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THE TOUCHSTONE OF PIETY.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Christ is all.”—COL. iii. 11.

My text is so very short that you cannot forget it; and I am quite certain, if you are Christians at all, you will be sure to agree with it. What a multitude of religions there are in this poor wicked world of ours! Men have taken it into their heads to invent various systems of religion, and if you look round the world you will see scores of different sects; but it is a great fact, that while there are a multitude of false religions, there is but one that is true. While there are many falsehoods, there can be but one truth—real religion is therefore one. There is but one gospel—the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. What a wonderful thing it is that Jesus Christ, who was the Son of God, should come as a poor man, and be born of humble parents, about eighteen hundred years ago, into this our world, for the purpose of our salvation. This poor man was born in a manger at which oxen fed; He lived a life of suffering and trial, and at length, through the malignity of His enemies, was crucified on a cross as an outcast of society. “Now,” said they, “there is an end of His religion; now it will be such a contemptible thing nobody will ever call himself a Christian—it will be discreditably to have anything to do with the name of the man Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth.” But it is a wonderful fact that religion has not only lived, but is at this hour as strong as ever. Yes! the religion founded by that poor man—who was also the Mighty God—still exists, and is still powerful, and constantly extending. While other religions have sunk away into the darkness of the past, and the idols have been cast to the moles and to the bats, the name of Jesus is still mighty; and it shall continue to be a blessed power so long as the universe shall endure; and

“When ruined nature sinks in years,”

it shall remain the same, to be the wonder and joy of the bright inhabitants of heaven.

The religion of Jesus is the religion of God, since, notwithstanding all the obloquy and persecution which it has had to encounter still it exists, still it flourishes. It is this religion which I shall attempt to preach to you—the one religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—and the text embraces it all in the most comprehensive manner, “Christ is all.”

I shall use it first as a test to try you, and afterwards as a motive to encourage you. I want first to sift you, to see how many of you are the people of God and how many are not. I shall make my text a great sieve, and put you in it to see which is wheat and which is chaff. Whoever can honestly say from his heart “Christ is all,” is a Christian; but he who

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cannot say so, is no Christian, whatever he may be. He may be a great professor; he may stand very high in the religious world; but he is no Christian if he cannot subscribe to this, that "Christ is all." We must take this in two or three senses.

I. *Christ must be all, as your Great Master and Teacher.* There are some who set up a certain man as their authority; they regard him as their master; they look up to him as their teacher, and whatever he says is right,—it is the truth, and is not to be disputed. Or perhaps they have taken a certain book, other than the Bible, and say, "We will judge all things by this book;" and if the preacher does not exactly teach the creed written in that book, he is set down as not sound in the faith; and this they do not hesitate to say at once, because he does not come up to the standard of their little book! We meet with many people in this world who make their creed, their one little narrow creed, everything, and they measure everything and everybody by that. But, my friends, I must have you say that "*Christ is all,*" and not any man, however good or great, before I can allow that you are Christians. We have not to do with men. Our faith stands not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. We are to follow no man, except so far as he follows Christ, who alone is our Master. But be not deceived; submit not yourselves to creeds, to books, or to men; give yourselves to the study of God's word, and derive the creed and doctrines of your faith from it alone, and then you will be able to say—

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

Let Christ be your only master, and say, in the words of our text, "Christ is all." Now can you say this, or are you boasting: "The Baptists are all"—"The Wesleyans are all"—"The Church of England is all"? As the Lord lives, if you are saying that, you do not know His truth; because you are not testifying that "Christ is all," but simply uttering the Shibboleth of your little party. I should like to see the word *party* blotted out from the vocabulary of the Christian Church. I thank God that I have no sympathy whatever with that which is merely sectarian, and have grace given me to protest against it, and to exclaim—

"Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;"

since,

"Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ our head."

If you can say "Christ is all," you are Christians; and I, for one, am ready to give you the right hand of brotherhood. I do not mind whether you attend this place or that place of worship, or by what distinctive name you may call yourselves, we are brethren; and I think, therefore, that we should leave off fighting, and begin to love one another. I have heard that in the last war between the English and the French, one of our neighbour's ships was supposed to be somewhere in the Channel, and a number of our men-of-war were sent out to look for it. Presently one of

the ships came up with a vessel in the gloom of the evening, and at the word of command from the captain, a broadside was fired into her, which was immediately returned ; and thus they went on for some time firing at each other ; but when the morning dawned, it was found that they were both of them English. I believe that when we get into the next world, and come to see things as they really are, we shall find that Christians have been fighting with Christians much in the same way as these English sailors did, doing themselves a great deal of damage, and making sport for the devil, instead of doing their best to bring honour to Christ. If, my friends, you cannot embrace all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, no matter to what denomination they may belong, and cannot regard them as your brethren in the Lord, and as belonging to the universal Church, you have not hearts large enough to go to heaven ; because if such be your contracted views, you cannot possibly say, "Christ is all." Some of you, I fear, have been obliged to confess your inability to join with me at present, but now can you follow me in the next point ?

II. *Christ must be all, as your principal object in life—your CHIEF GOD.* Your first and foremost aim must be to glorify Christ on the earth, in the hope and expectation of enjoying Him for ever above. But as it regards some of you, Christ is not your all. You think more of your shop than you do of Him. You are up early in the morning looking at your ledgers, and all day long toiling at your business. Do not mistake me: I dislike lazy people who let the grass grow over their shoes ; and God disapproves of them too, because He can never do much work with them in the world. We want no lazy gospellers. The true Christian will say, "I know that I am bound to be diligent in business ; but I want to work for eternity as well as time. I need something besides earthly riches: I want an inheritance not made with hands, a mansion not built by man, a possession in the skies." Are you making this world your all ? Poor souls, if you are, the world and the fashion thereof is passing away ; and then your all is gone. I fancy I see a rich man, a man whose gold is his all, when he gets into the next world, looking for his gold and wondering where it is, and being at length compelled to exclaim, in despair, "Oh, my all is gone!" But if you can say that Christ is your all, then your treasure will never be gone ; for He will never leave you ; never forsake you. Not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, you shall be happy and blessed, for you shall be crowned with glory, and made to sit with Christ on His throne for ever.

"Well," say some very easy gentlemen, "I don't make business my all, I assure you ; not I : my maxim is, let us enjoy this life, let us fill the glass to the brim, and live in pleasure while we may." I have a word also for you. Do you think that such a course of conduct will fit you for heaven ?—for the enjoyments of eternity ? Do you imagine that when you come to die, it will be any pleasure for you to think of your drunkenness ? When you are lying on a sick bed will your oaths bring you any peace, as they reverberate upon your consciences, just as I hear my voice at this moment echoing back to my ears the words I am saying ? I think I see you starting up as you hear your blasphemies against God thus returning upon you, while with a mind oppressed with anguish, and eyes starting from their sockets, you exclaim, in your terror, "I hear my own oaths again ! God is coming to call me to judgment ; to demand of me why I dare

blaspheme His name?" and the Judge will say, "You with oaths and curses profaned My holy name; you asked Me to curse your soul, and now I will do it; you prayed in your profane moments that you might be lost, and now you shall be." How horrible that would be! You who say pleasure is all, let me warn you that you will have to drink the bitter dregs of the cup of pleasure to all eternity, no matter how sweet it may now be to your taste.

But there are some more moderate people, who are by no means extravagant in their pleasures, and are great sticklers for religion; they go to church or chapel every Sunday, and believe themselves to be very good sort of people, and such as will be accepted at the last day, and placed on the right hand of the throne. Again I put the question, Can you say, "Christ is all"? No; you cannot say that. You have a great many other things besides Christ. Many of you make the externals of religion your all, resting in the letter, but knowing or caring nothing for the spirit. This will not do; and you are not such Christians as Christ will own if you are making anything your all but Himself. How few, comparatively, there are of religious professors who really have the grace of God in their hearts: their religion is all stowed away in the dark garrets of their brain, and it never comes down into the sensitive regions of the heart. But Christianity, let me tell you, is a heart-religion, and if you cannot say from the very depths of your being—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name:
'Tis music to my ear,

you have neither part nor lot in the blessings and privileges of the gospel, and your end will be destruction, everlasting banishment from the presence of the Lord. God grant it may not be so; but that in both *your* lives and *mine*, we may each be enabled to say of a truth, "Christ is all;" and that we may meet again around the eternal throne.

Well, then, if you have proceeded so far, you can go to another point.

III. *Christ will be all, as the source of your joy.* Some people seem to think that Christians are a very melancholy sort of folk; that they have no real happiness. I hope I know something about religion, and I won't allow that I stand second to any man in respect of being happy. So far as I know religion, I have found it to be a very happy thing.

"I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep its hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold."

I used to think that a religious man must never smile. But, on the contrary, I find that religion will make a man's eye bright, and cover his face with smiles, and impart comfort and consolation to his soul, even in the deepest of his earthly tribulations. In illustration of this I might tell you the story of a poor man who lives in one of the courts in Holborn, who experiences great joy in religion, even in the midst of the deepest poverty. A Christian visitor, going up into the poor man's confined room at the top of the house, said, "My friend, how long have you been in this place?"

"I have not been downstairs, nor walked across the room, these twelve months."

"Have you anything to depend upon?"

"Nothing," he replied; but, recollecting himself, he added, "I have a good Father up in heaven, and I depend upon Him entirely, and He never lets me want. Some kind Christian friends are sure to call, and they never go away without leaving me something; and although none of them ever gives more than sixpence each, I get enough to live on and pay rent, and am very happy. I would not change places with anybody in the world, for I have got Jesus Christ with me, and my heavenly Father will take me home by-and-by, and then I shall be as rich as any of them—shall I not, sir? Sometimes I get very low, and Satan tells me that I am not a child of God, and that I had better give up all as lost; but I told him that he was a great coward to come and meddle with a poor weak creature like me; and I showed him blood, sir; and I told him the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; and when I showed Satan this precious blood, sir, he left off tempting me, and fled directly; for he cannot bear the sight of that."

Thus, we see that true religion can cheer the sick man's couch, can make the poor man feel that he is rich, and bid him be joyful in the Lord. Well did the old man say that the devil cannot bear the sight of the Saviour's blood. And if, beloved friends, you can take Christ's blood, and put it on your conscience, however sinful you may have been, you will be able to sing of Christ as all your hope, all your joy, and all your support. I ask you who love Jesus, does religion ever make you unhappy? Does love to Jesus distress you and make you miserable? It may bring you into trouble sometimes, and cause you to endure persecution for His name's sake. If you are a child of God you will have to suffer tribulation; but all the afflictions which you may be called upon to endure for Him will work for your good, and are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed hereafter.

Now, then, let me ask, could you go with me while I have been speaking? Can you now say that Christ is your only Master, your chief good, and only joy? "Oh yes; I do love Jesus, because He first loved me." Then, welcome, brethren all. You are one with Jesus, and we are one with each other. But if you cannot say it, how terrible it shall be with some of you, when you shall find your gourds wither, the props whereon you now lean struck down at a blow; your false refuges swept away, and, deprived of all your feathers and finery, your soul will appear before God in its true character. There are some birds which become exceedingly small when they are plucked; and so we have many boasting pretenders who seem to be wonderfully religious, but if you take the feathers away, you find it was all profession and nothing else. May it not be so with any of you! but may you be found at the last to be united to Christ by a real and living faith, which works by love and purifies the heart.

Secondly, I shall now consider the text as a motive to encourage you.

"Christ is all." My beloved friends, in what is He all? He is all *in the entire work of salvation*. Let me just take you back to the period before this world was made. There was a time when this great world, the sun, the moon, the stars, and all which now exist throughout the whole of the vast universe, lay in the mind of God, like unborn forests in an acorn cup.

There was a time when the Great Creator lived alone, and yet He could foresee that there would be a world, and that men would be born to people it, and in that vast eternity a great scheme was devised, whereby He might save a fallen race. Do you know who devised it? Christ planned it from first to last. Neither Gabriel nor any of the holy angels had anything to do with it. I question whether they were even told how God might be just, and yet save the transgressors. Christ was all in the drawing up of the scheme, and He was all in the carrying of it out. There was a dark and doleful night! Jesus was in the garden, sweating great drops of blood which fell to the ground; nobody then came to bear the load which had been laid upon Him. An angel stood there to strengthen Him; but not to bear the sentence. The cup was put into His hands, Jesus said, "Father, must I drink it?" and His great Father replied, "If Thou dost not drink, sinners cannot be saved;" and He took the cup and drained it to its very dregs:—

"At one tremendous draught of love,
He drank destruction dry."

No man helped Him. "He looked, and there was no man; His own arm brought salvation." And when He hung upon that accursed tree of Calvary, when His precious hands were pierced,—

"When from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flowed mingled down."

there was nobody to help Him. He was "all" in the work of salvation. And if, my friends, any of you shall be saved, it must be by Christ alone. There must be no patch-work; Christ did it all, and will not be helped in the matter. Christ will not allow you, as some say, to do what you can, and leave Him to make up the rest. What can you do that is not sinful? but Christ has done all for us; the work of redemption is all finished. We can say, Christ planned it all, worked out all; and we therefore preach a full salvation through Jesus Christ. What could we poor mortals do toward saving ourselves? Our best works are but mean and worthless to that great end; I am sure I could not do it. My preaching—I am ashamed of that, and there are a thousand faults in my prayers. But God wants nothing of us by way of "making up" at all. He cancels all sin, and blots out all transgressions.

"Now freed from sin, I walk at large,
My Saviour's blood my full discharge;
At His dear feet, content I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay."

If I have found Christ, I have got all. "I have not strong faith," say you. Never mind; Christ is all. "I do not feel my sins sufficiently;" Christ is all. Many people think they must feel such a deal of repentance before they may hope Christ will receive them. I know every child of God will repent; but we are not all brought to the cross by the terrors of the rod. It is not your feelings, my friends, that will save you; but Christ only, Christ standing in your stead, Christ being your substitute. If feeling your need of His grace to pardon you, and His righteousness to

justify you before God ; if you can but just look to Christ, though you have nothing good about you, you will have done all that is necessary to carry you to heaven ; because it is not your act that can save you, but the act of Christ alone. A little while ago I had a conversation with an Irishman, who had been to hear me preach. He had come to ask me, he said, the way of salvation. "What troubles me," said he, "is this—God says that He will condemn the sinner, and punish him ; then how can God forgive ; because He must punish if He would keep His word ?" I placed before him the Scriptural view of the atonement, in the substitution of Christ for the sinner ; and the poor man was astonished and delighted beyond measure, never having understood the beauty and simplicity of the gospel way of salvation before.

"Is it really so?" said he.

"It is in the Bible," I replied.

"Then the Bible must be true," said he, "for nobody but God could have thought it."

If Jesus Christ is our surety, friends, we are safe from the demands of the law. If Christ is our substitute, we shall not suffer the penalty due to sin ; for God will never punish twice. If I have nothing therefore but Christ, I do not want anything else, for Christ is all. If Christ is your all, you will not want anything to help you, either in living or in dying ; for you can never sink if you are upon the rock, and able to exclaim with the poet—

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

"Christ is all."

Now for two thoughts before I close.

1. *If a man has got Christ, then what does he want else?*

If a man has found Christ he has gained everything. If I want perfection, if I have Christ I have absolute perfection in Him. If I want righteousness, I shall find in Him my beauty and my glorious dress. I want pardon, and if I have Christ I am pardoned, for

"Through Jesus' blood I'm clean."

I want heaven, and if I have Christ I have the Prince of heaven, and shall be there by-and-by, to live with Christ, and to dwell in His blessed embrace for ever. If you have Christ you have all. Do not be desponding, do not give ear to the whisperings of Satan that you are not the children of God ; for if you have Christ you are His people, and other things will come by-and-by ; as the sun shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Christ makes you complete in Himself ; as the apostle says, "Ye are complete in Him." I think of poor Mary Magdalene ; she would have nothing to bring of her own ; she would remember that she had been a harlot ; but when she comes to heaven's gates, she will say, "I have Christ ;" and the command will go forth, "Let her in, Gabriel ; let her in." Here comes a poor squalid wretch—what has he been doing ? he has never learned to write, and scarcely went even to a ragged-school, but he has Christ in his heart—"Gabriel, let him in." But there comes a rich man, with rings on his fingers, and fine clothes upon his person ; but the command is, "Shut the gates, Gabriel ; he has no business here." Then

comes a fine flaming professor of the gospel ; but he never knew Christ in his heart—"Shut the gate, Gabriel." If a man has Christ, he has all for eternity ; and if he has Him not, he is poor, and blind, and naked, and will be miserable for ever. Will you not, then, who are listening to me now, resolve, in the strength of the Lord, to seek Him to-night, and make Him your friend ? No matter what may be your state or condition, you are welcome to Him.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
This He gives you—
'Tis His Spirit's rising beam."

Ye blind, ye lame, who are far from Christ, come to Him—and receive your sight, and obtain strength. He is made your all ; you need bring nothing in your hand to come to Him. "Ah !" says one, "I am not good enough yet." Beggars do not talk thus : they consider that the more needy they are, the more likely are they to obtain that for which they ask. I saw a man the other day who wished for a pair of shoes ; he got a pair, but did not put them on, it being his purpose to ask for a pair of shoes at every house he came to. The worse the dress the better for begging. It is the same with respect to the gospel ; and you are invited to come to Christ just as you are, naked and miserable, that He may clothe and comfort you.

2. My last thought is this—*How poor is that man who is destitute of Christ!* If I were to say to some one of you that you are poor, you would reply, I am not poor ; I have £250 a year coming in, a decent house, and an excellent situation. And yet if you have not Christ you are a poor man indeed. Look at that poor worldling with a load of £10,000 upon his back, a quantity of stocks and annuities on one arm, policies and railway scrip on the other ; but he is wretched with all his wealth ; he can hardly carry it. There is a poor beggar-woman who says to him, "Let me take a part of your burden ;" but the miserable man refuses all assistance, and resolves to carry his burden himself. But by-and-by he comes to a great gulf, and instead of finding these riches help him, they hang around his neck like millstones, and weigh him down. Yet there are some who could do anything for gold. If there be one man more miserable than another in hell, it will be the man who robbed his neighbours to feather his own nest—feathers which shall be converted into heads for the arrows which shall pierce his soul to all eternity. No matter what your wealth, if you have not Christ you are miserably poor ; but with Christ you are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Methinks I see one of you in your last moments ; some one stands by your bedside and watches your face ; the death-sweat comes over you, and the big drops stand on your brow ; the strong man is bowed down, and the mighty falls ; and now the eye closes and the hand falls powerless—life is fled. Ah, but the soul never dies!

"It only leaves the clay—
My thoughts pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way."

Up it flies to appear at God's bar. Oh, the poor soul without Christ ! How will it appear there ? It will be a naked soul, it will have no garment to cover it—it will be a perishing soul, no salvation for it. Mercy cannot be secured then ; it will be in vain to pray then, because the lamp will be put out in eternal darkness. And the Judge will say in tones that will pierce you to the quick : " Because I called, and ye refused, I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." May God give you grace to repent and embrace the salvation which is revealed in the gospel. Every sin-sick soul may have Christ ; but as for you who are Pharisees, and trusting in yourselves that you are righteous, I have no Christ to offer you. If you know nothing about sin, you can know nothing about Christ.

" Sinners Jesus came to save."

The way to be saved is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. But what is it to believe, you say ? I have heard of a captain who had a little boy, and this little boy was very fond of climbing aloft. One day he climbed to the mast-head, and the father saw that if the boy attempted to return he would be dashed to pieces ; he therefore shouted to him not to look down, but to drop into the sea. The poor boy kept fast hold of the mast, but the father saw it was the only chance of safety, and he shouted once more, " Boy, the next time the ship lurches, drop, or I will shoot you." The boy is gone ; he drops into the sea and is saved. Had he kept his hold he must have perished. This is just your condition : so long as you cling to works and ceremonies you are in the utmost peril ; but when you give yourselves up entirely to the mercy of Christ you are safe. Try it, sinner ; try it, that is all. " He that believeth shall be saved " is the promise, and it shall never fail you. The invitation is to all who feel their need : " The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come, and take the water of life freely." I have heard that in the deserts where they can only get water at long intervals, they send a man on a camel in search of it ; when he sees a pool, he springs off his beast, and before he drinks himself he calls out, " Come ;" and there is another man at a little distance off, and he shouts " Come ;" and one further still, and he repeats the word " Come," until the whole desert resounds with the cry " Come ;" and they come rushing to the water to drink. Now I do not make the Gospel invitation wider than the declaration of the Word of God—" *Whosoever will, let him come.*" Whatsoever you are, and whatsoever you may have been, if you feel your need of Christ, " Come," and He will receive you, and give you to drink of the water of life freely.

THIS looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to use every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy as he is plodding over his lessons ; the apprentice while he is learning his trade, the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn his art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.—THE UNWELCOME CANDIDATE.

My name is Charles Markham. I am a retired tradesman, dwelling in a quiet suburb of the town of Sunborough. When in business, my occupation was that of a stationer, bookbinder, and printer ; and it was universally conceded that in that line my shop was the first in the town. Beginning on a small scale, I was enabled, through the Lord's blessing, to work my way up, until in the several departments I employed constantly two dozen "hands," and finally, after thirty-three years of persevering labour, sold the goodwill of the concern, for a considerable sum, to an enterprising tradesman, who is still doing a flourishing trade. From the time that the Lord put His fear into my heart, I saw it to be my duty to devote a stated portion of my income to His service, and to increase it as business prospered ; and I can say to His praise, that in carrying the system out I was greatly blessed. My losses in trade were comparatively few ; and as years rolled on I was privileged to give more and more for the promotion of His cause. It is necessary, however, to add that my family was but small. It consisted only of a wife and two daughters, both of whom were married soon after they had attained the age of twenty-one, and are comfortably settled in life. My good wife is still living, though a confirmed invalid. Before we gave up business she showed signs of failing health, and we had not been twelve months in our new home before she was partially paralysed with a stroke.

She has to be carried upstairs at night to rest, and when brought down in the morning reposes during the greater part of the day in a comfortable arm-chair, specially adapted for such invalids as herself. Sometimes, when the sun shines and the atmosphere is clear and warm, she is taken out for a drive, or drawn by hand in an invalid-carriage, and this change she invariably enjoys. But, as a rule, she is compelled to stay at home and patiently suffer, thankful, however, that she can read, and sew, and knit, and has not that acute pain which tends to make the lives of so many lonely sufferers a constant misery.

When first I started in business on my own account, the population of Sunborough was but small. The census gave it as eight thousand souls ; but when I retired the number had increased three-fold. Originally an agricultural centre, with a fine large open market, it has developed into a commercial town, with foundries, factories, and workshops connected with various branches of industry. This change has been brought about mainly by the railways, it being found convenient to make Sunborough a junction for three separate lines ; and the result is that we have quite a different population now to that with which I was so well acquainted thirty or forty years ago. Then it was noted for being a quiet, old-fashioned, and rather aristocratic place ; but now its streets, spread out on every hand, are thronged with artizans who have come from all parts of the kingdom ; and this, in the opinion of the old and staid inhabitants, has served to "turn the place upside down." It is, how-

ever, "an ill wind that blows nobody good," for I and other tradesmen found, to our satisfaction, that the continuous introduction of this foreign human element largely contributed towards the enlargement of our establishments. While the good old aristocratic folk, therefore, grumbled at the unlooked-for innovation, we rejoiced at each successive arrival of engaged "hands," and did all in our power to supply their needs, and make them feel at home in their new quarters.

