text. Saul and Paul were as unlike as we can well imagine: the change wrought was radical, thorough, and astounding. At one time he appeared the last man likely to be won over to Christ: no wonder that the brethren doubted him in the first instance when "he assayed to join himself to the disciples." Just read a few verses by way of contrast with each other. "As for Saul he made havoc of the church, and haling men and women committed them to prison." Couple that with the following: "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us." Again: "Saul was consenting unto his death." But by-and-by, the tables are turned, and "Saul" consents, if needs be, to his own death! Hear what he says, "For thy sake we are killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." "We have the sentence of death written in ourselves." "I die daily."

So marvellous is the change effected by the grace of God. David exclaimed, "Thy testimonies are wonderful;" and well may we add, "Thy transformations are wonderful." It is, indeed, like another birth. The change may be sudden or it may be slow, but in every case it is a very great change. In England the sun takes hours and hours to rise; in Ceylon it does it in less than half an hour; but in both instances it is a change—a change from black night to bright day. "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." A maiden who was converted through the preaching of Whitefield, was interrogated and cross-examined somewhat sceptically. Her reply to the seeming doubts of her spiritual censor was the following: "Something has changed: I am certain of that. If I am not changed, then all the world has, for everything seems different." Thousands can say the same. "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature: old things have passed away, behold, all things have become new." When a man receives the love of God and the pardon of sin he becomes a good man and a happy man. Before he was converted, he said the Lord's Prayer; now, he means it. Before, he believed in the Lord's presence; now, he delights in it. Before, he heard of the Lord's love; now, he rejoices in it. Well may he cry, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Some affirm that the doctrine of free grace is immoral in its tendency. The Rev. R. H. Hawker, late vicar of Morwenstone, says that justification by grace is like a certificate given to a bankrupt, licensing future swindling and dishonest practices! Paul, at any rate, thought far otherwise. "By the grace of God I am what I am," he writes: as if he had said, "I should never have been

what I am but for the grace of God." The grace of God, we are expressly told, teaches us "to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." "Have you laid your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God?" asked one of a new convert. "Yes," was the immediate answer, "and I'll never lay any more there." A hope, alas, doomed to disappointment, but, nevertheless, indicating the effect of God's grace in making men holy.

Be like Paul! Remember this illustrious Apostle. "Ah," perhaps you reply, "I am so differently situated; my position is altogether unlike his. He was inspired, and he had miraculous power." True, but this was not the cause of his change. He does not say, "By inspiration I am what I am," but, "By the grace of God I am what I am." You may have that grace. Receive forgiveness and accept the mercy of God as revealed in the sacrifice of Christ. Under its power you will become "transformed by the renewing of your mind," and "where sin abounded grace" will "much more abound."

Colombo.

THE ADOPTION OF SONS.

BY REV. THOMAS HENSON.

BUT being born again of the spirit, are we not sons of God by that new birth? How then sons by adoption? Let it be remembered that we are by nature children of the family of sin, of the devil; and regeneration makes us children of the family of righteousness, of god; a change expressed by Paul in another way, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and

hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son" (Coll. i. 13). By nature, we are dead to God, and holiness, and love; regeneration makes us alive to God in Christ Jesus, and, striking a death-blow to the old life of Satan in the soul, imparts to us, in infant form, the life and nature of God. Seeing, then, that we are by the new birth transplanted out of another family into the family of God, adoption, always inseparable from regeneration, gives us the name, filial dispositions, and rights and privileges of sons of God.

Adoption is a legal act, often practised in social life, by which those who are childless will take the child of strangers, and give him all the legal and civil rights and privileges that their own natural child could enjoy. And sometimes those who have children of their own will adopt an orphan, or some other stranger, and put him among their own sons and daughters. There are many examples of adoption in the Bible; but they all fail in important features to represent the adoption of God in Christ Jesus. Jacob, when dying, adopted Ephraim and Manasseh, the sons of Joseph, by which they obtained inheritance among the tribes, as if they had been his own sons. Moses was adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, by which tradition says he would have come to the throne of Pharaoh. If so, how great was the sacrifice he made, when, by faith, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing affliction with God's people rather than the pleasures of sin; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and forsaking Egypt altogether, that he might obtain a part in the adoption of Israel! Esther was adopted by her uncle, Mordecai; two reasons ap-

pearing to move him thereto: "She had neither father nor mother, and she was fair and beautiful." In the prophet Jer. iii. 19, the Lord says of backsliding Israel, "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? And I said, Thou shalt call me, my Father, and shalt not turn away from me." We shall see presently how He could do even that.

In the New Testament there are several passages, the careful study of which will well repay us for consideration on this most important but much-neglected subject.

1. Rom. ix. 4, "To whom pertaineth the adoption." Paul, in previous chapters, has set forth some great things; but, then, he has decidedly proclaimed in respect thereto that the Gentiles have equal interest with the Jews; and he has yet to show that, because of unbelief, the Jews are cast away, while the Gentiles are welcomed in; but, further, that the Jews also shall ultimately, when penitently they turn again to God as He has revealed Himself to them in Christ Jesus, be received in, and freely enjoy this grace. In these positions he assures all his readers of his deep sympathy with the Jews, and proceeds to justify his ardent attachment to them by an enumeration of their special privileges. Among them this "adoption." But he speaks of the natural Israel, and therefore of a sonship, or adoption, which related only, or chiefly, to natural blessings. If we can realise all that adoption was to them, and did for them as a nation and people, we may, regarding them as a type of the true Israel of this dispensation, see in their sonship a large illustration of the adoption of grace. Israel, by that adoption, stood in closest relation to God, and received

from Him thereby the most distinguished tenderness, and innumerable blessings. Still it was sonship on an earthly level; the adoption of grace is heavenly.

2. Eph. i. 5, "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will." It has been already said that the facts of adoption in the Bible fail in important features to illustrate Divine adoption. Ephraim and Manasseh had some claim upon Jacob; but we have none upon God. The infant tears of Moses, connected with innocence, danger, and helplessness, excited pity; but man as a sinner has none of these commendations. Mordecai pitied a lonely orphan, and loved a fair and beautiful thing, as who would not; but these are not the conditions of guilty rebels and of the infamous backslider. Israel, God asks, how can I set thee among the children? In the total absence of any reason in man why he should be distinguished by Divine sonship, God finds His own reasons in "the good pleasure of His own will." And in view of the apparently absolute hindrances to its accomplishment, He secures it against all opposition by His sovereign "predestination;" while He lays deep and broad grounds for His own honour and justice by making His Son Jesus Christ our substitute, and accepting us in Him.

3. Gal. ix. 5, "To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The Galatian Christians were foolish, and had allowed themselves to be bewitched from the liberty of Christ to the bondage of the law. Paul, in reasoning with them, tells them that they were turning back to the imperfect condition of a child, who, though heir by birth, is yet in legal

bonds, and cannot rule and enjoy possessions until he is of age. He then sets before them a truth which should make them ashamed of their folly, telling them that Christ came purposely to die, that so He might redeem us from that nonage bondage, and purchase for us the unspeakable privilege of full and entire sonship; thus we see that adoption is a blood-bought blessing for the regenerate. Both the Father and the Son are engaged in this complete emancipation. "God sent His son." Christ came, and laid down His life for us, that He might purchase for us a sweet liberty from all bonds, and from the severity of the slave, and give us the freedom and confidence of sons.

4. Rom. viii. 15, "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Paul labours to show the contrast between the spirit of the law and the spirit of Christ. Here he teaches that Christian life, such as God's sons are led into, does not consist of a disposition full of slavish, anxious dread of God as a king of despotic power, or as a judge of just but merciless principles; but it consists of a disposition loving and reverent, confident and free, making obedience the sweetest delight. "The spirit of fear" is the disposition of slavery. "The spirit of adoption" is filial affection to the Father.

5. Rom. viii. 23, "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." Adoption, as used in relation to the sons of God, is a large word, and may be said to bear not so much a twofold sense, as sense upon sense, one in advance of the other. It indicates, as we have seen, a filial disposition

given to those who are born again in place of the slavish spirit of sin, or of the law which the unconverted have. But the world at present knows not the sons of God, though He knows them. And disease and death reigns over their bodies notwithstanding; but a day is coming for which they continually are waiting even with groaning, in which the body shall be redeemed from death, and then shall their adoption be perfected. Secret now, it shall be revealed, thus known only to God and themselves. Now it shall be known to all them; children of the regeneration now, they will be the children of the resurrection then, at home with their Father and Elder Brother. Adoption includes the body as well as the soul. It dwells in the soul now, it will ultimately clothe the body with immortality, and we "shall be as the angels;" nay more, fashioned like unto Christ's own glorious body (Phil. iii. 21). But now we wait for this finishing of "the adoption."

6. John i. 12, "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power, or privilege, to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His name." Adoption is here fully illustrated. It is the gift of grace, bestowed on the believer. He looks for diamonds with blinded eyes who looks for the spirit of adoption in unbelief. Yet is not this the case with many who complain that they have no comfort, no enjoyment of Divine favour? To as many as received Him, He gave the power.

To sum up, do not seek the spirit of adoption in mistake for either the justification which sets you free from all condemnation, or for the sanctification which makes you meet for this inheritance; but rejoice in it as the inseparable

fruit of the former, and as evidenced by the latter. Adoption, the spirit of sonship sent forth into our hearts, should constrain us to live as sons who honour the name of a Father. In the army of Alexander the Great there was a soldier who bore his name, to whom it was said, "Either be brave, or change your name." No higher or greater name can any man have than that which adoption gives—"A son of God!"—and no voice speaks more sweetly than does the spirit of adoption within us: "I will seek to be perfect, because my Father in heaven is perfect." For he who gives that Spirit says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Long Buckby.

TRUE CHARITY.

To do good to the poor is well-pleasing unto God. It is useless for us to *say* to one who is "naked, and destitute of daily food," "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled." We must give to such "those things which are needful for the body" (James ii. 15, 16). Our charity to the poor must be real, not verbal; in deeds, not words. We read in the Chronicles of King Oswald that as he sat at table, when a *fair silver dish*, full of regal delicacies, was set before him, and he ready to fall to, hearing from his almoner that there were great store of poor at his gates, piteously crying out for some relief, did not fill them with such words as "God help them," "God comfort them," "God relieve them," but commanded his steward presently to take the dish off the table and distribute the meat, then to *break the dish all in pieces* and cast it among them. This was true charity.

Words, be they never so adorned, clothe not the naked; be they never so delicate, feed not the hungry; be they never so zealous, warm not those who are starved with cold; be they never so oily, cure not the wounded; be they never so free, set not them free that are bound, neither do they visit the sick and impoverished. We must do good and communicate, if we would be well-pleasing unto God.

—

A GOOD EXAMPLE —
FOLLOW IT.

A VENERABLE minister of the Gospel said, "I have in my congregation a worthy aged woman, who has for many years been so deaf as not to distinguish the loudest sound, and

yet she is always one of the first in the meeting. On asking the reason of her constant attendance,—as it was impossible for her to hear my voice,—she answered, 'Though I cannot hear you, I come to God's house because I love it, and would be found in His ways; and He gives me many a sweet thought upon the text when it is pointed out to me: another reason is, because *there I am in the best company*, in the more immediate presence of God, and among His saints, the honourable of the earth. I am not satisfied with serving God in private; *it is my duty and privilege to honour Him regularly in public.*' What a reproof this is to those who have their hearing, and yet always come to a place of worship LATE OR NOT AT ALL! See one hundred and twenty-second Psalm."

The Names and Titles of Christ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST ALL-SUFFICIENT.

FOR MARCH 2ND.

"And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with the fulness of God."—Eph. iii. 19.

THE love of Christ is all-sufficient. It was so in Himself, it is so in His people. It comprehends all we can need for time and eternity. It casts out of the renewed mind all fear which hath torment, and brings the spirit of liberty, adoption, and peace. It makes the timid bold, the weak strong, the sad joyful,

and the poor rich. It has enabled the believer to face bonds, imprisonment, and death, and to triumph in the flames of martyrdom. It is the principle of the Christian's obedience, and the root of his holiness. It saves him from the dominion of sin, and leads him to delight in the law of God, and to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. In it he finds his present joy and future heaven. It contains riches which are unsearchable, and all the elements of eternal bliss. What liberty is to the slave, light to the eye, music to the ear, health is to the sick, and rest is to the weary—that

the love of Christ is to the heart. Having it, I have indeed all things. Without it, whatever I possess I have nothing, and, whatever my gifts, in the estimation of God I am but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. O, if thou hast but a little of this love, reader, rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice!

“Oh, for the choicest blessing
Of living in Christ's love,
And thus on earth possessing
The joy of heaven above.”

THE LOVE OF CHRIST WISE.

FOR MARCH 9TH.

“Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.”—Heb. xii. 6.

THE love of Christ is ever under the control and direction of His own infinite wisdom, which always so uses it as to make it subserve the interest of holiness in the soul. This is the reason frequently why our comforts seem to be so few, and our trials so many. Love, under the direction of wisdom, is seeking, not simply our present pleasure, but future profit. This love never forsakes, but wisely, and without consulting us, selects that discipline which will make us holy, and so bring us to the possession and enjoyment of all it has provided for our highest good both here and hereafter. This love, being wise, will correct us; its language is, “I will correct thee in measure, and not leave thee altogether unpunished.” It will sometimes say No as well as Yes, frown as well as smile, keep its eye upon the future as well as the present, send darkness as well as light, sorrow as well as joy, poverty as well as wealth, sickness

as well as health, the night as well as the day, the rod to correct and the fire to purge; and it is the work of faith to discover this love, and however disguised, to believe in its presence and the wisdom of its designs, to wait for its results and to rest in peace, sustained by the conviction that it will make all things work together for the good of those who love God, and are the called according to His purpose.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST OMNIPOTENT.

FOR MARCH 16TH.

“Therefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.”

THE love of Christ is equal to all His gracious designs; it may seem to be thwarted for a time, but it always reaches the end intended. It is not, however, mere blind power, or abstract force. It is divinely intelligent, and works by the Word and Spirit of God. And while it is irresistible, and no heart is so dark and hard but that it can enlighten it, conquer its enmity, and soften it; it is yet sweet and gentle in its influence. No will is so obdurate but it can subdue it; no soul so depraved but it can cleanse it; and what it does for one it can do for all, and will not leave its mighty work until it has peopled the highest heavens with the countless host of the redeemed to celebrate its praise for ever and ever. The bliss of the redeemed will be but the everlasting music of omnipotent love consummated and perfect. O, the wonders it has accomplished! It kills the love of sin, and casts out slavish fear. It makes the timid courageous, the weak strong, the sad joyful, and

the poor rich. It is zealous and yet patient, tender and yet faithful, strong and yet gentle, kind and yet true. It has made children stronger than men, and martyrs to sing in the flames. Love was omnipotent in Christ through His very weakness conquering sin, death, and hell. O, let us surrender ourselves fully to the influence of this love, and we shall be more than conquerors through Him who loved us; "for many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

CHRIST A PROPHET.

FOR MARCH 23RD.

"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

In this world of sin, mystery, darkness, uncertainty, unrest, error, false prophets, and numberless religions, how comforting and sustaining the thought that we have in Christ a prophet and teacher sent from God; that in Him the very Word of God becomes incarnate, God Himself audible, and speaks to us words of life, light, and wisdom, through which the orphaned soul can again find its way back to his Creator and loving Father, to realise rest and peace in Him. And how encouraging is the thought to the earnest seeker after truth, that although Christ is a perfect Teacher, combining in Himself all perfection, both human and Divine, God as well as man, and filled with all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, that He is at the same time meek and lowly in heart, and because He is so, invites us to come to Him and learn of Him, that we may find rest for our souls. This great Teacher does not

despise any on account of their ignorance or the many mistakes they may have made, though frequently both are the result of their own sin; but is full of love, patience, and sympathy, bearing with our wilfulness, pride, and prejudice, and all our provocations, and ever waiting and willing to teach us the same lessons of love and wisdom over and over again. O what encouragement we have to surrender ourselves fully to Him, ever to sit at His feet, knowing that while He ever teaches wisely and in love, He ever teaches to profit, and in such a way as to strengthen faith, deepen holiness, and increase our happiness and fruitfulness below, while fitting us for heaven above; and has declared "that if any man follow Him he shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life."

CHRIST A PRIEST.

FOR MARCH 30TH.

"For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tried as we are, yet without sin."—Heb. iv. 15.

To the extent that we surrender ourselves to Christ as a Prophet, to be taught of Him, to that extent He will teach us by His Word and Spirit, and bring us to a true and saving knowledge both of God and ourselves—"for this is life eternal to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;" and in proportion as we know God we shall know ourselves and our utter sinfulness and lost condition, and to the extent that this self-knowledge is progressively deepened in us we shall feel

our need of Christ as a Priest. The Spirit of God will not work an experience in those whom He teaches to supersede or render useless any one of the offices of Christ. In proportion as we know Christ as a Prophet and King, we shall feel our increasing need of Him as a Priest; and this experience must not discourage us; the Spirit of God, in bringing us to a deeper knowledge of our sinfulness, is but preparing us to know and love Christ increasingly as our great High Priest, and to glory

only in His finished work, His blood and righteousness, as the ground of our acceptance before God, and His intercession to make our prayers prevalent, sweet, and fragrant before His throne;—while at the same time we are led to rejoice in the fact that we have in Christ a merciful and faithful High Priest, who, though He is made higher than the heavens, can nevertheless be touched by a sense of all our infirmities, He being in all points tried as we are, while yet free from sin.

Reviews.

The Sower and The Little Gleaner.
Houlston and Sons.

THE *Sower* is full of good sound teaching, such as we believe will be read with profit in thousands of Christian homes; and *The Little Gleaner* is a well-arranged compilation of instructive and pithy pieces and picture illustrations which will make it very welcome to our young friends. The outside is prettily got up, and the inside full to the brim of most excellent matter. Both serials are issued this year in a very much improved size and appearance.

Seven Portraits of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, with Reminiscences of his Life at Waterbeach and London.
By G. H. PIKE. Passmore and Alabaster.

THESE photos represent the seven appearances of Mr. Spurgeon as seen by those who remember him through all his ministerial career. We are pleased with the pictures as a whole, though we can only with difficulty recognise the one for 1875. We are afraid that the one for 1878 is too

faithful. There is an amount of care and laugour in this one which gives a tinge of sadness to the group. Mr. Pike has our sincere thanks for threading together and preserving to us so much that perhaps otherwise would have been lost.

The Baptist Handbook.

MORE bulky than ever. Increasing with the increase of the denomination, and if we are to keep making increase, who shall predict what the handbook shall become? It must have cost an immense amount of time and labour. It is a most valuable companion, at least to every Baptist minister and deacon. The Union and the secretary deserve our heartiest thanks.

Some Rough Sermons on all sorts of Sayings and Subjects. By BLUNT ROBIN. First Series. Simpkin and Marshall; Hamilton and Adams.

BLUNT ROBIN hails from Preston. We recognise beneath this title a worthy contributor to our pages, and we esteem him all the more to find he has a power and a will to present us with

rough, as sometimes with polished, diamonds. Readers may realise the book by its list of chapters. Here they are: "Look at the Clock;" "Keep Your Mouth Shut;" "'Tis Only a Trifle;" "Put that Pipe Out;" "It Is the Fashion;" "Early to Bed;" "Laugh, and Grow Fat;" "Let By-gones be By-gones." A copy may be had bound in cloth for one shilling. **BUY ONE.**

The Christian Armour. In Ten Sermons. By the late Rev. SAMUEL WALKER, B.A. Republished by permission. By THOMAS GREEN, of Chichester, with a Brief Memoir of the Author. Chichester: Wilmshurst.

SERMONS by a godly clergyman of the English Church, who laboured earnestly in doctrine and life for the good of souls. He was called to heaven in the twenty-fifth year of his ministry and the forty-seventh year of his age, July 19th, 1761. His death was glorious. Among his dying sayings are the following:—"I have no doubt respecting my state in Christ or my future glory. Behold, I am going down to the grave, and holy angels wait for me. Why do you trouble yourselves and weep? Cannot you rejoice with me? I am going to heaven. Christ died. . . My Lord. . . Oh had I strength to express myself, I could tell you enough to make your hearts weep for joy. God is all love to me. My trials are very slight." The sermons are written in the spirit of one who lived near to God.

Also by the same publishers, *Reflections on Some of the Mysteries of the Unseen World; The History of Evil Spirits and How to Counteract Them.* Second Edition.

Satan's Snare. These contain an exposure of arts and wiles of the devil.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Rachel Comforted for her Children; or, Our Babes in Heaven. By J. OSWALD JACKSON. Elliot Stock.

SOME choice and beautiful lines, in which, under the similitude of a dream,

the gentle hand is introduced which wipes away the mourner's tears.

How do I Know that I have Faith? Partridge & Co.

OUR author is an old friend of ours, and a valued member of the Church of England. He is known far and near by his books, which have from time to time taken up the most thrilling questions about God, religion, and the soul. May God speed this last effort!

Dinners for the Bread-winner. Elliot Stock.

THIS little tract ought to be in the hands of every City Missionary, District Visitor, and, indeed, all who are poor or help the poor, and we wish a copy could be placed in every home.

Fellow Helpers to the Truth. An Address to Sabbath-school Teachers. By the Rev. Dr. CULROSS. Morgan and Scott.

WE are always profited by that which comes from this pen. Sunday-school teachers should read and pray over this Address.

A Talk with Boys about Tobacco. Partridge and Co.

OUR opinion is that men get no good from tobacco, while to boys it must be most pernicious.

Almanack. Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

WE omitted to notice last month this, one of the best and most valued of our almanacks. It is a Baptist and Congregational Handbook.

The Voice of Warning. (Buckingham-street, Strand.) Thoroughly Protestant. *The Ragged-School Quarterly* has, among other illustrations, one of the Earl of Shaftesbury distributing prizes to servants of both sexes who have been scholars in our ragged schools. *The Teachers' Storehouse*, as always, is good. *Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society.* We perceive that in the next issue we are to have a reply

to the Rev. John Venn, M.A., who has written on Dr. Grogg's pamphlet, *Poisoned Bread*. We take a very deep interest in this question.

Evangelical Christendom, The Australian Monthly, Truth and Progress, Night and

Day, by Dr. Barnardo, *The British Flag*, and a host of our Baptist monthlies and weeklies, including *Quarterly Report of the Baptist Tract Society*, with some capital specimen numbers of tracts. We wish all these may circulate by hundreds of thousands.

Poetry.

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

I am clinging to the cross,
Counting earthly gain but loss,
That I might the Saviour win,
And at last be found in Him
Who for me suffered, wept, and bled,
For me was numbered with the dead.

I am clinging to the cross;
All compared with this is dross,
Nothing else shall stand the test;
'Neath its shadow let me rest;
This shall all my glory be—
Jesus bore the cross for me.

I am clinging to the cross,
Let the world pronounce it loss,
This shall be my greatest gain;
Let the world pronounce it shame.
Peace and happiness it brings
To the soul that simply clings.

Simply to the cross I cling,
While my Saviour's love I sing:
Here I'll pray, and watch, and wait,
Till I see the golden gate
Opening to welcome in
Those redeemed by Christ from sin.

Barham.

E. S.

"FEAR THOU NOT."

A Thought for the Year.

BY KATE PUNG.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
Through the new and present year;

I will guide thee, I will guard thee,
I will chase away thy fear.

Fear thou not, poor timid Christian,
Through life's battle you must go,
Though deep waters press around thee,
And life's boat seems hard to row.

Fear thou not; in that dark garret
Where the sun scarce ever shines,
Yes, thy lot may seem a hard one,
'Twas My hand that drew the lines.

Fear thou not; poor sick and worn one,
Ah! thy pain seems hard to bear,
Look! look up, poor child remember
'Twas for thee I had My share.

Fear thou not; thou lonely widow,
Of thy dearest friend bereft,
Still remember that the greatest,
That the heavenly One is left.

Fear thou not; dear little orphans,
Every tear He sees that flows,
Don't forget, my little children,
Every heart the Saviour knows.

Fear thou not; thou man of business,
Ah! I know that heavy loss;
But remember, One much greater
Had to bear a heavier cross.

Fear thou not; thou broken-hearted,
Every groan the Saviour hears,
And remember if you trust Him
He will dry thy mournful tears.

Fear thou not; thou heavy-laden,
Does thy load so heavy seem,
Remember Jesus died for sinners,
His own lost ones to redeem.

Fear thou not; poor aged Christian,
 Very soon you'll hear Him say,
 Well done, good and faithful servant!
 Will not this your toil repay?

Fear thou not; when storms assail
 thee,
 And the tempter seems to say,
 You will fall, be lost for ever;
 Fear thou not, for I'm the way.

Fear thou not, poor trusting faint one,
 I am near thee, fear no fall,
 Though the light so faintly flickers,
 Sometimes scarcely burns at all.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
 Through the new and present year,
 I'll not leave thee, I'll be near thee.
 Thy poor fainting heart to cheer.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. D. RHYS JENKINS, after nearly six years' pastorate, has resigned the church at George-street, Salford.

Rev. E. Small, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church at Markyate-street, Beds.

Rev. P. Parker, of the Manchester College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Newbold Church, Rochdale.

Rev. James Blaikie, of Irvine, N.B., has received a call to the pastorate of the church at Great Victoria-street, Belfast.

Rev. J. P. Williams, LL.D., of Ponolottyn, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Rhyl.

Mr. W. L. Lang, of Balham, has accepted the pastorate of Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea.

Rev. P. J. Rollo, after a successful ministry of ten years, has resigned the pastorate of Union Chapel, King's Lynn, having accepted a unanimous invitation to the charge of the church in John Knox-street, Glasgow.

Rev. C. Springthorpe, of Longton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Wirksworth.

Rev. C. A. Davis has resigned the pastorate of the church at Grosvenor-street, Manchester, and accepted that

of the church at Bradford, Yorks, of which Rev. J. P. Chown was formerly pastor.

Rev. C. Hider has resigned the pastorate of the church at Beckington, having accepted that of the church at Wincanton.

Rev. W. Reynolds, of Burnley, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Gosford-street Chapel, Coventry.

Maryport.—Mr. Richard Walker, of Regent's Park College, has accepted an invitation from the church here to become assistant minister with Rev. D. Kirkbride.

Rev. W. Mayo, late of Keighley, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at St. Helens, Swansea. His address will be, "Gorse-lane, Swansea."

Mr. Evan Jones, student of the College, Haverfordwest, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Welsh Church in Castle-street, London.

Rev. George Barker has resigned the pastorate of the church at Beeston, Notts, and accepted that of the churches of Blaby and Whetstone, Leicester.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services connected with the settlement of Rev. T. W. Davies.

of Regent's-park College, as pastor of the church at High-street, Merthyr Tydvil, were held on Thursday last week, under the presidency of Mr. W. Harris. Several addresses were delivered, and it was stated that Mr. Davies will not take up his residence at Merthyr until the fall of the present year, when he will have completed his college term. In the meantime, however, he will occupy the pulpit once a month.

On Tuesday last week recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. G. Wainwright (late of Water-beach) as pastor of the church at Wellington-street, Stockton-on-Tees, was held. Rev. W. Whale, of Ipswich, presided; and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Hanson, W. McOwan, H. Dunnington, and others. Mr. Manton Smith, the Evangelist, sung some solos.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. J. Bradford as pastor of the church at Leytonstone were held on Thursday, Jan. 16. Rev. A. G. Brown preached, and in the evening Mr. G. A. Hutchison presided at the public meeting, at which several addresses were delivered.

PRESENTATIONS.

On Sunday, February 9, farewell sermons were preached by the Rev. C. A. Davis (who has accepted a unanimous "call" to Zion Chapel, Bradford) in Grosvenor-street Baptist Chapel, Manchester. On the following (Monday) evening a largely attended farewell tea-meeting was held, when Mr. Davis was presented, on behalf of members and congregation, with a handsome gold watch; on behalf of teachers and scholars, with an elegant writing-table; and on behalf of a mission school, with a paper-rack to accompany the same. Mrs. Davis was also presented, on behalf of Dorcas Society, with a handsome work-table and writing-desk combined.

On Tuesday evening, 14th January, at Westbourne-grove Chapel, Bayswater, the members of the young men's Bible-class presented to their teacher,

Mr. George Lindup, a token of affectionate esteem and regard. The testimonial consisted of the following books—viz., Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* (3 vols.); Farrar's *Life of Christ*; and *The Fern Paradise*. Mr. Lindup has been the leader of the Bible-class for nearly eight years.

At a social meeting of the church and congregations connected with Westbourne-grove and Praed-street Chapels, Rev. W. J. Avery, co-pastor with the Rev. J. Clifford, was presented with a purse containing £20, and a handsome marble clock, and a pair of vases, as an expression of esteem, and in recognition of his wedding.

At High Barnet, a preaching-station connected with the Regent's-park College, at a meeting under the presidency of Dr. Weymouth (of Mill-hill School), Mr. Rees, one of the students, was presented with a silver inkstand and other articles as an expression of esteem.

SANDHURST.—At their annual tea-meeting, January 14, the young people connected with Mrs. Brine's Bible-class presented her with a work-table, in recognition of her labours among them during the past thirteen years.

SALFORD.—Rev. D. Rhys Jenkins's friends at Great George-street, Salford, presented him on February 1 with a purse containing £75, in recognition of his services during his six years' pastorate of the church.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON: EAST DULWICH.—The annual meeting of Lordship-lane Chapel was held on Tuesday, January 28, when Mr. G. T. Congreve occupied the chair. The pastor, Rev. H. J. Tresider, gave an account of the progress of the church and its institutions; and the meeting was afterwards addressed by Revs. H. P. Hughes, B.A., Wesleyan minister; J. T. Briscoe, of Peckham; and W. F. Gooch, of Lower Norwood. The monetary result was above £30 gained to the funds.

Special thanksgiving services were on Sunday, February 2nd, and Tuesday, the 4th, celebrated at Chalk-farm

Chapel, Berkeley-road, in public recognition of the success of an effort to raise £1,000 towards the liquidation of the building debt during the past year, making £1,500 obtained within the five years of the present pastorate. On Sunday the Revs. E. Leach (pastor) and T. V. Tymms preached appropriate discourses, and on Tuesday a tea and public meeting took place under the presidency of the Rev. E. Leach. From a statement submitted, it appears that the chapel was erected in 1870 at a cost of £2,700, towards which only £150 had been secured when the present ministry commenced in 1873. Since then the church has considerably increased, upwards of 120 members being added, and the school contains 300 scholars. As the result of a scheme devised at the commencement of last year, the church has since raised nearly £300; the pastor has collected a further sum of £260; the Rev. T. V. Tymms, aided by his church at Clapton, has given about £270; in addition to which, several leading friends' contributions of £50 each, making up the total amount to the £1,000 required, and reducing the debt to £800. Addresses were delivered by the pastor; the Revs. E. White—who suggested the publication of the statement as likely to be as practically useful as the ordinary religious tract—T. V. Tymms, Dr. Angus, W. R. Rickett, and others.

LONDON: HACKNEY.—On Thursday evening, February 6, believers worshipping in Bethsaida Chapel, Hackney Wick, met to form themselves into a church. Twenty-two persons, on profession of their faith in Christ, were admitted into the church, and will be under the pastoral care, pro tem., of Mr. John Taylor, a student in the Pastors' College. During the present week special evangelistic services have been held.

LUTON.—The inaugural concert of the Park-street Young Men's Christian Association was given on January 27, at the Town Hall. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Miss Blake, the organist of Park-street Chapel. This association has

enrolled 250 members in the first week of the session.

HAMPSHIRE.—Under the direction of the Baptist Union for Great Britain and Ireland, special evangelistic services have been held from February 5 to February 21, by Revs. W. Barker (Hastings), J. Tuckwell (Luton) and T. W. Medhurst (Portsmouth), at Shirley, Andover, Broughton, Mottisfont, Romsey, and Winchester.

A meeting of Beds Baptist ministers was held last month at Park-street Baptist Chapel, under the presidency of the Rev. J. H. Blake, at which it was resolved to form a Beds Association of Ministers and Churches.

OLD FORD.—The anniversary sermons in connection with Parnell-road Chapel, of which Rev. C. F. Vernon is now pastor, were preached on Feb. 9th, by Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton. On the Monday a tea and public meeting was held, when Mr. H. E. Lester presided, and speeches were delivered by Revs. J. H. Blake, G. Frith, J. Teall, and J. O. Fellows.

To the Editor of the BAPTIST
MESSENGER.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the *Baptist Handbook* for 1879 there appears a memoir of my old friend and fellow-student, the late Rev. Standen Pearce. I regret not knowing that such memoir was to appear previous to its publication, as I should have liked to have included what I now send to you, and for which, please, try to find room in the *Messenger*.

When I entered the house at Taunton, in 1841, Pearce was the senior student, whose society we all enjoyed; but of this we were speedily deprived. The sudden and lamented death of the Rev. J. M. Chapman, of Yeovil, which occurred in the autumn of that year, brought upon the deacons of the church great trouble and anxiety, and temporarily, to meet the difficulty, Mr. Pearce was invited to supply the vacant

pulpit for two months. This led to his visiting the neighbouring town of Crewkerne, to his preaching there, and to an invitation to settle in this his first pastorate. I am one of the few surviving friends who were present at his ordination, in 1842; a season never to be forgotten by the privileged attendants. The entire engagements of the day—in which Frend, of Bridgewater, Price, of Montacute, and our venerated tutor, Mr. Jackson, took the leading parts—were most sacred and profitable, but the sermon delivered in the evening to the church and congregation by the Rev. Joseph Baynes, then of Wellington, Somerset, was a masterpiece of sanctified oratory. Taking for his text 1 Thess. v. 12, 13, the great preacher poured out strains of eloquence such as not only pleased his audience, but by which they were positively enraptured. The whole scene is present to my mental vision at this moment. As the now sainted man dwelt, in a few closing and powerful sentences, upon the words, "Be at peace among yourselves," the large congregation seemed to be drawn forward on their seats, filled with amazement at, and admiration of, such preaching and such a preacher. "For this service," said a friend to me, as we left the chapel, "Mr. Baynes has been preparing the whole of this day." This, dear sir, was such a scene as once witnessed must of necessity leave an impression lifelong; and I wonder not that the career of Mr. Pearce, commenced under such influences, should have been useful and honourable to the last.

With great esteem,

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

JOHN TEALL.

Charlton, S.E.

Feb. 12, 1879.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberdare*.—Jan. 19, Twelve, by Dr. Price.
Abercarnae, Mon.—Feb. 9, at the English Church, Five, by E. E. Probert.
Aylsham.—Jan. 30, One, by J. B. Field.
Bradford-on-Avon.—Jan. 19, Zion Chapel, Two, by R. H. Powell.
Booth, Liverpool.—Jan. 26, Four, by Z. T. Dowell.
Bourn.—Jan. 29, Thirteen, by W. Orton.
Burnley.—Jan. 20, Three, by V. Reynolds.
Carlton, Bedford.—Jan. 26, One, by J. Jull.
Carmarthen.—Feb. 9, English Chapel, Two, by T. Thomas.
Chatham.—Jan. 29, Eight, by J. Smith.
Crewe.—Jan. 26, Five, by F. J. Greening.
Dunfermline.—Jan. 22, Four, by J. T. Hagen.
Earl's Colne, Essex.—Jan. 17, Two, by W. E. Rice.
Ebenezer, Aberavon.—Jan. 26, Two, by O. W. James.
Ferndale, Rhondda Valley.—Dec. 15, at the English Church, Eleven; Jan. 5, Two, by R. C. Evans.
Great Yarmouth.—Jan. 26, Six, by T. Hagen.
Honeyborough.—Jan. 26, Six, by J. Johns.
Jarrou-on-Tyne.—Jan. 19, Grange-road, Fourteen, by W. Satchwell.
Knighton.—Jan. 26, One, by W. Williams.
Leamington.—Jan. 29, at Clarendon-street, Three, by H. Wright.
Leigh, Lancashire.—Feb. 2, Five, by D. Wareing.
Llwynypia.—Jan. 26, at Jerusalem Chapel, Three, by J. R. Jones.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—Jan. 29, at Bethel Chapel, Nine, by T. A. Pryce.
Meltham, Yorks.—Feb. 1, Four, by J. Alderson.
Metropolitan District.—
Dulwich.—Feb. 9, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Three, by H. J. Tresidder.
Harlington, Middlesex.—Jan. 31, Three, by W. Crick.
Leytonstone, E.—Jan. 26, Two; Feb. 9, Four, by Rev. J. Bradford.
Poplar, E.—Jan. 19, Four, at the New School, Brunswick-road, Poplar, by W. T. Lambourne.
Milnsbridge, Yorks.—Feb. 2 Two, by Mr. Speed.
Morecambe.—Feb. 5, Three, by W. G. Myles.
Normanton, Yorks.—Feb. 2, Four, by J. Myers.
Ogden.—Jan. 26, Two, by A. E. Greening.
Pontnewydd, Pontypool.—Jan. 13, Eight, by W. Davies.

Presteign, Radnorshire.—Jan. 23, Two, by S. Watkins.

Portsmouth.—Jan. 30, Lake-road, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.

Ramoth, Hirwain.—Jan. 12, Twelve, by E. Evans.

Salem, Haverfordwest.—Jan. 19, One, by D. O. Edwards.

Shaldon, Devon.—Jan. 26, Eight, by J. Peck.

Southampton.—Jan. 26, East-street, Three, by J. H. Patterson.

Stonebroom, Derbyshire.—Jan. 12, Five, by E. P. Barrett.

Sutton St. James, Lincolnshire.—Jan. 19 and 26, Fourteen, by A. A. Saville.

Sutton-in-Ashfield.—Jan. 26, Four, by A. E. Johnson.

Truro.—Feb. 9, Four, by J. S. Paige.

Weston, Towcester.—Jan. 26, Five, by J. Longson.

Weymouth.—Jan. 16, Eight, by B. H. Phillips B.A.

Whitwick, Leicestershire.—Jan. 12, Two, by F. Mantle.

Ystrad, Rhondda.—Feb. 9, One, by M. H. Jones.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, to February 10th, 1879.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|-----------------------|--------|-------------------------|--------|---------------------|----------|
| Mrs. Dring..... | 0 5 11 | Miss Gough..... | 0 5 0 | Collection at Long | |
| Mrs. Fitzgerald..... | 2 0 0 | E. F. G..... | 30 0 0 | Eaton, per Rev. C. | |
| A few Sermon | | Baptisma..... | 10 0 0 | F. Johnson..... | 1 4 0 |
| Readers, Swansea.. | 1 0 0 | J. B. C..... | 1 0 0 | Weekly Offerings at | |
| Mr. C. W. Roberts... | 3 3 0 | Per Mr. Keddie..... | 0 5 0 | Metropolitan Taber- | |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. C. | | Mrs. and Miss H. Mal- | | nacle, Jan. 19..... | 28 0 9 |
| Parry..... | 1 0 0 | don..... | 0 8 0 | " " 26..... | 12 3 8 |
| Mr. Edward Turner.. | 5 0 0 | Mrs. J. O. Cooper, per | | " Feb. 2..... | 25 14 6 |
| A. H. J..... | 1 0 0 | Mrs. Withers..... | 1 1 0 | " " 9..... | 28 0 9 |
| Mr. Searle..... | 1 0 0 | Collection at Victoria- | | " " 16..... | 29 4 6 |
| Mr. R. Gillespie..... | 1 0 0 | place, Paisley, per | | | |
| Mr. J. Thomas..... | 2 10 0 | Rev. J. Crouch..... | 4 5 6 | | |
| Mr. J. Hughes..... | 1 10 0 | Collection at Rom- | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead | 2 2 0 | ney-street, per Rev. | | | |
| Mr. G. Elder..... | 1 0 0 | H. Tarrant..... | 1 18 0 | | |
| S. S. Absolum..... | 0 3 0 | | | | |
| | | | | | £189 4 7 |

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

THE BANISHED ONES RESTORED.*

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

“Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.”—
2 SAMUEL xiv. 14.

THESE were the words of the wise woman whom Joab employed to plead for Absalom. He had been banished by David his father, and richly had he deserved the sentence. Growing weary after three years' exile, he longs to see once more the king's face, to be restored to favour, and to be permitted to come back and reside in Jerusalem. The woman then proceeds warily to compass her end with her wiles; so she impersonated a mourner, invented a parable, and invoked the king to protect the fugitive from the avenger of blood, till she made him conscious that it was for his own son her suit was preferred. After playing with the soft instincts of a woman's pity, she rises to a magnificent appeal to the mercy of God. Thus happily she got a double hold upon him. She must have felt confident that his natural feelings and his national faith were both on her side, when she said, “We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person, yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.”

Before I proceed to the main subject of our discourse, may I be permitted to ask if there be perchance some parent here who has an Absalom in his family from whom he has long been alienated? It is just possible, dear father, that your son has so greatly offended you that you have forbidden him to cross your threshold or enter your house. He is banished as far as you are concerned. Though it was years ago that the provocation happened, and many attempts have been made to heal the breach, you have been relentless and implacable as one who is flinty-hearted. “I will not alter my determination,” you have said; “to no appeal or apology will I listen; from my first sentence, however severe, I will not flinch.” Is this right, my friend; is this as it should be? Thy hair is turning grey; how wilt thou be prepared to meet thy God and seek His mercy if thou hast not forgiven thine own child his trespasses? How canst thou say in the last hour, “Father, receive my spirit,” when thou wilt not receive thine own son? Thou art evil; it were little for thee to be reconciled to one who has aggrieved thee; but if thou refuse, what plea canst thou use with a perfect God to receive such a sinner as thou art in the plenitude of His grace? Or should the case be that of a mother, surely your instincts should prevail, even were the persuasives far less cogent. If any of you who are parents have cast off your children, and utterly discountenanced them, I beseech you to revoke your bitter resolution. Seek them; forgive them; recall them to your bosom; restore them to your hearts; reinstate them in your homes. Oh! it ill becomes us to play the judge and to put on the black cap, especially for the condemnation of our own offspring.

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 245, NEW SERIES.

Remember their tender years. Remember the days when they did hang at your breast, when they were dandled on your knees! Can you forget them? No, mother; let your love never grow cold! Father, let your patience never be exhausted! As God restores such poor dying worms as we are to His love and to His favour, let us imitate Him, and forgive as we hope to be forgiven.

Nor is such a maxim merely applicable to the case of a father and a child. I might urge the words of the wise woman in every instance of disagreement, especially if either of the parties to it professes to be a Christian. How can you wear the name of Christ and yet continue at enmity with each other? I was asked the other day concerning two church-members (not members of this church, I am thankful to say), whether they ought to be allowed to come to the communion table, seeing that they would not speak to each other when they met. How the Saviour's wounds must bleed afresh when this is the conduct of his own people! Do you talk of being washed in blood while the little offences of your neighbour, or of your brother, cannot be washed away? Renounce your profession, or else live up to it. Either play the Christian's part in forgiveness, or else pretend not to be a Christian. There is no need that thou shouldst damn thyself twice over—first by thine unforgiving spirit, and secondly by thy hypocritical profession. If thou canst not forgive, at least be honest enough to get thee out of the Christian Church, and take up thine abode outside in an ungodly, envious, unforgiving world.

These remarks, though not exactly relevant to the purpose I have in view this evening, are nevertheless of paramount importance. In such a congregation as this they must be peculiarly appropriate to some particular persons. Though I do not know to whom the Lord may have sent this message, I have delivered it faithfully, and I charge you scrupulously to fulfil it. Look me in the face, you unforgiving ones, as I will look you in the face in God's great day. Listen to the reproof of a fellow creature if you would escape the retribution of divine justice. Unless you forgive, even unto seventy times seven those who have offended against you, you will be condemned without a spark of commiseration.

And now we are about to speak of God Himself, who is cited as our great Example. God has His banished ones, and He has devised means to bring them back.

THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE MAY BE REGARDED AS EXILES.

We were banished as the result of our first father's fall. Our race, attainted in its head of high treason against the sovereignty of heaven, was thereupon expelled from Eden. Man is also driven far away from God by his own transgressions. There is now no communion between God and man. Man is alienated from God by his wickedness, and God is estranged from man by reason of His just indignation. Yet out of the huge mass of mankind God has been pleased with discriminating love to separate to Himself a people, whom He calls His own people, and who, though "banished," are "*His* banished" ones; disaffected towards God, but not deserted by Him; known to God, though not liking to retain God in their knowledge; without any desire for His protection, but still chosen of Him according to His everlasting purpose, the good pleasure of His own will. These banished ones God will bring to Himself. He has been pleased to devise the means for so doing. You know the plan, but I

will tell it you over again. The old story needs no garnishing, and I can give it none. The Lord of Glory, the Only begotten Son of the Father, left His throne of light, came down to this dark earth, took upon Himself our fallen nature, was clothed in flesh and blood as we are, and being found in fashion as a man became obedient to death—even the death of the cross—suffering as man all that was due from man to divine justice, and fulfilling as man all the obligations of that holy law of God which it was the bounden duty of the creature to discharge towards his Creator. And now Jehovah sees with satisfaction a perfect man of the substance of His mother, perfect in His nature, perfect in His obedience, and perfect through suffering. Looking into the face of that perfect Son of man, who is none other than the Son of God, He approves and accepts Him as a Surety, and a Substitute, and a Saviour. Then He receives into His heart and into His company all the myriads for whom that man lived, for whom He served, for whom He died, for whom He rose again, for whom He now stands before the eternal throne. The divine way of redemption thus bears a close analogy to the judicial way in which we were originally ruined. We were exiled through the sin of another; we are restored by the righteousness of another. “As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.” In Adam the gates of Eden are shut against us; in Christ the kingdom of heaven is opened to all believers. By Adam we are sent forth to wander; by Christ we are brought back never to wander more. One man’s disobedience sowed the seeds of exhaustless woe; but one greater man’s obedience reaped a harvest of everlasting welfare, which brings us back again to amity with heaven, to perfect peace with an offended God.

God has devised means, then, for bringing His banished ones back, and we call those means by this word—*redemption*. If we were sold as slaves, the price is now paid, and we are free. If we were far off from God the distance is bridged, and we are brought near through the precious blood of Jesus Christ. I shall not detain thee, dear hearer, upon this point. I will only ask thee—Hast thou ever received it into thine own soul? Hast thou been delivered from the bondage of sin by the blood of Jesus? There are many of you here whose faces I may never have seen before, and may never see again, but I will venture to ask you the question, Were you redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus? “Yes,” say some of you, “we were all redeemed.” Ah! but that is not what I mean, for general redemption leaves tens of thousands to perish. I want to know whether you have ever had a particular experience of your own redemption. I will not enter now into any knotty argument about the number that Christ redeemed; are you redeemed from the present evil world, being ransomed from the power of the enemy of souls? All the general redemptions that were ever preached are of no use to any man until he feels and finds out that he is specially and particularly redeemed by Jesus Christ. Let me tell you, my dear hearer, if you are no more redeemed than Judas was you will go to Judas’s place. If you profess to be redeemed, but are not regenerated, you will have no part in the resurrection of the just. If you are no more redeemed than drunkards, swearers, and whoremongers are, what will it profit you? If it be in notion but not in nature, by a sacrament that does not save you from your sins, such a redemption as that will be of no service to you. You need to be redeemed from this present evil

world. You require to be redeemed by a redemption particular, special, peculiar, personal, experimental, present. Have you been thus redeemed and rescued? Has the precious blood of Christ redeemed you from all your iniquities? Do you trust Jesus to save you to the uttermost? It all lies in a little compass. Do you trust, do you love Jesus? If so, you are among His banished, and the means have been devised to bring you back from your exile, and back you shall come through the ransom and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. And yet, beloved friends, redemption is not exactly synonymous with salvation, although it is the basis of that consummate purpose. The redemption needs to be applied, and God has means of bringing redemption to the hearts of His own chosen ones. Never imagine that after our Lord Jesus Christ has bought us with His blood, He would leave us to find out the way of appropriating its infinite benefits. Alas for us, had He done the greatest deed for our welfare, to be regulated by our own choice, without cheering us with His counsel and His countenance, we should none of us have been saved. In vain had the feast been spread without the messengers to invite us, or the servants to compel us to come in. Such our folly and infatuation, we should all of us have "refused to taste and perished in our sins." What says the proverb: "You can lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." God can control the will of man: He can make us willing; that is what He does for us. He has not only opened the fountain for sin and uncleanness, and brought us to know of it, but He has constrained reluctant hearts to retreat to it, being made "willing in the day of His power." Some people are so jealous of the free agency of man, that they are afraid to ascribe too much to the free grace of God. I trust there is no fear of our ever falling into that trap.

"We give all the glory to His holy name,
For to Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy to sound forth His praise,
And crown Him in each of your songs."

I loved to preach the free grace of God years ago; it grows dearer to me every hour. Saints, as they are getting nearer to heaven, will all bear me witness. They may have entertained a little tinge of Arminianism when health and strength made them self-confident; but with failing health and declining strength they would find comfort and conviction leaning to the Calvinistic doctrine of grace, grace, grace, nothing but grace, to bring them to their journey's end. It is truly delightful to contemplate the means which God has devised for bringing his banished ones back. He does it through the Gospel. They must hear the Gospel, for faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. But some of them are reluctant to listen to it. Ay, but they shall hear it, for God has ways of making them hear it. The old story told by Elisha Coles is sufficiently typical for my purpose. A man who never would hearken to the Gospel was induced to go to church for the sake of the music, though he sat with his fingers in his ears during the sermon: a fly happened to pitch upon his nose, and he must needs take his fingers from his ear to brush it away, and just at the moment the preacher said, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." This text so struck him that he listened to the rest of the sermon, and God found him out. That fly was as much

an angel of mercy to that man as Gabriel himself ever was to those to whom he was sent. The means is thus the hearing of the Gospel; but the perplexing point is, oftentimes, that hearing they do not heed what they hear. The sound breaks on their outward ears, but the sense never strikes their inmost souls; they are so used to it that it seems like a world old story that has lost all its charm by repetition. What a nuisance I must have been to some of you who have heard me so long that you may well grow weary of the tidings I tell and of the very tones in which my testimony is from time to time uttered. Oh! what shall I say to arouse some of you from your habitual listlessness? I can think of nothing fresh, but I must fall back upon the persuasion of the text; if you be indeed the Lord's banished he will yet find ways of bringing you back. What arguments can I employ? 'Twere vain to tell you of judgment, since you know your own doom. 'Twere almost in vain, one might fear, to repeat again the revelation of mercy to the victims of misery, for the name of Jesus has so often been made to ring around these walls, a hearty welcome to all suitors, that I tremble lest you should voluntarily choose your own delusions and perish in the wilful perversity of your foolish hearts. In sheer despondency I ask if you never will be amongst those whom God bringeth back from banishment? Must we leave you to perish and cease to rebuke you because you despise this great salvation? May God forbid! The very mention of it shocks me. Yet God has His ways; they are not all exhausted yet. I have been thinking that perhaps some of you will be going elsewhere during my absence for the next few weeks. You may drop into some chapel where God's blessing may reach you. Happy shall I be if you ever come before the church and say, "Sir, I went and heard a stranger in a strange place, and the Lord went with me." 'The Lord save your soul by any of His servants! As long as you are saved it will be equal joy to me. Oh! that the word may come to you in demonstration of the spirit and in power! What a joy would this be!

God has so many ways that I could not stop to try and instance them. Some He brings to Himself by godly parents so early that they do not know when they were converted, and yet converted they are. Some He brings by means of indefatigable Sunday-school teachers, whose earnest lessons have a Divine benediction. Some He blesses through the reading of religious books—ay, and what is a singular thing, even through the reading of irreligious books; not that I would advise any of you to read irreligious books with that idea. Yet it is true that God in His sovereignty has even blessed to the conversion of men some of the strangest books that ever were written and some of the strangest sights that ever were seen. I know a minister of Christ who had his first impression at a theatre. The play had some representation of a sailor about to be hanged, who took a glass and drank to the health of his immortal soul. "Immortal soul!" said the young man. "Immortal soul! Then what business upon earth have I to be here? Immortal soul! Then what am I doing here amidst all this gewgaw and trickery? If ever I live to get out of it I will never be here again." Immortal soul! Those two words followed him, brought him to his knees, guided him to the Cross, and presently led him to preach the Gospel! I do believe that no man can by any possibility wander so far into sin, or go so far astray from the fold, but God can reclaim the prodigal, when the day of mercy comes. Though a man may have plunged

into the foulest of crimes, and shut himself out from all possibility of being reached by outward instrumentality, yet God will meet with him in some special manner rather than Christ, the Shepherd of souls, should lose one blood-bought sheep. It is a bold doctrine to preach, but as it is true I can leave the consequence to take care of itself. Here is comfort for you, fathers and mothers who have children that have gone into sin! That may well cheer you in following them up with your prayers. Here is encouragement still to seek the obdurate, impenitent ones. Though they are beyond our reach they are not beyond God's reach. I take the bow and arrow, and I shoot; alas! my poor strength fails to send the missive half-way. But when the Eternal Arm exerts its strength and its skill, the arrow flies not at a venture, but to a dead certainty, and arrests the sinner, striking him between the joints of the harness. Oh! what short work it makes when the Almighty shows his own device. How Satan looses his hold; how soon the salvation is apparent. In Mr. Whitfield's day two members of Parliament were converted by Divine grace, and it made a great sensation; it was talked of as a wonder that such notable men should turn Methodists! Well, and why not? Why should not grace reach the greatest and the highest as well as the lowest and the poorest? At that very same time Mr. Whitfield's ministry was being blessed to some of the outcasts of society, whose sins were of the blackest dye, and who afterwards lived to glorify Christ by their godly lives, and died triumphantly bearing witness to the covenant faithfulness of God. Yes, my Master's sword can smite the high and the low. His arrows can stick fast in all sorts of hearts. Sinners, be they lofty or lowly, cultured or clownish, from among the mighty or the meaner orders; diligent in their business or dissolute in their habits; self-righteous in their own esteem or scandalous in the estimation of others—sinners of all shades may be slain by the weapons of the Cross, and then made to live again by the power of Jesus. Yes; there is with Him no lack of resources; He has devised means by which to bring His banished ones back.

My heart is very anxious for some of you who do not know Christ. Who can tell, in a promiscuous assembly like this, what has inclined many of you to gather in this assembly? Surely you do not profess to come, some of you, as worshippers. Why you have come I cannot tell, except that the Lord intends to bless you. Oh! I pray he may. What brought that drunken man here? In a very different state he staggered to his couch last night. What a blessing to thy family, and to thyself, if thou shouldst be reconciled to God! Thou hast been banished by thy wickedness; but thy Heavenly Father comes after thee; He weeps over thee through my eyes, and invites thee by my lips to come to Him. Come to Him, come to Him now. God grant that thy coming here may be the means which He has devised that His banished be not expelled from Him. And what brought *you* here, oh scoffer? You dislike every mention of religion. You cannot find words foul enough for the preacher, and you abhor the very thought of a Sabbath. What brought you here? Resolved that you will never yield you may be among the first to bow to the sceptre of sovereign grace. My God knows how to get at your heart. Though it be like granite, it shall be like wax before the melting accents of His voice. He who can fetch water out of solid rocks can fetch tears out of your sealed eyes. I pray God He may. And thou, who callest me thy

friend, though thou art to my Lord a bitter foe, what often brings thee here? Poor soul, thou hast no part nor lot in this matter; of this thou art well aware. Thou art no child of God; thou art a stranger and an alien, and yet thou dost hover around this place as if it were thy home. Wilt thou not ere long yield to grace? What is it that attracts thee? Wilt thou always go round and round the table and yet never eat? come and see the sparkling of the fountain and yet never drink? I will hope better things for thee. The Lord devise, in His infinite mercy, the means whereby thou mayest be brought in. Worst of all, worst of all, there are some here who know more about the Gospel than I do. Peradventure they have heard it more years than I have preached it; they are often impressed, and constantly awakened; but *there is one sin, there is one sin, one sin* which I will not mention; but one sin there is, only one, which excludes them from the fellowship of the faithful. An excellent man, whose reputation might well excite envy, is before my eyes. He is here to-night, and he knows who I mean. He is praiseworthy in all respects but one; there is one sin that defiles his whole soul. Many times he has been greatly impressed, and he has told others about it; he has been compelled to confess the finger of God against him for his one sin; it is more than he dare do to say a word in extenuation of that one sin; he knows the evil of it, he feels the evil of it. As sure as thou livest thy one sin will be to thee a worm that dieth not, and a fire that can never be quenched, unless the everlasting grace of God shall break that iron bar and set thee free.

Proceeding a step further, let us notice another application of this sacred adage. It is to be regretted that many of the Lord's people backslide; but **IN EVERY SUCH CASE** He doth devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him.

The case of a gross backslider is very difficult to deal with. The question is obviously raised whether such a man was ever truly regenerated. If he were a Christian, how came he to fall into this great sin? On the other hand, it is always to be fully credited, and never to be negligently doubted, that a true Christian, when betrayed into sin, will most certainly be brought back again to penitence and pardon. Let this light dawn on your hearts, and this truth be deemed trustworthy, though loose-minded people draw a licentious argument from it. The truth ought to be spoken. There is comfort here for those who have grievously committed themselves, and gone bitterly astray. We have not, as a church, escaped the necessity of exercising discipline in respect to backsliders. In this congregation there are those whose lapses have stained our records by their impurity. Thank God there are not many; they are few in the ratio of our fellowship. Yet each lapse has been a cause of deep lamentation in the Church, and to their own households it has been not a little humiliating. But oh, there is comfort in knowing that for such corruption there is a cure, seeing that He doth devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him. I have in mind now some of those who fell into sin, and had to be put away for awhile; and gratefully do I remember how the love of God brought them back. It was a happy hour when I gave them again the right hand, openly renewing their Christian fellowship, and felt as if the second welcome we gave them was more true and real than the first. Ah, poor backslider, it deeply grieves your brethren when they have to put

you away for the Church's purity ; and it will give them great joy when they see that you have repented and come back to participate in the Church's privileges. Do I speak to any who have given up ever going to the house of God ? It is a very bad form of backsliding that results in giving up a religious profession, and entirely neglects the services of the sanctuary, dispenses with the regular reading of the Bible, and forbears the exercises of prayer and supplication. Oh ! if you are a child of God, you cannot be happy in such self-abandonment. If the love of God lingers in your soul, you may seek to spend your Sunday in sensual pleasure, but you will find that it yields you no satisfaction. You may get among the worldly, but the games and jokes in which they revel you will fail to relish. Not unfrequently have I asked backsliders when they sought re-union with the Church, if they had enjoyed the interval of dissipation in which they had indulged, and I invariably found that their review of the period of their relapse has been a record of wretchedness. Sickness has overcast their spiritual life. If you can sin without sorrow there is no ground for supposing that grace has ever glanced on your heart. It is impossible to reap wheat if you have sown wild oats. Has any young woman here lately been married to an ungodly man ? Do you not know the consequence ? You think you are going to convert him, do you ? Ah ! your conscience tells you to the contrary. He will soon drag you down to his dead level. He has marred his prospects by a miserable mistake in marrying you, for to his tastes you will never be able to conform. But if you really are a believer, you have made the more grievous blunder, for you never can be happy with him, or with the company to which he introduces you, whilst you will thus be shut out from the communion of saints, debarred full often from attending the means of grace, and hindered from walking near to God. A backsliding state is a wretched state. Do not try it if you value your own peace. Not only do you dishonour God, but you dissipate the profitable lessons you had learned, and bring leanness into your own soul. Though perhaps you may prosper in the world while you are thus backsliding in your heart, you will have cause to rue it ; like the children of Israel, to whom God gave quails, but while the meat was yet in their mouths the wrath of God came upon them. Oh ! the bitterness which backsliding brings into the backsliding soul ! But still, for all that, God will bring, and does bring, these broken-limbed backsliders back again to Himself. Come to Him, ye wandering ones ! Come back to Him without a moment's delay. Your Heavenly Father calls you. Your first Husband puts to you the question, " Was it not better with thee then than now ? " Come back to Him ! come back to Him now.

I must close by observing that there is a sense in which ALL THE PEOPLE OF GOD ARE EXILES.

This world is the land of banishment. Great fault has been often found with Dr. Watts for singing of this world as a wilderness, as if he wrote the hymn under the influence of a morbid humour, but to us it is a wilderness, and there is no making anything better of it. A beautiful world though it is in many respects, for the Christian it is and never can be anything but a desert. It is not his home. He has no continuing city in it. If he had one it would be a proof that he was not a follower of Christ, who died without the camp. We are all exiles with Him. Yes, many of our

sacred songs are filled with sighs over the present and longings for the better land; like these—

- “I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home.
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.”
- “We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight.
Zion it's name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.”
- “Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd.”

Content we are with God's providence and His promise, content to make this wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose while we journey through it, but our inheritance is on the other side of the stream of death. We are pressing forward to it. We hope soon to reach it. Shall we ever get there? The text tells us that God has devised means that His banished be not expelled from Him. “Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship,” but they will all come safe to land. The sheep shall all be gathered into the fold; some led along devious trackways, passing through many trials; others by smoother paths; some in great flocks, others in little companies, or even one by one, but they will all reach the fold in heaven. The jewels shall all be taken from the mine, and be fished up from the depths of the sea, and every one be set in the crown of glory, and glitter in the diadem of the King. Means there are, means that God has devised, and He can by all means, and He will by some means bring every chosen one to see His face with joy, and praise Him without ceasing.

I wish I could have handled this subject with greater force, but as I cannot, I must leave the text with you. Oh that we all of us, both the speaker and every one of his hearers may have the unspeakable privilege of being brought home out of our exile to see our Father's face. This can only be brought to pass by our believing in the Son of God. Hast thou believed on the Son of God? Dost thou believe in Him now? If thou dost not, oh, may God give thee faith to trust in Him who died for sinners, and thou shalt live through Him. If thou hast believed through grace, God give thee more faith to go on from strength to strength, till every one in Zion appeareth before God.—AMEN.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a fine evening in spring, and the Rev. James Fuller was making a few pastoral visits in the neighbourhood in which Mr. John Carter lived. In due course he knocked at his door, and was pleased to find that the master of the house himself came to open it, and to give him a cordial welcome as he crossed the threshold.

"Good evening, John," said the pastor, as he took the proffered seat, "and how is Mrs. Carter?"

"Middlin', sir, thank you. She went about half an hour ago to the ladies' sewin' meeting."

"Then we can have a little chat to ourselves. Well, how are you getting on?"

"In what respect, sir?"

"In mind, body, and estate."

"I think I may say, sir, as regards all things, I've more to be thankful for, than to groan over."

"I am glad to hear it, my worthy friend. But I have a notion that we all ought heartily to make the same grateful acknowledgment. We may have our respective troubles, but in comparison with our mercies they are so few that our praises ought to be largely in excess of our groans. The evil, however, is that we do not always think so, or look at the matter in that light."

"That's true enough, Mr. Fuller. At least, I cannot say that I

always do. Still I was thinking the other day, when cast down a little, that I could count my real troubles upon my fingers, without going over them twice; but that if I attempted to count my mercies in the same way a hundred times over, I should even then be far off the end."

"That thought, John, may serve as a wholesome check to us when we have a tendency to indulge in a fretful spirit, or in a murmuring mood. Do you know what Dr. Guthrie says? It was a favourite saying of his that 'We write our blessings on the water, and our afflictions on the rock.' And that is just what we are prone to do. Mercies come and go in their thousands, and because they are so common, they are as soon forgotten as if they had been written on the tidal wave; but a few afflictions remain engraved upon the memory like inscriptions in Sinaitic stone. If we only tried to do the reverse, by cultivating the art of writing our afflictions on the water and our blessings on the rock, we should all be far happier than we are. But passing by that, I wanted to ask you, Mr. Carter, one question, 'Are you striving still to follow in the footsteps of your departed friend, 'Happy Bob,' in seeking to attain an habitual spiritual frame of mind?"

"I am, sir."

"In what way?"

"In this way, Mr. Fuller. After the talk I had with you, I determined with the Holy Spirit's grace, to strive every day to do seven.

things. 1. To examine my heart to see that it was in a right state before God. 2. To read before starting out to work a verse or two of God's Holy Word, on which to meditate throughout the day. 3. To pray over it, and then in its strength to enter upon my labour. 4. To offer up ejaculatory prayer to the Lord from time to time during the day, as the Spirit might prompt, or as occasion might require. 5. To be on the look out for any opportunity of spiritual usefulness that the Master might graciously afford. 6. To do His will as thus revealed in all things, whether pleasant or unpleasant to flesh and blood. And 7. To take a review at the close of each day, to see wherein I have succeeded or failed in my endeavour thus for Christ's sake to win a good name, and, as a Christian, to live for some useful purpose."

"And how long have you tried to carry out these good rules?"

"About six months, sir."

"And, of course, you have always succeeded?"

"Nay, nay, sir, I cannot say that; on the contrary, there is not a day I live, but at the close of it I regret to feel how far I am from reaching the mark I aim at, and how short in everything I come. Still, I feel it to be my duty, as Paul says, to '*press towards the mark*;' so praying to the Lord Jesus to wash away all my imperfections in His precious blood, I start again and struggle on, and the Lord often gives me victories, even though I do have defeats. But I will tell you, Mr. Fuller, what helps me as much as anything."

"What is it, my friend?"

"It is my fourth rule—*ejaculatory prayer*. Do you know what Rowland Hill used to say about it?"

"I cannot exactly remember."

"Well, as I was reading his life the other night I came across it, and it made me laugh right out, I thought it so true. He says, 'I like ejaculatory prayer; it reaches heaven before the devil can get a shot at it.' And I like it for the same reason. When I've tried at times to offer *long* prayers, Satan has fired his shots of evil thoughts and temptations and lies at me, till I have thought it was no use of me attemptin' to pray again; but an ejaculatory prayer speeds fast as lightnin' to heaven and before the Evil One can fling a fiery dart at it it's lodged there safely enough. And what do you think my favourite prayer of this sort is? It consists of three little words, and three only. It is '*Lord, help me*.' I firmly believe I sometimes offer up that short prayer fifty times in a day, and the Lord often answers it there and then wonderfully. Shall I give you a case or two, sir?"

"Yes; please do."

"Then I will tell you three things that happened in one day, and that was only last Thursday. When on duty in the morning a train was passing through the station at a good speed when the people on the platform set up an alarmin' shout. Looking to see what was the matter, I perceived a little child, about four years of age, that had strayed into the middle of one of the lines while its mother was busy gettin' her ticket, and there it was walkin' with its back to the engine, which was not a thousand yards off. The engine driver saw the child, blew his whistle loudly, and tried to slacken speed, but it was of no use. Ten times quicker than I can tell you the story, I cried, 'Lord, help me!' and before the little thing was aware of its danger I leaped right over one set of rails to where it was, caught it in my arms, and

jumped aside, feeling, as I did so, as if the engine had grazed my shoulder as the train thundered by. It was a narrow escape and when it was over, I thought there had just been 'a step between me and death.' The Lord, however, answered my prayer, and enabled me to make that spring, and save the poor little darling from destruction. The people gave a lusty cheer when they saw we were both safe, and as to the mother she hugged the child in her arms as if she was half frantic. She was just comin' out of the bookin'-office when she heard the people shout, and so she saw the whole affair. In her gratitude she wanted me to take a small sum of money, but as I perceived she was poor, I told her I would have nothing; so she went off saying she hoped the Lord would reward me for running such a risk.

"The second occasion that day on which the Lord specially helped me was of another kind. About a dozen of us were in the porters' room takin' a bit of dinner, when one of the young clerks, who had been at an infidel meetin' the night before, began to tell us what the infidel lecturer said, and he tried in tellin' it to make all sorts of fun of some statements in God's Word. I stood it as long as I could, and then silently lifting up my heart in prayer to God, saying, 'Lord, help me!' I spoke out. I said: 'Look here, my friend, you know me, and I profess to be a Christian. Now I believe the Bible to be God's Word, and, therefore, true. And why do I believe it? Simply because *I've tried it*. I was once a wild, wayward youth, likely to go wrong and bring myself to ruin. But one day I was induced to enter a place of worship, when the minister took this text, 'My son, if

sinner entice thee, consent thou not.' That word came home to me and led me to shake off bad company, and go regularly to the house of God. And now what followed? I read the Bible, and the more I read it the more I learned to love it. I saw that it taught me to hate sin, to love holiness, and to walk uprightly. It pointed out the path of danger, and led me into the path of safety. It brought me to Christ and enabled me to lay hold of eternal life. To reading it and in some humble measure strivin' to carry it out, I owe more joys and pleasures than tongue can tell; and if some folks, instead of livin' fast lives and spendin' their money in smokin' cigars, and goin' to the theatre and dancin' saloon, and breakin' up their constitutions early in life with drinkin', and tryin' to back themselves up in it by goin' to infidel lectures, would only turn over a new leaf and follow the teachings of the good old Book which they try to make game of they would be a hundred times happier, and be far more likely to come to a good end.' That's about as far as I got, but it shut the young chap up. He tried to laugh it off, but the cap fitted tightly, and he sneaked out as soon he could. But the best part of the story is to come. In the after part of the day another young clerk who was present came to me, and he said, 'John, you hit Solomon Noodle hard, but it was just what he deserved. He persuaded me to go with him to this infidel lecture last night, and such stuff you never heard: little as I know of the Bible, it seemed to me as if the man was caricaturing and wilfully perverting every statement in it that he quoted. I said nothing to Solomon, but thought the more; and when you spoke out as you did I felt you were right, and so if

you'll take me I'll go with you to your chapel next Sunday night, and if I like it, I'll come regular.' You cannot tell, Mr. Fuller, what joy that gave me. That text rung in my ears, '*Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord,*' and I thought, this comes through acting up to character. So the lad came, and he's goin' to pay for a sittin' for himself. Did you see him, sir?"

"I did; and wondered who he was."

"Now then for the third story. When I got home at night I was told that a man in the next street, a swearin', drunken fellow, who has nearly worked himself up with his drinkin' habits, had broke a blood-vessel, and wasn't likely to live, but when asked if he would see a minister, he said he'd done without parsons all his life, and he thought he could do without 'em to the end. But I thought it a shame to let him die without hearing a word about the Saviour, and I said I'd venture to go in and see him. They said he'd only curse and swear if I did, and it was of no use talking to such a rebel. I replied, 'Well, that's more than you can tell; God can reach his heart as well as anybody else's, while Christ is able to save to the uttermost; anyhow I'll try.' So I went in, and what do you think was the first thing he said? 'John,' said he, 'is that you?' I'm glad you're come in; for strange to say I was only thinkin' about you a few minutes ago; I want you to talk a bit to me. They wanted me to have a parson, but I want no parsons; I want somebody to talk to me as I knows and can trust; and if you can tell me a bit of something as will be likely to do me good, I'll hear you, only you musn't expect me to talk, as I'm so weak.' Well I could hardly believe my own ears, and my heart leaped

for joy to think he'd come round so. So simply crying under my breath, 'Lord, help me!' I began talking quietly to him about my own experience and the love of Christ till the poor fellow fairly broke down and he sobbed like a child. Then I offered a short prayer with him, and he said, 'John, you'll come again, won't you?' I said, 'I will, Joe;' and we bade one another good night. But it was the first and last interview we had. Next morning before it was light the blood-vessel burst again, and in a few minutes he was dead. How I felt when I heard the news I can hardly tell you, but if ever I was thankful that the Lord had inclined me to visit a desperate case it was that one. Then that text followed me up for days after, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.'"

(To be continued.)

CALLING THE LAMBS.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

THESE beautiful words have come down from heaven to you and me, and every man, woman and child in the world. They are the words of God, and, like all His words, they should be received by us with a sincere desire to do the things which they require. Though uttered over a thousand years ago, they are important and binding, as if it were only yesterday. God's words never grow old. When He told

the children of Israel to do good and flee from evil, He meant their successors to receive the commandment as well. He speaks once for all; and we must listen and obey as though we heard the tones of His voice giving out the law to us. To show you more clearly what I mean, I will illustrate it in this way—You all know that Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Now, did He mean that only the little boys and girls from Salem should come, or did He mean all the lads and lasses everywhere? What is your answer? "He wanted all young folk to come from every place and in every age, until the last trumpet sounds." That is right. It is one of the most blessed truths of the Bible that every child may come and trust in Jesus, and look up into the face of God and say "Our Father." It is just the same in regard to His commandments and promises, they are for all of us to obey and enjoy them. So that the words of our text are God's own special words to all who are in this room. He comes to me as I stand here talking to you, and whispers, "Be *thou* faithful." He speaks to your superintendent and says, "Be *THOU* faithful." So to all your teachers. Then He looks into the eyes of each boy and girl, and sees right down into the heart; and, knowing what boys and girls can do in life, He says, with meek and gentle voice, to each one separately, "Be *thou* faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Now what does being faithful mean?

It means that we should do our duty. And if you want to know what doing our duty means, it is simply this, that we do those things which we ought to do. First of all, then, we owe Him our very best

love and service; and must never give Him less than the best. We love a great many things; but we must love the Giver far more than the gifts. We love the beautiful things in nature—the stars with their silver light, the flowers of the field, the daisies, the violets, the buttercups, and all the sweet things which grow in our gardens; also the birds and the brooks, which sing their music to us in order to make us happy. These things, precious though they be, should lead us to love God for His kindness in sending them to us. Again, we love to be easy and comfortable, and to have all things going smoothly; but we must not love these things more than Our Heavenly Father and His holy commandments. Sometimes men are called upon to suffer great pain and anguish in doing their duty. Jesus, our Elder Brother, who did His duty better than any of us can do ours, passed through a life of terrible tribulation. He could have had ease and comfort if He had chosen. But no! His perfect love to God, and obedience to His will, led Him to endure patiently all the troubles which men threw upon Him. It is better to die doing our duty than to live with all the luxuries of earth around us in disobedience to the Divine will. Our duty is a most sacred thing. We cannot set it aside because it is irksome; we cannot neglect it because it sometimes brings pain; when death comes we can lay it down, and not before. Let me tell you a story.

Polycarp was bishop of the church at Smyrna. He had held that position for many years, and all his time and energy and talents had been given to further the cause of Christianity in that lovely city by the sea. Just as he

was nearing the close of his useful life a cruel persecution broke out against himself and his people. Jews and heathens bound themselves to the work of sweeping the harmless Christians off the face of the earth; and, as Polycarp was the greatest among these despised people, it was determined to take him first and put him to death. His friends warned him, and he fled to an adjoining village, where he spent his time in earnest prayer for the welfare of his church. Not many days had passed, when the rough soldiers broke into the house where he was hiding, and took him back to Smyrna. There he was brought before the judges, and told to make his defence. He did not wish to do so, saying he was a Christian, and intended to remain one unto the end. The chief judge, noticing the bent form of the old man, said, in tones of compassion, "Polycarp, have pity on thy gray hairs. Curse Christ, and thou shalt live." What does the old man say? Does he think that his life is worth more than his duty to God? Listen, he is going to speak. "Eighty and six years have I served my Lord, and He has done me nothing but good, and can I curse Him now?" So, with these words, he sealed his doom. In his estimation, it was an easier thing to die than to deny his love to Christ. They took him to the market place, bound him to a stake, and lit the faggots which were heaped around. Thus, in a chariot of fire, he went home to God; and, looking upon the blackened stake and scattered ashes upon the ground, we seem to read the holy history of his life. "*Faithful unto death.*" May God make us all like him, and may we do our duty faithfully, no matter how much it may cost us.

I have said that we owe our best love to God. That, of course, is our highest duty; but there are other separate duties which we must not forget. We must be pure, honest, kind, gentle, and upright in every word, and thought, and deed. Keep your mind free from evil thinking, and never do anything which you would not like the angels of heaven to see. Remember what the Saviour said in His sermon on the mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Rather give up all you possess than the innocence of a clear conscience. Stand by your duty, and God will stand by you. He will never leave you nor forsake you. No matter how great your enemies may be, He will fight for you, and bring you out safely in the end. Look at Joseph, what a heavy calamity befell him because he chose to be pure in heart. Shut up in a prison many weary months, never seeing a familiar face, not feeling the touch of a friendly hand; this, indeed, was a vast misfortune. Had God left him? No, certainly not. He was ever with him in the damp dungeon, cheering his anxious heart with bright promises for the future. At last the day came when the prison doors swung back, and Joseph came forth, and went up the steps of the throne and sat down by the king. Truly, God had rewarded him for his faithfulness.

Again. We look into a roaring furnace seven times heated, and see amongst the leaping flames the upright forms of three young men. Who are they? And why are they here? They are the servants of God, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They are here because they will not be false to their Heavenly Father. Surely death will come to them in the fierce heat

which even kills those who are upon the outside? But life and death are both in the hands of God; let us see what He will do. Lo, there is One standing with them like unto the Son of God. And they are therefore safe, for no harm can come to any one whom the Saviour defends. They have now come out of the fire. Let us touch them. There is not a scar upon them, nor a single hair singed. The path of duty led them through the furnace; but no lasting disaster could come to them there, for it is a path in which God Himself walks and protects all who are with Him.

Listen! What a horrible roaring there seems to be under our feet. What can it be? Let us look down this opening. Ah! there are lions walking to-and-fro. In their midst sits a man perfectly calm. Why do they not rend him in pieces? If we had been here earlier we should have heard an angel commanding the wild beasts not to touch him. And if we go to the palace to-morrow we shall see him with the king. Why is he here? Because he could not do his duty without being here. Why does he escape? Because God honours those who honour Him.

Now, boys and girls, don't be false to your duty to God. Do that well, and you shall find He will never forget you.

I cannot close my address without exhorting you to be faithful in your duties to one another. Love each other with the truest and noblest affection. Don't be traitors, betrayers, sneaks, tell-tales, back-biters, and slanderers. There is something better for you to do than this. Be kind to one another. There is no greater power on earth than the power of kindness. God has given you the

ability to say and do kind things. Use it well. For I am sure if we are kind to others God will be kind to us. If all who are here to-day prove perfectly faithful in all good things to one another, fifty years hence the world will be far better than it is now. Let us learn to be true, and to acquire that friendship which never ends till death. A Russian nobleman was coming through a gloomy forest late at night; his horses were tired, and behind him followed a hungry pack of howling wolves. Nearer and nearer came the wolves, until it was certain that some one must die. The first horse was loosed and sent amongst the fierce brutes, and then another, till there was but one left. To loose that one was to cut off all hope of escape. What could they do? Suddenly the servant sprang up in the carriage and said, "Master, you have been a good friend to me, now let me die for you," and with that he threw himself down on the ground, and was torn to pieces. He was "*faithful unto death.*" That is the kind of friendship which we should have for one another, and nothing less.

Lastly, if we do our duty to God and to one another faithfully, we may look forward to death without fear. God has promised that the end shall be well.

Oh, how happy death must be when we can look back upon a life spent in obeying God's commandments. No useless regret, no un-availing tears, but quiet, peaceful happiness. Paul, though ending his days in prison, could say with intense joy, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me

a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." That is—a crown for you and me, and for all who are faithful unto death. May the Lord help us to be so; and may we be able to say with perfect truth the words which Lord Nelson uttered when he lay dying on board the *Victory*, "*Thank God. Thank God, I have done my duty.*"

Preston.

MARY MAGDALENE MIS- UNDERSTOOD.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN COX.

FOR many years, perhaps for many ages, this honoured woman has been confounded with that trophy of marvellous grace mentioned in Luke vii. as "the woman who was a sinner." She has therefore been considered as a representative of those who, from many degraded females, are brought to repentance.

These conclusions are wrong. The two women mentioned in Luke vii. and John xx. are clearly seen as not the same persons. Of that pardoned one whose history is so touchingly told by Luke, we know nothing respecting her name, place of abode, or after history. Not so as regards Mary Magdalene. She most probably was among those whom Jesus cured, referred to in Luke vi. 17, 18. In Luke viii. 1—3, we are expressly told that she had been "possessed of seven devils;" but this sad fact does not imply in her case (any more than any others) that she was a debased character in the sight of the world. The reason why she was called "Mary Magdalene" most probably was because

she came from a place called Magdala. The way, therefore, in which this term has been used as regards reclaimed persons and benevolent institutions is founded on a mistake. She loved much and served well, no doubt feeling she had had much forgiven; and when her heart became the throne of Jesus, instead of a den of seven devils, she, realising the wondrous difference, was no doubt full of gratitude. She ministered to the Lord of her substance in life; she stood by Him in death, assisted at his burial; and to her who loved so much, whose love stood firm and strong when hope had almost died, the Lord revealed Himself first after He was risen from the dead. Jesus will honour true love, and reward devoted service.

Let us not be contented merely with not misunderstanding this friend of Jesus, but let us seek to imitate her, and to share her blessings.

Mary of Bethany has been by some mixed up with the two females just mentioned, but a little attention to the sacred narrative will show that Magdala was not Bethany, nor the Simon of Luke vii. Simon the leper, neither time nor place harmonising. So neither was the sister of Martha and Lazarus the same with the happy mourner or the honoured minister. Let the three be separately contemplated in the sphere where the Gospel narrative places each, and most wondrous lessons may be gathered from all. By misunderstanding we obscure. In these and other instances painters and poets have led many astray. Desiring to group for the sake of effect, they have failed to see the simplicity of truth.

We would refer to another part of Mary Magdalene's history, where we also think there has been a mis-

understanding, yea, a misrepresenting of her, and of the Lord's words addressed to her. I refer to the Saviour's interview with her in the garden on His resurrection morning. When He had pronounced her name as He only could do it, and had thrilled her soul through and through with boundless delight; and when her full heart—too full to say much—had responded in one word, "Rabboni," "My great Master," He said, "Touch Me not," &c. On these words Dr. Hanna observes: "Touch Me not," He said to her whose love to Him had too much in it of the earthly, the human; too little in it of the Divine. "Reach hither thy hand," He said to Thomas. The invitation might be safely given to him who is ready to own the divinity of his Lord. Is this a true statement concerning Thomas? Was he ready to do thus? Did he feel thus before his Lord had appeared, and so speaks as to surprise him in it? Is it correct that Mary was so much behind Thomas in the spirituality of her love? No doubt there is ground for the charge as regards the former—yea, for all the friends of Jesus, except perhaps Mary of Bethany. Still we think some other reason can be found for Jesus saying to Mary, "Touch Me not."

There does not seem to have been any reason of state, so to speak, that is, anything in the new resurrection condition of Jesus that forbade His being touched, for we read that a few minutes afterwards the other women came and held Him by the feet and worshipped Him. "We are sure that these were not greater favourites than Mary, or more fit in every way to touch the Saviour, seeing that she had the high honour of beholding Him first

as the risen one, and of hearing the soothing and triumphant tones of His voice. Why, then, this prohibition in her case, 'Touch Me not?' We are not quite so sure that she did not touch Him after all. We are not told, indeed, that she did; or even that she fell at His feet; but considering what the others did, Matt. xxviii. 9, and what many had done who came to Him to be taught, cured, or blessed, it is probable that she either did throw herself at His feet, or was about to do so, and that then the Lord said, 'Touch Me not,' for I am not yet ascended to My Father, but go to My disciples and say unto them, I ascend to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." As if He had said, Do not stay now to embrace and honour Me; I well know your pure and sincere affection for Me. We shall meet again soon. Go now and carry the good news of My resurrection to My disciples, and tell them from My lips whither I am going, and that "My Father is their Father, and My God their God." So far then from its being any slight put upon Mary, or any denial of nearness which others were permitted to enjoy, hers was a special honour, not only first to see Jesus and hear His voice, but also first to publish the good tidings of resurrection, and to tell of the relationship which it procures and will perpetuate. Most honoured woman, what a crown is put upon thy loving head! Gracious Saviour! what tenderness towards thy weak and scattered ones do Thy words discover! How did Thy heart yearn to make them partakers of Thy joy! And thus it is still. May we be as willing to receive as Thou art to communicate!

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

CHRIST ALPHA AND OMEGA.

FOR APRIL 6TH.

"I am Alpha and Omega."—Rev. xxii. 13.

CHRIST is the beginning and the end of the creation of God ; all things are of Him and through Him and to Him, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. He was set up from everlasting in the covenant and purpose of God as the head of His body the Church, and God's delight was with Him, and the sons of men in Him, from the days of old. Christ was the efficient cause of all things ; they had had their beginning in Him, and were intended to exhibit His perfections and grace, and the glory of His Father in Him ; and when all the designs of His grace are perfected at last, all will culminate in the exhibition and illustration of the love, wisdom, and power of God in Him ; for He is the beginning and the consummation of all God's gracious designs towards the children of men. He is now the Executor of His Father's will, seated on His kingly throne, having the keys of death and hell. O rejoice in this, Christian, this torn and disjointed world is still under His control, and the interest of His redeemed people, and His own glory in them, is not left to chance or the mere will and caprice of man. Our Lord reigns both in the visible and invisible world, and He will deliver all His

redeemed from the guilt and reign of sin and death, and finally will unlock the gates of the grave and conduct them all into the presence of God His Father with exceeding joy. He is the LIVING ONE ; and because He loves His people they shall live also. He is first and last, supreme over all. O do not dare to touch the keys which hang from His girdle ; to Him belong the issues of life and death. O learn to bow to His kingly will in times of darkness, distress, and sorrow ; and let Him be the Alpha and Omega in thy heart, the Lord of thy supreme love ; so shall He be to thee the Prince of Peace, and His peace shall be thy strength and portion both now and for ever.