Claretville Chapel was situated in Claretville Square, and therefore the church that met for worship in it was dignified by its name. This Square was indisputably one of the most respectable places in the town, and our chapel, which in my boyish days had been enlarged and almost rebuilt, was considered to be an ornament to it. Having been thrown back, with a neat plot of grass in front, and plenty of space left between its walls and the houses on each side, its erection proved no annoyance to the householders near it; and rarely was any complaint made, except when the Sunday-school scholars occasionally proved more noisy and mischievous than usual. The church itself, when I joined it, numbered about one hundred members, most of whom belonged to the town, but some came from the contiguous villages. There were few poor amongst us, and those that were so were chiefly the crippled and infirm, or aged old men and women. The deacons were well-to-do men; the farmers were better off in that day than they generally are now; the shopkeepers and workpeople thrived with the town's gradual growth; and, best of all, there was no chapel debt to grapple with, either to starve our minister or exhaust our energy. We were thus

able to give our esteemed pastor what was considered a pretty fair salary, and things were made tolerably comfortable all round.

It must, however, be confessed that, with all these advantages, our church was not an *aggressive* church. If the congregation kept up, and a few members were added each year, and the Sunday-school did not decrease, and we had the gospel purely preached to us week by week, and discipline had not to be often exercised, and the anniversaries went off well, we felt very content, and were on excellent terms with ourselves and everybody. In fact, we gloried in our respectability, in our stereotyped order, and in our slow but solid progress. Our good and worthy minister was considered by the best judges to be "sound in the faith;" our deacons were men who "knew the truth," and were prepared at all risks and costs to defend it; the members chiefly had been brought up in connection with the chapel from their earliest days, and loved its very stones; and the church itself had a character for consistency and purity, that any modern church might envy. If a member was excluded for bad conduct, it was for a few days the town's talk, so rarely did such an event happen; and the care taken in the reception of members was so great that comparatively few were admitted who did not in their subsequent career give good proof that they had "passed from death unto life." Church-membership was thus with us, what it ought to be with all churches, both a privilege and a reality. Professed converts were not taken in, almost immediately afterwards to be turned out, or it might be in the course of a year or two to have their names erased from the church roll. As a rule they stood well, and were a credit

to the cause. Being neither coaxed in, nor dragged in, and having to give reasonable proof that they both felt their need of a Saviour, and had fled to Christ for refuge, and were also prepared to obey Him as their Lord and Master, they invariably realised the solemnity and responsibility of the step they were taking, and this largely tended to promote their stability. It may be said, I know, by many in the present day, that we were "too strict;" but, at the risk of being deemed somewhat conservative in my creed, I venture to give it as my humble opinion, if we were too strict some modern churches in going to the opposite extreme are manifestly becoming too liberal, when, under the influence of mere emotion excited by some evangelist's pathetic stories, hundreds and thousands of young people have only to "stand up" and avow themselves to be "on the Lord's side" to ensure admission into the church, and have the doors flung wide open for their entrance, and give no further evidence of their being really converted, it is not at all surprising to me to find the erasure column in our statistical returns so crowded with figures as justifiably to alarm many who care for the character and stability of the churches and the solid extension of the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth. But this phase of the question I am not now called upon to discuss. I am perfectly willing to let the results speak for themselves. The confession that I have candidly to make is, that, with all its virtues, Claretville Church was sadly wanting in the shape of aggressive effort, or in doing its duty to the outside masses. It was necessary, therefore, that it should be taught to labour for those that were without as well as to give a

welcome to those who voluntarily came in. But this lesson was not learnt without severe struggles, as my narrative will show. It pleased God to raise up an agency to produce this aggressive spirit in our church, which for some time was neither welcomed nor desired. At first, indeed, it was looked upon as a formidable foe, and not until the contending parties began to understand the matter better, and experience showed how deeply they had been prejudiced against each other, did all learn to see that this dreaded agency was, after all, a real friend to the Gospel of Christ. But unfortunately it took some years to do this; and now, when the work is accomplished, and nearly all see eye to eye with regard to the question, they only wonder that they were for such a long period so blind to their own interests as to have indulged in such unnecessary controversies and conflicts.

When I was about twenty-nine years of age, and some five years after I had started in business, I was chosen as a deacon in the place of a venerable deceased brother. Soon afterwards the good people of Sunborough were startled with the appearance of placards posted up and down announcing that a certain Temperance lecturer would deliver three lectures on successive evenings in the Market-place. In accordance with the announcement, the lecturer came, but met with strong opposition. The publicans and their friends organised a gang of drunken roughts, who pelted him with stones and mud, threw rotten eggs at his head, soused him with water, and so tried to drive him off the ground. But he heroically stuck to his post, and by his persistency and pluck at last so won over the crowd that on the last night he was well protected and gained a patient hearing.

The result was that several converts were made, and one of them was a well-known character, whose future history was in a most singular manner destined to be incorporated with that of Claretville Church.

Among the lecturer's hearers was a somewhat notorious drinker, known generally by the name of Jack Grant. He was a bookbinder by trade, and was considered, when sober, an excellent workman. For four years he had been in my employ, and was specially engaged for the performance of first-class work. But his great fault was going, as he said, "on the spree." For two or three months it might be, he would remain sober and not touch a single drop of liquor, and then he would as suddenly burst out and give way to his drinking propensities for one, two, or three weeks at a time, according as his funds lasted. During this period he did little else but go from public-house to public-house, not only spending his money in drinking and gambling, but also running up scores at each house, which it took all his sober months afterwards to pay off. He had a wife and three children, and had it not been for his wife's industry in taking in sewing and washing his family would often have been on the verge of starvation. As it was she found it at the best extremely difficult to keep the furniture from being sold for rent and taxes and various debts. With the awful miseries of the drunkard's wife, and home, this poor woman was, unhappily, too familiar, and when, night after night, her wretched husband reeled home mad drunk, broke the furniture, smashed the windows, threatened her life, beat the children, and made them fly at his approach, and performed antics more worthy of a demon than of a man, she often wished that both herself and her

children were dead, rather than suffer as they did. But when John Grant's bout was over his repentance was great. No man could be more humble or make more strenuous vows of future reform. With a trembling hand and shaking frame he would go once more to his work, which was readily given to him, knowing, as I did, that for a month or two at least he was certain to be sober and keep diligently to his duty. At the time I am now writing of he was about thirty-six years of age, and, with several kindred characters, he was induced by the lecturer's eloquence and arguments to sign the pledge. Many doubters predicted that he would not keep it. But six months passed away, and he proved, to the surprise of many, as true as steel. In the meantime, as soon as he could procure a decent suit of Sunday clothes, he came to our chapel, and professed to be converted. Almost immediately he proposed himself for baptism and church fellowship, and proved to be a most unwelcome candidate. According to church rule he came before the members and related his experience. As it was known that he was coming, there was an unusually large attendance, and the experience he gave was certainly most thrilling. What kind of a tale he told on the occasion, and what sort of remarks followed, the reader will learn in the next two chapters, but one thing he may regard as certain, that, if a bombshell had suddenly exploded in the midst of our meeting, the members present would not have been more surprised and startled than they were by some of the bold and extraordinary statements made by this new trophy of the Temperance Reformation.

(To be continued).

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES.

BY REV. J. H. BLAKE, OF LUTON.

How shall we reach the masses? is a question which is being repeated again and again, and with such force of appeal that it becomes a painful reminder that, now as ever, the masses are not reached so as to in any way satisfy the Christian's longing mind.

But the question is asked as if there is an obliviousness of the fact that God has not left us to speculate on this touching question. He has answered it Himself for all people and for all time. *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.* Have we lost faith in the gospel—God's remedy, God's provision—and for a conceit of our own, let us at least be honest men, and confess that the light and love of modern times has put us into possession of means more effectual than that included in the declaration of the Founder of Christianity. We submit that it is pertinent to this question to ask another—WHO ARE THE MASSES? Omitting the upper ten and some of our merchant princes, are not the masses composed of our small shopkeepers, mechanics, clerks, and shop-attendants; costers and labouring classes; the idlers and the depraved classes; the criminals and the thousands of wretched, neglected, vicious juveniles and children of our metropolis and country? Now we confess, as we ask the question at the head of our paper, with this vast array of immortality before us our heart is stirred to its deepest depth as

we ask—How shall we reach the masses? And as these masses have been always only partially reached, we appeal to the history of the world that we may find God's appointed way of reaching the masses. In its earliest days the world was so full of sin and iniquity that the Holy One resolved to visit it with His judgments; but first sent His servant Noah, the preacher of righteousness to the masses, who comes to them in sombre and solemn aspect and earnest manner. No jokes, no unseemly gestures and comicalities to attract their attention, but simply with God's message to them to flee from the wrath to come. Among God's methods we have also His way with the Jews in teaching them morality and religion by teaching them solemn rites and observances performed and observed in the most reverent and impressive manner; the voice of Jehovah speaking the moral law amidst thundering, fire and smoke, and preaching in old but gospel ceremonies. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And as time rolls on and the masses are to be spoken with, including their kings and nobles, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, and the tender, weeping prophet, Jeremiah, were sent to preach against sin, to exhort to repentance, and to point to a judgment to come, and withal by most express descriptions and prophecies to preach the gospel and prepare them for Him who was shortly to appear. But we take the question into a far clearer and more distinct region,

and we ask, with deepest reverence, *What* were the means used by the founder of Christianity in dealing with the masses? And the answer is epitomized in the words, He went about doing good. How, even besides His miracles, which had reference to the human side of His mission, He taught man His lost condition; He unfolded to man God's great love; He showed the necessity of repentance—of turning to God—of being born again of the Spirit, and that He Himself had come to seek and to save that which was lost. And in what manner did He speak to the perishing masses? Hear the answer in His inimitable parables of the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, the seekers after pearls, etc., stimulating them to all that is good by His grand Sermon on the Mount; or preparing them for the end by His deeply searching appeal from the midnight cry in the parable of the Ten Virgins. So He has left us no uncertain teaching as to how He will have the masses dealt with, and then as now let but His loving gospel be lovingly preached and the common people will hear it gladly. Well, how did the apostles and early preachers understand and interpret their Master's will? Did they lose faith in God's plan? Did they say, It fails, and we must have other methods; men will not have sense, so we will catch them with nonsense; they will not be charmed by the sweet music of the Cross, so we will attract them with drums and tambourines, and merry-andrew marches through the streets, in dances and tricks ridiculous in men and unseemly in women? One has recently well put it thus,—can you imagine the Apostle of the Gentiles under any circumstances advertising himself and his work after this fashion:—"Blood

and Fire! Paul, formerly called Saul of Tarsus, General of the Salvation Army in Jerusalem and all the land of Judea, will, with the assistance of Major Silas and Lieutenant Mark, Hallelujah Mary and Happy Priscilla, storm the Devil's Kingdom in the city of Jerusalem. Great slaughter expected! Mind you don't get shot!"* Can you conceive him walking through the streets singing doggerel to the sound of execrable music, he and his male helpers dressed in military attire—say the cast-off suits of Roman soldiers—and his women-helpers playing something like the tambourines now in vogue, and then holding forth in a strain to which intelligence could not listen?

It is not thus we are to interpret his fine saying, "I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some." Is there anything like it in the scene on Mars Hill? Athens was in a deplorable condition when it was a proverb—"It is more easy to find a god than a man in the city." Paul's great soul was stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. At the Areopagus he had a most mixed audience, including the opposite schools of philosophy, but there was nothing crude or rude in his address, no pandering to the taste of his hearers. His masterly discourse was the best answer to their contemptuous epithet, "Babbler," word-monger, collector and retailer of scraps of knowledge. There was a clear and sober statement of doctrine authoritatively pronounced "against the materialistic and pantheistic polytheism of Greece, which subverted all true religion." And with fine appropriateness, on the spot where judgment

* Change the names and the above is but a copy of bills commonly seen in our streets.

was commonly pronounced he brought before them the Great Judgment, to be presided over by that Man whom God has ordained, and whose resurrection from the dead is the grandest testimony of His appointment to this supreme judicial authority. Among the God-given seals to his ministry was the conversion of Dionysius, a member of that most august assembly.

Can you imagine the most impulsive of apostles, Peter, giving his sanction to the mode of procedure which we are now reprobating? Does Pentecost resemble it? On that memorable day, when thousands were added to the church, there was enthusiasm which was taken for intoxication; but the charge, "These men are full of new wine," was made by the avowed enemies of all religion, or by those whose religion had degenerated into cold formality. It was the mockery of prejudice.

We do need the spirit of waiting which characterised those early disciples, and the ringing energy of that first sermon preached the Apostle Peter. We do need the Divine power which came down and wrought effectually on all who believed, and through them on unbelievers; and if we obtain it we shall burn with inextinguishable zeal for the salvation of those who are "out of the way," which may lead us to abandon many of our stereotyped methods, but will never lead us to outrage reason and common sense, for the promise is, "He shall lead you into all truth." Then there will be no desertion of carefully prepared and wisely conducted organizations—for enterprises which have sprung up in a night, and are carried on by mere adventurers or strangers, converted Clowns, Pugilists, Fiddlers, Gam-

blers, Thieves, etc., who, if they are sincere, have had neither time nor opportunity to acquire anything beyond the rudiments of the gospel, and who, if they knew themselves, would be content to sit and learn as they followed some honest calling for a livelihood, and thus brought forth "fruits meet for repentance." These men, apparently destitute of all modesty, parade their past vile life as if they gloried in it, and point to their converts as if their own hand had "gotten them this victory."

"No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest

Till half mankind were like himself—possessed."

So said Cowper, the most amiable and pious of poets.

These lines have our fullest sympathy. Men of all classes and places heard Peter at Pentecost, and he preached the gospel, and some of the worst of men were saved. Paul preached it to the Philosophers at Athens, and some of that class were touched by it; he preached it at Corinth and sensual merchants and abandoned Corinthian women heard, believed, and were saved; he preached it to the foolish Galatians and to the courtly Philippians, and ever with like result. And, oh, Christian men and Christian churches, we beseech you pause before you abandon the old lines. ARE YOU SAVED? DID THE GOSPEL SAVE YOU? Has that which from the earnest appeals of George Whitefield to the masses on Kennington Common and elsewhere,—that which from the persuasive lips of the Wesleys, moved and saved multitudes of miners in the black country, in the whole of England; has that which Knox moved Scotland, and Luther roused all Germany—has it failed? Has it become effete?

Has it lost its power? Has the Christianity of Christ made its bow and retired before masquerading, and noise, and assumption, and, in a word, *Comic Christianity*?

And we ask, Has the Gospel failed? Some say, Yes, because some only, not all, of the outcasts of society are reached, that is to say, that because Noah, and Moses, and the prophets, and apostles, and the Reformers did not with their message reach all, and that many of those who listened were not saved by it, therefore they failed, and some new means must be found to reach the masses, forgetting the gospel saves some and condemns others for their hardness of heart.

We shall not be surprised to hear some men say that even the ministry of Christ was a failure because some turned away from His loving message. But again, we ask, Has the Gospel failed? Has it failed as preached by C. H. Spurgeon; and among the ragged and depraved under the teaching of our old friend and brother, Mr. Hytche; and among the costers under our hard-working loving brother, Orsman, of Golden Lane? And what of our City Missionaries? Does their work with the simple Gospel go for nothing? Let thousands testify. Are we to profess more wisdom or benevolence than God, and pronounce His plans and His ways failures, and to follow the lead of any one who, under pretence of reaching the masses, thinks more, and teaches men to think more, of his word than the Word of God? We say, No—a thousand times No. The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. The Saviour lifted up is still the Mighty Magnet of sufficient power to attract a ruined world unto Himself. We hail with joy all Christian movements—the City Missionary,

the Ragged School, the Ragged Church, the Tract Society, the Open-air Preaching, the Blue Ribbon Movement, the Band of Hope. These and a host of others we accept, because we find that they are not opposed to God's glorious gospel but are in accord with it, and therefore we wish them God-speed.

What is wanted for the outside masses is more large-hearted Christian men who will go to them with their loving message; men of great faith in the Master and His Word; men of intelligence, who will use means which are likely to last, and, above all, to stand the test of God's Word; men of experience, who have felt and tasted and handled of the word of life. The Churches of Christ unite with each other; and if any section of the masses will not be saved by those means—God's salvation, the world's Saviour, the world's gospel—we know no other conclusion but he that believeth shall saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned. Let us keep to the old lines. Trust in God and do the right.

We close in the words of a writer before quoted.

"It must be evident to any keen observer that not a little which passes for the work of God to-day is of man, and of man only, and it is lamentable how it is patronised by certain sections of the Church. The sacred name of Christ is bandied about, and the awful mysteries of His cross and passion are spoken of with irreverence; there is a restlessness under the ordinary services of the house of God; the discipline and order of the Church are so irritatingly borne as to threaten utter lawlessness; the ordinances instituted by our Lord are treated as of trifling importance, and the development of the divine life in man, by the instrumentality of Christian

teaching, is sacrificed to a round of exciting services repeated again and again, each time more sensational than before, to keep pace with and feed the appetite which is never satisfied, but ever crying with louder and more importunate voice, "Give, give!" And the plea urged in justification is, that the masses must be reached. Are we to sink to the level of the masses, or lift the masses to our level—which?"

BE FIRM AND STEADFAST.

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

"Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."—*Prov. iv. 27.*

My dear young Friends, — This text is very suitable for a New Year's meditation at the present time when there is so much change in the social, political, and religious opinions of many. The changes are numerous, proposed by this one and the other. The old landmarks and institutions are very lightly esteemed by many in this evil generation. We should remember that—

(1.) *The sacred truths of Holy Scripture are unalterable.* We cannot overthrow the Divine purposes of God. "He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Man may try to explain away the word, and break down the laws of the country; but God's Word remains the same after all the compromises and apparent attempts of destruction. God's truth stands in all its majesty and power even amid the wreck of nations and the enthronement of Satan. Nevertheless, we must, dear young friends, by the help of God, "Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."

(2.) *The pride of man in trying to set up human Judgment.*

The various forms and movements in what is called religion of the present day, which is a sad departure from the truths of Holy Scripture, are propagated as being something that will accomplish more than the old truths. Let me say, Hold fast to sound words—turn not either to the right or left—to "the faith once delivered to the saints." Dear young friends, the Lord will be honoured by those who love Him. He cannot honour and bless that which is contrary to His Holy Word. Let me urge on the minds of those who love "the truth as it is in Jesus," not to forsake the plain rule of faith which is laid down in the Word of God. The Bible does not mean one thing to-day and another to-morrow. His Word is sure and steadfast: heaven and earth would rather pass away than His Word; the Christian knows in whom he has believed. "Let no man take our crown." "We seek a city whose maker and builder is God." "Be thou faithful unto death." "Turn not to the right hand nor to the left."

My dear young friends, I trust you will consider what I have advanced in this address at this special season of the year. I trust the addresses I have given already in the pages of the "Messenger" have, by God's blessing, been the means of doing some good. I trust, the Lord extending my life and giving me health, that I shall give many more. I hope you will consider the words I have given you as the text in this address. May you look to Jesus for Him to direct your steps during the present year. Look to Him for *pardon, grace and wisdom.*

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Supt.

Plymouth.

GOD'S WORDS TO PARENTS.

"He that is of God heareth God's words." *John viii. 47.*

"THESE words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." *Deut. vi. 6, 7.*

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." *Jas. i. 5.*

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" *Luke xi. 13.*

"I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring." *Isa. xlv. 3.*

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." *Prov. xxii. 6.*

"I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, that they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." *Gen. xviii. 19.*

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." *Josh. xxiv. 14.*

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." *Psa. ci. 2.*

"Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." *Eph. vi. 4.*

"A bishop must be one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." *1 Tim. iii. 4.*

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him

chasteneth him betimes." *Prov. xiii. 24.*

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." *Prov. xix. 18.*

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." *Prov. xxii. 15.*

"The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." *Prov. xxix. 15, 17.*

"I will perform against Eli all things I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." *1 Sam. iii. 12, 13.*

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." *Psa. li. 5.*

"How can he be clean that is born of a woman?" *Job xxv. 4.*

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." *John iii. 3.*

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." *1 Peter i. 23.*

"The generation of the upright shall be blessed." *Psa. cxii. 2.*

"For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children; that the generations to come might know them, even the children that should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children; that they might see their hope in God, and not forget the works of

God, but keep His commandments." Psa. lxxviii. 5, 7.

"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." Psa. xc. 16, 17.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. xii. 9.—*The Christian*.

HULDAH BLAKE'S VIGIL.

"Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend;

We'll hold our patient hands, each
in his place,
And trust thee to the end;
Knowing thou leadest onward to
those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor
months, nor years."

THE last day of the year! The old year, 1883, so new only a brief twelvemonth bygone, and now, ready to be folded up and laid away like a threadbare, worn-out garment.

This was Huldah Blake's thought, as an hour before midnight, the old and the new year's trysting time, she put out her candle, and pushed a low easy-chair before the fire still glowing on the wide, open hearth, saying to herself:

"I am going to watch the old year die to-night, the new year dawn. Where will they meet, I wonder, old '83 going out, young '84 coming in! Will '83 sigh good-night as '84 sings good-morning?" And then Huldah began to query, as hundreds of others were querying that New Year Eve night, what gift the New Year would bring

her. Would it be a sorrow or a joy? As she thus wondered, a sense of the loneliness, the intense hush of the hour, stole into her heart, wakening a mysterious, almost weird-like, dread of the unknown new year coming so close! Thinking to break the subtle charm, Huldah repeated aloud Tennyson's dirge for the old year.

"Full knee deep lies the Winter
snow,
And the Winter winds are wearily
sighing:

Toil ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

"He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.

"How hard he breathes; over the
snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns
low.

"'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

"Shake hands before you die.

"His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alas! Our friend is gone.

"There's a new foot on the floor,
And a new face at the door—
A new face at the door!"

Was there? Huldah started, for as she ceased speaking, loudly the village clock rang out twelve sharp strokes.

"Yes, it is gone—dead—the dear old year," she whispered, "dead." And then a strange thing happened to Huldah Blake; for distinct as the song of a lark on midsummer's morning, suddenly in her room there sounded a voice saying: "No, the old year is not dead: years do not die, they are only pages written full in the great Book of Years—pages folded over, till the opening

day, when their record shall be read."

Ah! the records—the records those pages hold!