CHRIST OUR KEEPER.

FOR APRIL 13TH.

"Those whom thou gavest me I have kept ; and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled."—John xvii. 12.

WE have contemplated some of the various names, offices, words, and perfections of our adorable Redeemer, and some few of the varied elements of unutterable blessedness which belong to His redeemed people in Him. Like rays of light, they have guided the eye of our faith to a sun, the fulness and brightness of which is too much for mortal eye,

and the effulgence of which can never be exhausted, but must fill the very heaven of heavens with unutterable bliss for ever. But what if the people and all the blessedness procured and tasted could be lost? Blessed be God this is impossible; for He who is the Saviour of His people is also their keeper, Jehovah, Jesus, the Great Shepherd King of His people, and who has said, "Those whom Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." And as when here in the midst of weakness and frailty He kept all who followed Him, however small their knowledge and feeble their faith, so now that He is enthroned in glory, having all power in heaven and earth, swaying the sceptre of universal empire, He will preserve all who put their trust in Him. Blessed be God, as surely as the inheritance is reserved, so surely shall the heirs be kept through faith unto salvation. Rejoice then, believer, that thy Saviour makes thy cause His own, and will preserve thee; that He who is thy Redeemer is thy Shepherd King, and will never fail in His faithful, watchful love until His redeemed flock is safely guided to the green pastures above, to feed and lie down by the deep flowing waters of God's love for ever and ever.

CHRIST A KING.

FOR APRIL 20TH.

"Behold a king shall reign in righteousness."—Isa. xxxii. 1.

"The Lord is our king; He will save us."—Isa. xxxiii. 22.

How sweet are these words of God in relation to His Son—"Yet have

I set my King upon My holy hill of Zion." Yes, in spite of all the rage of men and devils, Christ conquered all His foes, and is now the King of His Church and the universe, swaying the sceptre of universal dominion in accordance with His own words, "As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him. And this our King shall reign until all his enemies are made his footstool. O how sustaining it is to the faith of the Christian, amid the clouds and darkness of time, to see a kingly throne in their midst, occupied by the King of Wisdom, righteousness, and love, who is able and will make all things work together for the good of those who trust and serve Him; able by His kingly grace within to subdue sin, and by his power without to conquer every foe, and to put every adverse principle and influence under tribute to the spiritual advantage of his people, making them subserve the highest interest of the soul. How encouraging and stimulating is the conviction, that through the kingly influence of our risen and reigning Lord, all nations and kingdoms and tongues shall ultimately come and worship at His feet; that all His redeemed shall become kings and priests unto God, and finally be gathered unto His presence to share His glory and reign with him for ever. May we learn increasingly to revere and obey His laws, to bow to His sceptre, that we may know more of His blessedness in the enjoyment of His reigning grace.

CHRIST A SAVIOUR.

FOR APRIL 27TH.

"He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one."—Isa. xix. 20.

"To the only wise God and our Saviour be glory."—Jude 25.

"But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Saviour."—2 Peter iii. 18.

THIS is an all inclusive title, and embraces all that Christ is and has done, and will do for His people through time and eternity. Time unfolds a little of its sublime meaning, but eternity itself will never fully exhaust it. This title implies that we were lost, and that Christ only can save us, and it was to accomplish this that He assumed our nature, and suffered, bled, and died; and for this purpose He now lives an ever living, present,

wise, and Omnipotent Saviour, fully equal to all the love of His own heart and all the purposes of His own Father's grace. He saves His people freely by His grace, to the praise of His grace. He is the life in which they live, the light in which they see, the righteousness in which they are justified, the holiness in which they shine, the love in which they obey, the peace in which they dwell, the wisdom by which they walk, the strength by which they work, the food by which they subsist, their present joy and future heaven. O see to it, dear reader, that He is all this to thee, and seek to live by Him as a complete Saviour from day to day, not from some things only, but from all that would mar thy peace, stain thy holiness, and dishonour God; remembering that by His grace He is mighty to save not only from the guilt but from the reign of sin.

Reviews.

House and Home: a Journal for all Classes. Sanitary House Construction, Overcrowding, Improved Dwellings, Hygiene, Building Societies, Dietetics, Domestic Economics. Office of *House and Home*, 335, Strand.

WITH a likeness of George Peabody. This description of objects given in the title-page embraces a field of subjects second to none in their magnitude and their important bearing on the wellbeing of society. We have read this first part with much interest, and believe it will be useful wherever it is read.

The Baptist Hymnal. A Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs. E. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

A VERY beautiful and comprehensive hymn-book. We congratulate our General Baptist churches on their having a book so worthy of them. The arrangement of indexes and subjects is all that can be desired; the type good; and amongst the hymns selected, while we meet with joy many of the old gems, we are also much refreshed by many of a newer and more recent date.

Speak to the Earth: a Treatise from a Text. By E. J. FOSTER. William Poole, 12A, Paternoster-row.

THE object of the writer is to exalt the teachings of the Bible, and to show that we must repair to it for counsel and information on all truths of a purely spiritual character. We would, however, remind the writer that there are voices in nature which have served some of the converts in leading them to distinct views of God and immortality. What is the universal yearning of man after another life but nature's testimony to the immortality of the soul?

One Pleading for Many. By STENTON EARDLEY, B.A. Second thousand. S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row.

A VERY excellent temperance tract, written by a very earnest and fervid writer.

The British Flag: the only Soldiers' Newspaper. W. A. Blake, Trafalgar-square.

The Chart and Compass. Sailors' Magazine. Partridge and Co.

CIRCULATE them widely among our soldiers and sailors.

WE have received *Evangelical Christendom, Things New and Old, The Warning Voice*, and the numbers for March of the *Baptist Magazine*, the *Sword and Trowel*, and the *General Baptist Magazine*. Each is a good average number. We also have several vigorous leading articles on denominational and political topics in the *Freeman* and *Baptist* newspapers. We wish them all increased prosperity.

OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

During several years past a gentleman has offered to bear the loss of supplying a limited number of Sunday-school teachers with the annual volume of the *Sunday School Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury* at a very reduced price. The same offer has been renewed this year, and those teachers who wish to avail themselves of the advantage thus put before them should apply early to F. B., care of Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, who will send them a copy of this useful volume on receipt of 1s. 6d. in stamps.

Poetry.

OUR HANDS AND HEARTS GROW WEARY.

Our hands and hearts grow weary,
Our brightest hopes grow dim,
Whene'er we leave the Saviour,
Or cease to gaze on Him.

But walking close beside Him,
Our hearts within us burn,
And many a wondrous lesson
From His sweet lips we learn.

Though cares and toils await us,
And bitter tear-drops fall,
His presence casts a brightness
And glory over all.

And He is really nearer
Than we full often know;
He will not, cannot leave us,
Because He loves us so.

And in the dark cloud o'er us
We see a golden rift,
When, in our utter weakness,
Our hearts to Him we lift.

We know His voice and hear it,
No joy can equal this;
To be for ever near Him
Must be the sum of bliss.

All weariness and weakness
Will very shortly end;
And He who reigns in glory
Is evermore our Friend.

Nora Scotia.

J. CLARK.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. C. PHILP, of Highbridge, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Forton, Gosport.

Rev. S. Skingle has resigned the pastorate of the church at Staleybridge, and is forming a church at Mossley, near Manchester.

Rev. R. B. Mackie has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bildeston, Suffolk.

Rev. E. Maclean, pastor of the church at Orangefield, Greenock, has received a call from the church at Stockwell.

Mr. Henry Knee, of the Pastors' College, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Peckham-park-road.

Rev. J. Wilkinson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Rev. R. Blake, after thirty-seven years' ministry at Brockenhurst, Hants, has resigned his pastorate through increasing infirmities.

Rev. W. Smith has resigned the pastorate of the church at Malton, and accepted a call to that at Cullingworth, Yorkshire.

Rev. W. J. Styles, after a seven years' pastorate at Providence Chapel, Islington, has removed to Keppel-street Chapel, Russell-square, in response to a unanimous call.

Mr. John Middleton (late of Watchet and Williton), having received a very hearty invitation from the church at

Great Torrington, North Devon, has accepted it.

Rev. W. Reynolds has resigned the pastorate of the church at Burnley, and accepted a call to that of Canford-street, Coventry.

Rev. W. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of the united churches at Hose and Clawson.

Rev. Fredk. Timmis, who has been pastor of the church at Rugby for between eight and nine years, has resigned the pastorate.

Rev. A. F. Brown, of Fenny Stratford, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Park Chapel, to become co-pastor with the Rev. W. A. Blake, editor of the *Baptist Messenger*.

RECOGNITIONS.

At a meeting held on Thursday evening, the 27th February, the newly-appointed minister of Park-road Chapel, Esher, Surrey, Rev. Albert Smith, late of Monkwearmouth, was formally recognised as pastor of the church. The chair was taken by J. Cowdy, Esq., who was supported by several of the neighbouring ministers. Rev. Mr. Black and Rev. J. Cracknall (formerly of Sunderland) testified as to the ability and eminently Christian character of the newly-chosen pastor.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., as pastor of the church at Good-

shaw, Lancashire, have been held. At the public meeting it was stated that the church had originated in a movement commenced about 1744, under the direction of the Rev. John Nuttall, and only five pastors had been in charge of the church since. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Hugh Stowell Brown, C. Williams, R. Littlehales, R. Maden, P. Prout, D. Jones, and others. On Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. Maclaren preached to a large congregation.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. R. E. Chettleborough, as pastor of James'-grove Chapel, Peckham, were held on Monday, Feb. 17th. In the unavoidable absence of W. Olney, Esq., Rev. G. Gracey occupied the chair. Rev. J. Sears opened the proceedings with prayer. Mr. Thos. Field, on behalf of the church, made a statement respecting its affairs and the circumstances under which Mr. Chettleborough was invited to the pastorate. Mr. Chettleborough having replied to the usual questions, Rev. J. T. Briscoe offered the ordination prayer. Rev. G. Gracey then delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. W. Broek addressed the church.

Interesting recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. E. Brown as pastor of the church at Milom, Cumberland, have been held. Addresses were delivered by Revs. James Hughes, Todhunter, J. G. Anderson, and others.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. P. J. Rollo as pastor of the church at John Knox-street, Glasgow, last week. Rev. O. Flett preached on Sunday morning, and Rev. Dr. Culross in the evening. On the following Tuesday a *soirée* was held, at which the pastor presided. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Revs. Dr. Fergus Ferguson, J. Murray, A. Burnton, and others.

Mr. Hutton, of Pastors' College, has been publicly recognised at Nailsworth Tabernacle, Gloucestershire. Mr. Blomfield delivered the charge to the church, and Mr. Beaskin, Mr. Ewins, Mr. Kidner, and Mr. Price took part in the

service, which was largely attended and interesting throughout.

Rev. P. G. Scorey was publicly recognised as pastor of the church, St. Paul's-square, Southsea, March 4th. Dr. Angus preached. Revs. F. Trestail, J. W. Genders, T. W. Medhurst, J. Eyres, J. Goundry, H. E. Arkell, and Dr. Kennedy Moore took part in the services.

PRESENTATIONS.

A MEETING of a most interesting character has been held in the schoolroom adjoining the chapel at Wedmore, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the pastor, Rev. T. J. Hazzard, and his wife, he having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Westbury Leigh, Wilts. A purse containing £8 10s. was presented to Mr. Hazzard as a token of affection and regard.

Rev. G. Phillips, of Carey Chapel, Moulton, has been presented with £18 contributed by members of the church and congregation.

A social meeting of the church and congregation was held at John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, on Tuesday, 11th February, to take farewell of the pastor, Rev. J. Collins. During the evening addresses were delivered by several of the deacons and members of the church, and as a practical proof of kindly feeling and goodwill toward Mr. Collins, a purse containing £50 was presented to him.

A social meeting has been held in connection with the church at Folkestone, for the purpose of welcoming the pastor, the Rev. W. Sampson, home on his return from his recent missionary tour to India. During the evening he was presented with a handsome gold watch and a purse of £10, as a token of esteem. Mr. Sampson gave an interesting description of his journey, stating that he had lately travelled no less than 17,000 miles.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, a farewell meeting was held at Beeston, Notts, on the occasion of the removal of Rev. George Barker to Blaby, Leicester. There was a large number

present, and after tea a public meeting was held, presided over by B. B. Venn, Esq., and addressed by Revs. Goadby, Holtzhausen, and Todd; also Messrs. Wagstaffe, Brown, and Clay. A presentation was made to Mr. Barker of the church and congregation of a purse containing £20, and to Mrs. Barker of a sewing-machine, also a handsome tablecloth from the Bible-class.

At a meeting held at Grafton-street, Northampton, on February 19th, Rev. Burdwood J. Holland took leave of the congregation worshipping there, and was presented by the deacons, in the name of the church, with a sum of money received in subscriptions from various friends. At the same time Mrs. Holland was presented by the Sunday-school teachers with a useful book, in acknowledgment of her services as secretary to the children's clothing club, an office she has held for seven years.

Rev. P. J. Rollo having resigned his pastorate at Lynn, and accepted that of the church at John Knox-street, Glasgow, has, at a farewell meeting held at the former place, been presented with a gold watch and a purse containing twenty sovereigns, also a marble timepiece and a silver-plated inkstand, as tokens of esteem.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON: SHOULDHAM-STREET, W.—This ancient place of worship, having been transferred to the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Carpenter, has been renovated, and was formally reopened on Sunday, Feb. 23rd, when the Rev. Mr. Styles preached in the morning, C. W. Banks in the afternoon, and the pastor in the evening. The services were continued on Tuesday, Feb. 25th, when Rev. Jno. Hazleton preached in the afternoon; and, in the evening, Revs. Robert Bardens, C. W. Banks, T. Stringer, and others gave addresses at a public meeting presided over by Mr. John Wild.

LONDON: LAMBETH.—On February 17th the annual meeting of the mem-

bers of the church and seatholders in connection with Upton Chapel, Lambeth-road, took place. The pastor, Rev. W. Williams, presided. The secretary of the church reported an increase during the year of sixty-one members. From the cash statement of the treasurer it appeared that the sum of £756 had been raised during the year for all purposes, including £170 for the redecoration of the chapel. The superintendent of the Sunday school reported a large increase in the number of scholars, that the scholars' library numbered nearly 400 volumes, and that £29 had been raised for mission purposes. A Young Men's Bible Class had recently been formed, numbering twenty-five members. The Tract Society had visited weekly 1,000 families in the poorest and most neglected parts of the locality, and had joined with the open-air mission in holding services in the districts around the chapel.

THE reseating and renovation of the chapel at Church-street, Paddington, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dawson Burns, has been resolved upon, at a cost of about £600, towards which about £400 has been already promised.

REV. R. H. GILLESPIE has just completed his seventh year as pastor of Barking-road Tabernacle, Plaistow, E., and special services have been held in connection therewith. On Sunday, February 23rd, three sermons were preached—in the morning by the Rev. R. J. Cox, in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Cuff, in the evening by the Rev. G. S. Cook—at the close of which the ordinance of baptism was administered. On Tuesday, 25th, a tea and public meeting took place. R. Andrews, Esq., presided. The pastor having given a brief outline of his seven years' labours, an illuminated address and a purse were presented to him by the senior deacon. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. G. T. Edgley, W. J. Inglis, W. J. Tomkins, G. S. Cook, and J. Foster. A collection was taken towards the pastors' fund of £9 3s.

THE chapel at Lymington having been renovated at a cost of more than £700, reopening services were held on the 16th Feb., when two sermons were preached by the Rev. G. Rogers, of London. On the following day a tea and public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. C. Leonard, M.A. (Bournemouth), W. H. Payne (Lyndhurst), T. Evans (Milford), T. Poole (Congregationalist), and J. J. Fitch, pastor, Brockenhurst, Hants.

THE annual meeting of the church and congregation at Luton, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. Tuckwell, has recently been held. The report stated that during the year £100 had been spent on internal improvements; there are in the Sunday school 379 scholars and 42 teachers; at Abbey Green Branch School, 106 scholars and 15 teachers; at Caddington, 148 and 15; at New Town, 88 and 14: making a total of scholars connected with the church, 724, and 86 teachers. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, R. Berry, W. Wood, J. Walker, and Dr. Green (London).

A TEA and public meeting was held on January 21st at the temporary Baptist Chapel, Tooting Junction, to wish Mr. T. Witney God-speed on his entering the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pastors' College, when he was presented with a purse containing six sovereigns. Mr. Witney began his labours at Tooting eighteen months ago in a small room with fourteen hearers. Finding the congregation increase to forty, and the room too small, last March they had to seek a larger room; now they are about purchasing a plot of land to erect a chapel. God has blessed his labours, souls have been saved, and Christians have been built up. A church is about to be formed, as there are several candidates for baptism.

NETHERTON.—On Monday, February 17th, a public tea meeting was held in the Ebenezer Baptist Chapel to celebrate the second anniversary of the pastor, Rev. W. Millington, when 156 persons sat down to tea. The public meeting was

presided over by Mr. Councillor Howatt, of Dudley, when the following resolution was moved by H. Crow, senior deacon, and seconded by J. Reall, junior deacon, and supported by the following ministers, Revs. G. Cousins (Baptist), E. Farnel (Baptist), T. W. McGregor (Presbyterian), W. Spurgeon (Independent), W. Millington, pastor—"That this meeting desires to record its high appreciation of the faithful, zealous, and unwearied services of the Rev. W. Millington during the second year of his pastorate."

THE spring session of the Baptist Union will be opened at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Monday, April 28th next; and a meeting by adjournment will follow the same evening at the Mission House. The second session will be held on the succeeding Thursday at Walworth-road Chapel. The inaugural address will be delivered by the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, the new president. Business questions connected principally with the Annuity Fund will occupy the evening session. The evangelistic work of the Union will form the most interesting feature of the Thursday's gatherings, and the subject will be introduced in a paper to be read by the Rev. E. Gange, of Bristol.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—March 9, English Church, Five, by E. E. Probert.

Aberdare.—Feb. 9, English Chapel, Ten, by T. Jones.

Aberdare.—Feb. 16, Eight, by Dr. Price.

Aberdare.—March 5, at Carmel (Eng.), Three; and March 9, Five, by T. Jones.

Aberdare.—March 2, Academy-street, One, by C. Brown.

Abertillery.—March 2, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by L. Jones.

Bacup.—March 2, at Zion Chapel, Five, by C. W. Gregory.

- Bampton*, Devon.—Feb. 27, Two, by E. Scott.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—Feb. 23, Two; and on March 1, Two, by J. Hughes.
- Beebles*.—Feb. 23, One, by W. F. Edgerton.
- Birmingham*.—Feb. 23, Constitution-hill, Three, by J. Burton.
- Birmingham*.—Feb. 19, at Christ Church, Three, by W. Donald.
- Braintree*.—Feb. 20, at Coggeshall-road Chapel, Five, by J. C. Foster.
- Buith*, Breconshire.—March 9, Three, by J. M. Jones.
- Capel-y-fân*, Breconshire.—March 2, One, by D. V. Pritchard.
- Cardiff*, Mount Stuart-square.—March 2, Two, by F. Davies.
- Cardiff*.—Feb. 23, at Bethany Chapel, Three, by W. E. Winks.
- Chepstow*.—Feb. 26, Five, by W. L. Mayo.
- Chester*.—Feb. 12, at Pepper-street Chapel, One, by W. Durban.
- Coleford*, Glos.—Feb. 24, Eleven, by T. Williams.
- Cwm*, near Ebbw Vale.—March 9, at Bethany Chapel, Three, by D. V. Pritchard.
- Derby*.—March 2, Osmaston-road, Eleven, by W. H. Tetley.
- Desboro'*, Northamptonshire.—Feb. 10, Two, by C. Joshua.
- Ebenezer*, Aberavon.—Feb. 23, Six, by O. W. James.
- Exeter*.—March 2, Bartholomew-street, Six, by E. S. Neale.
- Falmouth*.—Feb. 26, at Emmanuel Chapel, Four, by J. Douglas.
- Ferndale*.—Dec. 8, at the English Church, Nine; Jan. 3, Two; Feb. 2, Four, by R. C. Evans.
- Forge Side*, Blaenavon.—March 10, Three, by J. Edwards.
- Grantham*.—Feb. 19, George-street, Five, by A. Gibson.
- Great Grimsby*.—Feb. 27, Victoria-street, Four, by E. Landerdale.
- Griffithstown*, near Pontypool.—Feb. 23, Three.
- Grimsby*.—Feb. 20, Five, by J. Manning.
- Hay*.—Feb. 3, Three, by J. Mathias.
- Heaton*, Bradford.—March 2, Four, by S. W. Scarlett.
- Honeyborough*.—Feb. 23, Two, by J. Johns.
- Huddersfield*.—March 2, at Pole Moor, One, by J. Evans.
- Hull*.—Feb. 27, at George-street Chapel, Nine, by J. O'Dell.
- Llanwytjul Wells*.—March 7, Five, by W. Knighton.
- Luton*, Beds.—Feb. 20, at Wellington-street Chapel, Eleven, by J. H. Blake, for the pastor, D. Morgan.
- Maesteg*, Glamorgan.—Feb. 23, at Bethel Chapel, Two, by T. A. Pryce.
- Meltham*, Yorks.—March 1, Five, by J. Alderson.
- Metropolitan District*.—
- Bromly E.*—March 9, at the New Schools, Brunswick-road, Poplar, Eight, by W. T. Lambourne.
- Clapham Common*.—Feb. 23, Six, by R. Webb.
- Gunnorsbury*.—March 19, Six, by W. Frith.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—Feb. 27, Twenty; March 13, Eleven, by J. A. Spurgeon.
- Woolwich*.—Feb. 26, at Queen-street, One, by T. Jones.
- Waltham Abbey*.—Feb. 16, Two, by W. Jackson.
- Mirfield*.—March 1, Seven, by A. P. Cushing.
- Morley*.—Feb. —, Seven, by R. Davis.
- Moulton*.—Feb. 17, at Carey Chapel, Three, by George Phillips.
- Newbridge*, Mon.—March 9, at the English Chapel, Three, by D. Davis.
- Newport*, Monmouthshire.—Feb. 24, at Stow-hill Chapel, Five, by J. Douglas.
- Neyland*, Pembrokeshire.—Feb. 23, Six, by J. W. Edwards.
- Pentre*, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 16, at the English Chapel, One, by M. H. Jones.
- Portsea*.—Feb. 23, at Kent-street Chapel, Four, by J. W. Genders.
- Poulner*, near Ringwood.—March 2, One, by G. Diffev.
- Presteign*, Radnorshire.—Jan. 26, Two; July 23, Three; March 2, Two, by S. Watkins.
- Risca*, Mon.—Jan. 19, at the English Chapel, One; Feb. 16, Four, by T. Thomas.
- Rotherham*, Yorkshire.—Feb. 23, Four, by J. Harper.
- Salem*, near Haverfordwest.—Feb. 16, Two, by D. O. Edwards.

A STRONG CRY.*

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

"O Lord, . . . in wrath remember mercy."—HABBAKUK iii. 2.

THE prophet offers this prayer on behalf of the whole chosen nation. And, indeed, it is such an entreaty as may sometimes, not to say oftentimes, befit the entire Church of God. Here is a double prayer for revival: "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Let this be the prayer of every one of us who fears the Lord, who loves the Church, who yearns for the reign of righteousness, the prevalence of peace, and the welfare of the world. "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."

Now there are certain seasons and special circumstances in which we feel such an absence of wonted prosperity and such a perplexing succession of adversities that we can but account them to be times of wrath; and we are led to the conviction that the Lord is hiding His face from His Church. The symptoms are such as too surely show themselves. For example, a departure from the faith, a prevalence of divers errors, indicates a decline of spiritual health and vitality. You do not need to be told, if you do but read the daily newspapers, of the vagaries of the present age. The inspiration of Scripture is assailed by some whose ecclesiastical elevation does not shield them from what our godly forefathers accounted the deadliest of heresies. The proclamation of Popish doctrines by a nominally Protestant bishop from his Episcopal throne at his appointed visitation has too little novelty about it to excite much notice. We have a National Church. The good it indirectly attempts to do is infinitesimal; but it is an infinite curse to this nation. Such is the traffic it carries on in the cure of souls that it has become little better than a den of thieves. Like a tree, whose branches shelter all manner of speckled birds; like a jungle, which is the haunt of every kind of unclean beast; there is no form of doctrinal error which does not find cover for its clergy. The patience that is prescribed by bishops, and the toleration that is talked about in secular courts, provoke contempt. The Established Church of England is an upheaving of stumbling-stones, without unity of creed or uniformity of custom to give it the slenderest hold on our hearts. It is not more unhallowed in its calls upon our subscription than it is unyielding in its claims upon our support. The supercilious priestcraft and the preposterous superstition that we encounter on all sides may well make us tremble. Surely these are days when the wrath of heaven is thus openly challenged. I wonder what our fathers, who sleep now beneath the clods, of one generation back would have said if a prophet had told that such pro-

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved. No. 246, NEW SERIES.

fessions and such practices would prevail in the course of so few years! Or if, two or three generations back, it had been whispered in the ears of either Churchman or Dissenter that Protestantism would come to be thus profaned, and the National Church prove to be the propagator of Romanism, instead of the bulwark, as they accounted her, against its innovations! It would have been scouted as an idle tale, too paradoxical to be in the nature of things probable; nay, we know from the polemical writings of those days that it was deemed utterly impossible. Now, Christian, in these days of bitter provocation, utter the prayer: "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy. God grant that the truth may still be preserved; that Satan may be restrained from blowing out the light; and that the candlestick may not be taken out of its place. High heaven forfend us, lest the candle which Latimer and Ridley lit in years gone by should now be quenched in darkness. Raise up, O God, some bold champion, who shall again lead us on to a victory, as Luther did in Germany; as Calvin in France; as Knox in Scotland; and as Wycliffe did this land of light and liberty. "O Lord, in the time of wrath remember mercy."

They are days too sorely provocative of wrath, depend upon it, *when the Christian Church is much divided against itself*. Unity God loves, especially unity of heart in those who are elected to the same calling, enrolled in the same army, and engaged in the same service, being washed in the same blood and filled with the same Spirit. But, alas! how little harmony is fostered. When will all the Churches unite in an honest, earnest testimony, denouncing deadly errors, and declaring vital truths? When you see some running this way and others running that, seeking the good of a party and the gain of a denomination, instead of striving together for the common weal of the whole kingdom of Christ, we may well conclude that these days when the cause wanes are days when the Divine wrath is kindled; and the cry may go up with a fervour that cannot be counterfeited, "O Lord, remember mercy!" Bind together a faithful band whose hearts Thou hast touched, who shall give each other a faithful grip of earnest friendship, and shall stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks until they discomfit the foe or die in the fray.

Those are days of wrath, again, when the Church is evidently much mixed up with the world, and identifies itself with the world in policy and practice. Has there ever been a time since the days of the Apostles when the much fine gold has become so dim, or when, with regard to spirituality, the professing Church has become less jealous of its chastity, than at this present? Religious profession is popular, and some of its formalities even are fashionable. Such a persecution as party feeling is wont to excite might, perhaps, nowadays fall with equal weight upon the despisers as upon the disciples of Christ. No doubt there are some who make a gain of godliness, that is to say of so-called godliness. Their religion serves as a cloak for their hypocrisy. In days of yore the Christian was palpably distinguished from the world. He was a non-conformist as to doctrine, and as to demeanour, and even as to dress. Inward convictions and incidental characteristics alike demonstrated that he was an alien to the commonwealth of society, and denoted that he was a citizen of another city. Infinite pity that it is not so now. The slightest degeneracy cannot fail to excite indignation. Alas! these are

days of wrath. The fiercest wrath that ever fell upon the world was brought about by an ill alliance of Church and State in the days of Noah, when the sons of God consorted with the fair daughters of men. And what came of it but the desolating flood, which swept the race from off the earth? I tremble for the unholy confederacies which so many Christians make, and for the worldly policy they continually adopt. These things provoke the anger of the Most High. Well may we regret their manifold occurrence when we recall the miseries they entail. Our penitence ought, therefore, to prompt this earnest supplication—"O Lord, in wrath remember mercy."

Further, my brethren, can you think of them as other than days of wrath when the most of Christians seem cold and careless with regard to eternal things? There are some grand exceptions amongst us. We have a few men, and women too, who are all on fire, who are like flaming torches in the midst of standing corn. But, alas! many professed followers of Christ do as the graceless disciples did in the Saviour's day—they go their way, each man to his farm and to his merchandise. Every man hath a care for his own. Their manners are fearfully at variance with the morals of the Gospel. The cross of Jesus is not lifted up; the Redeemer's kingdom is not extended; souls are not saved; God is not glorified. His people are otherwise engaged than in seeking to do His will. Their main concern is for the things of time, instead of looking to the matters of eternity. You know it is so. It may, perhaps, be less conspicuous in our fellowship than in many others. Still this is so common a grievance that it is felt almost everywhere.

The Church is under a cloud; *there are few conversions*. Look at our own denomination, not to instance any other. What small progress has been made during this past year! Only two or three additions to each church, on an average; in many churches none whatever. In London we have been happily favoured with a gratifying average of increase for every church, and deeply thankful we are for it; but still, what cause for humiliation this leaves in reflecting upon our few churches in London in the midst of three millions of people. We are prone to congratulate ourselves upon ten or twenty individuals being saved, while we might rather groan over ten or twenty thousand left. Twenty thousand, did I say? Who shall compute the number? Brethren, we are mightily satisfied with small mercies. If a ship were breaking up at sea, and we succeeded in saving one out of three hundred from the wreck, I can hardly imagine that we should clasp our hands and rejoice. The thoughts of two hundred and ninety-nine who were going to the bottom would turn our trivial triumph into tears of tenderest pity. Here we are felicitating one another upon our successes, which are more like misadventures when we compare the proportion of those who remain in misery with those who are rescued by mercy. We are elated with the good we are effecting, when in reality we are doing next to nothing. Oh, God! surely Thou withholdest the dew of heaven; Thou commandest the clouds that they supply no rain to the most of our churches. Yet we are at ease, content after our fashion. These must then be days of wrath. Alas! alas! I cannot doubt it.

Let us now come to the prayer, "Remember mercy." "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy." How shall I plead for it, or what arguments

shall I use? Remember, O my God, Thine eternal mercy to Thy Church. She is Thine. She is Thine by Thine electing choice. She is Thine by Thy purchase upon the tree. Remember, I beseech Thee, how Thou hast promised to bring her sons from afar, and her daughters from the ends of the earth. Remember Thy covenant mercy towards her on which Thou hast challenged her children to rely. Surely Thou didst, in the olden time, bless her ministers; her Apostles vanquished nations by the sword of the Spirit; her confessors won kingdoms for Christ by the proclamation of the truth. Where are those bowels of compassion? Where is that zeal? Oh, God, remember Thy mercy, and do again in these days what Thou didst in the days of yore: let Thy Church start up once more "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." Remember Thy covenant mercy. Remember Thy promised mercy. Remember Thy former mercy.

But why need I try to indicate to you the manifold pleas with which you may fortify this prayer, very precious and very potent as they be? I am far more anxious to stir you up to intercede than to teach you how to do it. Your importunity will be more prevalent than your intelligence. Half a dozen earnest souls may save the Church from severe chastisement. Be resolved, then, in God's strength never to cease from prayer, and you will bring the blessing as effectually as when Elias made the heavens to be covered with clouds, and the earth to be refreshed with rain, after years of drought. If any two of you agree touching any one thing concerning the kingdom, it shall be done unto you. Oh, for a concert of praying hearts! Oh, for duets, and trios, and quartets of spiritual harmony in hearty supplication! Oh, for Aarons and Hurs to lift up the hands of Moses by earnest prayer! So shall the nations that sit in darkness see a great light, and the battle shall be turned to the gate. However bad and black the times may be, as long as the voice of prayer is not hushed, but heard, though I see the clouds drifting I know they are dispersing. What though ignorance should insult us with its impeachments, or superstition should startle us with its stratagems, or lethargy should make men mistake latitude and lawlessness for liberty, till the churches become lukewarm as Laodicea, or stigmatised as Sardis; so long as the heavings of prayer go up to heaven, Mercy's door can move on its mighty hinges. In ill times intercessions procure intermissions. We shall weather the worst winter that ever wasted our world of hope, and King Jesus shall perpetuate His kingdom over all the perplexities that ever posed its destined increase. Such, beloved, is our present prayer on behalf of the Church of God.

II.—THIS PRAYER, HOWEVER, MAY BE APPROPRIATELY USED BY THE INDIVIDUAL CHRISTIAN IN HIS TIME OF TROUBLE.

There are seasons, beloved, in which wrath appears to be more prominent than love in our experience. We seem to be encountering the frowns rather than enjoying the smiles of the Lord when domestic afflictions poison the springs of our social joy. Our hearts, or peradventure our homes, may be darkened by the death of friends and kindred which leaves an aching void. Or, which is much heavier to bear, we may be stung to the quick by wayward, disobedient children; our relatives may be unkind and reproach us without cause. We may be bitterly betrayed by those whom we once befriended; or terribly reduced in our circumstances owing

to the delinquencies of those in whom we reposed implicit trust. Losses in business may have disconcerted us, or even despoiled us of the labour of years and of all we had providently laid up in store. "Trials in every shape and name attend the followers of the Lamb;" and when these calamities follow thickly on the heels of one another, like Job's messengers, we may well adopt the language of Habbakuk—"O Lord, in the midst of wrath remember mercy. Great God, stay Thine east wind in the day of Thy rough wind: shield me from the tempest, smite me not too heavily, scourge me not beyond my strength of endurance. Thou knowest that the flesh is weak; that my faith may fail, and my mouth betake itself to murmuring under Thy heavy rod." Our God has told us to notice how the husbandman is instructed as it were by instinct to deal differently with different kinds of grain. Some sorts are threshed out with the heavy corn-drag; others are beaten out with a staff, and some are brought out of the shell by milder means. "So to Thee, O Lord, I appeal not to deal with me as though I were stout and strong, when I am but frail and feeble. Surely I am like unto a shorn lamb: if the wind be not tempered to my weakness I shall perish." You may put your case thus in prayer before God; you may plead your helplessness as a motive for His mercy. Because His arrows stick fast in you, and your heart bleeds, therefore may you petition Him to put up His bow, to stay His hand, to withhold His strokes, to show His pity, and to heal your wounds. Job is very pathetic in that direction when he says, "Am I a salt sea or a whale?" Dost Thou treat me as though I were like a foaming sea, that needs all Thy mighty power to restrain its raging billows, or a huge whale that would need a harpoon before it could be slain? O Lord! I am but a tiny insect, an emmet, a mite, a nothing; therefore deal gently with me, I beseech Thee. Shouldst Thou smite me, yet do it gently, lest I utterly fail before Thee. Do you see the spirit of the prayer, beloved? Then use it. Use it now, as you sit in your pews. You mothers with broken hearts; you wives who are distressed with tender anxieties; you heads of households who are full of anguish; you young people who are left friendless, and seem as if ye were smitten with God's wrath, let this prayer be your prayer: "In wrath remember mercy; have pity upon Thy servant: I cast myself upon Thy kind protection; let Thy providence shield and deliver me; let Thy grace uphold and strengthen me."

Possibly, however, I may be addressing some whose sighs and solicitudes are not so much due to the outward affliction from which they suffer as to a sense of *the desertion of God* that distresses them. And is it so, dear friend, that you have lost the light of His countenance; that you feel nothing of the joy of His salvation; that you have not a comfortable assurance of pardoned sin, and full participation in covenant promises? To a true Christian it is very wretched thus to walk in darkness, and be left to doubt whether you really are a child of the day. To the worldly man this may seem a silly scruple; he laughs at it because he does not know how to appreciate the grace that is to be found in the eyes of the Lord. To lose a sense of the love of Jesus is to lose something which diamonds cannot buy. Did you ever bask in the sunlight of God's love? Then I am sure you will never be satisfied with the cold shade or the clouded atmosphere in which they habitually live who are far off from God. Ah, no; you will want the King to come again and manifest Him-

self to you as He doth not unto the world. Under such desertions your sins may have prevailed against you till you are heart-broken with a memory of your own misdeeds, and the sentence of wrath seems to have gone out against you. When you turn to Scripture, you find it full of threatenings, and the promises have lost their charm because the precepts you have violated haunt you at every turn. You are brought so low that doubts and fears multiply, hope grows sick and faint, and you feel like a worm that is crushed or like a vessel that is marred; there is no cheer or comfort to cure you. Come, then, approach your God with this for your special prayer. Say unto Him, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy; I cannot seek to justice for shelter; but surely I may sue for mercy. Like as a father pitieth his children, so, O Lord, Thou pitiest them that fear Thee. With paternal favour, O Heavenly Father, have pity upon me! Oh! Jesus, thou Great High Priest of our profession, who art touched with a feeling of our infirmities, let my frailties move Thy compassion, and suit Thy succour to my sad propensities to stray from the fold of the Good Shepherd. Oh! Holy Spirit, is it not Thy blessed office to dwell with the disciples of Christ, to soothe them in their sorrows, to instruct them in their ignorance, to show them the Saviour, and to reveal to them their redemption? Have I grieved Thee? My guilt recoils on me as a grievance that sorely frets and chafes me. By Thy sweet smiles, I implore Thee, dissipate this strange sadness, this alienation that keeps me apart from all that is akin to my fondest aspirations; in wrath remember mercy."

The peculiarity of the Prophet Habbakuk is that he does not attempt to struggle against wrath. He rather bows before it, as one who owned its justice. Murmur not, beloved, at the dispensations of God. If you are heavy, think not that He is harsh. Let not the rod of our heavenly Father rouse us to rebellion. Let us bow to it, and yield our will to His. Take up rather the opposite cry, "Remember mercy." Rest assured, dear Christian, you shall not offer up this prayer in vain. God will help you, and that right early. Though the waves and the billows go over you, you shall come up to the light of day. What if, like Jonah, you go to the bottoms of the mountains, and the weeds be wrapped about your head, and your soul faint within you, yet your prayer shall come in unto His holy temple, and the eternal God, who ever liveth, whose faithfulness never faileth, and whose love never wanes or grows dim, will come to your rescue. In his own time He will deliver you, and in accents of adoring gratitude you shall sing of the Lord, your strength, who sustained you in your sorrow and redeemed you out of your distress.

III.—I must now leave this prayer with you believers, as I want the rest of the time to ADDRESS THE UNCONVERTED. Indeed, our main object in taking the text was to press upon them the use of this delightful plea, "In wrath remember mercy."

I do not suppose it possible that any of you can ever look upon this vast assembly with the emotions that affect me as I gaze upon this sea of faces, though I hope many of you share with me the eager thirst for conversions. Sometimes the scenes of the day are reflected in my dreams at night; and I start from my uneasy slumbers at the thought of being in the centre of so many eyes, and so many ears, and so many hearts, and so many consciences. That this kind of experience should recur to me so many times

a week, and so many weeks in the year, and so many years in succession, overshadows me with a fearful contemplation of solemn responsibility. I think that if any of you were in my place you would feel a like awe in reckoning your own obligations. If I be not found faithful as a pastor to feed the flock, as a messenger to warn the stragglers, as an evangelist to teach the Gospel, and as a watchman to blow the trumpet and sound an alarm in every season of peril, it were better for me that a millstone had been hanged about my neck, and that I were cast into the depths of the sea; infinitely better for me that I should have been taken away with a stroke than that I should have lived to trifle with your souls or to play soft and gentle tunes on momentous themes which should lull you into eternal sleep. Many of you, I am afraid, have never felt that sense of Divine wrath which alone can drive you to seek shelter in Christ. I do fear me that many here have come to this sanctuary to see the crowd and hear the preacher, and will then go away to talk of your visit to the Tabernacle in a frivolous manner. Alas, alas! if you are not seeking God, or seeking your own soul's welfare, you will look at these things in a different light by-and-by. On your dying bed, when you begin to get some glimpse of eternity, and in the hour of departure, when your naked spirit shall be launched upon its endless voyage, you will shudder at the thought of going as a mere amusement to the house of prayer, and, at any rate, you will realise that to the preacher it was no child's play to have had for once an opportunity of speaking to your souls. Take heed, ye careless ones, lest your levity be indulged at a cost that you yourselves would shudder to make light of. I must leave you in the hands of God. Oh that you may get into the hands of the Redeemer! In the hands of infinite justice what appalling woes must await you; but in the hands of sovereign mercy what amazing grace will be bestowed on you! Beware, ye that forget God, lest He tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.

Do I not, however, address some to whom the words of my text are specially appropriate, because, dear friends, you do really feel that the wrath of God lies heavily upon you? Your present misery I might tenderly condole did I not confidently believe that it will end in peace, like the birth-pangs that bow down the expectant mother, who presently brightens up with beaming joy and welcome congratulations. They know what this "wrath" means who have their old sins rising up to remembrance, haunting their thoughts, and raising accusations against them. Deceased, forgotten, and out of mind as they seemed to be, they have had a resurrection, and now you can recall the lapses of your childhood, and the wilful wickedness of your riper years. The crimes you have committed, the aggravations that accompanied them, and the heartlessness of your behaviour, prey on your memory. You feel the weight of your sins. Conscious guilt makes you feel constant shame. Self-gratification yielded you moments of joy then, which are now followed up by hours of pain. You cry, "My sins! my sins! my sins!" for they make you groan. You are pressed under them as a wain pressed down with a load of sheaves. You can hardly bear up under the weight. You have been praying for mercy after your fashion, and you have had no answer. You seem as though you had been speaking to a hollow vault which echoed your own voice. Your prayers have returned to your own breast, cutting you to

the quick instead of cheering you with hope. Have you been reading the Scriptures without receiving succour? Instead of closing up the wound the Good Physician has kept the wound open. He is using the Word like a lancet, when you are looking for a soft lenitive. You are trembling for the future instead of trusting that He will fulfil His promises. It may be, dear hearer, that you have got a gloomy presentiment of wrath to come. Well do I remember when I used to go mourning all the day long, as with a sword in my bones; the light of the sun was hid from mine eyes, dense darkness obscuring the outlook because the curse of sin and the certainty of condemnation harassed me. At every step I took I feared the fatal plunge, lest hell should swallow me up. I knew that I deserved God's wrath. By night I dreamed of it, and all the day long I dreaded it, till I became wretched beyond description. Now, are you brought into any such state, my dear hearer? If so, I commend to you this prayer. "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy. Justly do I deserve Thine indignation, but when Thy hand lieth upon me my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my moisture is turned into the drought of summer; therefore, O God, have pity upon me; spare my soul, I entreat Thee; and magnify Thy grace by showing that mercy to me which I can never merit."

Fain would I now help the troubled conscience to use this prayer, and to this end I will try to put you in the way of considering its meaning, "Remember mercy."

First, then, Lord, *remember that mercy is an attribute of Thy character.* Thou art love. Thou hast said: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he should turn unto Me, and live." Thou hast proclaimed Thy name as "the Lord God, plenteous in mercy." Have mercy upon me. I beseech Thee, of Thine own gratuitous goodness, because Thou art God and not man, since Thou hast spared me hitherto of Thy longsuffering, let Thy forgiving mercy come to me now, and cleanse me from all my sins.

The next plea may be, *Lord, remember the grounds of Thy mercy.* I have read in Thy Book how Thou hast said, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion." So, Lord, I see that the grounds of Thy mercy do not lie in human merit, but in Thine own sovereign will. Again, I hear Thee say, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." O Lord, I am a lost soul. If Thou hadst respect unto persons, and didst pardon those who had committed but little sin, or had some extraordinary merits to compensate for their shortcomings, Thou couldst not entertain my pleadings; but when I hear Thee say, "Not for your sakes do I this, O house of Israel, but for My name's sake," then, Lord, my heart is glad, and my soul rejoiceth. I say unto Thee from my heart, "Lord, by Thine infinite sovereignty look leniently on me as a sinner, and regard me kindly as a creature of Thine. Why canst Thou not as well single me out as single any other out? May Thy mercy, Father, fall on me!"

Still, further, you may *put the Lord in remembrance of the channel of His mercy.* "In wrath remember mercy." This is a master-argument. If you can get hold of it you have got a master-key. Tell the Lord that He gave His Son to die that sinners might be saved. Oh! Lord, Thou hast filled a fountain full with the blood of thine only-begotten Son.

Thou hast made a propitiation for sin ; Thou hast caused Him to make a full atonement for it. Oh ! remember Jesus hanging upon the tree and suffering there. Think of His wounds ; look through those wounds as through windows upon me.

“ Him, and then the sinner see,
Look thro’ Jesus’ wounds on me.”

Make a point of it, dear friends, if you are seeking mercy, to plead the blood of Jesus very much and very often ; never leave this out. If you want to drive heaven’s gate open, this is the great battering-ram—the eternal merit of the once-crucified, but now exalted, Saviour. No gate of heaven can stand against an attack made in Jesus’ name. Remember that, sinner, and say, “ Lord, I will not rise from my knees until Thou save me through the merit of Thy Son ; I will not let go the horns of Thine altar—

“ Still the blood for sinners spilt
Has set my conscience free from guilt.”

And I cannot help thinking that you will derive encouragement from reviewing the former mercies of God to others, as it is written, “ Our fathers trusted in Thee ; they trusted, and were not confounded.” Tell the Lord you have heard of Manasseh, who repented, and was restored after committing crimes of deepest dye ; of Mary Magdalene, once a notorious sinner, and afterwards notable among the saints ; of Saul of Tarsus, a persecutor and injurious, transformed into a holy Apostle, indulged with heavenly revelations. Recount the story of some of your relatives and some of your neighbours who have found succour and salvation ; their sins forgiven and forsaken ; their souls saved and sanctified. Plead before God that He is the same God now that He was then, and ask Him to write you also among the number of those who are washed from their filthiness through the atoning sacrifice.

Consider, dear hearer, that *God’s mercy is very abundant*. “ He is rich in mercy ; plenteous in mercy.” High as the heaven is above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. Plead the greatness of His mercy.

And I will tell thee another thing to plead—the *glory of it*. Tell Him that if He will pardon *thee* it will make heaven ring with astonishment, that it will make earth full of wonder, and that as for thyself if He will but pardon thee He will have set loose a tongue that will never cease to sing His praises, and kindled a glow in one poor heart that will never refrain from beating with sacred love to Him. Cast thyself, sinner, prostrate at the mercy seat, nor rise from that attitude of deep humiliation till the King shall stretch the silver sceptre out to thee. I do implore thee, never attempt to bear the burden of your own sins, nor try by any penance to make atonement for your faults and follies. Come to my Master now, for God hath set Him forth as a propitiation. Make no tarrying.

“ Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream.”

Come to Him as you are. He is a great Saviour for great sinners.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool. Come, trust Him, confide in Him, rely on Him. Oh! for grace to enable you to commit your cause to Him, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

I shall never have an opportunity of speaking to some of you again. I wish I knew what would reach your hearts, by what auger I could bore into your consciences, by what sacred fire I could leave a trembling spark somewhere in your souls. This vast assembly is about to disperse. We are travelling apace each one of us to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Shall we all meet in heaven to sing God's praise? We part to-night, and whither bound? Forthwith we are going to all quarters of this great city, and to-morrow some are bound for foreign lands; others have their homes in distant provinces of this country. Many of you I shall never meet again. Oh, that ye all felt the solemnity of this closing hour of the Sabbath as I do myself! Oh, that with the melting hearts and broken accents of earnest suppliants ye would, every one of you, adopt this prayer as your own, "O Lord, in wrath remember mercy." There is a wrath in which God will not remember mercy. That will be the terrible lot of the impenitent. On the other hand, there is a mercy in which God will not remember wrath. That will be the happy portion of all who believe to the saving of their souls. Finally, brethren, farewell; farewell till we meet at the gates of heaven! Must we all appear before the judgment seat of Christ? Oh, that we may all be gathered at the throne of the triumphant King, who shall say, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me!"

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER V.

To John Carter's recital of his day's work Mr. Fuller listened with much interest. It did him good to hear that one of his own members had been made so useful in the service of Christ and of humanity. He, therefore, expressed his pleasure at what he had heard, and then said, "But before I go, Mr. Carter, I wish to ask you if you are willing to try an experiment?"

"What kind of experiment, sir?"

"A *drilling* experiment."

What his pastor meant by a drilling experiment John Carter could not tell. Did he want him to display his mechanical genius in boring holes for him in wood, iron or stone? Smiling at his bewilderment, Mr. Fuller at once explained what was on his mind. For the past two or three years it had been the custom of the Sunday school to have an annual examination of the scholars on some Scriptural subject selected for the schools in the country by the London Sunday-school Union. It was a gratifying fact that in such competition on the last occasion their own scholars had

competed for the prizes and certificates most successfully. Of forty that had entered, four had withdrawn, six had failed, eight had received prizes, and twenty-two had won first and second class certificates. And how had this success been achieved? Were the scholars of a superior class? Had they received a good education at the boarding schools or some grammar school in the vicinity? No; they were in almost every case the scholars of some day schools in the town, and several of them could not do much more than read and write. How came it to pass, then, that with such comparatively poor material to work upon the school should have outstripped honourably other Sunday-schools in the town and neighbourhood which educationally stood far higher in public estimation? The answer was simple. It had been done by the teachers and minister *drilling the children well in the subject*. The chapters selected had been gone over and over and over again, in the shape of question and answer, and familiar illustration, as well as by written replies to written questions, until the children got off the *Scriptural facts and lessons* by heart, and were thus prepared to give on the examination-evening such correct and full replies to the eight printed questions selected by the Sunday-school committee, as to justify a remark made afterwards by one of the examiners, that "some of the replies would have done credit even to ministers themselves." To Mr. Fuller this result was very gratifying, and ever since that period he had been asking himself the question if this system could not be carried out on a far larger and more extensive scale! Might not a great deal of the non-success attributed to Sunday-school teach-

ing in the present day be traced to the fact that Sunday-school children were not drilled sufficiently in Biblical facts and lessons? But how could this drilling be done? Not very well in classes crowded in one large room. If done at all successfully it must be done in class-rooms, where each teacher could ask his or her scholars questions, and get any required answer *repeated by the whole class all at once*. Now they were about to occupy seven new class-rooms that had been recently built, and Mr. Carter was to take possession of one of them. He had a class of ten boys, all of whom read in the Testament. With this class Mr. Fuller wanted to try his new scheme. He had selected for a quarter's study "The life of Christ from His birth to His public baptism," and he very much wished Mr. Carter to drill the class well in it for that period. At its termination he purposed having a public examination of the class in the presence of the whole school and the parents and friends of the children; but instead of asking eight questions merely, he intended to ask scores, which would cover the whole ground. He felt certain that the experiment would prove a success if Mr. Carter would but enter heart and soul into it; and then if the children answered well—of which he entertained not the slightest doubt—he would have the privilege of giving each one of them a certificate like those given by the Sunday-school Union, which would gratify both themselves and their parents, and lead them with renewed zest to study both in their class and at home the Word of life. Would Mr. Carter try, therefore, practically to carry out his idea?

In reply Mr. Carter said, "I

have no objection, sir, to give it a fair trial, if you think me qualified to do the work; but I do really believe that you might have chosen a better teacher."

"Why so, John?"

"Because there are some that have been better educated than I have been."

"But that is the very reason why I have selected you, Mr. Carter!"

"I cannot make that out, sir."

"Cannot you; well I will explain what I mean. You are, I presume, in an educational point of view, like the vast majority of teachers in our present Sunday schools. They are working-men and working-women, who have to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. Not a few of them have had but little schooling, and so far are really ill-prepared to teach the young. But, in spite of their intellectual and educational deficiencies, they do strive in some way to lead their respective classes into the knowledge of Biblical truth. Yet how often we hear them lament over the little success that seems to crown their efforts! They, indeed, at times pour forth what seems very much like the wail of despair! They think that in all probability their want of success is to be attributed to their own want of education, and doubt whether it would not after all be best for them to throw the whole thing up. Now is it not so, John?"

"It has been so with me at times, sir, I can assure you."

"That granted, then, John, the question arises in my mind, cannot something be done to enable these teachers to perform their work more efficiently, and with greater comfort and profit to themselves? I think a great deal can be done

for them in these respects. Let them have class-rooms, and be taught to drill their children in the appointed lessons after the prescribed plan. They will find that they can do it, and do it well, without even any higher education than that which they at present possess. They can read well themselves, and they can teach the scholars to read; they can get off the facts themselves, and they can teach the scholars to get off the facts; they can learn the lessons deduced from the facts, and they can teach the scholars to get off the lessons. And then, if in addition they have a little imagination and tact, they can give simple illustrations that will serve to rivet the facts and lessons on the scholars' memories. The more I think about the subject the more I feel convinced that this is the kind of teaching that is needed in our Sabbath schools in the present day. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that children as a rule want the same kind of mental food that a minister gives in his sermon to his congregations. They want Biblical truths simplified and brought down to their child-like capacities. Too much of the teaching given in the present age is given in the *sermon form*, and, therefore, a large proportion of it is lost. You can never expect to hit people by shooting over their heads. To hit you must aim well and strike home. Now a partially-educated teacher initiated into the drilling system—a system carried out fully in the secular schools—will find that he is almost as competent to instruct a Testament-class as one who has received a good education. On that ground I have chosen you, Mr. Carter, to carry out this experiment, and thus show by the success that the Lord may give you in it what a

partially-educated Sunday-school teacher can accomplish."

"But shall I not want a text-book, sir, to guide me?"

"Yes, one will certainly be of use to you, and you cannot do better, I think, than take *Mimpriss's Gospel Manual*, Grade III., which is already in use in the school. But you need not stick to it too closely. Let it merely guide you, your real text-book being the Word of God itself. Take the record as given in the Evangelists, and, noting every fact, question the children about it till, so to speak, each fact is burned into them. You have seen what can be done in this line in the Sunday-school Union examinations; now let us see what can be done on a smaller, but I hope not less successful, scale in connection with our regular teaching in our own school. As I have said, I have no fear of the results. Enter boldly into the work, my friend, and you will find that God will bless you in doing it."

Thus encouraged by his pastor, Mr. Carter, after prayer and study, and as soon as he took possession of his new class-room, began according to the prescribed fashion to drill his scholars into the first part of the blessed Saviour's life. How he taught them, what kind of success he met with, and what results followed, will be shown in the next chapter. In the meanwhile, however, we commend Mr. Fuller's remarks to the consideration of all those who, in seeking the spiritual welfare of the young, desire to find out a plan by which the best use can be made of the laborious but partially-educated teachers, who are to be found struggling and persevering in their noble work in every part of the land.

(To be continued.)

INFANT SALVATION.

BY REV. D. JENNINGS.

"And her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne."—Rev. xii. 5.

SPIRITUAL interpretations of literal passages of Scripture are frequently given. Words and phrases having a literal signification are made to express spiritual truths. It is seldom, however, that the symbolic language of prophecy having reference to great ecclesiastical events is taken literally. The words at the head of this paper relate to the Church and her safety; but I intend to give a literal interpretation to them, and use them to express a blessed fact. Of thousands of mothers may it be said, "Her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne."

Last week I stood by the grave of a dear child, two years of age. And when I saw the weeping mother bending over the grave of her lost one, I felt that these words were true in her case, and that God had, in mystery but in mercy, caught up her darling pet to His throne. As there are few households where death has not entered and borne away some little one, and as God's Word is intended to console the mourner and to afford relief under all life's trials, I purpose to inquire what are its teachings in relation to infant salvation?

The vast importance of the subject will be seen when we reflect on the amazing extent of infant mortality. One child out of every five dies before the end of the second year: before the Reformation it was calculated that one-half the children born, died before reaching the sixth year. If the entire population of the globe be estimated at twelve hundred million—and it is

probably much more than that—the annual number of births might be set down at forty millions; of these at least *eight millions* would die before completing the second year. Assuming that all who die in infancy are caught up unto God and to His throne, what a large stream of ransomed souls is constantly flowing into the heavenly world! And what a blessed significance is given to our Lord's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

I. *The thing affirmed of this child is true of every child dying in infancy.*

On what grounds do we assume that all who die in infancy are saved? Their salvation is not contingent on anything we can do for them. If it depended on man's doing, and could be hindered or jeopardised by human caprice, neglect, or error, it would be something awful. And yet such seems to be the teaching of the National Church; or at least the salvation of millions of infants is left as a distressing uncertainty. Thus, in the prefatory declaration before private baptism, it is said, "Children which are baptised, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved." And the priest is instructed "not to use the burial service for any that die unbaptised, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves." The helpless and unoffending infant is thus placed in the same category as the abandoned profligate and the miserable suicide. And cases are of too frequent occurrence where the parish priest lacerates the wounded heart of a bereaved mother by coolly intimating that her child, not having been baptised, is lost. As the infant is not a voluntary agent in its own baptism and cannot be responsible for the neglect of others, to make its salvation dependent on the act

of another—which act may, by ignorance, or carelessness, or error be altogether neglected—is repugnant to our notions of right; and if the Bible really taught that a helpless babe, for no fault of its own, but simply because its parents or guardians were remiss or wrong, is doomed to hopeless misery, it would go far to justify the scepticism of the infidel.

This unnatural and cruel teaching is not confined to the Church of England. Richard Baxter says, "That as children are made sinners and miserable by their parents, without any act of their own, so they are delivered out of it by the free grace of Christ, upon a condition performed by their parents." And he asks, "If there be no visible way of salvation for them, what reason have we to hope that they are saved?" Again, he assures us that infants gain by baptism "the title to the kingdom of heaven, if they die before they forfeit it by sin." If this doctrine were true, and the baptism of an infant was essential to its salvation, then all the children of the heathen, Jews, &c., who die in infancy are lost, and untold millions are now in perdition for no fault of their own. But we are thankful that the Scriptures do not give the slightest countenance to this horrid, revolting doctrine. The future state is made to depend, not on forms or ceremonies, human or Divine, but on "deeds done in the body, good or bad."

It may be well to inquire what the Scriptures do teach on the subject of infant salvation. The case of David and his deceased child at once presents itself. The sorrow-stricken parent comforted himself with the assurance of a blessed reunion with the departed child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." He knew that he

should go to the child, not, surely, in the regions of darkness and among the lost; nor can the expression be referred to the grave: for small consolation would it be to remember that he, too, should die, and that their dust should mingle in the grave. But just as the dying saints of old were said to be gathered to their fathers, so the godly parent, who has mourned over the removal of loved children, shall be gathered to his little ones who have preceded him to the perfect state. Our Lord assures us that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when the great numbers, in all ages and in every part of the world, who die in infancy are considered, there may be a literal meaning given to the words which may astonish us.

"Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

The Great Teacher shows that *child-likeness* is the chief qualification for admission to the kingdom of heaven: "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And a child is made to stand as the measure and the test of greatness in that kingdom. "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." "One of these little ones" seems to have been a familiar expression on the lips of the loving Saviour, showing the interest He took in children and the position He assigned them in the heavenly kingdom.

An inquiry into the conditions of salvation and condemnation may aid us in this subject. It is universally admitted that the souls of the departed are either saved or lost—no middle state is revealed, no intimation is given of such a state. It

follows, then, that the spirits of dear departed children are either beholding the face of our Father in the heavenly glory, or else among the lost in the world of woe. It is the workers of iniquity only that are shut out from heaven. None but impenitent evil doers are sufferers in the world to come, and only actual sins require to be repented of and forgiven. The infant has not come to that state of intelligence which makes either of these necessary or possible.

While we know no solid objection that can be urged against the salvation of infants, there are many reasons that may be adduced in its favour. Divine justice does not require but forbids their condemnation. The infanticide, which forms so dark a page in the history of heathenism, would be merciful and benevolent compared with the act which would consign the helpless innocents to unredeemable woe. What should we say if we found some Government which condemned a large portion of its most innocent subjects to torture and to death simply to uphold the majesty of law? The universal voice of man would be raised in indignant protest, and that law would be execrated as the contrivance of infernal powers. There is no principle in the moral government of the world that requires its glorious Monarch to inflict hopeless woe upon the un sinning infant, but just the contrary. The loving purposes of our heavenly Father find expression in the words of Jesus, "Suffer them to come unto Me." They have been gathered and are still being gathered as lambs to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

II. *The removal of this child was the act of God, and was intended to secure its safety.*

It was surrounded with danger.

"The dragon stood ready to devour the child." Dangers await every child and from the same quarter. The god of this world is ever on the alert to enslave and ruin souls; and the foolishness that is found in the heart of a child renders it an easy prey to the destroyer. The world also is full of evil, and every child, as it grows up into life, is surrounded by its influence and exposed to its temptations. The frail bark is launched into a dangerous sea, where storms and rocks and conflicting currents have wrecked many a goodly vessel. Had this child remained on earth the temptations and the troubles would have been certain, but the good and the desirable would have been uncertain. To many a mother may it be said in relation to her darling child, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul."

"What thrilling joy, or anguish wild,
May move the heart that owns a
child!"

Could parents foresee the earthly future of their children they would moderate their grief and bow with quiet submission to the will of a loving Father when their child is removed from the certain ills of this life, and is caught up unto God and to His throne. Its removal has made the troubles and temptations of life impossibilities, and has turned the uncertainties of the future into blessed and glorious certainties. Bereaved parent, sorrow not as those who have no hope. Had your child been spared to you it might have been a light and joy in your dwelling, as sunshine in your path, a Noah "to comfort you in the work and toil of your hands" (Gen. v. 29); or it might have been a Benoni, a son of your sorrow (Gen. xxxviii. 16); but its removal has changed all that, and you now

have additional treasure in heaven. The loss of your darling should not only be a gain to your child, but great gain to you. The Good Shepherd has taken *His* lamb to His fold that you may become more acquainted with the Shepherd's voice, and with increasing interest look forward to the time when there will be a blessed reunion with all your loved ones who have preceded you to that better land. The curse is turned into a blessing, and Death, which, when he entered your dwelling and left an empty crib seemed to be so terrible, has really been a friendly angel to remove your precious child to its proper home. Murmur not, but rather bless God for having conferred upon you the honour of contributing to swell the ranks of that glorified host, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried:
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!"

"I look around and see
The wicked ways of men;
And, Oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed:
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lulled thee in my breast?"

"Now like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
The everlasting One.

"And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy happy spirit may await—
The first at heaven's gate
To meet and welcome me."

Long Crendon, Thame, Oxon.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY CALLING.

BY REV. C. CHAPMAN.

"Follow after charity."—1 Cor. xiv. 1.

If "go and culture" are needed in Christian service, Paul is a rare example of a man excelling in both. With him spiritual culture was a passion; he counted "all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus," and in the Apostle there seemed any amount of "go." His works and travels testify of an activity to which no other hero of faith ever attained. And yet with all his "go," Paul knew what he was about. "I, therefore, run," says he, "not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air." As the Apostle thus went ahead in spiritual things, so he frequently urged saints to—

"Stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on."

He wanted them to go ahead, but not in a rash, purposeless manner. He counselled men to have something worth following. He didn't believe in beating the air. He was no advocate for chasing butterflies. He had no desire to see zeal exhaust itself in hot pursuit of a deceptive mirage. He advised men to follow the things which tended to counteract their characteristic weaknesses. The corrupt ceremonial Jew was exhorted to "follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." The high-minded Ephesians were counselled to be "followers of God, as dear children." The censorious brethren of Corinth were advised to "follow after charity." The advice Paul gave the men of Corinth is reasonable counsel even for the nineteenth century. The ear hears so many harsh sayings, the mind is so

frequently pained by words of gall, and opinions lacking the element of charity are so common, that there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but what the exhortation is needed. It is both profitable and seemly that saints should "follow after charity;" and there are many inducements for so doing. One—

I. Is Paul's word for it. Charity is greater than either faith or hope. It has been said—

"Faith is the foundation,
Hope is the walls,
And charity is the roof
Which covers all in."

The poet's words are true as far as they convey the idea that a close relationship exists between faith, hope, and charity. No saint possesses one of the trio alone. He may hold one grace in richer abundance than the rest; but either in larger or smaller measure he owns all three. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." But of this priceless trio of blessing, charity is destined to outlive the other two, soon—

"Faith will be lost in sight,
And hope in full fruition die."

As the bud and blossom are lost in the ripening fruit, so faith and hope will give place to the fruits of love. Charity will wear a crown of immortal glory when faith and hope shall be but memories of the past. Though love is destined to outlive her companions, it is not this which raises her head above her fellows, and gives her a name greater than theirs. Her greatness springs from her being most like the Master. Is it not on record, "God is love?" It is impossible for saints to "follow after charity" without finding themselves mingling with the things of Christ. In the thirteenth chapter of this Epistle, Paul gives a summary of the

character and work of charity, and whatever the Apostle says about charity can also be said of Christ. So high akin are the character and works of charity to those of Christ, that wherever in the chapter we find the word charity, we can put the name of Christ, and the sense of the passage is not spoilt; it is greatly intensified. If one had to sum up the character of Christ it could not be done in language more apt than in the words which the Apostle uses to describe charity. Charity is the grace which is most a transcript of Christ, and this gives it a superiority over faith and hope, which time cannot destroy, and eternity will not change.

Another inducement for—

II. "Following after charity" lies in the fact that charity leads further into the unseen than either faith or hope.

When Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place where he was to sacrifice, he said to the young men with him, "Abide ye here, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship;" and so in life's pilgrimage to the heavenly hill, there will be a spot reached from whence the hill in its glory will be seen; at that spot charity will say to faith and hope, "Stay thou here, I and this soul will go yonder and worship." Fain would the soul take faith and hope, they have served so well in the pilgrimage, but it cannot be. From thence charity leads the soul as Abraham led Isaac up the mount.

"She takes the soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where Christ's glories
are:
No chariot of Amminadab
The heavenly rapture can describe."

It is true policy to follow love as well as faith and hope, for if we follow not her we shall lack a guide when the hallowed mount of eternal

scenes rises before our wondering eyes.

III. What stronger inducement can we have for following after charity than that it will be doing work of heavenly character?

John says of the redeemed, "they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." In heaven they walk neither by faith nor hope; they follow love. It is needful here to have the help of faith and hope, and if we would taste heavenly joy on earth, we must follow charity; place our feet in her footprints, go where she leadeth, imitate her in her holy arts. As the moon keeps company with the sun to reflect his glory, so follow charity that you may reproduce in life her unsurpassed beauties and virtues.

Such are some of the strong inducements why saints should follow charity, and if we would so do it cannot at present be without the aid of faith and hope. Their mission is like the ministry of the Baptist. 'Tis their work to help us to "follow after love," and when they have finished their ministry it will be with them as it was with the forerunner. John says of Christ, "He must increase, but I must decrease." And faith and hope will have eventually to decrease whilst charity will increase. These like stars of the night will set before the rising of charity, that bright and morning star.

"Love is the grace that keeps her
power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no
more,
But saints for ever love."

As the magnet draweth iron from its association with other things, so love can attract the heart "from all created good, from self, the world,

and sin." Hindrances may prevent the magnetic influence of charity, but prayer can surmount these. The spouse cried "Draw me," and soon she had to say "The King hath

brought me into His chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in Thee, we will remember Thy love."

Gamlingay, Cambs.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

CHRIST AN ADVOCATE.

FOR MAY 4TH.

"We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii. 1.

"Plead Thou my cause."—David.

"O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul."—Lam. iii. 58.

PERHAPS there is no title of our Saviour more precious or more needed by the consciously guilty and stricken heart than that of Advocate; and how cheering is the fact to the soul convinced of sin that when Satan stands by to accuse us, and our own lips are closed by a deep sense of our sinfulness, that we have in Christ a righteous Advocate before the throne of God, and One who ever can and will, upon the ground of His own righteousness and finished work, so effectually plead our cause before God that an answer of peace is sure to reach the heart, and our cause prevail in the court of heaven. Satan quails before the pleadings of Christ, for he knows they must prevail, and that God, the righteous Judge, listens to Him with delight,

and ever grants the request of His lips, because His justice has been satisfied, and He only asks on behalf of the most guilty for that which He has procured by His death, and which God through His merits can righteously bestow. Put, therefore, thy cause, reader, into His hands—He pleads for the worst, and He will plead for thee freely, wisely, and righteously, and in answer to His prayers, and responsive to His merits and intercession, His Father will pardon, justify, sanctify, and accept thee; listen to thy petition, and grant thee a place among His sons and daughters for ever.

CHRIST A MEDIATOR.

FOR MAY 11TH.

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 Tim. ii. 5.

JOB in his great affliction, darkness, and agony of soul, complained that there was no days-man between himself and God—no mediator or umpire, who could lay his hand upon both; there was no one who

was upon a level with God and himself who could at the same time come between them and heal the breach and make peace. It is not so now; the most sinful, feeble, and imperfect Christian has now in Christ, One who is bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, able to understand all his weakness, darkness, and sorrow, and able to sympathise with him, and yet One who being God's fellow and possessed of the Divine nature is able, and, indeed, has by His obedient life, sufferings, and death met all the demands of God's law, and is able to place his hand upon the throne of God and righteously demand, upon the ground of justice, the exemption of all who trust Him from the curse of sin, and all the penal and moral evils it entails. Remember this, believer, for thine encouragement in the midst of all thy darkness and conflict with thy spiritual foes, and that arising out of God's ordination and the very nature of things there can only be One mediator between God and man; and keep the eye of faith ever fixed upon Him as the only medium of access to God and channel-way of every spiritual blessing.

CHRIST A SHEPHERD.

FOR MAY 18TH.

"I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."
—John x. 11.

God has but one flock, made up of all His redeemed people by whatever names known among men, and one Great Shepherd of His flock, Jesus Christ His only Son. And He is not only the Great, but also the Good Shepherd; distinguished from all others by the fact that He gave His life for the sheep. No

other shepherd ever possessed or could display such love for his flock as Christ has for His. He came into this wilderness, clothed Himself in the winter garb of our humiliation, turned His blessed face to the savage blasts of sin, hell, and death, that He might reach His flock upon those mountains whither they had wandered in the dark and cloudy day, nor failed in His pursuit until He came to where they were, and restored them to the fold of God's love and care again. And though He is now exalted to the sun-lit summit of eternal glory, still He loves and seeks His flock; by His Word and Spirit still He heals, protects, and feeds them; restores them when they wander, and leads them into pastures which are ever green and by the still waters of His own love and peace. By night and day He watches over them with a care that never sleeps or will rest until all are safe folded with Him above. O my soul, ever listen to His voice through His Word, and follow Him only, and He will ever lead thee in a right way; grant thee the enjoyment of His love; and finally bring thee into His presence above with exceeding joy.

CHRIST A PHYSICIAN.

FOR MAY 25TH.

"For I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exod. xv. 24.

"Himself bare our sicknesses."—Matt. viii. 17.

THE figure employed by God to set forth the condition of His ancient people is very descriptive of the state and condition of all men as fallen and depraved by sin. The whole head is sick, and the

whole heart is faint ; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. And in relation to this condition God has said, "I am the Lord thy God that healeth thee ;" "O Israel thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help." And how God would accomplish this is read out to us in the person and work of Christ, who is the one Great Physician of souls. God is pleased to heal us through Him. The disease of sin is too deep seated to be reached by any other skill than that which is Divine. And it cost God more to heal the soul than to create the world, for this cost Him but an act of His power, while that cost Him the gift of His Son, and

that Son His life ; for we read that it pleased the Father to bruise Him and put Him to grief, and God is pleased to cure the soul by leading it by faith to His Son, in whose wounds only is to be found the balm which heals. Faith finds in Him, and Him only, the blood which saves from the guilt of sin and the grace which preserves from its power. Yea, which uses the very sense of sin, and all the various trials, temptations, and sorrows of life to conform it to the image of Christ. O my soul, whatever may be thy sense of sin, do not doubt but that the blood of Christ can heal thee, or that His grace can save thee from its power, and make every trial but to deepen the life of God in thy soul.

Reviews.

The Biblical Museum. Especially designed for the use of Ministers, Bible Students, and Sunday-school Teachers. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Old Testament. Vol. V., containing the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Job. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

We are of opinion that the *Biblical Museum* would be a treasure in any library. But to students of limited means, and especially those Bible students and Christian workers who have to toil for their daily bread, this work is indispensable if they would make the best use of means within their reach. For *fulness, richness and cheapness* it is, without doubt, *the commentary of the age.*

OUR MAGAZINES, &c.

The Baptist Magazine has, among other good articles, a very interesting

one on Scenes from Church History, giving the early years and connection with Rome of Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. Also a very good second article on the symbols of the Church, by the Rev. James Cave, the subject of this chapter being the Golden Candlestick.

The Sword and Trowel has a very suggestive and useful paper on the Olive Leaf, and, though a good number, we shall hope to see, with Mr. Spurgeon's returning health, new spirit and life manifested in this favourite monthly.

The General Baptist Magazine has several brief and interesting papers. The one on Man after Death, fourth chapter, soul and spirit, in the Hebrew Scriptures, is a contribution worthy of the head and heart of the editor.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record will be read with pleasure by

the supporters and workers in our ragged schools.

Evangelical Christendom, Christian Work, and the News of the Churches still maintains its place as the best monthly for missionary and other news of a missionary character.

The Voice of Warning. Circulate it, and thus contribute to stem the tide of Ritualism and Popery.

The British Flag and Christian Sentinel. The Christian newspaper for soldiers, issued by the true friend of the soldier, the Army Scripture Readers' Society.

The Baptist and Freeman, with able leaders on religious and political questions, and giving every week important denominational news, make them worthy of the support of every Baptist.

The Communion Question. By Joseph B. Rotherham. Elliot Stock. A very good tract on this subject.

Your Country's and Your Saviour's Call. By the Rev. Stenton Eardly, B.A. Partridge and Co. A very earnest little work on the monster of intemperance.

Poetry.

"HAVE MERCY UPON ME, O LORD."—Ps. li. 1.

Have pity on me, Lord,
My humble prayer regard,
Though I have broken Thy commands—
My sins more countless than the sands,
My humble prayer regard,
Have pity on me, Lord.

Let me not seek in vain,
My suit do not disdain.
Before I from Thy footstool go,
Do Thou to me Thy favour show,
My suit do not disdain,
Let me not seek in vain.

In mercy look on me,
Who humbly look to Thee.
Jesus, Thy Son, His blood has spilt,
To cancel all the sinner's guilt.
I humbly look to Thee,
In mercy look on me.

For mercy, Lord, I pray,
Take all my sins away,
Though great and multiplied they be,
Thy mercy, Lord, bestow on me.
Take all my sins away,
For mercy, Lord, I pray.

Lord, help me to believe
That Thou wilt me receive.
Thy Word is, "Thou wilt none cast out,"
O why should I, then, longer doubt
That Thou wilt me receive?
Lord, help me to believe.

Henceforth, O Lord, will I
Upon Thy Word rely,
Call Thee my Father, and my God,
Through Christ, Thy Son, who shed His
blood.
Upon Thy Word will I
Henceforth, O Lord, rely.

February 26th, 1879.

J. DORE.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. J. S. HARRISON, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church at Montague-street, Blackburn.

Rev. George Duncan has resigned his pastorate at Frome, and accepted that of the church at Oaks Lindley, near Huddersfield.

Rev. R. H. Bayly has, through continued ill-health, been compelled to tender his resignation of the pastorate at King-street, Oldham, in accepting which the church decided to present him with means towards enabling him to take a year's entire rest.

Mr. A. Green, of Braunston, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Quorndon, Leicestershire.

Rev. William Peggott, late of Studley, Warwickshire, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Burford.

Rev. A. Knell has resigned the pastorate of the church at Ridgmount, Beds, and determined to devote himself partly to commercial pursuits.

Rev. Isaac Bridge, of Rayleigh, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Waterbeach.

Rev. D. Rhys Jenkins, late of Salford, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Chester-street, Wrexham.

Rev. J. Rigby has resigned his charge, for the end of May, of the Earlestown Branch of the church, Myrtle-street, Liverpool.

Mr. G. Pring, formerly of the Pastors' College, and late of Brabourne, has removed to Southbank, with the object of forming a new church there.

Rev. B. C. Young, of Darkhouse Chapel, Coxley, is, after a ministry of thirty years, resigning his pastorate, and removing to Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Rev. James Smalley, of Littleborough, has accepted the invitation of the church at Leominster to become their pastor.

Rev. W. Tidman has accepted the pastorate of the King-street Church, Blaenavon.

Rev. J. H. Tuckwell, of Regent's-park College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Cotton-end, Bedford, of which the Rev. John Frost was for forty-six years the minister.

RECOGNITIONS.

BRENTFORD.—On Tuesday evening, April 8, a meeting was held to welcome Rev. A. F. Brown, of Fenny Stratford, as co-pastor with Rev. W. A. Blake. Captain J. Smith presided, and the following friends delivered addresses:—Revs. J. H. Blake, of Luton; W. Frith, of Gunnersbury; J. H. Millard; W. Sumner, of Brentford; J. S. Stanion, of Hounslow; J. Teall, of Woolwich; F. Cannon, chaplain to the forces; S. H. Watkins, and C. Henwood. Rev. W. A. Blake, A. F. Brown and W. Brown, took part in the service, which was well attended.

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, a recognition service in connection with Mr. Buckeridge's settlement as pastor of the church at Broughton, Hants, was held. H. M. Bompas, Esq., presided. Revs. G. Short, J. T. Collier, T. W. Medhurst, and J. Hasler, gave addresses.

The Rev. T. G. Tarn, who recently resigned the pastorate of the church at Peckham and accepted a call to that of St. Andrew's, Cambridge, has just been publicly recognised at the latter place. At the services there was a large attendance. Mr. W. Eaden Lilley presided. Mr. W. H. J. Johnson, M.A., spoke of the last five years' experience and work of the church without a

pastor. Rev. T. G. Tarn gave his reasons for accepting the invitation, and expressed a hope that the future of the church might not be unworthy of its past.

On Friday, April 11, anniversary and recognition services were held in North-street Chapel, Burwell, Cambs. In the afternoon an excellent discourse was delivered by Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Zion Chapel, Cambridge. Tea was provided in the British schoolroom. At seven o'clock a public meeting was convened to welcome the newly-settled pastor, Mr. C. Hewitt. The chair was occupied by Mr. Dawson, one of the deacons, and suitable addresses were given by the Revs. J. P. Campbell, G. W. Hickson Fordham (Congregationalist), Mr. Chas. Hilton, of Hitchin, and the pastor. The attendance and collections throughout the day were exceedingly encouraging.

Services to inaugurate the commencement of the pastoral labours of the Rev. W. J. Styles were held on March 25th, at Keppel-street Chapel, Russell-square, when a sermon was preached by Rev. John Hazelton, of Clerkenwell, followed by a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. John Box, R. A. Lawrence, and others.

PRESENTATIONS.

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, WINDSOR, BUCKS.—On Friday evening, 14th instant, a most interesting meeting was held in the above place of worship, to welcome home the pastor, the Rev. F. J. Feltham, and his wife, after their wedding tour. During the meeting Mr. George presented to the pastor and his wife, on behalf of the church and congregation, a most handsome electroplated tea and coffee service, and Mr. Deacon also presented, on behalf of the members of the choir, a handsome cake basket. The pastor, in a few words, tendered his warmest thanks to the kind friends for these tokens of their love, and several other addresses were delivered during the evening, Mr.

Tite (one of the deacons) occupying the chair.

At a public meeting recently held at Walworth-road Chapel (Rev. W. Howieson, pastor), Mr. Courtenay was presented with a purse of fifty guineas in recognition of his services for many years as precentor in the choir.

The Rev. John Wilkinson, who for the past eleven years has been pastor of the church in Mill-street, Ventnor, has just resigned, and at a meeting, held under the presidency of the Rev. John Harrison, he was presented with a secretaire as a mark of esteem.

The Rev. C. Philp having resigned the pastorate of the church at High-bridge, Somerset, a valedictory service was held, when he was presented with a purse of £20 as an expression of esteem. Mrs. Philp also received a sewing machine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SARISBURY, HAMPSHIRE.—Evangelistic services were held on Thursday and Friday, April 3rd and 4th. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, preached, and the services were well attended.

BAPTIST UNION EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.—From April 14th to the 25th, special evangelistic services, under the direction of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, were held in Yorkshire. The preachers were the Revs. W. Stone, of London; T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth; and J. Tuckwell, of Luton. The places visited were — Bridlington, Hull, Beverley, Bishop Burton, Scarborough, and Driffield.

SOUTHSEA.—The ancient Baptist chapel, "Ebenezer," having been closed for repairs and renovation, was reopened on Sunday, April 13th. Rev. F. Trostrail, of Newport, Isle of Wight, preached morning and evening.

PORTSMOUTH.—At Lake-road Chapel Sunday-schools, March 25th, a service of song, entitled, "Uncle Tom, Aunt Chloe, and Simon Legree," was given with a choir of two hundred voices.

The connective readings were given by Rev. T. W. Medhurst. Tuesday, April 1st, and Wednesday, April 9th, services of sacred song were given by the Swiss Choir. Conductor, Professor Andre. Rev. T. W. Medhurst and W. Griggs presided. The proceeds were on behalf of the Sunday schools.

LUTON.—The Winter Session of the Young Men's Christian Association of Park-street Chapel was brought to a close on April 15th by a conversazione held in the Town Hall, Luton, under the presidency of the Rev. James H. Blako. The hall was crowded during the whole evening. This association has only been formed a few months, and now numbers over 350 members, being the largest association in the town. A large meadow has been taken for the summer season for innocent and healthy recreation.

In Park-shot Chapel, Richmond, on Tuesday evening, April 8th, a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. J. Cowdy, of East Moulsey, in furtherance of a scheme for the erection of a more commodious Baptist chapel in that town. Addresses were given by the Revs. E. Leach, E. W. Tarboys, and J. Hunt Cooke (pastor). It was stated that the present iron building, with its site, had been sold, and a more central site purchased, at a cost of £1,500. About £300 was promised at the meeting.

At Berwick-street Chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Sunday, April 13th, the Rev. J. M. Stevens, minister of the Congregational Church, Morpeth—who had announced to his own congregation on the previous Sunday a change of views which had led him to renounce paedobaptism—was publicly immersed by the Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A. He now contemplates the pastorate of a Baptist church.

The progress of the denomination since 1851 in London has been somewhat remarkable. While Methodists of all kinds have increased 104 per cent., Presbyterians and the Episcopal Church 42 per cent. each, Congregationalists 30, and Roman Catholics 98 per cent., Baptists have grown at the rate of 115 per cent.

On Wednesday last a tea and public meeting was held at Harrow Station-end New Chapel to welcome Mr. W. Dickins, of Regent's-park College, as new superintendent. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Underhill (in the chair) and other speakers. An enjoyable evening was spent, and a good collection, in aid of the building fund, was made at the close.

PORTMAHON, SHEFFIELD.—Since the settlement of the Rev. W. Turner, who left Wakefield in July last to take the oversight of the church at Portmahon, signs of increasing spiritual prosperity are being manifested. The Sunday services are invariably well attended, whilst the week evening meetings, both in connection with the church and also the "Young People's Society," have been exceedingly well sustained during the past winter.

In the recent great ingathering into the Ongole church, in connection with the labours of American Baptists, the 2,222 baptised in one day occupied two administrators nine hours. Mr. Clough baptised on another occasion 212 in eighty-one minutes, or nearly three persons a minute, without any undue haste. At this rate the 3,000 on the day of Pentecost could have been baptised by eleven administrators in one hour and forty minutes. The impossibility of immersing so many in one day is thus seen to vanish into thin air.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—March 13, Calvaria, Two; March 16, Seven, by Dr. Price.

Abercarn, Mon.—April 6, Six, by E. E. Probert.

Aberdare.—April 6, Eight, by T. Jones.

Abersychan.—March 30, at Pisgah Chapel, Eight, by R. Jones.

Aber Waterfalls, near Bangor.—March 2, Two, by W. R. Saunders.

Blackwood, Monmouthshire.—March 16, Two, by S. H. Williams.

Black Hill, County Durham.—March 8, One, by E. W. Jenkins.

Blackfield, Farnley, Hants.—March 3, Two by F. A. Pearce.

Barnard Town, Newport, Mon.—Dec. 29, Four; Jan. 26, Five; Feb. 23, Four; March 30, Three, by A. F. Jones.

Blakeney, Gloucester.—March 23, Ten, by T. James.

Bradford.—March 16, Bethel Chapel, Six, by W. Wood.

Burton-on-Trent.—March 23, Guild-street Chapel, Three, by J. Askew.

Bedford.—March 30, Mill-street, Six, by G. C. Williams.

Bradford, Yorks.—April 6, Tetley-street, Ten, by B. Wood.

Belper.—March 26, Four; April 2, One, by W. Bonser.

Bacup.—March 13, at Zion Chapel, Three, by C. W. Gregory.

Barnsley, Yorks.—April 6, Eight, by B. W. Osler.

Bethlehem, Haverfordwest.—April 13, One by D. O. Edwards.

Chadlington.—April 13, Seven, by G. B. Richardson.

Caine.—March 31, Nine, by A. E. Greening.

Crosby Garrett.—April 13, Three, by D. Thomas.

Cwmavon, Glamorganshire.—March 23, Eight, by J. Koen.

Coleford.—Feb. 24, Eleven, by T. Williams.

Cinderford.—April 6, Five, by C. Griffiths.

Crewe.—March 30, at Victoria-street, Three, by F. J. Greening.

Corsham, Wilts.—April 3, Three, by J. Hurlstone.

Dartford.—April 2, Five, by A. Sturge.

Dean Forest, Ruardean-hill.—Nov. 3, 1878, Two, by J. Mountjoy.

Dundee.—March 9, at Long Wynd Church, Two, by J. C. Brown; March 9, at Rattray-street Church, Two, by W. Henderson.

Dunfermline.—April 9, Five, by J. T. Hagen.

Denbigh.—March 30, Four, by T. Thomas.

Eye, Suffolk.—March 30, Three, by S. B. Gooch.

Falmouth.—March 31, Four, by J. Douglas.

Gladistry, Rednorshire.—April 6, Two, by T. Jermine.

Glamorgan.—March 16, at the English Chapel, Three, by M. Morgan.

Great Yarmouth.—March 30, at the Tabernacle, Five, by T. Hagen.

Grundisburgh, Suffolk.—March 30, Five, by W. K. Dexter.

Metropolitan District:—

Hornsey.—April 13, at Campsbourne Chapel, Two, by J. S. Bruce.

Hanwell.—March 17, One, by R. London.

Kensington.—April 3, at Horton-street, Three, by P. Howard.

Mile End.—April 6, at Carlton-square, Four, by J. A. Soper.

Poplar.—April 13, at the New Schools, Brunswick-road, Five, by W. T. Lambourne.

Peckham.—April 2, at Park-road, Eight, by G. W. Linnear.

Peckham.—April 3, at Park-road, Four, by H. Knee.

Woolwich.—March 28, at Charles-street, Twelve, by J. Wilson.

Woolwich.—April 2, at Queen-street Chapel, Four, by T. Jones.

Walthamstow.—March 16, at Markhouse-common, Four, by T. Breewood.

Henel Hempstead.—April 10, Two, by W. Owen.

High Wycombe.—March 30, at Union Chapel, Six, by W. J. Dyer.

Lumb.—March 16, Three, by J. Howe.

Lowestoft.—March 27, at London-road, Four, by E. Mason.

Merthyr Vale.—March 30, Four, by J. Cole.

Newport, Mon.—March 30, at Barnard Chapel, Three, by A. Jones.

Ogden.—March 30, Three, by A. E. Greening.

Oldham.—March 10, at Manchester-street Chapel, Four, by E. Balmford.

RECENT DEATHS.

ON the 2nd of April, THOMAS CONDY, in his 60th year, born at Ridgeway, Devon. In early years he was connected with the Independent Church at Plymouth. He was a member of Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road, from its foundation, under the Rev. Ridley Herschell, and for nearly thirty years he held office, during which time, and until his death, he was a zealous Sunday-school teacher. His labours for the church also embraced the arduous but to him congenial duties of missionary work and school visitor in the surrounding neighbourhood. In the homes of the scholars he was a constant visitor, and to the poor and afflicted a cheerful, welcomed friend. He laboured for many years with Rev. R. Herschell and his successors in the pastorate, in the special weekly

services for the members of the "D" division of police, from whom he received two valued testimonials in appreciation of his efforts for their spiritual good.

On his relinquishing office at "Trinity," to undertake other responsibilities, the church under the Rev. J. O. Fellowes presented him with a testimonial and an illuminated address, in recognition of his long and faithful service.

For some years he was superintendent of the Home for Working Boys in Stafford Street, and at the time of his decease he was superintendent of the Industrial Boys' Home, in Eccleston-street, East Pimlico.

A funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Abraham Herschell, of Brixton, and the Rev. J. O. Fellowes, in the chapel where his life work for the Master culminated, and his body was interred in Willesden cemetery, on Monday, April 7th, attended with every mark of respect from a sorrowful circle of personal friends. His death was improved by the pastor on Sunday evening, April 20th, 1879.

On 22nd of March, Mrs. CAROLINE HYTCHE departed this life at Hornsey-rose, aged 67. For over forty years she was the devoted wife of the Rev. E. J. Hytche, late and for many years the editor and inspector of the Ragged-School Union.

For fifteen years Mrs. Hytche was afflicted every winter with bronchitis, often in its worst form; and her eventual sudden collapse was due to the bodily weakness induced by that disorder, for she had been under medical treatment during the previous six months. This chronic disease was, however, borne with Christian resignation—her heaviest cross being that she was invariably kept from the house of prayer during the long winter months. But when winter was over, she not only attended all the regular services at her own chapel, but every Gospel week-night service held in the district. About thirty-two years ago she was admitted into church fellowship; and

when at fifty years of age she was convinced that believers' baptism was the ordinance of Christ, she hesitated not to confess her belief publicly, and was immersed at the extinct Baptist church meeting in Windsor-street, Essex-road, London.

Remarkably cheerful in spite of bodily weakness, there was not a child with whom she came in contact who did not love her, and nothing gave her greater joy than to point these lambs to the Good Shepherd. Some years ago she passed many a sleepless night; but so quiet was she during these "night watches" that her husband was not aware of the fact—the silent repetition of favourite hymns and texts of Scripture, and prayer for herself and others, so soothing the spirit as to prevent any restlessness. From the moment Mrs. Hytche gave her heart to Jesus she never had the slightest dread of death; and, in fact, she often spoke of death as the opener of the gateway of glory. For more than many believers she regarded Christ as the *Sent One* of the Father, and not merely as one who came to pacify His just wrath. Thus she once said to a Christian friend who had a horror of death, "Why should we fear to go home to our Father?" From the first moment of her religious life to the last she rested in child-like simplicity on the atoning blood of Jesus, and hence dearly loved the Saviour—and now she "sees the King in His beauty."

So skilful, tender, and patient a nurse was Mrs. Hytche that a doctor once said to her, "Surely you must be one of Miss Nightingale's nurses!" One friend, who well knew what she had been to an ailing husband, thus photographs her prominent characteristic: "Earth has one good woman less. Your dear wife had in large measure the spirit of unselfishness which marks the highest style of woman."

Physical weakness and domestic duties precluded any regular labour in Christ's vineyard. But in private she was ever ready to speak a good word for the Master; and to show inquirers that, if true religion is the sole fitter

for heaven, it equally bring's God's sunshine into this life. She also rejoiced to hear of any effort made to bring the masses into fellowship with Jesus; and thus was the faithful supporter and adviser of her husband in his varied efforts to evangelise the outcast and destitute classes. Especially was she interested in the Field Lane Ragged Church, which he and a friend organised in 1852, and which, as it was the first, is still the largest ragged church in London. She was also much interested in the efforts made by the "Army Scripture Readers' Society" to win our soldiers for Jesus; and preferred its organ, *The British Flag*, to every other religious magazine, simply because it is so full of Christ, and is marked by such an unsectarian spirit. Unsectarian herself, she loved all who "love the Lord Jesus in sincerity." Thus of her chosen sisters in Christ one is an Episcopalian, her oldest is a Wesleyan class-leader, another is a

Presbyterian, and the other was the wife of a Baptist minister—a lady of remarkable piety and usefulness, who reached the Holy City first.

We have no dying words to report of our departed sister. After family worship on March 21st, in which the 138th Psalm was read with the comment that "the third verse will be a good text for you to go to bed with," she retired to rest. But when her husband awoke in the morning, he found her lying dead by his side. Thus, called home without a struggle, "she was not, for God took her."

The Rev. H. Dowson, late Principal of Manchester Baptist College, officiated at her funeral, on the 27th March, at Highgate—long the cemetery of her choice—and gave a most impressive address. On Mrs. Hytche's headstone will be inscribed, as an unadorned epitome of her religious experience, "She died, as she lived, in the faith and hope of the Gospel."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, to April 20th, 1879.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | |
|---------------------------|----|----|---------|------------------------|---|---------|------------------------|-------------------------|------|
| Miss Fosbury | 0 | 3 | 6 | "A Friend in New | | | Church at Highgate, | | |
| Per Rev. A. A. Bees | 1 | 5 | 0 | Zealand," per Rev. | | | per Rev. J. H. Barnard | 2 | 4 |
| "Ebenezer" | 0 | 2 | 6 | A. J. Hamilton ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Octavius-street, Dept- | |
| Mr. John Meartin ... | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. T. G. Gathercole | 0 | 7 | 6 | ford | 2 |
| Mr. H. Eastman | 1 | 0 | 0 | Collection at Beeston- | | | Collection at Salem | 2 | 7 |
| C. S. F. | 0 | 5 | 1 | hill, Leeds:— | | | Chapel, Chelten- | | 0 |
| Mr. James McLeod ... | 5 | 0 | 0 | Rev. H. Winsor ... | 2 | 3 | 0 | ham, per Rev. H. | |
| A Trifles for the College | 0 | 10 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 15 | 0 | Wilkins | 10 |
| Mrs. Griffiths | 5 | 0 | 0 | T. B. | 0 | 2 | 6 | Collection at Wick, | 15 |
| A Poor Member's Gift | 0 | 0 | 5 | H. W. | 0 | 5 | 0 | per Rev. J. Foster | 3 |
| Mr. Potier | 2 | 10 | 0 | | | | | Mrs. Holyroyd, per R. | 10 |
| Mr. H. B. Frearson ... | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | J. Duncan | 0 |
| A Vow Redeemed ... | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | Collection at New | 1 |
| W. T., Birmingham | 0 | 10 | 0 | | | | | Barnet | 0 |
| Mr. Robert Gibson ... | 10 | 0 | 0 | Saint's-hill and Hem- | | | | Rev. R. J. Bucliffe ... | 0 |
| Mr. J. Lewis (Annual) | 1 | 1 | 0 | yock, per Rev. A. | | | | Weekly Offerings at | 10 |
| Mr. W. C. Sutherland, | | | | Pidgeon | 0 | 13 | 6 | Metropolitan Taber- | |
| per Passmore & Co. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Bridgewater, per Mr. | | | | nacle, Mar. 23 | 25 |
| Miss Hagger | 0 | 10 | 0 | Sully | 1 | 12 | 9 | " " 30 | 7 |
| Mr. W. Dolne | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. Hook | 1 | 0 | 0 | " April 6 | 4 |
| Mr. Spriggs | 0 | 5 | 0 | Church at Keynsham, | | | | " " 13 | 9 |
| Mr. J. G. Hall | 1 | 1 | 0 | per Rev. C. A. | | | | | 5 |
| Miss Hadland | 1 | 1 | 0 | Fellowes | 2 | 10 | 0 | | 7 |
| | | | | | | | | | £229 |

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

A NOTABLE WARNING.*

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

“By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith.”—HEBREWS xi. 7.

NOAH, in his day, was a preacher of righteousness. “Being dead, he yet speaketh.” By his example he shall be a preacher of righteousness in this congregation to-night. Among his own generation he was remarkably unsuccessful. Although he delivered his message during a hundred and twenty years, we do not read that he ever made a single convert. Still the good man persevered in his ministry until his testimony was verified, and their doom was sealed by God’s sending the deluge and sweeping away his obdurate hearers. I hope that the echo of his preaching may have a happier result as it breaks on your ears. God grant it may be the means of calling many to true and genuine repentance, and that the seal which shall be set to the testimony which Noah bears, though he be dead, shall be a seal of life unto life, and not of death unto death to us.

I. Proceeding at once to the text, we observe that “NOAH WAS WARNED OF GOD OF THINGS NOT SEEN AS YET;” AND HEREIN HE RESEMBLES ALL OF US, OR CERTAINLY THE MOST OF US.

The things of which Noah was warned by God did not seem very likely to happen at the time. To the prescience of the creature they were far from probable; but in the purpose of the Almighty they were surely ordained. In tender mercy, therefore, He sent an intimation of them to His chosen servant. So, too, dear friends, you and I have been warned concerning matters not seen as yet, some of which seem to the apprehension of flesh and blood almost fabulous; though God has revealed them to us in the sure Word of His truth.

Shall I mention the things of which we have been warned? We have repeatedly been admonished, both by Scripture and by the mouths of God’s ministers, that *when we die we shall not cease to exist*. If, like the cattle of the field, when we ceased to breathe we ceased to be, and for us there were no hereafter to be dreaded or desired, it would matter little how we passed our transient lives. But as there is another and a future state, we are counselled and cautioned by the mouth of revelation so to live this life that the next life may not be grim with horrors when we come to enter upon it. No sooner is the soul parted from the body than it enters upon this separate existence, in which state it will continue until the trump of the archangel shall arouse the slumbering body to be again wedded to the soul. The soul doth but depart when the flesh dissolves. When Lazarus the beggar fell asleep the angels carried his spirit into Abraham’s bosom; and when Dives

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No: 247, NEW SERIES.

he rich man also died the current of his consciousness continued to flow on, for "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." Our Lord tells us not to fear those that can destroy the body, for they have no more than that they can do; but He bids us fear Him that is able to cast both body and soul into hell. He tells us that some will go away into everlasting punishment, and others into life eternal. This earthly career is but the beginning of life. The present world is only the porch and vestibule of our existence. It becomes us, therefore, in the prospect of these things "not seen as yet" to behave ourselves as men who fully believe and faithfully prepare for those momentous realities that shall ere long dawn upon us.

The second advent of our Redeemer is another thing not seen as yet, but clearly shown in Scripture. *The Lord Jesus, who went up to heaven from Mount Olivet, will so come in like manner as His disciples saw Him go up into heaven.* To faith's foreseeing eye the appearing of the Lord is always near, and to the listening ear of the faithful the prospect is always welcome. "O sing unto the Lord a new song. He cometh to judge the earth with righteousness, and the people with equity." The day will soon dawn when the Lord Jesus Christ shall sit upon the throne of His Father, and shall gather all nations before Him as a shepherd gathers his flocks; and when gathered, He shall divide them the one from the other, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, and He shall set the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. We shall be there, not as mere spectators, but as actual participants in the awards of that august assize. Before that tribunal every one of us must stand. There, at the apocalypse of the Lord Jesus Christ, men shall be judged in the body for the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil. Surely, the weal or the woe that awaits this crisis is something to be warned of. It is a matter whereof we should ever be mindful, since for every idle word that a man shall speak he will have to account, and not a thought can escape the recording angel, nor a secret, however dark, remain undiscovered. No precautions will spare the most private communications from being published on the housetops. Surely, such a warning demands of us that we should be wary of all our ways!

Little, too, as you may reckon on a future retribution, you are earnestly warned of the resurrection of the body. These limbs and nerves and organs of ours, that seem to us the very sum of our vitality, shall be shorn of their activity, without any severance from their accountability. Unless Christ shall come meanwhile we must fall into that last sleep, put off this mortal coil, and the worms shall devour this body. But, though it be so, the body shall rise again. "In my flesh," says Job, "shall I see God." This very body which shall be put into the grave—not the same particles, not the same substance, but still the same body for identity—shall rise again out of its tomb, as the seed rises afresh out of the soil in which it is sown, changed in many respects, but still coinciding in its nature, the wheat that was dropped into the furrow at seed time and the wheat that is reaped at the harvest. In the case of the righteous they shall come forth as a flower whose beauty shall astonish heaven, and whose fragrance shall make eternity glad; in the case of the wicked, doubtless, there shall be a full

development of that hideous deformity which proceeds from a nature defiled by sin, and the loathsome vegetation that springs up shall be in the ripeness of its shame as repulsive to the entire universe as it has ever been in its secret germ to the Creator. Now, men and women, do you not see that since your bodies must rise and resume the exercise of the physical senses, with keener perceptions of pain or pleasure, the terror of dying unregenerate is so imminent that it behoves you to shrink from every kind of sin, and renounce every thought of wantonness? The bodies that become instruments of unrighteousness shall share the pangs and tortures that afflict the doomed spirits that are driven forth from the presence of the Holy One. The limbs and members of our corporeal frame, that have been the ministers to our carnal lusts, shall have their share of the whips and scourges that must fall upon us if we die unpardoned and unwashed in the precious blood. Put, then, these three things together—an immortal existence, resurrection of the body, and judgment for both body and soul, and surely no one warned of the deluge had such a startling intimation as you and I have received when these three truths are brought plainly before us!

But *after the judgment will come the execution of the sentence.* Lightly as some may affect to think of the wrath to come, I have no sympathy with their indifference. The hell, interpret it as you may, of which the Saviour spoke as such an awful menace, can scarcely be conceived of by any thoughtful person as a mere privation of pleasure. Torments unutterable are implied by Him who speaks of "the place where their worm dieth not, and where their fire is not quenched." You may be prone to ridicule the picture, but I beseech you not to risk the doom. You may be pleased with some plausible arguments against the perpetuity of future punishment, or you may persuade yourself that the horror is exaggerated. Yet I implore you not to trust your conceit that iniquity can be indulged with impunity. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God! "Beware ye that forget God," saith He, "lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you!" "Our God is a consuming fire." Men may trifle with the future, but this Book will lend them no countenance. What words that were ever uttered by mediæval preachers, horrible as were some of the pictures they drew, could exceed the terrible denunciations of our Saviour in reference to the last state of the wicked! There are no expressions that can rival, or even come near to, the expressions which those loving lips used. I am sure He would not scare men with fictions. It was no aim of His to cry "fire" merely for the sake of frightening. But it was love—wondrous love, strong yet tender—that reigned in the heart of Jesus, and made Him careful not to conceal from them the guilt of their sins, or the horrors which that guilt would surely entail. So intent was He on their salvation, that He would not keep back those solemn warnings which might prevent their recklessly committing themselves to a current which must ultimately engulf them in endless torment.

Now, my dear hearers, these are the things of which you have been warned. Noah was warned of a deluge which would clear the earth of all its inhabitants, whilst it cleansed the ground of its pollutions, leaving none alive but those that were in the ark. You are warned of a deluge of fire, that will sweep men's bodies and souls away, and secure

life, eternal life, to none but to those who find refuge at the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ. Like Noah, then, you have had a distinct warning.

II. Now, observe that NOAH BELIEVED THE WARNING THUS RECEIVED.

I wonder how many of us resemble Noah in this respect! What think ye? Have one half or one fourth of us heeded what we have heard, or believed what we have been told, as Noah believed? He *accepted the simple testimony of God that a deluge would come, without asking for any further evidence.* He was warned of things not seen as yet. He never inquired for a sign, or expected a token. He took it as being God's warning, and he relied upon it as being true. He was as sure that there would be a deluge as if he already saw the fountains of the great deep broken up. If we sincerely believe God we must cease from scruples, and no more parley with doubts than we would play with facts. We must be as certain that His word is true as though we saw it with our eyes. Enough for us that God says so. This is the right way to honour Him. You often take a man's word without anything to back it up; such confidence have you in the man's character, so sure are you that he cannot lie, that you give him the utmost credit. Ought we not to take God's word with a certainty that He cannot lie, that He is too good ever to deceive us, too great, too noble to tell us anything that is not true? If we just accept what He says on His own *ipse dixit*, we do God more honour than all the psalms and hymns that we can ever sing to His praise, even though they should be accompanied by the grandest music that human skill ever composed. To believe God is to do Him honour, and this is what is required of us, to believe the warning as it comes to us from God.

Noah had a difficulty which we have not just now to encounter, inasmuch as *he was in a minority of one.* There may, perhaps, have been some of his family who were struck with the tidings, but apart from them he was the only man in the world who believed in the deluge. When he went to his work he was scouted, jeered at, and possibly maltreated. "It was ridiculous," they would say, "of the old man, poor dotard, to build that large ship on the dry land, with the apprehension that the waters would one day reach as high as yonder mountains!" Every time it rained, no doubt, the periodical wit of the day poured forth fresh taunts. Or, did they want to name a fool, they mentioned Noah. "You are as big a fool as Noah" would be the drunkard's proverb. What could seem to them a stranger infatuation? But with him there was the courage of conviction. He never flinched. His faith was proof against all the blows of the ungodly. Let the whole world go against him, he would stand up for God's word. He needed no sympathy to strengthen him, being fully persuaded that God was true if every man should prove a liar. This is the kind of faith which the eternal God deserves of us. What He reveals it becomes us to rely upon, in the teeth of science, philosophy, and popular opinion. All evidence is of the earth, earthy; and when it runs apparently counter to the sure word of the Lord, though ten thousand voices may be lifted up against us, we will give heed to Him that speaketh to us from heaven.

Moreover, Noah held to his belief during the space of a hundred and

twenty years, and yet all that while there was nothing to support it. At first, when Noah laid hold of this truth that there would be a deluge, there were, perhaps, a few people in the world who believed as he did. I suppose that some of the patriarchs had not then fallen asleep, but every year Noah lived these dropped off one by one, till at last, as I have told you before, he found himself in a minority of one; but still he stood fast. Now, it is a grand thing to hold to a losing cause. When you begin with a few disciples, and they multiply and increase, there is an encouragement which bears your spirit up under difficulties; but when the congregation dwindles, when the assembly gets thinner and thinner, and when the number of disciples becomes

“Small by degrees and beautifully less.”

it takes a courageous man, with a firm faith, to hold to what he had before taught. This is what Noah did. For a hundred and twenty years he went on with his shipbuilding, and the gathering together of his great menagerie, and collecting all the various foods necessary for those creatures, never once doubting God, never once, that we hear of, staggering at the promise through unbelief; never dreaming that God would suffer him to be confounded, but ever confident that as sure as God was God he would honour the faith that leaned upon Him.

Now, in the case before us, we, through Divine grace, have been warned of some dreadful things, but *there are many persons who cannot believe in their truth, or say they cannot*, and one of the reasons they give for discrediting them is, *that for God to judge and condemn men appears to them too severe, and shocks their sense of rectitude.* I will not say that I think they are utterly insincere, and that this plea of theirs is only a pretence, though I certainly might say as much as that without any serious scruple. But I will rather deal with their objection as if they really thought it sound, though surely nothing can be farther removed from reason. Is it too severe a thing, forsooth, for God to punish sin! Now, let us look at facts, and look up to the God with whom we have to deal. It is of no use for us to raise a question as to what God ought to be in His attributes or in His government, as some blasphemers do. Let us think of what He really is, as He has made Himself known to us. Is He that kind of benevolent, effeminate Being that some delight to describe Him, all love and gentleness, without any justice or judgment? He is love—glorious truth! He hath benevolence to the full, but there is in Him far more than this to challenge our admiration and our awe. Is it not a fact that the God whom we worship, and whom some of us love with all our heart, but against whom others rail, is very terrible in His mighty acts? Did you ever hear Mr. Woolff tell the story of Aleppo being swallowed up by an earthquake? Suddenly awakened one morning, he scarcely knew how, he went outside of Aleppo. He turned his head a moment, and where that great city had been there was a vacuum, and Aleppo had all been swallowed up. Who did that? Who but God! Have you never heard of the earthquake at Lisbon, and of the population of that great city being sucked down and consumed? Have you never heard of whole islands disappearing,

being suddenly submerged with the inhabitants, and not a wreck left behind? Did you never hear of tornadoes, and of ships with hundreds on board being driven to the bottom of the sea by the force of the wind, by the raging of the storm, or rather, by the resistless voice of Him whom winds and waves obey? Why, such fearful calamities happen so frequently, that we are wont to read almost every day of some heart-rending disaster, now an explosion in a coal-pit, then a collision on the railway, and anon, a steamer sinks within sight of shore. Though some of these tragedies are to be traced to human carelessness, and others are purely accidental, yet there remain those which no prescience of mortals could forestall, and we rightly call them "visitations," for they are utterly unavoidable. Hurricanes, tornadoes, and earthquakes will be always occurrent, I suppose, as long as the world continues. Still, "the earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein." The God of Providence whom we adore baffles our little wisdom by the ills He permits, and the elements He lets loose, but I bow before Him with a love that is not diminished by the convulsive shocks of nature, or the sorrows that taint our feeble race on land and ocean, at home and abroad, because I believe Him to be good, immensely good, in the roughest tempests as well as in the clearest calm, though I cannot understand the way that He takes. But you, in your presumption, demand further proof, and suspend your homage till He shall be pleased to explain to you that which your researches cannot find out; and He will give you no reply, no explanation; He will let the difficulty be before you, to humble your heart, or to flatter you in your foolish scepticism. And yet you might clear it up if you would believe Him. If you will not believe, neither shall you be established. Take a survey of time if you will. Dig down as deep as the geologist will take you into the rocks that lie below the surface of the earth, and what do you see when you have dived as low as you can? And what do you see there but death? There are relics of myriads and myriads of creatures of all shapes and forms, from the minute insect up to the mammoth and the mastodon. They are all defunct, many of them having died writhing in agony, as their fossil remains will show us. For ages beyond count death has reigned. Ever since the time of Adam what has this world been but one huge cemetery, one vast burial-ground? Ask, then, who slew all these. I say sin did it, but God sent death into the world because sin came there. Now I will ask you if the God who allowed all these beings to pass away, many of them in cruel torture—the God who has stamped the whole world with the seal manual of "death," is He not a terrible God? God, the mighty God, of whom Moses spake, and of whom in after days Habakkuk sung that He came from Paran, and the Holy One from Mount Pisgah, when Sinai was altogether on a smoke, and they trembled as they heard His awful voice, and besought that they might not hear that voice any more! Oh yes! the Lord our God, the God of nature, the God of the Bible, is awful in His majesty, terrible in His judgments, and in His holiness far remote from the approach of mortals. Unto Him you cannot draw near unless it be in the person of the Mediator. But when you see God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, how benignantly He smiles! His grace softens His great-

ness ; the gift of His beloved Son unfolds His goodness. The riches of His mercy temper the rule of His might :—

“The God who rules on high,
And thunders when He please ;
That rides upon the stormy skies,
And manages the seas—
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend.”

In the face of these facts it does not seem to me to be so extraordinary a thing that God should punish men for sin. When I see how He has left those creatures to perish who do not share with us the moral responsibility to own His government, consigning brute animals beyond count to death without any offence on their part ; when I see Him in this world every now and then manifest His power by smiting creatures whose common perversity has not been aggravated by any special or remarkable offence, it seems to me that there is little show of reason in representing Him as supremely indifferent to the character and conduct of those creatures whom He has endowed with intelligence and placed under law. On the other hand, we might safely and surely infer that the righteous God will punish the guilty.

But then somebody says, “*We have no evidence that God will punish sin.*” This is a gross falsehood. We have evidence, abundant evidence, of this. I have not patience with such an excuse. We have evidence, indication, and testimony, that we can show you any day, if you are only candid enough to look at it. First, those of us who believe in God, and receive His Word, find evidence in that very deluge of which we are now speaking, a flood that destroyed the whole population of the globe at a time when it was probably far more thickly peopled than it is now. For as men lived in prediluvian times to be six, eight, or nine hundred years of age, the population must have multiplied rapidly and the generations passed off slowly. And it was because the habits of men were vile, and the lands they inhabited were filled with violence, that the Almighty swept them away with summary vengeance. Then I might remind you that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, when God rained fire and brimstone out of heaven upon the cities of the plain, is always associated with the sin of Sodom, and the delinquency of its inhabitants. So, too, the overthrow of the Egyptians at the Red Sea was a chastisement of pride, and a vindication of the oppressed. And because the measure of their iniquity was full, and the vileness of their habits cried to heaven for vengeance, the nations of Canaan were given up to the slaughter, till their names should be erased from the earth. Recollect the siege of Jerusalem, recorded in profane as well as in sacred history. What a terrible picture it supplies of a retribution long before predicted, which fell the more heavily for the expostulations that had been often heard and never heeded by a race to whom God had shown the greatest favour. But I need not dwell further on the records of history. As I have said, I could show you this evidence to your faces. Do you ask me for the proofs? Yes ; but I charge you to look at them. Have you never seen living men who have borne upon their brows God’s brand of punishment for sin? Did you never mark

the spendthrift in his rags, exemplifying how God punishes extravagance and reckless riot? Have you never gone through the wards of a hospital, and had whispered into your ear by the surgeon or the physician that sins of the flesh sow the seeds of suffering, while the disease is as loathsome as the transgression that produced it. Why should I blush to expose to your own hearts the vices you foster, when you have the proof therein, which you strive in vain to parry, that men's bodies here are exposed to such corruption as is a faint foretaste of the second death. Is it not a presentiment of the torments of hell when the fever burns in the flesh, the bones rot, the brain is on fire, and the soul becomes the prey of anguish? Oh! sirs, it is a base lie that God does not take vengeance. He has set down to every sin its meet recompense, and if some sins seem to you to pass unpunished here, it is because God, of His patience and long-suffering, has held in abeyance the righteous judgment He holds in reserve. God does punish sin, and He will vindicate His law to the letter. This seems to me a truth that is forced upon us. If you suppress it in the busy hours of the day, it will startle you in the night watches. There must be a future judgment, and that judgment must be followed with awards so terrible, that the penalties of everlasting condemnation shall make men gnash their teeth at the transient pleasures they purchased so dearly. I marvel that the light of nature does not dispel your infatuation, who think it strange and incredible. I cannot understand the current of your thoughts.

But I have heard some say, "*I cannot believe it; it is so shocking!*" Now come here; I will tell you a very horrible thing. You have got a pistol; it is loaded. If you point it in the right direction, and discharge it, it will blow your brains out! "I don't believe it," says one: "it is too horrible!" *Do not try it.* Do not try it; for, horrible as it is, it will come to pass. Sin is suicide, when committed with a full view of the certain consequence. Here is a dose of poison. I am about to tell you something else to make you shudder. If you drink that baneful cup, it will send fire through all your veins, and you will not live more than sixty seconds. "Too cruel to be credited," says one; "I don't believe it!" Well, *don't try it*, I say again, *don't try it*, for, frightful as it is, God will not alter the laws of nature to spare your sensibilities. It is a very direful thing, you think, that should a man go to sea in a leaky vessel the sea will swallow his vessel up. It is a shame to mention it, is it not? There are all those passengers, the men and their wives and children, anticipating a merry voyage, but if there are holes in the bottom of the vessel the water will flow in. Violate the laws of nature at your peril: they will not yield to your pressure. Resolve to hold your ground courageously, but you will most certainly be crushed. What force can any of you bring against the fixed laws of God? Look at the ten commandments; listen to their prohibitions; and learn to revere their rectitude. Infringe any one of them, and though you may escape private censure and public prosecution, the Almighty Potentate will cause the punishment to overtake you. Trifle not with the warning; believe it, for your cavils will not be credited; your scepticism lacks sincerity; your liking for your own lusts corrupts your conscience; you breathe the foetid atmosphere of sin, therefore you cannot be

persuaded of the punishment. But oh! if you did believe in the judgment to come as Noah believed in the deluge, then, moved by fear, you might be led to fly to the Saviour now, and so find a means of escape.

III. This passes me on to a third point. As Noah was warned, and believed the warning, so he ACTED UPON THE BELIEF that the warning should make him wary. Many who believe the warning are slow to arouse themselves, and seek to avert the danger. Strange, that religious beliefs should so often lie dormant in men's minds, and not excite them to any diligence! Remember, the first thing Noah did after he had received the warning was that *he mentally acted upon it*. He was "moved with fear." I do pray you who are unconverted to think about the future. I want you to be "moved with fear." Not that I want you to be long in bondage to fear; but fear is better for you than false confidence, and may lead you to seek a happier state than your present. You need some impulse to move you, and perhaps fear will prove the best motive power. It would be a dreadful thing to die unsaved! Oh! may your souls feel a horror at the very thought, that so you may be moved.

Then Noah went to work practically, and what did he do? He was commanded to build an ark. The work that Noah did was what God bade him do. If we would be saved, we must not go about to save ourselves in our way; we must accept God's way of salvation. Noah had orders as to how to build the ark—the size of it, the form of it, the windows of it, and the doors of it. We must come to this Book, and ask what we must do to be saved, with a willing heart, desiring to be obedient to the Lord's plan in all particulars.

Noah, after resolving to be delivered from the flood, continued perseveringly at it. He that would enter into eternal life must persevere. It is not professing to be a Christian to-day, and then abandoning it to-morrow. It is a life-work, and we must hold on to the end.

Noah set about a business which cost him much. I doubt not all that he had, and his reputation for sanity into the bargain. So, if thou wouldst be saved, thou must put up with any cost, and be willing to wear a fool's cap, and a fool's coat if need be, so that thou mayst enter into eternal life.

There is one difference, however, between us and Noah, and a very important one. Noah had to make an ark to save himself in, and we have not. Our ARK is already prepared for us. We have not to prepare the ark, but only to enter the ark that is already prepared for us. The way of salvation, you know, is this—Jesus Christ has taken upon Himself the sins of His people. God has punished Christ instead of punishing us, and if we trust Christ, then we prove that Christ died for us; that Christ was punished instead of us; and then, as God cannot punish, and honestly will not punish any sin twice, first in the Substitute and then in us, if our Surety was punished in our stead, we are clear. Our debts to Divine justice, we may be assured, if we trust Christ, were all paid by Him upon the tree; paid in agonies, and groans, and death. To trust Jesus, then, is to enter into the ark of salvation; it is to be saved.

Now, let me observe, concerning Christ as an ark, one or two points of correspondence among many others which might be noted.

First, that *there is but one*. There was but one ark, and there is only one Saviour, only one way of salvation. Do not say, "I am sincere in my way, and you are sincere in yours, and we shall be both right." I tell you, unless you believe in Jesus your sincerity will be of no service to you. Jesus Christ Himself declares—"He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." Not a word about those who do not believe being sincere, and may therefore be saved. No, you must believe in Jesus, or there is no hope of heaven for you. There was but one ark; there is but one Christ.

And that one *Ark is waiting for you*. The door is not shut yet. God grant it may not be until you have entered! Jesus waiteth to be gracious. Methinks I hear the silver trumpet sound, and as I catch the notes they are these—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." The Ark is ready; it is waiting for you. One day, however, it will be too late for you to enter. As soon as the good man of the house has risen up and shut to the door, all entrance will be denied. There are no prayer meetings, probably, anywhere so earnest as those which are held in hell; but there are no answers to their prayers. They sigh, and cry, and groan; but all in vain. Even a prayer for a drop of water, our Saviour tells us, was denied, so that eternal life will certainly be refused. Once enter into Christ, and you are saved. Believe in Jesus, and it is no hap-hazard; you are saved, beyond all fear; but out of Christ your ruin is equally certain. See the deluge coming, and the floods begin to rise from below, and the rain pours down for long hours, one after the other. I think I see the men and women climbing to the housetops; then they seek the tallest trees. Now they leave the valleys; and now they have climbed to the hills. The stronger ones amongst them have got up to the mountain's side; but, climb as fast as they can, the waters dog them at their heels, like wolves athirst for blood. Some of them plunge boldly in, perhaps, and attempt to swim to the ark. But, no; *the door is closed!* Noah is within and safe; but they have passed the day of mercy. They have rejected his invitations, and scoffed at his warnings; and now, while the pitiless rain, rain, rain, descends, and never ceases, and the mighty floods come pouring up in water-spouts and cataracts, men die unheeded and unpitied because they wilfully put from them their life and rejected mercy. Shall this be your case, my dear friends? We are a great assembly to-night, but we shall be a far greater assembly in "that tremendous day whose coming none can tell," but which as a thief—unheard, unseen—is stealing on. Oh, how dread will be that assembly when Christ shall have gathered out His elect, and have saved them! Then comes the reaper with the sickle to cut down the ungodly, and to bind the tares up in bundles. If you are among them you will not be able to escape. They fall before him! Amidst confusion, terror, and alarm, they fall! And now you are in the reaper's hand, and you are reaped and cast into the fire! God grant that the picture may never be realised, but that you may to-night, even to-night, fly for refuge to the hope that is set before you by believing in Christ!

I do conjure you, let these feeble words of mine have such weight with you as their sense demands. Look not at the garnishing. If I have spoken to you the truth, reject it not. If you have the foolhardiness to believe that there will be no hereafter, I will not argue with you. Go your way! I am clear of your blood! But if you believe in the Bible, if you believe it to be God's Word, I beseech you to be consistent with your beliefs, and act them out. Rush not upon the bosses of Jehovah's buckler. Dash not yourselves upon His glittering spear. Tempt not the edge of that sword of justice. Fly not into the fire, O sinner, as a silly moth that plunges into the candle and destroys itself. But now, while God invites and while mercy calls, while the cross is lifted high, and the bleeding wounds of Jesus still drop with pity to the sons of men, look to Him. Look and live. There is life in a look at Him now, but the day will come when to look at Him will be death to you, when you shall say, "Mountains, hide us! Fall upon us, O ye flinty rocks, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne!" That face will be as the sun, full of healing, and light, and refreshment to you if you look at it now. But if you despise Christ now, He shall be as the sun with a vehement heat, scorching, and consuming, and devouring. Which shall it be? I know which way your old will, your natural will, will incline. You will choose the pleasures of a day, and risk eternal miseries! But may God's grace be cast into the scale! Oh! blessed Saviour, come and cast Thy cross into the scale. I see that scale trembling! It quivers! To-night is to be the night of decision with some. They will have no more warnings, no more opportunities.

Conscience presses heavily, and we think the right scale will go down. But no! There are vanities, and pomps, and pleasures for to-morrow, and the thoughts of these come up, and that scale still seems to be the weightier. But again the thought of the wrath to come comes in, and the sinner says—"I will repent and turn to God." Straightway, again, old companions, and their jests and jeers, which he cannot endure, make that scale descend. O God! how it quivers! How it shakes! How much depends upon it! O Jesus, put Thyself into the scale—Thy love, Thy mercy—and let the sinner live! Make him to decide. Choose his inheritance for him; and this night let him go forth out of this place with full consent, made willing in the day of Thy power, to give himself to Thee and be saved!

God bless you all, dear friends, according to the abundance of His grace, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME,
AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER VI.

It is the custom of the teachers of some Sunday schools in a given

district to meet occasionally, and have what is called "a practice lesson." For the benefit of the uninitiated we will in a few words explain the process. Before the teachers of the various schools an

appointed teacher takes his seat in a chosen class of boys or girls. The preliminary exercises being over, he is then expected, before all present, to give the scholars what is looked upon as a kind of model lesson. He tells them where the prescribed lesson is to be found, and they turn to it. They generally then read round as if they were in their own Sunday school, and the teacher instructs them in the subject in his own way. As may be supposed, this way will vary greatly; and should the teacher prove to be a first-class hand at his work, possessed of originality, imagination, humour, tact, and general information, the model lesson is certain to be both instructive and entertaining to all present. But while undoubtedly this kind of performance is useful, it has this serious drawback,—the class is not instructed *under the conditions* in which an ordinary teacher is called upon to instruct a class in his own school. Before such an august, serious, and sometimes reverend assembly, the scholars are sure to be "on their good behaviour," and will answer to the best of their ability. There is no crowding, no noise, and no interruption. The teacher is almost certain to be an educated person, and an adept in the art of teaching; then, moreover, knowing the nature of the ordeal through which he will have to pass, it may be safely assumed that, in order to be "up to the mark," he will have taken an extra amount of time and given as much labour as possible in preparing for the occasion. Hence, while the uneducated teacher may possibly receive from the formal trial some well-furnished hints that may be useful to him in the future, still he may, if the model lesson is, after the scholars are discharged, unani-

mously voted "a great success," feel disheartened rather than encouraged by it with the melancholy remembrance of his own personal deficiencies. We will, therefore, take the liberty of bringing before the reader a practice lesson of an entirely different kind, and given under totally different circumstances. The teacher is an ordinary one—our friend John Carter, the class taught is his own, and ten boys are present, all of them evidently the sons of the working-class. The place in which they meet is the new class-room, of which they are all proud. It is a neat, small, and warm room, with seats round it, a table in the middle, and a chair at the head for the teacher. After a brief prayer, offered by the teacher, John Carter thus proceeds:—

"Now, my lads, can you remember what I said last Sunday afternoon the lesson is to be today?"

The class: "The baptism of Christ in Jordan."

"That is right. Now let us read what the three evangelists say about it. First turn to Matt. iii. 13—17."

The teacher reads the thirteenth verse, and the rest follow in turn.

"Now let us see what Mark says about it. It is not much. Mark i. 9—11."

The scholars turn to it and read.

"Once more, let us have another account—Luke iii. 21—23. Now you have read that, let us go back again to Matthew. With your Testaments open, answer my questions, and give each answer in *the language* of Matthew, and all answer together. Who came from Galilee to Jordan?"

The class: "Jesus."

"Where did Jesus come from?"

"From Galilee to Jordan."

"To whom did He come?"

"To John."
 "What did He come to John for?"

"To be baptised of him."

"What did John say to Him?"

"He forbid Him."

"How did He forbid Him?"

"He said, 'I have need to be baptised of Thee, and comest Thou to me!'"

"What answer did Jesus give?"

"Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

"What did John do then?"

"He suffered Him."

"What did Jesus do when He was baptised?"

"He went up straightway out of the water."

"What did He see then?"

"Lo! the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him."

"And what did He hear?"

"A voice from heaven."

"And what did the voice say?"

"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

"Now we have gone through the text together, let us have the *explanations*. Can you tell me how far Jesus travelled to be baptised? You do not know. Well, I will tell you. He in all probability walked at least sixty miles. Now that was a long way to walk to be baptised, was it not?"

"It was, sir."

"You see here is the map, and if we trace it by the scale, and suppose that Christ came from Nazareth to the place in Galilee where John was baptising, if He took a short cut across the country He would have that distance to travel. And mark this, my boys, the roads wouldn't be like ours, nicely laid out and prepared, for they haven't many of that sort in Palestine;

He'd have rather a rough and tiresome journey, I guess. Now tell me what lessons we are to learn from this fact."

George: "To think a deal of baptism."

Timothy: "To be willin' to put ourselves about to be baptised."

Joseph: "Not to be baptised till we can walk." (A laugh.)

"Come, that's not bad, Joseph; but it would hardly suit some cripples. I saw a minister once baptise a poor cripple who couldn't without assistance walk a yard, and he had to carry her down the steps of the baptistry, and then lift her out again. Now your rule wouldn't have suited her."

Ben: "No, Mr. Carter, but it would prevent babies being baptised."

"Nay, not exactly. Harry, you have a baby at home, haven't you?"

Harry: "Yes; and it's just ten months old."

"Can it walk?"

Harry: "O! it's walked for more than a month; it is a sharp 'un!"

"There, Ben, you see Joseph's rule wouldn't do. It would only shut out the infants that cannot walk, and it would let in all that can. But now let us go on. Why did John forbid Christ to be baptised?"

Elijah: "Because he thought more of Christ than he did of himself."

Ben: "Because he was very humble."

George: "Because he was a sinner, and Christ wasn't."

Joseph: "Because he thought that it would be better for Christ to baptise him with the Holy Ghost than for him to baptise Christ in the water."

"Can you tell me why Christ said, 'Suffer it to be so now'?"

(A long pause.)

"I see you cannot answer that

question. Let me put two or three more, and all answer. What did Jesus often call Himself when on the earth? Remember, I told you the other Sunday."

The class: "The Son of Man."

"And what was He beside?"

"The Son of God."

"As the Son of God, where did He come down from?"

"Heaven."

"Just so. Now that was wonderful. He was the Son of God, equal with the Father, yet He humbled Himself and came down to this earth to become a man, and live and die for us. Turn to Philip-
pians ii., and one of you read from the fifth to the eighth verse, and learn what the Apostle says about it."

Ben reads: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"You have read that well, Ben. We learn, then, from that passage that Christ was a Divine as well as a human being, God and man in one. Now, as man, He undertook to fulfil all God's law and do the Father's will. To be baptised was a part of the duty He undertook to perform, and therefore He says, 'Suffer it to be so now' (that is, now I am a man), 'for thus it becometh us' (meaning principally Himself) 'to fulfil all righteousness' (or all duty). Do you understand it now?"

Samuel: "You mean it was His duty because He had become a man."

"Yes; that's the idea. But if it became Christ thus to be baptised, who else does it become?"

The class: "All of us."

"What, as you are? Are you all Christians?"

"No, sir."

"But I wish you all were. Now, if you are not Christians, ought you to be baptised?"

"No, sir."

"Who, then, ought to be?"

"All who believe on Him."

"That's right; baptism is a duty binding on believers only. But to be clear about this, let us turn to two or three passages to prove it. (They consult Mark xvi. 15, 16; Acts ii. 41, viii. 37.) That will do. Now what do we learn from this?"

Elijah: "That we don't do right if we profess to be Christians, and yet are not baptised."

Ben: "That Christ is to be our example."

Harry: "Not to be ashamed of doing it."

"Those are good lessons, my lads, and I will give you another. When Christ says it becomes us to be baptised, He means that it is a privilege and great honour. It 'becomes us.' It's the right thing to do, and the best thing to do; it's a great honour thus to follow in the footsteps of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. But, passing on, what do we learn from John at once consenting to baptise Him, after Christ had said this?"

Elijah: "To do just what the Lord tells us, without stopping to ask any more questions."

"Very good, Elijah; and it will be well with us if we all put that lesson into practice. Now, how was Jesus baptised?"

George: "He was dipped."

"Can you prove that from this chapter?"

"Yes; it says He 'went up

straightway out of the water,' so He must first have been *in* it."

"That's good logic, George; and it seems to me to knock sprinklin' and pourin' right on the head. Now Jesus, on coming out of the water, saw the heavens opened,—which must have been a glorious sight,—and He saw the Spirit of God descendin' like a dove, and lightin' on Him. And then He hears a voice from heaven sayin', 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' This voice was the voice of the Father, so you see at Christ's baptism there was what we call the Trinity. The Son of God was baptised, the Holy Ghost crowned Him, and the Father owned Him as His beloved Son. Now what lessons do we learn from these facts?"

Timothy: "That God will give us His presence when we are baptised."

Charles: "That the Holy Ghost took the form of a dove, because the dove is innocent, meek, and pure."

Elijah: "That God will own us as His children if we act like Christ."

"Now let us turn to Mark, and then to Luke, and see if these two evangelists teach us anything more on this subject."

To these two the class accordingly turn, going through each writer in the same way. They discover that Mark says Christ came from *Nazareth* to be baptised, while Matthew merely says that He came from Galilee; and that he also says Christ was baptised *in* Jordan. From Luke they learn two or three additional particulars. They find out that "*when* all the people were baptised, Christ was baptised; that he was *praying* at the time; that it was *then* that 'the heaven was opened' to Him;

and that at the time of His baptism He was "about thirty years of age." From this additional information they discover the utility of comparing what each evangelist says on a given subject, and the benefit to be derived from collating them. When they have thus gone thoroughly through the facts, and the lessons suggested by them, Mr. Carter, in a simple way, sums up briefly what they have been taught, putting some of the questions over again, and getting the class to answer them all at once. Thus engaging in the same vocal exercise, and knowing what to answer, they find the time pass away pleasantly and rapidly, and in this way *teach one another*.

And what was the result? Thirteen Sundays of this kind of drilling enabled the teacher and scholars to traverse the prescribed ground, the last Sunday being very wisely occupied in a catechetical review of the whole subject. On the following Lord's-day afternoon, Mr. Fuller's examination before the school, parents, and friends came off. To the joy of all concerned, a class could hardly have answered better. Out of one hundred questions put,—all of them strictly connected with the narrative,—only ten erroneous answers were given. The scholars showed an accurate acquaintance not only with the Scriptural facts taught by the evangelists concerning Christ's early life, but also with the chief lessons which that part of the Saviour's life is intended to convey. At the conclusion of the examination, Mr. Fuller declared that all the scholars were worthy of certificates, which he would prepare and give at an early day; and then, while the minister goes home satisfied with the result of his experiment, and John Carter gets a good name from

the parents for being such an efficient instructor, and the scholars congratulate themselves on their success, not the least of the benefits flowing from this trial is, that ordinary teachers learn that, although they are but partially educated, they can, by the adoption of this simple plan, achieve results in imparting Scriptural information, which, under the present system of teaching in a crowded room, is almost unknown.

(To be continued.)

CALLING THE LAMBS.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

"My son, give me thine heart."—
PROV. xxiii. 26.

SOME time ago an Indian chief came to a missionary of the Gospel, and said, "Missionary, I want to give something to Jesus Christ; will you take this belt to Him, and tell Him I sent it. See, it is covered with gold, and shining with precious stones, surely He will accept that. The missionary smiled at the simplicity of the chief, and said, "My friend, Jesus Christ does not require your belt, neither gold nor precious stones." At this the chief was greatly astonished, but, after a little thought, he said, "Take my bows and arrows to Him, and tell Him to use them when He goes out shooting. They will never fail Him." The missionary replied, "Jesus does not use bows and arrows, and never goes out shooting." The chief, in great perplexity, called his favourite dog to his side, and, patting the faithful creature's neck, said, "Jesus doesn't want my belt, nor my bows and arrows; take my dog to Him, He can surely use him." "No," said

the missionary, "Jesus doesn't want even your dog." The poor chief, with tears in his eyes, and bitter disappointment within his breast, said, "What can I give Jesus, what will please Him?" Then suddenly noticing the fine warm blanket which he wore, he tore it from his shoulders, and, standing nearly naked before the missionary, said, "Give Him my blanket, it will keep Him warm. He cannot surely refuse that." The missionary quietly replied, "Jesus does not even want your blanket." This last reply was the worst of all to the poor chief, who immediately threw himself on the ground, and cried bitterly, "Jesus doesn't care for anything that I would give Him." Then the missionary, kneeling on the ground, whispered, "You can give something to Christ." In a moment the chief was on his feet, and cried, "What can I give to Him, tell me, I'll give it at once? Tell me, tell me quick." The missionary answered, "*You can give yourself. You can give Him your heart.* He does not wish for anything else." Then the chief, with great joy, clasped his hands, and said, "Lord Jesus, you don't want my belt, nor arrows, nor dog, nor blanket, take me; here I give myself to Thee; Jesus, take my heart, it is thine for ever."

That is just what Jesus, and our dear Father in heaven, asks all who are here to give Him to-day—our hearts, our lives.

The first question which comes to us, is this:

When shall I give my heart to my God and Saviour?

Simply and briefly, the answer lies in one word,—*Now.*

We should give Him our hearts now in our early youth, because He asks for them now. Let us remember that it is a Father alto-

gether kind and loving, who requires this gift at our hands. What should we do if an earthly father, who is very affectionate, were to request us to give him something we owned? Should we say, "No, I'll keep it; I would rather look after it myself?" If that were our answer, we should show but very little gratitude, and have but a poor idea of our duty to obey. Rather let me believe that each one would say, "Yes, father, you are always right, take it and let it be yours." Now if we would give up anything like that to our earthly parents, ought we not to yield up our hearts at once when our Heavenly Father wishes to receive them? Surely yes. He is far kinder and more worthy our gratitude and obedience than the nearest and dearest on earth. He has done more, and always will do more, for us than they. He will be with us in all our troubles, will cheer us when we are sad, will guide us when in difficulty, will stand by our side in prosperity, when the gilded allurements of pleasure tempt us to fall, and will even walk with us through the valley of the shadow of death and take us to His home.

It will please Him more if we give ourselves to Him now than if we put it off until old age.

I will tell you a parable. Years and years ago a great king determined to invade the dominions of another king in revenge for many wrongs which the other had done him; but knowing the weakness of his own army, and the strength of the enemy, he resolved not to start his expedition for five years, so that he might have time to gather recruits, and by numbers and strength and skill ensure a victory. He therefore sent out a proclamation through his realm, bidding every

subject who was willing to join his army to appear before him as early as possible. Multitudes came, for they loved their king, and the ranks were composed of the noblest, wisest, and bravest among men. One day as he descended into his courtyard to receive those who offered their services, an old man, bent with the weight of years, came forward and knelt before his master, and said, "Oh! king, I have come to do what I can for thee in fighting for my country. Accept me." "Hast thou come to fight?" said the king. "Thou art too old to do anything now. Thou hast had no experience of war, and knowest not how to wield the sword, nor how to plan a successful battle. Ah! thou seest I know thee. Fifty years since, when I ascended the throne, it was my duty to fight against my father's foe; then, as now, I determined not to begin for five years. In the meanwhile I gathered strength; the young and healthy came, and my army was invincible. In my walks about the city I had noticed thee. Thou wast strong, broad-chested, and full of vigour. I longed for thee to come and offer thy service, but thou didst not; so I sent messengers to thee with gentle messages, asking thee to join us, for I would not compel thee. Thou wert wedded to thy pleasures and thy money; thou wouldst not come. Now in thy old age thou canst not help me. Hadst thou been with me in thy youth, to-day thou mightst have sat with me in the council. Nevertheless, though thy opportunity was allowed to slip by, I accept thy will for the deeds which thou canst not do." Then calling a boy of fifteen to the foot of his throne, he said to him, "Brave boy, thou dost please me more than yonder old man, because I can train thy powers for future

usefulness in my cause. Thou art welcome."

Even as that boy pleased the king more by coming in his early youth than the old man, so will you cause your Heavenly Father to be glad if you say, "Father and King, while I am young I give myself to Thee, train me for Thy service." Samuel, the great prophet of Israel, was only a boy when he began to serve his God. In the temple he learnt the sacredness of a prophet's calling, and saw how much training is required before a man can serve his God as he ought. David was the Almighty's servant on the plains, where he tended his father's sheep, and when he grew up he was better able to rule over turbulent men, because God had ruled over his own heart, and taught him that in goodness lies the true power of a king. And we have the word of the Bible, which is always right, telling us that both these great men were pleasing to the Lord, because they were wholly given to Him from their earliest youth.

Be like them. Enter the service of God to-day. He bids you come. He promises to help you onwards. He will fit you for a grand, good life on earth, and a better in heaven. Come, for as the angels in heaven rejoice over the sinner that repents, so will they make the streets of the beautiful city ring with sweetest anthems this very hour, if you will but say—

"Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,

Seal it from Thy courts above."

Again—

It will be far easier to give ourselves to the Lord while we are young than in old age.

You have been a very short time in the world, and think, perhaps, that I am mistaken in what I say. There

are so many things to engage your attention, such as pastimes, enjoyments, and pleasant labours, that you think you could more easily give yourself to the Lord when old age has come upon you, and you have no longer any desire for pleasure, than at the present time, when everything seems to say, "Enjoy yourselves while young, and have no serious thoughts of the future." It is quite natural for you to think in this way. You do not know yet that pleasure hardens the heart and draws away our thoughts from what is loveliest and best. The more it is followed, the farther does it lead from God. It uses up the strength during the vigour of youth and manhood, and gives to age the painful memory of a misspent life. If you could go into the grand drawing rooms of rich old men, who have spent their lives in foolish pastimes, or in heaping gold together, you would find them talking about their former rioting, and mourning over their inability to do what once they did with so much ease; you would hear them speak of money as if it were as precious as their own existence. Talk to them of better things; tell them of a world of holiness and pure contentment, of a God absolutely just and good, they would bid you put off your preaching to a more convenient season, when their affairs are settled and death is at the door. They say, "It will be easier by-and-by," but they always find it harder.

Once on a time a gentleman desired his sons to gather round his dying bed. When they came, he turned to them and said, "My sons, when I was a lad the Spirit of God strove within me, and said, 'My son, give me thine heart; seek religion now,' but Satan suggested the necessity of waiting till I grew

up, saying that if I gave myself to God, I should not be able to enter into any youthful amusements, so I determined to wait until I became a man. I did so, and the Spirit came again and said, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Again I determined to put it off, as my business and family required all my attention. 'Yes,' said I, 'I will wait till middle age.' I did so, and then the Spirit came again and said, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Again I resisted the Spirit, because I had less time to think about religion than ever. From that time the suggestions of the Holy Spirit seemed to leave me, and now, having lived to be old, I have no desire to attend to the concerns of my soul; my heart is hardened, I cannot give it now. I have quenched the Spirit, now there is no hope. Already retribution from another world is coming upon me. Take warning from my miserable end; seek religion now; let nothing tempt you to put off this important concern." Then in the great agonies his soul passed into the presence of God.

Lastly—

If you give your heart to the Lord while you are young, you will be able to spend your whole life in His

blessed service, and at last reap His reward.

Who is there here that does not wish to enjoy the blessings of the good in heaven? Who does not wish to live in the world where all are perfectly happy? Come, then, if you would be the Lord's for ever, and give yourself to Him now, then shall your life, by the constant help of the Holy Spirit, be honourable and true; you shall do your duty to God and to man; you shall win the favour of those who are rejoicing above, and the thanks of those who are toiling amidst many cares on earth. Your life shall be blessed, and shall bestow blessing all through, and death shall come as a sweet surprise to take you into your Father's presence in His delightful home.

Say, then, with me, in humble dedication of ourselves to God, these beautiful words:—

"Jesus! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and the best,
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.

"Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine."

Preston.

The Names and Titles of Christ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST A FATHER.

FOR JUNE 1ST.

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. ciii. 13, 14.

CHRIST is the everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace. He is the

Father of eternity, the Father of the Gospel age, and of the increase of His government and kingdom there shall be no end. How sustaining are these sublime words to the faith of God's children! The Father of eternity and His own kingdom speaks to them and declares, I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you; and as the Prince of Peace He says, "My peace I leave you, My peace I give you. I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as My Father has appointed unto Me." In their Saviour therefore God's people have a Father infinitely perfect in His love, tenderness, and sympathy. One who can never die, but who ever lives, and whose resources can never fail, but who is willing and able to provide for them, to protect and preserve them—to impart to them His own blessedness, and who will not be satisfied until the whole of His family reach His home, to behold His face, and to share in all His glory for ever in His immediate presence above.

CHRIST A HUSBAND.

FOR JUNE 8TH.

"For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall He be called."—Isa. liv. 5.

THE Church is said to be the spouse of Christ, the "Lamb's wife," and all true Christians are spoken of as members of "Christ's body, of His flesh, and His bones." How intimate and wonderful is this relationship, and the love which arises out of it—a love which led Christ to provide for His Church, even before she had a being; which led Him to give Himself for her salvation, for Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for her; and He loved her with a love

of self-sacrifice, endearment, and delight, as His own bride, and hence He is said to joy over her, even with joy and singing. He calls her His love, His dove, His undefiled, His sister, His spouse, and declares He will dwell in His people and with them for ever. He gives His Church to share in all the beauty of His person, in all His acquired wealth, in all the glory of His finished work and unchanging love, in all the majesty of His kingly home and throne. He declares respecting her that she is all fair, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing—that she is all glorious within, that her clothing is of wrought gold, and that as His queen she shall be brought to Him and stand at His side for ever. O King of heaven, give us a faith more worthy of Thy love, and help us even here to reflect more of Thy kingly beauty and grace!

CHRIST A BROTHER.

FOR JUNE 15TH.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same."—Heb. ii. 14.

JOSEPH, of whom we read in Old Testament history, was a fair type of a faithful, loving, noble, and generous brother; but in all that he was and did he is but a faint type of our Saviour, who is, indeed, a friend who loveth at all times, and a brother born for adversity. A brother, indeed, who is so completely one with ourselves that He can have a perfect understanding of all our wants, sorrows, and weaknesses, and being also our Lord and King, and possessed of all the wealth of both worlds, is able abundantly to minister to all our necessities without impoverishing Himself, or diminishing His own resources. And, indeed, He bids us

to come boldly to Him, notwithstanding all our past unkindness and ingratitude, and, being still full of love, tenderness, and sympathy, promises freely to forgive us, and forget the past; that He will not be ashamed to acknowledge us as His brethren, even amid the glories of His exaltation, but will gladly share with us all His honour and His wealth. O that we may learn to trust in and love such a Brother more perfectly, and even when He seems to hide Himself from us, and His voice through His dealings with us may seem strange, lean still upon His faithfulness, and seek increasingly to share in His munificence and commend His love to others!

CHRIST A SUBSTITUTE.

FOR JUNE 22ND.

“For Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.”—1 Pet. iii. 18.

CHRIST being the Surety of His people, that He might save them in righteousness, became their substitute. He assumed their nature, for “the children being partakers of flesh and blood, He also took part of the same.” And having assumed their nature He died, the just for the unjust, to bring them to God. And as the understanding of the doctrine of substitution lies at the root of all our salvation, comfort and permanent peace, we wish in a few words to state it very clearly. Christ came here to stand as our substitute in our law-place, room, and stead. Our sins were imputed to Him; and He was thus made a curse for us, and bore their penalty in our place, thus putting them away from us for ever. Reader, dost thou believe in and trust in Christ? Then He is thy substitute, and thy sins were

punished in Him, and put away, and God sees thee now complete in Him; and for His sake doth accept thee, and in Him not only does He grant thee an exemption from the curse thy sins have merited, but also a title to eternal life. O seek to live rejoicing in His truth, and to the praise and glory of thy bleeding substitute and Lord!

CHRIST A HEAD.

FOR JUNE 29TH.

“And hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church.”—Eph. i. 22.

CHRIST is the head of His body the Church, and so intimate is the union subsisting between Himself and all His people, that they are spoken of as a part of Himself, members of His mystic body, bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh. This union arises out of the covenant, love, and purpose of God, who constituted Christ and His people one, even from eternity, and so near and dear is this union to Christ that those who touch His people touch the apple of His eye; and He views them as so perfectly a part of Himself, that anything which is done for His people is received by Him as done to Himself. In Christ, as the head of His body the Church, resides all the fulness of grace, beauty, and glory which she needs, and from which each member receives grace for grace. In Christ are hidden all the treasures of knowledge, wisdom, and power, and He is constituted the head over all things, that they may be made available on behalf of His people, and that through Him they may even rejoice in the possession of everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace; for He is not only a fountain of rule and government but of love, tenderness, and

sympathy, which will never fail. O remember, believer, whatever thy sorrows that thou hast in heaven a strong and sympathising Friend, who

can reach, help, and comfort thee at all times, and whose love and resources are infinite, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Reviews.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By JAMES MACAULAY, A.M., M.D., Edinburgh, Editor of the *Leisure Hour*. Religious Tract Society, Paternoster-row.

A VERY telling plea for mercy to animals, and we are sorry to have no doubt as to the necessity for such a plea. Cruelties are sometimes inflicted, and sufferings endured, through gross ignorance, but oftener through sheer wantonness and viciousness. While we are surrounded by unmistakable proofs of man's readiness to abuse his power in the direction of the lower creatures, we hail with joy any and every attempt to educate the mind towards a higher and worthier course of action. The four chapters into which this volume is divided are—First, claims of the lower animals to humane treatment from man; second, various forms of needless suffering inflicted by man; third, means of prevention—legal and educational; fourth, vivisection and other experiments on living animals. Under these heads Dr. Macaulay has produced a book abounding in touchingly tender and thrilling passages, and which will carry every reader along to the end at which the author worthily aims.

Short Papers on Prophecy; also a Concordance on the Lord's Coming and Kindred Subjects. J. E. HAWKINS, Baker-street, W.

WE are one with the writer in his views generally, without, however, pledging ourselves to all he has written. On the subject of unfulfilled prophecy in connection with our Lord's second coming, we certainly think that an intelligent *literal interpretation com-*

mends itself most, except such a mode of interpretation may in some instances seem a direct violation of the intention of the sacred writer. The *literal fulfilment of nearly everything prophetic in the first advent* seems to us a very *legitimate key wherewith to unlock and interpret the solemn events of the second.* The Concordance would be of service bound in our pocket Bibles.

Anglo-Israelism Refuted. A Lecture delivered in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, by ROBERT ROBERTS, of Birmingham, being a reply to one delivered in the same place by Edward Hine.

THE views advocated by Mr. Hine are not new. We have had knowledge of them for the last half century. There have been many attempts to refute them, but he, as their champion, has always proved himself able to hold his own ground, and a foeman in controversy worthy of his opponent's steel. We are glad to find the other side dealt with so ably by Mr. Roberts, and we thank him for his help. Still, we think it right to *advise the close reading of both lectures*, and would like to have seen them both published under one cover.

Something about Saving. By Mrs. LOCKHART.

On the Use of Tea and Coffee. By MICHAEL BEVERLY, M.D., Norwich. Jarrold and Sons, Paternoster-buildings.

THE former of these is in its thirty-third thousand. We think it would be desirable to extend its circulation to hundreds of thousands. Both tracts are on subjects vital to our social well-

being, and we should like to see them sown broadcast.

The Arminian Teachings of the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitkin, M.A., the Mission-Preacher, tried according to the Rule of Faith. By a FISHERMAN. Robinson, Duke-street, Brighton.

WE have no sympathy with some of the modes of expression and some of the means adopted to get at the multitudes of our fellow-men who are still without God in the world; at the same time we have *less sympathy with those who use no means to reach the perishing*, and exhort them to flee from the wrath to come. We wish on such a subject to be neither Arminian nor Calvinist, but *Biblical*. We thank the fisherman for putting before us so many glorious pearls from the Divine fishery. But we question if Mr. Aitkin was to make an array of Scripture from his standpoint whether the fisherman would be convinced. Nor do we believe this attempt will have the least effect on Mr. Aitkin or his admirers. Our own views are that there is a Bible way of addressing those out of Christ, and it lies in a path midway between the fisherman and Mr. Aitkin. May our Heavenly Father give more of His Holy Spirit's teaching and power to our mission preachers! *So pray we.*

The Catholic Presbyterian. March. Nisbet and Co.

THIS quarterly, edited by Professor Blackie, has, among other essays of great merit, one on "The Peril of a Degraded Pulpit," by the Rev. H. De Caux, dealing with the temptations of ministers arising from the too frequent practice of casting on them the responsibilities of the money returns from their congregations. This is an existing evil, and the writer ably shows its tendency to make the pulpit, if the least weak in moral power, *wink at error*, to be less faithful in dealing with sins close at hand, and to defer to modern tastes. From among much well-written matter we select the following:—"The result is

that men who practise such irregularities in personal, social, and business life as would have met with scathing condemnation in the discourse of an Apostle, can sit in many a church without hearing from year's end to year's end a word which brings their *definite offence to mind*. Again, in dealing with error, some yield to the temptation of such a broad church Christianity that with skill the preacher can announce with just so much admixture of Christian phraseology and allusion as shall not disgust an unbeliever, while it may pass with such believers as are not too attentive for a kind of Gospel." These are, we fear, a solemn and faithful representation of facts.

MAGAZINES approved, which have our heartiest best wishes:—*The Sower and the Little Gleaner* (Houlston and Co.); *The Friend of Missions*, paper good, pictures good, printing good (Partidge and Co.); the well-known *British Messenger*, from Stirling; *The Voice of Warning* (Buckingham-street, Strand); *The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society* has a leader on "Is not the Bread Poisoned?" more than maintaining its former charge—that to circulate Romish versions of the Scriptures is to give the people poison; *The British Flag*, the best paper for soldiers (Trafalgar-square); *Evangelical Christendom* (Johnson and Co Fleet-street); and *The Boys' World*, a new penny serial (29, Farringdon-street). This last is well illustrated, and its stories, &c., are given in such a manner, and contain such matter, as will be read with avidity by our boys.

BAPTIST LITERATURE.

THE *Baptist Magazine*, the *Sword and Trowel*, and the *General Baptist* contain much profitable reading; *Truth and Progress*, our Australian Baptist, affords us the gratification of grasping hands with our brethren on the other side of the seas. Every member will feel with us our indebtedness to the *Baptist* and *Freeman* for their worthy articles and faithful reports of our

Society's operations during the month of April.

THE Baptist Tract Society sends its

Quarterly Register. This society, we are pleased to know, moves onward, and is to be congratulated on its new series of narrative tracts.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. WM. LEESE GILES, late of Greenwich, has accepted the invitation of the church at Clough Fold, Lancashire, to become its pastor.

Mr. T. Thomas, a student at Bristol, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the English Church at Carmarthen.

Rev. W. Davies, of Llanthwey, Abergavenny, has been cordially invited to Pennar Church, Pembroke Dock.

Mr. E. G. Evans, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Regent-street Church, Belfast.

Rev. Stephen R. Aldridge, B.A., LL.B., who for the past two years has been assistant minister to the Rev. Daniel Kattorns, at Mare-street Chapel, Hackney, has been elected to the co-pastorate of the church, and has accepted the same.

The Rev. J. Cole has resigned the pastorate of the church at Providence Chapel, Coseley, and received an address of esteem from the congregation.

Rev. J. R. Godfrey, of Nazebottom, Hebden-bridge, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Bulwell, Nottingham, to become the pastor.

Rev. H. Webster has resigned the pastorate at Royton, and has accepted a unanimous invitation to the church worshipping at Brighton-grove, Manchester.

Rev. John May, who has for many years presided over the church at Saltash, has been compelled to resign the pastorate on account of failing health.

Rev. W. Davis, Lleconthwey (Rhytherch), has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

RECOGNITIONS.

SPECIAL recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. Henry Knee as pastor of the Park-road Chapel, Peckham, have been held. At a public meeting, under the presidency of the Rev. G. Rogers, addresses were delivered by Revs. W. P. Cope, G. D. Gracey, J. T. Briscoe, and others.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. J. Naylor, formerly of Oswaldtwistle, as pastor of the church at Farsley, have been held. Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. F. G. Greening, of Crewe, that to the church. At an evening public meeting addresses were delivered by Revs. N. Brunyate, E. Warne, C. Williams, J. K. Scott, and others.

Services have been held at Union Chapel, Godmanchester, near Huntingdon, in connection with the settlement of Mr. R. Cater, jun. (late of Yelling), as pastor of the church. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Newton, of Ramsey, when earnest and stirring addresses were delivered by Revs. S. R. Firks, E. Spanton, H. Bell, and W. A. Hobbs.

Rev. A. Dalton has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Sutton-at-Hone, Kent. Revs. G. W. Shepherd, W. K. Doxter, J. S. Anderson, J. Lingley, and others took part in the services.

Southsea, Portsmouth.—On Monday, March 28th, Mr. L. Lang was recognised as pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church. Rev. T. W. Medhurst presided, and gave the charge to the pastor. Revs. J. G. Goundry, R. Mackie, H. Kitching, C. Philp, W. L. Lang, M. Canaway, and Captain Verney gave addresses.

NEW CHAPELS.

The new tabernacle at Henley-on-Thames has been opened by special services. Rev. Dr. Landels preached, and at a public meeting following a tea, Rev. J. M. Howson, pastor, presiding, addresses were delivered by several clergymen and other ministers. The proceeds of the day realised £22 10s., leaving a balance of debt of £800. The total cost of the structure was £2,800.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel at Hirley, Surrey (erected at the sole cost of S. Barron, Esq., of Redhill), has been laid by Mr. and Mrs. Barron. It being their silver wedding-day, a silver trowel was presented for the purpose by the friends there. After tea a public meeting was held (chair taken by C. Allison, Esq.), and addresses given by Revs. G. Dunnett, T. J. Brown, J. Handcock, H. H. J. Garratt, George Thomas Webb, and B. Marshall (pastor). It was then stated nearly £60 had been raised towards a fund of £200 the friends are seeking to get for the purpose of erecting a young men's room.

At Westbourne, a suburb of Bournemouth, a new chapel, erected at a cost of £850, has been opened, Revs. H. C. Leonard and R. Colman taking part in the services. A large portion of the outlay involved has still to be raised.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR DENOMINATIONAL MEETINGS.

THESE were well attended this year. The Foreign Missionary meeting was the largest we have ever witnessed, and an excellent feeling was produced. A full account of all the meetings have been reported in the *Baptist* and *Freeman* newspapers.

VALEDICTORY services connected with the departure of the Rev. H. Phillips from the church at Longhope, Gloucestershire, of which he has been pastor seventeen years, were held on Sunday and Monday last. Revs. T. Williams, B.A. (of Coleford), Cornelius Griffiths, T. Nicholson, J. Bloomfield, and others, took part in the services,

and a letter was read from Rev. E. Thwaites, rector of Fisherton, near Salisbury, enclosing a contribution. Mr. Phillips is entering upon the pastorate of the church at Grange, Antrim, in Ireland.

REV. W. KELSEY, who has for some time past officiated as minister to the Congregational Church at Codicote, Herts, was recently baptised at Union Chapel, Luton, by Rev. John Tuckwell (pastor). In consequence of this change in views, Mr. Kelsey will resign his present pastorate and enter the Baptist ministry.

PORTSMOUTH.—March 29th, a service of sacred song on behalf of the Baptist Union Annuity Fund was given at Lake-road Chapel. Rev. T. W. Medhurst presided.

PORTMAHON SUNDAY SCHOOL, SHEFFIELD.—On Easter Tuesday, April 15th—a beautiful timepiece was presented to Mr. John Greaves (senior superintendent). This was the exclusive gift of the members of the two senior classes, and was intended to convey, to some extent, the appreciation in which he is held at the close of forty-eight years of active Christian service in connection with the Baptist cause at Portmahon.

HORNSEY RISE, LONDON, N.—The eighth anniversary of the church and congregation at Hornsey Rise Chapel, Sunnyside-road, N., has been held, by two sermons preached on Sunday, April 13th, and a public meeting on the Tuesday following. The preachers were Revs. G. T. Edgely, of Bow, and A. Rowland, LL.B., of Hornsey; and among the speakers were Revs. J. R. Wood, W. H. Burton, G. Turner, T. G. Atkinson, and D. Russell. The report showed that during the year sixty-seven had been received into fellowship, and of those forty had been baptised by the pastor (Rev. Frank M. Smith), and eleven candidates were awaiting baptism, as a firstfruit for the coming year. Congregations good and every institution of the church in a healthy state, while the Sunday school and senior classes were greatly hindered for want of room. The erection of a new chapel and class-rooms is contem-

plated, or extensive alterations and improvements of the present structure.

ITALIAN CHILDREN AND THE GOSPEL.

La Spezia, Italy.

IN this city a few weeks since the parents of the children attending the day and Sunday schools under the presidency of the Rev. E. Clarke, were invited to a conference on the subject of the education of children.

The response to the invitation exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the friends of Bible teaching, the large schoolroom not only being filled to excess, but a large number of persons were necessitated to remain outside for want of accommodation. The Rev. E. Clarke expressed the intense satisfaction he and his friends had in viewing such an assembly of parents, and in knowing the increase of confidence they had in the instruction given to their children. Addresses were delivered by the president and his various coadjutors on topics connected with the welfare of families and nations, and which tended to demonstrate that the Gospel alone affords a sufficiently durable foundation on which families and nations can build their hopes of real and permanent progress. The new Pope is just now displaying his special zeal against Bible schools in Italy, and it is to be hoped this alone will furnish earnest Christians with an argument sufficiently powerful for aiding, according to their ability, a work that seeks the present and eternal happiness of Italian children, as also their parents.

BAPTISMS.

Abercorn. Mon.—May 4, English Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.

Aberdare.—May 4, Carmel (Eng.), Eleven, by T. Jones.

Aberthillery.—April 27, Ebenezer Church, One, by L. Jones.

Bacup.—May 4, Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by W. Gay.

Bangor.—April 27, English Chapel, Five, by W. M. Saunders.

Barnard Town Newport, Mon.—Dec. 29,

Four; Jan. 26, Five; Feb. 23, Four; March 30, Three, by the Pastor.

Bedford.—April 27, Mill-street, Five, by G. C. Williams.

Bideford, North Devon.—April 23, Seven, by W. B. Woolley.

Birmingham.—May 4, Mission Hall, Two, by J. Burton.

Billingborough.—April 27, Tabernacle, Two, by C. Horne.

Blackfield, Fawley, Hants.—March 9, Two, by F. A. Pearce.

Blackley, Yorks.—May 4, Two, by R. Briggs.

Blaenavon.—April 10, King-street, Six, by O. Tidman.

Blaenavon.—May 4, King-street, Six, by O. Tidman.

Bootle, Liverpool.—April 27, Derby-road, Seven, by Z. T. Dowle.

Bourn.—May 6, Morton, branch of Bourn, by W. Orton.

Bradford.—April 27, at Bethel Chapel, Nine, by W. Wood.

Bramley, Leeds.—May 4, Three, by D. Jenkins.

Brookend Keysoe, Beds.—April 20, Fourteen, by W. G. Cooté.

Builth, Breconshire.—April 27, Three, by J. M. Jones.

Burton, Bridgewater.—May 11, One, by J. L. Smith.

Capeltyffin, Breconshire.—April 13, One, by D. V. Pritchard.

Cardiff.—May 11, at Bethel, Four, by T. Davies.

Catford Hill.—April 29, Seven, by T. Greenwood.

Cheam, Surrey.—April 20, Four, by J. Easter.

Cinderford.—May 4, Fourteen, by C. Griffiths.

Clare, Suffolk.—April 6, One, by T. Hoddy.

Coventry—May 4, Gosford-street, Seven, by W. Reynolds.

Countesthorpe.—April 30, Four, by H. Hughes.

Cruickerne.—May 1, Seven, by J. Cruickshank.

Dean Forest, Ruardean Hill.—Nov. 3, 1878, Two, by J. Mountjoy.

Earl's Colne.—April 4, Three, by W. E. Rice.

Edington, Birmingham.—April 27, Seven, by W. Donald.

Fivehead, near Taunton.—May 7, Three, by J. Compston.

Glascod, Pontypool.—April 27, Six, by W. Thomas.

Grantham.—May 4, George-street, Two, by A. Gibson.

Great Grimsby.—May 1, Tabernacle, Ten, by E. Lauderdale.

Grimsby.—April 24, Eleven, by J. Manning.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.—May 1, Three, by A. J. Grant.

Hawick.—May 7, Four; May 23, Four, by Mr. Scott.

Hollinwood, Manchester.—May 1, Five, by M. G. Coker.

Kenninghall, Norfolk.—May 4, Two, by I. J. Ewing.

Leeds.—April 24, South Parade, Four, by H. Winsor.

Leeds.—April 27, York-road, Two, by J. Smith.
Little Kingshill, Bucks.—April 24, Three, by T. L. Smith.
Lockwood, Huddersfield.—May 4, Nine, by T. Dowding.
Long Marston.—April 6, Two by J. Hedges.
Longford, near Coventry.—April 6, Union-place, Four, by H. J. Hodson.
Longton.—April 27, Seven, by C. T. Johnson.
Luton, Park-street.—April 10, Eleven; May 1, Eleven, by J. H. Blake.
Mansfield, Nottingham.—April 16, Three, by H. Marsden.
Marionnes, Hemel Hempstead.—May 8, Seven, by W. Owen.
Meltham, Yorks.—May 3, Four, by J. Alderson.
Metropolitan District:—
Clapham Common.—April 20, Eight, by R. Webb.
Camberwell.—April 23, Wyndham-road, Two, by H. W. Childs.
Dulwich.—April 20, Lordship-lane, Three, by H. J. Tresidder.
Dalston Junction.—April 17, Six, by W. H. Burton.
Edgware-road.—April 3, Seven; April 6 One, Trinity Chapel, John-street, by J. O. Fellowes.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 27, Twelve; April 3, Thirteen.
Penze.—April 28, Four, from Hamilton-road, by E. H. Ellis.
Poplar.—April 16, Five, Cotton-street, by B. Preece.
Milner, near Holywell.—April 20, Six, by E. Evans.
Oban, Argyllshire.—March 27, in Lochnell, near Oban. One, by A. Maedougall.
Pattishall, Northamptonshire.—May 4, Twenty, by J. E. Jones.
Pentre, Rhondda Valley.—May 11, at the English Chapel, Ten, by M. H. Jones.

Plymouth.—April 30, George-street, Nine, by J. W. Ashworth.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—April 6, Two, by J. Evans.
Portsmouth.—March 28, Mile End, One, by H. Kitching.
Portsmouth.—April 2, Lake-road, Eight, by T. W. Medhurst.
Presteign, Radnorshire.—May 5, Five; May 11, Ten, by S. Watkins.
Ramsey, Hunts.—May 2, Eight, by S. H. Firks.
Rattlesden, Suffolk.—May 4, Three, by J. Hollingshead.
Rhondda, Ferndale.—March 2, Three; March 23, Two, Mission Hall, by R. C. Evans.
Rochdale.—May 4, Water-street, One, by A. Pickles.
Rye ford, Herefordshire.—April 29, Three, by E. Watkins.
Sabden, Lancashire.—May 3, Four, by D. R. Hamilton.
Scapogot Hill, Golear.—May 4, One, by A. Harrison.
Skipton, Yorks.—Three, by W. Judge.
Torrington, North Devon.—April 30, Six, by R. J. Middleton.
Uterston, Lancashire.—April 30, Two, by M. H. Whetnall.
Velindre.—May 4, One, by T. Rowson.
Westbury Leigh, Wilts.—May 4, Two, by T. J. Hazzard.
Westbury, West End.—April 30, Six, by W. P. Laurence.
West Bromwich.—April 27, Bethel Chapel, Nine, by C. J. Clarke.
Weymouth.—April 13, Fourteen, by H. Phillips, B.A.
Wick, Scotland.—May 1, Five; May 4, Twelve; May 11, Fur, by J. Foster.
York Town, Surrey.—April —, Six, by J. E. Cracknell.
Ystrad, Rhondda Valley.—April 20, English Church, Ten, by M. H. Jones.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, to May 19th, 1879.

| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | | |
|----------------------------------------|----|----|---|-----------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|----|----|---|
| Ellen Johnson | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Marcus Martin | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. Palmer, M.P. | 21 | 0 | 0 |
| Capt. McKay | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E. | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. T. Blake, M.P. | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| J. and R. C. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Various Sums, per Mr. | | | | Miss Winslow | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. E. M. Jones | 2 | 0 | 0 | Hollingshead | 0 | 9 | 6 | Mr. W. H. Hale | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Alms-houses' Sunday-school | 5 | 0 | 3 | Mr. Firman, ditto | 0 | 2 | 0 | Miss Spleidt | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| C. S., Thankoffering | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Firman, ditto | 0 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. Jarvis | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Readers of the <i>Christian Herald</i> | 10 | 9 | 2 | Master C. Welton | 0 | 5 | 3 | Mr. H. J. Shipley | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Evered, Ann. Subscription | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. H. Roberts | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. J. Dennis | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. H. Keevil | 2 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Whittaker | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. F. Sexton | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| C. and M. Heath, Thankoffering | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Price | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. F. J. Matham | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Dore | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. B. Mead | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. P. H. Moore | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Faulconer | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. E. Boot | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. G. Pedley | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Steadman | 10 | 0 | 0 | J. Finch, Esq. | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. C. H. Goode | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. Latham, per Rev. | | | | Mr. M. Goode | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| | | | | G. Rogers | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. H. Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. H. Tubby | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Oxley | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. H. Keen | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Martin | 0 | 11 | 0 |

| £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----|----|---|------------------------------|----|----|----|---------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Mr. Greenwood | 50 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Coombes | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. B. Vickery and Friend | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| C. E. G. | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. B. Corrick | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Rimington | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| B. J. G. | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. S. E. Goslin | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Heyson | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| H. M. G. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Miss Goslin | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Woodfall | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. T. Daintree | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss A. B. Crumpton | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. C. Russell | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. M. H. Foster | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. R. H. Tyrer | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Creasey | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Bithray | 10 | 10 | 0 | Miss S. M. Crumpton | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss M. Creasey | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. W. Thompson | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. C. R. C. Goslin | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. F. Barnardo | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. V. J. Charlesworth | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss M. L. Crumpton | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. S. Walker | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. J. M. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. C. E. Fox | 6 | 0 | 0 | Miss Walker | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Wayre | 3 | 3 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. J. Short | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Greenop | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. Taverner | 1 | 3 | 0 | Mrs. Virtue | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. C. Mace | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Winkworth | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Chas. Spurgeon | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Bishop | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. W. Sorrell | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Thos. Spurgeon | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. F. Wild | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. E. Elvin | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. A. Altham | 20 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. Boyes | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. A. Altham | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. F. J. Feltham | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. A. Doggett | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Oldring | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. F. J. Feltham | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. Rose | 0 | 5 | 0 | E. J. K. | 1 | 5 | 0 | Dr. A. C. Air | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Rea | 10 | 0 | 0 | A Friend | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mrs. A. C. Air | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. G. Scott | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Vinson | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. T. F. Frobin | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. H. Butcher | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. C. Nevil | 5 | 0 | 0 | F. R. T. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Butcher | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Arundel | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Benson | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. Robins | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. G. Tomkins | 5 | 0 | 0 | M. and Mrs. Hammer | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Scott | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. R. Hellier | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. S. M. Hammer | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. F. B. | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. R. Hellier | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Chapman | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scott | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Whittle | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Tyson | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. A. Ross | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. G. Marshall | 15 | 15 | 0 | Mr. F. W. Smith | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Miss Ross | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. and Mrs. Burrell | 2 | 0 | 0 | Miss B. Scott | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. C. Ashby | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. W. W. Baynes | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. W. Evans | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Anon | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Gorse | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. W. Evans | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Clarkson | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Haydon | 10 | 5 | 0 | Mr. B. Evans | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Y. Z. | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. C. Aldis | 4 | 4 | 0 | Mr. J. L. Potier | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. R. W. Dearing | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Mansell | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Payne | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. Philcox | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Dransfield | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. E. J. Farley | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Philcox | 0 | 10 | 6 | Mr. Chilvers | 2 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Olney, jun. | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun. | 2 | 2 | 0 | Miss Cornish | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. J. Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Marsh | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. C. Davies | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. R. Pullar | 6 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Jenkins | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. G. O. Hurd | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Read | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mrs. Lindsey | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. S. Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. W. R. Selway | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. Turner | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Payne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Corsan | 1 | 11 | 6 | Mr. and Mrs. Narra-way | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Abraham | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. and Mrs. Everett | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. G. Beal | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. J. P. Coe | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Dunn | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. H. S. Pegg | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Romang | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Everett | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. G. Hall | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Mills | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Llewellyn | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Frowd | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Mrs. H. Olney | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. E. Falconer | 5 | 5 | 0 | Rev. and Mrs. G. Higgs | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Thompson | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. T. Sutcliffe | 3 | 0 | 0 | Rev. W. Allen and Miss Phillips | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Ball | 7 | 7 | 0 | Salter's Hall, per Mr. Noble | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Mills, jun. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss Olney | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Noble | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. B. Venables | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. B. Fisher | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. G. Wilkins | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Kate Olney | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. G. H. Dean | 15 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Cleeve Hooper | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. Higgs | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. Cross | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. R. A. James | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. D. Galpin | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Fulford | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Hill | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. C. Mace | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Messrs. Straker & Son | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. Thomson | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. J. H. Townend | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Proprietor of the Christian World | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Edwards | 25 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. P. Bacon | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. Brown | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mrs. Ellwood | 6 | 5 | 0 | Miss E. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. G. Startin | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. G. | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. J. F. Thoday | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Padgett | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Thorne | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. E. S. Thoday | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mr. S. H. Knight | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Miss King | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Gwilliam | 1 | 1 | 0 | Mrs. J. E. Knight | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. W. Scarborough | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. T. H. Olney | 25 | 0 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Huntley | 21 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. O. F. Owers | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Rains | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. W. Fox | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Wood | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. W. B. Fox | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Rains | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | Mr. G. Redman | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | Mr. F. H. James | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | |

£1008 11 8

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

A PLANT OF RENOWN.*

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

“I will raise up for them a plant of renown.”—EZEKIEL xxxiv. 29.