And then, gentle as melody of breeze-stirred Æolian harp, the voice continued: "I have come with your New Year gift; look, and see it typified;" and straightway Huldah beheld, upspringing from the glowing fire embers, a steady flame, and verily in the flame she saw emblem after emblem of the gift offered her on the New Year, and as they swiftly passed before Huldah's wondering gaze the spirit voice found time to offer a word of explanation, prefacing each by the repeated, "If you accept this gift—Lo, Christ, His truth shall be shield and buckler unto thee." The first was a girdle woven of rare and costly threads, some blue as the blue of unclouded sky, some white as the white of newly fallen snow, and its clasp was a sapphire, the stone of fidelity. "Behold," the voice murmured, "the girdle of Truth; will you take and wear it all through the New Year? Truth, the encircling girdle of sincerity in thought, word and deed, will you wear it?" Next shone out of that clear flame a breastplate of burnished gold, set with gems, like in beauty to the precious stones that adorned the old-time High Priest's breastplate. "See!" softly the voice said, "this breastplate to protect the heart, and which they who wear it know, means the Righteousness of Christ, interposed between God and the sinner's soul. Take it; it is your New Year gift—God's unspeakable gift—the Righteousness of Christ!"

Close following that sight of the breast-plate, Huldah beheld sandals of curious workmanship, and of them the interpreting voice whispered, "Look! shoes that wear not old, that he who wears may walk and not faint, run and not be weary—shoes that lead to paths of Peace, and they may be yours, just for the taking!—And now look on the shield—the shield of Faith—by which even the most timid wearer of the heaven-given armour is able to quench the fiery darts of evil." And yet one more emblem shone for Huldah in that clear flame, the most wondrous, most beautiful of them all: a helmet with polished surface so crystal-clear it reflected the girdle threads of blue and white, the sandals of curious device, the shield of gold and gems of breast-plate. "See," the music-like voice sang, "it holds them all—holds them all: the Truth, the Righteousness, the Peace, the Faith—holds them all, for it is the Helmet of Salvation, the New Year gift to you, and to all who will accept and wear it."

And then the voice was silent. The fire went out. Huldah Blake's vigil was ended. Had she been dreaming? Or does there come One knocking, knocking every New Year time at the heart-doors, saying, "Will you accept it? Will you put it on, this Armour of God, that that ye may be able to stand in the evil day?" If you do,

"Lo, Christ doth say,
In all years, His truth shall be,
Shield and buckler unto thee."

Christian at Work.

SONGS OF THE COMFORTER.

"Behold, I will pour out My spirit unto you; I will make known My words unto you."—*Prov. i. 23.*

O HOLY SPIRIT, work in me
That Faith which loves all truth to see,
And lives and reigns eternally.

Give me that Hope which never dies,
Which wipes all tears from weeping eyes,
Before whose light all darkness flies.

Oh, work that love which thinks no ill,
Which even here with heaven doth fill—
Finds its chief joy in God's own will.

Humility, sweet child of thine,
O loving Spirit, make it mine,
And bid each grace through it to shine.

Plant in my heart that holy fear
Which lives as seeing Jesus near,
And patience strong His Cross to bear.

Oh, breathe on me that holy peace
Which ever from self-trust doth cease,
Thus thine own strength in me increase.

All holiness, oh, do Thou bring,
Conform me to my Lord and King,
That heart and life His praise may sing.

Inspire, O Lord, that love and zeal
Which makes us noble, true, and real,
Yet for the worst can toil and feel;

Such grace as, while it makes us blest,
Guides others oft by sin distrest
To find in Christ their home and rest.

This, Holy Spirit, make me know
Such life e'en now from Thee doth flow
As makes a present heaven below!

Brighton.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

On the railways in India "Zenana" cars are provided, in which native women can travel in seclusion. Missionary women often avail themselves of these cars for religious work.

Reviews.

BAPTIST LITERATURE.

THIS first number of our *Baptist Messenger* for the New Year seems a suitable season and place for us to say a word or two respecting our denominational magazines, &c. We are solicitous for their maintenance and extension; among other grounds, for the reason that we usually find that those members of our churches who read our weekly papers and monthly magazines are not only best up in our movements, but are the most sturdy defenders of our principles. We therefore, as far and wide as our words can reach, address these few lines to our readers. First we have before us the *Baptist Magazine*—bright and cheerful on its exterior, and within filled with precious treasure. The paper from the Rev. T. M. Mooris helps us to information not generally known about the Suffolk Baptists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And contribution number five, by the Rev. J. Bigwood, calls attention to some matters of great importance in connection with Christian fellowship, and suggests something which demands a most careful and thoughtful attention. The Editor has certainly done his year's work well, and has thoroughly sustained the reputation of the magazine. We next take up the *Sword and Trowel*, well described in another quarter as a lively magazine; and it is truthfully described. It is lively; not a dead chapter or sentence through all its contents. It is rich with gospel, deeply marked by its practical teaching, bristling with information, and its Book Reviews are the raciest things we have ever read. The *General Baptist Magazine* makes its advent under new editorship. We know what it has been during the fourteen years'

editorship of the Rev. John Clifford, who will not lose his interest in its pages; nor, we trust, will the readers altogether miss his valuable aid. We only part from the editor with anything like willingness because we are sure from some knowledge the two brethren who will in future have the working and control are Christians, men of independent thought and benevolent desires, intellectual, industrious and true. We have also to hand some good new specimen narrative tracts from the Baptist Tract Society, and also Parts ix. and x. of *Baptist Worthies*, edited by Dr. Landels; the one on our illustrious Havelock, and the other on our William Knibb, of immortal fame. It has really quite stirred us to new zeal to read the manly, Christian doings of these noble spirits who have gone before. We have also to bear testimony to our knowledge of the great service done for us and our objects by the well-done work of our *Baptist* and *Freeman* newspapers. Then as to our own *Baptist Messenger*, we are strangely mistaken if it is not the best and cheapest penny Monthly issued. The yearly volume is now ready, bound in strong cloth, and besides containing twelve sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has a number of articles from some of our worthiest writers, and a large amount of denominational intelligence. The *Baptist Almanack*, interleaved, and containing one of the best likenesses we remember having seen of our many years' friend, the Rev. Archibald Brown. This compilation should be in the hands of every minister and church or Sunday-school officer. We also take the opportunity of again calling attention to the beautiful engraving on enamelled paper of Christian Baptism in the open air. We were delighted on

stepping into our vestry one Sabbath morning to find that the Deacons had placed on the wall this pleasing, speaking picture, nicely mounted, and in massive frame. We believe it would be well if other Deacons would do likewise. It would also be a nice way of speaking to our friends at this season by presenting a copy to those we most esteem. Copies, 2s. 6d. each, may be had of J. Nettleton, 3 Strutt-street, Manchester.

Lays of Lowly Service, and other Verses. By GEORGINA M. TAYLOR, Author of "Oh, to be Nothing." Morgan & Scott, Paternoster-buildings.

A PRETTILY got-up little work, and dedicated by the Authoress to "My Fellow-Workers of the Young Women's Christian Association." It contains true poetry, sweet thoughts, is rich in Scripture truth, and deserves a large circulation, and will certainly do good. The words of

the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal speaks a volume: "Of the verses I have just read I can say the thought is sweet, the form is fresh, and the versification is good. 'As to It' is second only to 'Oh, to be Nothing.' I am delighted with it."

The Eternal Life Blood of the Divine Sunship. By S. BORTON BROWN, B.A. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row.

We have read this work, but fail to follow the writer in seeing the object he may have in view. It is to us very cloudy. We cannot understand some of the sentences, they are so novel, and different to any we have met with on the subject of "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin." We wish that on this solemn and all-important matter the writer had expressed himself so as to have been easily understood.

PEACE WITH GOD.—"It matters not," said an Italian, lately, who in the reading of the Bible had found cold water for his thirsty soul, "it matters not how late I return home, I must first turn toward God in the Scriptures, that I may lay down in peace—I with God and God with me. They tell me it is all imagination. Imagination!" I say: "It is a blessed imagination that gives me peace with God." I tell them I wish they had it."

AMONG the philosophers there were two hundred and eighty opinions concerning happiness, some affirming happiness to lie in one thing, some in another; but by the Spirit and the Word we are taught that happiness lies in our oneness with God. Mark, the Scripture pronounces him happy, whose hope is in God, though he want assurance. "Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." (Psalm cxlvi. 5.)

"PLEASURE, pleasure, give me pleasure!" is the cry of many a hungry, empty soul. Possibly this cry comes from a perversion, a misdirection, of that noble soul hunger which the Master recognised when He said, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." If so, the cry is vain until it is transformed into a longing to possess that righteousness which is the only tree on which pure pleasure grows. No man can pluck this delicious fruit until he owns the tree.—*Zion's Herald.*

ONE design of our dear Lord in afflicting His children is to give them a noble opportunity to glorify Him. Suffering borne in patience, submission and faith, testifies of Him. It says: "It is the Lord; let Him do unto me as seemeth to Him good. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. G. SOUDAMORE, of Station End, Harrow, has undertaken the pastorate of the church at Berkeley-road, Chalk Farm

Rev. W. Townsend, after ten years' ministry at Totteridge-road Church, Enfield, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Canterbury.

Rev. Walter Henry Purchase of the Isle of Wight, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Leominster.

Rev. F. J. Feltham, of Winslow, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sandown, Isle of Wight.

Rev. James Briggs, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Shoreham.

Rev. W. Poole Balfern, after thirty-five years of ministerial labour, has resigned the pastorate of Sussex-street Church, Brighton.

GRAVESEND. — Rev. N. Heath, having preached in Windmill-street Baptist Chapel, Gravesend, for more than nine years, delivered his farewell sermon on the last Sunday evening in November.

PRESENTATIONS.

ABOUT three years ago, the Rev. W. H. Ibberson entered on the pastorate of the church in Back-street, Trowbridge, and much success has attended his labours. At the commencement of the present year, an affection of the throat and head necessitated a suspension of active work. The hope that a prolonged rest would aid in the restoration to health has unhappily not been realised. Mr. Ibberson has felt reluctantly compelled—to the mutual regret of pastor and people—to intimate the necessity of relinquishing the pastorate. The sum of £257 3s. has been contributed for the reverend

gentlemen, by the church and congregation.

Rev. Edwin Brown, prior to leaving Millom, where for five years he has been minister of the Baptist church, besides holding office as secretary of the Bible Society, auxiliary president of the Liberal Association and of the Blue Ribbon Mission, and member of the School Board, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse containing £20. Mr. Brown's present address is 18, Swainson street, Blackpool.

A valedictory service has been held at Enfield Highway. Rev. W. Townsend, who is leaving for Canterbury, was presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address. All the neighbouring ministers were present to express their esteem for the retiring pastor.

Rev. C. J. Clark, on resigning the pastorate of Bethel Church, West Bromwich, was presented with a gold watch bearing a suitable inscription.

Rev. G. M. Harvey, pastor of the church at Radcliffe, has been presented on behalf of the church with an oil portrait of himself. An effort is being made among the congregation for the erection of a new chapel, and about £400 has already been subscribed.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. T. DAVIES, student from Brighton-grove College, Manchester, was ordained to the pastoral oversight of the church at Chepstow on the 21st of November. Rev. John Douglas conducted the introductory services. Rev. Dr. Parker, President of the Manchester College, delivered the charge. Rev. Joseph Lewis offered the ordination prayer; and Rev. D. R. Morgan delivered the

charge to the church and congregation. Mr. Sargent, senior deacon, detailed the reasons that induced the church to invite Mr. Davies, and Mr. Davies stated the history of his conversion, and the reasons that led him to accept the call. Dr. Parker presided over the public meeting, which was addressed by several of the local ministers, who gave the right hand of welcome to the newly-ordained pastor.

Rev. J. T. Frost, of the Pastor's College, was recognised, on the 27th of November, as pastor of the church at Ashton-on-Ribble. James Barbow, Esq., J.P., presided. Rev. C. Williams gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. James Smith gave the charge to the church. Revs. E. Dyer, R. Maden, R. Scott, W. Lewis, G. Goodchild, and H. Harris, took part in the proceedings.

Rev. George Eales was recognised, on the 3rd of December, as pastor of Friar-lane Church, Leicester. Revs. Robert Craven, L. H. Parsons, T. Simon, C. Lemoine Hughs, and W. Evans delivered fraternal addresses. Letters were read from Rev. Watson Dyson, of Halifax, an old friend of the new pastor, and several other ministers, regretting their inability to be present, and expressing hearty wishes for success.

Rev. T. E. Cozens Cooke was publicly recognised, on the 29th of November, as pastor of Frogmore-street Chapel, Abergavenny; Mr. J. H. Conway, one of the senior deacons presided. The Nonconformist ministers of the town were all present, and gave a fraternal welcome to Mr. Cooke in his new sphere of labour. Several ministers from a distance were also present, including Rev. James Lewitt, Rev. J. Douglas and Rev. B. Johnson.

Rev. J. J. Fitch has been recognised as the pastor of Hoghton-street Chapel, Southport. At the public meeting, in the evening, Alderman Boothroyd presided, and the various denominations in the town had their representatives, the

Church of England being represented by the Revs. Canon Clarke and J. Mellis. Canon Clarke said he had accepted the invitation to be present on the occasion, as he could see no impropriety, when a Christian minister came to a town, for another Christian minister, who had been labouring there before him, to hold out the right hand of fellowship and say, "I am glad to see you, and I wish blessings may attend upon your labours." If they might say that to one another in the streets, he should like to know why he might not say it in that chapel? Was there anything in that house itself which made it improper for a minister of the Church of England to be there? Had there ever been souls converted in that chapel? He was sure there had; he had not the slightest doubt about it, and the very fact of souls having been converted there consecrated that place. He then referred to the friendship which had existed between himself and their former pastor, Mr. Stalker, and hoped the same good feeling would exist between Mr. Fitch and himself.

A public meeting, presided over by Rev. M. Lucas, of Newark, a former pastor of the church, was held on the 20th of November, to recognise the Rev. Alfred Eason as pastor of the church at Bourn. Addresses were delivered by Revs. H. W. Turner, S. Yates, and F. W. B. Weeks. Revs. T. Baron and G. H. Bennett, were also present, and, on behalf of their respective churches, gave Mr. Eason a cordial welcome to the town.

Rev. C. D. Crouch received a welcome, on the 22nd of November, as pastor of the church in Christchurch-road, Worthing, Mr. Crouch, who has been already instrumental in the erection of new chapels at Nottingham and Shoreham, proposes to devote himself to the work of erecting a new chapel, capable of accommodating 500 persons, at Shoreham. The cost is estimated at £2,000, towards which about £300 has been subscribed.

Rev. J. R. Fawcett, late of Rawdon College, was ordained, on the 14th of November, as pastor of the church at Farsley, near Leeds. Rev. T. G. Rose, B.A., president of Rawdon College, gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. W. R. Golding offered the ordination prayer; and the Rev. George Hill, M.A., delivered an address on the "Christian Church." Revs. W. Medley, M.A., A. Ashworth, M. G. Cohen, J. Harper, W. H. Rolls, A. E. Greening, and E. J. Neale also took part in the engagements.

RECENT DEATH.

EMMA, widow of the late Charles Mace, of Cheltenham and Pattishall, fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday, November 7th, 1883, at the Baptist Manse, Stotfold, Beds, the residence of her brother-in-law, the Rev. D. Mace, at sixty-three years of age. She was converted when very young, and baptised by the late David Denham, and was also for some considerable time attached to the ministry and friendship of the late Rev. James Smith, whose name and memory were ever fragrant to her. She was a staid, but very pleasant Christian. She had ever a cheerful word to say, and bore her own troubles with admirable calmness. To her more than sisterly care fell the charge of the motherless children of the Rev. D. Mace, which duty she discharged with all the faithfulness of a true Christian, and with scarcely less fondness and tenderness of a mother's love. She had been somewhat ailing of late, but her death was sudden. She was, however, aware that the end had come, and calmly welcomed it. Resting on a Saviour's grace and love, she passed away, her last words being, "Lord Jesus, receive me." Her mortal remains were committed to the earth in the chapel grounds at Eastcott, Northamptonshire, November 12th, in the grave of her departed husband, the former minister of the

place. The little chapel was attended on this occasion by many who entertained the deepest Christian reverence for her memory. The services in the chapel, and at the grave, were conducted by the Rev. James H. Blake, of Luton. Thus has been gathered home one of the Lord's jewels. The number of the glorified has been increased, but the earth is made poorer by the event.

BAPTISMS.

- Abertillery*, Mon.—December 2, Two, by Llewellyn Jones.
Asford, Kent.—November 22, Two, by E. Roberts.
Attercliffe.—November 25, Five, by R. Ensell.
Bacup.—December 2, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
Banbury.—November 25, Three, by J. Davis.
Bassalee.—November 11, Three, by W. Maurice.
Blaenavon.—Horeb Church, September 6, Nine; November 18, Three, by Wm. Morgan.
Blaina, Mon.—December 2, Seven, by C. Rees.
Birmingham.—November 3, Mission Hall, Wynn Street, by J. Wood, Eight.
Blackburn.—November 25, Six, by M. H. Whetnall.
Brockhurst.—November 28, Four, by W. M. Compton.
Brockhurst, Hants.—November 21, Two, by B. French.
Bury.—November 25, Two, by W. L. Mayo.
Burnley.—October 4, Three, by J. Kemp.
Cefn Mawr.—November 6, Five, by E. H. Girdlestone.
Cheam, Surrey.—November 25, Five, by W. G. Clow.
Cheddar, Somerset.—November 4, Three, by T. Hanger.
Chesham, Bury.—November 25, Eleven, by G. M. Harvey.
Coseley.—November 12, Seven, by T. Baugh.
Conselt.—December 2, One, by J. Roach.
Crewkerne.—November 28, Three, by J. Cruickshank.
Crosskeys.—November 25, at Hope, Six, by C. H. Walkins.
Dise.—November 28, Six, by C. W. Pope.
Dunfermline.—November 14, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Ferndale.—November 4, Three, by G. G. Oule.
Golear.—December 2, One, by W. Gay.
Glodwick, Oldham.—November 25, Two, by W. Hughes.
Haslingden.—November 25, Four; and November 26, One, by G. T. Bailey.
Knighton.—December 2, One, by W. Williams.

London :—

- November 18, Battersea-park, Twenty-six, by F. Lardner.
 Gray's Inn-road.—November 28, Arthur-street, Two, by W. Smith.
 Ilford — November 22, One, by J. Young.
 Leytonstone.—November 25, Four, by J. Bradford.
 Putney.—November 28, Two, by W. Thomas.
 Streatham, S.W.—November 28, Lewin-road, Two, by A. McCaig.
 St. John's Wood.—Abbey-road, November 28, Seven, by W. Stott.
Llanerchymidd.—November 11, Five, by D. Hughes.
Llwynypia.—November 11, Three, by J. R. Jones.
Longtown.—November 11, Two, by T. Williams.
Lumb.—December 2, Seven, by—Abraham.
Maesteg.—November 4, Three, by Dr. Davies.
Madeley.—November 21, One, by T. Whittle.
Merthyr.—November 11, Three, by E. Lewis.
Melincwm.—November 18, Seven, by D. Munworthy.
Middlesbro.—December 2, Four, by W. Whale.
Neuport, Mon.—November 25, Three, by A. Jones : November 26, Stowhill Chapel, Three, by J. Douglas.
Ogmore Vale.—November 4, Three, by E. Aubrey.
Oswestry.—December 2, Two, by G. Archer.
Pembroke.—November 11, Two, by E. Thomas.

- Pontypool, Mon.*—October 30, Four, by J. Evans; November 11, Four, by D. Thomas.
Portsmouth—December 3, Lake-road, Seven, by T. W. Medhurst.
Radcliffe, Manchester.—November 4, Two, by G. M. H. rvey.
Rawdon.—November 4, Two, by A. P. Fayers.
Rhyanev, Mon—November 25, Three, by H. Phillips.
Roath, Cardiff.—November 25, Five, by P. Jones.
Ross.—November 25, Two, by J. E. Perrin.
Skipton, Yorkshre.—November 17, One, by W. Judge.
Skipton—December 2, Two, by W. Judge.
Suttonhampton.—November 25, Carlton Chapel, Seven, by E. Osborne.
Southsea.—November 25, Elm Grove, Four, by J. P. Williams.
Southport.—November 28, Six, by J. J. Fitch.
Speen.—November 28, Two, by C. Saville.
Staincliffe.—November 21, Two, by J. Kendall.
Street, Bridgwater.—November 7, Seven, by Bartlett.
Swansea.—November 25, Seven, by A. E. Johnson.
Tonypandy.—November 11, Two, by J. M. Jones.
Tyldesley, near Manchester.—December 2, Two, by B. Jenkins.
West Bromwich.—November 4, Four, by C. J. Clark.
Whitwick.—November 4, Three, by W. Slater.
Worthing.—November 18, Four, by C. D. Crouch.

Do not call your special services "gospel meetings." You may not mean it, but the implication is that your regular services are not gospel meetings, which you would hardly allow.

NOTHING more certainly eats out the heart and life of religion than party spirit. Christianity is love; party spirit is the death of love; Christianity is union; party spirit is disunion, and is most unlovely in the church of Christ.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing over a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," said the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles; look over and above them."

My bark is wafted on the strand
 By breath divine;
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail,
 I have on board;
 Above the roaring of the gale
 I have my Lord.

Dean Alford.

HEAVEN AND HELL.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”—Matthew viii. 11, 12.

THIS is a land where plain speaking is allowed, and where the people are willing to afford a fair hearing to any one who can tell them that which is worth their attention. To-night I am quite certain of an attentive audience, for I know you too well to suppose otherwise. This field, as you are all aware, is private property. And I would just give a suggestion to those who go out in the open air to preach—that it is far better to get into a field or a plot of unoccupied building ground, than to block up the roads and stop business; it is, moreover, far better to be somewhere under protection, so that we can at once prevent disturbance.

To-night, I shall, I hope, encourage you to seek the road to heaven. I shall also have to utter some very sharp things concerning the end of the lost in the pit of hell. Upon both these subjects I will try and speak, as God helps me. But I beseech you, as you love your souls, weigh right and wrong this night; see whether what I say be the truth of God. If it be not, reject it utterly, and cast it away; but if it is, at your peril disregard it; for as you shall answer before God, the great Judge of heaven and earth, it will go ill with you if the words of His servant and His Scripture be despised.

My text has two parts. The first is very agreeable to my mind, and gives me pleasure; the second is terrible in the extreme; but since they are both the truth, they must be preached. The first part of my text is, “I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.” The sentence which I call the black, dark, and threatening part is this: “But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

I. Let us take the first part. Here is a MOST GLORIOUS PROMISE. I will read it again—“Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.” I like that text, because it tells me what heaven is, and gives me a beautiful picture of it. It says it is a place where I shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. Oh, what a sweet thought that is for the working-man! He often wipes the hot sweat from his face, and he wonders whether there is a land where he shall have to toil no longer. He scarcely ever eats a mouthful of bread that is not moistened with the sweat of his brow.

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Often he comes home weary, and flings himself upon his couch, perhaps too tired to sleep. He says, "Oh! is there no land where I can rest? Is there no place where I can sit, and for once let these weary limbs be still? Is there no land where I can be quiet?" Yes, thou son of toil and labour,

"There is a happy land
Far, far, away,"

where toil and labour are unknown. Beyond yon blue welkin there is a city fair and bright, its walls are jasper, and its light is brighter than the sun. There "the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." Immortal spirits are yonder, who never wipe sweat from their brow, for "they sow not, neither do they reap;" they have not to toil and labour. .

"There on a green and flow'ry mount
Their wearied souls shall sit:
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of their feet."

To my mind, one of the best views of heaven is that *it is a land of rest*—especially to the working-man. Those who have not to work hard, think they will love heaven as a place of service. That is very true. But to the working-man, to the man who toils with his brain or with his hands, it must ever be a sweet thought that there is a land where we shall rest. Soon, this voice will never be strained again: soon, these lungs will never have to exert themselves beyond their power: soon, this brain shall not be racked for thought; but I shall sit at the banquet-table of God; yea, I shall recline on the bosom of Abraham, and be at ease for ever. Oh! weary sons and daughters of Adam, you will not have to drive the plough-share into the unthankful soil in heaven, you will not need to rise to daily toils before the sun has risen, and labour still when the sun hath long ago gone to his rest; but ye shall be still, ye shall be quiet, ye shall rest yourselves, for all are rich in heaven, all are happy there, all are peaceful. Toil, trouble, travail, and labour, are words that cannot be spelled in heaven; they have no such things there, for they always rest.

And mark the *good company they sit with*. They are to "sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob." Some people think that in heaven we shall know nobody. But our text declares here, that we "shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob." Then I am sure that we shall be aware that they are Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. I have heard of a good woman who asked her husband, when she was dying, "My dear, do you think you will know me when you and I get to heaven?" "Shall I know you?" he said, "why, I have always known you while I have been here, and do you think I shall be a greater fool when I get to heaven?" I think it was a very good answer. If we have known one another here, we shall know one another there. I have dear departed friends up there, and it is always a sweet thought to me, that when I shall put my foot, as I hope I may, upon the threshold of heaven, there will come my sisters and brothers to clasp me by the hand, and say, "Yes, thou lovedst one, and thou art here." Dear relatives that have been separated, you will meet again in heaven. One of you has lost a mother—she is gone above; and if you follow the track of Jesus, you shall meet her there. Methinks I see yet

another coming to meet you at the door of paradise; and though the ties of natural affection may be in a measure forgotten—I may be allowed to use a figure—how blessed would she be as she turned to God, and said, “Here am I, and the children that Thou hast given me.” We shall recognise our friends:—husband, you will know your wife again. Mother, you will know those dear babes of yours—you marked their features when they lay panting and gasping for breath. You know how ye hung over their graves when the cold sod was sprinkled over them, and it was said, “Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.” But ye shall hear those loved voices again; ye shall hear those sweet voices once more; ye shall yet know that those whom ye loved have been loved by God. Would not that be a dreary heaven for us to inhabit, where we should be alike unknowing and unknown? I would not care to go to such a heaven as that. I believe that heaven is a fellowship of the saints, and that we shall know one another there. I have often thought I should love to see Isaiah; and, as soon as I get to heaven, methinks I would ask for him, because he spoke more of Jesus Christ than all the rest. I am sure I should want to find out George Whitfield—he who so continually preached to the people, and wore himself out with a more than seraphic zeal. Oh, yes! we shall have choice company in heaven when we get there. There will be no distinction of learned and unlearned, clergy and laity, but we shall walk freely one among another; we shall feel that we are brethren; we shall “sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob.” I have heard of a lady who was visited by a minister on her deathbed, and she said to him, “I want to ask you one question, now I am about to die.” “Well,” said the minister, “what is it?” “Oh!” said she, in a very affected way, “I want to know if there are two places in heaven, because I could not bear that Betsy in the kitchen should be in heaven along with me; she is so unrefined?” The minister turned round and said, “Oh, don’t trouble yourself about that, madam. There is no fear of that; for until you get rid of your accursed pride, you will never enter heaven at all.” We must all get rid of our pride. We must come down and stand on an equality in the sight of God and see in every man a brother, before we can hope to be found in glory. Aye, we bless God, we thank Him that He will set down no separate table for one and for another. The Jew and the Gentile will sit down together. The great and the small shall feed in the same pasture, and we shall “sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.”

But my text hath a yet greater depth of sweetness, for it says, that “*many* shall come and shall sit down.” Some narrow-minded bigots think that heaven will be a very small place, where there will be a very few people, who went to their chapel or their church. I confess, I have no wish for a very small heaven, and love to read in the Scriptures that there are many mansions in my Father’s house. How often do I hear people say, “Ah! straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it. There will be very few in heaven; there will be most lost.” My friend I differ from you. Do you think that Christ will let the devil beat Him? that He will let the devil have more in hell than there will be in heaven? No: it is impossible. For then Satan would laugh at Christ. There will be more in heaven than there are among the lost. God says, that “there will be a number that no man can number

who will be saved ;” but He never says that there will be a number that no man can number that will be lost. There will be a host beyond all count who will get into heaven. What glad tidings for you and for me ! for if there are so many to be saved why should not I be saved ? why should not you ? why should not you man, over there in the crowd, say, “ Cannot I be one among the multitude ? ” And may not that poor woman there take heart, and say, “ Well, if there were but half-a-dozen saved, I might fear that I should not be one ; but since many are to come, why should not I also be saved ? ” Cheer up, disconsolate ! Cheer up, son of mourning, child of sorrow, there is hope for thee still ! I can never know that any man is past God’s grace. There be a few that have sinned that sin that is unto death and God gives them up ; but the vast host of mankind are yet within the reach of sovereign mercy—“ And many of them shall come from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven.”

Look at my text again, and you will see where these people come from. They are to “ come from the east and west.” The Jews said that they would all come from Palestine, every one of them, every man, woman, and child ; that there would not be one in heaven that was not a Jew. And the Pharisees thought that if they were not all Pharisees they could not be saved. But Jesus Christ said there will be many that will come from the east and from the west. There will be a multitude from that far off land of China, for God is doing a great work there, and we hope that the gospel will yet be victorious in that land. There will be a multitude from this western land of England ; from the western country beyond the sea, in America ; and from the south, in Australia ; and from the north, in Canada, Siberia, and Russia. From the uttermost parts of the earth there shall come many to sit down in the kingdom of God. But I do not think this text is to be understood so much geographically as spiritually. When it says that they “ shall come from the east and west,” I think it does not refer to nations particularly, but to different kinds of people. Now, “ the east and the west ” signify those who are the very furthest off from religion ; yet many of them will be saved and get to heaven. There is a class of persons who will always be looked upon as hopeless. Many a time have I heard a man or woman say of such an one, “ He cannot be saved : he is too abandoned. What is *he* good for ? Ask *him* to go to a place of worship—he was drunk on Saturday night ! What would be the use of reasoning with *him* ? There is no hope for him. He is a hardened fellow. See what *he* has done these many years. What good will it be to speak to him ? ” Now, hear this, ye who think your fellows worse than yourselves—ye who condemn others, whereas ye are often just as guilty : Jesus Christ says “ Many shall come from the east and west.” There will be many in heaven that were drunkards once. I believe, among that blood-bought throng there are many who reeled in and out the tavern half their lifetime. But by the power of divine grace they were able to dash the liquor cup to the ground. They renounced the riot of intoxication—fled away from it—and served God. Yes ! There will be many in heaven who were drunkards on earth. There will be many harlots ; some of the most abandoned will be found there. You remember the story of Whitfield’s once saying that there would be some in heaven who were “ the devil’s castaways ; ” some that the devil would hardly think

good enough for him, and yet whom Christ would save. Lady Huntingdon once gently hinted that such language was not quite proper. But just at the time there happened to be heard come a ring at the bell and Whitfield went downstairs. Afterwards he came up and said, "Your ladyship, what do you think a poor woman had to say to me just now? She was a sad profligate and she said, 'Oh, Mr. Whitfield, when you were preaching you told us that Christ would take in the devil's castaways, and I am one of them,'" and that was the means of her salvation. Shall anybody ever check us from preaching to the lowest of the low? I have been accused of getting all the rabble of London around me. God bless the rabble! God save the rabble! then, say I. But suppose they are "the rabble!" Who need the gospel more than they do? Who require to have Christ preached to them more than they do? We have lots of those who preach to ladies and gentlemen and we want some one to preach to the rabble in these degenerate days. Oh! here is comfort for me, for many of the rabble are to come from the east and from the west. Oh! what would you think if you were to see the difference between some that are in heaven and some that shall be there! there might be found one whose hair hangs across his eyes, his locks are matted, he looks horrible, his bloated eyes start from his face, he grins almost like an idiot, he has drunk away his very brain until life seems to have departed so far as sense and being are concerned; yet I would tell to you, "that man is capable of salvation"—and in a few years I might say, "Look up yonder; see you that bright star? discern you that man with a crown of pure gold upon his head? do you notice that being clad in robes of sapphire and in garments of light? That is the selfsame man who sat there a poor benighted, almost idiotic being; yet sovereign grace and mercy have saved him!" There are none, except those as I have said before, who have sinned the unpardonable sin, who are beyond God's mercy—fetch me out the worst, and still I would preach the gospel to them; fetch me out the vilest, still I would preach to them, because I recollect my Master said, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled." "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

There is one more word I must notice before I have done with this sweet portion—that is the word "*shall*." Oh! I love God's "shalls" and "wills." There is nothing comparable to them. Let a man say "shall," what is it good for? "I will," says man, and he never performs; "I shall," says he, and he breaks his promise. But it is never so with God's "shalls." If He says, "shall," it shall be; when He says, "will," it will be. Now He has said here, "Many *shall* come." The devils say, "they shall not come;" but "they shall come." Their sins say, "You can't come;" God says, "You shall come." You yourselves say, "We won't come;" God says, "You shall come." Yes, there are some here who are laughing at salvation, who can scoff at Christ and mock at the gospel; but I tell you some of you shall come yet. "What!" you say, "can God make me become a Christian?" I tell you yes, for herein rests the power of the gospel. It does not ask your consent; but it gets it. It does not say, Will you have it? but it makes you willing in the day of God's power. Not against your will, but it makes you willing. It shows you its value, and then you fall in

love with it, and straightway you run after it and have it. Many people have said, "We will not have anything to do with religion," yet they have been converted. I have heard of a man who once went to chapel to hear the singing, and as soon as the minister began to preach, he put his fingers in his ears and would not listen. But by-and-bye some tiny insect settled on his face, so that he was obliged to take one finger out of his ear to brush it away. Just then the minister said, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The man listened; and God met with him at that moment to his soul's conversion. He went out a new man, a changed character. He who came in to laugh retired to pray; he who came in to mock went out to bend his knee in penitence: he who entered to spend an idle hour went home to spend an hour in devotion with his God. The sinner became a saint; the profligate became a penitent. Who knows that there may not be some like that here? The gospel wants not your consent, it gets it. It knocks the enmity out of your heart. You say "I do not want to be saved," Christ says you shall be. He makes your will turn round, and then you cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." Ah, might heaven exclaim, "I knew I would make you say that;" and then He rejoices over you because He has changed your will and made you willing in the day of His power. If Jesus Christ were to stand on this platform to-night, what would many people do with Him? "Oh!" say some, "we would make Him a King." I do not believe it. They would crucify Him again if they had the opportunity. If He were to come and say, "Here I am, I love you, will you be saved by Me?" Not one of you would consent if you were left to your will. If He should look upon you with those eyes, before whose power the lion would have crouched, if He spoke with that voice which poured forth a cataract of eloquence like a stream of nectar rolling down from the cliffs above, not a single person would come to be His disciple; no, it wants the power of the Spirit to make men come to Jesus Christ. He Himself said, "No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him." Ah! we want that; and here we have it. They shall come! They shall come! ye may laugh, ye may despise us; but Jesus Christ shall not die for nothing. If some of you reject Him, there are some that will not. If there are some that are not saved, others *shall* be. Christ *shall* see His seed, He *shall* prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord *shall* prosper in his hands. Some think that Christ died and yet that some for whom He died will be lost. I never could understand that doctrine. If Jesus my surety bore my griefs and carried my sorrows, I believe myself to be as secure as the angels in heaven. God cannot ask payment twice. If Christ paid my debt, shall I have to pay it again? No.

"Free from sin I walk at large,
The Saviour's blood's my full discharge;
At His dear feet content I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay."

They shall come! They shall come! And nought in heaven, nor on earth, nor in hell, can stop them from coming.

And now, thou chief of sinners, list one moment while I call thee to

Jesus. There is one person here to-night who thinks himself the worst soul that ever lived. There is one who says to himself, "I do not deserve to be called to Christ, I am sure!" Soul, I call thee! thou lost, most wretched outcast, this night, by authority given me of God, I call thee to come to my Saviour: Some time ago, when I went into the County Court to see what they were doing, I heard a man's name called out, and immediately the man said, "Make way! make way! they call me!" And up he came. Now, I call the chief of sinners to-night, and let him say, "Make way! make way doubts! make way fears! make way sins! Christ calls me! And if Christ calls me, that is enough!"

"I'll to His gracious feet approach,
Whose sceptre mercy gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch!
And then the suppliant lives.

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

"But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
That were to die (delightful thought)
As sinner never died."

Go and try my Saviour! Go and try my Saviour! If He casts you away after you have sought Him, tell it in the pit that Christ would not hear you. But *that* you shall never be allowed to do. It would dishonour the mercy of the covenant, for God to cast away one penitent sinner, and it never shall be while it is written, "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

II. The second part of my text is heart-breaking. I could preach with great delight to myself from the first part; but here is a dreary task to my soul, because there are gloomy words here. But, as I have told you, what is written in the Bible must be preached, whether it be gloomy or cheerful. There are some ministers who never mention anything about hell. I heard of a minister who once said to his congregation—"If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ you will be sent to that place which it is not polite to mention." He ought not to have been allowed to preach again, I am sure, if he could not use plain words. Now, if I saw that house on fire over there, do you think I would stand and say, "I believe the operation of combustion is proceeding yonder!" No; I would call out, "Fire! Fire!" and then everybody would know what I meant. So if the Bible says, "The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness," am I to stand here and mince the matter at all? God forbid. We must speak the truth as it is written. It is a terrible truth, for it says, "*the children of the kingdom shall be cast out!*" Now, who are those children? I will tell you. "The children of the kingdom" are those people who are noted for the externals of piety, but who have

nothing of the internals of it. People whom you see with their Bibles and hymn books marching off to chapel as religiously as possible, or going to church as devoutly and demurely as they can, looking as sombre and serious as parish beadies, and fancying that they are quite sure to be saved, though their heart is not in the matter, nothing but their bodies. These are the persons who are "the children of the kingdom." They have no grace, no life, no Christ, and they shall be cast into outer darkness.

Again, these people are *the children of pious fathers and mothers*. There is nothing touches a man's heart, mark you, like talking about his mother. I have heard of a swearing sailor, whom nobody could manage, not even the police, who was always making some disturbance wherever he went. Once he went into a place of worship, and no one could keep him still, but a gentleman went up and said to him, "Jack, you had a mother once." With that the tears ran down his cheeks. He said, "Ha! bless you, sir, I had; and I brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and a pretty fellow I am to be here to-night." He then sat down, quite sobered and subdued by the very mention of his mother. Ah! and there are some of you "children of the kingdom" who can remember your mothers. Your mother took you on her knee and taught you early to pray; your fathers tutored you in the ways of godliness. And yet you are here to-night without grace in your heart—without hope of heaven. You are going downwards towards hell as fast as your feet can carry you. There are some of you who have broken your poor mother's heart. Oh! if I could tell you what she has suffered for you when you have at night been indulging in your sin. Do you know what your guilt will be, ye "children of the kingdom," if ye perish after a pious mother's prayers and tears have fallen upon you? I can conceive of no one entering hell with a worse grace than the man who goes there with drops of his mother's tears on his head, and with his father's prayers following him at his heels. Some of you will inevitably endure this doom, some of you young men and women shall wake up one day and find yourself in outer darkness while your parents shall be up there in heaven, looking down upon you with upbraiding eyes, seeming to say, "What! after all we did for you, all we said, are ye come to this?" Children of the kingdom! do not think that a pious mother can save you. Do not think because your father was a member of such-and-such a church that his godliness will save you. I can suppose some one standing at heaven's gate and demanding, "Let me in! Let me in!" What for? "Because my mother is in there." Your mother had nothing to do with you. If she was holy, she was holy for herself; if she was evil, she was evil for herself. "But my grandfather prayed for me?" That is no use; did you pray for yourself? "No; I did not." Then grandfathers' prayers and grandmothers' prayers, and fathers' and mothers' prayers, may be piled on the top of one another till they reach the stars, but they never can make a ladder for you to go to heaven by. You must seek God for yourself; or, rather, God must seek you. You must have vital experience of godliness in your heart, or else you are lost, even though all your friends were in heaven. That was a dreadful dream which a pious mother once had, and told to her children. She thought the judgment-day was come. The great books were opened. They all stood before God. And Jesus Christ said, "Separate the chaff from the wheat; put the goats on the left hand,

and the sheep on the right." The mother dreamed that she and her children were standing just in the middle of the great assembly. And the angel came, and said, "I must take the mother; she is a sheep; she must go to the right hand. The children are goats; they must go on the left." She thought as she went her children clutched her, and said, "Mother, can we part? Must we be separated?" She then put her arms around them, and seemed to say, "My children, I would, if possible, take you with me." But in a moment the angel touched her: her cheeks were dried, and, now, overcoming natural affection, being rendered supernatural and sublime, resigned to God's will, she said, "My children, I taught you well, I trained you up, and you forsook the ways of God, and now all I have to say is, Amen to your condemnation." Thereupon they were snatched away, and she saw them in perpetual torment, while she was in heaven. Young man, what will you think, when the last day comes, to hear Christ say, "Depart, ye cursed?" And there will be a voice just behind Him, saying, Amen. And as you inquire whence came the voice, you will find it was your mother. Or, young woman, when thou art cast away into outer darkness, what will you think to hear a voice saying, Amen? And as you look, there sits your father, his lips still moving with the solemn curse. Ah! "children of the kingdom," the penitent reprobates will enter heaven, many of them; publicans and sinners will get there; repenting drunkards and swearers will be saved: but many of "the children of the kingdom" will be cast out. Oh! to think that you who have been so well trained should be lost, while many of the worst will be saved. It will be the hell of hell for you to look up and see there "poor Jack," the drunkard, lying in Abraham's bosom, while you who have had a pious mother are cast into hell, simply because you would not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, but put His gospel from you, and lived and died without it. That were the very sting of all, to see ourselves cast away, when the chief of sinners find salvation.

Now list to me a little while—I will not detain you long—whilst I undertake the doleful task of telling you what is to become of these "children of the kingdom." Jesus Christ says, they are to be "cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

First, notice, they are to be *cast out*. They are not said to *go*; but when they come to heaven's gates they are to be *cast out*. As soon as hypocrites arrive at the gates of heaven, justice will say, "There he comes! there he comes! he spurned a father's prayers, and mocked a mother's tears. He has forced his way downward against all the advantages mercy has supplied. And now, there he comes. Gabriel, take the man." The angel, binding you hand and foot, holds you one single moment over the mouth of the chasm. He bids you look down—down—down. There is no bottom; and you hear, coming up from the abyss, "sullen moans, and hollow groans, and shrieks of tortured ghosts." You quiver, your bones melt like wax, and your marrow quakes within you. Where is now thy might? and where thy boasting and bragging? Ye shriek and cry, ye beg for mercy; but the angel, with one tremendous grasp, seizes you fast, and then huris you down with the cry, "Away, away!" And down you go to the pit that is bottomless, and roll for ever downward—downward—downward—ne'er to find a resting-place for the sole of your foot. Ye shall be cast out.

And *where are you to be cast to?* Ye are to be cast "into outer darkness;" ye are to be put in the place where there will be no hope. For, by "light," in Scripture, we understand "hope;" and you are to be put "into outer darkness," where there is no light—no hope. Is there a man here who has no hope? I cannot suppose such a person. One of you perhaps say, "I am thirty pounds in debt, and shall be sold up by-and-bye; but I have a hope that I may get a loan, and so escape my difficulty." Says another, "My business is ruined, but things may take a turn yet—I have a hope." Says another, I am in great distress, but I hope that God will provide for me." Another says, "I am fifty pounds in debt; I am sorry for it; but I will set these strong hands to work, and do my best to get out of it." One of you thinks a friend is dying, but you have a hope that perhaps the fever may take a turn—that he may yet live. But in hell there is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying—the hope of being annihilated. They are for ever—for ever—for ever—lost! On every chain in hell there is written "for ever." In the fires, there blaze out the words, "for ever." Up above their heads, they read, "for ever." Their eyes are galled, and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is "for ever." Oh! if I could tell you to-night that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be a jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be—it is "*for ever*" they are "cast into outer darkness."

But I want to get over this as quickly as I can, for who can bear to talk thus to his fellow creatures? What is it that the lost are doing? They are "weeping and gnashing their teeth." Do you gnash your teeth now? You would not do it except you were in pain and agony. Well, in hell there is always gnashing of teeth. And do you know why? There is one gnashing his teeth at his companion, and mutters—"I was led into hell by you; you led me astray; you taught me to drink the first time." And the other gnashes his teeth and says, "What if I did; you made me worse than I should have been in after times." There is a child who looks at her mother, and says, "Mother, you trained me up to vice." And the mother gnashes her teeth again at the child, and says, "I have no pity for you, for you excelled me in it, and led me into deeper sin." Fathers gnash their teeth at their sons, and sons at their fathers. And, methinks, if there are any who will have to gnash their teeth more than others, it will be seducers, when they see those whom they have led from the paths of virtue, and hear them saying, "Ah! we are glad you are in hell with us; you deserve it, for you led us here." Have any of you to-night upon your consciences the fact that you have led others to the pit? Oh, may sovereign grace forgive you. "We have gone astray like lost sheep," said David. Now, a lost sheep never goes astray alone if it is one of a flock. I lately read of a sheep that leaped over the parapet of a bridge, and was followed by every one of the flock. So if one man goes astray he leads others with him. Some of you will have to account for others' sins when you get to hell, as well as your own. Oh, what "weeping and gnashing of teeth" there will be in that pit!

Now shut the black book. Who wants to say any more about it? I have warned you solemnly. I have told you of the wrath to come! The evening darkens, and the sun is setting. Ah! and the evenings darken with some of you. I can see grey-headed men here. Are your grey hairs

a crown of glory or a fool's cap to you? Are you on the very verge of heaven, or are you tottering on the brink of your grave, and sinking down to perdition?