It was by “a plant of renown” that man was ruined. There is a sad “renown” for ever attached to the tree of knowledge of good and evil. “In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” It was the tasting of that “forbidden fruit” which

“Brought death into the world, and all our woe.”

There was, however, a tree of life in the midst of the garden, of which man did not eat; he was driven out of Paradise lest he should eat of it. But now, thanks be to God, the flaming sword of the cherubim has been removed, and we have to talk of that tree of life in the midst of the garden which is now planted where it is free to every needy soul, and where whosoever would eat of it may eat without let or hindrance, and live for ever. Happy shall it be if some of us to-night, hearing of that “plant of renown,” shall get a blessing from it. I do not suppose that I shall be able to say anything new upon this text. It has been preached from by most of those who went before us, and it will be preached from by all who come after us, because there is so wide a run in it, that it allows the introduction of such a variety of topics. I shall not, therefore, even seek the charm of novelty, but rather proceed to map out just those thoughts which would probably suggest themselves to you in meditating upon this “plant of renown;” and, first, let us speak of *the matters in which it is renowned*; then *among whom it is renowned*; and then for *whom it is raised up*. “I will raise up for them a plant of renown.”

I. First as to THE MATTERS IN WHICH THIS PLANT IS RENOWNED.

That our Lord Jesus Christ is this “plant of renown” I have no doubt. On looking at the Septuagint, I find it translated “I will raise up for them a plant of peace.” Such, indeed, is our blest Redeemer. As the olive branch typifies peace and love, so Jesus Christ not only typifies, but actually gives peace to those who receive Him. Pleasant was that day when the Holy Spirit, like the dove returning to Noah’s ark, brought to you and to me the olive branch of faith in Christ, a sure token that the floods of Divine wrath were assuaged, “for He is our peace.” “This man shall be thy peace.” He represents the covenant of peace which God has established between Himself and rebellious man, and whosoever receiveth Christ getteth a plant of peace.

But the Chaldaic gives another translation—“I will raise up for them a plant of continuance.” That is as much to say—“They have had champions and counsellors, judges and kings, priests and prophets, who

*This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 248, NEW SERIES.

guided them wisely and served them faithfully : yet they continued not by reason of death." When their term of life was closed the people relapsed into their old idolatry, and entailed on themselves fresh suffering and bondage. "I will raise up for them a leader," saith Jehovah, "who shall abide for ever, and give them unfading prosperity and immortal honour. I will give them a king, from whose brow the crown shall never fall, and out of whose hand the sceptre shall never glide ; for He shall reign for ever and ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." With what joy it should inspire us to know that Christ is a plant of continuance, that the merit of His precious blood is never diminished, and that His power to save never ceases. Well may we sing,

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day :
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

Till the last elect vessel of mercy shall have been washed in this laver of purification we may also sing,

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

Let us thank God, then, that we have, as the Chaldaic puts it, "a plant of continuance."

Still, I suppose that our translation is the most correct, as it is the translation of most of the scholars, and of the great majority of the versions. "I will raise up for them a famous plant," "a plant of fame," "a plant giving fame," "a plant having fame," "a plant having renown"—these are the different versions, but they all come to the same thing—"I will raise up for them a plant of renown."

Ask ye now in what respect Christ is like a "plant of renown?" Surely, my brethren, *He was renowned for the way in which He sprang up.* Did He not come forth as a living root out of a dry ground, enriching the sterile soil on which He grew? Trees usually thrive by seeking nourishment out of the land ; hence this is a strange root in a dry ground which gives fertility to the earth on which it grows. The family of David had lost its ancient prestige. The noble lineage was lightly esteemed. The honour it once enjoyed had departed, till Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, and restored more than its ancient glory. The stock was like an old stump that did not put forth a single shoot, when the Son of David, long predicted, came, and forthwith the branch appeared, beautiful and glorious, as the branch of the Lord. Truly, one greater than Solomon is here. Turning the current of our thoughts, it is truly wonderful, dear friends, how Jesus Christ will spring up in dead and barren hearts. To the traveller it must be charming to see the welcome palm tree growing in the midst of the sandy desert. With no husbandman to cultivate it, and apparently no night dews to nourish it, nor any moisture from beneath the surface that man can see to sustain it, the fair tree grows. Perhaps a little

fountain presently spouts up near it. So when our heart is made ready for Him by His Spirit, there springs up in the midst of our darkness and our doubt, our follies and our fears, our stumbles and our sins, our worries and our woes, a lively faith in our living Lord, that makes the heart what it never was before, a garden of delight. I am sure that if we knew of a plant which, taken to Sahara and planted there would turn the desert into a fruitful field, we should indeed pronounce it to be a plant of renown: but, in a spiritual sense, we do know of such a plant; for let Jesus Christ be planted in the most barren and rocky heart, He Himself will break the rock, He Himself will find His own nourishment, and change the nature which He has been brought into contact with. Well therefore may He be esteemed as a plant of renown.

Moreover, Christ is a plant of renown because, *after He was cut down, the very root He sprang from grew stronger in three days than it had ever been before.* Did you ever hear of a plant comparable to this? Though "despised and rejected of men" He was lovely and full of favour with God. Still He was cut down. Death came, with its tremendous axe, and felled this goodly cedar, till nothing was left to the eye of sense but a blank, and all the birds of hell hooted out their confused mirth. They said—"The cedar is cut down; Christ is destroyed!" There stood the weeping Marys, and the astonished disciples, mute with sorrow. Alas, for them! the tree under whose shadow they had reclined, was gone; they could eat no more of the fruit of the tree of life. There lay the trunk, cast out, for three days buried in the earth. But was it not a strange and joyous surprise when the third morning had come, and the tree sprang up again—not a tiny shoot, but a full-grown tree? Jesus then became, in the excellence of His glory and the vigour of His manhood, more eminent than He had been before. And forty days afterwards that tree reached a height that touched the heavens, the summit thereof being lost in the clouds, beyond the sight of those who watched with upward gaze. This plant of renown, which had been so cut down that it was altogether buried beneath the earth, had now sprung up and reached to the seventh heaven, and the angels of God came to sing in the midst of the branches. Truly this is a plant of renown. Believer, what could have made Christ more renowned in the world than His death, His resurrection, and His ascension? Do dwell much upon these great and certain facts; let them stand as marble pillars in the temple of thy faith and of thy love. Rejoice that though Jesus died a sacrifice for sin, and so cleansed thee from the consequences of thy crimes, He also rose again, and so justified thee from all charges that law or equity might frame against thy full acquittal; and then He ascended as thy representative, and took possession of heaven for thee, where He now is, pleading on thy behalf that thou mayest be with Him where He is.

There was a tree of some renown, methinks, in Israel, at the time of rebellion when Absalom's conspiracy was rife. It was the tree on which the conspirator was *hanged by the hair of his head, and smitten through and through with darts.* Well do ye remember the time when Satan and all his hosts came against Christ and against all his followers. Fierce was the affray, long did the conflict last; and terrible was the struggle;

but Satan, though defiant and furious, was vanquished beneath this goodly tree of great renown. Sin, all boastful in its pride, seemed confident that it had once for all subdued the Saviour of sinners. To the tree on which it nailed Him, He nailed the handwriting of ordinances that was against us. The peril He braved, the penalty He endured, but in so doing He triumphed over death. As Absalom was thrust through with darts, so here sin and Satan met their death-wounds beneath this plant of renown. I will stand beneath this tree and rejoice that here the battle was fought that made every believer a victor, that here the great combat was waged which has crowned the head of every saint in heaven, and shall crown the head of every follower of the Lamb by-and-by. This is indeed, then, a plant of renown. All hail, blessed Jesus! all hail to Thee, great Prince of Peace! Thou hast fastened Thy foes to Thy cross, and made that cross a chariot, at whose wheels Thou hast led our captivity captive. Thou hast overcome by Thy cross, that cross which is to us the ladder that reaches to heaven, though to Thee it was the dark descent into the depths of the grave. Surely, brethren, as we recollect the great victory which this plant has won for us, we shall account it a plant to be had in honour.

Let us also observe that Christ is a plant of renown *because of the fruit which He bears*. So productive is it of grace, that hundreds and thousands, yea, millions, have fed all their lives long upon the promises, and tasted their ripe fulfilment, without any lack or stint. Of them we may say, as of the five thousand whom Christ fed on the mountain, "they did all eat and were filled." Those who have ever learned to feed upon Christ, can sing with the Psalmist, "He satisfieth my mouth with good things, so that my youth is renewed like the eagles." There is no fear, brethren, that ever there will be so many souls dependent upon Christ as to exhaust the supply of His benefits. The pasture is large and wide; they may feed without fear. Drink as they may they can never drain the river, for there shall be enough for all who come while the world shall stand. And then, the freshness is as remarkable as the fruitfulness. Fields that are never bare; a river that never runs low; a tree that is laden with fruit all the year round—these are expressive figures of the Gospel of Christ, who is the substance of the Gospel, as we have proved to our heart's delight. The finest trees, planted in the fairest soil by the rivers of water, only bring forth their fruit in their season: but our adorable Lord is a plant of renown, to whom all seasons are alike. There is no winter in His years. Come when you will to Christ, His boughs always hang down and invite you to pluck of the delicious fruit. Figures fail to express His faithfulness. By day and by night the gates of the city are open. Our Joseph hath a granary whose doors are never locked; nor does He demand any money of us when we apply to Him for corn. Infinite variety in the fruits enhances the celebrity of the goodly tree we are talking about. The tree of life beareth twelve manner of fruits. Some of you who are young in grace want luscious and sweet fruit; others of you need fruit that is substantial and nourishing; and it is wonderful how the Lord Jesus suits every believer. The preacher will often find that certain doctrines of Scripture are palatable

to one congregation, and little relished by another congregation. Take any topic you please, however profitable to some Christians, there will be those to whom it is scarcely palatable: they may, perhaps, say it is out of season. But Jesus Christ is always suitable to all His saved people. The Jews say of the manna that it tasted according to every man's palate, whether his liking was for that which was pungent and spicy, or for that which was luscious and sweet. And surely it is so with those who feed on the bread of life, the living bread which came down from heaven. If you are passing through deep afflictions, there will be solace for you in the sufferings of Christ; or if you have been so highly favoured of God that you are humbled with a sense of infinite obligation, and at the same time elevated with feelings of unspeakable gratitude, that rare joy of Christ, when He rejoiced in spirit and gave thanks to the Father for His distinguishing grace, will interpret your sacred subdued pleasures. In honour or dishonour; in spreading fame or abject shame; when enjoying the caresses or enduring the chastening of the Lord, there is food to suit every believer. And in every period of life, and at every crisis of your history, ye shall find in the testimony of Jesus wholesome and delicious nutriment. Though we change, the fruit changes not; yea, it shall always be adapted to us under all circumstances. How is it, then, that so many Christians enjoy so little of the delicious fruits? It must be their own fault; they have not because they ask not, or because they ask amiss. You are not straitened in Him, but in yourselves. It is marvellous that you and I should go about with sad countenances, when we might rejoice; that we are so content to wear sackcloth, when we might put on scarlet and fine linen. Oh! Jesus, let us perpetually live near to Thee, for Thy fruit makes Thee a plant of renown.

How sweet, too, is the shade of this tree! The spouse says—"I sat under His shadow with great delight." In the hot East nothing can be more welcome or pleasant than the shadow of a broad-spreading tree, and in the hot day of our soul's trouble and of our heart's adversity, nothing can be more welcome than the protecting shadow which is cast over us by the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you ever been under His shadow? "Ay," says one, "I have known this ever since I was a child: I sought this retreat because I could find no other shelter, and there I have remained ever since," Hark thee, brother; never seek another shadow, for there is none other like it. What refuge or what rest can be comparable to that we find in Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God? Oh, my blessed Master,

"Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted of Thy love, as I have found in Thee?"

Jonah had shelter for a short time under the shadow of a gourd from the scorching heat of the sun; but a worm did eat its root, and its life withered. We sometimes get screened, like Jonah, by some flowering umbrage, till the leaves begin to wither, and the root itself begins to fail. But if we sit under the shadow of our Beloved we shall never be fooled with false hopes; His leaf will not fade; at all times and seasons His spreading branches shall provide us a sanctuary, where we may

sweetly sing of His eternal love, of His constant faithfulness, of His immutable grace.

Truly hath Jehovah raised up for us "a plant of renown," "the leaves whereof shall be for the healing of the nations." There is medicinal virtue in this plant. Our Lord Jesus Christ cureth all His people of their sad complaints. I do not think some Christian people credit this, for they have fits of despondency, and get into a state of doubting, and prescribe for themselves a season of self-examination. Know this, however, dear friends, that though self-examination is often very profitable, it will not cure our spiritual diseases; and I think we are often like the poor woman who has no money, but keeps on looking into her empty purse only to groan the more heavily each time she looks. That is not the way to replenish it. The fact is, that whatever antidotes we may fly to in our anxieties for our spiritual ailments, be it a sluggishness of the heart or a backsliding of the feet, the best, the safest, the most effectual recipe is to resort at once to Christ. You will not forget the Laodicean church; she was in the worst state into which a people could sink; they were neither cold nor hot; and He that walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks used that extraordinary menace—"I will spue thee out of My mouth!" But do you remember the remedy that He counselled?—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and He with Me." Do you understand the meaning of that? It means that communion with Christ will cure any one individual of the lukewarmness that had overtaken the entire Laodicean community. Some people apply these words to the ungodly, and say it is an invitation to sinners. It may be so used, certainly; and yet there is sure to be something awkward in the application when you take a passage of Scripture out of its proper connection. The obvious sense is, that believers who have grown lukewarm, and churches who have lost their first love, are to be refreshed and revived, not by the law, not frequently by affliction, but by Christ coming into their midst, and giving them to enjoy once more the heart-reviving blessing of communion with Him. Well, Christian, consider this: Christ is a catholicon for all thy complaints. In Him thou shalt find a panacea for all thy pains. You have read, in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, how John Bunyan describes Matthew and the other boys falling sick through eating some plums that hung over the walls of Beelzebub's garden, and you will, no doubt, remember that the cure was so many drops of the blood of Christ taken in the water of repentance. That is a good prescription, and any one who knows how to take pills and draughts of that kind will soon find that whatever spiritual ailment he suffers from is sure to be speedily removed. Sin-sick soul, where are you to-night? Are you longing to be delivered from the fever of pride, from the ague of distrust? Do you want to be saved from the leprosy of sin? Have you got the palpitating heart of fear and trembling? Here is the cure for all your diseases—in Christ. Trust Christ, for he can cure all. You are not to look to this physician or to that for some remedy, and then come to Christ; but come to Him just as you are, and you shall be made whole.

Another point. You may have observed on the Continent trees of

liberty. They were planted on some memorable day when some dissatisfied people came out of their hiding-places and upset the Government. As a general rule, they are rather the memorials of anarchy than of liberty. Still, you may sometimes see a tree that really does record an event worth chronicling, for it is planted in a city that was once beneath a tyrant's iron heel, but is now, happily, free. Jesus Christ is the great tree of liberty. The day that He was planted on Mount Calvary a general proclamation of liberty was made to all the people who had an interest in Him. That day the tyrant was dethroned. At that hour the captives went free, and all the people of God could leap around it with joy and gladness. Jesus Christ is "a plant of renown" because He is to us the memorial of all that God has done for us in breaking the fetters of our sin, and giving us a good hope of eternal life through repentance and faith. Beloved, let us cling to Christ as the tree of liberty; and when you feel your fetters gall you, ye slaves of sin, if you would be free, it is beneath that tree that you must find your liberty. Do but touch this plant, and as the slave that touched Great Britain's shore was free at once, so, though you but touch the hem of Christ's garment, you, too, shall be free. Glorious "plant of renown!" All the captives who have been released salute Thee with songs and acclamations.

The beauty of this tree is *that it is always green*. It has the dew of its youth upon it; it never grows old; it bears as much fruit and gives as much shelter now as ever. Here it stands, just where it did, and it shall stand in the same place till all the armies of the living God shall have sheltered themselves beneath its shadow, and have found rest in heaven.

I wish I could speak better of the renown of this great plant, but, ah! my brethren, if we had the tongue of fame herself it were but a poor instrument with which to sound forth His praise. If an angel should leave his high abode to come and tell us of the glories of the Saviour, even he were a messenger beneath the dignity of the subject, and if all heaven's harps should sing, as they do sing, of his love, and if all the tongues of the glorified spirits should join the song, yet—

"When they reach their highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told."

When their acclamations shall have swollen as into one great torrent of praise, and shall roll at the foot of His throne, even then the glory of the person of the Lord Jesus, no finite intelligence can ever reach. "God only knows the love of God," and the Renowned One Himself only knows the renown that is due to Him for what He is, and has been, and shall be to all His people world without end.

II. Now I pass on to a second question—AMONG WHOM IS CHRIST RENOWNED?

In a superlative degree he is renowned *by His Father*. "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He shall have honour at His Father's right hand, when He shall bring all His people safely there.

And, besides, Christ has honour of all *the holy angels*. They came to bear witness to His advent, and filled the air with music at Bethlehem.

They followed Him all His life; they attended at His death; they were present at His resurrection; they accompanied Him at His ascension:—

“ They brought His chariot from on high
To bear Him to His throne;
Clapped their triumphant wings and cried,
‘ The glorious work is done!’ ”

I think Watts is right when he pictures the angels as never having seen so much of God before. In all the creation there is not so much of God to be seen as “ in the grace that rescued man.”

Christ is famous, too, among *all the redeemed in heaven*. Both day and night they talk and sing of Him. We have many topics: they have but one. We have many languages: they have but one:—

“ Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one; ”

And their song is one, too:—

“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father’s side.”

Then, Christ is had in renown by all good men here below. They are sure to think and talk much of Him. Point me to a man who has but low thoughts of Christ, and I am sure the very lowest thoughts of his Christianity will be justifiable. You may gauge a man’s spirituality by his thoughts of Christ, his words about Christ, and his actions for Christ. Renowned, did I say, that Christ was by the good on earth? Yes, so renowned that in the ages past they have thought it cheap to lay down their lives for His sake. Their bodies to the lion’s jaws, or to the flames or the rack have they cheerfully given, if only His name might be exalted and His Gospel published. And there are a few faithful souls left, thank God, a growing number, I rejoice to think, who can still say that if they can crown Him they are willing to be crushed themselves. If Christ could be lifted but one inch higher by my being cast down in the mire, I would consent to it joyously, and all the saints will say the same. Suffering shall be cheerfully borne if it honours Him; labour shall be counted light if it crowns Him; shame shall be submitted to if it magnifies Him. To go abroad would not be grievous could I thereby get glory to Him; for His dear sake I would fain leave the England that I love, and even prefer privations among the heathen to the pleasures of home, to extend the knowledge of His name and the virtues of His saving grace. Even life might well be lost and death be little dreaded for such a cause. Many of you, my good friends, understand better than I can explain how renowned and how revered our Lord is among the saints. “ Because of the savour of thy good ointments Thy name is as ointment poured forth.” The upright love Thee.

And be sure of this, that under the influence of *fear*, as well as by the inspiration of faith, the adorable name of our Lord Jesus is

renowned. Pride stands abashed at His prowess. At the devoutness of His character, and still more at the dignity of His person, devils are filled with dread. He is renowned among the angels of darkness. By the spell of His name the spoiler is spoiled. Satan cares little what doctrines we discuss unless Christ be the sum and substance of the standards for which we fight. His subtleties are more than a match for our shibboleths; and as for our prayers, whatever pretence of piety they may show, he reckons them nothing unless there be a purity of faith which ensures their prevalence. He heeds not our profession unless Christ be our mainstay. But Satan trembles at the prestige of Christ's name as he doth at the presence of Christ Himself. Ah! he recollects that old prophecy about the bruising of his head, and he retreats from the very heel of Christ; he does not wish to have it repeated, and so at the lifting of the Cross he hears, as it were, a voice which cries: "Avaunt, thou fiend; get thee gone, for thy Master is come. Now shalt thou feel His power to send thee down to hell and bind thee there."

Christ has a fame, too, *among bad men*. How soon they find out the preacher that talks most of his Master and lives nearest to his Lord. You will notice that they are sure to sting him most venomously, and if they can let out a bad word against religion, they will generally try to throw it at Christ. I believe that the principal object of infidel attacks is not the Bible, not inspiration, not the Church, but Christ. This is the devil's order to his myrmidons: "Press forward against Christ, for if His Gospel shall but cease to be proclaimed sin and superstition shall soon reign without a rival."

But the day is coming when this renown of Christ shall be more apparent than it is now. The Church has met in catacombs; she has worshipped God amidst the heathen; she has read her Bible by the lightning's flash in the days of the Covenanters; she has worshipped the Saviour in out-of-the-way barns and conventicles in Puritanic times: but the day shall come when the hidden ones shall be manifest, for "He that will come shall come, He will not tarry;" and in that day when He shall come to be admired in all them that believe, then, even "from eastern shore to western," shall the great song go up of "Hallelujah to our God and to His Christ!" And when the angels of God shall muster around His throne, and all the dead shall stand to be judged by Him, then this plant of renown shall cover earth and heaven and hell with its broad shadow; and it shall indeed be honoured till the word of the prophet shall be fulfilled in its widest and most wonderful sense.

III. The last point, which intimately concerns us all, is—FOR WHOM IS THIS PLANT TO BE RAISED UP?

Has this plant of renown ever been raised up for me? How may I know this? Have I ever felt my need of Christ? Have I felt my hunger, and therefore desired His fruit? Have I known my sickness, and therefore panted to be healed by Him? Am I conscious that I am poor, and naked, and miserable out of Him? Friends, there is a full Christ for every empty sinner in the world. Jesus Christ is not only offered, but He is pressed upon every soul that has nothing to rely on in itself. If thou be naked, Christ has woven thee a garment. If

thou be sinful and need washing, Christ has filled a bath on purpose to wash thee. If thou dost but know thy ruin, there is a remedy for thee. "Ah!" says one, "I know I am ruined; but I do not feel it as I ought." My friend, your not feeling is a part of your ruin. If you were to say you do feel your need as much as you ought I should have but little hope of you; but inasmuch as you now know your heart to be hard, and your conscience to be dark, and you do really desire that this should be altered, I will invite you to come to Jesus, though you do not think you feel your need of Him. It may be, dear friend, that you did feel that need once, but you have lost your tenderness of conscience; you are afraid you are going back into the world; you are fearful lest you should fall into the ruin from which there is no exit. Beloved, it is for such as you are that Christ came. He seeks you to-night. Oh! may He save you, as well as seek you. You *do* want Him; you know you do. He bids you come to Him. With more loving words than a mother or a friend could use towards a sick child, Jesus says to you: "Come unto Me; wander no longer, but come unto Me. Look no more to thy dreams, or thy apprehensions; to thy prayings or thy resolvings, but come to Me; high on the cross I hang with outstretched hands for thee; bleeding at every pore a bloody sweat for thee; setting My heart abroad that it may give forth streams of life for thee. Look, and forget thy ways, sinner. Let thy sense of sin, or thy sense that thou hast no sense, be an indication to thee that Christ is a plant of renown raised up for ever. He was raised up for thee if thou wilt trust Him and take Him to be thine All-in-all. "Take Him?" says one, "ay, that I would, if I might have Him." Thou mayest freely have Him. "Oh! but I am not fit for Him." There is no fitness wanted. Is thy hand empty? That is thy fitness. "But my hand is black." That will be thy fitness; filth is fitness for washing, as emptiness is fitness for receiving. "Ay, but my heart is hard." That, too, is fitness. The Romanist tells about congruity; but I have to speak of a blessed incongruity. You may be dead, but Christ is alive; you may be lost, but Christ saves; you may be far off from God, but Christ is near; you may be an enemy to God by wicked works, but Christ transforms you into a friend, and acts as Mediator between you and the offended One. Oh! soul, may the Holy Spirit teach thee to-night what it is to receive Christ. No doubt there are thousands of souls in England who think that to get Christ is to feel something, or to do something, or to be something; but it is nothing of the kind. To get Christ is simply to fall into His arms, and to rely upon His promise. He has said: "I will save the soul that trusts in Me." Lord, I trust Thee. If you speak to the full-grown and advanced Christian, he will say, after perhaps fifty years' experience of Divine things, that he has nothing more to trust to now than he had at first for now it is with him as it was then—

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

God help thee, sinner, to cling to the cross. Do not talk any longer of thine unworthiness. If Christ never saved any but the worthy there would not be a single soul saved. He did not come to save the worthy;

they would save themselves. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." Christ only saves men as sinners, not as righteous. He cleanses no man as clean, but as filthy; and He succours not the innocent, but the condemned, those who are lost and ruined by the fall. Trust Jesus. It is the Gospel in a word. Trust Jesus, and you shall find Him a plant of renown in that day when you shall sit under His shadow before the throne of God.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM the time that John Carter was converted and became a member of a Christian church he entertained a great desire to be instrumental in the conversion of others. For the selfish creed which teaches a man never to care who sinks so that he himself swims, he had not the slightest sympathy. On the road to Heaven himself, he longed to be accompanied by numbers more who had forsaken the road that leads to hell. To "rescue the perishing," therefore, and "care for the dying," was his *forte*; and he never felt happier than when he could quietly walk by the side of some poor wanderer, and seek, by loving persuasion, to guide him into the way of Gospel truth. And, in this respect, the Lord gave him his reward. Not merely in one case, but in several individual cases, it was his joy to know that he had not laboured in vain. But for some months there was one thing that troubled him sorely; and that was to think of the large number of people in his own street who never dreamt of entering a place of worship in order to hear for their soul's profit the preaching of the Word of Life. The more

he thought upon the matter the more it appalled him. How many houses were there in Church-street? Just one hundred. And how many households in that street habitually frequented any place of worship? By dint of observation and inquiry, he had found that there were twelve only. Eighty-eight households never darkening the doors of either church or chapel, and only twelve ever going at all! What a percentage, he thought, this was on the side of the devil! And yet the street was called *Church-street*! Surely the name might have been given in mockery! "Now what," he asked himself, "is to be done in this case? Am I to let Satan rule in this sad fashion in my own street, and yet put forth no effort as a Christian man to try to win these sinful and careless people over for the Lord? Never! Has not the Lord in his providence caused me to dwell in this street for its good? Should it not be made all the better through the humble influence that I may be permitted to exert in it? Of this I can have no doubt, but then what can I do? I am but a working man with little time on my hands, and how therefore am I to reach them all? It is a problem I should like to solve, but not knowing how to solve it, I can only, as usual, go

to the Lord and say, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

It was not long before the prayer was answered. Having brought the matter before his pastor, Mr. Fuller asked him whether there was any appointed tract distributor for his district?

"No, sir; there was a kind friend once who lent some few of us printed sermons once a fortnight; but I'm sorry to say he has left the town for some time, and nobody has filled his place."

"Then why should not you fill it, and even do more than he did?"

"But how can I do it, sir?"

"In a very easy way. As your leisure time is limited, make your own street only a mission station, and deliver a tract at every house once a month."

"What, on the loan system?"

"No: give them the tracts; that will be far better."

"But where am I to get the tracts from? They will cost something."

"You need not trouble, Mr. Carter, about that. I will be responsible for the tracts if you will undertake their delivery."

"Thank you, sir; then I will do my share of the work readily. But how would you advise me to set about it?"

"Well, I don't know that I can do better than lend you this 'Address,' which you can take home with you and read. It is entitled, 'A Friendly Talk to Tract Distributors,' by the Rev. T. H. Pattison, and there are some useful hints in it that all tract distributors may study with profit. When you have thoroughly digested it, come to my house again and I will have the tracts ready for you."

As his pastor had intimated, John Carter found the address to be full of judicious, sound, and

practical advice. Not until he had made himself master of its contents did he return it, and then he acknowledged with gratitude that its perusal had given him light and done him good. As it is probable that it may likewise be useful to others who may be led to engage in the like good work, for their sakes we will take the liberty of giving a summary of it. After referring to tracts being scoffed at by the goddess, the worthy minister goes on to say:—

"Now I believe that a great deal of the reasonable objection to a tract arises from the simple fact that it is often made the broad end of the wedge instead of the thin. If you wish to make it really a power for good, you must use your tract only as a *letter of introduction*. It will just furnish you then with what you generally need—a good start. Our object is to reach the hearts and heads and homes of those living round about us; to relieve the poor, minister to the sick, and teach the ignorant to such an extent as God has made us able and willing. Well, now, with the tract in your hand, you have the *excuse* for calling at the houses of your neighbours and so getting acquainted with their wants and ways. Tracts are, of course, quite a modern help to evangelising. They are one result among many of the invention of printing. But one great objection to tract distribution is that it *so often ends on itself*. I sometimes hear the pulpit called 'Coward's Castle,' and not without reason, if it is abused to cowardly purposes. But may not the tract be 'Coward's Castle' too? To merely give it away, or drop it, or, more genteel still, to hide it in drawers, and railway carriages, and hedges, is very often just a quack doctor's salve for an uneasy con-

science. It looks as if you were ashamed of your work; or, at all events, were not much interested in it. And, depend upon it, people estimate the value of goods very much according to the recommendation of the shopkeeper.

“*Be careful, then, as to the manner in which you go about your work.* I have had a good many tracts given to me, and have seen a great many more given to others. My recollection of the distributor’s face is rarely a very pleasant one. In some cases he looked as if he were handing a patient a dose of rhubarb after taking a taste from the cup himself. In others he reminded me of a timid child feeding a strange dog, and all the while in such a hurry to get its hand out of harm’s way that it snatches back the food almost as soon as it gives it. Then, again, you have the *apologetic* tract distributor, who seems to be perpetually begging pardon for intruding, and conscious that what he has to offer is very poor stuff. Sometimes you see the most offensive of all in the man who assumes that *solemn brimstone air* which ought to be confined to undertakers handing gloves to desponding friends on funeral occasions. Now, if you will remember that the tract is to get you *ready and hearty admission into the houses at which you call*, you will avoid all these most unfortunate mannerisms. Do your work heartily and cheerfully with that *smile* which is worth so much and costs so little.

“*Be careful, too, to beware of indiscriminate giving.* Suit the tract as far as possible to the case you are visiting. Don’t read ‘The Swearer’s Prayer’ to a poor man in the last stage of consumption. Don’t give ‘Advice to a Young Married Couple’ to a solitary seamstress. Don’t expect the artisan

just in from his work to be interested in ‘The True Story of Sally S.’ But this suggests the subject of *tract writing*. All I need say here upon this matter is, that my wonder is not that we have so few good tracts, but that we have so many. Those who know most about it agree that in no composition is it more difficult to succeed. The narrative should be clear and truthful: the *appeal* pointed, earnest, and short; and every sentence should take effect.

“*Be courteous.* Whether we live in a palace or in a garret the proverb holds good that ‘an Englishman’s home is his castle.’ You have no right to intrude into any room, not the poorest or meanest. But if you will be cheerful and simple, there is scarcely a home but you may be free of it and welcomed to it when you show your face there.

“*Be sympathising.* A glance as you enter will show you all the bearings of the place; whether there is a baby to hold, or a sick person to speak to, or a child’s love to win, or one of the thousand little offices of the home to perform: Depend upon it this is the way to succeed. Get *en rapport*, as the French say, with the people; find out where they come from, who their friends are, what they think about or what they care for. The man with ‘half an eye’ for this sort of thing is infinitely surer to get on in his mission than a Boanerges with stentorian lungs, though he have ‘Hyperion’s curls’ or the ‘front of Jove himself.’

“But underneath all this cheerful homeliness *be earnest: let your heart be in it.* Christ, remember, is your great model, and ‘He was about His Father’s business’ even when He performed the most trivial duties in life. You may not be lacking in

warm hearts, but do not be afraid to show them; pour out all the wealth of affection in you in earnest, hearty effort to commend the Gospel of Christ. This will cause you to be full of *forethought*, anxious to be useful in the homes you visit, and save you from the bitter reproach of remembering

“The wounds we might have healed,
The human sorrow and smart,
And yet it never was in our souls
To act so ill a part.
But evil is wrought by want of
thought,
As much as by want of heart.”

“And, as a last word, remember above all what Christ's life teaches us—that the relief of the poor, the word to the children, the office to the sick person must all lead to *preaching Christ's full and free salvation*. This is what every one needs, and you cannot be wrong in offering it as ‘God's unspeakable gift’ unto all.”

(To be continued.)

EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY OUR DUTY.

BY REV. E. BALMFORD.

IN these days of ecclesiastical controversy it is very necessary that we should get clear views upon those questions which agitate the internal life of Christendom. There is a controversy within the bosom of Christendom not only about minor matters of Church preference (matters which, in themselves, are confessedly of secondary importance), but there is controversy about deeper things than these, about truths of the utmost vital

importance. The truths I refer to are what are called the Evangelical truths of Christianity. The origin of Christianity is the love of God towards sinners; redemption, the forgiveness and remission of sins obtained by the obedience and sacrificial death of Christ is the method of salvation. 1. Christianity is a religion of facts. Neander, in his *Life of Christ*, says, “Christianity rests upon these facts, stands or falls by them. By faith in them has that life in all ages regenerated mankind. Were these gone there might indeed remain many of the effects of what Christianity has been, but as for Christianity in the true sense, as for a Christian Church there could be none.” Faith in these facts produces holiness of heart and life imparted by the power of the Holy Spirit through the truth manifested by Jesus Christ. We all admit that Christianity consists of certain facts. What are those facts? The divine nature and character; the moral and physical condition of mankind; God's love to man with all its unspeakable gifts; the plan of human redemption; the person, nature, and work of Christ; the opening of the kingdom of Heaven to all believers with all its gracious dispensations; the gift and work of the Holy Spirit; these are all great realities or facts. Christianity is, therefore, to be received as such; her doctrines are to be accepted and acted on as the things most surely believed. Now when a man accepts with implicit confidence the facts of Christianity, and, consistently with that belief, commits himself to Christ as his Saviour, then will occur a new and additional fact; that is, such a believer will become regenerated by the Spirit of God, and will enter on that eternal life which is promised

to all that believe. He will not only thus be a new creature but will also be justified by faith, and have peace with God. This is the life of Christianity, the life of faith. Faith in the fact and person of Christianity is necessary to the Christian life, is necessary to personal salvation. 2. When these facts of Christianity come to be preached or taught as the Gospel, they will necessarily assume a doctrinal form. These doctrines we designate evangelical, because we believe them to be essential to salvation. What, then, are the doctrines of Evangelical Christianity? By Evangelical Christianity I mean that system, the leading doctrines of which are the depravity of human nature, the deity and atonement of Jesus Christ, justification by faith through the merits of His blood, and the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence to regenerate and sanctify the heart. Take away from Christianity the doctrine of human depravity and the whole system falls to the ground, for any other view of human nature renders the atonement of Christ a superfluous provision. What the Bible says about human depravity is the testimony of Evangelical Christianity in its broadest and most emphatic form. It affirms the universal and total depravity of human nature. Here our Christianity takes its firm and unchanging stand, and publishes a distinct theory of human nature. If this theory can be disproved the whole evangelical conception is destroyed, for if we are whole what need we of a physician. This doctrine is the key of the Evangelical position, and for this reason it should, I think, be more distinctly expounded, and affirmed, and preached. Take away the doctrine of Christ's divinity, and we disqualify Him for

the great work for which He came into the world, that of expiating the sins of men. Take away the doctrine of atonement and you leave a chasm in the system which makes all that remains of no ultimate value to the sinner. The atonement of Christ lies at the very centre of Christianity, and makes Evangelical religion exceedingly different from all other religions. And it is faith in the atonement of Christ which is the peculiar requirement of the Gospel, and which implies a living surrender of the soul to Christ and a devotion to Him for his surpassing loving-kindness and redeeming mercy.

We are justified by faith, and this doctrine of justification by faith lies at the very centre and foundation of all Christian doctrine. To give up these doctrines is to give up Christianity, and these doctrines constitute what we call Evangelical Christianity. Unitarians may call themselves Christians, but if they deny these truths they have no right to the title. There have been, and still are, among them names we delight to honour, not only because they are associated with high intellectual culture, but because of their noble, generous disposition and eminent usefulness; but if they reject the atonement, the Deity of Christ, they reject the very vital truths of Christianity. Without, I hope, rendering myself liable to the charge of bigotry on the one hand, or of latitudinarianism on the other, I must express my own conviction that the preaching of the Gospel is briefly the preaching of Christ as the Saviour for sinners guilty of breaking the laws of God and condemned by His justice; that salvation is effected by Christ's obedience unto death as an offering for sin, and embraced by faith in His name.

I know there are some preachers who say to their people, "I tell you what I believe to-day, but I am not sure what I shall believe to-morrow; I am but an inquirer after truth, and I invite you to join me in the search." But this surely cannot be said of the cardinal truths of Christianity. Truth, absolute and unchangeable, is here. "For this end was I born," said our Lord, "and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness to *the* truth." And in accordance with this testimony before Pilate was His prayer to His Father, "Sanctify them through Thy truth; thy Word is Truth." The faith, says Jude, has been once for all delivered to the saints, and, as it was delivered, it is for us to hold fast to the end. But do we? Listen to the Rev. R. W. Dale in one of his lectures to the students at Yale College: "While the process of reconstructing your own theology is going on you will be tempted to criticise with unsparing severity the traditional theology of Evangelical Churches. Some of you will find that the temptation is very strong. When a young man begins to preach, if he has any fervour in him, any enterprise, any intellectual brightness or freedom, he is very likely to think that the changes which are necessary in the thoughts of the Church are almost infinite. Of old things all are over old. Of good things, none are good enough. He'll show that he can help to form a church of better stuff." The young preacher will find out his blunder in a few years, when he would ask himself not how many errors he could confute, but how much positive truth he had to preach. Brethren, have we not, I ask, positive truth to preach. Yes, and that truth is Evangelical. We believe that the Scriptures contain

all the truths which it is essential to salvation to receive, and those truths are Evangelical. We believe these truths, and these truths are our creed. Of course we do not believe that Christianity is a revelation of doctrines primarily; it is a revelation of character and spirit which is an appeal to the heart, an awakening of the soul, a principle of new life for him who receives it. Doctrines are but a part of its discipline, and they are as needful to healthy, vigorous, Christian life as bone is needful to flesh. Many of the doctrines we are called upon to believe are hard to understand, some of them impossible to understand. In regard to them we see through a glass darkly. In regard to them we have to exercise faith, and to say with Tennyson:—

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing when we cannot prove.
We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness let it grow."

These doctrines are revealed but not explained. Reason says, "I cannot understand them, and therefore will not believe them." Faith says, "I will believe them, though I cannot understand them." Take the Trinity, who can understand that? But we believe in it. Charles Kingsley, in regard to this doctrine, says:—"My heart demands the Trinity as much as my reason. I want to believe that God cares for me, that God is our Father, that God has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not want merely to love a Christ, some creation or emanation of God's, whose will and character, for aught

I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honour the abysmal God, and none other will satisfy me. No puzzling text shall rob me of His rest for my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. I say boldly if the doctrine of the Trinity is not in the Bible it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man requires it. I have been able to draw all sorts of practical lessons from it in the pulpit, and ground all my morality and a great deal of my natural philosophy upon it, and shall do so more." And when Charles Kingsley was dying, his central thought was that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God and Saviour can the cleverest as well as the simplest find peace with God. "In this faith," says his wife, "he had lived, and as he lived so he died, humble, confident, unbewildered." The human heart requires above all things rest. It needs Christ seen by faith. This has been the rest of men in all ages, the doctrinal centre of the Christian life; the atonement made by our Lord Jesus is our rest, and it has never disappeared from the Church, and I believe never will. It is the root of our religion, and sanctification is the fruit. Ignatius, Polycarp, Augustine, Wycliffe, Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, Wesley, Binney, Guthrie, Norman McLeod found their rest here. All these and many others of our own day rest in the great atonement, however they differ in other respects. In the age of Augustine He was the All-in-All, the great Redeemer of His people; to the Reformers He was the Divine and only sacrifice; to the followers of Calvin He was the Divine Shepherd folding His own sheep; to the Arminians He is the glorious God of love; and to all of

us He is the Almighty Saviour, and we can all sing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

But these doctrines, these truths are attacked. Much is said and written against what we call Evangelical Christianity. Philosophers, politicians, poets, historians, novelists have written against it. In some of our religious novels we have representations of professed Evangelical Christians which are far from lovely; the object of the writer may be to cast deserved ridicule against the mere pretenders to Christianity. Mr. Gladstone, in his *Courses of Religious Thought*, speaking of the Evangelical schools, says:—"Even now, amidst its many excellences, there are some signs that danger is at hand. Indeed, were it not for the ground of hope ever furnished by true piety and zeal, it seems hard to assign any limit to the future range of the destructive principle." If there is danger, then the more reason why we should set our faces against novelties and innovations, and hold on with all our might to the grand truths of Christianity. Our duty, I think, is clear—namely, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. We, as Evangelical Christians, are set for the defence of the Gospel. Our faith is assailed at the present day as it never was assailed in the past. Unbelief and Rationalism prevail amongst us. We know there is much true religion, but we can see also extensively prevailing amongst

us a morbid superstition. To-day, as three centuries ago, we have to battle against an insidious Papal aggression from without, and a Catholic reaction in the very heart of the Established Church. We have again to declare for Evangelical truth and for liberty of conscience, speech, and worship. It is true the Rationalism of the age may do some good. If it destroy priestcraft, so far it will be guided by true philosophy and accurate science. But we must condemn it when it rejects all faith that transcends the limits of reason and eliminates from history every fact that cannot be explained by natural causes. That is one foe, the enemy alike of truth, of God, and of mankind. The spirit of the age is not one of open blasphemy; it rather patronises Christ, with some portions of Scripture, and the moral precepts of Christianity. But it denies the existence and interference of the supernatural, it eliminates God from the sphere of natural law, it ignores human sin and man's need of redemption, it repudiates the Bible, and, under the pretence of treating it like any other book, it treats it worse than any other book was ever treated. It utters the everlasting "No, there is no supernatural, no miracle, no ever-present and active mind in the world's government, no angel, no spirit, no resurrection. This is the spirit of the age, and this is the enemy we have to fight. Let us be determined to fight bravely and nobly the battles of the Lord, taking with us the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

"Brothers! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
Let us act as we teach,
With the wisdom of age and the vigour
of youth:

Heed not their cannon balls,
Ask not who stands or falls,
Grasp the sword of the Lord,
And forward!

"Brothers! strong in the faith,
That right will come right,
Never tremble at death,
Never think of thyself mid the roar of
the fight:
Hark! to the battle-cry,
Sounding from yonder sky,
Grasp the sword of the Lord,
And forward!

"Brothers! sing a loud psalm,
Our hope's not forlorn,
After the storm comes the calm.
After darkness and twilight breaks
forth the new morn.
Let the mad foe get madder,
Never quake up the ladder,
Grasp the sword of the Lord,
And forward!

"Brothers! up to the breach,
For Christ's freedom and truth,
If we live we shall teach,
With the strong faith of age and the
bright hope of youth;
If we perish, then o'er us
Will ring the loud chorus,
Grasp the sword of the Lord.
And forward!

Let us as Baptists unite in this great struggle. We all believe in one Lord, one faith, one baptism. We believe in God, in Jesus Christ; we believe in our souls; we believe in redemption from sin, from guilt, and from punishment; we believe in the resurrection of the dead and life everlasting. This is our grand creed. This is our religion. Infidelity comes to us, and unfolds its little couch and lays it on the ground, and says to our souls, "Rest there!" Rationalism does the same. Unitarianism does the same. But we know many have tried these and have failed to find rest for their souls. The bed was too short for them. The couch of infidelity only reaches from the

cradle to the grave, while our souls have desires that wander through eternity. Infidelity, Rationalism, Unitarianism, do not satisfy the hunger, the thirst of our souls. But in Evangelical Christianity there is room. God is, Christ is, my soul is, redemption from sin and a glorious life eternal is. We stretch our souls on that couch, and we rest for ever and will rest, that until God ceases to be can our Christianity be quenched on the earth. It may have its nights and

days, its winter and summer, it may be subject to great laws of change; but nevertheless the Word of God standeth sure, its foundations are immovable; and not until the last generation has been born and translated, not until the last tear has been shed, not until the last pulse of love has throbbled, not until the new heaven and the new earth appear, will our Christianity die on the earth and lose its power among men.

Oldham.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST A SURETY.

FOR JULY 6TH.

"By so much was Jesus made the Surety of a better testament."—Heb. vii. 22.

JESUS is the Surety of His people; He received them from His Father's hand as a Divine gift, His treasure, crown, and joy. "Thine they were," he says, "and Thou gavest them to Me;" and He engaged to do all that was necessary for their salvation, and to present all at last before His Father's face with exceeding joy. O how wondrous is the love of our bleeding Surety, nor less the character which made Him equal to so great a work. As the Surety of His redeemed He engaged to expiate their sins, to impart to each and all of them spiritual life and holiness, to preserve them from all danger, to supply all their needs, and ultimately to bring them all to

their Father's house above. Oh how vast and responsible the work of our beloved Surety; but, blessed be God, He is quite equal to it, and herein is our hope for the future of the Church that Christ cannot and will not fail to carry on His work until all His redeemed are made the recipients of His salvation. How sustaining and encouraging are those thoughts to the earnest but often discouraged worker. I am working, such may say, in the midst of much difficulty and weakness, but not alone. Christ, the great Surety of His people, is with me; He, too, is using me as a part of that instrumentality through which He acknowledges His own responsibility in the salvation of His people, and, through my poor efforts, is not only declaring His love but the debt of honour He owes to His own covenant engagements with His Father in Heaven; and what an honour He is putting

upon me in deigning to use me thus to meet the demands made upon His faithfulness and love. And how cheering to my faith even now to see the influence of His Divine Suretyship traversing the entire universe, and, with the very strength of God, bringing together the countless host of God's elect to the present enjoyment of His love as an earnest of their being with Him for ever. Looking at the Church through the Suretyship of Christ, my faith can even now rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

CHRIST A FOUNDATION.

FOR JULY 13TH.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii. 12.

WHAT a foundation God has laid for His Church, embodying all the attributes of Deity, for Christ, who is this one foundation, is the brightness of the Divine glory, and the express image of God's essence. It cost God, therefore, more to build this foundation than to create the universe; for this cost Him but an act of His power, that the gift of His Son, and that Son His life. Men, however, constantly try to supersede the work of God, and neglect the foundation He has provided to build on something of their own. Some build upon their own good deeds, feelings, or virtues; some upon the church, the priest, or the confessional; to all such God speaks and declares that other foundation can no man lay than is laid, Jesus Christ. Christ in his Divine attributes, offices, and names; Christ in His obedient life, sufferings, and death; Christ as our

ever-living Prophet, Priest, and King; is the only foundation of a sinner's hope, which, being provided by God Himself, will stand for ever. Reader, art thou building upon Christ, His blood and righteousness. O see to it that thou art trusting in Him only, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption! O, believer, rejoice in this salvation; it is the Rock of Ages, and will never fail thee in life or death; whatever storms may beat upon thee, whatever afflictions overtake thee, this will stand firm, for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, and therefore those who trust in Him shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved.

CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

FOR JULY 20TH.

"And this is the name whereby He shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness."—Jer. xxiii. 6.

ALL true Christians are said to be justified by faith, and, being thus justified, are said to have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. But to stand justified before God, to be by Him pronounced righteous or just, implies the possession of righteousness. From whence then comes the righteousness of the sinner in which he stands accepted before God? Not from himself, for the Word of God declares we have all sinned, and that none are righteous, no not one. From whence comes it then? From Christ Himself, in accordance with the old promise that in Him shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory. And this is the name whereby He shall be called, the Lord our Right-

eousness. The righteousness, therefore, which constitutes us just, is the righteousness of Christ. And it is made ours by faith, and being thus justified, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. And if our peace is to be permanent and abiding, we must see to it that our faith constantly has to do with the righteousness of Christ as the only ground of our acceptance and hope before God.

CHRIST A FRIEND.

FOR JULY 27TH.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

"Having loved His own that were in the world, He loved them unto the end."—John xiii. 1.

THE Christian outwardly may often appear before men as very poor, desolate, and forsaken; but, in fact, this is never true, for he has ever a friend who loveth at all times and sticketh closer than a brother. And the great peculiarity of the friendship of Christ is that it originates in His own love. He does not love His own friends in the first instance because they resemble

Himself; but He loves them into a resemblance, and then loves them for being what His own love has made them to be. Christ is, indeed, a unique friend, and there are none like Him in heaven or earth. In Him are hidden all God's treasures of perfection, wisdom, and knowledge. He is God of gods, Light of Lights, very God of very God, and yet a brother full of human sympathy—wise, faithful, patient, meek, tender, compassionate, true, ever living for and laying Himself out for the highest good of His friends in winter and summer, joy and sorrow, and prepared to use all His infinite resources for their comfort, elevation, and joy, and that for ever. He is able thus to bless all His friends, while He has a whole heart for each, and speaks to each as though He had only one claiming His constant care and love. "Fear not," he says, "I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." O let us seek for grace to reciprocate His love and to trust Him as He ought to be trusted, and to be increasingly loyal to His Spirit and Word.

Reviews.

A Reason for the Hope that is in You; or, What the Baptists Believe and Why. REV. W. HANSON. Elliot Stock.

THIS comprehensive little manual should be in the hands of every church member and would be a valuable guide; if every church would resolve on giving a copy to each new convert to our ranks, it would do good to the individual and add strength to the

body—the church. The chapters on *Sponsorship, Baptism is Immerston, Church Membership, &c.*, are very concise and well-written essays, and will be profitable to all who read them. The price places it within the reach of the humblest among us.

No. 3 Monthly Part. House and Home, a Journal for all Classes. Home Office, 335, Strand.

THIS magazine is promotive of the

comfort, health, and social well-being of the human family. Its articles are written with intelligent care, and always have an eye to the useful. We have read with approval a chapter on page 155, "How to cure and prevent the desire for strong drink." All engaged in the temperance work, and all mothers, and those to whom the training of children is committed, would do well to give it a thoughtful perusal.

The Catholic Presbyterian. May.
Nisbet and Co.

It was our pleasure to call attention to this serial last month, by referring to a very stirring essay on the "Peril of a Degraded Pulpit," as now we take the opportunity of writing a few admiring words on the article by the editor, Professor Blackie, "On Christianity—Calvinism and Culture." We rejoice at all times, from whatever quarter the truth may emanate, if it helps Christian people to distinguish between *Calvinism pure* and *Calvinism spurious*. It only needs the slightest knowledge of the writings of the great Reformer to see that the name of this eminent though not infallible Christian man is used to propagate sentiments with which he could have had no sympathy, and would, probably, have expressed his abhorrence. We therefore with joy cull a few paragraphs from Professor Blackie's valuable paper. "*To represent all human things as vain and worthless in themselves apart from the favour of God is a sound and impregnable position. But to represent them as vain and worthless in themselves is quite the reverse . . . We do not need to show that there is nothing in the nature of evangelical doctrine fitted to give rise to such a disparaging view of human culture—its place and its worth . . . A soul, therefore, pardoned and regenerated can only be at the beginning of the special work required to be done by man in connection with the world. . . . This world is God's world. The devil has tried to rule it for himself. The dominion which Christ claims is the*

whole world; and it is the Christian's duty to take possession of all of it in Christ's name and use it for His glory. So the writer says of *Science*, of *Philosophy*, of *Art*, of *Literature*—they are Christ's right. On his head were many crowns. And ought we not, in view of such things, to desire and pray more earnestly that Christ's kingdom may come in its fulness and with all its glorious provision for the wants and cravings of the human soul? Come, then, and, added to Thy many crowns, receive yet one, the crown of all the earth—Thou who alone art worthy."

John Trueman's Rise in Life; or, Doing the Right for its Own Sake. A Story for Young Men. ALGERNON RIVERS, Barrister-at-Law. Elliot Stock.

THIS interesting little book is written in a natural and cheerful style, and illustrates the principle that acting for the right eventually leads to success. We advise our young people to obtain a copy and read for themselves. But, for the sake of some, must add a request, *do not time God, nor despair if success is not visible* and even delays to come. Some are an exception to the principle. *Do the right and good must come.* DO THE RIGHT FOR ITS OWN SAKE AND LEAVE THE RESULTS, IS OUR MAXIM. We could give instances in which life, viewed from a human standpoint, seems a failure and can only be acquiesced in by truth.

"Thy ways, O God, with wise design,
Are framed upon Thy throne
above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love."

Are Englishmen Israelites? A Three Nights' Debate between Mr. EDWARD HINE and Mr. ROBERT ROBERTS in Exeter Hall. Lord William Lennox in the chair. Pitman, Paternoster-row.

IN our book notices last month we expressed a desire to see the lectures given by Mr. Hine and Mr. Roberts published under one cover. Here our

wish is partly gratified by the publication of this discussion. The question is one which has gained much and increasing attention of late, and we believe that many thousands of sincere Christians, and among them many intelligent Christian ministers, hold Mr. Hine's views. We advise all to read this debate, and advise all controversialists not to suppose that all the light is with them and only stupidity with those who differ. We fear we could detect a little of this spirit with the disputants. We express no opinion on the main question, but shall read, hear, and investigate for ourselves.

BAPTIST MAGAZINES AND BAPTIST LITERATURE.

The Baptist. We are thankful to the

Editor for rescuing from a sort of oblivion the episode in the life of John Bunyan. It will be quite new to many readers of the *Baptist Magazine*, the *Sword and Trowel*, *Full Measure*. *The General Baptist*: either it or we were not quite up to the usual mark. The *Freeman* and *Baptist*, with their wide range of all subjects and questions of a Baptist character, make them favourites with all who have a heart-interest with us in the spread of New Testament principles. *Evangelical Christendom* and *Truth and Progress* have reached us. Also a letter issued by the Protestant Alliance giving some objections to the University Education (Ireland) Bill. We are against the bill, and say the objections taken are valid and true.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. V. ROBINSON, B.A., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Edenbridge, Kent.

Rev. W. A. Davies, late of Belfast, has received a cordial invitation from the church at Kegworth, near Derby.

Rev. C. Bright, of Lodge-road Chapel, Birmingham, has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting in Union Chapel, King's Lynn.

Mr. C. J. Moore, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Grafton-street, Northampton.

Mr. T. G. Reed, of the Bristol College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Mr. W. Goacher, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Hatherleigh, Devon; Mr. M. Mather, of the church at Holbeach; Mr. J. Rankin, at Guildford.

Rev. J. Collins, late of John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Lympington, Hants.

Rev. G. W. Roughton, of Lydney Gloucestershire, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Beeston, near Nottingham.

Rev. J. M. G. Owen, of Budleigh Salterton, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Union Chapel, West Gorton, Manchester.

Rev. J. Harcourt has accepted the pastorate of the church at East Hill, Wandsworth.

Rev. Henry Wright having resigned the co-pastorate of Clarendon Church, Leamington, has since accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church at Grosvenor-street, Manchester.

Rev. L. T. Shackleford, of Rawdon College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Ripley.

RECOGNITIONS.

LEICESTER.—Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. R. Y. Roberts, as pastor of Belgrave Union Church were held May 20th. Rev. T. Stevenson presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. H. Kitching and T. W. Medhurst, from Portsmouth;

T. M. Thew, R. Cavan, B.A., Mr. Evans, J. R. Atkinson, T. B. Meyer, B.A., E. Dean, R. Y. Roberts, and Mr. S. G. Ward and Dr. Lankester. Rev. R. W. Bishop led the devotional services.

FORTON, GOSPORT.—Recognition services of Rev. C. Philp were held on Tuesday, May 20th. Mr. Charles Mumby presided. Addresses were given by Revs. Dr. Colbourne, Harcourt, and Philp.

Rev. M. F. Wynne, formerly of Haverfordwest College, has just been publicly recognised as co-pastor with the Rev. W. Jones of the church at Fishguard, Pembrokeshire.

NOTTINGHAM.—On Thursday, June 16th, a recognition service was held in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. J. Fitch, formerly of Lymington, as pastor. Some two hundred of the members and friends partook of tea in the schoolroom, and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, at which Mr. Arnold Goodliffe presided. Rev. H. Bonner having read passages of Scripture, Rev. J. Atkinson delivered an address on the "Nature of a Christian Church," the pastor elect followed with a statement, and Rev. E. Medley offered prayer. Rev. D. Gracey delivered an address on "Ministerial Work," and Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., spoke upon "The Duties of Church Members."

STOCKWELL.—Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. E. MacLean, late of Greenock Chapel, were held on Thursday, June 14th. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. J. P. Chown, and a public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of Mr. T. Blake, M.P. Addresses were given by the Rev. J. T. Wigner, B. C. Ethoredge, J. Foster, S. Chambers, Dr. McEwan, J. H. Millard, B.A., D. Jones, B.A., Mr. James Stiff, and others.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. H. Wright, who has resigned the co-pastorate of the Clarendon-street Church, Leamington, has been presented by the congregation with a

gold watch and purse of money as a farewell token of esteem.

Rev. S. R. Aldridge, of Mare-street Chapel, Hackney, has been presented, by the teachers of Mare-street and Ann's-place Schools, with a handsome walnut-wood library table as a token of esteem.

Rev. R. Johns, who, on account of ill-health, has been compelled to resign the pastorate of Llanwenarth Chapel, Abergavenny, was, at a largely-attended public meeting, presented with £66 as a mark of esteem and sympathy. The Rev. J. Morgan, present pastor, presided, and several ministers of the locality delivered addresses.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE opening services of the new chapel, Vicarage-walk, Walsall, have been very successful. The following ministers preached on the occasion—Revs. Hugh Stowell Brown, J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., Thomas Spurgeon, W. Lees (pastor of the church), and J. Hearnshaw. The total amount collected at the opening services was £281. The chapel is much admired both by friends and visitors.

At Porth Rhondda Valley, a new Welsh Baptist chapel, erected at a cost, including site, of £4,100, has just been opened, accommodation being afforded for 1,000 persons.

On Tuesday, June 3rd, the newly-erected chapel in Stratford-row, Birmingham, was formally opened. At 8 a.m. a special prayer-meeting was held, conducted by the Rev. J. J. Brown; and at 12 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. services were conducted by the Revs. J. Aldis and R. W. Dale. Public services, extending over the next twelve days, are also announced to take place, when the Revs. J. J. Brown, H. Platten, A. Mursell, E. C. Pike, and J. Brackenbury will preach. The public meeting will be held on Thursday, June 19th, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Adams.

Memorial-stones of a new chapel to replace the old building were last week laid at Corfe Mullen, near Bournemouth, by Mrs. R. C. Allen and Mrs.

J. P. Godwin. The cost of the new structure will be £400, half of which has already been contributed. The Revs. G. P. Gould, J. B. Beard, and J. H. Osborne took part in the services.

A new chapel is in course of erection at Newbridge-on-Wye, at a cost of £1,100, towards which £700 have been contributed. The church dates back upwards of 200 years.

Upon an eligible site at the gates of the New Park, Chester, the memorial-stones of a new chapel were laid on Tuesday, June 3rd, for the congregation now worshipping in Pepper-street, under Rev. W. Durban, B.A. The total cost involved is about £3,500, towards which about £2,000 have been raised. Rev. H. S. Brown gave an able address, and the benediction having been pronounced by the pastor, the proceedings closed. In the evening a tea and public meeting was held in the Assembly-room of the Town Hall. Mr. Aaron Brown presided, supported by Revs. Hugh Stowell Brown, W. Durban, W. H. King, R. Richards, A. Matthews, McGregor (Rhyll), A. Pitt, W. Bathgate, and W. G. Granville.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Luton, Beds.—Anniversary services of the schools, Park-street Chapel, Luton, were held on Sunday, May 25th, the preacher being the Rev. Edward Leach, of London; the pastor, the Rev. J. H. Blake, addressing the young in the afternoon. The large chapel was crowded. In the evening, vestries, class-rooms, lobbies, pulpit stairs, an additional extemporised gallery, and every available inch of standing space were occupied by a congregation that could not have numbered less than 1,500, hundreds being unable to gain admission a quarter of an hour before the service. The preacher spoke on the relation of children to the church in the morning, and addressed young men and maidens in the evening. It was stated that there were 648 children in the home school, 53 teachers and officers, the number at the three village

stations being 300, making altogether 948 young persons under religious instruction. The Christian Band of church members in the Luton school numbered 75, 25 having been added during the past year. Ten had been received into church fellowship from the villages. There was also a Scripture Band of about 70 children, mostly under the age of sixteen. A fund has been opened for the erection of school and class-rooms as a memorial of the first pastor of this ancient church, Mr. Thomas Marsom, a fellow-prisoner with Bunyan in Bedford Gaol. The collections on Sunday amounted to about £54.

At Kettering, in connection with Fuller Chapel, formerly the scene of the eminent Andrew Fuller's labours, memorial stones of new Sunday schools and class-rooms have just been laid by his son, Rev. A. G. Fuller, and grandson, Mr. W. M. Fuller. Several ministers took part in the services following, the Rev. Dr. Landels preaching. The cost involved in the new structure is about £2,600, towards which £1,600 have been subscribed.

BRENTFORD PARK CHAPEL.—The anniversary of the above chapel was held on Whit-Monday, June 2nd. A large company partook of tea in the schoolroom, after which a meeting was held in the chapel, Rev. W. A. Blake presiding. Addresses were given by Rev. Slade Jones, F. J. Brown, of Barnes; J. S. Stanion, J. D. Kilburn, W. Summer, A. F. Brown, and S. H. Watkins, Esq.; C. Henwood and W. G. Brown also took part in the meeting. On the following Sunday Rev. W. A. Blake preached in the morning, and Rev. A. F. Brown in the evening.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—May 25, Carmel (Eng.), Six, by T. Jones.
Abertillery.—May 25, Ebenezer Church, One, by L. Jones.
Armley, Leeds.—June 8, Carr-crofts Chapel, Three, by A. P. Fayers.
Ashford, Kent.—May 29, Five, by E. Roberts.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—April 27, Three, by A. Bowden.
Bacup.—June 1, Irwell-terrace, Eleven, by J. S. Hughes.

Bacup.—June 1, Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by W. Gay.
Blaenavon.—June 1, King-street, Four, by O. Tidman.
Bootle, Liverpool.—May 25, Derby-road, Two, by Z. T. Dowen.
Bourton, Dorset.—June 1, Two, by E. Richards.
Brough.—May 25, Two, by D. Thomas.
Brynhyfryd, Ebbw Vale.—May 18, Nine; May 21, One; by J. Griffiths.
Burford, Oxon.—June 8, Two, by W. Piggott.
Burton-on-Trent.—May 25, Guild-street, Two, by J. Askew.
Bury.—May 25, Eleven, by W. Bury.
Caerleon, Mon.—June 15, One, by D. B. Jones.
Caerusalem, Victoria.—May 25, Sixteen, by D. W. Lewis.
Cardiff.—May 25, Bethany Chapel, Three, by W. E. Winks.
Chapel-fild, Yorkshire.—May 25, Two, by J. Kendall.
Chester.—June 15, Pepper-street, Three, by W. Durban.
Clough Golcar, Huddersfield.—May 25, Four, by J. Evans.
Coleford.—May 24, Nine, by T. Williams.
Corsham, Wilts.—May 29, Six, by J. Hailstone.
Cuddington.—May 20, Three, by Mr. Saunders.
Cwm, near Ebbw Vale.—June 1, One, by D. V. Pritchard.
Derby.—May 21, St. Mary's Gate, Thirteen; May 28, Fourteen; by J. W. Williams.
Dunfermline.—June 11, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Eynsford.—May 4, Thirteen; 22, Eleven; June 8, Four; by W. Mummery.
Falmouth.—May 28, Five, by J. Douglas.
Glascoed, Pontypool.—May 25, Two, by W. Thomas.
Grantham.—May 25, George-street, Two, by A. Gibson.
Griffithstown, near Pontypool.—May 25, Five, by J. Tucker.
Grimby.—May 29, Freeman-street, Five, by J. Manning.
Harlow, Essex.—May 28, Potter-street, Two, by A. E. Realf.
Hartlepool, East.—May 25, Two, by H. Dunnington.
Hay, Breconshire.—May 25, One, by J. Mathias.
Helston.—May 25, Nine, by J. H. Sobey.
Hemyock, Devon.—May 25, Six, by A. Pidgeon.
Healey-on-Thames.—May 25, Four, by J. M. Hudson.
Holbeach, Lincolnshire.—May 18, Four, by M. Mather.
High Wycombe.—May 25, Union Chapel, Four, by W. J. Dyer.
Hunslet, Leeds.—May 25, Two, by M. G. Coker.
Lancaster.—May 27, Whitecross-street, Four, by J. Baxandall.
Leeds, Beeston-hill.—May 26, Seven, by H. Winsor.
Leeds.—May 25, York-road, Five, by J. Smith.
Llanwenarth.—May 25, Three, by J. Morgan.

Metropolitan District:—

Acton.—May 25, Seven, by C. M. Longhurst.
Battersea-park.—May 29, Ten, by Mr. Lardner.
Borough-road.—May 10, Fifteen; June 15, Two; by G. W. McCree.
Brenford-park Chapel.—June 22, Seven, by A. F. Brown.
Clerkenwell.—May 25, Lever-street, One, by J. Young.
Dalston Junction.—May 15, Ten; May 22, Six; by W. H. Burton.
Islington.—May 18, Cross-street, Ten, by F. A. Jones.
Kensington.—Hornton-street, May 25, Six; June 5, One; by J. Hawes.
Leytonstone, E.—May 18, Two, by J. Bradford.
Ponder's End.—June 6, Two, by A. F. Cotton.
Poplar.—May 25, Brunswick-road, Three, by W. T. Lambourne.
Woolwich.—May 28, Queen-street, Three, by T. Jones.
Woolwich.—May 29, Charles-street, Five, by J. Wilson.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. JESSE HOBSON.—We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Jesse Hobson, who was for so many years the esteemed minister of Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington. His death took place on Tuesday, June 10th, at the comparatively early age of 60 years. His illness, which was of a long and lingering character, was borne with manly fortitude and Christian resignation. Mr. Hobson was born in November, 1818, and when 18 years of age, he resolved to enter the ministry, for which purpose he became a student at Stepney College. He was appointed to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of Barton Mills, Suffolk, where he remained some six years, having then accepted a call to High Wycombe; four years afterwards he proceeded to London, and took charge of Salters' Hall Baptist Church, then worshipping in the old hall of the Salters' Company, Cannon-street East. About the year 1867 the congregation migrated to the present chapel in Baxter-road, and here Mr. Hobson laboured with so much earnestness and ability as to raise the church to a position of eminence; and many souls were brought to Christ. In 1876 Mr. Hobson, owing to continued ill-health,

was compelled to sever his connection with the congregation, which was a source of the most profound grief. Since then he has lived a comparatively secluded life at his home, South Lea, Lordship-park. Mr. Hobson was also for about 20 years actuary and secretary of the Star Life Assurance Society, from which post he retired eight years ago in consequence of the state of his health, receiving a handsome present in recognition of the energy and ability he displayed in connection with the institution. From 1862 to 1866 he was a member of the Corporation, representing the Coleman-street Ward, and likewise occupying a seat at the Commission of Sewers. He took a great interest in most of the charities, and was a trustee of the Monarch Building Society until his death.

Dropsy developed itself about six months ago, and under that disease Mr. Hobson finally succumbed on Tuesday last, bearing all the sufferings and trials which it pleased his heavenly Father to send with calmness and patience, buoyed up by the knowledge that God was but trying his measure of faith, and that soon the night of

sorrow would give place to the endless brightness of the day above.

The funeral service was held in the Abney Congregational Church, and was conducted by the Rev. W. Spensley, the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bloomsbury Chapel, and the Rev. W. M. Statham, of Harecourt Chapel. At half-past three the coffin was borne to a stand erected in front of the pulpit, around which the mourners, consisting of the members of the family and other friends, were seated. The hymn "How blessed the righteous when he dies" was very solemnly sang by the choir, after which the Rev. W. Spensley read two lessons appropriate to the occasion. The service was then continued by the Rev. J. P. Chown, who gave out the hymn "Rest from thy labours, rest," which was likewise touchingly rendered. Mr. Chown proceeded to address the large congregation.

The rev. gentleman then engaged in prayer, at the close of which the coffin was carried across Church-street to the side gate of the cemetery and thence to the grave, where the remainder of the service was conducted by the Rev. W. M. Statham.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 19th, 1879,

(Continued from the JUNE number.)

| £ | s. | d. | Mr. H. W. Westrop.. | £ | s. | d. | Mr. T. A. Denny | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------------------|----|----|---------------------|----|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell | 3 | 3 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 | 105 | 0 | 0 | |
| Miss C. M. Murrell | 0 | 10 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 30 | 0 | 0 | |
| Rev. E. H. Brown | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | |
| Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith | 21 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Messrs. Hollings and Brocks | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. R. S. Pearce | 5 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 0 | Mr. S. Harwood | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. R. S. Pearce | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Mr. E. P. Fisher | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| J. K. | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Rev. J. A. Spurgeon | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Miss Newman | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Renton | 25 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Mr. S. Goldston | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| S. S. Absolum | 5 | 0 | 0 | 19 | 19 | 0 | Mr. J. Duncan | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. Robinson | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Mr. Jeanneret | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Adam | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. T. Mills | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| Mr. Jno. A. Hart | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Ross | 7 | 17 | 6 |
| J. M. Dufftown | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Feltham | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr. G. Meadows | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 10 | Collection at King-st. Chapel, Bristol, per Rev. D. G. Evans | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Executors of the late Mrs. Sarah Glennan | 50 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. Hollingshead, Collection after Lecture | 2 | 2 | 10 |
| Mr. Jones, jun. | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Church at Dover | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss H. Fells | 0 | 10 | 0 | 15 | 0 | 0 | | | | |

A REQUEST OF THE BELOVED.*

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

“ Let Me see thy countenance, let Me hear thy voice ; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely.”—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 14.

BELOVED, though it well becomes us as believers in Christ to pray, we must regard it as a wonderful condescension on the part of Christ that He deigns to pray. We feel it to be natural, and we think it is reasonable, that we should pray and present our requests to Him. But, oh ! what a strange stoop of love is this, that He should present His request, and, if I may so speak, pray to us ! We sometimes say to Him, “ Let me see Thy face ;” but here in this sacred song He actually turns round to His own people, and He says to each of them, “ Let Me see thy face.” Observe, again, that it is our duty, our privilege, and our pleasure to praise our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. Is not this the employment of saints on earth, and the enjoyment of saints in heaven ? And yet, by a marvellous inversion of the common course, we hear how Christ praises us ! He seems to take our place, and speak with winsome words of admiration to those who may well bow before Him in adoration, saying, “ Sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.”

When you appeal to Christ He hears and answers you. Believer, will you not hearken and heed when He entreats you ? And when you extol the Beloved of your soul your praise is acceptable to Him. Shall not, then, the eulogy He passes on you make your pulse with pleasure bound, and swell your hearts with floods of joy ? Jesus asks a favour at the hands of every one of His people, and then backs up His request with a pleasant word of matchless commendation.

We have here a *request of Christ* ; but I wish you distinctly to understand that this is only addressed to God's people, to the blood-bought, the blood-washed ; to those who trust the Lord, and are saved by Him. To such the Lord Jesus Christ puts a double petition. In the one part He says, “ Let Me see thy face.” The interpretation is not difficult. At least, I think we may trace a fourfold meaning in it. Does He not herein desire that His people should have an openness of carriage ? Some of the saints go through the world as if they were half ashamed to own their love to their Lord. They wear a thick veil to hide their godliness : they make no profession, they seldom speak a word that savours of His dear name. So He seems to wish them to put that veil away, as He says, “ Let Me see thy face.” And why, let me ask, should it not be open to all men ? Though the Gospel never sanctions our making a parade of our religion, yet it does demand that we practise no disguise, but before the eye of the world avow our faith

*This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 249, NEW SERIES.

in Jesus. "No man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Thus, too, we read, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid;" and Christ expressly tells you, "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." The Church is like the moon: Christ is the sun; the sun shines, and the moon reflects the sun's light. What should we think of the moon if she were so bashful that she would not reflect the light of the sun? Such coyness would intensify the shades of night; and the shamefaced reserve of Christians leaves the world in darkness from which there is no relief. I wonder they should be ashamed of their religion. What is there to be ashamed of? Brethren, if we are professing something that is not sensible, that is not rational, something which should disgust the conscience and outrage the common sense of mankind, by all manner of means let us give it up. But if to serve God be the truest and noblest occupation of His creatures, let us never be ashamed of it. Our Lord Jesus Christ had good reason to be ashamed of us, and yet He never was. He took up our cause, and through shame and spitting He espoused it; yea, "He is not ashamed to call us brethren." And shall you and I be ashamed of Him? Rather let us be ashamed of ourselves for thinking of such a thing. I do pray any Christians here who have kept their religion in the background, to do so no longer, for your Lord now lovingly asks you—appeals to you by the love which He published before heaven and earth and hell towards you—"Let Me see thy face;" skulk not in the corner; hide not thyself away; but come forth and say, "I am on the Lord's side."

And doth not Christ here ask His people to have a confidence of bearing in His presence? "Let Me see thy face." We are to come before God, even the Father, with covered faces. That is a sweet prayer of one who said, "O Lord, the seraphim and cherubim veil their faces with their wings whenever they come into Thy presence, and we have no wings with which to veil our faces; but we have something better than the wings of angels—we have the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ." In God's presence we must ever appear under covered faces; but in the presence of His only begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ, that Christian who holds down his head does not understand Gospel liberty. Jesus Christ seems to say to His Church, when He sees her concealing her face, "Let Me see thy face." Is He not "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"—"a brother born for adversity?" There is no quarrel between our soul and Christ. He is our peace. He has loved us, and given Himself for us. The love of Jesus Christ to His people is so high, so deep, so broad, so pure, that they never ought to be afraid when they stand before Him. You do want a mediator when you come before God, but you want no mediator when you come before Christ. You think, "Were I like Peter or Paul, and I could see Christ, I should speak to Him right boldly." Ah! but Peter and Paul had no righteousness to stand in except that which belongs to you as much as to them—the righteousness of Jesus Christ. And I pray you, since you are espoused, since He loves you, since His

heart is set upon you, do not distrust Him, but believe in Him. Well does Watts sing—

“ We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne.”

Yet how many of God's people are living in abject bondage. They hope they will be saved, but they do not know; they hope Christ loves them, but they are afraid He does not; and hence they often sing—

“ 'Tis a point I long to know.”

Come, Christian! Wash thy face in the Divine bath of Jesus' love, and look up and let Him see thy face—not brazen with the impudence of self-righteousness, but clear and beautiful with the confidence of faith in Him. This I think is in the text—an openness of behaviour, and a confidence of conduct towards Him.

Again, when He says, “ Let Me see thy face,” does He not call for Christian courage before others? Here I touch upon the same point as before, only I take another side of the thought. Some Christians, when they have professed Christ, shrink back as if doubtful of their own propriety. I have heard of brethren whose conscience compelled them to leave the Church of England, and yet their conduct afterwards appeared to betray so much confusion that I might compare them to “ Fear,” in Collins's “ Ode to the Passions :—

“ First, Fear his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.”

Surely, this is not the true spirit of a Christian. What we resolve for God we must never retract. If we err in judgment we are open to conviction; but when we know we speak God's truth we nail our colours to the mast, and we are prepared, with the colours flying, to reassert it; and we shall never pull them down to please the paltry prejudice of our neighbours. Let no Christian be silent when His Master demands that he speak. There are times, dear friends, when Christ seems to want the countenances of His people, as if their testimony would tell for something. Those that are standing in the back rank need to stand forward and say, “ Here I am.” If there is a man that has to suffer for truth, I will suffer with him. If there is a man that has to stand in the pillory for God's Word, I will take a share of it, and grudge him the pleasure of carrying the heavier side of the cross than I may have to carry. “ Let Me see thy face.” Are any of you living in ungodly families? Do let Christ see your face. Speak up for Him. Do not intrude your religion unceasingly; but never hesitate and falter, or bow and cringe, as though you seek toleration for serving God. Serve your God with gladness, as a man who knows he has a right to do so, and who, acting with a clear conscience, asks no man's leave. “ Let Me see thy face.” I am afraid that many Christians get an easy berth by bridling their tongues. There is an old saw—“ Speech is silvern; silence is golden.” I am afraid there are some who prove the proverb in a perverse sense. Let not yours be the

silence which suppresses the truth, but bear your testimony faithfully, for Christ says, "Let Me see thy face."

The passage will bear one other construction, which is perhaps more likely to be the precise meaning of our text—"Let Me see thy face." You know Jacob went down to Egypt to see the face of Joseph; and to hold near communion with him was doubtless his intent. Now, Christians, you have been standing so far away that methinks Christ can hardly see your face; and He beckons to you—"Come near, come near; let Me look you in the face." Some of my friends in the far distance I can scarce discern as to their features. This, methinks, I can use as a metaphor to describe the distance at which some souls live from Jesus. Peter followed afar off, and you know what came of it, for before long he denied His Master. Closer, closer, let us cleave to Christ. Let our prayer be Christ's prayer—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Yet all my cry shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

"Let Me see thy face." Do you see the drift of this prayer, then? The prayer of your sweet Lord Jesus. He bows before you now. He before whom angels bow, bows before you, and he asks you—"Purchased of My blood, loved of My soul, the chosen of My heart; come, let Me see thy face. Come near to Me, and let me put My hand upon thee, and let Me kiss thee with the kisses of My mouth."

In the second clause of the same request He says, "Let Me hear thy voice." This, too, seems to have a variety of meanings slumbering in it. The Church has several voices. It has, to wit, the voice of testimony. Throughout all ages the true Church has been a testifying; a witness-bearing Church. Wherever witness is borne for Christ, that voice is very sweet. She bore witness under the Roman persecutions. She denounced the idols of Rome, till her witness made the gods totter from their thrones, while the images fell from their pedestals. She bore witness afterwards under priestly pretensions and Papal persecutions. In our own country her Protestant voice was raised, and she published the Word of God, undaunted by ecclesiastical anathema or civil process: when the Lollards' Tower was crowded with confessors; when preachers were adjudged to the pillories; and Scripture readers were relentlessly burned in Smithfield fires. Noble was the army of her martyrs. In like manner did the Covenanting forefathers maintain their faith amongst the glens and craggy rocks of Scotland, and in the obscure meeting-houses and the lowly places of England. Thus did the Church bear her witness for God. And she bears her witness still by many faithful and earnest lips. In this land her witness, I fear, is not always so clear and conspicuous as it should be; but there are countries now where persecution clarifies the Church, and is a special boon to her; where her witness is shrill as a trumpet, and gives a certain sound, that men may marshal themselves for the battle. Woe

to the day when any church ceases to work for Christ against the sins and vices of the world! We are to be like the witnesses that were clothed in sackcloth; slain, yet to live again; dying, and yet living best by death, and crying from their graves like the blood of Abel, which reaches the ear of heaven. Brethren, Christ would have his Church lift her voice now, whatever there is to testify for or against. He speaks to you, His beloved ones, and He says, "Let Me hear thy voice." Let it not be the minister's voice alone, but let it be your voice, by your holy living. Those of you who have no faculty for public address can give testimony by a consistent piety, a strict integrity in business, and such a stern uprightness in all your conduct as refuses to bend to the customs of other men. This will be a witness for God that even this deaf-adder age must hear. Without any effort to charm, your life shall draw attention.

The voice of Christian fellowship is likewise very sweet. They that fear the Lord speak often one to another. There is much that is agreeable to Christ, as well as to ourselves, in Christian converse. I hope the members of this church will never get to be distant and reserved one toward another. Everybody used to know everybody else at one time. I do not know that too much private intimacy among all the people is profitable. Still there is a comeliness in the communion of worshippers of which I would not have you negligent. It grieves me to hear every now and then of persons who have been attending the services at the Tabernacle for five or six months, and nobody has spoken to them. Last Thursday I saw something which I deeply regretted. A poor man and woman sitting in one of the pews were turned out of their seats by a certain friend who came in late, and they had to retire to some back seats, as if they were intruders. "Well," thought I, "those are just the sort of people to whom I would give the heartiest welcome, especially on a Thursday night." Those who profess to be followers of Jesus Christ, should be ashamed to do honour to the affluent and disparage the destitute in the courts of the Lord's house. We are one, I hope, in Christ Jesus. That kind of discrimination soon strikes a death blow to all true Christian communion. No, they that feared the Lord of old loved to see each other's faces, and though they were not given to idle chit-chat, they delighted in talking about the covenant grace of God; nor were they ever long together before they found their hearts blended in sweet harmony and sacred unison. The same hope sparkled in each eye, the same songs were familiar to each tongue. Grateful remembrances of God's goodness, and gladdening prospects of the glory to be revealed, drowned their griefs and groans in the dark days of their discomfiture. And you know how the Lord hearkened and heard. Ah! methinks I hear Jesus say to some of you that have not much Christian converse with your brothers and sisters, "Let Me hear thy voice—let Me hear thy voice;" for the voice of Christian converse is congenial to saints and acceptable to Christ.

And can ye doubt that the voice of prayer is sweet to the dear Saviour as the smell of the frankincense which smoked up from the censers of the priests was of old to the Most High. We cannot all preach; but all of us who are believers can unite and blend our voice

in prayer. Ah! does any believer here feel tempted not to pray? Jesus says, "Let Me hear thy voice." I think I hear you say, "Lord, mine is a poor broken voice; I cannot pray as I should: my heart is cold; my thoughts wander; my desires vacillate." Ah, well! tell Jesus your troubles; only do let Him hear thy voice. "But my voice is not worth hearing," says another. Well, He is the best judge of that; and if He asks you to let Him hear it, don't decline. I tell you Christ loves even the cries of His children—their mewl is music to Him, their tears tell the tide of their troubles or of their thanksgivings. "The tears of the penitent," says one of the early fathers, "are the wine of angels; certainly the tears of God's people are put into Christ's bottle." Sigh out your sorrows; tell Him your griefs; let Him hear thy voice. And methinks the united voice of God's people at the prayer meetings must be agreeable to Christ. If any of you are negligent, and in the habit of stopping away without good cause, let this entreaty come home to you—He that died for your redemption says, "Let me hear thy voice."

Does not this apply to the voice of praise also? Oh! how sweet is the voice of praise when willing hearts make melody before God! The dead music of wind and strings hath little in it acceptable to Him; but the living music of men's hearts and voices God loveth. How glorious the swell of some noble psalm, when thousands chant the praises of Jireh-Jehovah of Israel! My soul has never taken wing to mount so near heaven as when on certain joyful occasions we have all united together to praise God with all our might. Sometimes that lovely "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah," seems to peal forth like the thunders of earth melting into the thunders of heaven. Oh! friends, let us praise Jesus, not only here but wherever we are, and often as we find opportunity. Speak well of His name; tell others of Christ—what His arm hath done, what spoils from death He won—praise His great name alone; say "Worthy the Lamb." An eminent saint of God who died the martyr's death, divided the day into twenty-four parts, and having twenty-four in his household, he always had one, both night and day, engaged in the service of God. A very pleasant idea; at once poetical and practical! Well, if we cannot do that, at least, with the dawn of morning, let our song be—

"Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King."

And let us compose ourselves to sleep with some grateful sonnet like this—

"Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!"

Let Him hear thy voice in praise, in prayer, in testimony. I need not enlarge, except to say that the precise meaning I have no doubt whatever is, "Let Me hear thy voice in sweet communion"—talk of Christ. You will observe He does not say, "Turn thy face this way or that," but "Let Me see thy face;" and He does not say, "Let thy voice be

heard," but "Let Me hear thy voice." Perhaps you come up hither only to hear the minister. That will never do. Let our Lord Jesus Christ hear your voice, that you may hear His. And when you are alone do not think that religious exercises most necessarily be suspended. His presence may be known and enjoyed when you are free from the intrusion of a fellow creature. Jesus says, "Let me hear thy voice," Some of us, in the quiet retreat of our gardens, have often had reason to thank God that—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by Thy kind bounty made
For those who worship Thee."

When, without fear of any eavesdropper, we could talk aloud to Him who is invisible.