Let me warn you, grey-headed men; your evening is coming. O poor tottering grey-head, wilt thou take the last step into the pit? Let a young child step before thee and beg thee to consider. There is thy staff—it has nothing of earth to rest upon; and now, ere thou diest, bethink thyself this night; let seventy years of sin start up; let the ghosts of thy forgotten transgressions march before thine eyes. What wilt thou do with seventy wasted years to answer for, with seventy years of criminality to bring before God? God give thee grace this night to repent and to put thy trust in Jesus.

And you middle-aged men are not safe: the evening lowers with you too; you may soon die. A few mornings ago I was roused early from my bed, by the request that I would hasten to see a dying man. I hurried off with all speed to see the poor creature; but when I reached the house he was dead—a corpse. As I stood in the room, I thought, "Ah! that man little thought he should die so soon." There were his wife and children and friends—they little thought he should die, for he was hale, strong, and hearty but a few days before. None of you have a lease of your lives. If you have, where is it? Go and see if you have it anywhere in your chests at home. No! ye may die to-morrow. Let me therefore warn you by the mercy of God; let me speak to you as a brother may speak; for I love you, you know I do, and would press the matter home to your hearts. Oh, to be amongst the many who shall be accepted in Christ—how blessed that will be! And God has said that whosoever shall call on His name shall be saved: He casts out none that come unto Him through Christ.

And now, ye youths and maidens, one word with you. Perhaps ye think that religion is not for you. "Let us be happy," say you: "let us be merry and joyous." How long, young man, how long? "Till I am twenty-one." Are you sure that you will live till then? Let me tell you one thing. If you do live till that time, if you have no heart for God now, you will have none then. Men do not get better if left alone. It is with them as with a garden: if you let it alone, and permit weeds to grow, you will not expect to find it better in six months—but worse. Ah! men talk as if they could repent when they like. It is the work of God to give us repentance. Some even say, "I shall turn to God on such-and-such a day." Ah! if you felt aright, you would say, "I must run to God, and ask Him to give me repentance now; lest I should die before I have found Jesus Christ my Saviour."

Now one word in conclusion. I have told you of heaven and hell; what is the way, then, to escape from hell and to be found in heaven? I will not tell you my old tale again to-night. I recollect when I told it you before, a good friend in the crowd said, "Tell us something fresh, old fellow." Now, really, in preaching ten times a week, we cannot always say things fresh. You have heard John Gough, and you know he tells his tales over again. I have nothing but the old gospel. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." There is nothing here of works. It does not say, "He who is a good man shall be saved," but "he who believes and is baptized." Well, what is it to believe? It is to put your trust

entirely upon Jesus. Poor Peter once believed, and Jesus Christ said to him, "Come on, Peter, walk to Me on the water." Peter went stepping along on the tops of the waves without sinking; but when he looked at the waves, he began to tremble, and down he went. Now, poor sinner, Christ says, "Come on; walk on in your sins; come to Me;" and if you do, He will give you power. If you believe on Christ, you will be able to walk over your sins—to tread upon them, and overcome them. I can remember the time when my sins first stared me in the face. I thought myself the most accursed of all men. I had not committed any very great open transgressions against God, but I recollected that I had been well trained and tutored, and I thought my sins were thus greater than other people's. I cried to God to have mercy, but I feared that He would not pardon me. Month after month I cried to God, but He did not hear me, and I knew not what it was to be saved. Sometimes I was so weary of the world that I desired to die; but then I recollected that there was a worse world after this, and that it would be an ill matter to rush before my Maker unprepared. At times I wickedly thought God a most heartless tyrant, because He did not answer my prayer; and then, at others, I thought, "I deserve His displeasure; if He sends me to hell, He will be just." But I remember the hour when I stepped into a place of worship, and saw a tall thin man step into the pulpit; I have never seen him from that day, and probably never shall, till we meet in heaven. He opened the Bible, and read, with a feeble voice, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and beside Him there is none else." Ah! thought I, I am one of the ends of the earth; and then, turning round, and fixing his gaze on me, as if he knew me, the minister said, "Look, look, look!" Why, I thought I had a great deal to do, but I found it was only to look. I thought I had a garment to spin out for myself, but I found that if I looked, Christ would give me a garment. Look, sinner, that is to be saved. Look unto Him all ye ends of the earth, and be saved. This is what the Jews did, when Moses held up the brazen serpent. He said, "Look!" and they looked. The serpents might be twisting round them, and they might be nearly dead; and they were healed. Look to Jesus, sinner. "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." There is a hymn we often sing, but which I do not think is quite right, it says,

"Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude."

Now, it is no venture to trust in Christ, not in the least. He who trusts in Christ is quite secure. I recollect that when dear John Hyatt was dying, Matthew Wilks said to him, in his usual tone, "Well, John, could you trust your soul in the hands of Jesus Christ now?" "Yes," said he, "a million! a million souls!" I am sure that every Christian that has ever trusted in Christ can say, "Amen" to that. Trust in Him; He will never deceive you. My blessed Master will never cast you away.

I cannot speak much longer, and I have only to thank you for your kindness. I never saw so large a number so still and quiet. I really think, after all the hard things that have been said, that the English people know who loves them, and that they will stand by the man who

stands by them. I thank every one of you, and above all, I beg you, if there be reason or sense in what I have said, bethink yourselves of what you are, and may the blessed Spirit reveal to you your state! May He show you that you are dead, that you are lost, ruined. May He make you feel what a dreadful thing it would be to sink into hell! May He point you to heaven! May He take you as the angel did of old, and put His hand upon you, and say, "Flee! flee! flee! Look to the mountain; look not behind thee; stay not in all the plain." And may we all meet in heaven at last, and there we shall be happy for ever.

LEAVE NOT JESUS OUT.

WHEN thou art seeking friends, let none reprove,
 Earth's greatest blessing is a holy love;
 But in thy search be careful to secure
 The love of One whose friendship will endure.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

When thou art reading, read in every page,
 Of every volume, writ in every age,
 If wisdom guide the pen; but, studious friend,
 Seek the True Word ere thou thy reading end.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

When thou art singing, sing whate'er thou wilt,
 That justly claims a song: nor dream of guilt
 In happy music; but, my singing friend,
 Weave in thy song one Name ere thou shalt end.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

When thou art speaking to some anxious heart,
 Instruct, exhort, entreat; but ere you part,
 Be sure to speak of One, the sinner's Friend:
 Without His name let not thy teaching end.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

When thou art praying, there are many names
 For which to plead: dispute not of their claims,
 Since we should pray for all; but, praying friend,
 Breathe thou His name ere thou thy pleadings end.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

If called to preach, curb thou thy fluent tongue;
 And when, perchance, a thousand themes have sprung
 Fresh to thy lips, pause thou, my preaching friend,
 And speak one Name ere thou thy preaching end.
 Oh! leave not Jesus out.

Leave Jesus out—and thou hast left the sun
 Out of thy sky—hast foolishly begun
 To build without foundation what must fall
 In utter ruin. He is ALL in ALL.
 So leave not Jesus out.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.—A REFORMED DRUNKARD'S EXPERIENCE.

ON the evening on which John Grant gave in his "experience" to our church, two other candidates did the same thing ; and their experiences were great contrasts to his own. One of these candidates was a young woman, the daughter of respectable parents, both members of the Church, who, from her very infancy, had been brought up and nurtured under religious influences. She had not much to say, and, indeed, what she did say, was chiefly drawn out of her by question and answer. She never could tell when she was first converted, but believed that she always loved the Saviour, and desired to walk in His ways ; and having been led to see that it was her duty to be baptised and join the Church, she had come forward to do so. The second candidate was a newly-married young man, the son of a farmer in the district, who, having become united to one of our female members, had been by her won over from Methodism to the Baptists, and who gave good proof that his conversion from the one denomination to the other was the fruit of having studied, at his wife's request, the Word of God on the baptismal question. These two being so far done with, it now came to John Grant's turn to speak, and he was accordingly asked kindly by our minister what he had to say for himself. As he rose to respond to the call, every eye was fixed upon him ; and not even a rustling sound was heard. Such a man was never

known to have been a candidate before ; and, while there was much curiosity, not a little doubt also existed in many minds as to the genuineness of the religious change which was affirmed to have been really wrought in him. But, heedless of what might have been passing in the minds of some of his somewhat sceptical hearers, in slow and measured tones he began his narration, and thus spoke :—

"Friends,—No doubt many of you wonder at seeing me here to-night. But you do not wonder half as much as I do myself ; for if anybody had told me better than six months ago that I should have come before you on this occasion as a candidate for baptism and church fellowship, I should have thought he was mad, or, at any rate, that he was only joking and making fun of me. Well, you all know what I once was. I was not long ago a poor, wretched, debased drunkard, wallowing in sin and iniquity—a curse to myself, a curse to my family, and a curse to society. But, thank God, that dark night is now passed, and the true light shineth, and I can joyfully say, 'One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see.'

"If you will bear with me, I should like to tell you how it came about, as I have no desire to come amongst you under false pretences. My mother died when I was young, and left my father with six children. He was a confirmed sot, and left us to the care of my eldest sister, who, being but sixteen years of age when mother died, knew little about the

management of a family. Our home, therefore, was a wretched one. Quarrelling and jangling was the order of the day. Sometimes we had food at meal-times, and sometimes we had not; and if we were sent to school either on week-days or Sundays, it was not for the education that we might receive, but chiefly that we might be sent out of the way. My wretched father, being a drinker and profane swearer, was generally drunk from Saturday to Monday, mingled most of his conversation with oaths and curses, and on the slightest provocation dealt out to us unmercifully brutal kicks and blows. This, friends, was the sort of home that I was reared in—hell's nest I should call it—and I think if the two young people who have given in their Christian experience to you to-night had been reared in such a nest as that, they would have had a different kind of tale to tell to that which they have now given you. Who can wonder at all of us turning out as we did!

“Early in life, I acquired an appetite for drink; and I owe it to my father. It was not at all an unfrequent thing for him to take me with him to the public-house, let me drink out of his glass, and teach me to gamble at billiards and cards. In addition to this, I was cursed with an hereditary tendency to indulge in drink, for not only was my father a drunkard, but my grandfather was too, and, if I am rightly informed, my great grandfather was also; so that you see I am the offspring of a drunken race. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear that at twenty years of age I was a confirmed drunkard! At the age of fourteen I left school and was apprenticed to a bookbinder. Long, however, before I was out of my time my loose habits caused my

employer much trouble, and had I not been of great use to him, and been reckoned a good workman he would have fulfilled his threat, often made, of putting me in prison for wasting days at the public-house when I should have been at my work. But I got that apprenticeship over, and soon afterwards married a young woman who ought to have known better than to have had me. Brought up in a respectable family, she hardly knew what drunkenness was, and foolishly supposed that if she were married to me her loving influence would soon cure me of the foul habit. But she had not been tied to me twelve months before she found out to her sorrow that she had made a fearful mistake. To all young women present I would say, Never be deceived by a youthful drunkard's promises. If you can't cure him before marriage it's not likely that you will after. Marry him and you will find out that his love of the drink will prove stronger than his love as a husband or a father either. There may be exceptions to the rule, I will admit, but I think they are very rare. At any rate, it was so in my poor wife's case; and if you will run the risk don't be surprised if you find it to be your case also. It is good advice I am giving you, and, as the proverb says, 'To be forewarned is to be forearmed.'

“For fourteen years I have been married to my present wife, and they have been mostly to her years of misery. Three times our home has been broken up, and the furniture sold through debts incurred by my drinking habits, and my being discharged from good situations. In fact, I may as well tell you plainly that if it had not been for my poor wife's industry, when I had at times to go out on the tramp, my dear children would either have been half

starved, or have had to have taken shelter in the workhouse. Several times I have been out of work, tramping the roads and lanes and fields of England, without a penny in my pocket, and hardly a shoe to my foot, glad to steal a turnip to appease my hunger, or to find refuge in a cart or creep into a haystack to get a night's rest. Talk of misery: God only knows the misery of a drunkard's roving life. When I look back upon what I myself have suffered through my drinking folly it appears to me now to be so awful that I often go down on my knees and pray to God that I may never again be tempted to drink and endure such misery any more. Oh! young people, if you do not want such misery let me implore you, with all the power I have, never to touch, taste, or handle the intoxicating cup. It is the cup of poison and of death: death to all comfort here, and eternal death hereafter. Oh, what misery I should have escaped if I had only never touched it!

"And then think of what my poor family have endured. Ah! God help the poor drunkard's wife and children. No one can tell what my wife and children have suffered, no, not even myself. But I will give you one or two instances to show what they have passed through, and I tell them with shame and sorrow. Let it be understood I only relate them as a warning to save others. We had not been married five years before I had my first attack of *delirium tremens*; and it was truly awful. I had come home late at night mad drunk, and I made a terrible row. In an hour or two afterwards my poor wife got me to bed, and I slept a short time. Then I started up and with glaring eyeballs and frenzied speech, shouted out to her, 'Take them away, take them away!' On the bed there appeared

to be a large serpent half coiled up, shooting out its poisonous fangs and hissing at me. And then suddenly up sprang a dozen smaller ones, all of them wriggling and creeping towards my face. Springing out of bed I fought wildly at them, and unintentionally gave my poor child that lay with us a blow that made the blood start from its little nose and mouth. My wife tried to hold me back, and shrieked in terror, but those serpents, as if they had wings, now began to fly about the room, and hideous faces grinned at me, and large spiders and lizards crawled towards me, so that to defend myself from them I flung her from me as if she had been a mere doll. Her shrieks brought help, and it took four strong men to hold me down and keep me so till I could be strapped down securely. This terrible attack was succeeded by a fit of illness that kept me from my work for a fortnight, and then I crawled to my bench as weak as one recovering from fever.

"On another occasion, two or three years after, I had spent all my money and still wanted more drink. I went home and found my poor wife in the evening busily stitching away to earn a little money to procure food for the children. I told her that I wanted money, and she must let me have it. She vowed there was not a penny in the house, and implored me not to go to the public-house again. What was my answer? I was mad, and told her she lied, and if she did not give me some coppers I would strike her down. With tears in her eyes she implored me to be quiet, for she could not give me what she did not possess. In a moment there was a blow that struck her to the earth, and then, after kicking her in her senseless state, I began to smash the furniture and windows until a

policeman, hearing the noise, came in to the rescue, and had me taken by force to the lock-up. Next day I was brought up before the magistrates, and then, having given promises of future amendment, was let off with the stereotyped penalty of 'five shillings and costs.'

"One thing more I must tell you ere I speak of my conversion. A month before the temperance lecturer came to the market-place, as some of you are aware, we had a dear little girl die. She was five years of age, and used to be brought by her brother to your Sunday School. There she learnt some little hymns, and often when she came home she would sit on my knee and sing these hymns over again; and I always liked to hear her sing them. But she was called suddenly away; and feeling the blow to be very heavy I went, fool as I was, to the public-house for comfort. Half-drunk I came home and saw her in the coffin. Then as I looked at her the thought struck me, 'She is singing in heaven, and you will never hear her sing again: for no drunkard will go where she is.' In a moment I seemed to feel sober. The thought of never hearing her sweet voice sing again was too much for me and I sat down by that coffin; weeping as if my heart would break; and I have never touched a drop of drink from that day to this, thank God!

"When, therefore, the lecturer came to the market-place he found me prepared to listen to him. What he said about the drink and its evil effects I knew, alas! to be too true. But he never convinced me that I could be saved till he related his own experience. It was very much

like mine, for he proclaimed himself to be a reformed drunkard. But when he told what temperance had done for him, and how through signing the pledge he had been led to become not only a total abstainer but a Christian, I felt there was hope for me, and I signed too. The hard battle I've had to fight since God only knows, and I shall not attempt to describe it to you. All that I can say is, if I had not prayed day and night to God to keep me and help me I should have fallen long before now. But from the time I became a pledged abstainer I vowed that I would give my heart to Christ as well, and on my bended knees that very night I made the surrender. Of that decision I have never repented, and I don't believe I ever shall. On that ground, therefore, I come before you to-night and trust that if you will accept me I shall stand firm to the last. But one thing I must say before I sit down, and that is, that, as a church, I don't think you look after the outsiders as you ought to do. If some of you had done your duty and looked after me, instead of passing me by in disgust in the street, I might have been picked up and saved long before this. But as it is, the Temperance cause, and not your church, has been the means of my salvation, and there are several more in the town who can say the same thing. To that cause, therefore, I boldly give the praise for what I am, and I intend, so far as I can, to advocate it in my feeble way till I die. This is all I have got to say at present, and I ask your pardon if I have kept you listening to me too long."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE : A PLEA FOR PRAYER, AND A MOTIVE FOR WORK.

A WORD TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

By GEORGE NORRIS WILLOMATT.

"For Christ's sake."—Eph. iv 32.

"FOR Christ's sake;" this is the only argument that can prevail with God in prayer; this is the only key which will unlock the store-houses of Heaven—none other name, and no other plea, will prevail with God.

If I ask for mercy at God's hands, how strong the plea "for Christ's sake!" Christ has completed the work of atonement; He, as my surety and substitute, has been accepted; and now, if I ask mercy of God, "for Christ's sake," I shall get it.

Suppose that God had offered to forgive us for our own sakes, not one good and solid reason could we find that He should do so. But "for Christ's sake" is a reason, and a good and substantial one. Let us grasp and lay hold of this motive, for it will ever move the heart of God.

We are often anxious and concerned over the souls of others; for the scholars of our care. Let us bear them to God in prayer, and pray Him, "for Christ's sake," to bless our efforts on their behalf.

"For Christ's sake" is the Christian's great motive for service. This is at once the motive and the motto for all Christian work. The time will come when this world shall be full of the knowledge of Christ. The whole world is to be won for Christ. "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord

and of His Christ." What will bring about this victory? Unlike any of earth's victories, the world shall be won by love. Ambition, lust, and greed, were the motives that moved the hearts of all such earthly conquerors as Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. But Divine love alone moves the hearts of all true soldiers of the cross. Earthly victories have been reached through blood and fire, hate and malice. This greater victory shall be reached by the gentlest operations of the tenderest love.

Every Christian worker is helping on this victory. Every godly minister, every faithful Sabbath-school teacher is hastening on this glorious result. Let the souls of all be very dear to us for Christ's sake. As we look at the rebellious, let us see Him weeping over them. Let us strive to look at every sinner through His eyes, and in His spirit strive to reclaim them. Shall we have at last to confess that our love for Him was such that we did nothing for Him? Out with such love as that! What do men say of love that never shows itself in action?

"For Christ's sake;" this ought to make men perform deeds which should fit them to rank with angels. Think what mighty sacrifices have been made from lesser motives. For philosophy's sake, men have wasted their health; have worn out their lives; have given their days and nights to study; have spent their last farthing. Look at the great travellers for discovery's sake; mark their zeal, their courage, their disinterestedness, as may be seen in such lives as those of Sir John Franklin and David Livingstone,

What, then, ought not we to do "for Christ's sake"?

Work, then, for Christ. "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." The workless man is a useless man. No man is so much to be pitied as he who has drifted into that dead calm, where he remains—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted sea."

God is an eternal worker. It is our highest honour to be called "Workers together with Him." We live in an age of earnest work. The powers of evil are more active than ever they were before. Let us then be more active in the service of Christ. It will be an awful thing to have lived in vain.

"For Christ's sake." Here is the motive power for our work. The world's motive is self-interest, or, in a word, *selfishness*. The Christian's motive is "for Christ's sake." St. Paul correctly expresses this motive when he says, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Let us study to live out in our lives the teaching of our lips. Let us live out our teaching. Let us expound the doctrine by our lives—

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess."

As Christian workers, we must be men and women of consistent piety. We must let our friends and neighbours see for whom we work; whose name and superscription we bear. We teach more by the life than by the lip; more by influence than by preaching. A word, a look, a laugh, has influence. The very voice is charged with influence. We are constantly throwing off streams of influence, and much of it goes to form the character and destiny of others.

In all Christian work we need

unruffled patience. I am not urging lessons which I myself learn easily. But these lessons are necessary for us all. Are some discouraged because they do not seem to have success? Are some weeping in their seemingly fruitless toil? You may not see the fruit of your labours, but others do. Ministers often gather the fruit of the Sunday School teacher's work. Though the seed appear to be lost, yet it shall be found after many days.

No effort made "for Christ's sake" can or will be lost. Your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Even where the Gospel does not sanctify, it restrains. The whole community derives good from its influence; and, as to spiritual fruit, "The day shall declare it." When:

"Let us all be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

To be a good teacher, two qualities are necessary, viz., piety and ability. For the first there is no substitute. We must be men and women of fixed piety.

Teachers should study for ability and method. The teacher should be apt to teach. In all he says he should impart instruction. The one endeavour of the Sunday School Teacher should be to lead his scholars to the Saviour, and to educate them in the Scriptures. We have no sympathy with those teachers who can fill up the time of teaching with unlikely anecdotes of precocious children, of children who live in the story-books, but are not to be met with out of them.

In teaching, be deeply impressed with the value of the children. Think of Melancthon, who bowed to his scholars whenever he met them in the class-room, and when he

was asked his reason for doing so, said he was not bowing to the boys as they then were, but to the future men of the country: to what they would be.

A crying babe lay in an ark of bulrushes, on the waters of the Nile, but the babe was none other than the future lawgiver, deliverer, and historian of Israel. So there may be lodged in the poorest of your children dormant talents, which, if called up, would astonish the world, and bless the Church. All may be useful, each has a work no other can do. Not even a cup of cold water given in the name of Christ, shall lose its reward. Andrew had his share in the conversion of the 3,000 on the day of Pentecost; for it was he who brought his brother Peter to Jesus.

"For Christ's sake," then, continue on in earnest, faithful labour. You may reap *twice—in due season* you SHALL!!! Work is with us—the reward is with God. Cloud, wind and rain are in God's hands—the plough and sickle are in ours. "So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God who giveth the increase."

Sunday School teacher, work on! Bring the purest, highest, and divinest knowledge to the hearts of your children,—continue in prayer and effort: and the children of to-day will become the workers of the next generation; and when they grow old, they will utter your name, the name of their Sunday School teacher, to their children, to stimulate them to deeds of Christian usefulness. Work, then, faithfully, and when your Master and Redeemer summons you, He will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant:" and sainted spirits, glistening in their robes of glory, will come forward and lead you, the faithful Sunday School teachers, onward to seats of

honour, amidst the plaudits of angels and the redeemed.

We fear there are unconverted teachers in our schools—those who speak of sin—of love to Jesus—but *have not felt it!* God may make use of your instrumentality, and you be castaways! It will be an awful thing to have been only as sign-posts, that have pointed others the way to Christ; but have not themselves marched a step on the way. Or to have been as Sabbath-bells, calling men into the sanctuary while they have remained outside. Rather let us lead the way to Christ, and to brighter worlds above.

"For Christ's sake,"—do you feel the power of this motive? How much is done for our *own* sake—all of which is of no worth, and shall be consumed as wood, hay, and stubble! "FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,"—be this the tongue of fire that shall sit upon every one of you.