Some of us have had the richest fellowship we ever knew, so have we talked with Christ as a man talketh with his friend. If you cannot do it aloud, there is a way in which the soul can be lively while the lips are silent, and the verity of our intercourse in the daytime may be as vivid as visions of the night, which often leave a deep impression on our memory. You pour out your heart before Him, and He seemeth to pour into your soul the sweet solace of His love. Thus the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He shows them His covenant. From the Cross, and from the throne, Jesus entreats all of you who love Him, especially as you come to His table—"Let Me hear thy voice, and see thy face!"

And now will you please to notice the reasons for Jesus Christ's prayer. He says, "Sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." A strange thing to say of such creatures as you and I are! What can Christ see to admire in us? Surely He knows best. But had we to judge ourselves, we should little think that there was aught in us that could give Him delight. Yet we hear what He says, and we are bound to believe Him.

How is it, beloved, we may venture to inquire, that there can be anything sweet and comely in, the voice and countenance of believers? Well; Christ sees a sweetness and comeliness in His people because He is interested in them. He takes an interest in them as a workman does in the productions of his own skill. When the Greek ambassador came to Cyrus, the Persian monarch took him round his garden, and showed him all the various fruit trees, upon which Lysander expressed his delight, but Cyrus said, "You cannot, by any possibility, find such enjoyment in these gardens as I do; for," said he, "I planted and pruned all these trees myself, with my own hands, after laying out this garden entirely according to my own plans." So Jesus Christ takes extraordinary delight in His people because He plants and prunes them Himself. "You are His workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus;" and therefore it is that He takes pleasure in you.

Then, again, you are His by purchase. What a man buys and preserves at great cost he will prize. You do not know what you are worth, but He does, for He paid for you. You cannot measure the pangs of His heart, nor the woes of His spirit; but He knows all.

Down to the depths of grief He bowed His head for you; He counted out the purple drops for your redemption. You are bought with a price. Mark, there was a price set on you, and He knows, though you know not, the estimate that His love set on your souls; but from His very heart He values His purchase.

And He has an interest in you, because you are His eternal choice. Before you had a being He pictured you in His own mind and loved you. Yes, not only before you had a being, but before the mountains glittered with their snow-white heads in the sunlight—before the sun and moon and stars had launched forth in their perpetual course, He had set His love on you. Dearer were you to Him than all His works besides. Even then He rejoiced over you with singing, and it is written, "His delights were with the sons of men." To think of you was His eternal solace. Do you wonder, therefore, that He should wish now to hear your voice, and see your face. Besides, you are to be His everlasting reward. He looks upon you as the jewels of His crown. You are to Him what God has given Him as His portion for the travail of His soul. He sees His Father's love in you, for you are His Father's gift; and therefore He prizes you beyond all price, and asks you to speak to Him and let Him see your face. With such a loving argument, can you deny Him? I charge thee, child of God, before Him who died for thee, wilt thou deny Him? Come, leave thy family cares; cease the drudgery of thy business; shake thyself from the dust, if thou canst; forget awhile the solitudes of home; lay aside that heavy ledger, with all the losses and crosses that make thy days anxious and thy nights restless. Jesus asks you to commune with Him, and He uses this all-conquering argument, that He loves you, and has an interest in you. "Thy voice is sweet, and thy countenance is comely." "Let me see thy face."

When Christ thus speaks, He states a fact without a tinge of sentiment; because, through the operation of His grace, the Church's face is comely, and the voice of His church is sweet. What finer sight under heaven is there than an honest, upright, sanctified, godly man? Should a prince bedeck himself with as many jewels as a Nepaulese ambassador, what real worth would he be? A poor man, though covered with patched garments, if his character be full of sterling integrity, if the fear of God nestles in his heart and love to Jesus glows in all his life, he is such an one as an angel would linger to look upon. The history of our human race how horrible it is; stained with selfishness, defiled with crime, red with blood; yet one silver line runs through the whole. It is the silver line of the election of grace—the sacramental host of God's elect. The only redeeming trait in the entire history of mankind is to be found in the Church of Christ. "She is clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and she yet shall be terrible as an army with banners." Her voice really is sweet. I do not mean the voice of some churches, whose pride has been obnoxious to heaven and their persecutions a pestilence on earth. Yet the voice of Christ's Church is very sweet, because it is not pretentious or discordant, but humble and harmonious. The purity of her language is drawn from the secret fountain of inspiration; she reveres the Scriptures while she renounces traditions; she speaks the truth in love she bears solemn

witness against sin, and her voice is ever raised for righteousness and true holiness.

We have some churches whose creed is full of incongruities. Their books are so complicated that lawyers are baffled to interpret their meaning. Revision may be prescribed, and revision of their liturgy and articles is needed, for not a man who subscribes to them can interpret, far less believe them. How can any man believe in the whole of the Prayer Book of the Church of England? If he holds High Church views, the articles confront him with their Calvinism. If he holds Low Church views, the liturgy is Popish enough to appal him. In any case the catechism offers him plenty to complain of. From the mitred archbishop to the meanest curate the conscience of every member of the community must be compromised. They one and all fence with the falsehood of the system, and hazard the charge of foul hypocrisy. They do it in ignorance; they do not see that in conforming to custom they are committing a crime. May God open their eyes! That church's voice is never sweet that speaks in one part of her book clearly and beautifully, and in another part apocryphally and ambiguously. No; Christ wants His Church to speak plainly; and when she finds she has made a mistake and strayed from the straight course, she must have courage enough to retrace her steps and repeal her edicts, and return to the truth as she received it from her Lord and Master. One by one, however, I could exhort you to take care that your voice be sweet. I cannot speak too harshly of those people who on Sunday chatter like saints, and on Monday cheat like sinners. You may put on the garb of piety only to profane it; you may sing the praises of God never so harmoniously; but your voice is not sweet to Christ unless it is honest, healthy, and heartfelt.

Moreover, Christ loves to hear the voice and see the face of His Church, because of His relationship to us. He is the Everlasting Father; and there is no one that can so well bear with the voice of a child as the father, except it be a mother. Why, your children cry more sweetly than anybody else's children! When another man's child is crying you are shocked at its peevishness or its passionate temper, but when your own child gives like vent to its feelings, you pity the poor little thing, and are quite sure it must be suffering some kind of pain. I doubt if our Lord Jesus Christ, out of His infinite love towards His Church, can hear anything but music from her. He seeth no sin in Jacob, nor iniquity in Israel; He covers their faults with the mantle of His love. With His righteousness He has robbed His Church; with His grace He has sanctified her; and now He beholds her in the beauty with which she shall hereafter shine rather than in the deshabille of her present garb; so He says, her voice is sweet, and her countenance is comely.

While I have thus spoken to God's people, I do not expect there has been anything to interest very many of you. Well! well! let me say one word to the stranger ere I close. Jesus would be glad to hear your voice, if it heaved forth a prayer like this, "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord save, or I perish!" Be it only a groan, if it is sincere, He will hear it. Standing in that aisle, or in this crowd here, if you can but from your heart say, "Lord, I trust Thee--take my sins away,

and make me Thy servant"—know this, my brother, your voice is sweet to Him, for never did a sinner cry without Christ hearing—this side the grave I mean. But, alas, if ye cry not now ye will cry hereafter, when the answer will be, "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof: therefore, I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Do you not shudder as you listen to the threats? God give you to believe in Jesus, to trust Him implicitly, and to prove for yourselves the faithfulness of His promises. So shall you see His face with joy, and hear His voice with unutterable delight welcoming you to His glory. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER VIII.

"SEE, Mr. Carter, here are your tracts! Look at them and see if they will suit. You will find that you have six months' ammunition provided; and when that is expended I hope to be able to hand you over another half years' supply. So now go-ahead and fire away at every house in your street as soon as you like."

"You have done them up, Mr. Fuller, I perceive."

"Yes; there are six packets containing one hundred tracts in each; also, each packet has a similar tract for every house. I could have furnished you with a number of different tracts in each packet, but I have thought it best, at any rate, as an introduction, to choose six good narrative tracts admirably adapted, I think, for your purpose, and likely to instruct the ignorant in the way of salvation. The titles of the six tracts are striking, the narratives are interesting, and the appeals are short, direct, and to the

point. There is nothing sensational in them, nor anything approaching to claptrap either in the titles or matter. This being the case, I have no doubt whatever but that the tracts will prove generally acceptable, and that your monthly round of visits will be welcomed. But I have also done something else. If you will look on the blank space in the middle of each tract inside, just between the two printed pages, you will see an advertisement which, I trust, will induce some who go nowhere to attend the house of the Lord. With an india-rubber printing stamp, which I ordered for the purpose, I have stamped neatly the street in which our chapel is situated and the times of service on the Lord's day. This can give no offence, and may possibly do much good."

Thanking his worthy pastor for the pains he had taken, John Carter wrapped the parcel up and conveyed it from the minister's house to his own home:

Having first read the tracts, so as to be able, if necessary, to commend them, the week after saw him at his newly chosen work. On a leisure

evening, with a packet in his hand, he knocked at the door of No. 1, and presented the tract with a few kind words and a smiling face. There it was received with surprise, but also with manifest pleasure. And this he found to be the case with the majority of householders. But there were decided exceptions to the rule. One woman looked at the tract scornfully, and asked him what it was, evidently fearing that it was some quack advertisement sent round by a vendor of some patent medicine or infallible life pills. Another woman—evidently a Roman Catholic—flatly declined to take it in, and handed it back to the distributor as speedily as if it had been a poisonous snake. One man, shabbily dressed, and an avowed secularist, said, "He'd take it in and read it, as he liked to read all sorts, but such literature was hardly in his way of thinking; Darwin and Huxley were more in his line: and if the tract distributor could procure for him any of their scientific works he'd thank him." On the same side of the street, a little lower down, was another of the same sceptical fraternity who was not, however, either so tolerant or polite. On the tract being kindly presented he wrathfully told the distributor that he would have "nowt to do wi' such religious stuff," and charitably indicated it to be his firm conviction that "all parsons were nowt but priests, and religious people nowt but hypocrites." With this expressed belief he immediately handed the tract back and slammed the door in the distributor's face. At one house a man answered the gentle knock who evidently appeared with his coloured nose and blotched face to be more intimately acquainted with the public-house than with any other institution in the land. He ac-

cepted the tract as a kind of favour, but, at the same time in a nasal twang, informed the giver that to him a pint of beer would have been far more acceptable. But all this sort of banter and chaff John Carter took good-humouredly. He expected to meet with it, and, before starting on his benevolent mission, had sought help of God in prayer to be able in a Christian way to cope with it. He had read the Scriptural injunction to "*Be patient toward all men;*" and also Paul's wise counsel to Timothy: "*And the servant of the Lord must not strive: but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.*" He felt great pity for these poor deluded people, and as that feeling swayed his whole soul it served to make him all the more desirous to reach them, if possible, in the end.

There were also two or three peculiar cases of another kind. In one house he was informed that it was of no use leaving tracts there as "none of 'em could read;" but this objection was soon met by the distributor volunteering, if they would take the tract in, to call before the month was out and read it to them. In another house was a poor, helpless, bedridden woman, nearly blind—who used to go to a place of worship, but had been confined to her room for ten years. She expressed her joy at the reception of the gift, but lamented her inability, on account of her want of sight, either to read the tract or the Bible. Would Mr. Carter kindly come and read it to her when he had time, and also a chapter or two out of the good old Book as well? This the kind-hearted contributor gladly promised to do, and told her

he would try and place a half-hour each week for the purpose at her disposal. The poor creature's fervent ejaculation of "God bless you!" did John Carter almost as much good as listening to a sermon, and he left her humble abode feeling as if that brief visit had amply repaid him for all the trouble he was taking. A house in the lowest part of the street, and the scene within it, quite shocked him. The windows were broken and patched; the furniture was poor and scanty; the children were ragged and shoeless; there was no fire in the grate, and the wretched father sat in a chair in a corner of the room with a bowed down head sleeping off the effects of a night and day's drinking debauch. Learning to his sorrow that the children were motherless, he left the tract with them, telling them to ask their father to read it when he was sober. This he felt was, for the time being, all that he could do, but he inwardly breathed a prayer that God would be pleased to make the left tract the instrument of a much needed blessing both to the inebriate and his suffering family. From one working man he received in a blunt, rough way a word of encouragement. He was told by him that "he was the first man who had left a tract at his house, or sought to get at him to do his soul good for sixteen years; and although he went to no place of worship he'd read any tracts he left with pleasure, as he thought it was work like that which was greatly needed." He was also surprised at a publican in the street not only taking the tract when offered, but saying that after he'd read it, he would put it on the table for his customers to read also. Cases like these cheered the distributor, and when he turned into his own home that night with only two rejected

tracts out of the hundred, he felt that this one hour spent in this way in the service of his Master, had been to his own soul one of the most profitable that he had ever spent; and something inwardly seemed to tell him that although a good part of the seed thus sown might be cast upon the wayside or stony ground, yet that he had every reason to expect that in some cases the seed thus sown among the "outsiders" would bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold to God's honour and glory.

And in this respect he was not doomed to be disappointed. His second monthly visit was hailed with greater pleasure than the first, and the third than the second. With the exception of the two cases in which the tracts were at first rejected, and one more where they were declined by a ritualistic household at the instigation of a ritualistic priest, John Carter found his gospel tracts not only well received but also well read. This induced him to keep steadily and punctually to the work; and the result of two years of this kind of labour was so cheering and satisfactory, that at a large evangelistic meeting held in his chapel, in order to encourage others to "go and do likewise," Mr. Fuller called upon Mr. Carter to relate his experience as a tract distributor, or rather, as he facetiously termed him, as the "Home Missionary of Church-street." This call the meeting backed up by clapping of hands, upon which John Carter rose and spoke as follows.

(To be continued.)

CALLING THE LAMBS.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

"A book of remembrance was written before Him,"—MALACHI iii. 16.

Books, books, books!!! Go wherever we will at the present day we are sure to find them. The world itself is becoming a great library, wherein there are books for the old, books for the young; books for the rich, books for the poor; books for the wise, books for the foolish; books for the gay, books for the sad; books for the sick, books for the strong; books for the living, books for the dying; books for everybody, from the greatest king upon his throne down to the smallest child in our schools. The minister keeps them in his study, the doctor in his surgery, the servant in her box; and you, with your laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks, where do you keep them? Of course, you won't tell me, but I know very well for all that. In some quiet corner, which you think nobody has seen but yourselves, they lie as snug as kittens in a cradle. You hide them under your pillow when you go to bed at night, so that you may read them when the cock begins to crow in the morning; for you children are always awake a long time before any one else. Well, don't be ashamed of possessing books, if they are good ones. You cannot have better friends than they, and they are always at hand to help.

But what curious books come from the printing press every week. Some are full of wild and daring adventure, others of woe, and pain, and trouble. Some tell us of great and noble deeds wrought hundreds of years before we were born, others of deeds done only yesterday, but which are so full of kindness that

they never can be forgotten. Some explain the wonderful working of God's wisdom in the mighty moving planets, and in the still gigantic mountains; others describe the marvellous beauty of a butterfly's wing, and reveal the hidden glory of the simplest flower. Some recount the horrors of a battle-field, and tell how men have died for home and country; others, more peaceful, relate the successes of commerce, and tell us of those who from the humblest places in society have risen to positions of influence and power. Whatsoever a man can think, and say, and do, that will a book contain.

Then they are of every size and colour. Some are like our pulpit Bible, very large and strong; others resemble my pocket Testament, and are very small indeed. Some are full of pictures, others have none. Some are covered with gilt and bound with clasps, as if they were too good for common folk like you and me; others—God bless them—are as rough outside as a dear old friend of mine, and, like him, are full of thoughts which make us happy. But the strangest, most wonderful, most accurate book of all that have ever been written is the "Book of Remembrance" in heaven. It must be so, for it has God for its author, who does everything perfectly, and cannot by any means make a mistake. And it is constructed in such a manner, that when the world shall pass away, with all its beautiful books and pictures, that one shall remain in heaven untouched, uninjured.

Look at its strange title: "A Book of Remembrance." What does it mean? Let us take an illustration, then, perhaps, we shall get at its meaning.

Coming into the school rather earlier than usual this afternoon I

found every one of your teachers writing in little books. What do you call those books? Class-books. Yes, that is so. What do the teachers write in them? They put down whether we have come in early or not. Is that all? No; they say whether we have learnt our lessons. Nothing more? Yes, they say whether we have been good or not. Those answers are all correct. Now, let me put to you another question. "Why do they write all this?" "Because at the end of the year they will wish to know what sort of scholars we have been, and be able to see whether we are worthy to receive a prize." Then, if that be so, these class-books are simply "books of remembrance," because they call back to our mind the remembrance of duty fulfilled or neglected. The book in heaven is somewhat like these. It is God's class-book, wherein He can tell whether we have been absent from our duty, whether we have learnt the lesson of His holy will, and whether we have been obedient to His wishes.

Take another illustration. On board of every ship that goes out to sea there is stored away safely in the captain's cabin a thick, strong-bound volume, called the log-book. In it he is compelled to write down the events of his voyage. Telling how fast the ship sailed, what she saw, where she went; how the sailors acted, what cargo was carried, what sails were lost, and what money was spent. Then when he comes home the book is opened, and the owners read the history of the voyage, and reward or condemn him according to what is written. Thus you see the log-book is a "book of remembrance." God's book is somewhat like it, for it contains the record of all that we do as we sail across the sea of life into

eternity, and it will be opened at last to speak for us or against us.

There is one thing, however, wherein God's "Book of Remembrance" differs from any that we can make, and it is in this: It gives a complete account without any misrepresentation whatever.

Your class-books are not always correct. Your teachers are liable to make mistakes, and put you down as absent when you are present, and present when you are absent, so that at the end of the year you might even receive a prize when you do not deserve one. And the log-book, let the captain keep it as carefully as he can, may yet contain a blunder which shall lie like a blot upon the character for life. God's book of remembrance is always true. If you forget everything else of my talk this afternoon, remember that. It will cheer you when the world is speaking evil of you, for you will know that there is One above who ever writeth the truth, and never alters what is written. Just as we are, without a shadow of flattery or depreciation are we represented in the great book in heaven. If we are misunderstood now, let us look forward with joy to the time when all things shall be made clear. Sometimes God will make our innocence manifest while we are here. This reminds me of a pretty tale I used to hear when a little child. A very rich lady, dwelling in a magnificent house in a German town, lost a costly necklace made of pearls. When it was missed of course every one was at a loss to know where it was. So candles and lamps were fetched, and a most diligent search was made all over the house. There was not a nook or cranny anywhere that was not looked into. Still it could not be found, though the search lasted many days. Then

every one began to think that everybody else was a thief, and when things come to that pass, somebody is sure to get into trouble. The lady's servant was charged with stealing it, and though she said she was not guilty, she could not get a single soul to believe her. So she suffered punishment. Years passed by, till one day a terrific storm swept through the town, and cast down a fine statue of Justice that stood in one of the public squares. You know that Justice is always represented as holding a pair of scales in her hand. Well, immediately it fell, there rolled out from one of the scales a bird's nest, wherein was the pearl necklace which had been lost so many years before. Clearly the girl had not hidden it there. Therefore she was innocent. They soon discovered that it had been taken away from the house by a tame raven, which used to fly in and out of the windows. Why didn't they think of it before? Simply because folk never dream of birds stealing jewellery. We call them great thieves, though I scarcely think we ought. They only steal their dinner, and then sing to pay us for it. However, the poor servant was shown to be honest, and that was of more account to her than anything else. So you see that God can clear our characters while we are here, and if He does not, we need not trouble ourselves; He will be sure to do so when we go home to Him. Then the book shall be opened. The bright, pure light of God's truth shall shine, and the black, foul birds of envy, hate, and malice shall fly down to the regions of darkness and be seen no more.

There is another thing which I wish you to notice in this text. It is this:

Those who fear the Lord and think

upon His Name, and love one another, will have all that they do, and think and say, specially recorded in this book.

Good deeds are never forgotten by God. Kind words, though uttered in the poorest place on earth, rise up on the wings of love till they hover around the great white throne. The world may forget you, though you spend time and strength, and wealth on its behalf. When you go to make yourself a blessing amongst those who are afflicted, no notice is taken of you whatever. People look upon you as if you were going to the market, or the park, or the mill. You see they are not interested in you. But the dear Lord is. He is specially desirous that you should follow Him who "went about doing good." He always remembers. If you go to the infirmary and shed tears of sympathy upon the pillow of the sick, He gathers them, and puts them into His bottle. For such tears are our hearts' best jewels, and He thinks them worthy of a place in heaven. If you wander over the battle-field, where men lie with gaping gunshot wounds, thirsting and dying, and offer a prayer for them; above the clatter of musketry, the roar of cannon, the wild shrieks of anguish, and the sad moanings of despair, your prayer will ascend though it be uttered only in a whisper. If you descend into a mine where the roof has fallen, or an explosion has scattered ruin, and bathe the aching temples of the injured, the light from your lamp will pierce the awful gloom around, and cast its gentle radiance on the threshold of glory. If you go into the dismal alleys of our town, where poverty, and shame, and sin, are always found, and carry a loaf, or a tender word of rebuke, the echo of your footfall will be

heard upon the ramparts of the heavenly city. The watchmen will cry, "Who goes there?" The answer will be, "One who goeth on a mission of mercy." Then the sweet word of blessing will be heard—"Servant of God, well done." Let this thought be ever with you. God remembers all that is done for them, however small or great it may be. The recording angel keeps the account. Every day, every hour, every moment, he watches and listens, so that he may fill the wonderful book. If I may speak so, I would urge you all to keep the angel busy, by doing all the good you can, in all the ways you can, and wherever you can.

Last of all, I must tell you that this book of remembrance is kept so that the Lord may reward us justly at the last.

You never work for God for nothing. He always rewards those who help on His kingdom. In the day when the Lord makes up His jewels, those who have served Him shall be His for ever. Crowns of glory shall be theirs. Joy unutterable shall be theirs. Perfect rest shall be theirs. Children, labour for the Lord. He will help you. He will bless you. He will remember you. The book has many a blank page for you to fill. Get something written in it to-day, by being kind and obedient when you return home. Then reward shall come in the end. But work not simply for a reward. Work for the love of serving God.

My God! I love Thee for Thyself,
All creature things above;
Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts,
I praise—but Thee I love.

Preston.

THE WORTH OF THE BIBLE

BY FATHER GRASSI, OF ROME.

ST. PAUL calls reasonable the respect paid to the intelligence of man; and the Psalmist had already admonished us not to resemble infants in understanding. Philosophy itself teaches us that man never lowers his dignity but by acting foolishly or brutally; therefore reason, discernment between good and evil, is in us like the hand of a clock. Without it, what would remain to us? Nothing but instinct and the animal nature.

By this you will understand my intention to speak with you upon Holy Scripture, and in order to show its value let us consider Reason, and the right motive for the respect shown thereto. Every one convinced of these infallible and supreme truths will not experience a tranquil conscience if under the influence of the deception of others, and a too blind submission to fallacious authorities.

The basis of the respect due to the sacred pages might well be deduced from their antiquity, from the wisdom displayed in the morality which they teach, and from the truth of the narratives and facts which they recount.

The Bible for these causes commands the esteem and veneration of all learned and eminent men of all times and of all nations, who, if they do not all admit its truth, yet prove that it rises superior to their strictures or their criticism. For not only are the above-mentioned arguments sufficiently powerful to remove every doubt respecting the sanctity and irrefragability of the Bible, but we have also the certainty of its having been inspired by God. What is man against

Him? Shall we be told of the importance, the necessity of adducing proofs? That would be to demand too much, for we cannot do it without heresy. But I speak to you, Christians enlightened by faith, taught by the Holy Spirit, therefore it is sufficient that I appeal to the Apostle Paul's words to Timothy—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

To proceed, therefore, to the analysis of each separate head you see would be presumption and folly, for the Bible has not ambiguities, deceptions, or sophisms; it is limpid, clear, intelligible even to the simplest mind; its words fill the heart with celestial sweetness, and open the mind to sublime conceptions. Yet allow me to make some reflections upon the creation as it is referred to at the beginning of Genesis.

Who does not know that the last act of creation was that of man? All that surrounds him proceeded from nothing before him. Who, therefore, witnessed the preceding facts? No one! . . . Is, therefore, Genesis an imagination, a fable?

I see you, brethren, arch your eyebrows, and with very good reason, for any one must be either stupid or wicked to suppose so. I speak to believers better instructed than myself that the Bible is no other than a precious collection of Divine revelations, which have come down to you with scrupulous exactness from generation to generation from the earliest times.

Faith, which is an infallible teacher, would close the door against all after investigations on that head; but let me say again I should like you to tell me who before Moses, Solomon, David, Saul, Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, when mankind was immersed in the profoundest ignorance, was in a position to write

those pages, to utter those words which are comfort, light, life? Who, O Lord! who but God!

The books of men, however eminent and wise, have their day, and then fall, if not into discredit, hundreds into oblivion. What now are the treatises of Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Tully, Cæsar, Pliny, Tacitus, and others whom I omit for brevity? Let me tell you although full of stupendous teachings, they are neither necessary nor useful.

The Bible, on the contrary, although not illustrated from its beginning by any contemporary author, is the mighty impregnable Rock; it is the Lighthouse against which whirlwind and tempests rage in vain. It is the colossal treasure-house whence almost the whole world who believe its pages draw their customs, their wisdom, their standard of right and wrong, their laws, and, more than all, eternal life. Is not this a prodigy? Yes! eternal life! . . . Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, confirmed that to us when He declared, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My words shall not pass away.*" You will easily understand that when saying this, Christ did not refer only to His Gospel, which was afterwards to constitute a new part of that same Word, but also to all the teachings already therein existing. The Gospel contains numerous references to the Old Testament, and especially that one wherein the Redeemer Himself says to the Jews, "*Search the Scriptures; they are they which testify of Me.*" And when in the Temple He disputed with the doctors, explaining and enforcing those Scriptures of the Old Testament, He proved it most clearly to be a book infallible and inspired. Thus the Old Testament was the foundation of the New; and it has undergone no alteration or change

except in some slight particulars of the Mosaic Law, which were specially adapted to those places and times, but in doctrine, none.

We need not, my brethren, reply to the ridiculous and presumptuous criticisms of this holy book by pseudo-philosophers; they use the subtle and sibylline language of the children of darkness, and, like blind guides, will fall into the ditch. Apart from the Word of God, apart from faith therein, there is no wisdom and no heart like Christ's; He is the Incarnate Wisdom of God, and the Bible is the revealed Wisdom of God. Upon it we should meditate day and night; hold it in our hands from morning till evening; use it in our prayers; teach it in our schools; carry it on our journeys; give it to our friends; spread and propagate it throughout the world.

But it is not enough to carry it with us; we must study it with attention and earnest will. Is it not certain that if we attempted to read a book in the dark, however clear it might be, it would always remain incomprehensible to us? Would not he who at noonday looked through a black lens think that it was night, although the sun was shining in the greatest splendour?

This Divine Book, well read, well meditated, suffices by itself for happiness in this life and in the next. Let no one doubt this, let no one dare to think that, on account of false interpretations and doctrines, the Word of God does not suffice by itself for the perfecting of men and of nations. Let us preserve this sacred deposit in the ark of our hearts, and we are sure of salvation and of eternal glory.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE HALFERN.

CHRIST A FORERUNNER.

FOR AUGUST 3RD.

"Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."—Hob. vi. 20.

How encouraging it is to the Christian, as he wends his pilgrim way towards that city which hath foundations and whose builder and maker is God, to trace the footprints of his risen Lord, marking all the path he has to tread. Such can sing with the poet:—

"I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet ;
Nor can I fear that blessed path,
Whose traces are so sweet."

Yes ; Jesus has marked out by His example the path of His followers through life and death, and to each and all He says, Follow Me, and no evil shall befall you. Your path may be strange to you, your foes subtle, your wants many, but all is known to Me. I know your path and can guide you, your darkness and can teach you, your foes and

can protect you, your wants and can supply them. Be of good courage; only follow Me in faith, love, fortitude, humility, patience, and hope; lean upon My arm, keep My words, and My commands, and all shall be well. I have gone before, as your Forerunner, to prepare a place for you, to take possession of My crown and My throne, and that not simply for Myself, but also for you, and the same welcome and the same joy which have been awarded Me shall be the portion of all who follow in My steps and wait for My appearing.

CHRIST A LEADER.

FOR AUGUST 10TH.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. xxxii. 8.

THE path of a believer in this world is often intricate and beset with dangers and snares; frequently, too, there is darkness within as well as without, and he finds it difficult to discern the way of life and peace. God in His infinite love, however, has provided a Leader and guide, and, speaking of Christ, He says: "Behold I have given Him for a Leader to the people," and Christ is faithful to the trust reposed in Him, for "He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out;" He calls them away from self-trust and pride to rest on His finished work; from their own strength and wisdom to trust in His; from the dry and barren wastes of falsehood and error to feed in the green pastures of truth and to lie down by the side of the deep flowing waters of His own love, peace, and blessedness. He

goes before them to show them their way, and to destroy their foes, throwing over them the cool shadow of His presence and protection, so that they can rest in the wilderness and sleep in the woods. Thus He leads them through life and even the waters of death, nor forsakes them until they reach the land of promise above. O my soul, whatever be thy path, however, trying, fear not, but follow thy Leader with implicit faith at all times and He will clear thy path, defeat thy foes, and guide thee safely to thy Father's house and home above.

CHRIST A REFINER AND PURIFIER.

FOR AUGUST 17TH.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."—Is. xlvi. 10.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."—Heb. xii. 6.

THE Christian is often tempted to think that if he were really a child of God he would not be quite so afflicted; that his trials would not be so many, or his sorrows so great. But his God and Father tells him that He has chosen him in the furnace of affliction; that because he is a Christian, a child, and loved, *therefore* he is chastened, and that for his profit, and that he may be a partaker of His holiness; that the great aim and end of all God's dealings with him—of all the flames of suffering which surround him, and which often in his apprehension threaten to destroy him—is but to purge away the dross and tin of pride and self-will, and prepare him to receive the image of Christ, who Himself ever sits by the furnace, and when His work is accomplished will withdraw the

fire. And how sustaining is the thought to the tried Christian that the Great Refiner and Purifier Himself was perfected by suffering, and that through His own sorrow He is practically able to understand and sympathise with the feeblest of His children in all the varied experiences and discipline of suffering through which they have to pass, and by which they are fitted for God's service here and the enjoyment of His presence hereafter. O my soul, when in the furnace see not only its flames, but behold each reflecting the face of thy great Saviour and brother born for adversity, who in all thy afflictions is afflicted, and whose love is but seeking to conform thee to His own beauty, and thou mayest share in His glory and reflect His perfection for ever.

CHRIST A MASTER.

FOR AUGUST 24TH.

"If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet."—John xiii. 14.

CHRIST is a Master, and His people are His servants, but their service is perfect freedom, for they are sons and not slaves. Still there is a service of love and obedience He demands of His people. "If ye love Me," He says, "keep My commandments." And His commandments ought to be sought out and obeyed, for He is a good Master, and in keeping His commandments there is great reward. Christ is not a hard taskmaster, nor does He expect His servants to make bricks without straw, but noble and munificent giving what He demands and demanding what He gives. It is

His to give to His servants their gifts, their station, and their work. These things we are to seek and accept at His hand, and His revealed will is to be our guide and supreme in all things, not in some things, but in all. And we should never forget that our Master is ever present with us, watching the spirit in which we serve and the character of our service. Our aim, therefore, ever should be to please Him, and with His approbation we should learn to be content, remembering that He is tenderly sympathetic in relation to all our weakness; never unrighteous in His demands, and that He ever awards the most munificent rewards of grace to the least service rendered by His people under the influence of His own love.

CHRIST A DELIVERER.

FOR AUGUST 31ST.

"There shall come out of Zion a Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."—Rom. xi. 26.

MAN at best is but a weak, frail, and insignificant creature, and, as the result of sin, exposed to many dangers and foes, and frequently the subject of many fears from which he cannot deliver himself. The help, however, which he cannot find in himself, circumstances, or friends, is always to be found in Christ, who is the Deliverer of His people and mighty to save. One of old said, "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling;" and what He did for His servant of old He can and will do for all who trust in Him now. He can deliver the conscience from guilt by

His blood, the heart from fear by faith, and the spirit from bondage by love. Though mountains of difficulty seem to stand in the way of our deliverance He has but to touch them and they melt away. He delivers His people seasonably, freely, wisely, efficiently, and constantly. He calls upon His disciples

ever to look to him for all that they need at all times and in all places, and declares that all who thus call upon Him shall be helped and saved. O my soul, do not limit the power or grace of thy Lord, but ever live looking to Him to supply all thy wants, and to give thee victory over all thy foes.

Reviews.

The Spurgeon Birthday Book and Autographic Register. Passmore and Alabaster.

A BOOK for all. Suitable for a present to wife, child, or sweetheart. The exterior brilliant with glories of gold; the interior enriched with anecdotes, events, and similes, given in Mr. Spurgeon's own interesting style, and the birthdays of Susie and C. H. Spurgeon indicated by their world-wide autographs.

The Principles and Practices of the Baptists. A Book for Inquirers. By CHARLES WILLIAMS, of Accrington. Baptist Tract Society, Castle-street, Holborn.

A VERY comprehensive volume, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Williams for his kind labours. We believe his work will be among the most useful of any issued by the Baptist Tract Society. It enters fully into our principles and practices, of none of which are we ashamed, as they are presented to us in these pages. The appendix: Lists of books on Baptism, and the History of Baptists. And Mr. Williams has not erred in placing the *New Testament* first in the list, *the best book on our principles*. Then follow books on Baptist history; also books by Baptist authors in or before the nineteenth century; the distinction between General and Particular Baptists—may the day soon come when there shall be

no need for this chapter; our chapel deeds; and, lastly, directions about marriages, with a copy of the marriage laws and marriage service. We shall be pleased to hear of the demand for several editions. It should be in every chapel library. Each Sunday school superintendent and secretary should have a copy, and we are certain it would prove a good reference book if a copy was kept at each of our village chapels.

The Commonitorium against Heresies, of Vincentius Levinensis, A.D. 434. Translated from the Latin, with original notes, explanatory and historical. By JOHN STOCK, LL.D., Huddersfield. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

WHATEVER Dr. Stock applies himself to he always brings to his subject a scholarly and industrious mind. The Doctor says in his preface: "The thorough mastering of the *Commonitorium* will give us a very good idea of the progress of religious thought in the Church to the year 434." It is with a view to this result that the translator has executed this work. The whole is divided into thirty-nine chapters, and each chapter headed with its theme or subject. We are held in hand by the excellent notes from mistake or error, and this is very desirable when reading the ancient fathers, who are not always so clear or true as the apostolic grandfathers. The thanks

of all are due to the translator for rescuing this work from oblivion, and it will be welcomed as a rich contribution to our sacred literature.

Christ my Shepherd; being brief Notes and Thoughts on part of the last verse of the second chapter of Isaiah. By JAMES WILLIAM BRYANS, Lieut. retired, H.M. Bombay Army. James Nisbet and Co.

WRITTEN by a good soldier, and dedicated to good soldiers, and to the thousands of the British Army who keep guard and watch night and day on home and foreign service. It is a well-written and devout little book. Is the outcome of a spiritual mind earnestly yearning that the life of Jesus might possess his comrades in the British Army. It is a joy to us to know that so many among the officers of the army of our country *live the life, wear the uniform, and unfurl the banner of the King of kings.* We believe it is to this fact that our army has often been saved, as is the case in the history of British India. The Havelocks, the Lawrences, the Hammonds, and others in times of deepest anxiety have been the preservers of the honours and the saviours of their country. This book is thoroughly evangelical, and those who have to do with the army cannot do a better thing than to circulate it. *We wish it and its author God speed.*

The Catholic Presbyterian, an international journal, ecclesiastical and religious. Edited by Professor BLACKIE. Nisbet and Co.

WE repeat all we have said of this journal in our previous notices with the addition that each number, if possible, gets better than the previous issue. We have read with satisfaction the essay on the novelist as a teacher by the Rev. A. C. Roe, and the four Gospels and the pulpit by Professor Bruce. They are papers of more than ordinary merit, and we are sure that there is a brilliant future for a journal so good, so full, and so cheap as the *Catholic Presbyterian* continues to be.

Baptist Principles and History, the substances of two sermons preached in St. George's Chapel, Plymouth, and before the Western Association of Baptist Churches at Bridport, June 11th, 1879. With notes and appendix by JOHN W. ASHWORTH, pastor of the church. Yates and Alexander.

THESE sermons are published by request, and we think the preacher has done right to accede to the request. Young people and strangers in our congregations need constantly advising of our principles. There is not so thorough an acquaintance with the history and reasons for Baptist Non-conformity in some cases as we could wish. Mr. Ashworth has done his work well, in a way and manner of which he need not be ashamed. The sermons are vigorous, plain, outspoken defences of the truth. And we are glad that for the small sum of threepence these manly discourses can be obtained and read by all whom they concern.

The History of Protestantism, Part I. By the Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D., illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

WE are delighted to see this first part of a reissue of Dr. Wylie's well-known *History of Protestantism*. The wide circulation of the former edition has, doubtless, been a bulwark in defence of our faith, a preservation against Romish error, and has stored the minds of thousands with sound views of our Protestantism. The presentation plate of Luther's first study of the Bible is strikingly appropriate to the work, and will be framed and prized highly in many households.

Thomas Wilson, the Silkman: a Life for Business Men. By E. WILSON M'CREE. Marlborough and Co.

THE life of a good man, well presented by our brother Mr. M'Cree.

OUR MAGAZINES.

The Baptist, Sword and Trowel, and *The General Baptist* are good samples

of the healthy and vigorous literature of the Baptists. We could indicate in each number articles well written and containing matter which would be profitable to every reader. *The Baptist* and *Freeman*. — The juvenility of the one helps the age of the other. We never knew the *Freeman* more alive with power, and more up to the requirements of the times in its pointed and stirring articles; at the same time our young *Baptist* is always good. The reports of three

valuable societies have reached us, and have our heart's best wishes: the Trinitarian Bible Society, the German Baptist Mission, founded by the venerable and apostolic Father Oncken — may his last days be full of joy and peace—and the Ragged Church and Chapel Union. Also *The British Flag*, *The Ragged School Union Quarterly*, *Truth and Progress, Australia*, *Voice of Warning*, *Evangelical Christendom*, &c. &c.

Poetry.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE WORD WHICH ENDURES FOR EVER.

“The Word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this is the Word which, by the Gospel, is preached unto you.”—1 PETER i. 25.

“Evangelical truth has now become obsolete.”—*Daily Paper*.

Yes, like the sun to those who have no eyes,
Who say “’Tis dark,” while lo! the darkness flies;
Who shout “’Tis night,” when lo! the morning’s born,
Whose light and beauty all such falsehoods scorn.

Obsolete! to those who never saw its grace,
Clear shining in a living Saviour’s face:
“Dead!” yes, to those who never felt its power,
Or stood entranced before it for an hour.

Obsolete! yes, when hearts shall cease to glow
With love to Him whom they sublimely know;
When God’s own Spirit spurns the living Word,
And fails to glorify its King and Lord.

Obsolete! yea, when this is true of light,
The sun by day and silver stars at night;
Then hungry hearts, by sin and sorrow riven,
May scorn God’s truth and spurn the bread of heaven.

Obsolete! yes, to those who truth deride,
Who have no life to feel its flowing tide;
Arrayed in death while pride in darkness delves,
And think truth dead when dead to it themselves.

Obsolete! yes when Christ Himself is dead,
And living truth from God’s own heart hath fled;
When hell and falsehood strike His servants dumb,
God’s Spirit gone, the world His death and tomb.

Then, not till then, shall God’s own living truth
Decay, lost all its vigour and its youth;
Then faith indeed will faint and drop her tear
O’er God dethroned and Christ’s own death and bier.

Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. R. P. CLARE, of Appledore, North Devon, has accepted the pastorate of the united churches of Watchet and Williton.

Rev. Geo. W. Pope, of Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, has accepted an invitation to assist the Rev. E. J. Silverton in his work at Nottingham.

Rev. G. Jarman, of Birmingham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Woodgate, Loughborough.

Rev. James Dann has, after seven years' ministry, resigned the pastorate of the church at Westgate, Bradford, as from the end of the present year.

Rev. G. T. Reed, of Bristol College, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Ventnor.

Rev. W. Sumner has resigned the pastorate of the church at Albany Chapel, Brentford, and accepted that at South-street, Hull.

Rev. A. Williams, of Garne, North Wales, has accepted the pastorate of the oldest church in the Rhondda Valley, called Nebo.

Rev. Henry Varley, jun., of Regent's-park College, has accepted a cordial invitation to supply the pulpit at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, for twelve months.

Rev. W. Horn, late of Idle, Yorkshire, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Zion Chapel, Bacup.

RECOGNITIONS.

JARROW-ON-TYNE.—The recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. W. Davies as pastor of the church have been held. The Rev. W. Hanson presided at a public meeting, at which addresses were given by the Revs. J. M. Stephens, B.A., on "The Liberty of Congregational Churches;" A. F. Riley, on "The Migratory Character of Congregational Ministers;"

and J. Hughes, on "Some Conditions of Church Success." A new chapel is in course of erection.

SALFORD.—The Rev. D. Rhys Jenkins has just been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Chester-street, Salford.

WANDSWORTH.—At East-hill Chapel, a *soirée* and public meeting has been held with the objects, first, of recognising the Rev. James Harcourt as pastor, and, next, of inaugurating an effort to extinguish a debt of £800 upon the building. Mr. James Staff presided. The report read stated that the outlay connected with chapel alterations and erection of classrooms had been £1,200, of which £400 had been contributed. Including £100 from the chairman, promises of £550 were made during the proceedings. Several ministers delivered addresses.

LOUGHTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.—Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. C. T. Johnson as pastor of the church have been held, Mr. W. M. Grose, of Stoke, presiding. Amongst others, the Rev. C. Chambers gave the pastor a welcome on behalf of the churches of the district without pastors, and on behalf of the British and Irish Home Missions.

WINSTONE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—On Wednesday, June 25th, Rev. J. W. Townsend received a public recognition as pastor of the Baptist Church, Winstone, Gloucestershire.

PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. W. Gill, who has been the pastor of Little London Chapel, Willenhall, for eight years, has been presented, on the occasion of his resigning the pastorate, with an illuminated address, a purse of money, and an electroplated inkstand.

Rev. W. Thomas having resigned the charge of the Baptist churches of Hose and Clawson, has accepted the unani-

mous invitation to the church at Braunston. Upon his leaving his former charge he was presented with a purse of gold, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by his church and congregation.

A social meeting of the church and congregation of Lodge-road Chapel, Birmingham, has been held for the purpose of bidding farewell to the pastor, the Rev. Charles Bright, who has accepted a call to King's Lynn. He was presented with a beautifully-illuminated address and a purse of money; the Young Men's Society adding a handsome volume, and the ladies a timepiece, as expressions of esteem and goodwill.

NEW CHAPELS.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel has been laid by Mr. E. G. Robinson at Péterchurch, the building being intended to supersede the old chapel, which has for some time since been used for educational purposes. The total outlay will be £1,065, towards which nearly £50 was contributed at the formal proceedings, in which several neighbouring ministers took part. The church was, it appears, formed in 1820.

A memorial-stone of a new school chapel has been laid at Carisbrook-road, Walton-road, Liverpool, by Mr. John Cripps, president of the local Union. The intended edifice is to accommodate the congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Bathgate, now worshipping at Skelmersdale Hall, Westminster-road. The church membership numbers 150, and there is an average attendance of 450 at the services; there are also 250 scholars and 30 teachers. The total cost of the new building, exclusive of land, will be £1,100, which has been wholly subscribed. An adjoining piece of land is reserved for a chapel when funds are forthcoming. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown and other ministers took part in the ceremony.

A new chapel is contemplated at Higham, £300 having been already promised towards the cost.

The erection of a new chapel is contemplated at Markhouse-common, Walthamstow.

The foundation-stone of a new chapel has been laid at Toxtoth-park, Liverpool, by Mr. John Barran, M.P. The cost, exclusive of the land, will be about £9,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, BROCKENHURST.—The above chapel having undergone thorough repair both inside and outside, at a cost of about twenty pounds, the members and friends of the congregation are desirous to have the debt expunged. Some few females here, with other kind friends at Lymington, have been working for a bazaar, which will be opened for this object at the Baptist Chapel, August 4th, 1879 (Bank holiday). Admission free.

Memorial stones of new Sunday-school premises connected with the church at New Southgate, under the pastorate of the Rev. D. Gracey, have been laid. Accommodation is to be afforded for about 300 children, at a cost of about £600, towards which nearly £400 have been contributed. Mr. J. Olney performed the ceremony, and added £20 to the funds, £50 being the total result of the day's proceedings.

In connection with Wadham-street Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, new and commodious school premises have been opened. The buildings stand on a site formerly occupied by the minister's house, and galleries connect it with the chapel. The cost involved has been £700, including furniture; and the chapel has recently been enlarged at an additional outlay of £750. Towards the total expenditure £400 have been contributed. Mr. T. Blake, M.P., presided at the public meeting.

HORNTON-STREET CHAPEL, KENSINGTON.—Anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, June 22nd, by Rev. M. Day, of Notting-hill, and Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held,

at which addresses were delivered by Revs. F. H. White, J. O. Fellowes, R. R. Finch, S. A. Swain, and J. Hawes.

BEDFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10th and 11th, the inaugural meetings were held at Luton, the Rev. J. H. Blake being elected president, and thirteen churches, with a united membership of 1,800 members, uniting. These churches reported an increase during the past year of 140 members. Arrangements for holding village evangelistic services were made, and a resolution against the Zulu war and foreign policy was adopted. Rev. W. G. Lewis preached.

Special evangelistic services, under the auspices of the Baptist Union, were held at Boutport-street Baptist Chapel, Barnstable, from July 7th to July 21st. Revs. C. B. Sawday, W. Williams, and T. W. Medhurst were the preachers.

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, WINSLOW, BUCKS.—The Sunday-school anniversary services have just been held, when the Rev. J. W. Harold preached. In the afternoon an address was given by the pastor, F. J. Feltham, to the scholars and their friends, who mustered in good numbers, and at the close of the evening service the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed. All throughout the services were most successful. Collections over £5.

The annual tea-meeting was recently held at Sway, Hants, and at the public meeting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Burt, Beau-lieu; W. H. Payne, Lyndhurst; T. Evans, Milford; T. J. Stockley, Ashley; and G. Read, Brockenhurst.

LUTON.—On Lord's-day, June 15th, Rev. J. H. Blake having completed the third year of his ministry at Park-street, preached in the morning from the words of the Apostle, "Therefore, watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." And in the evening, "Three years I come seeking fruit and finding none." On Monday evening a meeting was presided over by the Mayor of Luton.

Addresses were given by Rev. A. Walker, Rev. J. Tuckwell, the Revs. Cook and Tompkins, and George Hunt, Esq. The Mayor congratulated the minister and church on their success and happiness. One hundred and fifty members have been added during the three years of Mr. Blake's ministry, and there is every proof of present and future blessing. During the evening selections of music from the best masters were rendered by Miss C. Blake, the organist, and an efficient choir.

ALPERTON CHAPEL, SUDBURY, MIDDLESEX.—The anniversary of the above chapel was held on Tuesday, June 17th. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held, Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., presiding, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, J. O. Fellowes, J. T. Biscoe, E. Leach, C. B. Chapman, W. A. Blake, A. F. Brown, A. H. Baynes, Esq., Rev. W. Stott, and Gen. Copland, Crawford.

Mr. Duncan Fletcher, who is about to devote himself to the ministry among the Baptists—the son of the late Mr. Fletcher, of Jamaica, of the London Missionary Society—has been baptised at Luton by the Rev. James H. Blake. Mr. Duncan Fletcher gave at the water-side his reason for leaving the Congregationalists.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—June 29, Carmel (Eng.), Seven, by T. Jones.

Abertillery.—June 20, Ebenezer Church, Three, by L. Jones.

Aberavon, Glamorganshire.—June 27, Three, by T. Richards.

Attleborough.—July 6, Two, by J. T. Felce.

Barnard Town, Newport.—June 29, Two, by A. T. Jones.

Birmingham.—June 25, Christ Church, Three, by G. E. Thomas.

Bacup.—July 6, Ebenezer Chapel, Eight, by W. Gay.

Bacup.—July 6, Irwell-terrace, Twenty, by J. S. Hughes.

Belper, near Derby.—July 2, Seven, by W. Bonser.

Blaenavon.—June 29, King-street, Four, by O. Tidman.

Booth, Liverpool.—June 22, Derby-road, Four, by Z. T. Downen.

- Bootle, Liverpool.*—June 29, Four, by J. Davies.
- Bradford.*—June 29, Bethel Chapel, Ten, by W. Wood.
- Bramley, Yorkshire.*—July 10, Four, by M. G. Coker.
- Briercliffe, Burnley.*—June 26, Four, by J. Lloyd.
- Bury.*—June 29, Knowsley-street, Ten, by W. Bury.
- Caersalem, Lampeter.*—June 22, One, by D. F. Ellis.
- Cinderford.*—July 6, Eleven, by C. Griffiths.
- Crewe.*—June 22, Five, by F. J. Greening.
- Dartford.*—June 19, Two, by A. Sturge.
- Desborough, Northamptonshire.*—June 26, Three, by C. Joshua.
- Dunstable.*—July 3, Two, by T. Wheatley.
- Ebbs Vale.*—June 29, Zion, Twelve, by B. James.
- Faringdon, Berks.*—June 10, Four, by E. George.
- Foot's Cray, Kent.*—June 29, Six, by R. E. Sears.
- Great Grimby.*—July 3, Six, by E. Lauderdale.
- Great Yarmouth.*—June 29, Wellesley-road, Five, by T. Hagen.
- Grimby.*—July 3, Freeman-street, Eleven, by J. Manning.
- Gilfachpoch, Glam.*—July 6, One, by J. Hier.
- Hollsforth.*—July 3, Four, by W. H. Hollis.
- Jarrow-on-Tyne.*—July 6, One, by W. Davies.
- Keynsham.*—June 29, Four, by C. A. Fellowes.
- Little Kingshill, Bucks.*—June 23, Two, by T. L. Smith.
- Liverpool.*—June 30, St. Paul's-square, Two, by L. W. Lewis.
- Llanfair, Montgomeryshire.*—May 25, One, by D. E. Hughes.
- Lockerbey.*—June 29, Seven, by C. Mizen.
- Longton.*—May 25, Seven; June 23, Six, by C. T. Johnson.
- Luton.*—May 29, Nine; July 29, Seven, Park-street, by J. H. Blake.
- Lymm, Cheshire.*—May 25, Five; July 6, One, by H. Davies.
- Macclesfield.*—July 2, One, by J. Maden.
- Maidstone.*—June 30, Eight, by G. Walker.
- Market Drayton.*—May 26, Six; June 1, Three; July 6, Six, by T. Clark.
- Markyate-street, Beds.*—July 10, Three, by E. Small.
- Metropolitan District:*
- Alperton.*—June 29, Three, by C. B. Chapman.
- Battersea.*—June 22, Three; June 29, Two, Surrey-lane, by W. Sullivan.
- Clapham Common.*—June 27, Sixteen; July 2, Two, by R. Webb.
- Commercial-road.*—June 29, Seven, by J. Fletcher.
- Edmonton.*—June 29, Eight, by D. Russell.
- Gunnelsbury.*—June 25, Six, by W. Frith.
- John-street.*—May 27, Three; July 3, Six, Trinity Chapel, by J. O. Fellowes.
- Leytonstone, E.*—June 29, Five, by J. Bradford.
- Mile-end.*—June 22, Conference Hall, Seven, by J. A. Soper.
- Walthamston.*—June 29, Markhouse Common, Ten, by T. Breewood.
- Woolwich.*—June 26, Charles-street, Eight, by J. Wilson.
- Milgate, near Rochdale.*—May 4, Three; May 26, Six; by T. Griffiths.
- Moriah, Radnorshire.*—June 29, Four, by J. Mathias Hay.
- Mossley, near Manchester.*—May 17, Two June 28, Seven; by S. Skingle.
- Nantyglo, Mon.*—July 6, Hermon Chapel, Sixteen, by R. Jones.
- Nethersea.*—May 11, Eight, by Mr. Shakespeare.
- Netherton.*—July 6, Five, by T. Lewis.
- Newport, Mon.*—May 18, Four, by A. T. Jones.
- Newport, Mon.*—Barnard Town, April 27 One; May 18, Four; June 29, Two.
- New Swindon, Wilts.*—February 26, Four; May 21, Eight, by F. Pugh.
- Neuthorpe, Notts.*—July 2, Two, by the pastor.
- Newydd, Ferndale.*—April 20, Salem, Four, by J. Y. Jones.
- Newtown, Mont.*—July 6, Three, by T. W. Thomason.
- Onestry.*—May 29, Three, by W. Edwards.
- Park End.*—May 10, Three, by T. Nicholson.
- Pembroke Dock.*—July 6, Bush-street, Two, by R. C. Roberts.
- Pentre, Rhondda Valley.*—July 6, English Chapel, Two, by M. H. Jones.
- Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.*—May 25, Four; July 6, Four, by J. Evans.
- Ponineuymyd, Pontypool.*—June 30, Seven, by J. Evans.
- Porth, Rhondda Valley.*—May 18, Twenty-one, by G. Thomas.
- Portsmouth, Lake-road.*—May 28, Five; July 2, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Quornodon.*—May 4, Seven, by A. Greer.
- Rhondda, South Wales.*—June 29, Twelve, by G. L. Williams.
- Ryde.*—May 25, Park-road, Six, by J. T. Almy.
- Ryeford, Herefordshire.*—May 29, Three, by E. Watkins.
- Saint Hill, Devon.*—May 16, Four, by A. Pidgeon.
- Scapgoat Hill, Golcar.*—June 1, Three, by A. Harrison.
- Sivenoaks.*—May 25, Four; June 29, One, by J. Field.
- Shelford, Camba.*—July 3, Two, by G. T. Ennals.
- Southampton.*—June 29, Carlton Chapel, Three, by E. Osborne.
- Sheerness-on-Sea.*—June 29, One, by J. R. Haden.
- St. Helen's, Lancashire.*—July 6, Three, by W. C. Taylor.
- Stoke-on-Trent.*—April 27, Six; May 11, Seven; May 18, Five; by W. March.
- Swansea.*—May 25, Seven; June 19, Nine, by W. Mayo.
- Thaxted, Essex.*—May 20, Park-street, Three, by G. H. Hook.
- Todmorden.*—May 21, Shore Chapel, Five, by J. Chappelle.

Tredegar.—June 8, Bethel, George Town, One, by E. Lewis.

Truro, Cornwall.—May 20, Two, by J. S. Paige.

Tonbridge.—June 18, Six, by T. Hancock.

Torquay.—June 1, Upton Vale Chapel, Twelve, by E. Edwards.

Trerky.—June 15, Horeb English Chapel, June 22, Two, by D. Davies.

Vehindre, Radnor.—June 1, Three, by T. Rowson.

Wakefield.—May 28, Four, by W. Satchwell.

Waterburn, Lancashire, May 28, Eight, by J. Howe.

West Bromwich.—June 29, Bethel Chapel, Six, by the pastor.

West Lavington.—June 22, Nine, by S. King, in the river.

Westpark, Dumfries.—One, by W. Milligan, jun.

Westpark, Dumfries.—June 14, Three, by W. Milligan, jun.

Weston, Towcester.—May 16, Two, by J. Longson.

West Vale, Halifax, May 4, Two, by J. T. Roberts.

Wiltenhall.—May 25, Lichfield-street, Nine, by E. Hilton.

Winstow.—June 5, Tabernacle, Five (three of the number from Mursley); and on June 26, Three, by F. J. Feltham.

Winstone.—July 6, Three, by J. W. Townsend.

Wreham.—May 18, One, by D. R. Jenkins.

Wyken, near Coventry.—June 22, Two, by R. Morris.

Yarcombe, Devon.—June 1, Two, by J. Powell.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. JONATHAN HARGREAVES.—The death is announced of the Rev. Jonathan Hargreaves, of Newchurch-in-Rosendale, who has for 20 years been pastor of Bethel Chapel, Waterfoot, and was one of the oldest Baptist ministers in North-East Lancashire. He was buried at Waterfoot, the vicar of the parish being amongst those in attendance.

Departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on July the 3rd, at Chatham, in the 91st year of his age, Rev. W. Rofe. The deceased was for over forty years pastor of the General Baptist Church at Smarden. His remains were interred in the graveyard attached to the chapel on July the 9th.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1879.

| | | | £ | s. | d. | | | | £ | s. | d. | | | | £ | s. | d. |
|-----------------------|----|----|---|------------------------|----|----|---|---------------------|----|----|----|----|--|--|---|----|-----------|
| Mr. J. Ruck | 10 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Joseph Tritton | 6 | 0 | 0 | Mr. L. G. Marshall | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Mr. Redgate | 5 | 0 | 0 | A Thank Offering | | | | Mrs. M. Hadfield | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Mr. Hampton | 5 | 0 | 0 | from the North | 0 | 5 | 0 | Mr. Jno. Hosie | 0 | 5 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Mr. C. E. Webb | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. J. Davies | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Wm. Olney | 5 | 5 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Mrs. R. Haldane | 5 | 0 | 0 | E. G. M. | 0 | 2 | 0 | Mr. W. C. Murrell, | | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. A. H. Balne | 0 | 14 | 0 | One willing to do | | | | jun. | 0 | 5 | 5 | | | | | | |
| Mrs. Tidswell | 0 | 10 | 0 | more | 0 | 5 | 0 | Collection at Peck- | | | | | | | | | |
| Bank Note | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Mackenzie | 1 | 0 | 0 | ham Park Road, per | | | | | | | | | |
| Mrs. De Kavangh | 0 | 10 | 0 | Dr. Beilby | 3 | 0 | 0 | Pastor H. Knee | 6 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Mrs. Priestman | 0 | 10 | 0 | A Friend, Leicester | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. Toller | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | |
| Miss B. Johnson | 10 | 0 | 0 | G. and M. Miller | 0 | 10 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. F. W. Lloyd | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Salmon | 0 | 2 | 6 | Met. Tab. June 22 | 43 | 10 | 4 | | | | | | |
| Mr. W. Mills | 5 | 0 | 0 | Miss Turnbull | 0 | 10 | 0 | " " " | 29 | 37 | 1 | 5 | | | | | |
| The Misses Dransfield | 2 | 2 | 0 | Mr. Edmund Walker | 1 | 1 | 0 | " " July 6 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 10 | | | | | |
| Mr. Bowker's Class | 15 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. M. G. R. Chap- | | | | " " " | 13 | 50 | 0 | 0 | | | | | |
| Mr. J. Green | 2 | 2 | 0 | man | 5 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. Blunstone | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. G. H. Rouse, Cal- | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Mr. J. G. Hall | 1 | 1 | 0 | cutta | 1 | 0 | 0 | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | £307 15 6 |

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

A FILLIP FOR THE WAYWORN.*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.”—
NUMBERS xxi. 4.

THE journeys of the children of Israel were evidently pictorial of the experience of God's people. The more attentively we read and the more deeply we study the narrative, the clearer does our conviction of this become; for there is scarcely a place they encamped at which does not, when its Hebrew name is interpreted, set forth some phase of the spiritual experience of God's people at the present hour. Their conduct and their character, their feelings and their failings bear a close resemblance to our own. So, too, the favour and the faithfulness of God: His loving-kindness and longsuffering are displayed in like manner toward us to-day as they were to the sons of Jacob in the wilderness of Zin. Now it seems that the pilgrims to the land of promise were “much discouraged because of the way.” And I question if there are not very many of you who are likewise much discouraged because of the way to heaven. You are not weary of the way, but you are weary in it; you have no wish to go back to the world, and conform to the old customs with which you were once content, though you do often pine to reach the inheritance of the blessed. So sorely is your patience tried, that you are prone to sing—

“My soul amid this stormy world
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To fly to Him I love.”

Weary of your wanderings, chafed with manifold cares, and discouraged because of difficulties, your faith flags, your hope flickers, and your courage fails you. While then I try to talk a little about these depressions may God render the poor words that I shall speak opportune and appropriate to the reviving of your souls. Does it not appear as if the children of Israel had good reason to be discouraged because of the way? Geographers who have travelled over the ground say it is a fearful wilderness; and then the obvious fact that they were being led by a circuitous route and not by the direct way to Canaan must have rendered it still more grievous to them. Many of them would be disposed to reflect rather roughly upon the guidance that governed their movements, and to doubt very despondingly whether by such marches they ever would reach the city of habitation. However, it was the right way, according to the discipline of heaven, wrong as it may have seemed to the disconcerted temper of the travellers.

What good cause some of you imagine that you have for being dis-

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 250, NEW SERIES.

heartened! Who among us is a stranger to that sinking of the soul when we find no solace in our circumstances, with everything to enervate our strength and nothing to enliven our spirits? Discouraged because of the way! It is such a long way. Maybe, you had hoped to be in heaven years ago. Your hair began to turn grey ten or twenty years since, yet you are still in tolerable health; it seems not unlikely that you may have other ten or twenty years' journey before you enter into the rest which God has promised to you. The days drag on wearily if you are ill; every hour becomes a day and every day a week. To the miserable, time is always long. When we are happy, Time hath wings to his feet; but when we are wretched, then we cry at eventide, "Would God it were morning!" and at morning, "Would God it were evening!" always beseeching Time to drive his chariot more quickly, and to bring us to our last abode. Were the conflict but for an hour, or a day, or were it for a short term, and then over, had we to engage in one desperate struggle, and then hear the shout of victory, we should not be so discouraged as we are. But a lifelong flagellation, a perpetual wasting before a slow fire, is to our apprehension a cruel kind of martyrdom. So our soul may be discouraged because of the length of the way.

The roughness of the way disheartens others. "The longer the better," you may say, "if it were easy." But, sir, mine is a peculiar case. I am poor and pinched; needing often what you think the necessaries, lacking always what you call the luxuries of life. Alas, I know it. Some of you, I know, are very poor, and much to be pitied. The poor work-girl who almost burns out her eyes in seeking to earn her scanty crust; her lot is rough indeed. Would God it could be smoothed by some means. Or you are in trade, and everything seems adverse to you. You wish you had as many good debts upon your books as you have bad ones; for it seems to you as if all the bad customers found out your shop. Trouble after trouble has made your head droop and your heart heavy. Others among you have suffered from persecution. Perhaps your dearest friend has been your keenest adversary. Your father has forbid you to enter his house. By members of your family you are abhorred and despised. Or bereavements have cast you down: you have lost many children; you scarcely like to recall how many times you have been to the grave to sorrow over some who were dear to you as your own life. Yes, you have not had to travel over a smooth road that has been well grassed and turfed; it has been up hill and down dale, like some rugged Alpine pass, and oft have you reeled in squall and storm and hurricane till you have stood blank still and wondered how to keep your feet; and had it not been for Divine grace in such rough paths, you must have been carried away. Thus your soul is discouraged because of the roughness of the way.

Dangers have likewise discouraged others. You are perhaps more fully aware just now than you ever were before of your tendency to sink, and the whole world seems to propagate that tendency. You carry inflammable materials in your heart, and the whole world is busy in making sparks to fly which may ignite them at any moment and cause your character to explode. You seem to be going through a host of men, every one of whom bears a bow and a sharp arrow aimed at your heart. Snares are set to entrap you everywhere—at your bed and

board, abroad and at home, at your table and in your business; they lie in your track up even to the very closet where you draw near to God. You cannot be clear of temptation. Your own natural proclivity to sin is abetted by the pertinacity of Satan in seeking to dispose and to destroy you. Well may you cry, "Oh God, my soul is discouraged because of the way." It is long, it is rough, it is dangerous.

Or the particular point of discouragement with you may be that the way is so winding you do not appear to have made any progress. Perhaps in looking at your present estate in spiritual things you seem to be poorer than ever you were. You thought that in some favoured hour the Lord would conquer all your corruptions at once, but they seem to be as powerful as ever. You expected He would strike such a blow with the mighty power of His omnipotent grace, that every giant sin would fall dead at His feet. But ah, you say, my sorrows multiply; my griefs increase; I find I cannot live without sin; I have made no advance towards the haven of my desire after all these years of experience. This is very painful, nor can I wonder, dear friend, that you groan and are discouraged because of the way. But it is possible that you may have made considerable progress without knowing it, and that your own estimate of your stock-in-trade in spiritual things is not thoroughly reliable. If, however, you think you have gone backward rather than forward, I marvel not at your being discouraged. You tell me that you tremble for the end, it seems so uncertain; and you fear that when you come to die your faith will fail you. If you have been so faint in the shallows how can you brave the swellings of Jordan? "I am a timid creature," you say; "a little ache causes me great alarm, a slight conflict brings on strong convulsions. Common temptations seem too much for me to confront. What shall I be able to do when the powers of darkness set themselves in array against me? How can I expect to endure in the hour of my extremity?" Or perhaps you are saying, "I fear that I shall never see the King in His beauty. My dread is lest I should one day fall by the hands of the enemies. My doubts and fears have told me to my face that my heart is deceived, that my experience is a lie, that my profession is hypocrisy, and that when I come to die the varnish of my profession will be washed off, and the gilt of my experience will all melt in the fire, and I shall be left to shiver and perish in that black river without a friend to rescue me or to keep my head above the stream." I do not wonder, dear brother, if when you cannot read your title clear, you are discouraged because of the way.

And possibly some of you are complaining that the comforts you receive by the way are very few, while the hardships you have to endure are manifold. It may be you do not sit under a ministry that is suitable to your case. You are not fed. You go to the pasture, and you find it bare. The crib seems clean; there is nothing for the oxen to feed upon. Or, if you go where others are fed, yet the means of grace have lost much of their savour to you. You try to sing, but there is no melody that bubbles up with joy. You attempt to pray, but there is no earnest petition that goes up to heaven, and no comforting answer comes down to your soul. The well is dry, the manna does not fall, the bottle is empty, therefore your soul is discouraged because of the way.

Thus have I gone through a long list of reasons which look as if they might account for a Christian being discouraged. Let me now advance a step, and inquire if after all there is any good reason for this discouragement? I will take the several points up one by one.

You said, brother, that the way was long. Is it long? How long? Are you seventy years of age? Did not Jacob say when he was nearly twice that age, "Few and evil were his days"? and have not I heard you say, when you have been in another humour, "That man's life below was very brief, and might be measured by a span." You know it is not long, though your unbelief may make it seem so. Compared with eternity, what is it but one small grain upon the seashore, amidst infinite leagues of sand; a drop poured into the ocean compared with its broad expanse and unfathomable depths of water. Brother, what will you think of yourself when you have been in heaven millions and millions of years, that ever you reckoned threescore years and ten a tedious term of life? But not many of us have reached such hoary age. Are there any not thirty years old yet who have been discouraged because of the way? Shame on us! shame on us! Can it be that after serving God a few hours, we begin to complain? Ours is only a hireling's day, and ere the sun has reached his meridian, we are crying, "When will the sun go down?" Idle complaints, these! The day is not long before God's eyes, and in our eyes are of poor account. There is no sound reason in such murmuring.

But you said the way was rough, didn't you? Was that quite right? Do you know what a rough way means? Did you ever read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*? Did you ever scan over the early pages of Church history and reconnoitre the first followers of the Lord Jesus Christ? They lay in prison almost till the moss grew on their eyelids. There they were rotting in dungeons beneath the level of the water-mark by the river side. They were dragged at the heels of horses; they had their flesh torn from them piecemeal, and their skin cut off by inches. They lived in miserable starvation, and died by fire, by racks, or in the jaws of wild beasts. Can you and I, then, say our way is rough? Oh! my brother, did others pass through seas of blood to win the eternal crown, and shall we say our way is rough because a fool laughs at us, and somebody who cannot do us any hurt calls us an ill name? Out upon our cowardice! Rough, do you say? Why, you have but to walk perhaps a stone's throw from your own door, and find plenty of people whose course is far rougher than your own. Think of the hospitals; think of the union houses; think of the poor slave; think of many who cannot reckon their lives to be their own for a moment. Just now the tempest is howling, and yonder is a ship about to dash upon the rock which lies in her way. Our life is calm compared with theirs who are tossed upon the stormy main. If that suffice not to meet the case, think of our Lord and Master. A vision of the thorn-crowned head seems to rise before me. I see Thy face more marred than any man's, and as I think of Thy scourging in Pilate's hall, of the piercing of Thy hands and feet, of the hidings of Thy Father's face, and all those unknown griefs which weighed Thy spirit down even to the depths of hell, I dare not say my way is rough.

“His way was much rougher and darker than mine :
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?”

Is the servant above his Master, or the disciple above his Lord ?

But didn't you say the way was dangerous ? I think that was a chief point of your complaint. But is there any peril after all that makes your safety precarious ? Is it not written, “I, the Lord, do keep it ?” Have we not an express promise, that where Christ begins the good work in us, he will carry it on until the day of Christ ? Is God on your side ; what matters it then who is against you ? Hath not the Holy Spirit undertaken, by irresistible power, to deliver you out of temptation ? Wherefore then art thou dismayed ? When I hear Jehovah Jesus come to the battle I know that the victory is safe. Shout for joy, believers, you need never despair, though you be always in danger—defenceless yourselves, but succoured from on high. When He covers you with His feathers and under His wings you learn to nestle ; you are no more in danger than the little chicken when it shelters itself beneath the mother's wing. Did not you complain that the way was winding ? Is it so, that you make no progress ? One verse of your favourite evening hymn might well relieve you of anxiety on that point :

“You nightly pitch your moving tent
A day's march nearer home.”

And for many generations our forefathers have been wont to sing—

“Though in a foreign land we are not far from home,
And nearer to our Father's house we every moment come.”

By God's mercy the wheels run the right way ; every moment, as it flies, brings heaven nearer to us, and us nearer to heaven.

And do you vex yourselves because the end appears to you uncertain ? Beloved brothers and sisters, is it so ? How then stands the promise, “He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved” ? Have you not obeyed the injunction ? How, then, can you canvass the consequence ? It is not to be questioned if God be true. If the Almighty can alter ; if His promises are not yea and amen in Christ Jesus ; if the Holy Spirit be unable to keep you ; if there be no heritage reserved in heaven for them that are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation—you are right, it is uncertain. But while God is true, while the Saviour's blood pleads, while the Comforter carries on His work, while the promises abide steadfast, heaven is sure, and our faith anticipates the day when we shall meet round the throne to bless the conduct of His grace, and make His wonders known.

And, then, to close your complaints, I think you said the comforts were few. Was that correct ? You have the Word of God like green pastures in which to feed and lie down ; you have the means of grace to refresh your souls ; you have the mercy-seat to fly to, when tempted or beset with troubles ; you have the communion of Christ to strengthen and invigorate your hearts ; you have the ordinances to be like Jacob's ladder to your soul ; you have the promises of God to run to in every

time of need. Why, what more would you have? Christ Himself is given to you, and in that gift God has given you all things. Beloved friend, retract that expression, and let me say on your behalf that there is no solid reason why you should be discouraged because of the way.

But while it is evident that there is no good reason for this discouragement, another question arises—Are there not some very bad reasons at the bottom of all our discouragements? I think so; and let me tell you what these reasons are.

When I am “discouraged because of the way,” do I not virtually rebel against God’s will? I am saying, “Lord, not Thy will, but mine, be done. Thou makest the way long, but I want Thee to make it short. Thou seest best to lead me by rough paths; but I am not content, Lord; I want to have my way made as smooth as glass, that I may slide along it.” You cannot say, as Christ did in His agony, “Not as I will, but as Thou wilt;” you know you cannot when you are discouraged. And is not rebellion against God one of the worst tempers in which a child of God can indulge? Do you not think, beloved, as soon as ever we see a symptom of it we ought to struggle against it, as against the enemy that would injure us and dishonour God? Oh! why not, why not let the Father’s will be done? He loves thee better than thou lovest thyself. He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind; so leave the reins of government in His hands, and stand up and bless His name.

And is there not also in this petulance of ours much of carnal wisdom? Do we not virtually say that we know better than God does? Why, if indeed our road be really the best road in which we can travel, should we wish to have our course changed? Surely we are not convinced that it is the best. It must be that we think the Lord hath made a mistake, that we could better manage matters ourselves, and that if He would let us become the arbitrators of our own conduct we should rule our destiny far better than He has done. Beloved, what folly is this! May God help us to shake it off; and knowing that we are but little children, may He enable us to sit down at His feet, and receive of His words, without intruding our judgment where eternal wisdom bears sway.

And is there not here too much love of carnal ease? Oh! how we like a well-feathered nest! How pleased we are when we can keep ourselves aloof from suffering and trial! I know that if we had our way we should look out some sweet little spot of earth, and say, “Soul, take thy ease.” But what could be worse for our true interest than this? Our ignorance would never face the stormy sea, or traverse the mountain passes, or encounter the perils of the raging tempest. Would you be for ever the little timid tender things that are nurtured in ease and inactivity? Why, it is among the storms that the great oaks gather the strength that roots them in the soil. It is amid the tempest that God’s servants see most of His glory. His angels are flames of fire; wherefore then do you expect to be such soft and dainty creatures? Court not trial, but when it comes, thank God that He counts you worthy to be subjected to it. There is no advance in grace in the midst of luxurious indulgence. It is only as the great ship of the Church ploughs through the rolling billows, that she makes an advance towards her desired haven.

Don't you think, too, that our murmurings are often the result of pride? We seem to say, "What am I, that I should suffer thus?" Who are you, brother, that you should not? "Why," says one of you, "should I be subjected to such slander?" Why, let me ask, should you not bear it as well as anybody else? A dear brother in Christ who once came into this tabernacle was just about to give up the sphere of labour where he had been long engaged without much success. I happened to say that there was some soil that broke the ploughshare, but that is no reason you should leave it; for, as some ploughshares must be broken, why shouldn't it be yours as well as any other man's? That cheered him. He stuck to ploughing the soil, and did plough it to success, but the ploughshare was not broken. Now, why should not I suffer? I do not know. Ease is the sleek-faced devil which would make you sit down calmly and contentedly; but this is not the advice Christ will give you. "He saved others, Himself He could not save;" and the Christian should be prepared to lay down his life, if need be, for Christ and truth. Let him not be too proud to carry the cross which his Master carried long before him.

Too often I fear it is want of love for Christ that makes us fret so? But when I gaze on my Master, look into those eyes, those deep fountains of everlasting love; when I see His wounds, those stripes of unbounded faithfulness to His people, then I feel ashamed that ever I should have thought of calling anything suffering, or anything shame, except what He endured. Nay, brothers and sisters, when love to Christ is warm within you, the world's fire loses its heat. When your soul is possessed with it, you are like Madame de la Mothe Guion, who said:—

"To me it's equal whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees."

She felt herself at home in exile; she was near to Christ when banished farthest away from her native country; she was rich when poor; healthy in soul when sick in body; lifted up when most trampled down; soothed with the smile of heaven while suffering shame on earth. Shame is the Christian's guerdon. To be accused for Christ's sake falsely is of much account in sacred heraldry. It is the true knighthood of the cross to suffer. He that suffereth most standeth foremost amongst the Knights of the Garter in the kingdom of Christ. Surely, if we love Christ better, we should rather be encouraged by the hope of reward than "discouraged because of the way."

And now I come to close my subject by observing that there is an infinitely better way of spending time and energy than in murmuring at our lot, and repining at our circumstances. Does it not strike you, brothers and sisters, that it would be far better for us to be commending the grace of God, and seeking to bring others to become pilgrims to the promised land, the city that hath foundations? When I hear a Christian man speaking in a disheartening tone, I look upon him as prejudicing the Gospel of Christ in a certain way. It sounds like telling on-lookers that "her ways are not ways of pleasantness, and her paths are not

paths of peace." Certain believers pull a long face, adopt a melancholy air, fasten on melancholy hymns such as—

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,"

select a mournful tune, like Job, and sing very dolorously too. Such persons I believe act as messengers of Satan to keep back feeble souls from coming in faith to Christ.

"Thy creatures wrong Thee, O thou Sovereign Good!
Thou art not loved, because not understood."

After all your discouragements, doubts, and fears, beloved, would you be anything but a Christian if you could? Do you really think ill of your Master? Would you wish to exchange for another? Though the way may be rough your heart may well be light. Surely you would not like to have a sinner's way. I think you might say to the most successful worldling—

"Though you can boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
But my Beloved's mine."

Do not play the hypocrite in our camp. Do not groan over your miseries among us who are so grateful for our mercies. Do not give people the impression that religion is repulsive, and that the grace of God throws a gloom over all your prospects. Such strange bugbears once haunted me before I knew the Lord. I used to picture a poor old woman shivering in a garret over an empty grate, with a slice of dry bread and a farthing's worth of watercresses comforting herself by reading God's Word. That was my ideal of piety, and it was not particularly attractive. But now I know the service of God inspires a joyful cheerfulness—

"What bonds of gratitude I feel
No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear;
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return Thee love for love?"

When I read the ravishing letters of Rutherford, rotting in the dungeon of Aberdeen; when I read the poetry of Cowper, whose main simplicity shines through all his matchless sorrows, then I know there is a charm in religion which cheers and charms and changes woe to weal, yielding bliss and blessedness which nothing else can ever bestow. I pray you, brothers and sisters, seek to bring others to partake the boon. The world is sleeping, sinners are dying, hell is filling:

"This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men regardless of Thy smile."

O never tell me that religion quenches pleasure. Since I have known Christ, I have had more joy and peace in one hour than in all the years

before. Give up Christ—it cannot be! His name is music to our ears; His countenance is the sun of our day, the light of our life, the fountain of our joy. Oh, if you knew Christ! Oh, sinner, if you did but know Him, you would think yourself a thousand fools that you never loved him before. Did you once drink of that cup your palate would be out of flavour for anything besides. Once lie in His bosom, and you would think you are in heaven. Once hear Him say, “Thy sins are forgiven thee,” and thy soul would leap as never it did before. And you may know this—you may be sure of this, if God’s mighty grace shall lead you to look to Christ. Behold Him on the cross uplifted! I point you to Him—not as the emblem of misery and suffering in store for yourselves, but as having endured the misery and suffering for us that we might have a well-spring of joy and peace in Him. Look and live! ’Tis all God asks of you. Abhor your sins. Look to Jesus. As you look to Him you are saved. It is done; the work of salvation is finished. All you have to do is, with empty, grateful hand, to take Christ as He is, and then go your way, and eat your bread, and wash your face, rejoicing in God. Let thy head lack no oil, and thy face no ointment. Live cheerfully all the days of thy life, for God hath accepted thee in Christ! Go thy way, and rejoice in Him, and be not “discouraged because of the way.”

May God bring many into that way, and keep them in it, and He shall have the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER’S GOOD NAME AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER IX.

“As our pastor, dear friends, has called upon me to give in my report as the ‘Home Missionary of Church-street,’ I suppose I must obey orders, though you all know that I never profess to be much of a speechmaker. I can say honestly that I would far rather go on with my work in a quiet way and let it speak for itself, than I would talk about it. If, however, it will encourage others to work for the Lord in a similar manner, I’ll give you my tale as briefly as I can.

“Two years ago our pastor suggested to me the plan of tract dis-

tribution that I have adopted; and, loving to work for Christ in any way, I entered upon it. At first I felt a little shy, but after going round once or twice that all wore off, and I felt as God says the righteous shall feel, ‘as bold as a lion.’ Then, during the first round, the people seemed surprised, but when they got accustomed to it they looked for my monthly visit as that of an old friend who was seeking their real good. Of course there were some few who gave me anything but a welcome: but I’m thankful to say, they have been very few; and some who looked as black as thunder at me in the beginnin’, learnt to smile at me like sunshine in the end. Before I started out I always asked the Lord to help me

to keep my temper, let 'em look as they would or say what they would ; and I've found the good old Book to be true that '*A soft answer turneth away wrath : but grievous words stir up anger.*' One who spoke sharply to me at first, and wouldn't take the tract in, met me soon after in the street and said—'John, I'll take a tract when you come round next time;' and when I asked him why he'd changed his mind, he said it was just because I gave him a kind answer, and he felt, after his rude conduct, that he didn't deserve it. (Cheers.) You see, kind words melted him, friends, when hard words would have hardened him. The longer I live the more I see the power of kindness. You know what the poet says :—

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's
broken,
And made a friend sincere.

"A word—a look—has crushed to
earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its
birth
Would bless life's darkest hour.

"Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you
bring,
A heart may heal or break.'

"If that is so, then may God give us grace to speak kind and loving words to everything and to everybody. (Hear.) The infidel wants kind words to show him that Christianity is superior to his jeerin' and scoffin'. The angry want kind words to subdue their wretched and miserable passions. The evildoer wants kind words to persuade him to leave off his sinful ways and to follow that which is good. And as to the poor, the tried, and

afflicted, of whom, in tract distribution, we're certain to find plenty, they need all the kind looks, and words, and deeds that you can possibly bestow upon 'em. One thing I know, and that is this, that if I am welcome to enter almost every house in Church-street, to talk to the people about the things of God, it is because I trust the Lord has given me a lovin' heart towards 'em, which constantly prompted me to do 'em all the little kindnesses that I could.

"In two years I have only found in our street about half a dozen people that wouldn't take in the tracts. One was a secularist, who said he'd enough to do with lookin' after his welfare in this world without troublin' about another: and he's looked so well after it in this world that he became a bankrupt, forged a cheque, and is now reapin' his reward in a convict prison under a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

"Two cases were Roman Catholics, and I will just refer to one of 'em. At the street-end was a poor ignorant woman who lived a sad life, but sometimes confessed to the priest. She asked him if she might read the tracts, and he said she must not on any account, as they'd poison her soul; she mustn't even touch 'em. So she obeyed him and continued to live in sin. And where is she now? She lies in the Roman Catholic graveyard. In a drunken fit late at night she fell into the canal and was drowned. That was her awful end: she was poisoned not by tracts but by those two monster evils, Popery and drink. Then there was a poor man and his wife who at first refused to take in the tracts. They opened a small shop in the street, and kept it open for the sale of goods on the Lord's day. Some of us spoke to them

about its sinfulness, but they said they took more on Sundays than they did on week days, and they could not afford to shut up. But kind persuasion induced 'em at last to take a tract; and now mark how the Lord worked. That very tract was the means of openin' their eyes to see their errors, so they closed their shop on the Lord's day and came to our chapel. They took sittins,' and, before long, the word reached their hearts. Then they became members with us. They were both baptised and admitted into the Church together; and you'll be glad to know that they are here to-night, and that instead of losin' by closing their shop on Sundays, they are now doing a more thrivin' business than they did before. (Applause.)

"And now a few words with regard to those who have always taken the tracts in. In our street there has, of course, always been a small minority of religious people of various denominations who have received my tracts and visits with pleasure. But, when I started, I could only count twelve houses of that sort. The rest of the inhabitants rarely or never went to any place of worship except when there was a weddin' or a funeral. Some stopped at home on Sunday readin' the newspapers and novels; some either drank at home or at the public house; some wandered in the fields and lanes; and others, such as mothers, were compelled more or less to stay in to attend to their respective families. Now these were the people that I wanted specially to reach, and, thank God, I have got at some of 'em. The delivery of the tracts enabled me to speak a word to 'em now and then, and they would sometimes invite me to come in and sit down a bit. Then they would tell me how they

felt, and ask questions, and give me their ideas. Of course, sometimes they would say some queer and perhaps shockin' things, but that didn't matter, I had *got to 'em*, and could talk to them about Christ, and what He had done to save their poor souls, and *that* was something! Well, I could name at least twenty cases, if I had time, in which good was done in this way. Some of 'em have told me that I was the first man that ever spoke to 'em about the salvation of their souls; some have been led to come regularly to the Lord's house; some have become total abstainers; and several have joined our church, and two or three other churches in the town; for, mark this, my friends, though I'm a Baptist to the backbone, and am not ashamed to own it, my chief aim as an humble instrument in God's hands has never been to make folk Baptists but Christians, and when they become that I tell them to join that sect in whose fellowship they can get the most profit. (Loud cheers.) And now when two years have passed away, how many households in our street attend some place of worship? I wish I could say all; but I can say, instead of twelve, we have forty-four, and that is nearly a fourfold increase. (Applause.) You cheer that no doubt because you think it good; but let me tell you we do not intend to stop with either forty-four or fifty, we will work and work on, with the help of God, with the aim of getting them all; and we have no desire to rest till it is done.

"Then another good thing has sprung out of this tract distribution. Finding that there were several mothers with large families in the street, and a few afflicted persons who were confined to their homes, and could not get to the Lord's

house, a few of us set up cottage prayer meetings, and we hold them once a week in four houses, takin' 'em in turn. Now this has done a deal of good. We generally sing, read the Scriptures, have a short address, and pray round, and the happy seasons we sometimes spend it's beyond my power to describe. In this way we not only reach the mothers and the afflicted, but some by invitation have come to these meetings who never went to a place of worship at all. Then they became inquirers; and now they are not only members with us, but are numbered amongst our most active and useful Sunday-school teachers. (Hear, hear.)