Now, my dear brethren and sisters—co-workers in the Christian field, those words have we written for your counsel and encouragement. Suffer the word of exhortation, and remember that the motto for our work is our only plea with God to bless it:—"FOR CHRIST'S SAKE."

MICAHIAH.

1 Kings xxii. 26, 27.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

IT is remarkable how scanty is the information of some of the characters of the Bible. They are introduced abruptly to our notice, and ere we become fully acquainted with them they disappear. While the biographies of some are very extensively given, others are only briefly attended to. Almost every

little boy and girl, who have any Scriptural knowledge, can tell the dramatic story of Joseph with his coat of many colours, the selling him to the Ishmeelites, and committing him to prison; yet, how few, even of those who have arrived at the age of maturity, know anything of this Micaiah, who was committed to prison for declaring the truth. This is the only chapter where he is mentioned, with the exception of the book of Chronicles, where the same incident is recorded. He is designated the son of Imlah; but who this Imlah was cannot be ascertained. He is depicted as having been brought from prison and taken back to prison, and there his history seems to close. We would naturally like to know how long he was there, whether he was left to pine away, or put to a violent death; or whether, like Joseph, he was liberated and then promoted. Our curiosity in these matters has not been gratified. But the incident before us reveals his true character. His moral courage is as forcibly illustrated as if volumes had been written upon him. His fearlessness of monarchs, and his love for the truth are strikingly portrayed. He deserves a prominent place among the illustrious heroes of the Bible. Unflinching adherence to that which is right is nowhere more clearly set forth than in the history of Micaiah, the son of Imlah. His name is here associated more especially with the names of two kings, Ahab and Jehoshaphat.

This interesting narrative, which the reader is requested to peruse for himself, may serve to teach us the following truths:—

I. That there are men to whom the truth of God is most unwelcome. Ahab is a type of such. He had gathered around him a host of prophets who always predicted what

would please him: persons who were continually prophesying smooth things which he readily accepted. But to the truth he seemed to have had the greatest aversion. It aroused within him the most angry feeling towards those who proclaimed it. It was the truth that militated against his wicked practices, that frustrated his evil designs, and condemned his pernicious ways. Christ brought the truth to bear on the minds of the unbelieving Jews of His day, who consequently stood self-accused. There is more power in a single truth than in all the falsehoods ever fabricated. The testimony of that poor humble prophet taken from prison was far more important than all the flattering statements of Ahab's four hundred prophets. But to the king, because it did not accord with his wishes, it was most unwelcome. Now, there are truths proclaimed in the Bible that are by no means acceptable to all who hear them. Many a passage of Scripture would they erase if it were in their power. The word of God has ere now made monarchs tremble. When Paul reasoned with Felix of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, we are told that Felix trembled. His conscience condemned him. The truth went home to him, and he was filled with fear. Thus, to those who are most prejudicial to the truth it is most unwelcome.

II. That those who proclaim God's truth are often exposed to the hatred and punishment of persons to whom it is so unwelcome. Micaiah was the object of Ahab's hatred. The king did not scruple to express to Jehoshaphat his inimical feelings towards the poor prophet: "I hate him," says he. The hatred of anyone is by no means to be desired, however low

his circumstances are, but to be hated by a king, and especially such a king as Ahab, was a most unavoidable position. He assigns his reason for this feeling—"He doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil." And whose fault was that? Had he done well, he would have heard nothing but good; but, seeing that his life was so characteristically evil, the prophet could not prophesy good concerning him. Thus he was hated for the truth's sake, and imprisoned for declaring what was true. "Take him," says Ahab, "and carry him back to Amon, the governor of the city, and to Joash, the king's son; and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in prison, and feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction." So Micaiah is taken back to his old quarters. But was there no possibility of him being liberated? Yes; had he prophesied similar to the false prophets, and declared that which was pleasing to the king. But, when one of the officers who had escorted him from prison sought to bribe him, wishing him to prophesy smooth things, he unhesitatingly affirmed, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith to me that will I speak." He would not flinch one iota from the truth. He preferred going back to prison with a clear conscience, than to be liberated at the expense of concealing the truth. The history of God's people is replete with incidents of their suffering, like this humble prophet. They have brought upon their heads all the cruel invectives and hatred of both kings and people. The prisons have been thronged with them. The most loathsome dungeons have been among the best places to which they have been consigned. They have been driven to the stake like cattle to the slaughter. Thousands have gone home to glory

from within prison walls. We have a very striking illustration in the New Testament of one who was hated, and put to death for the truth. That great preacher in the wilderness, with his camel's hair and leathern girdle about his loins, did not hesitate in reproving Herod, the king, of the illegality of his marriage with his brother Philip's wife. "It is not lawful," said he, "for thee to have her." That very saying cost him his head. It was the truth, and for the truth he suffered. And it is very evident that the plainer we deal with facts, and the more faithful we warn people of their danger by reason of sin, the more enemies we shall surely have. Persons to whom the truth is unwelcome will hate us, and will seek to injure us. How often does the fear of man keep many back from declaring, though true, that which may be displeasing to them! Our highest ambition should be, not to please men, but God. Fidelity to the truth is infinitely more important. The whole counsel of God must be declared, whatever be the consequences. What the Lord saith that must we speak. Every known sin should be faithfully exposed, every omission of duty should be honestly made known. We are not only to teach every man, but also to warn every man. What does it matter, though the position of the person may be high and responsible? Ahab may be on his throne, and Micaiah a poor prisoner, yet this did not prevent the latter declaring the whole truth to the monarch, though he knew how it would be received by him. The truth must be told.

III. We learn, again, that God's word shall come to pass notwithstanding the great opposition it may meet. The one who proclaimed it on this occasion was sent back to

prison to be fed on bread and water, and the king went disguised to battle. It made no difference. The prophesy was fulfilled. Micaiah was right, and the four hundred false prophets were wrong. "A certain man drew a bow at a venture, which smote the king, and he died that day." With regard to God's truth, as one writer beautifully remarks, "It does not matter whether five thousand espouse it, or only five, or only one. Truth does not reign by the ballot-box, or by the counting of heads." Whether we believe God's word or no, it still

remains the same. Ahab may not receive it, yet it does not detract the least from it. There is no power that can ever prevent its fulfilment. His counsel shall stand. His word shall abide. Those who proclaimed it may be lying in the grave, or in some loathsome dungeon, yet God's word shall be fulfilled. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words," says Christ, "shall not pass away." May God enable all to be faithful to His word, faithful in proclaiming it, and faithful in receiving it.

Pembroke Dock.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. C. B. CHAPMAN, of Alperton, has accepted the pastorate of the Church of Barnes, Surrey.

Rev. J. Lloyd, of Rhosddu, near Wrexham, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh church at Tyldesley, near Manchester.

Rev. W. F. Harris, of Chesterfield, has accepted the pastorate of Trinity church, Greenhill, Derby.

Rev. G. Griffiths, of Llangollen College, has accepted the pastorate of Penuel church, Rhymru.

Rev. Jesse Dupes, late of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Potter's Bar.

Rev. R. Pursey, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Beeston, Nottingham.

Rev. J. Morling, late of St. Neot's, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Over, Cambs.

Rev. Timothy Harley, F.R.A.S., late of John-street church, Bedford-row, has accepted the pastorate of Peckham-park Road Church.

Rev. James Smith, of the Pastor's

College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Romsey.

Rev. R. Shindler, of Kington, Herefordshire, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Addlestone, Surrey.

Rev. J. Green has resigned the pastorate of the church at Sandhurst.

Rev. T. N. Smith, after four years of labour here, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Monk's Kirby, Lutterworth, and purposes proceeding to the United States of America.

Rev. R. E. Glendenning, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the ministerial charge of the church at Elgin.

Rev. H. F. Peach has resigned the pastorate of the church at Rugby, having accepted a call from the church at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. During Mr. Peach's ministry, which has extended over about four years, the chapel and schoolrooms at Rugby have been rebuilt, and the whole amount defrayed with the exception of £125.

NORMANTON, YORKSHIRE.—After a pastorate of nine years in this place, Rev. J. Myers has resigned.

Rev. F. Overend has resigned the pastorate of the church, King-street, Oldham, having accepted an invitation from the Ebenezer Church, Bacup.

Rev. S. Mann, late pastor of Carey-street, Reading, has, in response to a unanimous call, returned to his former pastorate of the church at Clarence-street, Penzance.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. A. T. Prout, of Longmore-street Chapel, Birmingham, was presented, on the 23rd of December, after the usual Sunday evening service, with a purse of gold, accompanied by congratulations and good wishes, on the occasion of his marriage.

Rev. F. J. Feltham, having accepted the pastorate of the new church at Sandown, Isle of Wight, was presented recently, at a farewell meeting held at Winslow, with testimonials of regard from the church and congregation, and also from the Sunday-school. Mrs. Feltham was, at the same time, presented with an album. In the course of his address, Mr. Feltham remarked that during his pastorate of five and a half years, the church at Winslow had built the Centenary Hall and raised £1,000 in payment; at Mossley, a new chapel had been built, and £442 subscribed. Ninety members during the same period had been added to the two churches.

On New Year's Day the Rev. J. Dodwell, of Middleton Cheney, was presented with a purse containing upwards of fifteen pounds, from the members of his church and congregation.

At the annual meeting of the church at Ridgmount (Rev. W. J. Tonkins, pastor), the announcement was made that the debt had been paid off during the year, and that the weekly offerings had increased. A New Year's gift of £10 was presented to the pastor.

Rev. J. Penny, having resigned the

pastorate of Buckingham Chapel, Bristol, where he has laboured for twenty-three years, was presented with an illuminated address, expressive of appreciation of his earnest labours both as pastor and as secretary of the Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society and the Bristol Baptist Association. It was mentioned that during Mr. Penny's pastorate the Sunday-school had been established, and the mission at the Hotwells originated. The address was accompanied by a cheque for five hundred guineas. The report showed that during Mr. Penny's ministry 763 persons had been admitted into church fellowship, and the church-roll, which then numbered fifty, has now increased to 320.

At a public meeting held at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, on November 23rd, the pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, presented to Mr. W. E. Green, deacon of the church and leader of the choir, a purse containing one hundred sovereigns, and an illuminated address, handsomely framed, in recognition of his many years' services on behalf of Christian and Temperance work.

At Lake Road Chapel Mission Hall, Portsmouth, on November 30th, the pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, presented Mrs. Richard Voller with a handsomely bound Oxford Teacher's Bible, and two volumes of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's works, as a mark of loving esteem, on her leaving Portsmouth, from her fellow Sunday-school Teachers, with whom she had laboured during the last ten years.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. A. M. HERTZBERG, of Regent's Park College, was ordained on the 11th of December, as pastor of the church at Ingham, Norfolk. Rev. W. Cuff gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. J. H. Shakespeare the charge to the church. Revs. T. A. Wheeler, J. Jackson, and R. L. McDougall also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. John Johnston has been recognised as pastor of the church at Cambuslang. Mr. C. A. Rose, of the Clyde Paper Works, presided, and the meeting was attended by ministerial representatives of the Established Church, Free Church, the United Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists.

Rev. Henry Martin, late of the Pastor's College, has been recognised pastor of the church at York Town. Rev. W. Brock preached in the afternoon. Rev. S. G. Woodrow delivered the charge to the church and congregation. Revs. R. Wilson, F. J. Benskin, and E. B. Pevison also took part in the meeting.

At the services in connection with the settlement of Rev. A. W. Oakley as pastor of the church at Broughty Ferry, Rev. W. Tulloch delivered the charge to the minister, and Rev. W. Macintosh the charge to the church. Revs. A. Grant, W. W. Sidly, and J. W. Campbell also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. Gifford, formerly a Bible Christian minister, was recognised, on the 12th December, as pastor of the church at Burnham. Revs. G. W. Humphreys, H. Moore, J. L. Cooper, and G. H. Lemon took part in the services.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE South London Tabernacle, erected in the Peckham Road, under the auspices of the London Baptist Association, has been opened. A dedicatory service was held, when the sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. Chown. The building is the outcome of a movement begun three years ago to meet the spiritual needs of the rapidly-growing population of Camberwell and Peckham. A small congregation was gathered together, first in an old chapel, and subsequently in the hall of the Institute for the Blind. The structure, in its present state, provides accommodation for 750 persons; the addition of galleries will, in due time, make the

accommodation equal to 1,200. The cost of the present building is £5,000, towards which £3,000 has been contributed.

The Tabernacle erected in the Calverley Road, Tunbridge Wells, for the congregation previously meeting in the Town Hall under the pastoral care of Rev. J. Smith, was opened on the 1st of January. It is in the Early Decorated style; the interior is 72 ft. in length, and 38 ft. in width. Behind the place of worship is a school-room 40 ft. by 17 ft. The estimated cost is £5,500. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. C. Spurgeon. A deficiency in the building fund to the extent of £2,665 was reported: towards this about £450 was contributed on the day of opening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A THANKSGIVING service was held at Ridgmount, on the 11th of December, to celebrate the extinction of a debt of £318, incurred for alterations in the chapel, and the erection of new class-rooms. Mr. F. Howard, of Bedford, presided; and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. J. Tomkins, pastor, T. Watts, A. Walker, G. Hawker, and J. Andrews.

The boys from the Stockwell Orphanage, thirty in number, gave an evening of song, recitation, and hand-bell ringing, on behalf of the Institution, at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, on December 4th. G. S. Lancaster, Esq., J.P., presided. Rev. V. J. Charlesworth, and the pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, gave addresses. £108 6s. 7d. is the sum raised by the friends of the church and congregation during the past year on behalf of the Orphanage.

HYDE, NEAR MANCHESTER.—The thirteenth annual tea-meeting was held on Saturday, November 24th. The report given showed progress. The chapel debt had been reduced by £60 since the bazaar was held, and now stood only at £500. About £36 had been spent on a new harmonium and other needful improvements for

the Sunday-school. The school was never larger than at present. A Band of Hope was formed early in the year, which had doubled itself. The Sunday-school library had been largely recruited. The officers of the church were all total abstainers, and the Total Abstinence movement itself had made decided progress since the Blue Ribbon Gospel-Temperance Mission had been held. The Rev. H. Watts, pastor, presided. The Revs. A. Bowden, T. Robinson, B.A., H. Dolamore, T. H. Penrith, and J. Watkin gave addresses. Mr. Robinson paid the church a high compliment in stating that the vigour and energy the church and congregation displayed was more than in due proportion to the comparative smallness of its numbers; its work in various ways having told with such effect on the town.

PORTSMOUTH.—On the first Lord's Day evening of the New Year the pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, gave the right hand of fellowship to ninety-eight new members. The motto texts for the year were chosen with reference to this large addition to the fellowship of the church. The morning's text was from Psalm cxxvi. 3, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." The text in the evening was from 2 Chron. xxv. 9: "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

BUDLEIGH, SALTERTON, DEVON.—Ebenezer Baptist Chapel.—On Thursday, 27th December, a free tea and magic lantern entertainment was given to the Sunday-school, at the chapel, entitled "Christie's Old Organ," with readings. On Friday following, a free tea to the members, and magic lantern entertainment. Part 1: "Pilgrim's Progress." Part 2: "Jane Conquest," with readings and singing, at the Public Rooms. Chair taken at seven p.m., by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Brown. Readings by Walter H. Bawn, Esq. The scenes by the lime-light were truly magnificent, and duly appreciated by a large audience.

A Baptist church in New York

counts twelve Chinamen among its members, one of whom is shortly to be sent as a missionary to his countrymen at Canton.

Statistics show an average of over 1,786 baptized in the United States each Sunday.

LUTON, BEDS.—Union Chapel, having been closed for renovation, was reopened on Sunday, December 16th, when Rev. John Tuckwell, formerly minister of the church, preached to large congregations. On the following Tuesday a sermon was delivered by Rev. J. E. Greenhough, M.A., and the reopening services were continued on December 23rd, when Rev. S. T. Bosward, B.A., preached in the morning, and the pastor, Rev. G. Hawker, in the evening. The amount expended in effecting the necessary repairs, alterations, and improvements (some of which are still in progress), will be about £700. More than half of this has already been subscribed or promised by members of the church and congregation. The collections at the reopening services amounted to £40.

SANDHURST, KENT.—On Monday evening, January 14, a tea-meeting was held in the British Schoolroom, adjoining the Baptist Chapel, at which about 200 persons were present, the occasion being the retirement of Rev. J. Green from the pastorate of the church through failing health. After the tea a valedictory service was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. T. E. Slaughter, at which speeches were made by Rev. J. Gaskin, Tenterden, Messrs. T. Stokes, — King, H. Stapley, E. Ballard, and T. L. Gilham, and a purse containing about £60 was presented to Rev. J. Green as a token of the Christian sympathy and esteem which he has secured during his pastorate of eight years. Mr. Green in responding gave a *résumé* of his ministerial experiences. Mr. E. Ballard, on behalf of the Sunday-school teachers, then presented Miss Green with an elegant writing-desk, of Tunbridge ware manufacture, remarking that he presumed the choice

of a writing-desk was to remind Miss Green that the teachers were desirous of correspondence with her. The scholars of her class also gave her a silver fruit-knife. The Rev. J. Green, after expressing his very great thankfulness and pleasure for the kindness manifested by his friends, though deeply regretting the circumstances compelling his resignation, gave a most interesting account of his varied experiences as a Baptist Minister, and the sorrow with which he relinquished the pastorate.

The Baptist Handbook for 1884 has only just been issued, under the direction of the Baptist Union. It supplies full information as to the past year's progress of the denomination. A summary of general statistics shows that the Baptist body throughout the world included, in 1882, 2,826,582 members, and 19,888 ministers and missionaries, as against, in 1878, 2,473,088 members, and 17,683 ministers and missionaries. The number of churches at these periods is given as 31,296, and 28,505 respectively. Over 2,430,000 members and 27,255 churches are credited to America alone. The statistics for the United Kingdom show a gross membership of 304,802, and a total of 2,593 churches and 3,738 chapels, containing 1,138,532 sittings, and whose services are conducted by 1,939 pastors and 3,505 evangelists. The Sunday scholars number over 437,000, and the teachers 46,630. The numbers in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, are respectively 219,414, 73,748, 10,096, and 1,544. These figures exhibit an increase of 14,000 members as compared with 1882. Thirty-nine ministerial deaths are chronicled during 1883. It is somewhat remarkable that the average age of those in the obituary roll is over 69 years. No fewer than 12 out of the 39 have died at over 80 years of age, and 11 at over 70; 25 new chapels have been opened during the year, at an aggregate cost of over £74,000; and accommodating 11,960 worshippers. The year has also been one of exceptional

activity in improvements and in the reduction of the chapel debts. The societies in connection with the Union show, in general, prosperous balance-sheets. Missionary objects in particular have been well supported. The Baptist Missionary Society reports the unprecedentedly large income of £60,722 for the year—more than £8,000 in advance of the previous maximum. A permanent enlargement of the general income by at least £5,000 is urged as being absolutely necessary. The Handbook contains as usual biographical notes of ministers deceased, annotated lists of the new chapels opened, and a report of the spring and autumn sessions of the Union in London and Leicester respectively.

BAPTISMS.

- Abcrdeen*.—December 30, Academy-street, One, by T. Garrioch.
Ashford, Kent.—December 20, Five, by E. Roberts.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—November 25, Four, by A. Bowden.
Bacup.—December 23, Zion, Five; December 30, Three, by E. A. Tydesman.
Bargoed.—December 23, One, by J. Parrish.
Barrow-in-Furness.—December 27, Three, by J. Hughes.
Batley, Yorkshire.—November 29, Three, by A. Cooper.
Bassaleg.—December 9, at Bethel, Three, by W. Maurice.
Belfast.—November 29, Three, December 11, Regent-street, Two, by E. T. Mateer.
Birmingham.—December 3, Constitution Hill, Six; December 15, Two, by J. Burton.
Bluenwton.—December 6, Six, by O. Tidman.
Bradford.—December 30, West Gate, Six, by C. W. Kemp.
Bradford.—December 30, Trinity, Two, by C. Regnal.
Bristol.—December 30, Thrissell-street, Six, by C. Griffiths.
Broadstairs.—December 30, One, by J. W. Carter.
Burnley.—December 9, at Mount Pleasant, Seven, by J. Kemp.
Cardiff.—December 30, Longcross, Seven, by R. Jones.
Carmarthen.—December 13, Twelve, by G. H. Roberts.
Cefn-Maur.—December 11, English Chapel, Five; 13, Three, by E. H. Girdlestone.

- Chepstow*.—December 12, One, by A. J. Davies.
- Cutsdaan*.—January 3, Four, by W. J. Juniper.
- Dartmouth*.—December 30, Four, by F. J. Greening.
- Dolan, Radnor*.—December 23, Three, by J. Williams.
- Dunfermline*.—December 12, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
- Eye, Suffolk*.—December 30, One, by J. Hollinshead.
- Ferndale*.—December 23, English Church, Two, by G. G. Cule.
- Gamlingay*.—December 30, Three, by W. F. Edgerton.
- George Town, Merthyr*.—January 6, at Bethel, Four, by E. Lewis.
- Gravel, Radnor*.—December 16, Four, by J. Williams.
- Great Grimsby*.—December 6, Two, by W. Orton.
- Griffithstown*.—January 26, Four, by J. Tucker.
- Halstead, Essex*.—January 2, Four, by E. Morley.
- Hastingsden*.—December 30, Bury-road, Two, by G. T. Baily.
- Hull*.—December 13, George-street, Thirteen, by J. O'Dell.
- Hunslet, Leeds*.—November 25, Three, by A. E. Greening.
- Knighton*.—January 6, Four, by W. Williams.
- Latebrook, Staffordshire*.—December 12, Five, by L. Kenworthy.
- Longford*.—January 3, Salem, Five, by J. R. Parker.
- Longhope, Glos.*—December 19, Three, by C. L. Gordon.
- Lumb, Manchester*.—January 6, Eleven, by H. Abraham.
- London*:—
- Brentford*.—Park Chapel, December 30, Two, by W. A. Blake.
- Clerkenwell-road*.—December 30, Three by T. A. Carver.
- Forest Gate, E.*—January 3, Two, by J. H. French.
- Ilford*.—High-street, Two, by J. Young.
- Kensington*.—December 15, Horton-street, Five, by J. Hawes.
- St. John's Wood*.—December 17, Abbey-road, Five, by W. Stott (making a total of 63 for the year).
- Macclesfield*.—December 30, St. George's, Eight, by T. Downen.
- Machen, Mon.*—December 30, Five, by J. Morgan.
- Maesycwmmer*.—January 6, Eight, by T. Batstone.
- Martletwy, Narberth*.—December 9, Three, by D. M. Pryce.
- Merthyr Tydvil*.—December 23, One by B. Thomas.
- Mirfield, Zion*.—December 19, Three, by R. Evans.
- Nantwich*.—December 30, Six, by R. Williams.
- Norton*.—December 30, One, by T. H. Farham.
- Newport, Mon.*—December 30, Three, by A. T. Jones.
- North Curry*.—December 25, Three, by W. Fry.
- Pole Moor*.—December 2, Three, by J. Evans.
- Portsmouth*.—Lake Road Chapel.—December 3, Seventeen; 5, Thirteen; 10, Twenty; 11, Thirteen; 12, Twenty-two, by the pastor, T. W. Medhurst. These EIGHTY-FIVE are the "first-fruits" of the Month's Mission, conducted by Messrs. W. Y. Fullerton, and J. Manton Smith (evangelists associated with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon) during the month of November. There are more to follow of the above candidates. One was the youngest daughter of the pastor, and fifteen were from the young ladies' Bibleclass.
- Rhymney*.—December 16, Beulah, Two, by H. Phillips; 23, Two, by H. Philips.
- Rock, Penybont*.—December 28, One, by J. Jones.
- Southsea*.—December 30, Elm Grove, Seven, by J. P. Williams.
- Stogumber*.—December 12, Five, by T. Maine.
- Steep Lane, Powerby Bridge*.—January 6, Eight, by W. Haigh.
- Swansea*.—December 16, Carmarthen-road, six, by A. E. Johnson.
- Tunbridge, Kent*.—December 19, Two, by T. Hancock.
- Wincanton, Somerset*.—November 18, Four, by G. Hider.