"With one more statement I will bring my remarks to a close. You know we have got a ritualistic priest in the neighbourhood. Seeing what we were doing with our tracts, he thought he'd send some round too. So he got a young lady to bring a lot round in a cover, on which a large cross was marked. The people at first took 'em in, but when they looked at the cross in front, and compared the popish twaddle and priestly nonsense which the tracts contained with our simple Gospel narratives, they tossed them aside with contempt, and told the young lady that unless she could bring 'em something that didn't smell so much like the Pope and the Inquisition she had better not come at all, and so she soon dropped it. (Laughter and cheers.) But observe, she only dropped it in our street. In another street where Gospel tracts had not been delivered, the people took 'em in; and she takes 'em round regularly. You will see from that why she couldn't get 'em into our street. Our Gospel tracts had given the people light, and therefore they would not receive into their homes

tracts that promoted popish darkness. Had we not circulated in one year about twelve hundred Gospel tracts in the street the ritualists would have succeeded in circulating their tracts in Church-street as well as in the other street. It was the corn we gave the people that made them know and reject the chaff.

"Thus I have tried to show you how we have in this way got at the outsiders. They will not come to our places of worship, nor, to any extent, even to revival meetings or evangelistic services, and therefore we go to them. 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' is the command of the Saviour, and we try to obey it. I have often thought of a little incident I once read. In the island of New Guinea there was a zealous native evangelist. When surrounded by other natives he proposed that a new mission station should be planted on the coast. The natives said, 'What! go there! Why there are alligators there, and snakes, and centipedes.' 'Hold!' said the evangelist, 'are there *men* there?' 'Oh! yes,' was the reply; 'there are men there, but they are such dreadful savages that it is of no use of your thinking of living amongst them.' What did the native evangelist say to this? With noble Christian courage he stood up and said, 'Then that will do; for *wherever there are men* missionaries are bound to go.' Let us be influenced, my friends, by their spirit. Men, women, and children who know not the Lord are dwelling by tens of thousands in our streets, and alleys, and courts, and there they live and die steeped in ignorance, vice, and crime. Thus living and dying, they suffer fearfully here, and they will suffer still more fearfully hereafter. Shall their blood be upon

our own heads because we are doing nothing to reach and rescue them? No, it must not be—it cannot be. When there are so many Christian people who can reach them by becoming ‘home missionaries in their streets;’ when Gospel tracts, kindly and freely given, are generally so well received; when, as I know, they are not only well read but are often sent afterwards in letters to distant relatives and friends; and when God seems to bless personal conversation with individual souls, more than anything else, to lead them to decide for Christ; there appears to me to be no solid reason why we should not ‘go in and possess the land;’ and if my humble experience shall lead any of you to engage in the good work, my earnest prayer shall be that you may be far more successful, and then to the Lord be all the praise.”

We need hardly add that at the close of his interesting and stirring speech John Carter was loudly cheered; but a far more satisfactory result was that several persons present determined to work their own streets in the same fashion; and that they carried their resolution out to their own souls’ spiritual profit and the everlasting well-being of the people amongst whom they laboured.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIS CHILDREN.

IN reading God's Word we cannot but be struck by the fact that God knows all about us, and that we cannot get away from His presence. Hagar confessed it by giving expression to the words, “Thou God seest me.” Job felt it, too, for we

find him saying, “For His eyes are upon the ways of man, and He seeth all his goings” (xxxiv. 21). The Psalmist felt it: in the 139th Psalm we hear Him saying, “O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising. Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.” And so on all through the Psalm he goes on to praise God for His knowledge of His servant. And should it not be a most comforting thought to the child of God that the presence of his Father is thus around and about him? How safe we may feel ourselves, since our Father's watchful eye is over us, and our Father's unerring hand is leading us. Surely this should make us to be more watchful, should lead us to fear Him more; not with a slavish fear, but with that filial fear which is afraid in any way to grieve a tender, loving parent. Go back, Christian brother and sister, to the time when you had the first trembling desire to know the Saviour, was it not Himself that implanted that desire? Ah! though no eye saw you bend the knee in secret prayer, He saw it; and He who sees in secret heard in secret. He took account of that tear which stood in your eye as the story of His love melted your whole soul. When the woman came in the press behind Jesus, and touched the hem of His garment, He recognised it as being very different to the pressure of the crowd. So, too, Jesus felt that trembling touch of faith which brought pardon and everlasting life to your soul. And has He not been with you ever since, believer? Implanting holy and good desires in your heart, giving you a hatred of sin, warding off temptation, or

enabling you by His grace to overcome it. Yes, we must confess that we are surrounded by a Divine Being, and that our times are in His hands.

He knows your circumstances, believer, and the path you are called to tread, for His own hand has marked it out. He knows your habitation, for He has chosen it for you. When the Lord sent Ananias to Saul after he had been struck down by the light from heaven, He told him the name of the street and directed him to the house where he

was lodged. So does the Lord know all about His children now. Though despised by the world, it may be, and slighted by friends, yet it matters not if we have His favour and blessing resting upon us. Then let us go on our way with more courage, more faith; striving to trace our Father's hand in all His dealings with us, believing that what we do not understand now, will all be made plain to us when our Father sees best.

Fareham.

E. S.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST THE TRUE VINE.

FOR SEPT. 7TH.

"I am the true Vine, and My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."—John xv. 1, 2.

CHRIST is the true Vine, the only source of spiritual life and light, grace and fruitfulness to His people. And all true Christians are brought gladly to confess that of Him is their fruit found. By faith the soul is united to Him in whom the fulness of the Spirit abides, and from His fulness receives grace for grace. However numberless the branches may be which are in this Vine, all their beauty and fruitfulness springs from its life. God's people are comely through the comeliness of Christ. His righteousness is their undying beauty, and the sanctifying work of His Spirit

is their meetness for heaven. And there is life enough in Christ as the true Vine to spread its branches around the entire universe and to cover it again with the glory of God. O true Vine—Vine of strength, Vine of beauty and fruitfulness—grow and spread thy branches all round the world, and hasten the time when all men shall taste thy luscious fruit and live! And O my soul, abide in this Vine, in faith, meditation, and prayer, that so receiving of its vital sap such fruit may appear as shall reflect the love of God and bless and refresh His people.

A SUN.

FOR SEPT. 14TH.

"But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—Mal. iv. 2.

How wonderful must that person be to whom these words apply; but

such is the glory of Christ, that no figure can be more appropriate to Him than that of the Sun, embodying as He does in Himself all the glory of both worlds—perfect man and perfect God, the brightness of the Divine glory, and express image of God's essence. In all the names which He bears, in all the offices which He fills, in all the words which He speaks, in all the influences of His Spirit, He is the Sun of Righteousness, perpetually rising upon His people with healing on His wings; and as there is but one sun in nature, so we have but one Sun in grace, Christ, our ever-loving Prophet, Priest, and King, the source of all life, light, quickening power and fruitfulness to His redeemed Church, both in heaven and earth. And as the sun, in nature, floods the universe with its beauty, so Christ perpetually fills the spiritual universe both here and above with His own love, joy, purity, and blessedness, and will continue to do so for ever. And as each person here seems to have a whole sun to himself, so each redeemed heart in heaven and earth seems to have a whole Christ to itself—the only source of its true life, light, healing, comfort, and joy. O that we may seek increasingly to walk in the light of this Sun, realising its quickening, fertilising power from day to day, that we may rejoice ourselves, and so reflect the light of a Saviour's love, that others may be won by its beauty and be led to walk in its light.

CHRIST A WAY.

FOR SEPT. 21ST.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—John xiv. 6.

THERE are many false religions in the world, but if we cleave to

Christ we shall escape them all, and reach the right; for Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. If we would know what we should do we should imitate Him, for He is the way. What to believe we should believe in Him, for He is the truth; if we would know what we should feel, we should seek to feel as He felt, for He is the life of all true feeling. We may say, therefore, that all truth is now brought into one living page, Christ; that Christ is the creed of the true Church; and that His life is the last exposition of Himself or His own creed. Christ is the truth itself, and Christ is the way to truth; the truth of pardon, justification, holiness, peace, and joy is in Him, and in receiving Him we receive them. Christ is an open way, free and accessible; for nothing stands in the way of our approach to Him, but what we bring ourselves. He is a living way, giving life to those who come to Him, which helps them to come and which guides them to rest in Him and to keep His commandments. Christ is the way to the love of God here, and to eternal blessedness hereafter. This way is open, clear, direct, and pleasant, and but one. We need make no mistake unless we wish to be deceived; for Christ says, I am the way, the truth, and the life. Reader, here is God's way: begin at the beginning, for He hath in these last days spoken to us by His Son. Many begin with the beginning of the Bible, and study all its difficulties with a view to faith. God's way is to begin first and at once with Him who says "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Begin here, reader, at once with a living Christ, and let Him guide you into all truth by His Spirit and word.

CHRIST THE CORNER STONE.

FOR SEPT. 28TH.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste."

CHRIST is the foundation of God's temple, the Church, and its chief corner stone, elect, and precious, binding together all the living stones in strength, symmetry, and beauty. No stone was more despised and rejected by the Jews, who could not perceive its beauty, utility, and glory; their very anger, however, and the lines of cruelty which they cut in so deeply upon it only accomplished the will of God, and fitted it for its exaltation in the temple of His love, and so shaped it that it became the key-stone of that spiritual arch of Divine mercy which shall bear up all the glory of the Divine perfections, and the myriads of the redeemed to re-

flect God's glory for ever. Christ is a stone of union, uniting in Himself the glory of both worlds, the human and the Divine meeting in Himself, and all the people of God, Jew and Gentile, and all the parts of the temple of Divine truth, in harmony and beauty for ever. Christ makes men one with each other by making them one with God; makes them one with truth, peace, holiness, and joy, by making them by faith one with Himself. Reader, is Christ the key-stone of thy creed, knowledge, faith, holiness, and joy? He is precious to God and His people. Is He precious to thee? Has His work, His blood, His righteousness, by precious faith united thy soul to God? He was despised of His own of old; He is despised by many now; but to those who receive Him He is precious, the one true foundation upon which they build all their hope, for time and eternity.

Reviews.

The Young Men of Scripture. By the Rev. J. HILES HITCHENS, Minister of Eccleston-square Church, London, Author of "Bible Waters," &c., &c. Houghton and Co., Paternoster-row.

THE Minister of Eccleston-square Church always writes well. It has been a pleasure to us to read his previous works. They are full of interesting matter. The writer uses his pen with considerable force, at all times soundly evangelical and keeping a grand aim in view. The chapters comprising this volume were originally delivered in the author's own pulpit, and it will add to the estimate formed of the work to know that it has been largely blessed to the good of souls. The volume contains all the usual nervous pathos and vigour of the author,

and throughout its pages shows a man well grasping his subject and earnestly bent on doing good to the reader. The book is suitable for a present to the young, and will undoubtedly become a favourite with our young people of both sexes.

Eccentric Preachers. By C. H. SPURGEON. The sixth of Mr. Spurgeon's Shilling Volumes.

THIS series are very nicely got up, and (unlike some other books which neither secure buyers nor readers) the whole of them will be read by thousands who will be instructed and edified. It would be difficult to say which volume is the best, for we believe many will say the last read is the best. Certainly in this one Mr. Spurgeon seems

in unusually good vein and sustains his claim on his reader's attention until the last word. It is full of strange things said and done by strange men. Mr. Spurgeon tells us that the book is not written to inculcate eccentricity or even to excuse all its displays, but if possible to take the edge from the scalping knife of slanderous misrepresentation and carping censure, and requests his readers not to be diverted from the subject by the little details of our style and manner. These are trifles, but *our message is a matter of life and death*. We say, get this book. MORE, get the whole six volumes.

At Night in a Hospital. By E. LYNN LINTON. A Reprint from "Belgravia." A Brief History of one of our Noblest Institutions (The London Hospital).

It needs but to be read to quicken our sympathy with the suffering and to lead us to give some practical aid. We join heartily with the writer (and we write from knowledge); the London Hospital deserves to be more widely known and more vigorously supported.

The Holy Land, from Original Drawings. By DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., with Historical Description by the Rev. GEORGE CROLY. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THE enterprising spirit of this large publishing firm, and the character of its publications, deserve success and secure it. These tinted chromos of beautiful drawings are exquisite. The letterpress and paper could not be better, and from the specimen number we are sure the subscribers will feel their indebtedness to Mr. Roberts for his chaste drawings of the Damascus Gate and the Interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre. Nor less to Mr. Croly for his brief but comprehensive description of each.

The Slavs. By Rev. G. H. MACLEAN, D.D. With a Map. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE Christian Church is laid under much indebtedness to Dr. Maclean for his scholarly and comprehensive series

of volumes on the conversion of Europe. This one possesses an increasing interest from the attention which has been directed of late to the people of whom our author writes. The names of Bulgaria, Moravia, Bohemia, and Serbia, coupled with Poland, Pomerania, Russia, and Prussia, are descriptive of the wide range of peoples and subjects involved in the discussion carried out in this work. We have no doubt but that this valuable contribution from so able a writer will meet with the most careful and devout attention.

The Soldiers' Hymn Book. 4, Trafalgar-square.

The Dublin Text Book for Soldiers. Partridge and Co.

The British Flag.

THE first is a tastefully-bound hymn book compiled by Colonel Sandwith and W. A. Blake for the use of soldiers at their Bible classes and meetings for worship. It is a worthy selection, and will be acceptable to those for whom it is intended. The latter work is the organ of the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society. It circulates largely among our troops at home and abroad. A glance at its contents and style of articles will show without doubt that it is the paper for soldiers. *The Dublin Text Book* contains Scriptures and sacred poetry for every day in each month. *Help* by distributing these works and by contributing to the funds of this excellent society.

OUR MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

The Baptist leads off with a worthy article on Prayer by Richard Glover of Bristol; the *Sword and Trowel* with a graphic description of life among the poor in Seven Dials, by Holden Pike; and *The General Baptist* with the Secretaries' statement of Home Mission Work in 1879. *Evangelical Christendom* is, as usual, full of the news of the churches and Christian work in mission fields. *The Freeman* has given in one of its recent numbers a leader on the brave Thomas Marsom, the first minister of

Park-street Chapel, Luton, and fellow-prisoner with John Bunyan. The editor of *The Messenger* will receive with thanks any letters or even scraps of information which will in any way throw additional light on the history of

this worthy man of God. *The Baptist* has a good leader on Mr. Spurgeon's recent work on eccentric preachers. *Studies on Baptism, with Reviews of J. W. Dale*, by Rev. David B. Ford, will be noticed next month.

Poetry.

"I AM A STRANGER IN THE
EARTH."

PSALM cxix, 19.

A PILGRIM here am I,
My home's beyond the sky,
It o'er remains,
Far doth it earth excel,
There saints and angels dwell,
No tongue its joys can tell—
There Jesus reigns.

Fading are all things here,
All that the world holds dear
Will soon decay.
The home to which I tend,
This world doth far transcend,
Its joys will never end—
Ne'er pass away.

What pleases thousands here,
Trifles to me appear,
They're false though fair.
Beyond the bounds of sight,
Where all is fair and bright,
Perennial, pure delight,
My home is there.

I only sojourn here,
My conversation's where
Bright angels dwell.
The world's delights to me
Are nought but vanity;
My home by faith I see
Doth it excel.

I calmly wait the day
Till Christ to me shall say,
"Come up on high."
I have prepared for thee
A home, where thou shalt be
Happy for aye, with Me,
Beyond the sky."

J. DORE.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. J. TRESIDDER has resigned the pastorate at Lordship-lane, East Dulwich, and has accepted that at Budleigh Salterton, Devon.

Rev. Timothy Harley, late of Savannah, U.S.A., has accepted the cordial invitation of the church at John-street, Bedford-row, to become its pastor.

Mr. F. Wynne, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a call to the pas-

torate of the church at Fishguard; Mr. Thos. Evans at Moleston; Mr. Evan Jones at Rhymney; Mr. John Richards, at Pennypark, near Cardigan; Mr. J. L. Morris, at Ravenhill, near Swansea, and T. L. Thomas at Aberaeron.

Rev. G. A. Brown, pastor of Mint-lane Church, Lincoln, has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate of the church in October. He has been led to take this step on account of de-

clining health, and intends going out to New Zealand.

Rev. C. Brown has resigned his charge of Academy-street Church, Aberdeen.

Rev. John Stubbs, of Eythorne, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Allahabad.

Rev. W. S. Chedburn has resigned his pastorate at Berwick-on-Tweed, and accepted that at Crown-terrace, Aberdeen.

Rev. H. H. Garrett, late of Mersham, Surrey, has sailed with Mr. A. J. Clarke, the well-known evangelist, for Australia.

Rev. H. Hareus, late of Canada, has accepted a call to the church at Burray, Isle of Orkney, as successor to the Rev. W. Marnie.

Rev. James Parkinson has resigned his ministry at Lenten, and accepted the pastorate of the church at Queensbury, near Bradford.

Rev. H. A. Fletcher, of Alford, has accepted the invitation of the church at Appledore, North Devon, to become its pastor.

Rev. G. McFadyean, of Bristol Baptist College, commenced his ministry in Saltash, Cornwall, on Sunday last.

Rev. J. B. Myers, of Kettering, has accepted the office of Association Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

Rev. J. M. Steven, late minister of the Independent church at Morpeth, has accepted the unanimous and hearty invitation of the church at Salem Chapel, Romford, Essex.

Rev. William Thomas Glascoed, Pontypool, has received and accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Llanddewi, Abergavenny.

Rev. David Davies was recognised as pastor of the church at Collingham, Notts, on Tuesday week last, several local ministers taking part in the interesting services.

Rev. W. J. Tomkins has, after nearly six years' labour, resigned the pastorate of the church at Barking, and has accepted the hearty and unanimous invitation of the church and congregation at Ridgemount, Beds, to become their pastor.

Rev. S. S. Allsop, of March (Cams), has accepted a hearty and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Zion Chapel, Burton-on-Trent.

After twelve years' ministry at Cornwall-road Chapel, Brixton, Rev. David Asquith has resigned, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the General Baptist church at Landport.

Rev. P. Stubbs, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Studley, Warwickshire.

RECOGNITIONS.

MR. CHARLES SPURGEON, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has been recognised as pastor of the South-street Church, Greenwich. In connection with the settlement, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Olney.

Public recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. Thomas Thomas, of Bristol College, as pastor of the English Baptist Church at Lammas-street, Carmarthen, have been held. The afternoon service, conducted by the Rev. G. H. Roberts, was attended by the Mayor. Rev. B. Thomas, of Narberth, delivered a charge to the pastor; Rev. E. Thomas, of Newport (Mon.), to the church; and sermons by each of those ministers were preached in the evening.

In connection with the settlement of Rev. Chas. Bright, late of Lodge-road Chapel, Birmingham, as pastor of the church worshipping in Union Chapel, King's Lynn, a service of recognition and welcome was held on the Monday. Rev. Geo. Gould, President of the Baptist Union, presided, and addressed the church on its responsibilities and duties. Revs. W. J. Henderson, R. L. Macdougall, H. T. Osborne, W. H. Jackson, and other friends, also took part in the meeting, which was characterised throughout by great heartiness and cordiality.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. J. R. Godfrey, late of Hobden-bridge, at Bulwell, Notts, have been held. Rev. Dr.

Underwood delivered a charge to the pastor, Rev. W. R. Stevenson conducting the preliminary services. At the evening meeting addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Chapman, R. Silby, R. F. Griffiths, and J. R. Godfrey.

Induction services connected with the settlement of the Rev. John Munro, formerly of Burgesville, Canada, at Grantown, have been held recently. Rev. W. Grant addressed the pastor, and the Rev. A. H. Young, M.A., the church. In the evening a tea and social meeting followed.

Special services with the object of publicly recognising the Rev. R. B. Clare, late of Appledore, as pastor of the United Churches of Watchet and Williton, have been held. Rev. H. Moore, of Bridgewater, preached, and a tea and public meeting followed in a field, under the presidency of Mr. J. Whiby. The Rev. J. P. Tetley and H. Moore gave Mr. Clare a welcome, and the Rev. R. J. Middleton represented the North Devon Auxiliary of the County Association. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. S. Sutton (who for 30 years presided over the church), E. Francis, and Levi Palmer.

Recognition services, connected with the settlement of the Rev. G. Bullivant as pastor of the church at Dorking, were held on Thursday, August 7th. Mr. Bullivant has but recently renounced Pædobaptist views, and joined the denomination. The Rev. J. T. Wigner, T. G. Atkinson, and others delivered addresses.

PRESENTATIONS.

THE Young Men's Bible Class in connection with Chelsea Chapel, Lower Sloane-street, at a social meeting held on the 31st of July, presented Mr. C. J. Plume with a handsome walnut-wood writing-desk, upon his retirement from the leadership of the class, as a mark of their esteem, and in appreciation of his labours among them.

An interesting meeting was held at Little Alie-street Chapel, London, E., on Thursday, 7th of August, when a

presentation was made to Mr. Feroday, who for over forty years has served the church as precentor, but has now retired from the duties. The presentation consisted of a very handsomely-illuminated address expressive of the friends' appreciation of the services rendered during so long a period, and their best wishes for his future welfare.

Rev. W. Thomas having resigned the charge of Hose and Clawson, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the church at Braunston; upon his leaving his former charge he was presented with a purse of gold as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by his church and congregation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE forthcoming Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union will be held in Glasgow from Monday, October 6, to Thursday, October 9, and will be followed by evangelistic services in various parts of the city for ten days. In consequence of these meetings, the Scottish Baptist Union will hold their annual assembly in Edinburgh instead of at Glasgow, at the end of October.

Church-street Chapel, Edgware-road, having been closed for several weeks for great improvements, was reopened for public worship on Wednesday, July 16, when a suggestive sermon was preached by Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. On the following Sunday able sermons were delivered by Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., of Spalding; and on Monday, July 21, after a social tea, a numerous meeting was formally addressed by Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, M.A.; Hon. S. L. Tilley, Mr. J. Spencer Balfour, Rev. J. Fletcher, Rev. W. J. Avery, Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., and the pastors (Rev. D. Burns, M.A., and Rev. J. F. Jones). Up to the close of these interesting services about £560 had been received or promised to meet liabilities, estimated at £700.

The chapel at Nethorscal, Derbyshire, has been thoroughly renovated. Reopening services were held on Sunday, August 3, Rev. E. Yemm preaching in the afternoon and evening to

good congregations. The collections will discharge the expense incurred.

On Sunday, the 10th August, after a sermon by Rev. F. J. Medcalf, pastor of the church at Ilfracombe, North Devon, the Rev. W. Gliddon, Independent minister of Westdown, was baptised, he having given a public and interesting statement respecting his change of views.

The Rev. Geo. Eates, M.A., Primitive Methodist minister, Pembroke Dock, has been baptised in the Bush-street chapel, by Rev. R. C. Roberts, pastor of the church. Mr. Eates has been connected with the Primitive Methodists for twenty years.

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, WINSLOW, BUCKS.—On Sunday the 13th July, in the afternoon, a Flower Service was held, which being somewhat novel in these parts, drew together a very large congregation, some 500 persons being present. Almost every one present had bouquets, many of which were very choice, and at the close of the service these were collected, according to a previous announcement, and on the Monday were packed up and sent to the Bucks Infirmary and to the St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. The pastor (F. J. Feltham) conducted the former part of the service, and the Rev. J. Richards preached, taking as his subject Psalm ciii. 15—"As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth." A very pleasing feature in the service was the union of the Independent and Baptist Sabbath schools. Miss H. George presided at the harmonium.

LYNDHURST.—At the anniversary services, held on the 13th of August, there was a stall of work, the proceeds of which realised £20 towards the improvement of the chapel. At the public meeting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Burt, T. Evans, W. Power, J. Johnson, W. H. Payne, and Mr. Watson. The treat to the scholars was given on the 15th.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberillyery*, Monmouthshire.—July 20, Four, by L. Jones.
- Aberdeen*.—July 27, at Carmel English Chapel, Three, by T. Jones.
- Alloa*, N.B.—July 27, Two, by Mr. A. McCraig.
- Ashley*, near Lymington.—July 27, Six, T. Ings.
- Aberillyery*.—August 3, at the English Chapel, Twelve, by T. Griffiths.
- Bacup*.—August 3, Ebenezer Chapel, Three, by W. Gay.
- Bedford*.—Bunyan Meeting, August 11, Four, by J. H. Blake of Luton.
- Bethel, Shipley*.—August 3, Eight, by H. C. Atkinson.
- Birmingham*.—July 31, at Cannon-street Chapel, Eight, by A. Mursell.
- Blackfield, Fawley*, Hants.—July 6th, Two, by F. A. Pearce.
- Blaenavon*, July 31, at Broad-street, Two, by W. Lees.
- Blackwood*, Mon.—August 3, Ten, by S. K. Williams.
- Buckhurst Hill*, Essex.—July 27, One, by Mr. Consens.
- Buith Wells*, Breconshire.—July 27, Three; August 1, One; August 3, Two, by J. M. Jones.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—July 27, Six, by J. Askew.
- Barnard Toun*, Mon.—July 27, Five, by A. T. Jones.
- Brookend*, Beds.—July 21, Nine, by W. G. Coote.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—August 6, One, by J. Hughes.
- Bethlehem*, near Haverfordwest.—July 13, Two; August 10, Four, by D. O. Edwards.
- Birmingham*.—August 10, Mission Hall, Constitution Hill, Four, by J. Burton.
- Brynhafryd*, Ebbw Vale.—July 13, Two, by J. Griffiths.
- Blackley*, Yorks.—July 5, Two, by R. Briggs.
- Chapel-fold*, Yorkshire.—July 6, One, by J. Kendall.
- Crewe*.—July 27, Four, by F. J. Greening.
- Caersalem*, Lampeter.—July 20, Two, by D. F. Ellis.
- Crowie*, Lincolnshire.—July 24, Six, by J. Stutterd.
- Cinderford*.—August 3, Two, by C. Griffiths.
- Catford Hill*.—July 28, Six, by T. Greenwood.
- Corsham*, Wilts.—July 31, Three, by J. Harlstone.
- Dalton-in-Furness*.—July 6, Two, by J. G. Anderson.
- Esher*.—June 15, at Park-road, One, by the Pastor.
- Fivehead*, near Taunton.—July 16, One, by J. Compston.
- Fornett*.—July 20, the Tabernacle, One; July 27, Three, by C. Bloy.
- Farsley*.—July 27, Ten, by J. Naylor.
- Goitre*, Pontypool.—July 27, Two, by I. Richards.

Grimshy.—August 11, One, by J. Manning.
Hanham, Gloucester.—July 27, Three, by T. Bowbeer.
Hartow.—July 23, Potter-street, Three, by A. E. Realf.
Heaton, Bradford.—August 4, Four, by R. Howarth.
Henley-on-Thames.—July 13, Two, by J. M. Hewson.
Honeyborough.—July 13, One, by Mr. Johns.
Jade, near Leeds.—August 3, Two, by J. Lee.
Knighton.—July 7, Three; August 3, One, by W. Williams.
Leeds, Beeston-hill.—July 14, South Parade, Two, by H. Winsor.
Leeds.—July 13, Kirkstall Branch of the Bury Road Church, Four, by J. Bell.
Llanddeini, Abergavenny.—July 27, Four, by W. Thomas.
Llantwit-Major, Glamorganshire.—August 10, One, by J. Hier.
Leigh, Lancashire.—July 20, Six, by J. Wareing.
Liverpool.—July 20, Fabius Chapel, Thirteen, by A. Matthews.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—July 13, Bethel Chapel, Four; August 10, Forty-six, by T. A. Pryce.
Madeley, Salop.—July 27, Two, by E. Jenkins.
Maidenhead.—July 14, Five, by J. Wilkins.
Marham, Great Yarmouth.—July 20, Two, by T. G. Gathercole.
Manchester.—July 6, Upper Medlock-street (Wels), Six, by B. Humphreys.
Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead.—July 31, Three, by R. W. Owen.
Mertbyn.—July 13, High-street, Two, by T. Davies.

Metropolitan District:—

Borough-road.—July 23, Seven, by G. W. M'Cree.
Chiswick.—July 27, Two, by W. E. Lynn.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 1, Nineteen; 26, Twenty-four; 29, Seventeen; June 23, Sixteen; 26, Sixteen; July 3, Nineteen; 28, Ten; 31, Fourteen.
Mile End, E.—July 30, Conference Hall, Three, by J. A. Soper.
Peckham-park Road.—July 31, Seven, by H. Knee.
Millhurst.—July 13, One, by F. W. C. Bruce.
Millgate, near Rochdale.—August 3, One, by T. Griffiths.
Netherton.—July 26, Ebenczer, Five, by W. Millington.
Newport, Mon.—August 3, Commercial-road, Four, by E. Thomas.
Oban, N.B.—July 29, One, by F. Forbes.
Oxden.—July 27, Two, by A. E. Greening.
Ossett, Yorks.—March 30, Three; May 21, Three; July 2, Two; July 30, One, by J. W. Comfort.
Penarth.—July 20, One, by W. Parry.
Piddletrenthide, Dorsetshire.—July 6, Three, by J. Davis.
Plymouth.—July 9, George-street, Six, by J. W. Ashworth.
Pontycroen, English Baptist.—July 11, in Lansley River, One, by T. Baker.

Portmahon, Sheffield.—July 30, Nine, by W. Turner.
Portsmouth.—July 31, Lake-road, Five, by T. W. Medhurst.
Poulner, near Ringwood.—August 3, Four, by G. Diffev.
Reading.—July 27, Providence Chapel, One, by the Pastor.
Risca, Mon.—August 3, English Chapel, Two, by T. Thomas.
Rotherham.—July 12, One, by J. Harper.
Ryde, I. W.—July 27, Park-road, Five, by J. T. Almy.
Salem, Porth.—August 3, Six, by G. Thomas.
Scapogool Hill, Golcar.—August 3, One, by A. Harrison.
Southampton.—July 20, Carlton Chapel, Three; August 10, Two, by E. Osborne.
Southport.—July 27, Five, by L. Nuttall.
Stowhill, Newport, Mon.—July 27, Stowhill, Nine, by J. Douglas.
St. Austell.—July 24, Two, by R. Sampson.
Taigarth, Breconshire.—July 20, Three, by D. B. Richards.
Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—July 13, Horeb English Chapel, Two, by D. Davies.
Velindre.—August 3, One, by T. Rowson.
Waltham Abbey.—August 10, Two, by W. Jackson.
Weston, Towcester.—July 27, Three, by J. Longson.
Wilton Park, Durham.—June 13, Four, by J. Bayan.
West Bromwich.—July 27, Bethel Chapel, Three, by C. J. Clarke.
Westpark, Dumfries.—July 24, One, by W. Miligan.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. J. HARGREAVES.

IN loving remembrance of the Rev. JONATHAN HARGREAVES (for 19 years Pastor of the Baptist Church, Water-foot), who fell asleep in Jesus, May 15, 1879, aged 64 years, and was interred at Salden, May 20th. "A beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord." Ephes. vi. 21.

The subject of our present sketch was born in the neighbourhood of Padiham, Lancashire.

Being a descendant of poor but pious parents, he was consequently surrounded by influences that afterwards proved to be of such inestimable advantage to him in his maturer years.

Born in the year 1815, a year ever memorable in the history of this nation, as witnessing the peace that succeeded a more than twenty years' war between this country and France, a war that had so impoverished and dried up the resources of the nation, that they who were not really of poor origin were driven to such extremes that, were we, who have enjoyed such unspeakable blessings and privileges, forced into such straits, we should be far better able to judge between our own position and the positions of those who were engaged in the battles of life at the time when our departed friend was born.

In the year 1818, when our friend was scarcely three years of age, the humble but happy dwelling was visited by the grim messenger of death, and the father of four children was torn from the side of a devoted wife and the helpless little ones.

How often in a man's lifetime are we constrained to say with the poet—

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

In our own time, it seems hard and unbearable to think of the trying and uncomfortable circumstances into which a poor, lone, and defenceless widow, with four little children, must be thrown; but how great must be the contrast between the position of such a person in the year 1818, and the times that we have enjoyed more recently. To such persons as the mother of our friend, how needful and how strikingly necessary are all the promises and inspirations of our common Christianity.

A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation. The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and the widow.

Though the mother of our friend was poor in this world, yet she was rich in faith, and had long before the birth of her son Jozathan found the pearl of great price. She had been blessed with

a pious ancestry, her father and grandfather being esteemed members and recognised preachers in the Wesleyan community near the town of Sheffield.

In her, we have a striking fulfilment of the promise of Him who said, I will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. In her widowed condition this woman sought God in her trouble, and He heard her, and delivered her, and gave her strength to sustain her in all the trials that fell to her lot.

Being blest with such a mother, it is hardly to be wondered at that the son should be what he was. At the early age of five years our friend was sent to work at a print-works at Sabden, where the family had removed. Thus, at an early period of his life he was compelled to pursue a course of hardship and toil, such as is not the lot of children of our own time.

In early life he showed manifestations of a thirst for knowledge such as are seldom witnessed; he conquered and surmounted difficulties such as but few have to grapple with in this time of educational privileges and opportunities; he ever made it a point to seek the companionship of his elders, and of those who were not unmindful of imparting instruction to one that was so immensely anxious to increase in knowledge, both intellectual and spiritual. His first schoolmaster was an old retired pensioner, who taught him all that he could in the rudiments of an English education. At a very early age he was the subject of very deep religious convictions, and after struggling some time with temptations within, buffetings and persecutions from without, he powerfully felt it his duty to attach himself to the denomination of which his forefathers had been such striking and honourable members; so that, at the age of thirteen, we find him a recognised member of the Wesleyans.

Four years after this, she, who with many tears, prayers, supplications and thanksgivings, had made known her requests unto God, was taken to her rest, leaving behind her, the priceless

legacy, a mother's prayers, instructions, and an untarnished example, being about forty-six years of age. About the year 1834 our departed friend resolved to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the New Testament, and in his case, as in many others, when he had decided to make the Word of God his rule of faith and his guide of life, he felt constrained not to accept for the teachings of Christ the traditions of men; he came to the irresistible conclusion that it was his duty to put on Christ by baptism, was baptised by the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Sabden, and from that time was an honoured and consistent member of the Baptist denomination until the close of his earthly life.

Having taken upon himself a public profession of religion, and the principles of his faith having laid such firm hold upon his nature, he determined to give himself no rest till he had made an effort to impart to others the blessings that had made such powerful impressions upon his own soul. He now resolved to become a preacher of the Gospel, and in the midst of what, to thousands, would have been insurmountable difficulties, he swerved not from his purpose and his determination till a way opened unto him in which he could pursue an employment that was so pleasant to his taste and so agreeable to his mind. The direction in which he first turned his attention in this respect was to Padiham, where religious destitution and vice in its various forms were so appalling to his mind, that he, along with two or three others, resolved to carry the Gospel even to Padiham; where, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, they began to open a Sunday school in a garret, where, from Sunday to Sunday, our friend ceased not to teach and to preach so regularly and constantly, that, from the year 1841 to 1851, he never was absent from his post at Padiham, even in the thick of his other numerous undertakings and engagements.

In his constant attendances at Padiham, he was so anxious that a spirit of reform and Christian influences should

be more extensively felt and observed, that no menial act was unattended to by him which would in any way further the objects he had in view; hence, he thought it not beneath him to stoop down and do the work which had been left undone by thoughtless, inattentive, and negligent mothers; yea, he even washed the children their dirty faces after they came to school on a Sunday morning. After labouring on for years under circumstances akin to such as those already named, he and two other friends, when, one night going home from a prayer meeting, under the influences of a biting frost, and the clear pale rays of the moon, stopped in the turnpike road, between Padiham and Sabden, formed themselves into a meeting and resolved, there and then, that they would build a new chapel at Padiham, when all the money in possession of all the three persons would not make more than 5s.; but the ardour of our friend was not to be damped at the thoughts of having no money; a chapel was needed, and a chapel must he had. He had courage to name the matter of the moonlight meeting in the turnpike-road to George Foster, Esq., of Sabden, when a very striking illustration of that passage of Scripture was verified in his experience—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." Mr. Foster gave the movement his support, the chapel was built, and the village of Padiham still testifies to the usefulness of our late friend.

Whalley, Billington, Read, and other places next occupied a large share of Mr. Hargreave's attention for some time, when he was more frequently called to supply the pulpit of the little church at Waterfoot, which so often demanded his services during the years from 1858 to 1860, that his frequent visits to that place ultimately ripened into a friendship and regard for his abilities for usefulness, that the church at Waterfoot gave him a very warm and cordial invitation to become its pastor, to which invitation he replied by settling amongst them in the year 1861, at which place he stayed till the day of his death. At the time of his

settlement at Waterfoot, the church membership was somewhere from 20 to 30; during the nineteen years of his pastorate it has increased nearly sevenfold.

The church and congregation, up to the year 1869, worshipped in a small room now occupied by the Waterfoot Liberal Club. In that year the new chapel was opened, having cost about £3,000, with a debt remaining upon it of from £1,000 to £1,500, which debt was removed in the course of four or five years, and the influence of no person in connection with the place, in seeking to get rid of the debt, was equal to that of the pastor. When the chapel had become free from debt, the restless, undaunted, and enterprising spirit of our friend was still active and seeking out fresh fields of usefulness, and he would not rest satisfied until a day school was opened, and now there is a day school in connection with the place of from 300 to 400 scholars in regular attendance, and this is more the result of our friend's labours than that of any other person.

Being of a peaceable, generous, meek, and very humble disposition, Mr. Hargreaves was never found engaged in controversy; and, believing that his time could be far better spent in seeking to bring souls to the Saviour, all the energies and strength of his mind and body were employed in that direction. He seldom took part in political agitations; but during the time of his stay at Waterfoot he attended two or three such meetings, and his presence at those meetings, together with some of the remarks that he then made, will never be forgotten by some who were there.

At one of those meetings he made a remark that is still occasionally talked of by persons who heard it; for the glow of enthusiasm and the spirit of earnestness had so arrested the attention of his hearers, that the impression will never be forgotten by those who heard him say—"The duties of the Liberals are twofold; for they have not only to do all the good that is done in the political world, but they have to

keep the Tories from doing lumber"—meaning mischief.

On another of these occasions he was induced to attend a meeting during the agitations that were carried on to keep the present Government from going to war with Russia. At that meeting he was so impressed with the presence of some of the persons present, that he said he could like to forget that he was at a political meeting, and preach to them a sermon; for he knew that some of them never put their faces within the doors of either church or chapel, and he did not like to let the opportunity slip. One of the grandest traits in his character was his desire to do good to everybody with whom he came in contact, irrespective of creed, age, or social position; he was no respecter of persons in that sense. Let a case of deep distress, sickness, or any kind of need be made known to him, and, without taking thought for his own welfare or comfort, he was off at a moment's warning, if possible. The writer of this sketch was once in his company when he had just returned from a visit to a person in a dying state, when he had been so overcome by the stench and effluvia in which the dying person lay, that, he said, he felt almost to stagger and reel while he was on his knees.

The Rev. A. J. Harrison, vicar of Waterfoot, paid a very nice tribute to Mr. Hargreaves' memory on the day of the funeral; when speaking of the care and attention that he had bestowed upon the needy, the sick, and the dying belonging to his own church and congregation, during a time of sickness and inability to work on the part of himself, he said Mr. H. had done the work so well that the wants of his parish had been better attended to than if he had been at home himself. As a father, a husband, a friend, he had few equals for affection, devotion, and attachment. His intensely affectionate and devoted nature received a tremendous blow in the year 1875, when Mrs. Hargreaves, the wife of his youth, the sharer of his joys and his helper in trouble, was smitten by a

malady that bid defiance to medical skill and attention, and hurried her home to the place appointed for all living. Our friend never after this bereavement seemed to wholly recover from the shock that he had received; there was never the same cheerfulness, buoyancy, and strength manifest after that were good to see before; but being still inspired with a determination not to leave undone anything that he could do, he yet plodded on as vigorously as his strength would permit, until by increasing weakness he was compelled to lay by all thoughts of renewed activity.

He attended the Autumnal Meetings at Leeds, when he always said he got cold by sleeping in a damp bed. A few weeks after then, very powerful signs of weakness begun to appear, and while every effort was made that could be made to stop their march, they still continued to assert their sway, till, on Sunday morning, the first of December last, the man who had been so devoted, and so constantly at his post, was so prostrated after preaching his very last sermon, that he had to be conveyed home in a cab, and never fairly rallied again. He was confined to his room for nearly three months after being taken home, when both he and his friends kept living on and on in the midst of conflicting hopes and fears, until all hopes were gone and unmistakable signs begun to appear that the end was approaching.

About the middle of March he had so far recovered as to be able, with some little help, to take short walks, and was once or twice conveyed to the chapel; and some time in April he even ventured so far as to go and visit a dying woman, but the strain was too great; he could not make another attempt so great, until the 4th day of May, the first Sunday in that month, when he was determined to go to chapel and take part in the administration of the Lord's Supper, when a scene was witnessed such as will never be forgotten by any who were there to see it.

The feeble, weak, but heavenly-

minded man gave out the hymns, of which the two following verses form a part:—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

Just as the last words were being read out, his strength seemed to be all exhausted, and had it not been for the kindness of those around him coming to his aid, he would have fallen to the floor.

The whole surroundings of this time were so impressive, that to give a description of them is utterly impossible.

From this meeting he was taken home for the last time; he continued now to sink faster and faster, so that he never more left his room. The Sunday following was the school anniversary, when the teachers, scholars, and friends walked in procession to his house, and there, at his request, sung two of his favourite hymns—"Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Rock of ages," while he sat at his bedroom window, wrapped in a blanket, and then, he and they, lingering, took a last farewell look at each other.

Though his weakness continued to increase, the sweetness and sublimity of his mind were not lessened so long as he had power to speak, for he still continued to give tokens of his happiness; the last words that he uttered were, "O, I am happy;" and when unable to speak, so long as strength lasted, he seemed to act as if he was at the Lord's table, thus communing with his Saviour to the last. His deacons were called to his bedside, when the last fond looks were exchanged, the happy spirit took its flight to the regions where the weary are for ever at rest.

How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest.

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves the expiring
breast.

A holy quiet reigns around,

A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

His funeral sermon was preached in Bethel Baptist Chapel, Waterfoot, by the Rev. J. Howe, of Waterbarn, on Sunday evening, June 22nd, 1879, to a crowded congregation.

The Rev. RICHARD SHIPWAY, for more than twenty years a faithful preacher of the Gospel at Wickwar, Gloucestershire, was suddenly called home to his rest on Wednesday evening July 23rd, 1879.

It was mainly through his own instrumentality that the Baptist church in this town was founded, and the chapel erected and cleared of debt in the year 1867. During the time of his ministration he won the esteem of all classes in the town. As a preacher he was earnest, pointed, vigorous, practical, and ever fresh. As a pastor he gained the affections of his flock. His happiest seasons appeared to be those when, at the Lord's table, he met and communed with kindred spirits. Next to this he loved most to meet with the young people and children of the Sunday school at the monthly prayer meeting. He knew well how to arrest the attention, and lay hold of young minds. To all persons in sickness or trouble he was always a welcome visitor.

For several years he had suffered from heart disease, which obliged him to be careful to avoid over-exertion. The last afternoon of his life he paid some of his accustomed visits to a few sick persons, and afterwards walked to a field at about a mile distance from the town, to see a friend who was busy haymaking. Here he conversed for a short time, and then moved away a few yards, apparently to rest. Being asked if he felt unwell, he looked upward, and in a few minutes gradually sank backward into a friend's arms. It was found that life had passed away, but without a movement or a sound.

As no supply could be obtained for the vacant pulpit on the following Sunday; the friends connected with the Congregational Church kindly invited the bereaved congregation to their chapel, for the morning service. Closing their own chapel in the evening, they, with their minister, came over to the Baptist chapel, thus uniting the two congregations for the second time during the day.

The chapel having no burial ground, the Rector of the parish—a faithful Christian minister, with whom the deceased had been, for years, on intimate terms—requested the privilege of interring him in the churchyard. After a short service in the chapel, conducted by four brother ministers—two Congregationalist and two Baptist—the funeral was met in the town by the Rector, and led by him into the church. It was a solemn and impressive season. Four Dissenting ministers were witnessed by a crowd of persons standing near the grave of their departed brother, listening to the voice of the Rector, who read the service with deep emotion.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. W. A. Salter, which took place on Tuesday, August 5th, at Leamington, where at Clarendon Chapel—lately assisted by the Rev. H. Wright as co-pastor—he had been ministering for twenty years, having entered the ministry in 1836, after leaving Stepney College. He was previously pastor at Henrietta-street, London, and at Amer-sham, and was a principal editor of the *Annotated Paragraph Bible*, published by the Religious Tract Society.

Mrs. MARTIN, of Brookenhurst, died in Jesus the 7th of July. Her life was one of devotedness to the Lord. As the mother of a numerous family her aim was to bring the infants to the house of God as early as possible. As a Sunday-school teacher she was diligent, earnest and affectionate, always by word and deed proving that religion

ever conduces to happiness, and that "godliness" has promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come.

Her delight was to sing on her way to the promised land, and many times she was the pioneer to the class in which she led them in that department with her very sweetly. Her death not only is felt to a degree by her partner, a number of children, several of whom are making choice of the "one thing needful," and possessing the true character of the Lord's servants, but the parish was deeply affected by the solemn visitation, and the Church of Christ here a breach, after a period of

thirty-nine years of membership, which they feel to be not soon healed.

Her last illness came on her gradually. She was for a considerable time unable to converse with any one, but gave signs of repose on Christ her "Beloved." And—

"She struggled through her latest passion

To her dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,

To His everlasting rest.

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;

Go, by angel guards attended,
To the throne of Jesus, go."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th to Aug. 19th, 1879.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|----|---------|------------------------|----|---------|---|-----------------------|----|----|----------|
| Mrs. Drayson | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mr. J. Williamson .. | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Cowdy | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Miss Spliedt | 2 | 0 | 0 | Friends at Dacre- | | | | Mr. A. Scard | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| W. S. | 5 | 0 | 0 | park | 3 | 14 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Pick- | | | |
| Mr. Wm. Mainwaring | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. H. H. and Mrs. | | | | worth | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. S. W. Smith | 1 | 1 | 0 | Garrett, Thank- | | | | Colonel Griffin | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Mr. E. J. Upward .. | 5 | 0 | 0 | offering | 5 | 0 | 0 | Mr. J. Simpson | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr. Wm. Hill | 1 | 1 | 0 | Miss Westrope | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. Fowler | 50 | 0 | 0 |
| "Ebenezer" | 0 | 2 | 6 | Mr. C. Ball | 5 | 3 | 0 | Weekly Offerings at | | | |
| Collection at West- | | | | A Friend | 1 | 1 | 0 | Met. Tab. July 20 | 39 | 10 | 6 |
| bourne-grove Chapel | 18 | 15 | 8 | Mr. C. Allard | 0 | 10 | 0 | " " " | 27 | 43 | 11 |
| Collection at Short- | | | | Part jewellery sold .. | 3 | 11 | 6 | " " Aug. 3 | 34 | 13 | 9 |
| land Class, per Mr. | | | | Jane Matthews | 0 | 10 | 0 | " " " | 10 | 48 | 6 |
| Pinkess | 0 | 6 | 9 | Mr. Jno. Leach | 0 | 5 | 0 | " " " | 17 | 20 | 0 |
| Rev. David Bailey .. | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mr. W. McArthur, | | | | | | | |
| Mr. James Harvey .. | 21 | 0 | 0 | M.P. | 30 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | £381 0 6 |

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

THOUGH OFTEN UNPERCEIVED BY SENSE FAITH SEES
HIM ALWAYS NEAR.*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.”—GENESIS xxviii. 16.

THERE are many places where God is certainly with His people and they do know it; yet there may be some among them who do not discern His presence, but are constantly crying out, “Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!” while others are rejoicing in His manifested grace, and exclaiming with gratitude, “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I did know it.” Thus He is peculiarly present wherever there is an earnest ministry. The tongue of fire was given as the symbol of the Holy Spirit—a tongue—for that is the term which God uses—a tongue of fire, for the man who speaks must be earnest with a zeal kindled to flame at the altar of God. When John saw our Lord in Patmos, he represents Him thus: “Out of His mouth went a two-edged sword.” The ministry of the Gospel, which is the tongue of Christ, is like a two-edged sword wherewith He overcometh His enemies. Though not another believer could be found in the whole district to which a man of God were sent in his Master’s name, God would be there as He has covenanted to be. “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,” is a promise that has not been rescinded. What though they build their fanes with gorgeous architecture, adorn their chancels, and robe their priests in blue, and scarlet, and fine linen, as the heathens of these modern days are wont, in vain they look for any promise that God shall be there. But when a simple-minded man, standing on a village green, preaches Christ and tells of the slaughtered Lamb of God who has now gone to His glory, God will be surely with him, and before the face of that solitary champion the Philistines shall be made to flee, and he, like Samson, shall lay hold upon the pillars of their idolatrous temple and pull the house about their ears. That day when Paul passed through the gates of Rome a solitary preacher of the Word, there was more power for the felling to the earth of the gods of heathendom than poets and philosophers, critics and cynics could ever bring to bear upon the folly and superstitions of the age.

Men will not be materially improved in their morals by mere education. You may popularise literature and science as much as you can, but the evils you meet are sure to mock the efforts you make. The corruption is too great for the ordinary philanthropist to grapple with. Let the preacher of Jesus Christ, however, come with tidings of that Gospel which is now, as ever, the power of God unto salvation, and the people shall be blessed, for it hath pleased God by the

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 251, NEW SERIES.

foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. I know that many of you can set to your seal that this is true; you can testify that God is manifestly present where the Gospel is fully, affectionately, earnestly, faithfully preached, for you have found it so in your own conversion, and in the building up of your souls afterwards in the faith. Still, there are some who are saying, "Truly He is in the place, but I, unhappy that I am, I know it not! Oh! that I received the same blessing! I sit with His people, I hear with His people, but still I am not blessed." Oh! it is a sad circumstance that there are constantly those among us who have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved!" The prayer of that hymn is peculiarly fitting:—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty earth refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me."

I trust you cannot be content to sit unfed, groaning with hunger at the Gospel feast, to stand near the river of the water of Life, and yet thirsty pine for the refreshing draught. There will be some such in all congregations. It is to be feared that there will be some found listening to the Gospel year after year, who, because their ears are not opened, never receive the Word into their hearts. Their hearing will only increase their responsibility, and they will go unsaved from the house of mercy to the place of everlasting misery. The Lord grant that it may not be so with you. May you never have to say when you come to die, "Yes, the Lord was in those great Sabbath gatherings, and many of His people felt His power, but I knew it not, and now, at the last, I am a castaway, after having had the Gospel trumpet faithfully sounded in my ears."

Another place where God manifests His presence, but where all do not perceive Him, is *in the fellowship of an affectionate, united Christian church*. I do not say that He reveals Himself wherever there is a church, for some so-called churches are infinitely more suitable for the habitation of dragons than to be the dwelling-place of incarnate Deity. We know of some such; they have passed under our own eye; within their borders there have been strife and schism, disorder and division, heart-burning and huff-taking, with endless babblings and bickerings against one another. To be a member of such a church has been distressing and discreditable, and to attend their church meetings would involve witnessing scenes that must shock the feelings of a saint and scandalise the name of the Saviour. But where the members of a church are welded together by the heat of true affection, where they have no strife except which can serve the Master best, where they have learned to keep rank and to march to the battle with holy discipline, where they are one in Christ, and can bear each other's burdens, there God is. That precious dove, the Holy Spirit, forsakes the place where the din and clamour of feud and faction are heard, but He dwells and abides with the pure of heart. The city of Philadelphia—the city of *brotherly love*, as its name implies—there the Lord commandeth the blessing, even life for evermore. I trust.

brethren, we can record our experience with gratitude and joy. I know that the Lord has been among us since He has brought us to love each other with a pure heart fervently. In this fellowship of love how often have we been constrained to say, "What hath God wrought! How continually has He blessed us with peace in our borders, and filled us with the finest of the wheat!" Yet there may be some, perhaps, not in harmony as they should be with their brethren, not so fervent in their Christian affection as we could wish, who will be saying, "He may be in this place, but I knew it not." Ah! then, my dear friend, be discontented with yourself until you find the secret of His Presence. Make it a point in your church membership that you will never be satisfied with it as a mere form, that you must have fellowship with God in your fellowship with your Christian brethren. Oh! it will be an ill day for us when we begin to account our religion a mere outward observance. What are the forms and ceremonies of the most pompous ritual but mere vanity? And what if the usages be never so simple, as ours are, still they are vain and worthless unless our assembling and association be instinct with life. The plainest Baptist conventicle shall be no more the House of God than the most gaudy Papist cathedral if the Spirit of God be not there; but oh! there is a plenitude of Divine life and power where the Holy Spirit dwells. Now, if any of us have been saying, "The Lord has been among us in this place but we have not seen Him" of late, then let us betake ourselves to our closets, let us examine ourselves to see what there may be within our breasts which hinders us from enjoying the presence of God, and let us seek to come once again into the unity of the Spirit, in the bonds of peace, that we may say, "Surely He is here, and my heart rejoices to walk with Him and wait upon Him. Doubtless too, dear friends, *God is where there is much real, hearty prayer.* Is a church full of prayer, then it is evidently full of the Holy Ghost. This is always the thermometer by which you may test the church's warmth. If you pray little you are sick; if you pray not at all you are dead. But when your prayers increase in earnestness then do you increase in energy; and when your life shall be spent in prayer you shall then have come to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Now I know that in our midst there has been much prayer, but not all that we could wish. Would to God that all the members were as prayerful as they ought to be, and that in our prayer meetings we were all as warm and glowing as some are with fervour! The Holy Spirit works in us when we have enough of that fervour to prove that surely God is in this place. At times, we have been, some of us, as conscious of the presence of God as we were conscious of our existence, and as conscious that God was in our midst as we were that we were sitting side by side with His people. Yet others will be saying, "Yes, I do not doubt that He is here, but I know it not; I go where others go, and find no comfort; I sing, but my heart is sad; I would, but cannot sing." Alas, then; this is your infirmity. You must look away from your feelings, to Christ. You are weak, but He is strong, He can help you; cast yourself upon Him as a poor, helpless, guilty sinner, and His tender bosom will receive you; go to Him now and tell Him you sometimes fear that you are a hypocrite and not one of the family;

and that you think you have made a mistake in making a profession. Confess it all, and then say to Him—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee.
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.”

You will then be able to say—“He was in this place, and I knew it to the comfort of my soul.”

God is also wherever there is a working people; for to pray without working were to put forth only one-half of the spiritual vigour. I have no business to expect God to give me, in answer to prayer, that which I am too idle to use my best energies to obtain. Praying and working must go together in the Christian life. Let there be a people seeking to win souls, doing all they can to instruct the young, to spread truth among the ignorant, to succour the poor and needy, or to direct sinners to the cross of Christ, and God will be in their midst. These good people may be very poor; their speech may betoken little education; their knowledge may be exceedingly limited; but if they do really work for Jesus with a simple motive, intending not to advance their sect but to spread the glory of the Redeemer's name, making His dear Cross to be the great object of their soul's delight, there, depend upon it, the Spirit of God is always present. And yet, perhaps, some worker here says—“I know it not; I have worked, but I have seen no result; I am ready to give it up.” Oh! my dear friend, do not give it up! You must not. It is, perhaps, now that the tide is going to turn with you. The precious grain can ne'er be lost, for grace ensures the crop. And besides, you do well to remember, that were you never to have any success you would not be responsible for that. You will be accountable for having sown the seed, for having told out the truth to those with whom you have been connected. I do not suppose any farmer in England would think of calling his labourers to account for the quantity of the harvest. If they have really performed their quota of work in ploughing the soil and casting in the seed, he would not blame them for any deficiency in the time of reaping. But, beloved, you shall have a harvest, for when Paul plants and Apollos waters, God sends the increase. It may not be to-day, nor yet to-morrow, but you must wait awhile. Seeds do not all spring up immediately they are put into the ground. Wait a little while, or, if need be, have long patience, as the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth; and you shall have to report about that ragged school of yours, about that preaching station of yours, about that Sunday-school class—“Yes, surely God is in this place, and though I knew it not, yet now I perceive it, for I can see tears of repentance like diamonds hanging in the children's eyes; I can count upon jewels for the Redeemer's crown in those precious blood-bought souls.” Work on, dear brother, and you shall yet see the hand of God made bare.

Moreover, God is in every place *where there is a people who seek to extol the name of Jesus*. Let a minister of the Gospel exalt Christ with all his heart and soul; let his great theme be the Cross, and his main object to exalt Him who did hang upon that cross to the souls

of men; then, depend upon it, God will be with him. And wherever there is a people whose lives are regulated by the fear of the Lord, whose character is moulded by their faith in Christ, and whose actions are prompted by a pure conscience; a people following after holiness, and scrupulous lest by word or deed they should dishonour the name of Jesus, God is surely present in their midst. With a gleam of poetry some author has represented the angels who came to meet our Lord when He ascended to His glory—fresh escorts who had not seen Him on earth—taken by surprise as they beheld the scars in His hands and His feet, and ere they sang their heavenly melodies, pausing to inquire—“Whence are these wounds in Thy hands?” and hearing in reply, “These are the wounds which I received in the house of My friends.” Oh! let us be careful lest even by inadvertence we should grieve Christ, cause the enemy to blaspheme or wound the Lord afresh. Beloved, let us endeavour to be a people void of offence: let it be the aim of every one of us to be pure in heart and perfect in our walk, saints in very deed undefiled by the world, unspotted by the flesh, doing always that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Oh, that our personal godliness might make the religion we profess shine resplendent in the parlour or the kitchen, in the shop or on the ‘change. Let it not suffice us to be solemn in our Sabbath assemblies. Our religion is not a thing to be taken with our Bibles and hymn-books, but it should be such a matter of every-day life that all who know us will understand that we serve the Lord Jesus. I have said that God is there, for I am sure He is present amongst such a people. I trust no member of this church, or indeed of any other Christian church, will have to say—“I too have striven thus to honour Him; but though I do not doubt that He has been near me, I knew it not.” Oh, my dear brethren! if you cannot rejoice in Christ, cease not to sorrow for Christ. One of two things—either have Him, or never be content till you get Him. Either drink of His love every morning, and lean your head upon His breast every night, or else go weeping without the light of the Sun, and cry—“Oh! that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat!” May God give you who have not the light of His countenance sacred wrestlings that will not let you rest, so that, like the dove which went out of the ark, you may never find a place for the sole of your foot till you come back again to your blessed Lord and rest in Him.

II. And now, dear brethren and sisters, I pass on to observe that there have been many places where God certainly was very eminently present with us, and we did not know it at the time. We were asleep then, but we have woken up now, and we know all about it, and are led to wonder that God should have been so near and yet that we should not have perceived it.

I want to wake up your gratitude for a few minutes; lend me, therefore, your ears, and give me your hearts *while I remind you how near God was to some of you before you were converted*. You lived without a thought of Him—no prayer, no repentance, no study of Scripture, and yet during that time you were specially guarded by His presence and preserved by His goodness. Perhaps a gun burst in your hand, or you were nearly lost at sea, or you were almost run over in the street, or you lay sick of a fever, or you lived in a street where the cholera mowed

down so many. You had strange escapes, and as you look back upon them you can say—"Surely God was in that place, though I knew it not. He must have been there; for He kept me in safeguard until I came to Christ for salvation."

"Determined to save, He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

May I urge some unconverted people here now to ask themselves whether this may not be the case with them? I recollect talking one day with one of the few men who escaped in the celebrated charge of Balaclava, and he described to me his riding on while his comrades reeled from their saddles one by one as they rode up to the cannon's mouth. I could not help taking him with both my hands, and saying, "Surely God must have some design of love towards you in having spared you under such perilous circumstances, and I do trust that you have given your heart to Him." Surely God is in these remarkable deliverances, though men know it not.

And has there not been *a great deal besides in our life before conversion* which indicates the handiwork of God? You were, perhaps, put apprentice to a Christian man. It was rather singular that you should have gone to live with him, but living in that house was the means of your conversion. Your father, perhaps, intended you to have been in another position, but a remarkable incident led to your going to that place. Some of you here can trace your conversion to falling in with work in a shop where you were first conversed with by a godly comrade. A strange Providence brought some of you to London. You were born and brought up in the country, and you came up to the metropolis without any foresight of what would befall you; but God's wind was blowing you to the right place where He meant to bless you. As I look back upon my early life I can see that in little things as well as great there were interpositions of God on my behalf. Little did you and I think about Him then; but now to-night, as we look back to that Bethel which was Luz at the first, we can say—"Blessed be the name of the Lord, who was with us when we knew it not!"

Then, God has been with His people during the time of their conviction, when they felt utterly deserted by Him. A soul under a sense of sin is little prone to imagine that there can be any shelter for her in the goodwill of the Lord. "No," says that soul; "God has forsaken me. I feel myself to be so guilty, sunk in shame and irretrievably ruined, that God cannot visit me in the dilemma that I now am placed in. No, sir, the devil is near me, but God is very far off." Ah! but some of us in taking the retrospect of a like crisis in our experience can clearly see that God was there, though we knew it not. Soul, you had never felt the burden of sin unless God had been there. Who gives you spiritual life enough to perceive it—who, indeed, but the God of life? If the whip of the law stings you and makes you smart, there is a discipline in that smart Divinely meted out, for is it not written—"I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal"? I tell you, convinced sinner, the time may come when, instead of thinking your present condition to be one without God, you will almost wish to go back again to it in order that you may be conscious that God is there.

Those cuttings of the knife, those sharp dealings with your conscience, are the work of the Spirit of God in you, and one of these days you will open your eyes like one who awakes from a dream, and say: "Surely if ever God did deal with human being He was dealing me; He was breaking me to pieces, tearing me as a lion, making me feel myself a lost, ruined, and wretched—a helpless worm, though I did not know it. Surely God was there."

But how, dear Christian friend, since your conversion—how many times has God been with you when you have not known it? In great troubles that have befallen us, hadst Thou been here, these would not have happened. We thought so, but now in reviewing them we are sure that God was then our present Friend. Jacob was in a lonely place; he had no companion, he must go to his couch alone, and that couch must be on the hard ground. But, though he was in dreary solitude, far from human habitation, God was with him. Now, you were, perhaps, once thus desolate. Friends had forsaken you. Do you recollect when you first left home? You felt as though you could cry all that night; you had never been away from home before. Or do you recollect when your husband died, and you felt deserted indeed—cast away in the world. Your burden was heavy, and he that had hitherto helped you to carry it was gone. Or your dear wife was taken away, and oh! how bereaved you were; the world had not any charm or comfort for you. But surely God was in that place. Do you not know it now in looking back? You could not believe it then, but now, as you revoke the past and remember the fruit of love which sprang from that bitter root you are compelled to say: "Yes, my God, in all my loneliness Thou wert my present Helper." That place where Jacob slept was, I should think, as dangerous as it was dreary. I do not doubt but wild beasts were abroad, yet Jacob laid him down and slept as safely as Solomon did in his curtains. God was in the place to protect him. You, too, have passed through dangers, temporal and spiritual. You have had many temptations. Full often your foot hath almost gone and your steps have well-nigh slipped. How truly, beloved, God was in that place, and how clearly you can now perceive it; lest, haply, had the Lord not been upon your side when men rose up against you they had swallowed you up alive, as they that go down into the pit; but here you are, amongst the living, to praise God, because surely He was in that dreadful place, though you knew it not. When Jacob lay down in that dreary waste it was a poor crib to lie in. Some of you may have scant fare to-night, but I am sure you are not so badly hosteled as Jacob was, for look at his pillow. It is but a stone; that is very hard, and very cold too. There he lay on the earth exposed to the heavy dews, the hedges for his curtains, the skies for his canopy, and the soil for his bed, yet for his watchman he had his God; that made up for it all. No matter what privations he had to endure, God was in that place. But to apprehend that God is with us in our poverty is not always easy. Do you feel that He has cut off the scant portion from His child, and that He is raining out the waters, and filling the cup full of bitterness, while your faith is yet unshaken? But if you cannot believe this now you shall live to see it, and to say: "Yes, surely He was in that place—when I was out of work, when I was

laid by with sickness, when my children died one after the other, when I had losses in business, when crosses came thick upon one another; I thought He was not there, but now I can look back upon it all with a clear assurance that God was in that place."

If there be any place in Christian experience where we are apt to feel that God is not with us, it is under temporary desertions, when we lose the light of His countenance, fail to read our title clear, and cannot see our signs. But, brethren, God is in that place, as I think I can show you. When a man groans after the presence of God he has already drawn near to Him. Whence cometh that vehement desire and that eager thirst after God? Why, that anxious longing is prompted by the Holy Spirit, who is already in the man who is sighing and crying. When you are struggling against temptation you may be sure that God is with you, because if He were not you would not struggle. If God were not with you you would yield to temptation at once. When a person is afraid lest he should be guilty of hypocrisy you may be quite sure that he is not practising deceit, for no hypocrite was ever afraid that he should compass his wilful ends. When a man grieves over his own sinfulness his hatred of sin is a proof that God is with him. He would not hate sin unless God had given him light. I look upon these disquietudes, which cause some believers so much dismay and seem evidences that they are deserted of the Lord, as the indications of their dwelling near to God and His drawing near to them. If rightly estimated they might find solace in their solitude. Yes, brethren, on the summit of Tabor, where you see your Lord transfigured, He is there, and in the depths of the Valley of Humiliation, where you fight with Apollyon and are sorely wounded, He is just as much there; perhaps more so, for if He were not your faith had long ago failed in conflict with such a foe, and those fiery darts had utterly destroyed your hope. But because He was there you have been enabled to play the man and put the fiend to flight; because the fighting power of Jesus Christ was in you your fingers were taught to war and to wield the sword of the Spirit, so that you came off conqueror. Surely God has been with us, brethren and sisters, all our journey through, even when we have not known it. I do not know whether I shall speak your view of things; my own view, however, is just this, as I take a retrospect of my life. Had I been endowed with infinite wisdom to have chosen my own lot, I have no doubt I should have chosen just that which has fallen to me. To me God is love. His justice and His severity have scarcely cast a shadow over His pure and perfect love. He could not have led me better or guided me more gently than He has led me. On the whole, with all its sadness and sorrows, with all its griefs and grievances, the life we have lived in the flesh has been the best that could have befallen us. Our burdens have been the easiest to bear and our troubles those we could most cheerfully tolerate. When sitting the other day with a dear man of God, who is afflicted with asthma, and was gasping almost every minute for breath, he said to me: "I do not know any other complaint that I would willingly take in exchange for this asthma; it is very distressing at times, but I have had it now for twelve years, and rather than begin with a new disease, I would prefer to keep on with

the one I have got." I could only say to him in reply: "Well; nobody knows my cross, nor can anybody estimate its weight as I feel it; and yet were all the people in the Tabernacle to lay their troubles down in one pile, and I had to pick my trouble out for myself, I would select the very one I have got, for though I am prone sometimes to think that it is the most oppressive a man can be called to endure, yet it fits my back." And so does yours, my dear brother, whosoever you are. Do not run away from it; stick to it; stand to it; God will help you through it, and you will see in the adaptation of the trial to your strength and to your sanctification that God must have been there scheming, and planning, and arranging, so that the trial should be just such as would be suitable to you; it would not have fitted anybody else; but it is just adapted to your constitution.

III. And now some of you will be ready to inquire WHY IT IS THAT GOD IS SO OFTEN WITH US AND WE DO NOT SEE HIM.

I think it is often because *God is so unostentatious in His goodness.* Do you know what I mean? When you were a child a gentleman gave you sixpence; oh, you did think a deal of that! Why, I recollect at this very moment the man that gave me sixpence once, and I think I feel grateful to him now; I am sure I do. I recollect what a vivid impression it made upon my mind, and how it has stamped itself upon my memory. Well, my father was spending at that time not a stray sixpence, but pounds every week, labouring and striving to bring up his children respectably, but I do not recollect that he ever made such an impression upon my mind by the great things he did for me as that stranger did by this one little act. Just so it is with our heavenly Father. We are so accustomed to have all our wants supplied that we seem to forget His bounty. You know, there is never so good a housekeeper as she is who conducts everything with such order and regularity that her presence is hardly observed, though her absence is speedily detected; but while matters proceed smoothly, you never inquire about her, and never think of her. So, God is such a blessed housekeeper for all His children, that while things go on with an even tenor and a Divine economy some of us are so foolish as to begin to forget that He is so near to us as He really is. Not till trouble comes, like an interruption to our daily supply, do we ask: "Where is my God?" Our heavenly Father does all His good work so quietly, so habitually, so constantly, without sound of trumpet or beat of drum, that very often He is in the place and we see Him not.

Another and a more powerful reason is, *because there is so much dirt in our eyes.* We do not see our God because we have got the world there. When we go into business in this smoky city, and the smoke blinds our eyes, we cannot see Him. Oh! that we often washed these visual organs of ours, so that, as the pure in heart, we should see our God!

I think another reason why we do not oftener see the Lord near us is because we do not look for Him. *We are slow to apprehend that He can be so good as He is to be always near us.* Our ideas of God, brethren, fall very far short of His real goodness and kindness. I remember describing this to you once by a homely figure. A dog comes to you when you are dining, puts his paw up, touches your knee, and looks in your face. You give him a piece of meat, which he eats directly;

he wants no invitation ; he feels it is all right that his master should give him a scrap or a bone. But suppose you rose up from the table, took off the large joint and set it down on the floor before him, what would he do ? Well, like a good dog, he would stand back ; he would say to himself, " Master cannot mean that for me ; that is too much for a dog ; he cannot intend that." And so he would get away from it ; he would feel that it was too much. Now, we think of God as the dog thinks of us. We cannot believe that He really is so good as He is, and when He hands to us the great mercy of His daily and abiding presence, we start back and say, " Nay, Lord, that cannot be meant for me. Can it be that Thou art ever with me ? May I come and tell Thee all my little troubles ? Can I be privileged to pour into Thy ears all my daily sorrows ?" You think you are only to repair to God when a great difficulty surprises you, or when a fierce tempest beats upon you. Oh ! but it is not so. He is a good and gracious God, and He is really present with you, and willing to help you, in every time of need. How much better to be like Alexander's friend, to whom the king said, " I will reward you in this way ; you may go to my treasurer and ask for what you like." So away he went, and applied for a hundred thousand talents of gold. The treasurer looked at him and objected that it was too large an amount, and he would not pay it. It was an enormous sum of money to demand, but when it was referred to Alexander he said, " Well, I told him I would give him whatever he asked. He seems to have very large ideas of Alexander ; let him have it. It may be a great thing for him to receive, but it is not too great for Alexander to give." When the Lord blesses us with great promises He will give us large bounties if we will but open our mouths wide, for we are not straitened in Him, we are straitened in our own bowels. The Lord grant us grace, then, to look for His presence, and when we do so we shall often see Him where hitherto we have not discerned Him.

IV. Now I shall close, dear friends, by just INCULCATING UPON YOU ONE OR TWO CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

And one is this. As now in looking back into the past you can see that God has been with you, even when you did not know it, *praise God, praise Him* to-night. Praise Him particularly to-night because you are in arrears. You did not praise Him when He was with you ; you did not know He was there ; now make up for it. Think of the many times when the mercies came in at the back door and you did not know who sent them ; you have now found out in looking back where they did come from. Well, now magnify His name, do give Him double honour to-night. Praise Him. Those who do not praise God are like the heathen ; those who do praise Him are like the angels. There is no prayer from saints in heaven, there is constant praise. Let us be full of praise. Oh ! let not our God who made us to glorify Him be defrauded of the grateful homage that is justly due to His blessed name. Be much in praise. It really is shocking that so many of us, who are constant in our prayers night and morning, should so often live by the week together without praise. Is not praise as necessary, and is not praise as comely, as prayer ever can be ? Oh ! for daily praise ! Let it be offered to our blessed God as the spontaneous tribute

of grateful hearts. As in the past God was with you and you did not know it, *depend upon it He is with you to-night though you do not know it.* Perhaps you have come here with a heavy heart; many such sorrowing souls frequent our week-night services. God is here with you, and He is saying to you, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed. I am thy God; when thou passest through the river I am with thee; the floods shall not overflow thee; when thou goest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Take care that you do not repeat your former mistakes. You thought God was not near, but He was; now believe that He is with you, and, in the future, when the dark days come one after the other, and the long and dreary winter that is withering your temporal circumstances seems as if it never would yield to a blessed spring of comfort, hope on still. Hold to it that God is with you in the furnace, with you in the tempest, with you in all difficulties and all dilemmas, and still trust Him when you cannot trace Him, and magnify and bless Him. If the blossoms should be blasted from the fig trees, and the vines should not yield their fruit, and flocks and herds should die, still magnify the name of the Lord. To do this we shall want more than human strength, but more than human strength is promised, for has He not said, "I will send you another Comforter, who shall abide with you for ever"? In the power of that blessed Comforter praise God for the past and go on rejoicing for the future.

God in His infinite mercy vouchsafe that any here present who have never seen Jesus may recollect that He is wherever there is a prayerful mind, that He is wherever there is any one who will cast himself at His feet; if you trust Him Jesus is yours. You have not to climb to heaven to find Him, nor to dive into the depths. He is close to you, near you, only trust Him. God help you to realise that the Lord is in this place, and to record your vows to Him. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER X.

THERE can be no doubt whatever that, as Englishmen, we have much to be thankful for. We dwell in what is conventionally called "a Christian land." Churches and chapels abound. Bibles are sold at a nominal price. New Testaments may be had for twopence each. Home missionaries visit the poor. Christian charities are in-

augurated in almost every town and place. And, in many other respects, our national privileges are great indeed. We certainly live in a favoured country and in an enlightened age. But this freely granted, what, after all, is the chief question of the Christian Church in the present day? What is that question which, above all others, is made the subject of discussion at Christian conferences, and which has to be debated over and over again, as if, notwithstanding all the controversies of

the past, the enigma has yet to be solved? That question is simply this—"How are we to reach the masses?" The frequent repetition of this question evidently implies that as yet, to any noteworthy extent at least, the masses have not been reached. Though we have had eighteen centuries of Christianity, the masses are still outside the Christian fold. The numbers that go to no place of worship in our cities, towns, and villages, and that live and die in the grossest ignorance and darkness, are so great, that the thought may well nearly cause the heart of the Christian philanthropist to break. Drunkenness is the national curse. Profanity abounds. Scepticism is on the increase. Principle is at a discount. Man is at war with his fellow man. Sabbath desecration and Sabbath labour are rife. Long cherished beliefs are being sapped and undermined. Commerce is rotten. Ruinous strikes and unwise combinations are fast driving trade to foreign countries and starving mothers and children *en masse*. And the love of luxury and selfish pleasure abounds in well-nigh every class of society to such an extent as to be sapping gradually the vital energies of the nation. Let not the reader think that we are saying too much or painting the picture in too dark colours. We have only to open our eyes and look around us to come to the conclusion that if we would do good in any humble measure we must make up our minds to battle in God's strength with the most appalling evils. As it was in the days of the Lord Jesus so it is in our days. Now, as then, "the multitudes faint, are scattered abroad, and are as sheep having no shepherd." Now, as then, the millions are "without hope and without God in the world." And

now, as then, as "the harvest is great and the labourers are few," there is as much need as ever for Christian people on every hand to lift up to the God of heaven the earnest agonising prayer that He will be graciously pleased to "send forth labourers into His harvest."

In this narrative we have endeavoured thus far to show what one earnest Christian man, with but a limited education and ordinary talents, could accomplish by simply aiming, under the influence of a spiritual mind, to "do what he could." He had often heard the question put, "How are we to reach the masses?" and, as we have seen, he had made it a matter of personal application by asking himself repeatedly, "*How am I to do it?*" His common sense told him that if the work was to be done at all it must be done by *individuals*, and not merely by collective agencies; and that, therefore, as a Christian man, he himself was responsible for doing his own share of it. And he thought that, in his own humble way, so far as regarded himself, he had satisfactorily solved the question.

"If," said he to a friend, "I am to reach the masses, I must go to 'em. As I said at the public meeting, they won't come to me; they won't come to my own or any other place of worship; they won't come of themselves to Christ; so I must, like the Master Himself, who "*went about doing good*," go about too, and try in the same way to do the same thing. If I can get at 'em in their homes or in the streets, or wherever they are to be found, and then talk to 'em, and try in all ways to win 'em for Christ, why then I shall have reached 'em. It seems to me a simple thing, after all, to get the question practically answered, at least so far as I am

concerned, and it only needs the disposition, and the time, and the pluck to do it."

Taking this view, John Carter, in the course of time, found out another method of reaching the people. He had already reached not a few in their homes, when it struck him that he might in a certain way also reach a large number out of doors. He had often observed on the Lord's-day, as he wended his way to chapel, the vast quantity of men and women, and specially of young men, who loitered about the streets and corners and the doors of public-houses, looking as if they had nowhere to go and had nothing to do. Could he not do something on their behalf to lead them to the Saviour? He thought he might at any rate do a little, and was much encouraged in thinking so by reading the following interesting fact:—

One Sunday afternoon an intelligent lad in the metropolis was out taking a walk. Happening to pass through Trafalgar-square, he saw a gentleman engaged in the distribution of tracts. As he looked on, the gentleman accosted him and placed a tract in his hand. But he did not stop there; he also kindly invited the youth to accompany him to his own place of worship—the Hon. Baptist Noel's chapel in John-street, Bedford row. The lad at once complied; went with the gentleman, heard the Word preached with pleasure, and was invited to come again. And to his newly-found friend's delight, he did come again; the gentleman taking care not only to give him a hearty welcome but also to see that he was accommodated with a seat. It was not long before this youth became a member of the large Bible class conducted by that useful servant of Christ and lover of young men,

John Roberts, and also a member of the church. Then, step by step, he became a preacher of the Gospel and a noted evangelist, whose indefatigable labours made him the instrument of winning hundreds to Christ. It was in this way that Mr. Kirton, one of the agents of the Young Men's Christian Association, was made the honoured instrument of leading the well-known Henry Varley to seek the Lord; and if he had achieved no other conquest in connection with his outdoor labours but this one as the result of his life's work, he would have felt himself amply rewarded for the self-denying efforts that he had put forth.

Encouraged by the perusal of this pleasing case, John Carter got a number of small handbills printed about four or five inches square, which gave a kind invitation to the receiver to attend his own place of worship; and on which were also inscribed three or four passages of Scripture that pointed out clearly man's sinful condition and the way of salvation. These he used in the following manner. Leaving his home on the Lord's-day evening half an hour before service time with a dozen or score of his handbills, which he carried boldly in one hand, he would come upon small groups or single persons who were loitering about, and, accosting them in kind tones, inquire first if they had anywhere in particular to go. Generally receiving an answer in the negative, he would then present his handbill, asking them to come with him. "Here," said he, "is an invitation for you to come to our chapel, where you will be sure to hear something good. I've got a nice seat free for you, and it is well supplied with hymn-books and Bibles, so that you may be made quite comfortable. What

do you say? Will you come with me and hear the Gospel? Don't you think it will be better than loitering about the streets?" It was curious to note the variety of replies that he received. The excuses of course were numerous. Some treated the invitation with contempt, and others as a good joke. Some thought that they were "not dressed well enough" to enter a place of worship, and on that account did not want to be looked upon as speckled birds; but promised that when they had better clothes they would come. Some were specially anxious to learn whether there was "likely to be a collection," as, if so, they had nothing to give. Not a few put him off by declining to come that night, but promising to come on some other. Occasionally he would alight on some bold secularist or blaspheming atheist, who took the opportunity of reviling God's Word, or challenging him to a debate on the truthfulness of Christianity. Sometimes fast young men would perpetrate a pitiful joke by asking him in return if he would take a glass with them at the Black Angel, or some other public-house or low beershop; and then with mock politeness or boisterous merriment assure him that "if he would not go with them they would not go with him." In a few instances his bills were torn up before his face and scattered to the winds, but we are happy to record, for the credit even of fallen humanity, that these cases were very rare. As a rule, whether the invitations were declined or accepted, their distributor was treated with a measure of respect; and often the worst characters gave him to understand that they inwardly appreciated his efforts thus to get at them and promote their welfare.

There was, however, a brighter side than this to look at. Few Sunday evenings passed away without John Carter being seen to usher politely into his vacant pew one or more of these street ramblers that he had been privileged to capture. His plan was to work on so far as time would allow until he had reached this point; then directly he had by kind persuasion won any over, without keeping them waiting by attempting to gain others, he would proceed immediately with them to his place of worship. Then directly they sat down in the pew he handed them the books; if necessary, found for them the hymns and chapters, noted how they seemed to feel during the service, and, at the close, shook hands with them and gave them a cordial invitation to come again the next Sunday. The result was that he came in contact with some who had rarely been in a place of worship before in their lives; with others who were backsliders; and with a goodly number who only needed such kind of invitation and help to come and listen to the glad tidings of salvation. Some were thus arrested who were as ignorant as heathens, and could not have answered the simplest question which a teacher might have put to a Sunday-school scholar. Others, in deep trouble and wrapped in dark despair, were seriously contemplating deeds of crime, and even suicide. In one interesting case he was thus led to rescue a promising young man from ruin, and to prevail upon him to return to his friends and respectable society. And, to crown all, he found, in several cases, that the reading of the *texts* on his handbill had been made a means of blessing to souls; and that some from being thus drawn to attend the house of God

occasionally, after a while attended habitually, and became sincere converts. And, as if this were not enough, the Lord gave him more fruit still, for, in the course of time, a few other young men, encouraged by his success, copied his example, and ultimately founded a Young Men's Evangelistic Association, which, in scattering abroad Gospel tracts and invitations, and holding open-air meetings, succeeded in inducing many to leave the broad road that was fast leading them to destruction, to walk safely in the narrow way that leadeth unto life eternal.

(To be continued.)

CALLING THE LAMBS.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

"Give attendance to reading."
TIMOTHY iv. 13.

By your astonished looks I can see that you did not know there was such a text in the Bible as this. Yet there is, for it was written by the Apostle Paul to a young man named Timothy. This young man had been converted under the Apostle's preaching, and was afterwards ordained to be a preacher of the Gospel himself. St. Paul always felt a great interest in him, and was constantly giving him good advice and wise counsel. The few words we have chosen to-day are among the wisest he ever sent to him. The first meaning we must give to them is, that Timothy was required to read the Scriptures to the people that rejoiced in his ministry, and that he was to pay very great attention to this part of his duty. But many wise men tell us that we can also take the words

to be an exhortation to Scripture reading in private, and to reading in general.

First of all, then, I will speak to you about reading the Scriptures, and then of reading other kinds of books.

The Bible is the wisest, truest, noblest book in the whole world. He who reads it well may also become wise, and true, and noble. It was written by God, that men might learn to love Him, and to be like Him. It teaches us the secret of making this life both happy and useful, and enables us to look forward to the life which is to come without a fear. It is a book for all men, of all classes and conditions. The wise ones of the earth may come to it and return wiser than they came. The good may admire its blessed precepts and examples, and henceforth be far better in heart and life. The poor may forget their poverty as they learn from its sacred pages that only those are rich who are "poor in spirit." The saddened and afflicted may lighten their burdens if they take to themselves its tender consolations. The dying may cast away their fears, as they breathe out their last moments, humbly resting on its sweet promises of mercy. It is the Book for us all, and is fitted to help us in all the duties, difficulties, and disasters of life. The child who will read it shall lay the foundation of a bright future. The young man who makes it the guide of his youth shall be stronger than temptation. The old man who has learnt its lessons well shall find his last days crowded with blessings best of all—it is to those who will make it so, the Book of eternal life. Children, let me press you, with all earnestness, to read it; you will never regret doing so. I have never yet heard of any one, who

said in death, "I wish I had never read the Bible." But on the other hand I have heard of many who thanked God that they chose it for their counsellor. Remember this, he who neglects his Bible, insults his God and robs his own soul. Do not be a coward, and refuse to read it because some will laugh at you and call you a saint. If they were not utterly foolish they would not laugh at you. Wise men of every age set us the example, and tell us that we cannot do better than read it; Paul the Apostle constantly studied it. Luther, when he had found it in the University of Erfurt, spent the rest of his life in learning its soul-saving truths, and in proclaiming them to his fellow men. John Huss loved it so well that he died for it; so did Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley. John Bunyan read it over and over again while he was shut up in his prison cell at Bedford. Hedley Vicars always kept it open in his tent, and dared to show his love for it amongst men who treated it with scorn. So you see, that those who have done the most good in the world were its constant readers. Do as they did, and be brave enough to keep it open though the mocking laugh of folly bid you to close it. Read it often. Read it slowly. Read it prayerfully. Read it with a desire to do whatsoever it commands you.

To the little ones who are here, let me say that the Bible is the most wonderful story book they can read. In the tales of the Arabian Nights, the story of a young man is told, who was shut up in a great palace. Day after day he wandered down the long passages, and up the tower steps, but saw no way of escape. At last he discovered a door and found the key which opened it. In a moment the

door flew back, and he stood on the threshold almost blinded by the brilliant scene before him. There was nothing but gold and precious stones in the room which he was entering. But when you open the Bible, there are better things than that to see. It is like swinging back the door of heaven, for through the Bible we can behold the glories of the City of God, and watch the angels flying to and fro, and admire the beautiful white throne whereon the Lord Himself doth sit to hear the songs of the redeemed; here also we may stand in the Garden of Eden, and see what the world was like before there was any sin, and when there were no graves. Then we may go and watch the animals enter the Ark, and afterwards hear the descending flood as it comes to drown mankind. Then we may stand upon the plain where Jacob sleeps, and see the angels of God descending to comfort the heart of the weary wanderer. Then we may be present when Joseph's cruel brothers lower him down into the dark pit. Afterwards we may walk along the banks of the Nile and listen to the baby cry of Moses, as his little cradle floats among the rushes. Then we may keep by his side all the long forty years' journey through the wilderness and see the manna fall from heaven, and watch the people come out of their tents to gather it. We may go into Canaan with Joshua; tend sheep with David, and see him crowned. We may stand by the fire and watch the three Hebrew youths as they praise their God in the midst of its burning heat; and may keep Daniel company while the hungry lions roar around him. Oh this is a wonderful story book, but the sweetest story of all that it contains is,

"The old, old story of Jesus and His love."