THE COMFORT OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

[Those who know from happy experience the value of true friendship, the comfort of the assurance that in whatever situation in life one may be found there are some true souls upon whose sympathy and love one may evermore rely, will appreciate these words of Emerson:]

The highest compact we can make with our fellows is—Let there be truth between us two forever more. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, nor speak, nor write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, nor send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself, and if he did thus and thus, I knew it was right.

THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.”—Job v. 26.

WE do not believe all that Job's friends said. They spoke very often as uninspired men, for we find them saying many things that are not true; and if we read the Book of Job through, we might say with regard to them, “Miserable comforters are ye all,” for they did not speak concerning God's servant Job the thing that was right. But nevertheless they gave utterance to many holy and pious sentences which are well worthy of regard, as having come from the lips of three men distinguished in their age for their learning, talent and ability; three grey-headed sires who from experience were able to speak what they knew. Their mistakes are not to be wondered at, because they had not then that clear, bright, shining light which we enjoy in these modern times. They had few opportunities to meet together; there were but few prophets in those days who taught them the things of the kingdom. We only marvel that without the light of the gospel revelation they were able to discover so much of the truth as they did. However, I must make a remark concerning this chapter, that I cannot but regard it as being in the main, not so much the utterance of the man—who here speaks—Eliphaz the Temanite, but the very word of God; not so much the simple saying of the unwise comforter who upbraided Job, as the speech of the great Comforter who consoles His people, and who only utters the thing that is right. The opinion is justified by the fact that this chapter is quoted by the Apostle Paul. Eliphaz says, in the 13th verse, “He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.” And we find the Apostle Paul in the Corinthians saying, “As it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness;” thus giving sanction to this passage as having been inspired of God, at all events as being most certainly truthful. Most certainly the experience of such a man as Eliphaz is worthy of much regard: and when speaking of the general condition of God's people, that they are hid from the scourge of the tongue, “that they are not afraid of destruction when it cometh,” that they laugh at destruction and famine, and so on, we may accept his words as being proven by experience and authenticated by inspiration. “Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.” Here is a very beautiful comparison, the comparison of the aged Christian—for that I take it lies on the surface of the text—to a shock of corn. Go into the harvest field, and you shall see how much the wheat reminds you of the aged believer. How much anxiety has been expended on that field! When the seed first sprung up the farmer dreaded lest the worm should bite the tender shoots, and the blade should be devoured, or

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lest some sharp frost should consume the infant plant and cause it to wither and die. And then month after month, as the seasons came, how did he anxiously look towards heaven and long that the rains might come or that the genial sunshine might pour out its vivifying floods of light upon the field. When it has come to somewhat of maturity, how greatly has he feared lest the mildew and blast should shrivel up the precious ears. It stands in the fields now, and in some respects he is freed from his anxiety. The months of his travail are over. He has waited patiently for the precious fruits of the soil, but now they are there. And so with the grey-headed man. How many years of anxiety have been expended upon him! In his youth how likely did it seem that he might be smitten down by death, and yet he has passed safely through youth, manhood and age. What varied accidents have been warded from him! How has the shield of the Providential Keeper been over his head to keep him from the shafts of the pestilence, or from the heavy hand of accident that might have smitten his life! How many anxieties has he had himself! How many troubles has he passed through! Look upon the hoary-headed veteran? Mark the scars that troubles have inflicted upon his forehead! And see, deep written in his breast, the dark mementos of the sharp struggles and trials he has endured! And now his anxieties are somewhat over, he is come very nearly to the haven of rest. A few short years of trial and trouble shall land him on fair Canaan's coast, and we look upon him with the same pleasure with which the farmer regards the wheat, because the anxiety is over, and the time of rest is now approaching. Mark how weak the stem has become! how every wind shakes it to and fro; it is withered and dried! See how the head hangs down to earth, as if it were about to kiss the dust, and show whence it had its origin! So, mark you the aged man: tottering are his steps, "they that look out of the windows are darkened, the grinders cease because they are few, and the grasshopper has become a burden." Yet even in that weakness there is glory. It is not the weakness of the tender blade, it is the weakness of the full ripe corn, it is a weakness that shows its maturity, it is a weakness that gilds it with glory. Even as the colour of the wheat is golden, so that it looks more beautiful than when the greenness of its verdure is on it, so the grey-headed man has a crown of glory on his head. He is glorious in his weakness, more than the young man in his strength, or the maiden in her beauty. Is not a shock of corn a beautiful picture of the state of man, moreover, because very soon it must be taken home? The reaper is coming. Even now I hear the sickle sharpening. The reaper hath well edged it, and he shall soon cut the corn down. See! he is coming across the field to reap his harvest; and then, by-and-by, it shall be carried into the barn and safely housed, no more subject to blight, or mildew, or insect, or disease. There it shall be secured, where no snow can fall upon it, no winds can molest it. It shall be safe and secure; and joyful shall be the time when harvest home shall be proclaimed, and the shock of corn, fully ripe, shall be carried into the farmer's garner. Such is the aged man. He, too, shall soon be taken home. Death is even now sharpening his sickle, and the angels are getting ready their chariot of gold to bear him up to the skies. The barn is built; the house is provided; soon the great Master shall say, "Bind up the tares in bundles to burn, and gather the wheat into My barn."

This morning, we shall consider *the death of Christians in general*; not of the aged Christian merely, for we shall show you that while this text does seem to bear upon the aged Christian, in reality it speaks with a loud voice to every man who is a believer. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There are four things we shall mark in the text. First, we shall consider that death is *inevitable*, because it says, "Thou shalt come." Secondly, that death is *acceptable*, because it does not read, "I will make thee go to thy grave," but "thou shalt come there." Thirdly, that death is always *timely*: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age." Fourthly, that death to the Christian is always *honourable*, for the promise declareth to him, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

I. The first remark, namely, that death, even to the Christian, is **INEVITABLE**, is very trite, simple, and common, and we need scarcely have made it, but we found it necessary, in order to introduce one or two remarks upon it. How hackneyed is the thought that all men must die and therefore what can we say upon it? And yet we blush not to repeat it, for while it is a truth so well known, there is none so much forgotten; while we all believe it in theory and receive it in the brain, how seldom it is impressed on the heart? The sight of death makes us remember it. The tolling of the solemn bell speaks to us of it. We hear the deep-tongued voice of Time as the bell tolls the hours and preaches our mortality. But very usually we forget it. Death is inevitable to all. But I wish to make an observation concerning death, and that is, that while it is written, "It is appointed unto all men once to die," yet a time shall come when some Christian men shall not die at all. We know that had Adam never sinned he would not have died, for death is the punishment of sin, and we know that Enoch and Elijah were translated to heaven without dying. Therefore it does seem to follow, that death is not absolutely necessary for a Christian. And, moreover, we are told in Scripture, that there are some who shall be "alive and remain," when Jesus Christ shall come; and the Apostle says, "I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." There shall be some who shall be found living, of whom the Apostle says, "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." We know that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom; but it is possible that they may be refined by some spiritual process, which shall preclude the necessity of dissolution. Oh! I have thought of that idea very much, and I have wondered whether it should not be possible that some of us might be in that happy number who shall not see death. Even if we are not, there is something very cheering in the thought: Christ did so conquer death that He not only delivers the lawful captive out of the prison, but He saves a band from the jaws of the monster, and leads them by his den unharmed! He not only resuscitates the dead, and puts new life into those that are slain by the fell scythe, but some He actually takes to heaven by a bye-road. He says to Death—"Avaunt, thou monster! On these thou shalt never put thy hand! These are chosen men and women, and thy cold fingers shall never freeze the current of their soul. I am taking

them straight to heaven without death. I will transport them in their bodies up to heaven without passing through thy gloomy portals, or having been captives in thy dreary land of shades." How glorious is the thought that Christ has vanquished death; that some men shall not die. But you will say to me, "How can that be? for the body has mortality mingled with its very essence." We are told, it is true, by eminent men that there is a necessity in nature that there should be death, since one animal must prey upon another; and even if all animals could be taught to give up their prey, they must feed upon plants, and so devour certain minute insects which had hidden thereon. Death therefore seems to be the law of nature. Be it remembered that men have already lived far beyond the present allotted term, and it does seem most easy to conceive that the creature which can subsist a thousand years, could exceed that period. But this objection is not valid, since the saints will not live for ever in this world, but will be removed to a habitation where laws of glory shall supersede laws of nature.

II. And now comes a sweet thought, that death to the Christian is always ACCEPTABLE—"Thou shalt *come* to thy grave." Old Caryl makes this remark on this verse: "A willingness and a cheerfulness to die. Thou shalt *come*, thou shalt not be dragged or hurried to thy grave, as it is said of the foolish rich man: Luke xii. This night shall thy soul be taken from thee. But thou shalt come to thy grave, thou shalt die quietly and smilingly, as it were; thou shalt go to thy grave, as it were, upon thine own feet, and rather walk than be carried to thy sepulchre." The wicked man when he dies is driven to his grave, but the Christian *comes* to his grave. Let me tell you a parable. Behold, two men sat together in the same house, when Death came to each of them. He said to one, "Thou shalt die." The man looked at him: tears suffused his eyes, and tremblingly he said, "O Death, I cannot, I will not die." He sought out a physician, and said to him, "I am sick, for Death hath looked upon me. His eyes have paled my cheeks, and I fear I must depart. Physician, there is my wealth, give me health and let me live." The physician took his wealth, but gave him not his health with all his skill. The man changed his physician and tried another, and thought that perhaps he might spin out the thread of life a little longer. But, alas! Death came and said, "I have given thee time to try thy varied excuses, come with me; thou shalt die." And he bound him hand and foot, and made him go to that dark land of shades. As the man went, he clutched at every side-post by the way; but Death, with iron hands, still pulled him on. There was not a tree that grew along the way but he tried to grasp it, but Death said, "Come on! thou art my captive, and thou shalt die." And unwillingly as the laggard schoolboy who goeth slowly to school, so did he trace the road with Death. He did not *come* to his grave, but Death fetched him to it—the grave came to him.

But Death said to the other man, "I am come for thee." He smilingly replied, "Ah, Death! I know thee: I have seen thee many a time. I have held communion with thee. Thou art my Master's servant; thou hast come to fetch me home. Go, tell my Master I am ready; whene'er He pleases, Death, I am ready to go with thee." And together they went along the road, and held sweet company. Death said to him, "I have worn these skeleton bones to frighten wicked men; but I am not fright-

ful. I will let thee see myself. The hand that wrote upon Belshazzar's wall was terrible because no man saw anything but the hand; but," said Death, "I will show thee my whole body. Men have only seen my bony hand, and have been terrified." And as they went along, Death ungirded himself to let the Christian see his body, and he smiled, for it was the body of an angel. He had wings of cherubs, and a body glorious as Gabriel. The Christian said to him, "Thou art not what I thought thou wast: I will cheerfully go with thee." At last Death touched the believer with his hand: it was even as when the mother doth in sport smite her child a moment. The child loves that loving pinch upon her arm, for it is a proof of affection. So did Death put his finger on the man's pulse, and stopped it for a moment, and the Christian found himself by Death's kind finger changed into a spirit; yea, found himself brother to the angels; his body had been etherealized, his soul purified, and he himself was in heaven.

You tell me this is only a parable; but let me give you some facts that shall back it up. I will tell you some of the death-bed sayings of dying saints, and show you that, to them, Death has been an agreeable visitant, of whom they were not afraid. You will not disbelieve dying men. It were ill to act the hypocrite's part at such a time. When the play is over men will take off the mask: and so with these men when they came to die; they stood out in solemn unclothed reality.

First, let me tell you what Dr. Owen said—that celebrated prince of Calvinists. While his works are to be found, I am not afraid that men shall lack arguments to defend the gospel of Free Grace. A friend called to tell Dr. Owen that he had put to press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a momentary gleam in his languid eye as he answered, "I am glad to hear it. Oh!" said he, "the long-wished for time has come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world."

But, you may say, this man was a mere theologian, let us hear a poet speak.

George Herbert, after some severe struggles, and having requested his wife and nieces, who were weeping in extreme anguish, to leave the room, committed his will to Mr. Woodnott's care, crying out, "I am ready to die: Lord, forsake me not now, my strength faileth; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Lord Jesus. And now, Lord, receive my soul." Then he laid himself back and breathed out his life to God. Thus the poet dies. That glorious fancy of his, that might have pictured gloomy things if it had pleased, was only filled with rapturous sight of angels. As he used to say himself, "Methinks I hear the church bells of heaven ringing." And methinks he did hear them when he came near the river Jordan.

"But," you will say, "one was a theologian, and the other a poet; it might have been all fancy." Now learn what an active man, a missionary, said—Brainard.

He said, "I am almost in eternity. I long to be there. My work is done. I have done with all my friends. All the world is now nothing to me. Oh, to be in heaven, to praise and glorify God with His holy angels." That is what Brainard said. He who counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and went among wild untutored Indians to preach the gospel.

But it is possible you may say, "These were men of ages gone by." Now you shall have men of modern times.

And first, hear what the great and eminent Scotch preacher, Haldane, said. He raised himself a little, and distinctly repeated these words, "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then we shall appear with Him in glory." He was then asked if he thought he was going home. He answered, "Perhaps not quite yet." Mrs. Haldane affectionately said, "Then you will not leave us very soon." He replied with a smile, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." On being asked if he felt much peace and happiness, he twice repeated, "Exceeding great and precious promises." He then said, "But I must rise." Mrs. Haldane said, "You are not able to get up." He smiled, and answered, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with His likeness." She said, "Is that what rising up you meant?" He replied, "Yes, that is the rising I meant. I must rise!"

And now, what said Howard—the great philanthropist, the man who while possessing true religion, and being the most eminent and distinguished of Christians, would from his plain common-sense mode of acting, never be suspected of being a fanatic and an enthusiast? A few days before his death, when the symptoms of his disease began to assume a most alarming appearance, he said to Admiral Priestman, "You endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terror for me. I always look forward to it with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure."

But perhaps you may say, "We never knew any of these people. We should like to hear of somebody whom we did know." Well, you shall hear of one whom you have heard me affectionately mention. He was not of our denomination, but he was a very prince in Israel—I refer to Joseph Irons. Many of you heard the sweet and blessed things that proceeded out of his lips, and will perhaps be able to verify what is said of him. At intervals he repeated short portions of Scripture, and select sentences, such as, "How long, Lord?" "Come, Lord Jesus!" "I long to go home, to be at rest." Seeing his dear wife shedding tears, he said, "Do not weep for me; I am waiting for that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." After a pause, to recover his breath, he added, "He that has preserved me thus far, will never leave or forsake me. Fear not: all is well. Christ is precious. I am going home, for I am a shock of corn fully ripe." Now that is a man you did know—many of you. And it proves the fact that I have asserted, that to a Christian, death is acceptable come when it may. I am sure I can say, with many of my brethren here, that could I now have the greatest favour conferred on me that mortals could desire, I would ask that I might die. I never wish to have the choice given to me; but to die is the happiest thing man can have, because it is to lose anxiety, it is to slay care, it is to have the peculiar sleep of the beloved. To the Christian, then, death must be acceptable.

A Christian has nothing to lose by death. You say he has to lose his friends. I am not so sure of that. Many of you may have more friends in heaven than on earth; some Christians have more dearly beloved ones above than below. You often count your family circle, but do you do as that little girl of whom Wordsworth speaks, when she said, "Master, we are seven." Some of them were dead and gone to heaven, but she would

have it that they were all brothers and sisters still. Oh! how many brothers and sisters we have upstairs in the upper room in our Father's house! how many dear ones, linked with us in the ties of relationship, for they are as much our relations now as they were then! Though in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, yet in that great world, who has said that the ties of affection shall be severed, so that we shall not even there claim kindred with one another, as well as kindred with Jesus Christ? What have we to lose by death? Come when he may, should we not open the door for him? I would love to feel like that woman who said, when she was dying, "I feel like a door on the latch, ready to be opened to let my Lord in." Is not that a sweet state, to have the house ready, so that it will require no setting in order? When death comes to a wicked man, he finds him moored fast, he snaps his cable, and drives his ship to sea; but when he comes to the Christian, he finds him winding up the anchor, and he says, "When thou hast done thy work, and shipped the anchor, I will take thee home." With sweet breath he blows on him, and the ship is wafted gently to heaven with no regrets for life, but with angels at the prow, spirits guiding the rudder, sweet songs coming through the cordage, and canvas silvered o'er with light.

III. Then thirdly, the Christian's death is always **TIMELY**—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age." "Ah!" says one, "that is not true. Good people do not live longer than others. The most pious man may die in the prime of his youth." But look at my text. It does not say, thou shalt come to thy grave in old age—but in a "full age." Well, who knows what a "full age" is? A "full age" is whenever God likes to take His children home. There are some fruits you know that are late in coming to perfection, and we do not think their flavour is good till Christmas, or till they have gone through the frost; while some are fit for table now. All fruits do not get ripe and mellow at the same season. So with Christians. They are at a "full age" when God chooses to take them home. They are at "full age" if they die at twenty-one; they are not more if they live to be ninety. Some wines can be drunk very soon after the vintage. Others need to be kept. But what does this matter, if when the liquor is broached it is found to have its full flavour? God never broaches His cask till the wine has perfected itself. There are two mercies to a Christian. The first is that he will never die too soon; and the second, that he will never die too late.

First, he will never die *too soon*. Spencer, who blazed out so brilliantly some years ago, preached so wonderfully, that many expected that a great light would shine steadily, and that many would be guided to heaven; but when suddenly the light was quenched in darkness, and he was drowned while yet in his youth, men wept, and said, "Ah! Spencer died too soon." So it has been sung of Kirke White, the poet, who worked so laboriously at his studies. Like the eagle who finds that the arrow that smote him was winged by a feather from his own body, so was his own study the means of his death; and the poet said he died too soon. It was untrue. He did not die too soon; no Christian ever does. "But," say some "how useful might they have been had they ever lived." Ah! but how damaging they might have been? And were it not better to die than to do something afterwards that would disgrace themselves, and bring disgrace to the Christian character? Were it not better for them to sleep

while their work was going on, than to break it down afterwards? We have seen some sad instances of Christian men who have been very useful in God's cause, but have afterwards had sad falls, and have dishonoured Christ, though they were saved and brought back at last. We could almost wish that they had died rather than lived. You don't know what might have been the career of those men who were taken away so soon. Are you quite sure they would have done so much good? Might they not have done much evil? Could we have a dream of the future, and see what they might have been, we should say, "Ah Lord; let it stop while it is well." Let him sleep while the music playeth, there may be hideous sounds afterwards. We long not to keep awake to hear the dreary notes. The Christian dies well: he does not die too soon.

Again, the Christian never dies *too late*. That old lady there is eighty years old. She sits in a miserable room, shivering by a handful of fire. She is kept by charity. She is poor and miserable. "What's the good of her?" says everybody: "she has lived too long. A few years ago she might have been of some use; but now look at her! She can scarcely eat unless her food is put into her mouth. She cannot move; and what good can she be?" Do not you find fault with your Master's work. He is too good a Husbandman to leave His wheat in the field too long and let it shale out. Go and see her; and you will be reproved. Let her speak: she can tell you things you never knew in all your life. Or, if she does not speak at all, her silent un murmuring serenity, her constant submission, teaches you how to bear suffering. So that there is something you can learn from her yet. Say not the old leaf hangeth too long on the tree. An insect may yet twist itself therein, and fashion it into its habitation. Oh, say not the old sear leaf ought to have been blown off long ago. The time is coming when it shall fall gently on the soil; but it remaineth to preach to unthinking men the frailty of their lives. Hear what God says to each of us:—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in full age." Cholera! thou mayest fly across the land and taint the air: I shall die in a "full age." I may preach to-day, and as many days as I please in the week, but I shall die at a full age. However ardently I may labour, I shall die at a full age. Affliction may come to drain my very life's blood, and dry up the very sap and marrow of my being. Ah! but affliction thou shalt not come too soon—I shall die at a full age. And thou waiting man! and thou tarrying woman! thou art saying, "O Lord, how long? how long? Let me come home." Thou shalt not be kept from thy beloved Jesus one hour more than is necessary; thou shalt have heaven as soon as thou art ready for it. Heaven is ready enough for thee, and thy Lord will say, "Come up higher!" when thou hast arrived at a full age—but never before nor after.

IV. Now the last thing is, that a Christian will die with HONOUR: "Thou shalt come to thy grave like a shock of corn cometh in in his season" You hear men speak against funeral honours, and I certainly do enter my protest against the awful extravagance with which many funerals are conducted, and the absurdly stupid fashions that are often introduced. It would be a happy thing if some persons could break through them, and if widows were not obliged to spend the money which they need so much themselves upon a needless ceremony, which makes death not honourable, but rather despicable. But, methinks that while

death should not be flaunted out with gaudy plumes, there is such a thing as an honourable funeral which every one of us may desire to have. We do not wish to be carried away just as a bundle of tares ; we would prefer that devout men should carry us to the grave and make much lamentation over us. Some of us have seen funerals that were very like a "harvest home." I can remember the funeral of a sainted minister under whom I once sat. The pulpit was hung in black, and crowds of people came together ; and when an aged veteran in the army of Christ rose up to deliver the funeral oration over his remains, there stood a weeping people lamenting that a prince had fallen that day in Israel. Then verily I felt what Mr. Jay must have experienced when he preached the funeral sermon for Rowland Hill : ' Howl fir tree, the cedar is fallen !' there was such a melancholy grandeur there. And yet my soul seemed lit up with joy to think it possible that some of us might share in the same affection, and that the same tears might be wept over us when we come to die. Ah ! my brethren here, my brethren in office, my brethren in this church, it may somewhat cheer your hearts to know that when you depart your death will be to us a source of the deepest grief and most piercing sorrow. Your burial shall not be that prophesied for Jehoiakim—the burial of an ass, with none to weep over him ; but devout men will assemble, and say, "Here lies the deacon who for years served his Master so faithfully." "Here lies the Sunday-school teacher," will the child say, "who early taught me the Saviour's name ;" and if the minister should fall, methinks a crowd of people following him to the tomb would well give him such a funeral as a shock of corn hath when "it cometh in in his season." I believe we ought to pay great respect to the departed saints' bodies. "The memory of the just is blessed." And even ye little saints in the church, don't think you will be forgotten when you die. You may have no gravestone ; but the angels will know where you are as well without a gravestone as with it. There will be some who will weep over you ; you will not be hurried away, but will be carried with tears to your grave.