There is nothing better than that. It tells us of God's mercy, and of His desire that we all should be saved; it tells us, that if we will only come to Him we shall find rest and peace. Read this story again and again, dear children. Go to the manger at Bethlehem and worship Jesus. Go with them over the sea of Galilee and hear those strange but blessed words, which calmed the bursting storm, "Peace, be still." Sit down with the people when He breaks the five loaves, and watch their wondering looks as He feeds them. Be with Him when He heals the sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind; and raises the dead. Be near Him when all forsake Him; watch Him when He dies, and remember that He hangs upon the cross and wears the crown of thorns for you. If you can only understand the story of the cross, your life shall be blessed for evermore. You may understand it, if you will only believe in your own simple way that He died for you.

Now, as the time has passed away so swiftly, let me give you a little advice on general reading.

Read the best books of the best authors.

This is a wise plan. It will save you very much labour, and preserve you from many errors. I do not mean that you are not to read anything which is written by those who are not great, but as a general rule read the best—a good book containing riches which will adorn your life with true glory. Gather the precious jewels of wisdom, and let your mind and heart be the storehouses of truth. Learn from them to be wise yourself, and to teach others wisdom. A book is useful to us according as it makes

us useful. If a man has read all the books in Christendom, and cannot do something to benefit the race, that man's reading is vain. Read, then, more earnestly, with the view to serve God better, and help your brother.

Read a good book over and over again.

He is a clever man who can understand a good book at one reading. Such a man never was born; for a good book every time it is read will reveal fresh beauties to those who have read it before. It is not the number of books which we read that will make us wise, but the few good ones which we go through again and again. Master every book before you finally put it aside; that is my advice.

Read slowly, and give more time to thinking than to reading.

Books are helpful according as they make us think for ourselves. And we shall not be able to think for ourselves unless we give ourselves time to thoroughly grasp the thoughts of the writer. I have known lads whose only pride in reading was to do it faster than any one else. That was utter folly. The slowest reader makes the brightest thinker. You may not get to the castle of fame so quickly by this means, but you will bring more true worth when you arrive, than those who have gone along faster than you have.

Read a bad book—NEVER.

If you should have one given you, burn it. Do not read it yourself, and place it entirely out of the reach of anybody else. If once you read it, the evil impression which it makes will never leave you till death. It is a red-hot iron, which brands the heart with disgrace. In my early days, a book of this kind came into my hands. I read it—and all the years which have passed between that time and now I have

spent in trying to blot out the memory of its badness, but I cannot do it. Tears will not wash it away, nor repentance. Only God can do this, and, blessed be His name, He will clear away the trace of all our misdeeds when we go home to Him washed in the blood of the Lamb. Be wise in your youth. Cast the evil thing from you at once, and only read that which is good, so that you may learn to be good too.

Some other day we will have a longer talk about books, but in the meanwhile let us follow the Apostle Paul's advice and, "Give attendance to reading."

Preston.

ASSURANCE.

BY THOMAS HENSON.

ASSURANCE! What is that? "In theology, security with respect to future happiness, or acceptance with God," so say the dictionaries. Paul expresses it thus, "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." What could John Newton mean when he sang:—

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no;
Am I His, or am I not?

Dear good man, he has gone up above now, and left off singing that, having been led by the Lord whom his heart did love, into the "banqueting room," to sit undisturbedly under "the banner of eternal love." I am not at all disposed to repeat "Billy Dawson's" parody upon the above lines. He and John Newton were both intense lovers of Jesus, but they were of

widely different mental temperaments, and learned Divine things in two widely differing human schools. This may account for Billy's parody upon John's Kardiphonia.

But the assurance of our eternal security in Christ Jesus is not a matter of mental temperament, or of human schooling; they may affect it, but its source and attainment are independent of them. We must listen to the teachings of the Divine Spirit, not to the breathings of human experience. What then saith the Scriptures about it?

Three forms or degrees of it are mentioned. Paul has a conflict of anxious desire and prayer for saints in Colosse, "That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, even of the Father and of Christ." He tells the Hebrews that "God is not unmindful of the work and labour of love" of His people, and desires that they will every one of them show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end. And having told them that they have a good and most gracious High Priest over the house of God, he exhorts them to draw near, with a true heart, in the full assurance of faith, having their hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and their bodies washed with pure water. The sum of these passages seems to be this:—Have such a full, rich, and wealthy understanding of the doctrines of Christ, as shall produce a settled conviction, an undisturbed persuasion of the truthfulness of them; this will be a fully assured faith, and this will give such stability and brightness to your desires and expectations of all that is offered to you in Christ Jesus, as shall amount to the rich abounding assurance of

hope. Now just examine these passages, and you will see that the assurance of understanding is linked on the one hand with "being knit together in love;" and on the other, with the "acknowledgment of the mystery of God." *i.e.*, a courageous profession of godliness before the world. You will see that the assurance of faith lives upon the very precious truth that Jesus is our all and in all, our High Priest before God; and that so living upon the fulness of Christ, it is attended by a sanctified, holy heart and life. You will see that the assurance of hope is embarked on the one side by diligent ministering to the saints in the name of God, and on the other by an energetic perseverance, through faith and patience, to the inheritance.

There is one sweet letter in the New Testament which seems to have been written specially for such as are desirous to enjoy this assurance, I mean the first Epistle of John. It sets forth most distinctly the means by which this blessedness may be attained. The following are some of its precious teachings. "Hereby we know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments." "Whoso keepeth His word, in Him verily is the love of God perfected; hereby know we that we are in Him." "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things;" and, consequently, ye know your own salvation in Him. By "abiding in Christ, we obtain confidence in the day of God." "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "By loving, not in empty profession, but in substantial and hearty truthfulness, we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him"—and once more: "Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which

He hath given unto us." All the passages quoted from Paul and from John show to us that the believer's enjoyment of Divine assurance is, some way or other, connected with his own obedience to Divine precepts.

Is it so, then, that assurance is the fruit of our obedience and good doing? No, it is a water-spring in the soul. Christ, with His finished work, is its fountain. The heart, living in love, and lovingly obedient, comes to understand more and more, by Divine teaching, the infinite fulness there is in that finished work; and faith, ever feeding on such heavenly food, and so living in the light of His countenance, like the eagle's eye becomes increasingly accustomed to such heavenly light, taking higher and yet higher flights into its transcendent glory; while hope, the calm and silent passion of the soul—the first to cheer, and the last to despair,—as an anchor, enters into Christ as its sure holding-ground, fastening the spirit to the promise of God on whom he is fixed, and to heaven which he desires, just as a ship is fastened to the ground on which her sheet-anchor is dropped—but with infinitely greater security. Assurance can find no holding-ground in us, our frames and feelings and general experience are loose sands, ever drifting: Christ alone is the sure holding-ground. Make your personal interest in election the object of assurance, and how will you attain to it? By the process indicated above. Thus Paul knew the election of the Thessalonians, by "remembering their work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God." And thus he urged the Colossians, as "the elect of God, holy and beloved, to put on bowels of mercies, kindness, hum-

bleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, even as Christ forgave them." Love and obedience are not the grounds of assurance, but if you are seeking it, you cannot dispense with them. Look at yonder river: would you suppose its bed and banks to be its source? No, its headspring is far away among the hills; but without its bed and banks, would it be that river? So your assurance is a quiet river, flowing in your heart, of which Christ, the rock which followed Israel, and follows him still, is the perennial spring. What then shall we say of this "keeping of the commandments—this perfecting of God's love—this unction from the Holy One—this love of the brethren—this loving indeed and of a truth—this forgiving and forbearing one with another?" Because

these are not the riven rock out of which the river springs, shall we reject them as the appointed banks between which God has said it shall flow in our souls? I know not which is the greater folly, fraught with the saddest results, to look to these things without Christ, or to look to Him, while we wilfully neglect them. That was a true saying of good Thomas Brooks. "If you would attain to assurance, then you must mind your work more than your wages, you must be better at obeying than at disputing, at doing and walking, than at talking and wrangling. Assurance is heavenly wages, which Christ gives not to loiterers, but to holy labourers. Though no man merits assurance by obedience, yet God usually crowns obedience with assurance."

Long Buckby.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST A REFUGE.

FOR OCTOBER 5TH.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower."—Prov. xviii. 10.

THE Psalmist declares that the name of the Lord is a strong tower, and that the righteous run into it and are safe: and we know that the name of our God is Jehovah Jesus, and that He is the refuge of His people. It is written that He that abideth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and we know that He who was once

despised and rejected of men, and who was hidden from the world, is the refuge of His own people, where, sheltered beneath His merits, they find peace, rest, and protection from all the storms of guilt, sorrow, and unrest, which beat with pitiless fury upon an unbelieving world; and those who thus by faith find and realize the presence of Christ by faith, know that the name of God is in Him; that He, as their Prophet, Priest, and King, is possessed of all the Divine perfections, and enter experimentally into the meaning of the

grand old words, "And a Man shall be a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This blessed Rock projects its shadow vast and deep all round the universe of God, and broken-hearted men and women can find it by faith and prayer everywhere. O my soul, whatever storms may beat upon thee, abide beneath this Rock, for here only thou wilt find protection and peace, and those rivers of Divine love and grace which will supply all thy needs, and revive, cheer, and refresh thee in the parched places of this world's wilderness.

CHRIST A FOUNTAIN.

FOR OCTOBER 12TH.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii. 1.

WHAT a fountain we have here for sin and uncleanness! And what a deal it cost God to open it, even the gift of His own Son, and that Son the blood of His heart, to fill it. Who but God could have provided it, and who but Himself could have opened it? This was indeed the work of God. Hence says the prophet, "It pleased the Father to bruise Him and put Him to grief; and when Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands." O how numberless are our sins, and how deep the depravity which could only be removed by the blood of the Son of God! By His sufferings and death Christ has become a fountain of merit now to all who approach Him in faith; for His blood, saith

the Apostle, cleanseth from all sin; a fountain of peace which no storm of felt guilt can remove; a fountain of purity; for, from His wounded side flows not only the blood which cleanseth our guilt, but those living waters of the Spirit's influence and grace which save the soul from the love and dominion of sin, and lead it to desire and seek to become holy even as God is holy. O blessed fountain, opened on Calvary, and fed by a spring which can never die—even by the Spirit of God—spring up in our souls to quicken and revive; refresh and make fruitful even unto death, so that we may indeed realise the truth of Christ's own words, "Whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him, he shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a fountain of living waters springing up into everlasting life."

CHRIST A SHIELD.

FOR OCTOBER 19TH.

"But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of mine head."—Ps. iii. 3.

How weak and defenceless is the strongest Christian, and how speedily, left to himself, does he fall in the battle before the least of his many foes; but Christ is ever near to help, his shield and defence; and through Him he is more than a match for all his foes. And the shield of the Christian is not like a piece of dead armour which he is to use in His own strength; Christ is present as a living Christ to strengthen and defend. When Satan is near to point to our sins, Christ directs our faith to His blood; when Satan points to our rage, Christ reveals His righteousness; when Satan would crush us by despair, Christ

inspires hope, and makes His grace perfect in weakness. Through all this teaching and Divine discipline Christ teaches us the meaning of His own words, "I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," and leads us constantly out of ourselves to hide in His perfections and perfect work. O Lord, in every hour of temptation and trial be near, our only shield and helper, and work in us such a faith as, taking hold of Thee, Thy strength may protect us, and perfect itself in our very weakness.

CHRIST A TREE OF LIFE.

FOR OCTOBER 26TH.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. xxiii. 14.

CHRIST is said to be the Tree of Life, in the midst of the paradise of God, and to bear twelve manner of fruits. There are those things to be found in Christ suited to the life and needs of all His redeemed people at all times and in all places,

and they are ever Divinely sweet. In His person and work, His words and example, faith ever finds the sweet and luscious wine of God's eternal and unchanging love, to revive and cheer and build up the soul to eternal life; hence the fruit found on Him never dries, but ever brings healing, health and joy to the sanctified heart. This fruit is abundant and accessible, for though Christ is a lofty tree, filling the highest heavens with the fruit of God's own holiness, and love, and joy and peace, it spreads also its low-bending boughs around the entire universe of God, and the weakest faith of a poor broken-hearted sinner can reach its low-bending boughs and sweet fruits and live, as he hears the voice of his reconciled God and Father speaking to Him from out of the paradise of God, and saying, "Eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, O beloved." Beneath the shade of this Tree of Life may we abide, and then something of the joy of the paradise above shall be ours, as we from day to day, and hour by hour, in the exercise of a living, appropriating faith, partake of its living fruit.

Reviews.

The Handbook to the Bible. Old Testament. Illustrated with Charts, Maps, and Illustrations. By WALTER SCOT. Edinburgh: R. M. Cameron, 22, Giles-street.

THIS is a very comprehensive and valuable work, written with great research and care, giving the opinions and conclusions of the most eminent writers, including the latest results of investigation of Biblical subjects. It is formed on the basis of being helpful to teachers of Bible classes and schools, and those who are engaged in the

ministry. It does not break a lance with the sceptic, nor give the usual chapters on the proofs of the Divine authority of the Scriptures, but is distinctly written for believers and with the view of helping those who devoutly accept the Bible as the Word of God. It embraces the natural history of the Bible, including the plants and animals of Scripture, the tabernacle and its offerings, the history of the various books, Bible symbols and their meanings, typical persons, several hundreds of Biblical notes, explana-

tions of obsolete words, and corrections of mistranslations, with numerous engravings, well-defined maps, and charts. This is one of the best Bible-reader's helps we have met with. It is also elegantly got up, and is worthy of a place in every household, and should be in the hands of every minister and teacher. We hope often to peruse its pages, and trust that the writer will be so encouraged as to soon favour us with his promised *Handbook of the New Testament*.

The Religious and Social Question.

By ISAAC PEREIRE. Translated by Miss Twemlow. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THE leading thought of the writer is one we accept and cherish, namely, that it is the work of the Christian Church to seek the social and moral elevation of the world. We revere the social side in the character of Him who went about doing good—beginning with the beginning and ending with the end of life; cheering the wedding guests at Cana and comforting the mourners at Bethany; blessing little children, and scattering priceless favours among the poor, the sick, and the dying, and teaching the grandest code of morals the world has ever known. But all this was the accompaniment only to His greater work. *He came to redeem and save man and guide him to the better life beyond.* We demur to the doctrine which would merge the individual in the Church, so as that he should *lose himself in the multitude*. This passage is not welcome to us. LUTHER SOWED THE SEEDS OF THAT MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ELEMENTS TO FAITH, VIZ., INDIVIDUALISM. We think it better to have a multitude of creeds than that man should lose his religious and intellectual right to think and act for himself in matters of the soul and God. We hear two voices: the one—*Hear My beloved Son*, the other—*Hear the Church*, and we can only listen to the latter when she echoes the words of the former. The Church of Rome never will be the social and moral regenerator of the world. The

hope for the world is the sealing of her doom, with the cry of "Babylon has fallen." We believe the way to move the Church is to teach the individual his privilege, his duty, and *his liberty*. It has been said that the best committee ever known was the one which built the ark, for if there had been more than Noah on it, the ark might not have been done in time for the flood.

John Pearce, the Colporteur; or, What Shall We Read? By the author of "Miss Gray's Text," "After the Holidays," &c. Elliot Stock.

GOOD in its object and its tone, and well designed to advance the love of pure literature and help forward the objects of that worthy and hard-working class of men who sow the seed of the Kingdom and carry enlightening and enriching books to some of the most out-of-the-way places of the earth. The writer merits and has our approval. The tale is well told, and the object a noble one.

Studies on the Baptismal Question; including a Review of Dr. Dale's "Inquiry into the Uses of Baptism." By the Rev. DAVID B. ISAARD. Boston: A. Young and Co., 13, Bromfield-street. New York: Ward and Drummond, 116, Nassau-street.

THIS volume contains over four hundred closely printed pages, and is in reply to a work of four volumes of eighteen hundred octavo pages, and forming without doubt the highest work ever written on baptism. The qualifications required to reply to so voluminous a writer were untiring patience, ripe scholarship, keen discernment, and absorbing interest in the subject. All these qualifications are manifestly possessed by the writer. The work will take its place as a book of reference, and will stand second to none in the Baptismal controversy. The chapters on "Baptismal Monuments of the Early Church" and on "Infant Baptism in the Early Church" are of special interest. And while the whole work will have particular claims on readers at the other side of the Atlantic, it is of

such a character as must find crowds of earnest readers everywhere. It should be read thoughtfully by all opposed to our views; for while the writer is keen to detect a flaw in the argument of his opponent, and to see the opportunity of making a thrust in every faulty point in his armour, yet he is always the Christian and the gentleman. We thank the writer. The Church is indebted to him for his valuable labour. *We are sorry to observe that the volume has no London publisher.*

Thought Blossoms Gathered at Richmond.
By J. HUNT COOKE Elliot Stock.

OUR brother is really a very busy bee, gathering honey from every opening flower. It is a similar book to one by the same writer which it was recently our pleasure to notice favourably. It contains forty four sacred and moral pieces, all excellent. We extract one. It may not be the best of them, but it is greatly to our taste.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"Let your light shine before men."

Keep up the light,
Let it shine bright,
Out in the darkness of the night;
Talk not of ease,
Or whom it may please,
Free let it shine on the black stormy seas.

You never can know
What vessels may go
Safe to the harbour if light you show;
Nor can you see
The wrecks there may be
If your lamp go out neglectfully.

Calm midst turmoil,
Spare not your toil;
Keep the wick trimmed, there is plenty
of oil;
Shine on, we pray,
Till the dawning of day,
And the Master shall come your wages
to pay.

£20 *Award. Atheism and Scepticism Tested by Prescience in the provision of Milk or Nutriment. A Challenge to all who have challenged the Revealed Word, and other Tracts.* E. White, 396, King's-road, Chelsea.

GOOD tracts for circulation among sceptics, especially any who have been recently tainted; for we have but little hope that the Christian Evidence Society, or the Christian efforts such as those put forth by the writer of these tracts, will even move such a man as Charles Bradlaugh; nothing but the grace of God can change a heart so hard or remove black prejudice so strong. The secret lies here. *The carnal mind is enmity against God.* We are glad to see that this is a second edition, and would particularly recommend the circulation of the leaflet, *The Infidel put to Shame and Silence by an Old Woman.*

OUR MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

ON our library table are this month's *Baptist Magazine*, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist Magazine*, the reading of which has afforded us much pleasure, and we think them unusually good. We have received *The Warning Voice*, *The British Flag*, *Evangelical Christendom*, also *The Baptist* and *Freeman*, which we have not room to notice this month.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. T. E. RAWLINGS has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wellington-road, Stoke Newington, and has

accepted that of the church at Boxmoor, Herts.

Rev. W. Clatworthy, of the Pastors' College, has received a very cordial invitation from the newly-formed

Baptist church at Fishergate, near Brighton.

Rev. E. S. Hadler, of the Pastors' College, having received a unanimous invitation from the members of the church worshipping at Thorpe, has accepted the same.

Rev. John Stubbs has resigned the pastorate of the church at Eythorne, Kent, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the European church at Allahabad, N W. India.

Rev. W. F. Harris, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous and hearty call to the pastorate of the church at Chesterfield.

Rev. J. Taylor, of the Pastors' College, has received a unanimous and very cordial invitation from the church and congregation at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. A. C. Perriam has resigned the pastorate of the church at Eastgate, Louth.

Rev. Thomas Napoleon Smith, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the church at Monks Kirby and Pallton, Warwickshire.

RECOGNITIONS.

ON Monday, August 18th, recognition services were held in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. A. Davies, late of Belfast, as pastor of the church at Kegworth. Appropriate portions of Scripture were read by Rev. S. Yates, and an address was delivered on "The Nature of the Christian Church," by Rev. Joseph Lewis. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. Stevenson, and an address on "The Pastoral Office" was delivered by Rev. Dr. Underwood, and an address on "The Duty of Church Members" was delivered by Rev. T. R. Evans. The evening meeting was presided over by Rev. S. Yates, late pastor, and was addressed by Rev. Joseph Lewis, Rev. T. R. Evans, and others.

Ordination services connected with the settlement of Rev. E. Jones, of Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the Penzance Church—the most influential

Nonconformist cause in the Rhymney district—have been held. Sermons were preached by Revs. Seth Jones, E. Jones, and J. Richards. The Rev. S. Parry, T. Davies, D.D., J. P. Williams, L.L.D., Seth Jones, and others, took part in the proceedings.

Ordination services connected with the settlement of Rev. W. Griffiths, of Llangollen College as pastor of the Darren Velen Chapel, Clydach, Abergavenny have been held. Rev. Dr. Jones, President of the College, delivered the charge to the church and to the minister. Revs. W. Morgan, Rees, Johns, and others took part in the proceedings. The chapel has recently been renovated and improved.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. G. J. Moore, as pastor of the church at Grafton-street, Northampton, have been celebrated. On Sunday the Rev. George Rogers preached. At the Monday afternoon service an interesting history of the church was read by the Rev. J. Matthews. The Rev. J. Rogers delivered the charge to the pastor. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. J. J. Perry, J.P., at which addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. T. Prust, G. Phillips, and others.

A recognition service connected with the settlement of the Rev. J. Collins as pastor of the church at New-lane, Lymington, Hants, was held on Tuesday, September 2nd, under the presidency of the Rev. J. B. Birt, of Beaulieu. Several ministers of Southampton, Bournemouth, and other places took part in the proceedings.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. O. Tidmen, as pastor of the church at King-street, Blaenavon, have been held. Sermons were preached by the Revs. J. P. Thomas, L. L. Jones, Isaac Watts, and J. Thomas. Mr. R. Cory presided at a public meeting, addresses being delivered by the Revs. J. P. Jones, J. Thomas, J. R. Jones, and others.

HULL.—On Aug. 31st sermons were preached by the pastor, Rev. W. Sumner, in commemoration of the 143rd

anniversary of the establishment of the church worshipping there. On Sept. 2nd a tea and public meeting took place in connection with the said anniversary, and also for the purpose of publicly recognising Mr. Sumner as pastor. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Councillor Fraser. During the evening Mr. Sumner was cordially welcomed by Mr. Swinchatt (one of the deacons) on behalf of the church, and also by Revs. J. Sibree, C. Welton, J. O'Dell, J. Macdonald, and others.

PRESENTATIONS.

On Monday, Aug. 11th, a farewell tea meeting was held in the schoolroom at New Lenton, in honour of Rev. Jas. Parkinson, who is leaving after nearly five years' pastorate, for Queensbury. At half-past seven a meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. J. Saxby, senior deacon, presided, and presented to Mr. Parkinson a purse of money and an illuminated address. Mr. S. Tagg presented a portrait of Mrs. Parkinson to Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. J. Gamble presented a portrait of Mr. Parkinson to Mrs. Parkinson, and Mr. Thos. Wragg presented Mrs. Parkinson with a cabinet workbox.

At the close of the weekly service in Castlegate Church, Berwick, on the 27th of August, Mr. William Paxton, in the name of members of the congregation and other friends, presented Rev. W. S. Chedburn with a purse of fifty guineas, and a beautifully illuminated testimonial in a handsome gilt frame, as a token of their esteem, on the occasion of his leaving Berwick for another sphere of labour. Mr. Chedburn has entered on his work at Aberdeen.

NEW CHURCHES.

A NEW chapel has been formally opened at Horley, Surrey. It has been built to accommodate 250 persons, and has cost about £1,100, subscribed by Mr. S. Barrow, of Redhill. The opening ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, who preached in the afternoon. In the evening a tea and public meeting was held, under the

presidency of Mr. W. W. Baynes, among the speakers being the Revs. J. D. Marshall, G. Rogers, of Pastors' College, J. A. Spurgeon, H. Bailey, and Mr. Olney.

Memorial stones of a new English Baptist chapel, to be erected at Kensington, Brecon, have been laid by Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, who spoke at length upon the belief and practices of the Baptists. Mr. John Evans read a paper on the history of the Baptists in the county of Brecon. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. J. W. Lance, D. B. Edwards, D. Howells, John Meredith, Professors Morris and Rowlands, B.A., and J. J. Jones. Rev. J. W. Lance preached in the evening. The total amount realised was £174, including £100 from Mr. Evans, and £20 from Mr. Cory. The new building is estimated to cost £2,000, of which £800 has already been contributed.

A new chapel has just been opened at Herne Bay, under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Pettman. The building, intended to accommodate 300 persons, is estimated to cost £1,500, towards which upwards of £800 has been already contributed.

The memorial stone of a new chapel has been laid at Martham, Great Yarmouth, by George White, Esq., of Norwich. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, T. G. Gathercole, Revs. T. A. Wheeler, Wm. Scriven, T. Hagen, S. Willetts, J. Rodwell, and other ministers and friends. The total proceeds amounted to over £100. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has contributed £10, and Mr. Colman, M.P., has promised to give £100 towards the building fund.

A new chapel has been opened at Llangennech. Its dimensions are forty-two and a half feet by sixty feet, and its cost, including schoolrooms, has been £2,800. The minister is Rev. Philip Phillips, who has also the charge of the church at Maescawr, near Dafen. The opening services were conducted by Rev. David Job, sermons being preached to crowded congregations by the Revs. Dr. Morgan, Dr. Price, R. D. Roberts, and J. Rowlands. The proceeds of the day were encouraging.

A new chapel has just been opened

at Blackley, the service being conducted by the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. The structure, with minister's house, has cost £3,700, some £2,000 of which remains to be raised. Accommodation for 800 persons is afforded. The old chapel has existed for nearly a century, but was not sufficiently large to meet present requirements.

Memorial stones of a new chapel to be erected at Harlington, Middlesex (Rev. W. Crick, pastor), were laid on Thursday, Sept. 14th. The Revs. H. Bayley and H. E. Stone opened the proceedings. Col. Griffin, Mr. T. Wild, and Mr. R. Ratcliff officiated at the ceremony, followed by the Rev. J. Clifford, who delivered an address. A public meeting was held in the evening under the presidency of Mr. J. T. Olney, addresses being given by Revs. J. T. Wigner, H. E. Stone, and others.

Pellon-lane Chapel, Halifax, which was in February last totally destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt, and the new building has just been opened for public worship. The outlay involved has amounted to about £3,500, towards which £3,000—including the insurance of £1,500—had been promised prior to the opening services. The Rev. P. P. Macmaster, of Bradford, preached upon the occasion. A new organ has been erected.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE friends of the Baptist Tabernacle, Southend-on-Sea, met on Wednesday, the 13th inst., to celebrate the opening of their new school. After tea a public meeting was held, which was well attended. The chair was taken by H. E. Lester, jun., Esq. Several ministers and friends addressed the meeting; and the promises and gifts having been paid in, there was a balance due to the treasurer of £59. After collecting £16 ls. 3d. in the meeting, the worthy chairman and his esteemed wife offered to give twenty guineas, on condition that the whole be at once cleared off. The meeting promptly responded, the whole amount was obtained, and a meeting long to be remembered closed with prayer. On

the following day the Sunday-school children were regaled with a good tea, and in the evening spent some happy hours in the cricket field, their pleasures being very much enhanced by a gift of choice toys, presented by Mrs. H. E. Lester, jun., with a promise of books for a loan library.

BAGNOR, NORTH WALES.—The annual treat of the English Baptist Sunday school with their friends took place on September 3rd. The children and friends met at the chapel at half-past twelve, and afterwards marched to the railway station, whence they made a delightful trip to Aber, thence to Wig, the residence of William Roberts, Esq., who had kindly placed his grounds at their disposal. The children and friends had tea on the lawn in front of the mansion. Various sports were carried on till dusk, and, after singing several hymns and giving three times three for their kind entertainers, returned to the station, and arrived at Bangor about eight o'clock, every one being delighted with the arrangements. The weather was all that could be desired.—**ROBT. BECK**, Superintendent.

HORSFORTH, NEAR LEEDS.—We are glad to notice that the church at Horsforth, Rev. W. H. Rolfs, pastor, is benefited to the extent of £39 18s. by the will of the late Mrs. Avison, of Halifax, nineteen guineas having been bequeathed by that lady for the benefit of the poor members, and nineteen guineas for carrying on the services, which will be the more acceptable through the present condition of depressed trade.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberdare*, Carmel (Eng.)—August 24, Four, by T. Jones.
Abersychan.—August 20, Seven, by J. Cole.
Aberillery.—August 17, Ebenezer Chapel Nine, by L. Jones.
Armitcy, Leeds.—September 10, Carr Crofts Chapel, Six, by A. P. Fayers.
Ashford, Kent.—September 4, Norwood-street, Six, by E. Roberts.
Bacup.—September 7, Ebenezer Chapel, One by W. Gay.
Bethlehem, near Haverfordwest.—September 7, Three, by D. O. Edwards.
Billingboro'.—August 31, Two, by C. Horne

Birmingham.—August 27, Warwick-street, Seven, by S. W. Martin.
Bradford-on-Avon.—August 31, Zion Chapel, Two, by R. H. Powell.
Bradninch, Devon.—August 8, Three, by S. G. Strong.
Brighton.—August 15, Eight, by W. M. Compton.
Bulwell.—August 10, Ten, by J. R. Godfrey.
Bures.—August 31, Three, by J. Kemp.
Burton-on-Trent.—August 31, Guild-street, Nine, by J. Askew.
Derby.—September 7, Osaston-road Chapel, Seven, by W. H. Tedley.
Doulais.—August 10, Beulah Chapel, Four, by J. Williams; also Two on the 14th.
Dronfield, Derbyshire.—August 17, Two, by D. T. Ingham.
Dunfermline.—August 27, Four, by J. T. Hagen.
Eckington, Worcestershire.—September 4, Two, by W. E. Wheeler.
Erdington.—August 10, Three, by Mr. Donald.
Foots Cray, Kent.—August 31, Three, by B. E. Sears.
Glasgow.—August 17, Frederick-street, Three, by A. F. Mills.
Griffithstown, near Pontypool.—August 27, Four, by J. Tucker.
Hull.—August 10, South-street Chapel, Four, by W. Sumner.
Leeds.—August 31, at Burley-road Chapel, Two, by R. J. Hilman.
Lipton, Devon.—August 24, One, by G. Parker.
Liverpool.—August 31, Soho-street, Two, by E. W. Walter.
Llantrissant, Glam.—August 10, Three, by T. Baker.
Longton.—August 24, Nine, by C. T. Johnson.
Lowestoft.—August 14, London-road, Three, by E. Mason.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—September 7, Bethel Chapel, Seven, by T. A. Pryce.
Martham, Great Yarmouth.—August 17, Two, by T. G. Gathercole.
Milom, Cumberland.—September 7, One, by E. Brown.

Mossley, near Manchester.—August 9, Four, by S. Skingle.
Metropolitan District.—
Alfred-place, Old Kent-road.—August 31, Five, by J. A. Judd.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 28, Fifteen; September 4, Twenty-three.
Peckham Park-road.—September 3, Two, by H. Kneeb.
Vauxhall.—August 31, Twelve, by G. Hearson.
Newport, Mon.—August 31, Commercial-road, Three, by E. Thomas.
Newport, Mon.—August 31, Stowhill, Seven, by J. Douglas.
Ponbatonen (Eng.).—September 10, Three, by O. Higton.
Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.—August 25, Crane-street, Six, by D. V. Pritchard.
Porth, Rhondda Valley.—August 31, Four, by G. Thomas.
Presteigne, Radnorshire.—August 31, Two, by S. Watkins.
Quorn, Mon.—August 17, Three, by A. Greer.
Salen, near Haverfordwest.—August 31, Four, by D. O. Edwards.
Saltash, Cornwall.—August 27, Four, by G. McFaydean.
Scapogot Hill, Golcar.—September 7, One, by A. Harrison.
Skipton, Yorkshire.—September 7, Two, by W. Judge.
Southampton.—September 4, East-street, Five, by J. H. Patterson.
Stoke-on-Trent.—August 31, Four, by W. March.
Swansea: St. Helen's.—August 24, Four, by W. Mayo.
Swansea.—August 30, Mount Pleasant Chapel, Four, by J. Owen.
Tiverton, Beds.—August 10, One, by G. Chandler.
Waterhouses, Durham.—August 28, Two, by W. Fletcher.
Wauwalydd.—August 17, Two, by W. John.
Worcester.—August 24, Five, by J. Lewitt.
Ystrad, Rhondda (Eng.).—August 24, Two, by M. H. Jones.
Ytton.—August 10, Five, by J. H. Davies.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from Aug. 20th to Sept. 19th, 1879.

| £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | £ s. d. | | | | | |
|----------------------|----|----|---------|----------------------|----|---------|---|------------------------------|----|---|---|
| Rev. Thos. King | 10 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Chas. Davies | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. J. A. Brown | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| A Friend in Scotland | | | | Mr. J. D. Link | 5 | 5 | 0 | Mr. A. A. Stephens | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| per Mr. R. Thomson | 1 | 5 | 0 | Mr. and Mrs. Jonas | | | | "A Friend in Scot- | | | |
| S. S. Absalom | 0 | 5 | 0 | Smith | 10 | 0 | 0 | land" | 25 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. John Bale | 1 | 0 | 0 | Mrs. Raybould | 2 | 0 | 0 | Collection at Clapham | | | |
| From Stirling | 1 | 0 | 0 | A Scotch Friend, per | | | | Common, per Rev. | | | |
| Mr. and Mrs. Penny | 4 | 0 | 0 | Mr. Logan | 50 | 0 | 0 | R. Webb | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. G. Greenyer | 0 | 5 | 0 | Part Collection at | | | | Readers of the <i>Chris-</i> | | | |
| Mr. John Hector | 3 | 0 | 0 | Bootle, per Pastor, | | | | tian, per Messrs | | | |
| Mrs. R. Taylor | 2 | 10 | 0 | Z. T. Down | 3 | 1 | 7 | Morgan and Scott | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr. W. J. Lay | 0 | 10 | 0 | Rev. R. J. Beechiffe | 0 | 10 | 0 | Mrs. A. J. Skinner | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Mr. J. Pentelow | 1 | 0 | 0 | Rev. H. A. and Mrs. | | | | | | | |
| S. S. Absalom | 0 | 3 | 0 | Fletcher | 0 | 5 | 0 | | | | |
| Mr. D. Knowles, Wil- | | | | Mr. Perkins' Bible | | | | | | | |
| lenhall | 1 | 1 | 0 | Class | 14 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | |

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

THE FAITHFUL WITNESS.*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I am one that bear witness of myself."—JOHN viii. 18.

If you will turn for a moment to the fifth of John and the thirty-first verse you will find our Lord saying, "If I bear witness of Myself, My witness is not true," and yet only a chapter or two farther on He says, "I am one that bear witness of Myself." Seems there to be any discrepancy here? The words sound as if there were. It is not so, however, when we examine the real sense. Jesus meant in the one case, if I understand it aright, that had He been constantly bringing His own pretensions before the public mind with nothing else to prove them than His own self-assertion, He would have been justly discredited and speedily convicted of bearing false witness. Such there are in the present day who say they are "successors of the apostles;" but we know they are not, for they neither live like the apostles, nor preach the apostles' doctrine. For the most part they are not like any one of the twelve apostles, except it be Judas, yet they do boastfully insist upon it that they are the "successors of the apostles," though they can give us no proof of it whatever. Bearing witness of themselves their witness is not true. In the other passage, which we have taken for our text, our Lord obviously means that His work, His actions, and His character were all so consistent with His mission, as to testify unconsciously, without His needing to say so, and thus to become the best witnesses that could possibly be found to His own veracity and the Divine authority with which He was vested. If He had merely come forth as a prophet, who had risen up and said of himself, "I come from God, and I speak the truth, while I inform you of this or counsel you to do that," without giving collateral proof by the purity of his life, by the energy of some virtues that distinguish him above his fellows, and by the influence and power of a ministry that carries conviction with it—then his unsupported witness of himself would not have been true. But when, as a whole, the wondrous works, and wondrous words, and wondrous life of Christ concur in one, the united, or rather the unbroken, evidence proves Him to be true, and you can see that there is no incongruity between the two statements. In the study of Holy Scripture you must never disconnect utterances from their proper relation, or you will sorrowfully blunder. Read the words of the Bible as you would read the words of any other book, observing them in their connection, not picking out passages here and there, which, in their isolation, would bear a wrong construction, and you will get at the mind of the Spirit and be instructed in the truth. The former of the passages I have referred to is true enough in its con-

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 252, NEW SERIES.

nection, while the latter passage, in its relative position, is as obviously true. Taken apart from the matter in which they are imbedded they seem to conflict with each other, and one or the other would have to be rejected.

Our Lord declares that *He Himself is a witness to His own mission.* Let us dwell upon that thought, and afterwards we will ask—*What then? What then?*

IN THE FIRST PLACE, OUR LORD AFFIRMS THAT HE HIMSELF IS A WITNESS TO HIS OWN MISSION.

I suppose He meant this to apply to *the manifest Deity which shone forth in His actions.* Any man who had been conversant with God and who had dwelt with Christ would have been convinced that Christ also must be God. Because men did not know God therefore they did not know Christ. If they had seen the Father they would have discerned the Godhead in the Son; indeed, to many devout minds, this was obvious. Men who had begun to know something of God soon beheld the glory of Jesus, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Why, when they heard our Lord speak they were amazed. In comparison with all the hollow speakers of the age, what an unfathomable deep there was in His soul, and what power of conviction there was in every utterance of His tongue. Had they been wont to listen to Hebrew rabbis or heathen philosophers, they must have marvelled the more at the solidity and simplicity of our Saviour's sayings. Mild were His words but full of meaning; like flakes of feathered snow they melted as they fell; easy and artless; He sides with Nature; and as Nature's God unfolds the truth in such harmony with man's conscience that sophistries are silenced and adversaries abashed. Scribes and Saducees shut their mouths. He speaks as one having authority, or, I might venture to say, as one who was Himself an authority, and gave a verdict that could not be reversed. Intelligence flashes from His eye, and sympathy sparkles in His blessed face; while with signs and wonders and miracles of mercy He confirms the evidence. Hence a knowledge of the true God was the key to the recognition of His well-beloved Son. Were I intimately acquainted with a man who is now far away in Australia, and had that man a son exceedingly like himself, who came to England and claimed to be his son; if he were like his father, precisely like his father, those who knew the father best would recognize the son first. Of course, those who did not know the father would not be competent to judge. They could not be put in the witness-box to decide the case of identity. But everybody who knew the father (granted that they understood that the person supposed to be the son must be exactly like the father), would say, "Yes, exactly so; that is the father's smile, and that is the father's frown; that is the father's habit in all respects," and such a witness would be true. Now, inasmuch as when you read the four Evangelists you cannot but be struck with the beamings forth of the Divinity, which could not be hid though veiled in human clay—inasmuch as this is certain, Christ bears witness of Himself.

Further, Christ is a witness of Himself *in the extraordinary purity of His character.* Even His vilest enemies have not been able to allege anything against His integrity. No mercenary motive can be imputed to Him.

Men who have denied His Deity, and laid the axe, as they thought, at the root of His doctrine, have been awed by the majesty of His character, and, bowing down before Him, they have been constrained to feel that never man lived like this Man. Now, let Him stand before your bar for a moment. Judge Him, judge Him severely. Do not stint your severity; try, if you can, to convict Him of sin, and, like Pilate, you will be compelled to say, "I find no fault in this man." His character, however, was not only faultless—that would be something, but not enough—it sparkles with every possible virtue, and these virtues are in such proper accord and such marvellous harmony the one with the other, that you cannot speak of any one as predominating. They make up a perfect character—a conjunction, as George Herbert would say, of all sweetnesses to make up one exquisite sweet, and of all perfections to make up one absolute perfection, and when you see these all in Christ you are compelled to say, "What such a Man says must be true; this Man does not live like a liar; He does not, either in public or in private, act as an impostor; there is something so unvarnished and simple about Him, and withal such purity and such virtues that the Man must be believed; put Him in the witness-box anywhere, and however improbable His statements might be, it would be difficult to doubt them when you once know the character of the Man." Thus His wonderful life becomes a witness of His mission.

Then comes His death, of which He did not speak in the text, but of which we may speak at this time. That death was indeed a notable proof of His mission. How could it be that our Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself up voluntarily to die if he were a deceiver. Every one who reads the history must perceive that He might have been made a king; He might have led on a furious people to wage war against the Romans, and the Romans perhaps never had in all their battles fiercer zealots to deal with than the Jews. But no, He submits to be taken captive, and when a few words might have set Him free, He would not utter a syllable; so He was led as a lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before her shearers He was dumb. There was this difference between Him and all other martyrs: He might have escaped if He would, but He would not. To what end did this Man give Himself up a victim whose life must be sacrificed! Do any of you say He deceived the people? Ah, sirs! impostors do not think it worth while to die to propagate their deceptions. Do you tell me that fanatics have done it. But was He a fanatic? Is there anything at all in His character that looks fanatical? Earnest, zealous, sincere, He was; but yet He was as considerate, judicious, and discreet as any man could be. He would no more have thrown away His life for a delusion than the most prudent man on earth. Inasmuch, then, as He gave Himself up to die a shameful bitter ignominious death, and every item of His conduct in His last hours showed that His heart was free from selfishness—for you know how He whispered words of comfort to a poor dying thief, and prayed for His enemies with His expiring breath—there is a sublimity, a unique splendour about that death upon the cross that bears witness to Christ, even as the centurion, who stood by, said, "Truly this man was the Son of God." Ay, and what hundreds and thousands of souls have been led

to believe in Jesus, and to love Him entirely because of His cross. As they have mused upon His griefs for the sons of men, as they have looked unto His wounds, and gazed again and again upon that face more marred than that of any man, they have felt they could be unbelievers no longer, but they have come crouchingly, tremblingly, yet hopefully to that dear cross, and while the pardoning blood drops have fallen upon them, they have learned, as only experience can teach, how Christ is one that bears witness of Himself. There are two great witnesses, Himself and His Father. His death, however, set a broad seal upon the divinity of His mission, and the truth of His teaching.

Our Lord's teaching in doctrine and in precept bears witness to His being sent of God. Mere human teachers, in order to succeed, have been commonly wont to practise many wiles: mystifying palpable facts with their reserve, because they dared not speak out all they knew; mingling popular fallacies with their philosophy to make it palatable; and tolerating much that they knew to be trashy, in order to please the public mind. These impostors have usually thought that a religion which made men of God deny themselves would be rather too strong a dose for humanity to take, so they have generally adulterated the truth to suit the taste of their followers. There was much of truth in the teaching of Mahomet. It was a grand reform upon the idolatry of the period, but he dared not strike at revenge, which was inbred and ingrained in the Arab nature. He dared not say, "Forgive unto seventy times seven." He had not the courage to strike at polygamy. He must permit his followers to have their multitudes of wives, because, I suppose, among other motives, he felt that if he went too far in restricting the men he would lead they would not go any distance at all with him as their leader. You will generally find in every religion that provision is made for the flesh to gratify the lusts thereof, with the one exception of the religion of Jesus, and that sweeps away once for all, all those gross or even refined delights which are not holy and pure. The Gospel does not for a minute talk about excusing or extenuating this or that iniquity. It proclaims grace in all its fulness to the fallen and the lost, yet it admits of no apology for sin, and presents no mercy to those who resolve to continue in it. The morals of Jesus Christ, as He taught them, furnish us beyond all controversy with the noblest code that could possibly be devised. Were the world permeated with them; could nations be governed and parliaments be regulated by them; did merchants trade and artisans toil according to the rules of the Gospel of Christ, this planet would become a paradise. You might burn all your legal books; you would need nothing else except the one law-book which proceeded from the lips of the Master; it would be sufficient for all purposes. One sentence might suffice: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye unto them likewise." Methinks the man who moulded that motto must have been Divine, and lived beyond the atmosphere of passion or prejudice. It is so God-like; it contains the essential principle of justice; it appeals to our conscience it ensures conviction; it is a sentence that well might be written across the sky; among the fixed stars it might shine. The teachings of Christ everywhere show that His mission must have been manifest: He

could not have brought such teachings to us had He not been sent from God.

One thing that I cannot help noticing is this: I have heard lately several excellent addresses about what people call "the progress of modern science;" all going to show the truth of Scripture, of revelation, and of sacred history. But to my mind it is no less obvious that all true progress in politics and social economy must bring us into closer accord with the laws of Christ. The day cometh (nor can the counsels of the great men of this world nor all the forces they may employ, stay it) when the dying declaration of our Redeemer—"My kingdom is not of this world"—will shake every endowed hierarchy on the face of this earth. It is only a matter of time. See what has transpired within the last few years; notwithstanding retrograde movements now and then, what advances have been made. Who can look upon the map of Europe, and think of the history of our own time, without saying, "Well, well; all this history is going onwards towards developing the very theory of social life which our Lord laid down. Have courage, brethren! have courage! don't you be affrighted or carried away with the wild alarms that some have raised about the Pope. Our Lord is stronger than he. King Jesus will presently take him by the throat and hurl him out of the Vatican. He shall not come into the great heritage of God, wof as he is, but he shall be cast out and utterly destroyed. Do not give way to those womanly fears that are spreading over this country, they are unworthy of men who have heard the name of Luther and of Calvin, unworthy too of a country that once had a Wycliffe in it and a Knox. No, by God's grace he that is with Christ is with the stronger, though all the hosts of hell be against him; and he that hath Christ's teaching to deliver need not speak with bated breath, as though he were scattering abroad blunted shafts. Rather let your arrows be as arrows from the bow of the mighty man, and the walls shall fall down under your feet, and the truth shall yet get the victory. God may delay it for a season, but the victory shall surely come. The final issue of all the times and seasons will prove that Christ's teachings were true. Wait a little and it will be seen how the entire course of Providence and the bending lines of history substantiate them. Jesus Christ will thus be bearing witness to Himself.

Thus far we have been dealing with generalities, but we do not want to pursue them too far. I want to appeal more closely to your hearts and consciences. Our blessed Lord still bears witness to Himself. Jesus Christ is here; His Holy Spirit still abides in His Church. Jesus Christ comes into some men's hearts; they receive Him; and He has promised that wherever He is received He will save the man that receives Him. I can call upon many now present to answer for this. You have received Christ; He has come into you; and what has He done in you? Does it not bear witness that He is of God? Ah! I look around here, and I bless God—ten thousand times will I bless Him—for some of you who have been brought from the slippery paths of sin, or the empty conceit of your self-righteousness; from pride and hypocrisy; from trifling with your privileges, or trusting in your works to find hope in the precious blood of Jesus. How many of you who have been reclaimed from drunkenness, dissipation, and sins of every

shade, are sitting here to-night wondering at yourselves how such a change could ever have been wrought! Certainly not by mere moral teaching; certainly not by any stern resolutions you made; but you simply listened to the voice of the Gospel of Christ, and you believed in Him; and now for many years your lives, by the marvellous change Christ has made within you have been a standing testimony that He must have come from God. I am often cast back on such reflections as that. Do you suppose that because we are always preaching we never get troubled with doubts and misgivings? Ah! but we do; and we should not know much of the plague of our own heart or of the devices of Satan if we did not. How then do we solve these strange perplexities? Returning to first principles, I say, "I know I do love God. I am as sure of that as I am that I breathe." Often do I look up to the stars at night, and, thinking about Him who made them all, I bless His name for His great goodness to me, and ask Him to help me serve Him. If I knew how to serve Him more loyally I would most cheerfully do it. Well, then, I say to myself: "How came I thus to be at peace with Him; and why am I thus anxious to honour Him; there was a time when it was far otherwise with me." Then I recollect that it was coming to hear of Jesus, and believing in Him, that taught me to love the Lord my God with all my soul and strength. Does a lie, think you, bring a man to love God? Can falsehood strengthen a man to dare public opinion or popular scorn so long as he may but declare God's truth faithfully? Assuredly not. Christ becomes therefore His own witness to Himself, which none can shake. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." It is somewhat after this fashion: Suppose there is a particular medicine that is prescribed as a cure for a certain disease. One man takes it and he is cured: many more take it with the same happy effect. Yet here is a man who says: "I tell you it is all quackery; I do not believe in it." "Well, but did you ever take it? Did you ever try it? There is no other method, probably, by which you are able to judge. Why do you denounce that which hundreds and thousands of honest people, as honest as you are, and as rational, declare to have wrought for them wonders beyond all telling? Sir, if you had tried it, and it had failed you, we should be sorry to hear it, but still we should accept your testimony for what it was worth." So, unless you believe in Jesus Christ, you have no right to say that Jesus Christ cannot save a sinner, especially when we can produce to you many who are not ashamed to say, "He saved me; He saved me though I plunged into sin; He saved me from a strong temptation; He saved me from a fierce temper or a haughty spirit; He saved me from pride, or presumption, or despair. Because He has done this for us we are witnesses on His behalf, and His work in us is a witness to Him which we will maintain to our dying day.

Another point in which Jesus Christ bears witness to Himself is this *He claims that wherever He comes He will bring peace.* "Peace I give unto you." And peace in very deed He has given to all those who have received Him. It is notorious, and needs no better proof. Christian minds are sustained in the utmost serenity under the most troublesome circumstances by the presence of their Lord and Master. Paul, so quiet and so confident on board the vessel which was all but

rent to pieces by the storm, is but one of a class. There have been men that have sung in the dungeon, that have smiled at the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, have not repined even when they have been upon the rack, but, like Anne Askew, have defied their tormentors. There have been even those that have stood on the burning faggot, their very fingers flaming forth like candles, and yet have clapped their hands and said: "Christ is all! None but Christ! None but Christ!" His servants all speak well of Him. The virgins that follow Him all admire His beauty and testify to His loveliness. Even the most distracted sufferers when they get Christ enjoy peace. Men and women on the verge of insanity through a sense of sin have sat down quietly at His feet, like Mary, to hear His words. Tormented spirits, tossed to and fro like the waves of the sea, who, after trying every other anodyne to assuage their pain and restlessness, were brought to their wits' end, have found all the calm they required when they have cast themselves upon the finished work of the dear Redeemer, and have learned that there is life in a look at the Crucified One.

This is perhaps enough, though it is not one-third, nor one-hundredth part of what might be said on such a theme. Get Him into your hearts, my brethren, if you have not got Him, and He will be His own witness to you. You will not need to read any books of evidences. You will not need to learn logic, nor to find out arguments in support of Holy Scripture. The possession of Christ in your soul will be conclusive, and the beaming forth of the Divine sun-light will be its own demonstration; so that you can sing—

"If all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanities and lies,
And bind the Saviour to my heart."

And now, in closing, let us ask, as we proposed—WHAT THEN?
WHAT THEN?

What then? Why then *it is true, you seeking ones; it is true that Christ will receive you.* He has said—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is His testimony; and if His testimony be true—and I have just tried to show that it is—then He will receive you. Satan saith, "It is too late;" but Christ saith, "Not so." Conscience saith you are a great sinner. 'Tis true; but a great Saviour is equal to the emergency. Your despair holds you back; but, oh! if you can do Him the honour to believe that He can forgive all manner of sin and even blasphemy, He will do it: He will do it; as sure as He is the very Christ, He will do it. His testimony is the very truth; therefore put away all debates; parley with no dilemmas: but come you and trust in Jesus, and He must save you. It were to break His word if He did not, and that is impossible. I wish I could speak just right into the ears of some of you, and give you a grip of the hand at the same time, because I know there are some of you that come in and out here and do not get noticed. Perhaps you feel like strangers, and sigh for sympathy, such as a brother's friend-

ship or a mother's tenderness might give you. Well, my dear friend, I would be a father to you if I could, and put that word into your heart—He will receive you. You have offended—confess it! You are guilty—own it! But He has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Then come and try Him, for He must not, cannot, will not cast you out. Believe in Him now. As the shadows of the evening fall, consecrate them by casting yourselves upon Jesus.

Once again we ask—What then? Why then, if His witness be true, *it will be in the future what He says it will be.* If His word is true, there is a heaven of everlasting joy. Come, Christian! Christ has brought life and immortality to light. This was a main part of His mission to us, to tell us of the Father's right hand, where the many mansions lie, and the golden gates, and the quiet resting-places for those who love and trust Him. Come, ye poor, ye weary, ye sick ones! Pluck up courage! There is a better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," Life everlasting is for the sheep of His flock. "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Is your hair getting grey; I hope the sunlight of heaven is shining upon your head. You are getting near to that black river which so many dread, but you shall see a sheen upon it, a brightness from the throne of God, and as you pass through it, the Master Himself shall keep you company. Oh, to be for ever with the Lord! Oh; to enter the rest which remaineth for the people of God! Oh; to dwell within the heavenly city—

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest!"

It is all true. Christ cannot lie; believe that and rejoice.

But, alas! it is *all true on the other side of the testimony.* He has said—"These shall go away"—listen to the words—"into everlasting punishment." Of such things we do not delight to speak; still, we must remind you of them, for to some of you they will be very grim realities before long. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Of all preachers whose sermons we have on record, I do not think any ever used such dreadful expressions concerning the wrath to come on the impenitent as our Lord did. Of all preachers the most tender, and yet of all who ever exhorted men to escape for their lives the most solemnly explicit. I beseech you, tempt not God. I entreat you not to dare His wrath, lest you find the Master's words verified: "He shall burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire;" "He is able to cast both body and soul into hell." Remember the dreadful parable which He spake concerning the rich man and Lazarus, and tremble lest it be your fate to lift up your eyes where that wealthy epicure lifted up his. May you receive the message of mercy, lest the warning of judgment overtake you suddenly.

One word I want to leave with you. According to the Jewish law, two witnesses were always sufficient. These two witnesses might be false; they might even be suborned; still, if there were two to witness, the two established a statement. But, to guard against any person being put to death through the inconsiderate or careless evidence of

any one, it was a law that when a man was condemned to die, the first persons to throw the stone—for stoning was their form of capital punishment—the first persons must always be the witnesses, so that they took upon themselves the responsibility of the life. Understand this, and let this terrible truth abide with you, and even glare upon you in the watches of the night, if you are impenitent and hardened in sin, the first hand to strike the ungodly will be the hand of Him that was pierced for sinners. He is the witness, and if you reject Him and perish, He will be a swift witness against you. In the day of judgment the most dreadful thing will not be the heavens in a blaze, nor the rolling up of the elements like worn-out vestures, nor the great white throne, nor the thronging hosts of angels that shall swell the pomp of the grand assize, nor even the peal of the last tremendous trumpet that shall wake the dead, and shake both earth and heaven. But what is that from which the ungodly multitude shall fly? What is that terrible sight from which they would fain escape, which makes them shriek, "Rocks, hide us; mountains, fall upon us!"? Listen to the words of inspiration and you have it. "Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne." That blessed face, that kindest face, that sweetest and most tender of all faces, the face of the Son of Mary, the face of the Son of man, the face of Jesus, the Son of God,—that face shall be the terror of the impenitent at the last great day; for love repulsed turns to jealousy, and jealousy is cruel as the grave. As oil is soft—the softest of substances, and yet burns with fury, such is the love of Jesus. The Lamb so tender, so kind to-day, shall be the Lion of the tribe of Judah to-morrow. Beware, ye that forget God, lest He tear you to pieces and there be none to deliver. But the rather, I pray you, especially you that hear me every Sabbath, and yet remain unconverted, I pray you, if Christ be true, accept Him; if He be not true, reject Him. I do not understand some of you whose judgments are convinced, but whose hearts are unaffected. I could fain wish you would go somewhere else. Perhaps some other voice might reach your hearts. Perhaps God might bless some other minister to your conversion if He does not own me. I cannot abear the thought that I may stand at your dying beds, or hear the earth fall on your coffins, perfectly conscious that you are without Christ. It is not for want of plain speaking to you. It is not for want of weeping over some of you. It is not for want of pleading for you with God. If you die your blood lies not at my door as far as I know. Yet I will strive to preach this Gospel more effectually. I do long for you in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ. Why will ye die? It is such a blessed thing to know Christ—such a happy, such a holy thing. Why will ye turn from Him? Oh! may God of His infinite grace and abundant mercy change your hearts and save your souls; and to Him shall be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER XL.

PROBABLY there are few things that try the faith and patience of earnest Christian churches more than to have their best and most useful workers suddenly laid aside or taken away in the midst of their usefulness. Yet how often, in God's inscrutable providence, is this the case! Just as His servants seem to be most wanted; just as they are doing their noblest work; and just, too, as people are saying, "If they were taken from us, what *could* we do?"—then the Lord, for reasons best known to Himself, either sees fit to lay them prostrate, or to remove them altogether. What are we to say to this? To human reason it may probably seem unwise, inexpedient, and even cruel. Thus, to cripple and paralyse for a time the plans and projects of a people, when avowedly they are doing their best to promote the Lord's cause and to extend His kingdom, cannot fail but to have a tendency to make faith stagger, and give strength to unbelief. But surely all this is wrong. Doth not God rule by overruling? Is it not His province out of seeming evil to educe real good? And is it not in this way often that He fits His servants, by severe discipline, to serve Him in after time even far better than before? What does Jesus Himself say about the matter? "Every

branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away: and *every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.*"

Here, at all events, is one reason why God frequently afflicts His noblest and most active servants. He does it for their sakes, that they may be sanctified more fully; and be made more meet than ever for the Master's use. The heat of the fiery furnace only takes away their dross: purifies them, and makes them reflect more brightly their Saviour's image. And then, doing it for their sakes, He also does it for the sake of the Church. If they are spared they are spared for greater usefulness, and if taken away, the Lord, in answer to fervent importunate prayer, often raises up from unexpected quarters other instruments equally as well fitted for doing the needed work. But this is not all: another reason may still be adduced. Are we not prone to *rest on these workers*, rather than on the Lord? If so, and God is jealous of His honour, what cause for wonder is it, that in order to teach us to rely more on Himself and His divine strength, that He should, for a time, take this method of teaching us a needful lesson? Nothing is more hateful to Him than for His own people in any sense whatever to rest on an arm of flesh. For this, time after time, He severely punished Israel of old; and for the same thing He will, in love and mercy, certainly chastise His people

still. Here, then, may be two or three of the reasons why the Lord for a season sometimes thus takes His servants suddenly away from their chosen field of labour; and, in doing so, throws additional and heavier burdens upon the remaining few, who are struggling against fearful odds and well-nigh insurmountable difficulties to accomplish the great work He has given them to perform.

Such was the trial that John Carter and his zealous colleagues were unexpectedly now called upon to endure. While on duty, in crossing the line in the dark our earnest friend was knocked down by an unseen cattle truck which was being shunted on to the side rails. In God's good providence, however, the truck did not go over him, but knocked him aside, breaking his arm in two places, and bruising him severely. He was immediately taken home and attended to; and the surgeon said that he thought he would do well. But ere long it was discovered that the broken bone had not been properly set; and its resetting caused unspeakable anguish. Then fever set in; something like erysipelas made its appearance; and, finally, a large abscess, occasioned by the blow, arose gradually in the shoulder, which so weakened the sufferer and affected his throat, as to bring him nigh to death's door. And now, as if this were not enough, other troubles came thick and fast. Of his three children, two were stricken down with diphtheria, one of whom died, and the other remained for some time in a critical condition. Then, just as it was hoped that things were taking a turn for the better, Mrs. Carter, nearly worn out with extra labour and sleepless nights, was taken so ill, that for a fortnight she was confined to the

other bedroom, the poor nurse having to attend three invalids at once. Such a dark time as this John Carter had never known during the seven years of his married life. But in the midst of all his mind was kept in peace. Now, in fact, he realised the sweetness of that promise—*"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee"* (Isaiah xxvi. 3). To his pastor, when visiting him, he declared that "he had no trouble, for he had cast all his burdens on the Lord." "He did not know," he said, "why God permitted all these trials to come upon him at once, nor did he care to inquire. He knew well that they were all sent in love and for some wise end, and there he felt he could rest."

"But do you not," asked Mr. Fuller, "feel deeply the bereavement you have sustained, as well as the sufferings of your wife and child, not to speak of your own?"

"Feel 'em, sir? I should think I do. It has been hard for me to lie here and hear the poor children moanin' and cryin' with pain, and then not to be able to help 'em a bit. I felt at times as if I could almost have given all I had to have been able to leave my bed and done something to relieve their sufferin's. Then, when the friends took the poor child out of the house to bury it, and I couldn't go with 'em to pay the little darlin' the last token of respect, and you had to read and pray outside the churchyard, because the clergyman wouldn't read the Burial Service over what he called an 'unbaptised' child, the tears rolled hot and fast down my cheeks, I can tell you. But I knew the dear Lord had taken him home, and that enabled me with resignation to give him up. He was but four years old; but how he would sing

snatches of Sunday-school hymns; it was delightful to hear him! When he was well, and I was comin' home, he'd run to meet me; and then, when I'd got into the house, he would clamber on my knees, and want me to go over some hymn and tune we had sung at school, perhaps, on the last Sunday, and it's astonishin' how soon he'd catch it up. But his favourite melody was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus;' and so, just before he died, he said to his mother, 'Sing! sing!' She said, 'What shall I sing, dear?' He replied, 'Safe! Safe!' She knew what he meant, so, to please him, with her voice breakin' down nearly in every line, she sang one or two verses, and then he smiled sweetly, put his little hand in his mother's, fell into a nice sleep, and then went off in it like a lamb. That was a sweet death, wasn't it, sir?"

"It was, John; and the thought of it will comfort you."

"It does, too, sir. Whether the Church parson would bury him or not doesn't matter. He's gone to Him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' so that he's all right. He's in the best place, and in the best hands, and that, too, for ever. So much for him, dear child; and, then, as to the sufferin's of the rest of us, though I feel 'em much, and for many reasons should like to get round myself as soon as the Lord pleases, yet I look up to Him, and He daily gives me grace to 'bide His time. I believe I shall be able to stir about in a week or so, and then, I trust, with a little exercise and breathin' fresh air, I shall not be so long before I shall get strong again."

"And you have not wanted for anything during your illness, in a

a temporal point of view, have you?"

"No; bless the Lord. He has proved His promise true—'My bread has been given me, and my water has been sure.' Though we hadn't saved much,—for you know, sir, my wages are not large, and calls have been heavy, and it has never been my policy to let the Lord's cause suffer when I could give anything,—it is wonderful how the Lord has helped us. They tell me that when for about a week I was laid so low, that the doctor said he feared I shouldn't rally, the whole street was astir. My poor wife had plenty to do in goin' to the door to answer people's questions as to how I was gettin' on, and few of 'em came without bringin' something nice that they had either bought or cooked, and which they hoped I should relish. Then some kind friends that I didn't know—though I shrewdly suspect, sir, *you* do, by your smile—sent, through the deacons and other friends, so many seasonable gifts, that, although I have been down for more than thirteen weeks, we have not had to borrow a fraction, nor have we gone in debt a penny, so good the Lord has been to us! Don't you think, sir, I ought to praise Him, and say, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?' Well, all that I can do is, as the Psalmist says, to 'Take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord.' Why talk about *my* troubles: what are they in comparison with my mercies? I might have been dead now, and my poor wife have been left a widow, and my two children fatherless: but God has spared me; and, little by little, He is raising me up once more. I hope to spend and be spent in His blessed service.

Ah! sir; if any man ought to be thankful, I think it's me. 'And be ye thankful,' says the Apostle: and, thank God, I am."

"Do you know what your doctor says, John?"

"No, sir."

"He told me he believed that you had been kept alive chiefly through keeping yourself in such good spirits."

"He's only half right there, sir. It's true I've been kept in good spirits; but what through? Why, there was everything around me at one time calculated to damp me thoroughly. Look which way I would, all appeared to be dark. But what did the Lord do then? He, by His blessed Spirit, just applied from time to time some precious promise to my soul, and in a moment the light shone, and the dark cloud was gone. It's God's presence and Word that's kept me in such good spirits, and not myself; and if it hadn't been for that I should have been as low in mind as anybody else. But, of course, the doctor didn't know anything about that source of consolation."

"You will be glad to hear, Mr. Carter, that we have had two or three new teachers come into the school; that your class has been well looked after; and that Mrs. Rose, who recently joined us, and is likely to prove a most efficient worker, has kindly consented to take your tracts round till you are able to resume your duties. The young men, too, have had some good open-air meetings. So you see, in spite of all our difficulties, the Lord has helped us, and enabled us still to go forward."

"And He ever will, sir, if you do but trust Him. I can truly say that it was the need of help in the cause that troubled me most at first. I knew how short of teachers

at times we were, specially when so many of our railway folk were forced to be on duty on Sundays, and I feared you would be hard put to. But I found as I kept inquiring that as each Sunday came round the Lord was sure, in some way or other, to provide you with help, first from one quarter and then from another; and that cheered me so, seeing that God continued to be better to you than all my fears, I was enabled at last to cast even that bit of anxiety on Him; and then, having left all in His hands,—myself—my family—my circumstances—my class—and my work,—I, for the first time in my life, felt the power and beauty of that text,—*"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."*

(To be continued.)

WILL IT PAY?

Extracts from an address delivered to the working men and their families in the Town Hall, Luton, September, 1878.

BY REV. JAMES H. BLAKE.

"WHAT shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Such was the solemn question put by the infallible Preacher, eighteen hundred years ago. And so unaltered is the world and man, that it can with distinct propriety and overwhelming force be put at the present moment. We have, in every direction, and every day, to hear the question put, *Will it pay?* And as we stand in life's highway, and watch the busy stream of human beings, rapidly wending their way to the changeless destinies which await the righteous and

the unrighteous, we watch the character, pursuits, and ways of some among that teeming multitude, and with intense earnestness would ask, *Will it pay?* We look at that youth of brilliant parts, of bright prospects, of many favourable opportunities which bid him hope for grand success. His father looks forward and paints bright pictures of his son's future. His mother looks and loves her son. But, alas! their dream is suddenly and rudely dispelled. Those commanding talents are prostituted to the vile. That quick, intelligent mind panders to the vicious. Nights are turned to days and days to nights. The counsel of wise friends set at naught. A father's disappointed brow sprinkled with the grey hairs of bitter sorrow. While the fond mother, like a stricken hind, bows her head, and refuses to be comforted. *Will it pay?* Come, look at that patient on you bed in the hospital ward. See the haggard look, the dim, dazed eye, the trembling weakness of those paralysed limbs. See a young man, prematurely old; a vigorous mind enfeebled; body, intellect, and, we fear, soul, ruined; and presently the truthful hand might write on the tombstone, *The wicked hath not lived out half his days.*

Will it pay? we are disposed to ask the ready talker, who has gone, step by step, along the road of Scepticism, first learning to doubt, and then to lecture and dictate to his Maker of what God ought or ought not to do. The Bible is to him only a text-book, to which he resorts, that he may select his portion, and then show his skill in distorting or misinterpreting. He talks glibly of most awfully solemn things. He rushes in with hot haste where angels would scarcely dare to tread. He laughs with

hardened laugh, and mocks with blatant tongue those things which are of such tremendous issue that the hosts of heaven would speak in whispers of them. He can settle in a trice questions which the wise and good have in all ages approached with reverent awe. He is staking all that belongs to his soul's eternal interests. He says with the fool, there is no God; and with the rejectors, I will not have Christ to reign over me.

"Thus careless views departing day,
And throws his inch of time away."

We ask, Will it pay? We ask the unscrupulous tradesman this question. *Will it pay?* to adopt the false balance, which is an abomination to the Lord, and practises a system of dealing which meets only selfish ends, and exclaims just as suits self-interest, "It is all gold," or, "'Tis nothing but brass;" and seeks his own enrichment by lying advertisements, and salves his conscience by calling them white lies; wilfully blinding himself to the fact that judgment is coming, and that the lies are all black in hell? We repeat our question to the procrastinator, who has been reasoned with and exhorted times without number: whose conscience has been aroused, and whose fear has prompted to register vows of return to God, and yet, after all, postpones and delays the important act of *deciding for Christ to-day.* His language has been, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a more convenient season I will send for Thee." *Will it pay?* to act thus? when at any moment you may be plunged from the tremendous verge, and sink to everlasting ruin, and in remorse and despair to moan forth the doleful acknowledgment, *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved!*

So in that crowded highway we might pursue our inquiry, and urge the question, *Will it pay?* To our readers we put it. Consider if thy soul is unsaved—*its danger, its value, and the unspeakableness of its loss.*

“Pile worlds on worlds;
Add yet ten thousand more,—
One soul outweighs them all!”

Remember you have *only one* soul to save—*your own soul, your undying soul*; created in the image of God, and capable of dwelling with God in realms of ineffable blessedness. We submit to you that all is on the side of Christianity. It presents God as a loving Father, Christ as a gracious Saviour, seeking and saving the lost. It affords relief and help in time of trouble and sorrow. It fits men to battle with all the difficulties and ills of this life. It takes no real joy from him, but multiplies them to him a thousandfold. It makes a man bravely to face death, and peacefully close his eyes on the fading world, and open them on the glory-land, where he will see God, dwell with Jesus, wear the conqueror's robe, and receive the conqueror's crown. We avow that the religion of Jesus will pay, and nothing else will. If there is anything in the whole circumference of the earth which can give such present and future blessing, produce it; or, failing to do so, acknowledge the fact.

“What if we trace the world around,
And search from Britain to Japan;
There shall be no religion found
So just to God and safe for man.”

We therefore urge men to turn from sin. It will pay only the wages of death. But turn to God;

His gift is eternal life. God speaks again! Christ knocks again!

“Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the gentle eyes so tender
Of thy Saviour waiting there.”

A PATHETICAL INVITATION TO SINNERS TO COME TO CHRIST.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MASON, M.A.

HAVE you sins, or have you none?
If you have, whither should you go but to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!
Have you souls, or have you none?
If you have, whither should you go but to the Saviour of souls!
Is there a life to come, or is there not? If there is, whither should you go but to Him, who only hath the words of eternal life!
Is there a wrath to come, or is there not? If there is, whither should you go but to Him who only can deliver from the wrath to come!
And will He not receive you? If He yielded Himself into the hands of them that sought His life, will He hide Himself from the hearts of them that seek His mercy? If He was willing to be taken by the hand of violence, is He not much more willing to be taken by the hands of faith? He who died for thy sins, will He cast thee off for thine infirmities? O come! come! come! I charge you come!
I beseech you come! Come, and He will give you life! Come, and He will give you rest! Come, and He will receive you! Knock, and He will open to you! Look to Him, and He will save you! Did ever any come to Him for a cure and go away without it. Thou

wouldest find something in thyself; but thou findest nothing but what thou hadst reason to be ashamed of; but let not that hinder but further thy coming. Come as thou art! Come poor, come needy, come naked, come empty, come wretched!—only come—only believe! His heart is free! His arms are open! It is His joy and crown to receive thee!

If thou art willing He never was otherwise. Nothing grieves Christ more than to have His love slighted; nothing pleases Him more than to have it accepted. He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves to the end, and saves to the uttermost all that come unto Him.

SELECTED BY T. W. M.

Portsmouth.

The Names and Titles of Christ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST A PORTION.

FOR NOVEMBER 2ND.

“The Lord is my portion.”—LAM. iii. 24.

“For the Lord’s portion is His people: Jacob is the lot of His inheritance.”—DEUT. xxxii. 9.

WHAT wonderful words are these. The Lord does not say that the earth or the heavens are His portion; He does not declare that the angels who never fell are His portion: but His people—poor, sinful worms of the earth, creatures of a day, crushed before the moth—are His portion. And wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! He permits them to say that He is their portion. Oh, what a portion is this—God in Christ! A Being possessed of every human and Divine perfection, the very attributes of God; possessed of all the spiritual treasures of wisdom and

knowledge, unsearchable riches, indeed, of all things in earth and heaven, visible and invisible—thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers; things of time and things of eternity—all are His, and He is ours; for all things are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s! Oh, what a privilege is this! and yet such is the grandeur of the soul made in the image of God and possessed of immortality, that nothing less is equal to its infinite needs, or can meet its intelligent aspirations, when quickened by the Spirit of God: hence said Christ, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” The soul lost, whatever it may gain, all is lost; the soul saved and having God for its portion, whatever it may lose, all is gained; all God can give in Christ, and all it can need for time and eternity. O, my soul; as God in Christ has so richly provided

all for thee, make Him thy present all, and eternity itself will never exhaust the wealth and blessedness contained in those few pregnant cwords, "The Lord is my portion."

CHRIST A COVENANT.

FOR NOVEMBER 9TH.

"I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people."—ISAIAH xlii. 6.

HAST thou laid hold of God's covenant, by laying hold of Christ, dear reader? Thou hast sometimes been perplexed and scarcely able to understand what is meant by the covenant of grace; but if by faith thou dost lay hold of Christ, all that it contains will be thine. God's covenant of grace, in one aspect of it, is God's promise of eternal life in Christ to all who believe. Each Person in the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—is engaged to bless all who come to Christ, and each and all the covenant blessings bestowed upon such are covenant-provided and promised blessings secured to such by the oath and covenant promise of God before the world began. All the blessings which a consciously guilty, poor, broken-hearted sinner, or the strongest saint can need, were all treasured up in Christ Jesus, with all spiritual blessings, before the foundation of the world; and when by faith we receive Christ, we receive all the blessings given to us and secured in Him, and God enters into covenant with us, and we enter into covenant with Him,—become entitled to all that He has in love promised to bestow, and, indeed, are constituted sons of God, and

joint heirs with Jesus Christ of eternal life. Live, then, my soul, upon these covenant mercies all made sure to thee in Christ and by His perfect work; secured to thee by the faithfulness of God,—in their nature eternal as His being and immutable as His throne.

CHRIST THE TRUTH.

FOR NOVEMBER 16TH.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

How encouraging is the thought that He who is our Prophet, and who teaches the truth, is the truth; that all truth is in Him; and that He communicates it, unfolds it, by His Spirit, and has illustrated its meaning by His own words and example. All truth is indeed brought by God into one page in Christ, who may be said to be the one living creed of the one true Church. So that when the Christian sees Christ, he sees all truth; and when the weakest faith receives Him it receives a perfect creed in Him,—perfect as God is perfect, and so full of Divine wisdom and love, that eternity itself will never fully read out its Divine meaning. Christ is the truth of the Divine nature, for all the fulness of the Godhead dwells in Him. He is the truth of God's purposes and designs, present and future. They all shine in full perfection in Him, and in Him can only be fully understood. He is the truth of all God's words, doctrines, promises, and precepts—they are all related to Him, and in Him find their full significance. The truth lives in Christ and Christ lives in the truth, and hence it can never die or lose its power, and if we desire to see and understand the truth in all its saving meaning and

beauty, we must study it in Him, and as it shines upon us through His words and life. "I am the living bread," He says, "which came down from heaven, of which, if a man eat, he shall never die." Lord, ever give us to see all truth in Thee, and feed us with Thyself, for Thou art the bread of life, the way, and the truth, and the light.

CHRIST THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

FOR NOVEMBER 23RD.

"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up."—JOHN iii. 14.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—JOHN xii. 32.

WHEN God's ancient people, through their sin and rebellion, were stung by the fiery, flying serpents, the brazen serpent was God's ordinance provided for their healing; and as many of them as simply looked at the serpent were healed. And how well adapted to their condition was God's method of saving them from their self-inflicted wounds and death. They had simply to *look*, and this, indeed, was all that was possible on their part; the poison of death was in their veins; their strength was gone. Bitten, and prostrate, they were smitten down to the earth, as all men have been smitten down by sin and the devil. They had no wisdom to devise power or skill, or time to do anything which could help or save. God knew this, and hence they were commanded simply to look at the serpent, that they might be healed and saved. Some of them, no doubt, were more deeply stung than others, and some were at a greater distance from the object presented; the eyes of some

were, no doubt, very dim, all but covered over with the film of death; but each and all, whoever looked, however great the distance or feeble the sight, were healed and saved from the jaws of death. And so it is with men now. All have been bitten by Satan, and stung down to death by the serpent of sin. Some seem to be at a greater distance from God than others, and to be completely ruined by sin. But the words of Christ are still addressed to each—"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."

And all who with the feeblest faith look to Him, so as to trust in His blood and righteousness, are accepted of Him, and by that very act of faith by which they trust are delivered from the guilt and dominion of sin for ever.

CHRIST A SANCTUARY.

FOR NOVEMBER 30TH.

"Yet will I be to them a little sanctuary."—EZEK. xi. 16.

CHRIST is the New Testament sanctuary, provided by God for His people—the true tabernacle which God pitched, and not man. The Shekinah of God's presence dwells in Him, for He is God as well as man. In Him faith finds all that was meant by the visible furniture of that ancient tent. Here is found the true mercy-seat, over which Jehovah declares, "And there will I commune with you from off the mercy-seat." Here is found the altar of atonement, which sanctifies the giver and his gift. Here the bread of truth, precious and immutable, promises yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Here is the great

High Priest, with His costly blood-sprinkled vestments, the adorable righteousness of the Son of God; and the ever fragrant incense of His prevalent intercession. In this tabernacle God's spiritual priesthood are anointed, and perpetually offer up the sacrifices of prayer and praise; and here God's redeemed nation are crowned and reign as kings and priests in their risen Lord, and by the power of His imparted kingly life. And thus all true

Christians, united by faith to Christ, realise the meaning of these words, and how God in Him becomes to them "a little sanctuary." Wherever they may be as they pass on through the wilderness, they find in Christ a place of Divine worship, refuge, and peace, which revives and cheers them as they journey on towards that city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Reviews.

Reminiscences of College Life in Bristol during the Ministry of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. By FREDERICK TRESTRAIL, F.R.G.S. E. Marlborough, 51, Old Bailey.

It is reported that when a celebrated minister was somewhat dolefully speaking in his sermon of the recent deaths which had taken place among the ministers, exclaimed, ALL the great men are gone! ALL GONE! an old lady hearer, who had no faith in this statement, emphatically and devoutly said, *Thank God that's a lie!* We are not disposed to say all our great men are gone, nor do we depreciate the grace and the consecrated talent of some among us; yet how many of them were grand in the reality of their religion. Rock-like in their adherence to their principles, and very giants in the intellectual power they gave to the Master's service, are gone. *Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?* And as the number who, like the respected writer of this book, who had the profit and the privilege of knowing intimately the late Robert Hall, are growing few and are fast fading away,

A few more days,
A few more years,
A few more sighs,
A few more tears,

They'll soon be gone! they'll soon be gone.

We are therefore grateful to find one so able from experience and knowledge to lead us back to the past time, and make its instructive scenes, dialogues, and incidents live again. Our friend and brother will be long and gratefully remembered for this latest work of his long and consecrated life. The volume, while giving a most interesting autobiography of the author, devotes the bulk of its pages to reminiscences and incidents in the life of Mr. Hall, and we hope it may prompt some of our younger members to read the works of that remarkable man, who, though dead, yet speaketh.

Youthful Nobility. The Early Life and History of Gotthelf and Frederika: Their Childhood, Youth, Marriage, and Maturity. Translated from the German. John Kempster and Co., 9 & 10, St. Bride's-avenue, Fleet-street.

NICELY got up in its binding, paper,

illustrations, and letterpress. It will meet with wholesome food the tastes of young or old people who seek for narrative and adventure. A volume pure in its character and high in its aim. The hero of the story is a boy, who, driven from his home by the calamities of war, is found in a forest, and becomes the adopted son of the forest official. When discovered he bore with him but *one treasure—a priceless one—a mother's Bible*, which all through the story is his pole star, his guide, his companion, and deliverer. A period of eighteen years is covered after his being found by the forester. Many incidents are told with a thrilling power of fascination, yet all is natural and lifelike; and the writer, while weaving a spell-band around his reader, is conducting him into the love of God, and brings out the resolve—*Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.*

Economical Cookery for the Middle Classes. By a Lady. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

It is a sad thing to have no food. The next sad thing is to have it and not know how to cook it. And next to that, to have good food materials at hand and not know it. The lady writer has told us how to produce savoury dishes out of the most come-at-able substances. It is quite a novelty in this department. Its information is so new and good. It is written with a special eye to the middle classes (the work will be of service to all). It has, however, been our lot to meet occasionally among the middle classes a lady who could discourse sweet music, trickle out charming sounds from piano or harp, produce interesting fancy work, but had no talent for making an apple dumpling, cooking a plain dinner, or darning a stocking. We have thought of her as a lady, *but have pitied her husband.* While such facts present themselves in domestic life, we hail with pleasure such valuable helps as are here afforded.

MAGAZINES.

The Boy's Own Paper, The Leisure Hour, The Sunday at Home, The Tract Magazine and Christian Miscellany, The Child's Companion, The Cottager and Artisan. Religious Tract Society, Paternoster-row and St. Paul's church-yard. In this list we have a group of valuable works, which would seem to meet the circumstances of all readers. First, we have *The Boy's Paper*, with its exciting pictures, and its frontispiece of painted butterflies. And how true to its title—crowds of readers among the young will tell. We mentioned the paper to a bright, intelligent lad of our acquaintance, and he at once began to expatiate on its excellence; and we think with him that all parents would do the right thing if they will take it for their boys. Next we have *The Leisure Hour*. The title makes us sigh, for in the highway of life there are so few rests, in the battle of life so few lulls to the nearly constant din and struggle and toil; yet it suggests that there is a leisure hour, and here is a good favourite provision made for it. Then *The Sunday at Home* is suggestive of the sick, the convalescent, the nurse, the Sunday afternoon with the family, and the evenings with the servants and the younger branches. Well in this part we have some good reading. We have also a beautiful litho of Bangor, or Ban Choir, or First Choir Cathedral; and we cannot conceive of a more healthful magazine. Then follows *The Tract Magazine*, a work suitable for general distribution, and is also read with pleasure by many whose hearts are established in grace. And following this we have the book for children, *The Child's Companion*, with its bright and teaching pictures; and, as if none are to be omitted, we have *The Cottager and Artisan*, with (in this number) its curious and instructive illustrated chapter on "Going to Bed." What a roll of valuable documents! The Religious Tract Society is a marvel for its versatility, usefulness, and power. Who, with such specimens as we have

here of precious periodical literature, would sigh to go back to the days of St. Paul's Cross and yore?

Old Betty Barnes, and What She Thought of Gradely Folk (on Grand Folk). By REV. WALTER J. MATHAMS, Preston, author of "Rough Sermons," &c., &c. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

SEND for a parcel of this penny book. Our friend has aptness to teach truths in a humorous, pleasant way. He reminds us of the pithy, racy style of John Ploughman. We say, Well done, old Betty Barnes! we have thoroughly enjoyed your sentences.

The Converted Shepherd Boy. Sketch of the Life of James Rennie, Colporteur, Hitchin, Herts. Fourth edition; eighteenth thousand. Morgan and Scott, London.

THE writer tells us that in one year he has sold at published prices £700 worth of books, comprising 8,100 volumes, and 22,103 periodicals or small books. The little work contains a simple tale well told; and being on the spot, we can speak from personal knowledge of the good work our brother is doing, and how worthy he is of our cheery words and our prayers.

House and Home Journal for all Classes. Office:—335, Strand, W.C. [Part 7.] A most comprehensive magazine, devoted to social, domestic, and moral questions. We have said a good word for it before, and are gratified to know that we are one only of upwards of 200 newspapers and periodicals who have done so. This part contains real likenesses of Samuel Plimsoll, the sailors' friend, the late Isaac Butt, the Rev. F. Wagstaff,

Ewing Ritchie, Esq., and the late William Howitt.

Evangelical Christendom. W. F. Johnson, 121, Fleet-street. A full cabinet of measures on Church and mission work.

The British Flag, the soldiers' paper. Circulate it among our troops.

Ragged School Union Quarterly. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

Service for the King. An issue from Mildmay Park Conference. Contains a very good article on Abel by Rev. A. A. Bonar, D.D.

OUR BAPTIST LITERATURE.

The Baptist Magazine. We are right pleased to find transferred to its pages the excellent association address delivered recently by the Rev. T. M. Morris, of Ipswich, and noticed favourably by us in a previous number. We fear that our principles are not so really and widely known as some of us imagine; and we have often begged our Sunday-school friends, who adopt the Scripture lessons of the Sunday School Union (a neutral society), not to omit teaching in addition our principles as Non-conformists, and farther, *Nonconformist Baptists.* If they are not worth teaching they are not worth holding.

The Sword and Trowel contains a likeness of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. The editor of the *General Baptist* has given us a good number; and our friends, *The Baptist* and *Freeman* newspapers, are truly valuable for their reports and articles on the meetings and doings of the Baptist Union.

Poetry.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Romans vi. 4.

BURIED WITH HIM.

No TRUST in water do we place,
But in the written Word ;
Our life and righteousness we trace
To Jesus Christ—the Lord.

No TRUST in water do we place,
For Jesus did atone,
He died to save a rebel race ;
We trust in Him alone.

No TRUST in water do we place,
'Tis but an outward sign ;
Salvation is by sovereign grace,
Salvation is Divine.

No TRUST in water do we place,
But His command obey ;
We soon shall see His blessed face—
Hail ! hail ! the glorious day.

No TRUST in water do we place,
Baptism cannot save ;
In Christ we die—and so embrace
This symbol of the grave.

No TRUST in water do we place,
For such is false and vain ;
The Lord we trust, and Him we praise,
And wait His coming reign.

G. HEATH.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Let it be thy chief endeavour
Day by day to watch and wait ;
Good and gracious souls are ever
Truly great.

Whether high or low thy station,
Serve the Lord with all thy might ;
In this evil generation
Do the right :

Walk with God, the great and holy,
As did some in days of yore ;
Learn of Jesus, " meek and lowly,"
Evermore.

When the snares of Satan vex thee,
When thy friends unfaithful prove,
When the cares of life perplex thee,
Look above.

Should thy dearest friends be taken,
Be submissive—kiss the rod ;
Thou shalt never be forsaken,
Trust in God.

God is love, and changeth never,
Cleave to Him and Him alone ;
All His saints shall rest for ever
Near His throne.

Thine shall be a joyous story,
Every doubt and fear shall cease,
When the Lord of life and glory
Whispers, " Peace."

Nothing evil can befall thee,
Leaning on thy Saviour's breast ;
Death is but His voice to call thee
Home to rest.

Soon shall all earth's ties be riven,
Soon shall all its toils be past ;
Thou shalt find thyself in heaven,
Crowned at last.

J. CLARK.

SOWING AND REAPING.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine ;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all Divine.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear ;
Look again, the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

O LORD! WE COME TO THEE.

O Lord! we come to Thee,
Our helplessness confessing,
For Thy heart is full of love,
And Thy hands are full of blessing.

Thou dwellest far above,
Amidst eternal splendours,
And sendest angels down,
To be our strong defenders.

O purify our hearts,
And all their hardness soften;
Enrich us with Thy grace,
And visit us full often.

Though round us every day
Are countless mercies thronging,
Yet nought but Thy great love
Can still our hearts' deep longing.

Our souls have oft been cheered
By the words which Thou hast spoken,
And in Thy cross we see
Love's everlasting token.

In Thee, O Lord! alone,
Our expectations centre;
The gates of life are wide,
That we may freely enter.

E'en in the saddest hours,
When all our prospects darken,
We still might hear Thy voice,
Would we but calmly hearken.

When time itself shall end,
And heaven and earth be shaken,
In Thine own likeness, Lord!
Our slumbering dust awaken.

Our "life is hid" with Thee,
Our union nought can sever,
And we Thy face shall see
And reign with Thee for ever.

Nova Scotia.

J. CLARK.

Quiet Thoughts.

TYNDAL'S PRISON WORK.

For giving the English people their first printed Bible, Tyndal was thrown into prison for two years and afterwards burnt at the stake. But how did he occupy his time during these two years? Did he cease his work? No; when they would not allow him to do it outside the jail he did it inside; for there, unmolested, he fulfilled his promise to give "an edition of the New Testament to the ploughboys of Gloucestershire." Thus Satan was outwitted. By flinging Tyndal into prison he thought to stop the work; but the very means he employed to stop it were the means by which it was carried on. Prison work has often been the most fruitful of all work, and dungeons have borne harvests that have crowned those who sowed the seed in them with immortal honour. H. W.

CHRIST SALUTED BY DYING MEN.

It is related in history that, in Roman times, when the gladiators were entering the arena, which some of them were about to soak with their blood, they passed before Cæsar seated on his throne, and struck their swords on their shields, exclaiming at the same moment, "Hail, emperor! hail, emperor! dying men salute thee!" So let us as soldiers of Christ, as we pass the throne of the Eternal, strike "the sword of the Spirit" on the "shield of faith," and say, "Hail, Lord Jesus! hail, Lord Jesus! dying men salute Thee! We count not our lives dear so that we may fight on Thy battlefield and win for Thee eternal victories."

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. S. P. EDWARDS has resigned the pastorate of Siloam Chapel, Machen, and has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of Bethel English Chapel, Ferndale, Rhondda Valley.

Rev. W. Sutton has resigned the pastorate of the church at Oakham.

Rev. A. Tovey, pastor of Bethel English Church at Pontlottyn, resigned his pastorate, after seven years' service.

Rev. J. Berry has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury.

Rev. A. Macdonald, pastor of the church at Barnstaple, has announced his determination to resign his charge at the end of the present year.

Rev. T. H. Smith has resigned the pastorate of the church at Shefford, Beds, and accepted an invitation from the church at Haddenham, Isle of Ely, Cambs.

Rev. F. Johnston, of Pontypool College, has accepted a call to the pastorate vacant at St. Helier's, Jersey.

Mr. M. G. Cooker has accepted an invitation from Bramley, near Leeds.

Rev. T. W. Thomason, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation of Union Chapel, Queen's-park, Manchester, to become their pastor.

Rev. J. J. Dalton, of Bradford, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Lock's-lane, Frome, Somerset.

The Rev. F. Timmes has removed from Rugby, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Spaldwick.

Mr. William Herbert Harris, of Liverpool, commenced his ministry at Fishergate Chapel, Preston.

RECOGNITIONS.

In connection with the settlement at Stratford-road Chapel, Birmingham, of

the Rev. John Hulme, of Chesterfield, a public recognition service has been held. Mr. S. A. Daniell presided, and, as a representative of the building committee, congratulated the congregation on the completion of the chapel. Rev. H. Platten delivered an address of welcome on the part of the Baptist churches of the town, and Rev. Dr. Simon on behalf of other Nonconformist bodies. Revs. E. Medley, J. M. McKerrow, and J. Hulme, also followed as speakers.

The recognition of the Rev. G. W. Roughton, formerly of Sydney, as pastor of the church at Beeston, near Nottingham, took place on the 24th of September. The Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., of Chilwell College, gave the address in the name of the church, and speeches followed by various ministers in the neighbourhood.

The recognition services have been held of Rev. J. Horn as pastor of Zion Chapel, Bacup. Rev. E. Parker, President of Brighton-grove College, Manchester, preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. J. Horn, who made a statement as to the reasons which had led him to accept the call of the church at Bacup. Addresses were given by Revs. W. T. Adey, of Scarborough; W. H. Perkins, Goodshaw; W. L. Giles, Cloughfold; and others.

Ordination services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. P. Cushing as pastor of the church at Morfield, Yorkshire, were held on the 30th of September. The Rev. E. Parker, of Manchester College, delivered the charge to the pastor; and the Revs. J. T. Marshall, M.A., that to the church. The Revs. C. A. Davis, Dr. Stock, E. T. Scammell, J. Haslam, and others took part in the proceedings, the public meeting being held under the presidency of Mr. A. Crowther, J.P., of Huddersfield.

A special service connected with the

settlement of the Rev. W. S. Chedburn, late of Berwick-on-Tweed, as pastor of the church at Crown-terrace, Aberdeen, was held on the 2nd of October, in the Christian Institute Hall. The Rev. Dr. Culross and others delivered addresses.

PRESENTATIONS.

LUTON.—A meeting was held at Wellington-street Chapel, October 14th, for the purpose of taking farewell of the Rev. D. Morgan, who is retiring from ill-health. Much sympathy was expressed for Mr. Morgan, who is universally esteemed in the town. A presentation was made of £84 5s. 3d., which included contributions from other congregations, notably the Congregationalists, who kindly contributed £17. Addresses were delivered by the Mayor of Luton, the Rev. James H. Blake, G. C. Williams, of Bodford, Mr. Cole, Mr. Butcher, Rev. J. Knowles (Wesleyan), and others.

The Rev. J. S. Harrison, having been compelled to resign the pastorate of the church at Montague-street, Blackburn, through ill-health, after only six months' labour there, an address and purse of gold were presented the rev. gentleman at a meeting held on Monday week last. Mr. Harrison accompanies Mr. Thomas Spurgeon to Australia.

NEW CHAPEL.

THE first of the opening services in connection with the new chapel, Hale-road, Bowdon, were conducted on Tuesday, October 14th, by the Rev. Dr. A. McLaren, of Manchester. The building, which has been erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. W. Owen, will seat nearly 500 persons, and its total cost will be about £2,500, towards which some £900 has been either actually received or promised. Underneath are schools, and the whole erection is in the Italian style of architecture. Dr. McLaren, in appealing to the congregation on behalf of the undertaking, said he had the more pleasure in pleading for a liberal

collection from members of other denominations because the trust deed of the church provided for the reception into all the privileges of membership as well as of communion of all those who loved Christ in sincerity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE half-yearly meeting of the Old Association was held at Lord's Hill, Snailbeach, Salop, on the 17th and 18th of September. On Wednesday the ministers and messengers met in conference, under the presidency of the Rev. Isaac Edwards, who called upon the Rev. J. Nicholas and Rev. D. Davies to offer prayer. After an appropriate address by the President, the secretary, B. Price, Esq., presented the financial report for the past year. Rev. E. T. Davies was appointed to write the next Association letter. The conference was brought to a close by prayer by S. Watkins. Sermons were preached the same evening at the following places:—At Lord's Hill, by Rev. E. T. Davies and Rev. D. Davies; at Ministerly Congregational Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), by Rev. W. Williams and Rev. T. Rowson; at Brockton, by Rev. S. Watkins and Rev. J. Harrison. On Thursday, at Lord's Hill, sermons were preached by the following brethren:—Rev. J. Phillips and Rev. T. Jermaine in the morning; Rev. S. Watkins and Rev. I. Edwards in the afternoon; Revs. W. Williams, I. Edwards, and J. Nicholas, in the evening. The public services were conducted by the pastor, W. Jenkins. The weather on Thursday was propitious. The congregations were large. The hospitable kindness of the friends at Snailbeach and the neighbourhood around was all that could be desired.

UXBRIDGE.—The Baptist cause has been for some time extinct in this town, the old chapel having been shut up. On Thursday, September 30th, a crowded public meeting was held in the Town Hall for the purpose of inaugurating the holding of regular services in that place. The result contemplated is the formation of an open

Baptist church under the pastorate of Rev. Arthur F. Gurney. Dr. Angus, who presided, spoke of the needs of the town, and of the suitability of his nephew, Mr. Gurney, to engage in such a work as was intended. Mr. Gurney explained his own plans and principles, and hoped that as he was willing to labour for the present quite gratuitously, those who held Baptist views would rally round him and seize the opportunity of founding a real and permanent work. Rev. H. Bayley, of Kingston, assured Mr. Gurney of the sympathy of other churches. Rev. J. P. Chown exhorted the audience to energetic efforts. Rev. E. W. Tarbox gave personal testimony to the soundness of the former work done by Mr. Gurney in Westminster and Liverpool.

The chapel at Myrtle-street, Liverpool, under the pastorate of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, has just been reopened, after considerable alteration and renovation. The accommodation has been somewhat curtailed, but the premises are now much more compact, and are still capable of seating 2,000 persons.

ALPERTON, MIDDLESEX.—Anniversary services of the Sunday-schools were held on Sunday, September 28th, special sermons were preached, in the morning by Rev. W. J. Inglis, and in the evening by Rev. S. A. Swaine. On the Thursday evening a tea and public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. A. H. Baynes, when an encouraging report was read by Mr. Joseph Leeto, the secretary, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. J. Inglis and T. G. Atkinson, Messrs. Chapman, Capern, and Walker.

LUTON.—Park Street Chapel Young Men's Christian Association, under the presidency of the Rev. J. H. Blake, inaugurated the winter session on Monday, October 6th, at the Town Hall, Mr. Holdfast's Bell-Ringers giving a special entertainment. This society numbers nearly 350 members, the largest association in Luton.

BAPTIST UNION.—We are glad to be able to report that the meetings at Glasgow quite realised the expectation

of the committee. There was a good attendance, and we hope some practicable results will follow. A full report of the meeting appeared in the *Baptist Freeman*.

In response to a circular issued under the direction of the Cheshire General Baptist Conference, a meeting has been held at Crewe, when arrangements were made for the union of the Cheshire churches of the general and particular sections of the denomination in one county union. Rev. Isaac Preston was appointed chairman of the new organisation.

BAPTISMS.

Abersychan.—September 17, Eleven, by J. Cole.

Abertillery.—September 14, Ebenezer, Three, by L. Jones.

Accrington.—September 10, Barnes-street, Two; October 10, Two, by W. Hughes.

Addlestone, Surrey.—August 31, Four, by E. W. Tarbox.

Attleborough.—September 7, Five, by J. T. Felce.

Bacup.—September 7, Three, by J. S. Hughes; October 5, Ebenezer, Four, by W. Gay.

Barnard Town, Newport, Mon.—August 31, Four; September 28, Four, by A. T. Jones.

Bethel, Nantyglo, Mon.—August 31, Three; September, 29, Three, by W. H. Stanbury.

Bethlehem, near Haverfordwest.—October 5, Two, by D. O. Edwards.

Bideford.—Seven, by W. B. Woolley.

Birmingham.—August 31, Newhall-street, Eight, by A. G. O'Neill.

Bishop's Stortford.—September 25, Four, by B. Hodgkins.

Blakeney.—September 10, Three, by T. James.

Bramley.—October 10, Three, by M. G. Coker.

Brandon, Suffolk.—September 25, Five, by J. Sage.

Bridgend.—September 3, Four, by T. Cole.

Buckhurst Hill, Essex.—September 28, One, by Mr. Cousens.

Builth, Breconshire.—September 21, Two, by J. M. Jones.

Burnham, Essex.—September 17, Three, by C. D. Gooding.

Carmarthen.—September 7, English Chapel, Two, by T. Thomas.

Chard.—September 15, Ten, by A. Braine.

Chepstow.—August 21, Six; Oct. 5, Three, by W. L. Mayo.

Cheshire.—September 7, Nine, by J. Harvey.

Constitution Hill, Birmingham.—September 28, Three, by J. Burton.

Cozall, Shropshire.—September 21, One, by W. Williams
Corsham, Wilts.—October 2, Four, by J. Rudstone
Creckern.—October 3, Two, by J. Cruickshank
Dowlais.—September 4, Beulah Chapel, Four, by J. Williams; September 4, at Hebron Chapel, Three, by W. Williams
Dronfield.—September 7, Four, by T. H. Bishop
Earls Colne, Essex.—October 3, Two, by W. E. Rice
Ebbw Vale.—September 21, English Church, Five, by W. G. Thomas
Edgeside.—September 20, Five, by J. Watmough
Erwood, Breconshire.—September 7, Six, by J. Phillips
Glasgow.—September 10, Frederick-street, Four, by A. F. Mills
Guisboro'.—September 14, Four, by J. G. Scott
Halstead, Essex.—October 1, Four, by E. Morley
Hanley.—September 7, Eight, by C. Chambers
Harrington.—September 1, Two, by W. Crick
Hartow, Essex.—September 17, at Potterstreet, Two, by A. E. Bealf
Heaton, Bradford.—September 7, Seven, by R. Howarth
Hewley-on-Thames.—September 21, Four, by J. M. Hewson
High Wycombe.—September 23, Three, by W. J. Dyer
Horncastle.—September 27, Three, by J. W. Nichol
Huddersfield.—October 1, Six, by E. T. Scammell
Lancashire, St. Helen's.—September 21, Park-road, Four, by W. C. Taylor
Leeds.—September 21, York-road, Four, by J. Smith
Lifton, Devon.—September 21, Three, by G. Parker
Liverpool.—October 5, Soho-street, Four, by E. E. Walter
Lockerley.—September 14, Eight, by C. Mizen
Lord's Hill, Smallbeach, Salop.—October 5, Four, by W. Jenkins
Market Drayton.—September 22, One, by T. Clark
Malton, Yorks.—October 5, One, by J. Bigby
Merthyr Tydfil.—September 7, One, by H. Davies
Milgate, Rochdale.—September 7, Two, by T. Griffiths
Morich, Radnorshire.—September 21, Five, by J. Phillips
Metropolitan District.—
Chiswick.—September 28, Four, by W. E. Lynn
John-street, Edgware-road.—October 2, Two, by J. O. Fellowes
Gummersbury.—September 25, Six, by W. Frith
Laytonstone, E.—September 28, Five, by J. Bradford

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 2, Twenty-seven
Pockham Park-road.—October 1, One, by H. Kneea
Poplar.—September 23, Six, by W. T. Lambourae
Surrey-lane, Battersea.—August 31, Three, by W. Sullivan
Woolwich.—September 4, at Charles-street, Sixteen (nine for Mr. Murphy, Elm Grove-street), by J. Wilson
Neath, South Wales.—September 22, English Chapel, Eleven, by G. Hawker
Nebo, Ebbw Vale, Mon.—September 23, Two, by W. Jones
Nebo, Ystrad, Rhondda.—September 22, Four, by A. Williams
Newport, Mon.—September 23, Five, by J. Douglas
Newton Abbot.—September 18, One, by R. Hall
Neyland, Pembrokeshire.—September 9, One, by J. W. Edwards
Nottingham.—September 7, Exeter Hall, Thirteen, by E. J. Silvertown
Ogden, Rochdale.—August 31, Three, by A. E. Greening
Over Darwen.—September, 23rd, Fourteen, by J. Blake
Penarth, Cardiff.—September 14, Fourteen, by W. Parry
Penbroke.—September 21, Four, by E. Thomas
Plymouth.—September 3, Eleven, by W. Ashworth
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—October 4, Two, by J. Evans
Poulner, near Ringwood.—September 7, Four, by G. Diefly
Ranmoth, Cowbridge, Glamorgan.—September 13, Eight, by D. Evans
Risca, Mon.—September 7, English Chapel, One, by T. Thomas
Sheffield.—August 31, Glossop-road, Four, by J. Bailey, B.A.
Waunaquidd.—September 14, Two, by W. John
Whitwick, Leicestershire.—Five, by F. Mantle
Worcester.—October 10, Sansome-walk, Five, by J. Lewitt

RECENT DEATHS.

WE have to announce with deep regret the death of the Rev. F. W. Goadby, M.A., of Watford. He returned a few weeks ago from a vacation in Switzerland, and was then suffering a little from the journey. He resumed his work, however, and a fortnight ago preached, what has proved his last sermon, on the words, "There shall be no night there." His indisposition

turned into typhoid fever, and though all that human skill could do was done, he died on Wednesday morning, October 15th. He seemed a little better on the Tuesday. But about one a.m. a change took place, and at three he entered upon the eternal day of which he had been preaching.

We regret to record the death of the Rev. H. A. James, of Stratford-on-Avon, which has just taken place at Stroud. The deceased entered the ministry—having been trained in the Pastor's College in 1865—and removed from Minchinhampton to Stratford in 1878. The Rev. Thos. Benskin, of Stroud, last week preached a funeral sermon.

We have to record the death of a devoted servant of Christ, who departed this life at Rosedale Cottage, Llanvihangel Ystrad, on September 3rd, 1879, Walter Davis, in the 88th year of his age. In the year 1816, while the Rev.

Mr. Jenkins was preaching in the house of his (W. D.'s) father at Ockren Mill, our brother became greatly troubled in soul, so that he could find no rest till he found peace in Christ. Soon after he was baptised, and joined the church at Llanwennarth in the year 1816. He continued there in membership about nine years. He then removed to Trowaylade Farm, united with the church, with which he remained a faithful member till the time of his death, a period of fifty-four years. For many years he filled the office of deacon. His earnest desire for the welfare of the church was remarkable to the last. He finished his course with joy, and was buried in the graveyard of the chapel, Llanvihangel Ystrad. His death was improved on September 21st by his pastor, T. C. Powell, from Job v. 26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from Sept. 20th to Oct. 19th, 1879.

| £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | | £ s. d. | |
|-------------------------|--------|----------------------|---------|----------------------|----------|
| Mr. C. J. Brown | 0 10 0 | Sayer Breton, per J. | | Collection at Vernon | |
| Mr. Wm. Balne | 0 11 0 | B. Near | 0 7 0 | Chapel, Pentouville, | |
| Z., Plymouth | 10 0 0 | Mr. S. Willson, sen. | 1 1 0 | per Rev. C. B. Saw- | |
| Mr. W. Bourne | 1 0 0 | Miss M. Gooding | 0 5 0 | day | 9 5 0 |
| Mr. J. Seiwright | 1 0 0 | Mr. J. S. Cumming | 3 0 0 | Baptist Church, | |
| Mrs. Trail | 2 0 0 | Mr. C. W. Goodhart | 1 0 0 | Middleton Cheney, | |
| Mr. Thomas Scouler | 3 0 0 | A. Widow's Thank- | | per Rev. J. Dod- | |
| Executors of the late | | offering | 0 5 0 | well | 1 0 0 |
| Mr. W. Cannon | 45 0 0 | Mrs. Webb | 0 7 6 | Mr. J. P. Marsh, per | |
| Mr. R. Finlayson | 0 10 0 | Mrs. M. Milbourne | 2 2 0 | Mr. Isaac | 2 10 0 |
| Mr. J. B. Maynard | | Two Friends | 0 5 0 | A. B. for India | 5 0 0 |
| 1st Month's wages | 2 0 0 | S. S. Absolum | 0 5 0 | Weekly Offerings at | |
| Mr. C. Spurgeon, first | | Mr. J. E. Rice | 1 0 0 | Metropolitan Taber- | |
| fruits | 5 0 0 | Sarah | 0 10 0 | nacle:— | |
| A Reader of the | | Mr. W. Ladbrooke | 1 0 0 | September, 21 | 20 0 3 |
| <i>Sword and Trowel</i> | 0 10 0 | Mr. Jones, per Mr. | | " 28 | 46 9 0 |
| Mr. Geo. Kingerlee | 1 0 0 | Lockhart | 3 0 0 | October 5 | 37 7 10 |
| The Misses Drans- | | Mrs. M. G. R. Chap- | | " 12 | 52 1 7 |
| field | 2 2 0 | man | 4 0 0 | " 19 | 39 10 6 |
| Mrs. Fitzgerald | 1 0 0 | Collection at Zion | | | |
| Mr. Spriggs | 0 5 0 | Chapel, Bradford, | | | |
| Mr. F. D. Ranford | 0 2 0 | per Rev. C. A. | | | |
| Mr. J. F. Godwin | 2 2 0 | Davis | 13 17 5 | | £323 1 1 |

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

NO CONDEMNATION.*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."—ROMANS viii. 1.

WE are reminded here of a very unpleasant fact. The mass of mankind are under condemnation. While the Apostle rejoices that some persons, whom he describes as being in Christ Jesus, are not under condemnation, he leaves us to infer, and we may most truthfully do so, that the rest of mankind *are* under condemnation. It is a solemn fact, which I would fain speak not only into the ears but into the hearts of the unconverted, that they are already condemned. How know I this? God Himself declares it. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the Son of God." Some preachers tell their hearers that their present life is a state of probation, and that they are now on their trial whether they shall be condemned or not. A greater mistake could not be committed. You are not like men put upon their trial. For the trial is over, the verdict is given, you have been found guilty, the sentence has gone forth; you are condemned already if you have not believed in Jesus Christ. "God is angry—is *very* angry—with the wicked every day." "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." My dear hearer, this is a truth so terrible, that did you realise it as you ought, it would make your hair stand on end, and your flesh creep upon its bones. Well may you tremble as you hear that you are already condemned by the verdict of the highest authority, that the sentence is registered in heaven, and that it will be executed in due time if grace do not prevent. All men who are not saved by Christ are at present under a condemnation, and when the terror of that condemnation is personally apprehended, the soul, conscious of its own guilt and of Divine justice, feels that life is deprived of all its joys; and, turning to God, like David, it will complain, "Day and night Thy hand is heavy upon me, my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." It is indeed a marvel to all thoughtful minds that men can be condemned of the Almighty and yet live wantonly, and take pleasure in unrighteousness; that they can indulge their passions as if they were innocent of any crime, and indifferent to any consequence. Because they are dead in sin, therefore are they at ease. Stab a corpse, bury it deep in the clay cold soil, dance upon his grave—yea, launch the earthquake and the storm, nothing will disturb him, because he is dead. So it is with some of you; because you are dead in sin, nothing agitates or alarms your conscience. When reminded of death and judgment, of the wrath of God, of the awful future that awaits you,

* This Sermon being Copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.
No. 253, NEW SERIES.

you hear it as a thrice-told story and go your ways with the utmost complacency. What madness this is! Are your brains addled? Are you bereft of reason? Doth a wild frenzy hold your hearts captive? Has sin acquired so complete a mastery over all your faculties that there is no arousing you from this spiritual death? May God quicken you and save you, or else you will sleep yourselves into the place where you will lift up your eyes in horror and despair, only to find escape impossible.

The condemnation then that rests upon all men is present, and it is such a condemnation as would make them quake and quail if they could but perceive it; but whether they perceive it or not, it will certainly crush them ere long. Every moment, at every tick of the clock the fulfilment of the sentence draws nearer. As we sit silent in the sanctuary, or as we saunter through the streets, whether we halt or hurry, be we in pursuit of pleasure or intent on business, time with its hasty wheels is rushing on. Push on fast as thou mayest, oh pilgrim, over the plains of life, yet time, that "treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief," will outstrip thee, and death will face thee as the goal it is impossible to pass. Ah! the world will then lose its charms; the joys that floated once before thine eyes shall fade and vanish one and all. Mayhap the clamours of conscience shall then arouse thee for a brief space. But how canst thou quell those fears or quiet those terrors that haunt the disturbed spirit? Or must ye tarry till the sentence comes from the great white throne, and the voice of thunder saith, "Depart, ye cursed," or ever your sluggish souls will reckon the danger—till ye realise the doom of the impenitent? The most callous criminal and the most proud-hearted Pharisee will then be alike awfully conscious of their own error and of God's equity. They once smiled contemptuously at the very mention of being condemned, as a commonplace expression; now they discover what it means—that their confidence is withered at the root, that the curse enters into their core, and that their very being is blasted. God defend you from such a damnation! May He first deliver you from your levity, and then lead you into the light of life, to enjoy the high immunity of sinners saved by grace, to whom there is no condemnation, because they are sheltered in Christ Jesus, being saints approved, seeing that they have ceased to be sensual in their conduct because they have become spiritual in their character.

Plunging at once without further preface into our subject, let us consider the *acquittance* here described, the *privileges* consequent, and the *character* of the people interested in this announcement. What a perfect clearance, dear friends, this is from all attainure! "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Those who are thus absolved were once heirs of wrath, even as others. Through their sin they were once not only impeached, but condemned. How great a change then has passed over them since, through the free grace of God, they are wholly delivered from the verdict of the law. Nor is it merely a reprieve of the guilty or a respite of judgment which is here set forth. The believer in Christ has full absolution and complete exculpation; so we read, "There is therefore now *no* condemnation." Whom God doth pardon is fully pardoned; whom God justifieth

is perfectly justified. Look at that list of thy sins ; it is very long and very black ; yet when once the pen is drawn through them by the hand of God, not one of them shall be mentioned against thee, O believer, any more for ever. You know the oft-told story of Martin Luther, when the devil came to the side of his bed, and said, "Thou shalt surely be cast into hell, for see here the long tale of thy transgressions." To which he calmly replied, "Is that all?" "No," said the devil, "that is not all;" and therewith he conjured up to his memory sins innumerable of thought, of lip, and of action, a great roll, which he gradually drew out and unravelled. Whereupon the brave old man exclaimed, "Is that all?" "Nay," said Satan, "not all. There lies behind the iniquity of thy holy things." Then Luther said again, "Is that all?" "Enough, in all conscience," replied the fiend, "to make thee tremble." "Well, then," said Luther, "write at the bottom of it, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" And were the list long enough to belt the earth and to run round the zodiac itself, yet the moment we believe in Jesus, the precious blood would rend the list into a thousand shatters and entirely obliterate the handwriting of charges against us. There is no sin in God's book against a believer. His great sins, his little sins, his public sins, his private sins, his word sins, his sins of imagination, the sins of all his life are gone, every one of them. Like the Egyptians drowned in the Red Sea, the depths have covered them ; there is not one of them left. Occasionally people speak as though they hoped they were half pardoned. Of what use would that be? Unless every sin be forgiven we cannot stand in the presence of God. Our mercy 'tis to know that every sin *is* forgiven.

"There's pardon for transgressions past,
It matters not how black their cast ;
And oh, my soul, with wonder view,
For sins to come here's pardon too."

Do not put your finger now upon some sin that seems to you peculiarly flagrant and say, I fear some trace of that remains. It is not so. For covered is your unrighteousness ; no spot of defilement remains on those who are redeemed and sanctified. There is therefore now *no* condemnation—no righteous condemnation—from conscience or from God. How brave was our Apostle when he had drunk deep into the spirit of this truth, when he defied heaven and earth and hell to accuse him ! Listen to his words. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Growling devils, you cannot do it. Christ's blood hath stopped your mouths. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Do you not fear that the thunderbolts of heaven will fall upon so bold a man? They cannot ; for listen to him—"It is God that justifieth." He is not then afraid of the Almighty ; as though He would undo what He has done, or unsay what He has spoken. If He has acquitted, He will not afterwards condemn. Nay, more, "Who is he that condemneth?" saith the brave Apostle, and he looks up to the throne where the Judge Himself is sitting, and he cries, "It is Christ that died ; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." There is no con-

demnation, not a drachm, not an atom, not a word, not a syllable, not a letter, not a jot or tittle of condemnation against the believer in Christ Jesus. One of our martyrs—I think it was Tomkins—whose finger Bonner held over a candle to let him feel a little of the pain of burning, was taunted by the bishop with the sentence, “Thou art a heretic; thou wilt be damned.” “No,” said Tomkins, “bishop, there I am a match for thee. I never shall be damned. You know he hath said”—quoting this text as it runs in the old English translation—“There is therefore now no damnation to him that is in Christ Jesus, who walks not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” You may burn me,” said he, “but you cannot damn me; that is beyond your power, for there is therefore now no damnation to him that is in Christ Jesus.” So can we say, and in this we can rejoice.

Further, the non-condemnation mentioned in the text is not only complete, but it is a present blessing. “There is therefore *now* no condemnation.” That is, at this passing hour and on this particular day. There is at this moment no condemnation to any one who is in Christ Jesus. Oh, beloved! how the men of this world do play with this Book, and what a sorry mess they make of it! They dream that nobody can be perfectly pardoned and saved until he comes to die, and then it is chance work with them. If you tell them that you are now saved, they will reply that you are presumptuous; and if with holy boldness you delight and rejoice in your immunity from condemnation, they will either say you are a mad fanatic, or else they will attribute your confidence to self-righteousness, and charge you with thinking yourself better than others. Far be it from us to esteem ourselves at all; but we do esteem Christ very highly, and we consider Him worthy to be trusted. Now, believer, you know that your freedom from condemnation is a thing of to-day. When the saints of God shall stand in heaven before those starry thrones, with their crowns upon their heads and their palm branches in their hands, they will not be more completely justified than they are now. They will not be in any degree more free from condemnation than they are the very moment that they believe. They will be more sanctified. Sin will be more thoroughly eradicated from their character; but they will not be more forgiven, nor will they be more accepted in the Beloved than they now are. Think of this, you trembling believers; in the matter of forgiveness you are on a par with St. Paul, and in the matter of justification you are on a level with St. John before the throne. There are no first, second, and third degrees here. There is *now*, at this instant, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; they partake to-day of a present and perfect pardon.

But notice further, that this blessed fact of a present and perfect pardon may be positively known. The possibility of such a perfect pardon some will allow, though they cannot concede even the probability of its being evident to the individual conscience of any one. Ah! little do they know of the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear Him. I make bold to say that there are hundreds, if not thousands, in this house this evening who know by the witness of the Holy Spirit within them that they are accepted in Christ. I will be bolder still. Let me speak for myself. If at this moment I had any doubt about

my complete pardon through the precious blood of my Redeemer I could no more dare go to sleep to-night until I had made my calling and election sure than I dare go to rest with the suspicion that my house was on fire. To lay me down and sleep with my house on fire would be a trifling folly compared with retiring to rest while I knew my soul was exposed to perdition. Do I speak presumptuously? Challenge the evidence I produce if you will. My Master's word tells me that he that believeth on Jesus Christ is not condemned. Well, I know I do believe in Jesus Christ. I am as sure of that as I can be of anything. I have not any hope save in what the Lord Jesus Christ did for me upon the cross. I depend upon His finished work with all my heart and soul and strength. I dare not rest anywhere else; but I do depend on Him, and the old Book saith, "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." Shall I believe God, or shall I make Him a liar? I will believe it. Then I am not condemned. I am not; I cannot be. Every soul that trusteth in Him is free from condemnation. He would have every soul that believeth in Him to know this, and take comfort from it. You may suck the sweetness of it now. Will any of you be content to go home and say, "I hope it will be well with me?" Can you put up with hopes when you had need to be positive? Have you brought your money with you to-night? Do you think it is in your pocket? Will that satisfy you, if you are not certain? Suppose it were all you have got in the world. I am sure you would not be satisfied if you only hoped it was there. Perhaps some pickpocket has stolen it. Ah! but you would want to make quite sure of its safety. A vague hope would afford you slight satisfaction. And will an equivocal, ambiguous, misty hope suffice with regard to our eternal state? We ought to "know in whom we have believed," and we had need be "persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him." What shall I say to you of little faith? Do seek to get greater faith, that you may be enabled to "read your title clear to mansions in the skies." Pray for a full assurance of faith. Never be content until you get it. Unless you get it you will miss that sweet heaven below which is the antepast of the heaven above.

But I must pass on to observe, dear friends, that as this non-condemnation is complete and present, and may be known, the text gives us a hint that it is well-grounded. Notice that word "therefore." "There is *therefore* now no condemnation." "Therefore," that is a word that logicians use in their arguments. It is not a word for fanatics and enthusiasts; they never talk about "therefore." Hot-headed, hare-brained creatures leave out all "therefores," and take things for granted. The full assurance of salvation which the Christian enjoys is a matter capable of the clearest demonstration. It is not an item of belief produced by excitement, but it is to be proved as plainly as that twice two make four. How so? Why thus:—According to the Word of God, Jesus Christ took upon Himself all the sins of believers. If I, then, be a believer, it is clear that I have no sin. Because if Christ took my sins, those sins cannot be in two places at one time. If they are on Christ, they cannot be on me. If Christ became my substitute, then am I clear. If my sins were laid upon His head, and He became the offering of a scapegoat for me, then my

sins do not lie upon me. The fact is clear enough. Take another proof. If it be true, according to God's Word, that Jesus Christ was punished for the sins of His people, and endured at God's hand what was due to them for their sins, then is it clear enough, clear as a sun in arithmetic, that if God has punished Christ for our sins, He cannot punish us too; that if the debt be paid once it is no longer a debt, for who can demand payment of a debt twice, first at the hand of the surety, and secondly at the hand of him for whom the surety stood? Take a third illustration. Paul says it is "therefore." A believer, according to God's Word, is married unto Christ. Now who knows not that the moment a woman is married she is out of debt? Be the inventory as long as it may, the debts belong to her husband; she has not any. So with the believer. The instant he is married unto Christ his many sins are transferred to Christ. Christ becomes the sin-bearer, and that text is fulfilled, "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." He, then, that is married to Christ, he for whom Christ suffered, he whose debts Christ paid, must be clear, and the "therefore" of the text is as plain as possible. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

This is a glorious doctrine, but I must pass on to speak for awhile of the *privileges* which are enjoyed by every man to whom this clearance from condemnation cometh.

Of the many privileges I shall only mention a few.

First. His conscience is perfectly at ease. He has been guilty; he has deserved to perish; God has forgiven him; why should he disturb himself any more? Oh! believe me, there is no peace like that which Divine pardon gives. Great peace have such as these; their peace flows like a river. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding keeps their hearts and minds." I have heard of a debtor who had been so often arrested that on one occasion, catching his sleeve upon the sharp spike of a railing, he turned round and said, "I will pay you to-morrow," thinking he was arrested again. Some persons are always in that state of mind, perpetually in fear of being punished for their sins; but the believer in Jesus carries the receipt for all his sins in his heart. He has trusted Christ, and he has God's own word that "He that believeth on Him is not condemned;" so he looks for no sheriff's officers from heaven, nor for any accusers, for he is sure and certain that he is clear. Conscience is at ease, and he that hath an easy conscience hath life and health. He sleeps on a soft bed, and if his room be never so narrow and his food never so scant, yet is he better off than lords of the realm if they have not this selfsame bliss—the bliss of a conscience made right with God. The Christian that knows this privilege, of having peace of conscience, has all his trials sweetened. For the bitterness of our trials there is an antidote. To ungodly men sufferings are punishments; but to believing men the worst sufferings are a salutary discipline. Never, I entreat you, you who believe in Christ, never look upon your losses in business, or the deaths in your family, or your own personal sickness, as being a punishment, a penal judgment from God. How can God punish those whose sins were all laid upon His dear Son? And if there be no condemnation to them, how can there be any degree of punishment to them? What, then, are our

afflictions? They are chastisements; and there is a vast difference between chastisement from a father and punishment from a judge. A child may have to feel the rod from his father's hand, but it is a very different thing from the strokes laid on by the jailer when the magistrate sentences a child to have so many blows. The rod in a father's hand never cuts so deep, and it is sweetened with the sense that it is for his good. But in the judge's hand it is a punishment for offences already committed. Ah! Christian, God as a Judge has nothing to do with you. He has acquitted you; you are clear; He will never touch you with so much as the edge of His sword; but as a child you shall be chastened, the Father's love meanwhile sustaining you while His anger smites. Oh! how well may you drink of this cup. How cheerfully may you submit to receive anything from that dear hand. Be of good courage, then. There is no condemnation. Come poverty, come sickness, come what may, if there is no condemnation the bitterness is taken away. This makes death also a delight rather than a trouble to the Christian. Death to the Christian is not a punishment for sin. As I have said before, Christ has borne all the punishment for His people; there is no condemnation to them; and if no condemnation, then no punishment; and therefore death cannot be a punishment to the believer. What is it, then? Why, a privilege. To sleep in Jesus is a privilege; to have life's sorrows ended is a privilege; to have the gates of heaven set wide open, that we may enter in to our inheritance and enjoy our never-ending reward is a great privilege. We shall take off these workday garments, soiled and dusty with care and sorrow, and put on our Sabbath garments, pure and white, like those our Master wore when He was transfigured on the mountain's brow. To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing. When there is no curse, nor judgment, death is no more the king of dread. To those who trust in Jesus death has lost his sting; he comes as a friend, and no longer as a foe. If there be no condemnation, death has lost its power; and, beloved, when there is no condemnation the child of God loses all his slavish fear. Until he feels that he is pardoned he lives a very precarious kind of life. I often wonder how our Arminian friends fare for comfort. They seem to me to suck a very dry breast. Their view appears to be somewhat like this:—If they are humble, prayerful, charitable, and do their duty, they will at last enter eternal life. It depends, however, so very much upon themselves, and there are so many serious slips between the cup and the lip, that some of these slips may prove fatal and final. But when the believer comes to a full assurance of faith in Christ, he can say, I have nothing to do with this kind of contingency; I am saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; love's redeeming work is done; Christ said on the tree, It is finished, and I believe it; my sins are all forgiven; His righteousness is mine; I am one with Him, and because He lives I shall live also. And oh, what a happy man he is! Ah! say some, but then he will go and live in sin. Yes; you would, perhaps, but he would not. On the contrary, he says—Christ has done so much for me, how I hate the sins that made Him mourn; how I will seek to do all I can to honour and glorify Him. Yes; you slaves want the whip on your backs. I know you do. You will not move an inch to serve God unless you get your penny for it; you only

keep from sin because you are afraid of hell; you only follow after righteousness because you want to get to heaven by your slavish works. It is not so with the Christian. He is neither driven by fear nor drawn on by hope of reward, but he is prompted by gratitude for the eternal grace of Christ Jesus, both to labour and suffer reproach; and he saith, I will serve God with heart, and soul, and strength, now that I have not got myself to serve, all my needs being supplied. I venture to say that a man who works in order to save himself is working for himself with a slavish motive, and is not working for God at all; while the man who is saved, having nothing now to gain, lives for God. He is capable of the highest virtue: his soul is sublimely lifted up above the dregs of selfishness, and he has attained something like pure, disinterested affection to the great God and His only begotten Son, who loved him, and gave Himself for him. Hence he becomes a different kind of man from anything this world can produce apart from such Christian influence. The spontaneous fruit of the Gospel of God's free grace is an ardent love to Jesus, an earnest zeal for the faith once delivered to the saints, and a constant habit of being prayerful, and careful, and charitable. Other men may talk about good works; the man that is saved in the Lord produces them: they may have a selfish theory which enjoins them to do good, but this man has a living principle that constrains him to do good; a vital energy that springs up within himself as he is quickened and renewed by the Holy Spirit.

Beloved, one of the precious results of non-condemnation is that as soon as a man gets it himself he wants others to get it likewise. There are never such flaming missionaries of the cross as those who themselves live in the enjoyment of the fruit that hangs thereon. Directly you know that you are pardoned, you will want your dear wife to be pardoned. As sure as you are forgiven, you will want to clasp your dear children to your bosom with a confidence that they too are forgiven. I never knew a man get into Christ's lifeboat but what the next minute he began to lean over the side and beg to pull in some dear drowning brother who was almost lost. Yes; if you have got a mean, meagre, starveling gospel, full of "ifs" and "buts," it is not worth your zeal; but when you have hold of something solid, like this, "Therefore there is now no condemnation," then your soul begins to stir within you, then your manhood wakens itself up, and straining itself to its highest energy, you seek to save others as you yourself have been saved.

Now my time is almost gone, but I must detain you a few minutes to notice the persons to whom this non-condemnation belongs. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." This is the first description. They were in Christ Jesus by Divine purpose. They were in Christ Jesus by His federal headship; but they come to be actually in Christ Jesus, experimentally so, by their simple faith, which unites them to the Lamb and brings them salvation. All inside Noah's ark were saved; all outside were drowned. Faith is the act which crosses the doorstep, and puts us inside the door. He who trusts Jesus Christ with all his heart is in Christ; he is vitally united to the Lord Jesus, and there is no condemnation to him. Would

not some people like the text to run—There is therefore now no condemnation to those who go to church regularly? It does not say so though. Some would be very pleased to have it said—There is no condemnation to really good sound members of the Baptist community; but it does not say anything of the sort. And some would be pleased to find it run—There is no condemnation to those that have been baptised and confirmed, and that take the sacraments regularly. But it does not say so, not a word of it. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." If thou believest in Christ Jesus thou art not condemned, but I tell thee if thou dost not believe in Him, all thy religion, though it be bright as gilt, though it may seem to shine and glitter, and sparkle before thine eyes, is not worth the turn of a brass farthing, and the sooner thou art rid of it the better. There is nothing that can save thee but simple faith in Jesus. If thou hast that, thou art not condemned; if thou art without that, all thy pagantry and pretended godliness will only make a mask for thee to go to hell in, and there it shall be plucked from off thy face, and thou shalt stand exposed to perpetual scorn. By way of further description we are told that they walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Now I want you just to get into the sieve, and let us sift you, and see whether you are wheat or not. To walk after the flesh—what is that? That man walks after the flesh who indulges his passions. The flesh craves for strong drink, and he drinks till his senses are drowned. The flesh pines for all kinds of delicacies, and he pampers appetite, feeding without fear till he puts fatness on his bones and brings leanness into his soul. The flesh says, Adorn thyself. Don't you see the votary of fashion sitting at the glass; her first and last thought how that curl shall be placed? The flesh says—Make thyself great and famous; and don't you see the slave of frail ambition toiling until midnight, working with all his might for honour and distinction, reaping only envy, pride, and covetousness? The flesh says "Please people"—and do not you see the mean time-server giving up conscience, principles, and even self-respect, that he may get the crowd to flatter him with their good opinion? The flesh says—Get gold, amass a fortune; and don't you see the covetous man, how his heart contracts while his fortune expands; what scrubby things he will do if he can but scrape the money together? This is walking after the flesh, when you obey the instinct and inclinations of these base-born carnal natures of ours. Some in coarse, others in courtly fashion follow the dictates of their passions; profit or pleasure affords them an apology. Look at this great city of ours; how full of beautiful butterflies, that contribute nothing to the hive; how few busy working bees we have among us! Those butterflies do nothing but flit from flower to flower all day long, and plan how best they can kill time, and waste the golden hours—silly people, with nothing better to occupy themselves than dressing and undressing, making calls and receiving visitors, attending balls and places of fashionable resort. Such giddy flutterers illustrate another mode of walking after the flesh.

They too walk after the flesh who regulate their thoughts and actions by their own reason, instead of submitting to the authority of God's revealed Word, the book by inspiration given. Lacking a vital

faith, they become victims of their own feelings. So they follow their own perceptions, or other people's apprehensions, heeding nothing of that which is unseen and eternal.

Do I not hear now and then of those who profess godliness—it pains me to say it—even of members of this church, who compromise character by drinking too freely, by talking too loosely, by screwing in business too closely. You must surely know, without my constantly reminding you, that intemperance, frivolity, unseemly jesting, covetousness, oppression, all kinds of self-indulgence, and all kinds of ungenerosity to your neighbours, are sins of the flesh, and utterly inconsistent with the religion of Christ.

In all churches some delinquents are to be found, in this church as well as any other; but I tell you solemnly that profess what you like, if the grace of God does not deliver you from the dominion of your old fleshy nature, as the Lord liveth you are none of His.

In abstaining from carnal lusts, however, there is only a negative virtue. The faithful brethren in Christ Jesus walk after the Spirit; that is to say, after the Holy Spirit. They attend to His teaching, they seek His guidance, they turn to the book that He has written to know what He would have them to do. And when that Living Spirit who dwells in their hearts prompts them to do anything, they obey His dictates, and when He cautions them, they need no bit or bridle, as the horse and mule, which have no understanding, but they attend at once to the Divine monitions. To some of you the Holy Spirit is a stranger. He has never spoken to you; at any rate you have never heard and recognised His voice; so you have never profited by His teaching, or followed His guidance. Alas, then, you have never been a partaker of the privileges of the children of God. But others there are here to whom His person and presence are intensely real. Their first thought in the morning is—Lord, guide me to-day. When they are at their work they are lifting up their hearts and saying—Lord, let me not dishonour my profession to-day; and at night-fall their prayer is—Forgive me the offences of this day, and help me in the future to walk more according to Thy will. Now such a man, being led of God's Holy Spirit, hath the evidence in his own life that he is begotten again to a lively hope, and there is no condemnation to him.

I cannot speak upon these matters as I should like to do. The day is coming, my dear friends, when such plain directions as I have sought to give you will meet your anxious inquiries with a force that you do not feel now. Ah! mine is a solemn responsibility, which I shall presently look back upon from the close of my mortal life as well as my ministry, to have had the opportunity of thus telling you the way of salvation. To you it will be none the less weighty, as you remember that you have been spoken to in very plain words of the things that pertain to your peace. I have culled out no flowery sentences; I have used no gaudy tricks of eloquence; but I have aimed only to speak straight to your hearts. Are you condemned or not? If you are condemned, will you not seek to escape from the condemnation? Know of a certainty that mercy is still to be had: will you not accept it? Only believe and simply trust the Lord who died upon the cross, and He will change

your hearts by His Spirit; He will take away your past guilt; He will keep you from future sin, and He will give you the full assurance that you are not condemned. And if you are cherishing that sweet confidence, seek to be quite sure that it is a Divine persuasion, and not a boastful presumption. Ask to be kept from carnal security. Still, when your foot is once on the rock, do not begin to think it is sand, and do not let the devil make you fear it is shifting and unreliable. Keep on it, and often and often take hold of God's covenant by simple faith in His unswerving fidelity. It is rock; it will bear.

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

Since Jesus hath bought me with His blood and brought me to His feet, I cannot perish, neither can any pluck me out of His hands. There is no condemnation to me. I am a poor guilty sinner, I am full of imperfection, I have my doubts and my fears and my wanderings, but from condemnation I am free, for I am in Christ Jesus, blessed be His name. May you be kept there, and may you serve Him and praise Him, until you are taken up to see His face and to dwell with Him world without end!

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JOHN CARTER'S GOOD NAME, AND HOW HE WON IT.

CHAPTER XII.

NEARLY four months elapsed from the date of his accident before John Carter was able, with the aid of a walking-stick, to take a short walk in the bright sunshine up and down his own street. Worn to the shadow of his former self, he looked like one who had "been in the wars;" but it was evident that he now only required time and good support in order to regain his accustomed health and vigour. But no sooner did he appear in the street than it was quite amusing to see the various householders come to their doors to inquire kindly regarding the progress he was making, and to note the number of times he was stopped by

passers-by, and even by the children playing about, to receive from them congratulations on his partial recovery. It was, however, on the first Lord's day that he was privileged to walk slowly into the Sunday school, preparatory to a children's service being held in the afternoon, that he received his chief ovation. His entrance five minutes before the commencement of the exercises created quite a commotion. All eyes were turned towards him; and the children could not be prevented from clapping their hands and stamping with their feet as the superintendent met him half way down the aisle and conducted him to a seat near the desk in which the pastor was sitting. So overwhelmed was our worthy friend at being permitted again to enter his beloved school, and receiving such a reception, that in spite of all he could do the

tears would roll unbidden down his cheek; and, to hide his emotion, as he sat down he reverently buried his face in his thin white hands, and spent a minute or two in silent thanksgiving to the Most High God for His restoring mercy. This revived him, and he was then enabled to join in the various exercises, enjoying them as one only could who, loving them so well, had been deprived of them so long.

But one interesting episode connected with the service we must not fail to relate. No sooner had the pastor concluded an interesting address to the children, parents, and friends, than John Carter, weak as he was, rose, and said that he felt he must say a few words. Amid great silence, and in simple and pathetic strains, he told the children how unexpectedly he had been laid aside, what pain he had endured, what domestic suffering had come upon his household, what a happy death his little boy had died, how he himself for a little time hovered between life and death, and yet how the Lord had enabled him in the midst of all to say with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And then he added, "And now, my dear young friends, see how God has honoured my trust in Himself. In spite of the fears of many, He has partly restored me to health, and enabled me to come once more amongst you; and I hope, before very long, to be able to take my class, and distribute my tracts, and give out my invitations, and so try to be not only Home Missionary to Church-street, but to many other streets and places besides. But what I want to say to you before I sit down is this. I never knew what religion could do for me till I was laid so low and death stared

me in the face. But, bless the Lord, I know now; for I have felt its power as I never felt it before. I remember readin' of a minister who once, like myself, had a very dangerous illness. Then one of his friends said this to him, 'Sir, though God seems to be bringin' you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will regain strength and vigour enough to preach as usual.' But what do you think he replied? He said, 'You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together.' Now I can say something like that. I've learnt more of God's power to help me, and of religion to comfort me, durin' my four months' illness than in all the past years of my life. So that being the case, my dear children, I want you to seek the Lord and find Him in your early days. Only do that, and seek to live for Him, then you'll prove Him to be your best friend while life lasts. You do not know what troubles may fall to your lot, or how soon your end will come. You may live long and see a wintry old age, or you may be called away in life's springtime. But, living long or short, live for Christ, and then you'll live well; and so, 'living or dying, you'll be the Lord's.'"

This brief address, delivered with a tremulous voice and a shaking frame, was happily not spoken in vain. Not only did it seem to take effect at the time, but it so operated on the minds of three or four of the scholars that through it, shortly afterwards, they became inquirers, and then members of the church. This pleasing fact greatly cheered our friend, who, on referring to it, adduced it as another

proof that, like Paul, "when he was weak then he was strong."

The reader will be gratified to learn that by slow degrees John Carter was ultimately restored to perfect health, and that then, with renewed strength, he entered, not only upon his old work, but on several new and unostentatious labours for the Lord. In thus serving his Divine Master we must now leave him, hoping that he may be long spared to continue his useful Christian career; and that as his hair grows grey, and increased physical infirmity betokens that old age is fast approaching, he may prove to the very last his path to be "the path of the just, which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

And now all that remains for us to do is, in the light of this good and earnest Christian man's fruitful life, to ask ourselves the question, "What sort of a name have we?" Is it a good Christian name, or a name not worth having? Not a few who profess better things have a name for worldliness, for pride, for bad temper, for covetousness, for sloth, for selfishness, and for lamentable inconsistency of life and conduct. Then there are some also who have "a name to live while dead," and others who have "the name of the wicked, which shall rot." From names such as these may we, through God's grace, ever be delivered! As, reader, you value your Christian character and the glory of your Saviour, seek, in the ways in which John Carter did, a good name at home, a good name in your neighbourhood, a good name in the church, and a good name in the world; then your life will be like his, or better still, like Christ's; and thus be in

itself a grand sermon, which may produce effects here and hereafter of which at present you may have no adequate conception. For as it has been well said, "It requires not splendid talents, great attainments, high position, and a full purse to enable you to be useful in the Lord's work. If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. That which you have, if consecrated to the Lord in any way agreeable to His will, is as graciously accepted as if its worth in the esteem of the world were enhanced a thousandfold." Such then being the case—

"By fruitful field and highway

In faith the good seed cast:

Thou know'st not now which prospers,

But thou shalt know at last.

Yet water each with fervent prayer,
And may be both some fruit may bear.

Thy strength is nought but weakness,

Yet in God's name go on;

Full oft by means as feeble

He victories hath won.

Go bravely onward to the fight,
For with thee is an Arm of might.

Not thine, success or failure,

Thou know'st not which is best;

Thou earnestly must labour,

And leave with God the rest.

But He who bids thee sow the seed
Will give thee grace in time of need.

Trust in Jehovah's promise,

Fling doubting fears away;

'Tis His to give the blessing,

'Tis thine to work and pray.

And strive to gain the rich reward
Of him who winneth souls for God.

And when each new door opens,

Ask that more zeal and love,

More wisdom and more courage,

Be sent thee from above.

Thy God will hear each earnest cry;
Thy God will every need supply."

Hyde, Manchester. H. WATTS.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

A PARABLE.

BY WALTER J. MATHAMS.

THE weary carpenter had finished his day's work, and had gone home to his little cottage to rest, when a loud bustling noise was heard amongst the tools in his workshop. Each tool spoke of its own fitness for the special work which the carpenter was about to do. Upon the bench lay a plan for a model of a beautiful building which he had been commissioned to make, and this was the cause of all the noise and discussion. Thinking that he was entirely out of hearing, all the tools exclaimed together in a chorus of satisfaction—"The master is gone; let us now talk as we like, for he will not hear us."

Then the axe rose up and spoke, and all the rest listened with impatience to his tale of self-praise.

"Brothers," said he, "the master has a great work to do with this model which he is about to make, and there is none so fit to be used in the making of it as myself. See you not how smooth and beautifully carved is my handle, and how bright and sharp is my head? Let the master's hands use none but me. I will do for him all that needs to be done. Through hardest wood I will cut my way, for he is worthy of all I can do to serve him."

Then the axe went back and took its old place, and the saw rose up to speak.

"Brothers," said he, "listen not to the axe, for it is foolish. Because the master has used it so often of late, it begins to think that it is the only tool in the world that he can use. Let me tell you there is a better tool for his purpose than the axe. I speak now of myself.

Where the axe cannot go, there I will go. Did you ever know the master to hew through the bole of a large tree with the axe when the saw was at hand? Surely never. Look at the sharpness of my teeth; look at my handle too. Was there ever a tool better fitted for my master's work than myself?"

Then the saw retired, and the plane began to speak.

"Neither the axe nor the saw can make the model as well as I can," it said. "By using me, the master can make all the rough places plain, and change the face of everything into beauty. And for what does the master live and work, but to make things beautiful? Surely I am best."

Proudly confident of its superiority, the plane gave place to the hammer. As it noticed its successor, it remarked in the sarcastic tones of a self-constituted genius—

"What can that poor thick-headed thing do for the master?"

"Very much, and all too little," replied the hammer, as it began to speak. "I never work alone. My friends the nails always join in partnership with me, so that when the master uses us both together, you will see something done, though I don't think that he will make the temple with us alone. It appears to me that he will want us all to share in the making of it, so that we may all join together in his triumph. At any rate, here am I, ready for the master's use if he sees fit to use me."

The next that came up to speak was a little gimlet. It was so very small that the axe, and the saw, and the plane cried out together:—

"Poor little thing. Is it foolish enough to think that the master would use such an insignificant tool as the gimlet? What pride and ambition!"

"Yes, I believe the master will use me," replied the gimlet. "I cannot do much, I know; but in the hands of the master, there is no telling what may be done with even the meanest tool in the shop. Somehow or other, I have got it into my head that I was only made to lighten the work of others by going on before them and clearing the way. If I go first, the nails will find the road much easier; the hammer will not need to strike so hard; and, best of all, the master's labour will be saved, and his hand will not tire so soon. Yes, I think the master will use me, even me, the meanest of all."

Then the gimlet ceased to talk, and for a time peace reigned and all was still.

Quietly the shavings on the floor lifted up their curly heads and broke the silence, saying:—

"We, too, would help the master."

"You," replied the axe, and saw, and plane. "You! Do you not know that you only deserve to be trodden under his feet and cast aside."

"Yes," answered the shavings, "we know all that; but if we can only gather about his feet, and give him comfort through those wintry days, we shall be glad; for thus we shall be a help to him. It is our place to be at his feet, but even there we can serve him."

Thus did the tools discourse through the long hours of the night. Some, like the axe, and saw, and plane, because of their own greatness, despising all beneath them, and even hating one another. Others, like the hammer, and gimlet, and shavings, acknowledging their littleness, but humbly trusting to the wisdom and love of the carpenter that they might not be altogether useless.

The first rays of the rising sun were streaming through the lattice when the master's dove, crying "Peace," rustled its shining wings, and flew to the door to meet him. The master caressed his beautiful bird as he entered the shop, and then began his work. Another hour flew by. A soft foot was heard on the threshold, and a gentle, angel-faced woman came in and smoothed back his locks and kissed him. Laying aside his work, he threw his arms around her neck, and said in simple accents of noblest love, "Mother."

'Twas but a moment's digression. Again he resumed his work, and continued it until his brow was damp and his arms were tired. Then he rested.

His mother sat down by his side and said, "My child, do you need all these tools for the making of your temple? They are many, and some are so small that they seem to be useless."

"Mother," replied the carpenter, "I need them all. Each helps the other, and lightens my labour. Not one is so small as to be of no value. And even those shavings at my feet are a help to me, for they give me comfort. There is nothing within these walls, no matter how insignificant and worthless it may appear, but may be of use to me in my great work. The axe, and saw, and plane, have each their use; likewise the hammer, and gimlet, and shavings. *Nothing is useless.*"

Then he took up his model again, and his mother returned to their cottage home to make it ready for him when he should come back after his day's toil.

That humble workshop stood in an out-of-the-way street in Nazareth; the carpenter is Jesus; and we are the tools.

Preston.

The Names and Titles of Christ ;

OR,

A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST FOR EACH SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

BY W. POOLE BALFERN.

CHRIST THE LAMB OF GOD.

FOR DECEMBER 7TH.

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”—JOHN i. 29.

CHRIST is called the Lamb of God, and He is indeed such a lamb as God only could provide. The very conception of His wonderful person and unique beauty could only have proceeded from the heart of God ; possessed of God’s nature, strong as God is strong, and yet a perfect man—inno cent, patient, gentle, lowly, and pure,—God’s own lamb, freely given and sacrificed by Him for the sin of the world. O, how touching are the Divine words—“All we like sheep have strayed, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before His shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth.” “Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; He hath put Him to grief.” Yes, to bruise Him, reader, for thy sake, that, though thou hast bruised thyself for sin, thou mightest not be bruised for ever ; that thy sins which were punished in Him might thus be cleansed away in His precious blood, and instead of being led forth to slaughter, mercy might take thee by the hand and lead thee unto paths of peace and righteousness, yea, unto the very

presence of God Himself. Behold, then, this Lamb of God, and praise God for the love which provided it for sacrifice ; and encouraged by the meekness, gentleness, and patience of Christ, trust in His sin-atoning death, and strive to copy, however feebly, His pure and self-sacrificing spirit.

CHRIST THE MORNING STAR.

FOR DECEMBER 14TH.

“I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.”—REV. xxii. 16.

WHAT is more sweet, gentle, and welcome to the eye than the morning star—bright token that the night has passed and harbinger of the coming day. Thus in the changeless heaven of God’s own Word, Christ, in pensive, silent beauty, and majesty and mystery, shone forth through the teaching of the patriarchs and prophets, and Abraham, catching some few beams of His glory, beheld His day afar off and was glad. In fulfilment of ancient prediction He came, and through His incarnation, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection in the bright morning of the Gospel and the Spirit’s influence, He broke upon the world, and myriads have found their way to God through the darkness of death to the full morning of rest and

peace, and a joyful hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. And still Christ remains as the Bright and Morning Star, earnest and pledge of a still brighter day and morning without clouds, when He will appear a second time, without sin, unto salvation, and when all His redeemed shall see Him face to face, and be with and like Him for ever. O, Bright and Morning Star, often seeming to be so far away and all but hidden from us by the clouds of temptation and darkness of sin—veiled from us by sin, sorrow, and trial, constantly rise in our hearts the hope of coming glory, and through Thy bright shining, help us to realise the joy of Thy sweet presence with all the strength, comfort, hope, and victory which it ever brings to those who wait for and long for Thine appearing.

CHRIST THE LORD OR JEHOVAH.

FOR DECEMBER 21ST.

"And this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."—JER. xxiii. 6.

THE title of Jehovah is the peculiar and incommunicable name of God—a name which cannot be applied to any created being, for it imports the necessary, independent, and eternal existence of the Most High. The Christian, however, rejoices to find that this august name is applied in the Scriptures to the Messiah, his redeeming Lord. Jeremiah prophesied that a Righteous Branch should be raised to David; a King in whose day Judah should be saved, and whose name should be called Jehovah our Righteousness. And the seraphic Isaiah also wrote of Him, "I, even I, am Jehovah,

and beside Me there is no Saviour." And we know it is written that there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved, than is given, even Jesus Christ. Christ therefore is not only a Saviour, but Jehovah. O, let us rejoice that our salvation has its root in One who, while He was man, is no less God—the brightness of the Divine glory and express image of God's essence; that the blood that cleanses us is the blood of God; that the righteousness which justifies us is the righteousness of Jehovah. We sometimes, under a sense of guilt, wonder that such sinful creatures as we are should be saved; but with such a salvation, built upon the finished work of Jehovah-Jesus, it would be a wonder indeed if we were not.

CHRIST A JUDGE.

FOR DECEMBER 28TH.

"He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."—ACTS xvii. 31.

THE Father, it is written, "judgeth no man, but has committed all judgment unto the Son." And the Apostle says, "We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." And how blessed is the thought to the Christian that in the face of his Judge he will see the well-known and loved face of his God, his Saviour, and his Friend; One who has redeemed him by His blood, clothed him in His righteousness, and sanctified him by His Spirit; and that in that great and awful day the believer will recog-

nise in the voice of the Great Judge the voice of a brother and a friend, whose eyes, though like a flame of fire, will be quick to perceive the features of His own child, and whose love will not fail to remember each little deed of brotherly kindness toward His own, by which the faith then will be declared to be genuine, and such as stands connected with an interest in His own

great sacrifice. O that we may seek to live as in the sight of this great day, and so to abound in those good works, which, though they will not procure our salvation, will yet declare in the estimation of our Saviour-Judge that we have indeed a living faith in Him, and are among those whom He will acknowledge as joint-heirs with Him of eternal life.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

F. W. GOADRY, M.A., DIED OCTOBER
15TH, 1879.

Gone from the work of life,
Gone from all care and strife,
Gone to his rest.
Nobly his race was run,
Bravely his battle won,
Now with his joy begun,
 We call him blest.
Few were the years he stood,
Blessing the world with good,
 Helping our needs;
Then ere his strength was spent,
Forth from his place he went,
Leaving a monument
 Of noble deeds.
Under the valley clod,
Under the wing of God,
 He sleeps in peace.
Yet shall his goodly fame,
Honoured and without blame,
Dwell in our hearts the same,
 Till life shall cease.
Farewell we bid him now,
While to our work we go,
 Until the night;
Then at Thine own right hand,
Grant, Lord, that we may stand,
A true, unbroken band,
 Filled with delight.

WALTER J. MATHAMS.

Preston.

CONSOLATION FOR BEREAVED PARENTS.

She's gone to a brighter world;
Gone to her Father's home;
She's one among the countless host
 Which circle round the throne.
She knows no sorrow now,
No weariness or pain.
Oh, weep not, parents, for thy loss—
 'Tis her eternal gain.
She wears a heavenly crown
Upon her youthful brow:
She loved her Saviour when on earth;
 She shares His glory now.
The voice we loved to hear
Now mingles in the song,
Which, if we love and serve the
 Lord,
 Shall join to sing ere long.
Then let us patient wait
Until our call is given;
Then we shall meet her once again,
And never part in heaven.

Fareham.

E. S.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JOHN MATTHEWS has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wokingham, after a ministry of more than six years.

Rev. G. Eales, M.A., has accepted an invitation to the church at Leeds-road, Dewsbury.

Rev. W. Page has resigned the pastorate of the church at Calne, Wilts, after nearly fourteen years' ministry, and accepted a call to that at Chelsea Chapel, Sloane-street, London.

Rev. W. Scriven, of Statham, Norfolk, has accepted a unanimous call of the committee of the new chapel recently erected by the London Baptist Association at Bronesbury to the pastorate.

Rev. Thomas Reeves has resigned the pastorate of the church at Lydbrook, and accepted a call to that at Bassalee, near Newport.

The Rev. J. Turner has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Parsons-hill, Woolwich.

Mr. James Rose, formerly of Mount Lebanon and Gaza, Syria, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Sunningdale, Berks.

Rev. W. J. Packer, of Bath, has received and accepted a unanimous call to become pastor of the Castlegate Church, Berwick-on-Tweed.

The church at Longhopc, Gloucester, has invited Rev. C. L. Gordon, formerly of Nailsworth, to the pastorate.

Rev. M. Morris, late of Spennymoor, has accepted the pastorate of Eron Chapel, Monkwearmouth.

Rev. W. H. McMechan has intimated, from the pulpit, his intention to resign the pastorate of the church meeting in Victoria-street Chapel, Windsor, at an early date.

STREATHAM.—We are asked to announce the resignation of Rev. J. Johnston, of Lewin-road Chapel.

ABERCARN, MON.—The Welsh church

here have given an invitation to Mr. J. L. Jones, of Pontypool College, to become their pastor.

Rev. W. F. Edgerton has resigned the pastorate of the Martyrs' Memorial Church, Beccles, and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping at the Old Meeting, Gamlingay, Cambridgeshire.

Rev. R. E. Evans has removed from the English church, Ferndale, to Bethel Church, Whitechurch, Cardiff.

RECOGNITIONS.

PORTSMOUTH.—On Tuesday, November 4, the Rev. D. Asquith was publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Clarence-street. Rev. H. Kitching presided. Revs. P. G. Scorey, T. W. Medhurst, J. W. Genders, and other ministers took part in the service.

Services in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. E. Rice, as pastor of the church at Earls Colne, were held on Wednesday, November 5th. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Anderson, of Reading. At the recognition service in the evening Mr. W. Mack, of Bristol, presided. Mr. J. A. Tawell, deacon, gave the reasons of the church for inviting Mr. Rice to become their pastor. Rev. W. E. Rice having made the usual statement, Rev. G. Rogers delivered the charge. Rev. W. Anderson delivered the charge to the church; and Rev. E. Spurrier gave Mr. Rice a cordial welcome to the county.

Rev. F. Johnson, of Pontypool College, has been formally recognised as pastor of the church at St. Helier, Jersey. Rev. T. W. Brown (Presbyterian) presided.

Services in recognition of Rev. E. S. Hadler, as pastor of the church at Thorpe-le-Soken, were held on October 27th. The charge to the church was given by Dr. Davies; that to the pastor by Rev. E. Spurrier. The Revs.

E. Morley, J. R. Hadler, and Messrs. Diss and Wilman took part in the services.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. J. H. Smith, late of Manchester, as pastor of the church at Nazebottom, took place on the 1st of November. After tea, Mr. W. H. Sandback presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Gray, J. Lawton, J. Roed, and others.

On Wednesday, the 22nd of October, the recognition service of Rev. W. V. Robinson, B.A., as pastor of Bethel Chapel, Eden-bridge, was held. In the evening a Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held. The Rev. W. Page, B.A.; A. Palmer, Esq., of London; and the neighbouring ministers took part in the services.

JOHN-STREET CHAPEL, BEDFORD-ROW.—On Tuesday evening, October 28th, a public meeting for the purpose of recognising Rev. Timothy Harley, from Savannah, United States, as pastor of this church, was held, the gathering being also made the occasion for reopening the chapel after renovation and improvement. Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., presided, and after singing and prayer, expressed, as president of the London Baptist Association, the interest of the churches in the step now taken by that church, which had so many sacred associations in connection with its former pastorates, Revs. J. Harrington Evans and Hon. Baptist Noel. Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson, of the Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke-row, Islington, gave a hearty welcome to the new pastor. He congratulated the church on the reopening of their sanctuary, and trusted their future success might eclipse even their past history. Rev. Mr. Green (Wesleyan) and Rev. R. Jeffrey, of Kingsgate Chapel, and Mr. Halford, church secretary, took part in the meeting.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. G. A. BROWN, who has resigned the pastorate at Mint-lane, Lincoln, for the purpose of proceeding to New Zealand—on account of failing health—has been presented by the church

and congregation with an illuminated address, a gold watch and chain, and a purse of money (besides a gold chain for Mrs. Brown), in token of the appreciation in which his ministry—during three years—has been held. During that period it was stated that 220 members have been added to the church.

An interesting and largely-attended gathering has been held at Richmond Chapel, Liverpool, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. F. H. Robarts. Several congratulatory addresses were delivered, and letters read, amongst others, from the Rev. C. M. Birrell; and a presentation of two hundred guineas was made to the pastor, in appreciation of his long ministerial services. This was accompanied by an illuminated address, setting forth the increase of the church and congregation from its small beginning at Everton, until now there were 500 church members, and an average attendance of 900 hearers; the Sunday school also containing over 700 scholars. A handsome travelling bag was given to Mrs. Robarts. Mr. Robarts has been requested to take a few months' rest, and accordingly purposes visiting Palestine.

Rev. J. B. Myers, the new deputation secretary of the Missionary Society, has just taken up his duties connected with that office. In leaving his pastorate at Kettering, where he had been for eleven years, he was presented with a purse of fifty guineas and Farrar's *Life of St Paul*, as an expression of esteem and good wishes for his future success.

EAST FINCHLEY.—The Rev. J. Batey has been presented by the church and congregation with a handsome time-piece, in consideration of his having gratuitously served in the pastorate for the last three years. It was mentioned that the cost of erecting the chapel had been wholly met, excepting about £8.

Rev. T. W. Thomason, on resigning the pastorate of the church at Newtown—which he has held for ten years—to accept a call at Cheetham-hill, Manchester, has been presented with a

testimonial of £50 in appreciation of his ministry.

HOLMER-GREEN.—Mr. W. Bates, of Chesham, has been presented with a copy of Farrar's *Life of Christ* and Dr. Angus's *Bible Handbook*, in acknowledgment of his preaching services rendered for many years past. The church is now associated with Union Chapel, High Wycombe, and the chapel has been purchased.

SARRATT BAPTIST CHAPEL, HEETS.—The first anniversary of the pastor's settlement took place on Sunday and Monday, October 26th and 27th. Sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Alex. Blake (of Brentford). On Monday a goodly number sat down to tea, after which a public meeting followed. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Edwards, of Abbots Langley. Prayer was offered by Mr. F. Alsford. The speakers were the Revs. S. Couling, J. Palmer, D. Macmillan, and Mr. A. Scott. The chairman presented the pastor, Rev. H. Channer, with a sum of £7; after which the pastor rose to thank the church and the friends who had given towards the present. He said he took it as a great expression of their love and goodwill, and it would be the means of helping him in his work of faith and labour of love at Sarratt. One thing about it, it went to show the oneness of spirit and love. The pastor then presented Mr. H. Simmonds, who presides at the harmonium, with a beautiful large Bible as a token of the church's esteem, which greatly added to the joy of the meeting. The meeting then closed.

On Sunday, November 9th, at Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road, sermons were preached by the Rev. A. Ferguson, of Ealing, making the fourteenth anniversary of the pastor's (Rev. J. O. Fellowes) settlement; and on Tuesday, November 11th, a social tea and public meeting was held, H. C. Bompas, Esq., Q.C., occupying the chair. After prayer and praise, the chairman addressed the meeting, and was followed by the pastor, who reviewed the church's history and progress. The Rev. J. Martin, of Erith;

Rev. J. Hawes, of Kensington; and G. Tomkins, Esq., also spoke words of advice and cheer. Towards the close of the meeting the chairman, at the pastor's request, presented on behalf of the church a handsome rosewood writing-desk, fitted and furnished, to Mr. R. Hawkings, who for a period of two years has presided at the harmonium during the sanctuary services. Votes of thanks to the ladies for their kindness in giving trays, and to the chairman for his services, brought a very enjoyable meeting to a close.

NEW CHAPEL.

THE foundation-stone of a new chapel has been laid at Catford Hill, Catford Bridge, by Mr. J. T. Olney. The church, which has been established under the direction of Mr. Spurgeon (Rev. T. Greenwood, pastor), now numbers fifty-nine members. The present lecture hall is inadequate for the congregation attending. The new chapel will hold nearly 400 persons, and be easily capable of enlargement to accommodate 1,000 persons. The total cost is estimated at £3,500, a friend having promised to add one-tenth to all sums received within a limited time.

A committee has been formed for the establishment of a Baptist-Congregational church at St. Leonards. The Warrior-square Hall has been secured in which to worship. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A.

SHOREDITCH TABERNACLE.—On Tuesday, November 11th, this edifice, which has been sufficiently completed to admit of being used for public worship, was formally opened by a special service, at which the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, preached. The building, which occupies the site upon which Providence Chapel has for many years stood in the Hackney-road, and is erected to accommodate the large congregations attending the ministry of the Rev. W. Cuff—being capable of seating about 2,500 persons—is of Lombardic design, and altogether promises upon entire completion to be a

neat and elegant structure, well adapted to the requirements of the people. The walls are of red brick with stone dressings, and the outside aspect from the main road is decidedly imposing. Mr. T. Lewis Banks is the architect, and Mr. J. W. Jocelyn the builder. The cost of the building, land, &c., has been £20,000, £5,000 of which remained to be contributed at the commencement of the opening services. There was a crowded congregation to the opening service, at which the dedicatory prayer was offered by the pastor (Rev. W. Cuff), followed by a suitable hymn which he had composed for the occasion. Dr. Maclaren then read the 132nd Psalm and the concluding portion of the 2nd chapter of Ephesians. Another hymn was next sung, and the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, President of the Baptist Union, offered prayer. Succeeding the third hymn came the sermon, which was based upon the text in 2 Peter i. 3.

At the close of the sermon, Mr. Cuff took the opportunity of expressing his thanks to all helpers, especially to many belonging to the Established Church who had volunteered very generously their offerings, and mentioned that the furniture on the platform and the clock case, valued at £100, had been given. Mr. Cuff said that when the Tabernacle was paid for they wanted to erect commodious Sunday schools and a sort of working-men's club, without that title, where working men would be able to see the daily papers and periodicals in a room better furnished than any public-house in London. The meeting in the after part of the day was well attended.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEDFORDSHIRE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The autumnal meeting of the above association was held in the Old Baptist Chapel, Stotfold, on Thursday, the 23rd of October, when the pastors and delegates of the associated churches assembled in the afternoon to transact business. The secretary, the Rev. A. Walker, of Houghton Regis, made a statement as to the objects the association had in view, and the extent to

which they had been carried out; the prime object being the evangelising of the county. It was reported that special services were being held in Leighton, and that arrangements had been made by the church at Park-street, Luton, for such services to be commenced on the following Sunday, and to continue in their varied stations for three weeks. It was also stated that arrangements had been made for Bedford, Wootton, Stotfold, Shefford, and Houghton Regis, together with other parts of the county. The Rev. W. J. Tomkins, of Ridgmount, was heartily welcomed as a member of the association. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, the Rev. D. Mace. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. W. J. Tomkins, the chairman, in the name of the church, gave a hearty welcome to the association, and after a few very earnest and appropriate remarks, called upon the secretary to make a statement, which was of a most interesting character. Addresses were afterwards delivered by the Rev. G. Durrell, of Leighton; the Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton; and the Rev. A. P. Mackenzie, of Biggleswade. The meeting, which was of a deeply interesting and practical character, was brought to a close by the singing of the Doxology and prayer, the spirit manifested auguring well for the future usefulness of the association.

BAPTIST UNION EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.—From October 17th to October 31st, special evangelistic services, under the direction of the Baptist Union, were held by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, in Cambridgeshire. The places visited were Harston, Willingham, Over, Long Stanton, Melbourn, Caxton, Prickwillow, and Burwell.

LUTON: PARK-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The members of this popular association (now numbering 354) had another very successful *soirée* at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, October 28th. There was a large attendance of the general public, the room being crowded. The Rev. J. H.

Blake presided, and opened the proceedings in a kindly speech. The programme was of a very interesting character, some of the best known amongst local amateurs having promised to assist.

LAKE-ROAD CHAPEL, PORTSMOUTH.—The pastor's tenth anniversary was held on Tuesday, October 14th. More than 700 friends sat down to tea, which was given by the ladies of the congregation. After tea, a service of sacred song, entitled "Harvest Thanksgiving," was given by a select choir under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Green. The pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, presided, and gave the connective readings from the Scriptures. Sunday, October 19th, the anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. Vernon J. Charlesworth, head master of the Stockwell Orphanage. On Wednesday, October 22nd, B. J. Malden, Esq., gave a dioramic lecture descriptive of "The Zulus, and the Zulu War." The whole of the proceeds of the anniversary was on behalf of the chapel debt fund.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery.—October 12, One; November 9, Four, by L. Jones.
Accrington.—November 2, Barnes-street, Seven, by W. Hughes.
Aberdare.—October 19, English Chapel, Three, by T. Jones.
Aberystwyth.—October 16, Four, by J. Cole.
Alloa, N.B.—October 7, Four, by R. Dawson; October 12, Two, by P. Hutton.
Appledore, Devon.—October 23, Three, by H. A. Fletcher.
Ashley, near Lyminster.—October 26, Three, by T. Ings.
Barrow-in-Furness.—October 26, Abbey-road, Two, by J. Hughes.
Bethel, Breconshire.—September 14, One; November 9, Three, by J. L. Evans.
Bradford, Yorks.—October 26, Walton-street, Five, by J. Oatey.
Burton-on-Trent.—October 26, Guild-street, One, by J. Askew.
Beccles.—October 12, Four, by W. F. Edgerton.
Bronth, near Hay.—October 5, Two, by J. Matbias.
Brighton.—November 6, Seven, by W. M. Compton.
Cardiff.—October 26, Bethany, Three, by W. E. Winks.
Chepstow.—November 2, Six, by W. L. Mayo.
Cinderford.—November 2, Eleven, by C. Griffiths.

Creswell, Pembrokeshire.—November 2, at Piggah, Two, by T. Evans.
Chapel-feld, Yorkshire.—October 27, One, by J. Kendall.
Cwmavon, Glamorganshire.—October 19, Thirty-two, by J. Rees.
Downham Market.—October 8, Two, by S. Howard.
Dunfermline.—October 15, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Derby.—October 29, Osmaston-road, Twelve, by W. H. Tetley.
Dalton-in-Furness.—October 29, One, by J. G. Anderson.
Ebbw, Vale.—October 19, Zion English Chapel Three, by T. M. Evans.
Foots Cray, Kent.—October 26, Two, by R. E. Sears.
Farsley.—October 1, Six; October 5, Four November 2, Five, by J. Naylor.
Glasbury.—October 5, One, by D. Howell.
Glasgow.—November 2, Frederick-street, Five, by A. F. Mills.
Grimsby.—September 25, Three, by J. Manning.
Glyncorreg.—October 12, Four, by J. L. Jones.
Grantham.—October 22, George-street, One, by A. Gibson.
Guildford.—October 26, Commercial-road, Two, by J. Rankine.
Goitre, Pontypool.—October 19, One, by O. Owens.
Hull.—October 20, South-street, Two, by W. Sumner.
Haverfordwest.—October 26, Salem, One, by D. O. Edwards.
Hollinwood, near Oldham.—October 9, Two, by E. Moore.
Haverfordwest.—November 2, Bethlehem, One, by D. O. Edwards.
Heaton, Bradford.—October 26, Two, by H. Howarth.
Hanham, Gloucester.—October 12, Two, by T. Bowbeer.
Jarrow-on-Tyne.—October 12, Three, by W. Davies.
Keynsham.—September 28, Three, by C. A. Fellowes.
Lockertley, Hants.—November 2, Six, by C. Mizen.
Leeds.—October 26, Barley-road, Three, by J. W. Cole.
Longton.—October 26, Six, by C. T. Johnson.
Luton, Park-street.—October 30, One, by J. H. Blake.
Metropolitan District:—
Dalston Junction.—November 6, Twenty-four, by W. H. Burton.
Kenington.—October 19, Six, by J. Hawes.
Leytonstone, E.—October 26, Three, by J. Bradford.
Ponder's End.—November 2, Three, by A. F. Cotton.
Wandswoth, Chatham-road.—October 19, Four, by A. Harmer.
Walthamstow.—October 26, Nine, by T. Breewood.
Woolwich.—October 27, Queen-street, Two, by T. Jones.
Woolwich.—September 25, Charles-street Thirteen, by J. Wilson.

Millgate, Rochdale.—October 26, One, by T. Griffiths.
Mirfield.—October 5, Ten, by J. P. Cushing.
Moriah, Radnorshire.—November 2, Eight, by J. Phillips.
Maidenhead.—November 10, Three, by J. Wilkins.
New Swindon, Wilts.—November 6, Cambridge Chapel, Two, by N. Rogers.
Neubridge, Mon.—November 9, English Chapel, Two, by D. Davies.
Newport, Isle of Wight.—October 31, Eleven, by W. Dean.
Newport, Mon.—October 26, Barnard Town, Five, by A. T. Jones.
Ogwestry.—October 12, Eight, by E. D. Wilks.
Penarth.—October 5, Eighteen, by W. Parry.
Piddletrenthide, Dorset.—October 12, Four, by J. Davis.
Plymouth.—October 29, George-street, Four, by J. W. Ashworth.
Pope Hill, Haverfordwest.—November 2, Two, by W. Davies.
Prateigne, Radnor.—October 26, Two, by S. Watkins.
Pontycelyn, Llantrissant.—November 2, English, Three, by C. Highton.
Quorn, Leicestershire.—November 2, Four, by A. Greer.
Reddish, Stockport.—October 22, Two, by R. Evans.
Rochdale.—October 22, Water-street, Two, by A. Pickles.
Saltash, Cornwall.—October 22, Five, by G. McFadyean.
Scopogol Hill, Golcar.—November 2, Three, by A. Harrison.
Shrews, Neath.—October 19, Nine, by J. E. Griffiths.
St. Austell.—Oct. 7, Two, by R. Sampson.
Swansea.—September 24, St. Helen's Chapel, Four, by W. Mayo.
Trowbridge.—November 5, Bethesda, Eleven, by A. English.
Torrington.—October 8, Five, by R. J. Middleton.
Waterhouses, Durham.—October 5, Two; 23, Three, by W. Fletcher.
Wannarhudd Glamorganshire.—October 9, Six, by W. John.
Westbury Letigh, Wilts.—November 2, Three, by T. J. Hazzard.
West Lavington.—September 21, Four, by S. King.
Woolton, Beds.—November 2, Three, by J. H. Readman.
Wrexham.—October 26, One, by D. E. Jenkins.

RECENT DEATHS.

WE have to record the death of Rev. William Cutcliffe, in the seventy-third year of his age. The deceased had been pastor of the Baptist Church at Brayford, Devon, upwards of forty-three years. His end was peace.

The decease of Rev. W. K. Landels of Genoa, on November 2nd, is announced. He was one of the missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, eldest son of Rev. W. Landels, D.D., the honoured pastor of Regent's-park Church. He died from what was at first thought to be only a slight attack of Italian fever, but which subsequently was discovered to be a violent form of gastric fever. For the distressed and sore-stricken widow, and for the bereaved father, mother, and family in all parts of the kingdom, special and earnest prayer will be made, as also for the work of Christ in Italy—a cause which was so dear to our departed brother, and for which he has sacrificed a noble and ever unobtrusive life. Two days after his death his mortal remains were buried in the English cemetery at Genoa, his sorrowing mother and widow with two of his brothers being among the mourners. His father, although he travelled from London without halting, was unable to reach in time to take part in the sad ceremony. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Wall, Signor Mazzarella, Mr. Miller, minister of the Scotch church, Signor Zecco, and his own brother from Naples. The place of his interment is beautifully situated, commanding a view of the gulf and the city of Genova la Superba. Close to his grave is the family grave of Louis Kossuth, ex-governor of Hungary, by his side that of the vicar of an English parish. There, in the shadow of the cypress trees, under the blue sky of Italy, awaiting the resurrection of the just, is all that was mortal of the unselfish and devoted W. K. Landels.

Departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, Oct. 28th, Ann Lowe, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was one of the oldest members of the church at Brentford. Her remains were committed to the grave in the Hanwell cemetery on November 3rd, by Rev. W. A. Blake, who improved her death on the following Sunday evening, at Park Chapel, to a large congregation, from Rev. xiv. 13.