But, methinks, there are two funerals for every Christian : one, the funeral of the *body* ; and the other, the *soul*. Funeral, did I say, of the soul ? No, I meant not so ; I meant not so ; it is a marriage of the soul ; for as soon as it leaves the body the angel reapers stand ready to carry it away. They may not bring a fiery chariot as erst they had for Elijah ; but they have their broad spreading wings. I rejoice to believe that angels will come as convoys to the soul across the ethereal plains. Lo ! angels at the head support the ascending saint, and lovingly they look upon his face as they bear him upwards ; and angels at the feet assist in wafting him up yonder through the skies. And as the husbandmen come out from their houses and cry, "A joyous harvest home!" so will the angels come forth from the gates of heaven, and say, "Harvest home ! harvest home ! Here is another shock of corn fully ripe gathered into the garner." I taink the most honourable and glorious thing we shall ever behold, next to Christ's entrance into heaven, and His glory there, is the entrance of one of God's people into heaven. I can suppose it is made a holiday whenever a saint enters, and that is continually, so that they keep perpetual holiday. Oh ! methinks there is a shout that cometh from heaven whenever a Christian enters it, louder than the noise of many waters. The thundering acclamations of a universe are drowned, as if

they were but a whisper, in that great shout which all the ransomed raise, when they cry, "Another, and yet another, comes;" and the song is still swelled by increasing voices, as they chant, "Blessed Husbandman, blessed Husbandman! Thy wheat is coming home; shocks of corn fully ripe are gathering into Thy garner." Well, wait a little, beloved. In a few years more you and I shall be carried through the ether on the wings of angels. Methinks I die, and the angels approach. I am on the wings of cherubs. Oh, how they bear me up—how swiftly and yet how softly. I have left mortality with all its pains. Oh, how rapid is my flight! Just now I passed the morning star. Far behind me now the planets shine. Oh, how swiftly do I fly, and how sweetly! Cherubs! what sweet flight is yours, and what kind arms are these I lean upon. And on my way ye kiss me with the kisses of love and affection. Ye call me brother. Cherubs; am I your brother? I who just now was captive in a tenement of clay—am I your brother? "Yes!" they say. Oh, hark! I hear music strangely harmonious! What sweet sounds come to my ears! I am nearing Paradise. 'Tis e'en so. Do not spirits approach with songs of joy! "Yes!" they say. And ere they can answer, behold they come—a glorious convoy! I catch a sight of them as they are holding a great review at the gates of Paradise. And, ah! there is the golden gate. I enter in; and I see my blessed Lord. I can tell you no more. All else were things unlawful for flesh to utter. My Lord! I am with Thee—plunged into Thee—lost in Thee just as a drop is swallowed in the ocean—as one single tint is lost in the glorious rainbow! Am I lost in Thee, thou glorious Jesus? And is my bliss consummated? Is the wedding-day come at last? Have I really put on the marriage garments? And am I Thine? Yes! I am. There is nought else now for me. In vain your harps, ye angels. In vain all else. Leave me a little while. I will know your heaven by-and-by. Give me some years, yea give me some ages, to lean here on this sweet bosom of my Lord; give me half eternity, and let me bask myself in the sunshine of that one smile. Yes; give me this. Didst speak, Jesus? "Yes, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and now thou art Mine! thou art with Me!" Is not this heaven? I want nought else. I tell you once again, ye blessed spirits, I will see you by-and-by. But with my Lord I will now take my feast of loves. Oh, Jesus! Jesus! Thou art heaven! I want nought else. I am lost in Thee!

Beloved, is not this to go to "the grave in full age, like as a shock of corn," fully ripe? The sooner the day shall come, the more we shall rejoice. On, tardy wheels of time! speed on your flight. Oh, angels, wherefore come ye on with laggard wings? Oh! fly through the ether and outstrip the lightning's flash! Why may I not die? Why do I tarry here? Impatient heart, be quiet a little while. Thou art not fit for heaven yet, else thou wouldst not be here. Thou hast not done thy work, else thou wouldst have thy rest. Toil on a little longer; there is rest enough in the grave. Thou shalt have it there. On! on!

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

My dear friends, you who are not converted, I have no time to say any

thing to you this morning. I wish I had. But I pray that all I have said may be yours. Poor hearts, I am sorry I cannot tell you this is yours now. I would I could preach to every one of you, and say that you all shall be in heaven. But God knoweth there are some of you that are on the road to hell; and do not suppose you will enter heaven, if you go hell's road. Nobody would expect, if he proceeded to the north to arrive at the south. Nay; God must change thine heart. By simple trust in Jesus, if thou givest thyself up to His mercy, even though the vilest of the vile, thou shalt sing before His face. And methinks, poor sinner, thou wilt say to me, as a poor woman did last Wednesday, after I had been preaching, when I believe everybody had been crying, from the least to the greatest, and even the preacher in the pulpit. As I went down, I said to one, "Are you chaff or wheat?" And she said, "Ah! I trembled to-night, sir." I said to another, "Well, sister, I hope we shall be in Paradise soon." And she replied, "You may, sir." And I came to another, and said, "Well, do you think you will be gathered with the wheat?" And she answered, "One thing I can say—if God ever lets me get into heaven, I will praise Him with all my might. I will sing myself away, and shall never think I can sing loud enough." It reminded me of what an old disciple once said: "If the Lord Jesus does but save me, He shall never hear the last of it." Let us praise God, then, eternally—

"While life, or thought, or being lasts,
Or immortality endures!"

Now may the Three-One God dismiss you with His blessing.

OVER YONDER.

After the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,
All things below but loss—

What then?

Oh! then a holy calm,
Resting on Jesu's arm;
Oh! then a deeper love,
For the holy home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesu's arm;
After this deepen'd love,
For the pure home above—

What then?

Oh! then work for Him,
Perishing souls to win;
Then Jesu's presence near,
Death's darkest hour will cheer.

And when the work is done,
When the lost soul is won,
When Jesu's love and power
Have cheered the dying hour—

What then?

Oh! then the crown is given!
Oh! then, the rest in heaven!
Endless life in endless day;
Sin and sorrow pass'd away!

A HAPPY POSITION. —For my own part, I wish I may so order my conversation in the word, that I may live when I am dead in the affections of the best, and leave an honourable testimony in the consciences of the worst; that I may oppress none, do good to all; and say, when I die, as good Ambrose did, "I am neither ashamed to live, nor afraid to die."—JOHN FLAVELL.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER III.—A TEMPERANCE DEBATE.

To watch the various countenances of the members present as John Grant related his thrilling story was quite a study. While all listened with wrapt attention, on some faces was depicted curiosity, on others sympathy, on some doubt, and in a few cases decided disapprobation. But it is a question if the narrator himself observed any of these visible effects. Feeling deeply every word he uttered, and speaking at times with a voice that trembled with emotion, there was so much pathos in some of his tones, so much that was graphic in his delineations, and without exaggeration such impassioned eloquence in his personal appeals and denunciation of the drink, as not only completely to carry himself away, but also to carry away his auditory too. On this account, long though his narrative proved to be, he was allowed to begin and close without the slightest interruption ; and indeed as he sat down the sedate friends were scandalised by hearing from a few of his sympathisers, something like a faint cheer. This our minister promptly suppressed, and then without another word, in accordance with our custom, the candidates were asked to retire with a friend into the minister's vestry, while the members took their respective cases into consideration.

But few minutes sufficed to propose, second, and carry unanimously the admission of the two young

friends who had first spoken. No one doubted *them* for a moment. They were both pious and respectable and had never been known to be otherwise, so that their admission would indisputably be a credit to the church. But now, what about John Grant? Would any one present, in the existing state of feeling, prove bold enough to propose his admission? No: not just yet. For at least a couple of minutes there was great silence, and then the quietness became painful. It was evident that all were waiting for our worthy minister to break the ice, and give his opinion: and this he clearly saw.

Rising at last, he said, that like the rest present, he had listened with painful interest to Mr. Grant's narration. He had now been the minister of that church for over twenty years, and he must confess that he had never heard in their church meetings such a narrative delivered before. Not but what they had persons who had been the victims of intemperance, had come before the church avowing their conversion and proving in their after-lives such conversion to be real: there had been several cases of that kind, and he was grateful to God for it; but in all such cases, so far as he remembered, such persons attributed their conversion either to some direct spiritual agency, or to the distinct leadings of Divine Providence. But here was a man who had come before them who did nothing of the kind. He attributed his change, and did so boldly, to what he and others termed the

Temperance Reformation : and even went so far in the latter part of his narration as to exalt that enterprise above their own church organisation. Now, while it was true that a change had been wrought in the man, a change that was undoubtedly beneficial for himself, for his family, and for society, it did not at all follow that such a change meant anything more than a mere moral reformation, which the man himself might easily mistake for genuine spiritual conversion. He had listened very attentively to all that Mr. Grant had said, and must affirm that he failed to see any token of the Spirit of God's work in the heart. What, for instance had he said about a law work on the conscience? What had he said about repentance towards God? What had he said about faith in Christ's atoning work? What had he said about the enjoyment of pardon and peace through His blood? These very essentials of the Christian life were all left out; in fact absolutely ignored! Still, far be it from him to say that there was nothing good in the man or that the Spirit of God might not *possibly* have begun to work in him; but he felt—and he should not deal honestly with them, and have a clear conscience in the sight of God if he did not say so—that it was best in such a case to act with great caution, and not admit a man of this stamp into the church until he gave more Scriptural and solid proofs of real conversion than he had given to them that night.

Mr. Butler, our senior deacon was the next to rise and speak. He said that he cordially agreed with what our esteemed pastor, Mr. Ackton, had said, but he went farther than even he did. For fifty years it had been his privilege to be a member of that church, and for

thirty-five years one of its deacons. Now, all that time, and for years previously, he himself had been a moderate drinker, and he could safely challenge the oldest member they had, or indeed any one in the town, to show that on any occasion he had gone to excess. He had taken his glass or two daily, both at home and in the market, and enjoyed it, and felt that it had done him good: and therefore to hear people exhorted not to touch, taste or handle the intoxicating cup, as they had been that night, was most preposterous. If all persons kept to moderation, and he would humbly say, take himself as an example, there would certainly be no drunkenness. The evil was that some men *would* go to excess, and then they blamed the moderate drinkers for it. He should therefore certainly not hold up his hand for John Grant's admission.

Our second deacon, Mr. Groome, said, as our senior deacon had given his deliverance, it might be expected that he should now give his. He must say that he went both with our pastor and his brother officer. It was evident to him that, abuse the drink as some might, it was as the Scripture said "the good creature of God, to be received with thanksgiving," and if persons abused it, as it was evident John Grant and such-like characters had done, it was their own fault, and God's good gifts were not to be cast aside on their account. Didn't the Apostle Paul—and they knew he was inspired—earnestly exhort Timothy to use a little wine for his "stomach's sake and his often infirmities"? And more than that, didn't even Christ Himself turn water into wine at a marriage feast? Were they going then to be wiser than the Apostle or even Christ Himself? He would say

fearlessly that he thought the Temperance movement was unscriptural and irrational, and therefore he should never support it, nor hold up his hand for the admission of one who dared boldly to tell them that if he came into that church it would be his duty to advocate it amongst them.

As the remaining, but junior, deacon, I might have been expected to have spoken next, but ere I could do so a member rose whose utterances, although they were on the popular side, were not at all welcome. Sam Crowe was a small farmer, who, although he had been for many years a member with us, was shrewdly suspected at times of taking more drink than was either good for him or consistent with his profession. It had even been whispered that on more than one occasion he had, on dark nights, come home from market, the worse for liquor, and had abused his wife; but as she declined to give any information with regard to it, nothing could be proved. But notwithstanding this, no man could be more bitter against the Temperance movement than he was. He had even gone so far as to hound on the public-house roughs to assault the lecturer in the market-place, and then was known afterwards to have gone to a tap-room to boast of the exploit. When therefore he rose there was a little commotion, and that was not at all diminished by the almost abusive language in which he poured out the vials of his wrath on the movement itself and all connected with it. In eulogistic terms he loudly praised our pastor and my two fellow-deacons for "the stand they took and the sound arguments which they had advanced." But while he did so it was observed that our minister looked anything

but pleased or gratified, and that the deacons themselves began to fidget in their seats as if they did not feel specially honoured by such approval; indeed, praise from such a quarter was certainly anomalous, and was evidently neither desired nor relished. As might therefore have been expected, this unseemly philippic brought at once to his feet an ardent defender of the movement in the shape of a young man of intelligence and spirit who was well known to have cast in his lot with the Temperance party. Mr. Henry Stafford was the son of a solicitor in the town, and, as an articled clerk, was in his father's office following his parent's profession. As a student he had always been temperate, and from reading and experience, he had come to the conclusion that for all classes total abstinence was the safest and the best. He had therefore for some time, without signing the pledge, adopted the teetotal system; but after the lecturer had delivered his lectures in the market-place and a small society had been formed, he was induced, when taking the chair at one of their meetings, for the sake of example to attach his signature to it. To the society, at such a time, the accession of such a rising young man was a source of great satisfaction, as it served, in the eyes of some people, to give it a more respectable kind of standing than otherwise it might have possessed. It may be imagined therefore how he felt while our pastor and the deacons were speaking, and especially when the climax of anti-Temperance deliverances was made by such a questionable character as Sam Crowe.

Scarcely had the above mentioned individual taken his seat than Henry Stafford rose. He told us that we must excuse him rising then, but he felt that he could sit still no longer.

No one loved our pastor or revered him more than he did, and none entertained greater respect for the deacons. But he must say that he did not think that either pastor or deacons had done John Grant justice in the remarks they had made. In that Christian church every member had a right to speak freely, and he did not at all blame them for the stand they took; but it did not follow, for all that, that their stand was either Scriptural or just. For instance, Mr. Ackton had laid great stress on John Grant attributing his change to the Temperance Reformation. Well, was not that to the credit of that Reformation? And might not God have used that Reformation in the present case as a providential agency to bring about the conversion of this intemperate man? At any rate, it was the only agency that *had* reached him, and he did right to tell them that it had done for him what their church had not proved itself able to perform. Then Mr. Ackton said that Mr. Grant had not told them anything about suffering from a law work on the conscience, about repentance towards God, and faith in Christ's atoning work, and the enjoyment of pardon and peace through His blood; but had he not said that from the day he became a total abstainer he determined to become a Christian and to give his heart to Christ? And was not that everything? Would any man really give his heart to Christ without being truly converted? The theory was impossible, for that really was conversion, no matter how it was brought about. He hoped that our minister would look at it in that light, and if he did so, he felt certain that Mr. Ackton would take a more favourable view of John Grant's case than the one he had adopted. Then as to what the deacons had said,

Mr. Butler had overlooked the fact that multitudes of persons were not constituted physically and mentally as he was, nor were they so free from temptation: and therefore were far more likely to fall. It must be admitted that in the case of vast multitudes, moderation proved the road to drunkenness, and if Mr. Butler with his moderate tendencies would set them the example of total abstinence, while it would do him no harm it would indisputably do them incalculable good. As to what Mr. Groome had said, he neither believed alcohol to be the good creature of God to be received with thanksgiving, nor did he believe that Paul recommended Timothy to use, or that Christ at the marriage feast made, poisonous drinks such as brandy, rum, gin, whisky or ale, or a set of vile compounds known as wine which had not a drop of the pure juice of the grape in them. He was prepared, if necessary, to drink such wine as Paul recommended Timothy as medicine, or that Christ made at the wedding feast; but not such modern poisons as were sold by brewers and publicans that created so much poverty, misery and crime. Then as to Mr. Sam Crowe—with all due respect—he did not think that he was the right sort of man to speak on this question. It was well known—for he himself had confessed it—that he had aided the public-house roughs in their cowardly and dastardly work in the market-place; and the church would not do its duty if it did not censure him for it. Let him look at home, and he would have plenty to do without abusing Temperance reformers as he had done that night. If he might be permitted to give him a bit of wholesome advice it would be this—the sooner he signed the pledge the better it

would be for his own sake, for the sake of his wife and family, and for the church also. They would please excuse his plain speech, but plain speech had been given on the one side, and it was only right to permit it on the other. He trusted therefore that instead of rejecting Mr. Grant they would in a judgment of charity receive him joyfully, and show him that, as the Church of Christ, they were willing to strengthen him in pursuing the path which happily he had at last begun to tread.

As Mr. Stafford sat down two or three members at once sprang to their feet and claimed to be heard. Taking their turn, one advocated the drink for its nourishing and strengthening properties, and declared that on that account he could not work in the field without it. The next ventured to deny that the drink possessed these qualities, and moreover asserted that he had

tried both systems and found that he could do hard work in the field, or anywhere else, far better without the use of intoxicating drink than with it. A third speaker thought that, at any rate, the system deserved a trial, and that John Grant should be supported in his endeavours to practise it. In this way the debate continued, and that too in spite of all our minister's efforts to curtail it, for half-an-hour longer. Then came the vote. Mr. Stafford proposed and I seconded, "That John Grant be admitted." No one moved an amendment and the vote was put. For his reception, twelve; against, forty-eight; neutral, six. By four to one, therefore, Claretville Church had decided that, for the present at least, it would have nothing whatever to do either with John Grant or the agency that had been the means of effecting his rescue.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

BY THE REV. C. H. THOMAS

(Secretary of the Pastors' College).

Mark x. 17-22.

IF you will carefully compare the narrative of our Lord's life as you find it in each of the four Evangelists, you will find that this incident occurred towards the end of His ministry; when He was in that part of the country known as Perea, the country east of the Jordan; and at the time when messengers came from Bethany, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Our Lord after receiving that message, and tarrying the two days of which the Evangelist John speaks, was

about bidding farewell, a final farewell, to the people of that district. Certain persons had brought their children that our Lord might give them a parting blessing, and He had gone into the highway, proceeding on his journey, surrounded by many who were going up to Jerusalem to the Passover Feast, that never-to-be-forgotten Passover, when the Lamb of God was sacrificed for the sins of the world. Just then, when the Lord had almost gone, and gone forever from that district, this incident took place. "There came one running to Him." Running, for he was in earnest; running, in order to overtake Him; running, lest his opportunity, his last opportunity,

should be for ever lost. Kneeling down before Jesus he exclaimed, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Now there was much, very much, of the most promising character in this man who thus came running to Christ. First of all, we are told he was *young*. Matthew incidentally tells us this, and the words and conduct of the young man abundantly confirm Matthew's statement. His ideas are crude and superficial; his language inaccurate and far too sweeping, his opinion of himself most flattering. He was young, so he had all the promise which youth gives, and youth is rich in promises; not always in performances. It is a hopeful sign when any seek Christ's counsel, it is eminently so when the young do.

We are also informed that this young man was *rich*. "He was very rich," says one Evangelist; "He had great possessions," says another. Well, that is a very good and promising feature in the case. It is not at all improper that riches are sometimes termed "goods;" for they are good things, notwithstanding that oftentimes a bad use is made of them; and I hold it specially promising when a rich young man seeks Christ's advice, for the result may be a life of more than ordinary influence and success in the extension of Christ's kingdom.

Further, we are told that this rich young man was held in very great estimation by his fellow-townsmen, for they had elected him to the very honourable position of "*ruler*"—ruler of the synagogue, most probably. He was not a minister of religion, as we now speak, but he held an office in connection with a Jewish place of worship, the duties of which would correspond in a great measure with the duties of a Church-warden in the Established

Church of this land; or with those of a Steward among our Wesleyan friends; or with those of a Deacon among ourselves. We will not suppose that his riches had anything to do with his election as ruler; though we have known such things in our own time,—for he possessed what was a great deal better than riches, a *blameless moral character*. He could say, when our Lord referred him to the commandments, "All these have I kept;" and that this statement was not utterly false, we may gather from the fact that our Lord did not contradict him, but on the contrary we read, "Jesus, beholding him, loved him;" that is, highly esteemed him.

Is not all this very promising?—that a wealthy young man of blameless moral character, occupying a most honourable position, should be desirous of learning what Christ would have him do, is not this hopeful? Should we not be justified in expecting from such a beginning a life of devoted, successful, God-glorifying service? There is an idea floating about, that in order to become a great saint you must have first been a great sinner. Just as the hardest stones will take the highest polish, so it is the hardest and most reprobate of men, that make the brightest and best Christians when once they are truly converted to God, and we are pointed to such men as John Bunyan and John Newton as instances of this. Well, let us never cease to thank God for such men as John Bunyan and John Newton, and never cease to adore the matchless grace that is able to rescue the worst of sinners and set them even amongst the brightest of saints. Still, we can know but little of the history of God's dealings with men if we do not know that such instances are not the rule but only

the exception; and that if we surrender ourselves to sin and "go in" for a life of iniquity, the great probability is we shall die as we have lived. Why, it is preposterous to suppose that in order to become a successful worker for God we must first of all graduate in the devil's college! Monstrous to suppose that he who has gone furthest into sin, steeped himself in vice, and "wasted his substance with riotous living," that he forsooth of all others is to be a most eminent saint! Why, in almost nine cases out of ten it is an utter impossibility. All the buoyancy, vigour, and enthusiasm of youth are gone, gone beyond recall, gone for ever. It is infinitely more promising when a young man with all his faculties and powers in full strength and activity comes to Christ desirous of serving Him; and such a young man this ruler seems to be.

Again, notice that this most estimable young man, though possessing a blameless moral character, and occupying a most honourable position, was desirous of something better still. To a great extent, very well satisfied with himself, he was not so satisfied that he could rest quiet and contented. He comes to Christ asking, and anxiously asking too, if there is some other "good thing" that he can do. Whether he is prepared to make the necessary effort and sacrifice to attain to something higher is another matter. Apparently he is earnestly desirous to "forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those which are before."

And it is specially promising that he should appeal to Christ; to Christ above all others for advice in such an all-important matter. For of all religious teachers that ever have lived, are living, shall live,—let those who doubt it, search

and see,—there is not one who can so satisfactorily, so authoritatively, and so finally settle such a question as this. From his appeal, it is evident he is no Sadducee, no sceptic. He believes in "eternal life"; he desires to obtain it; he is prepared to do at least something to enjoy it; he is teachable, and seeks instruction concerning it. With becoming respect and reverence he addresses Christ. "Good Master," saith he, and kneels to Him. There is also, in some measure, a recognition of Christ's ability and authority to answer so important a question. He has some confidence in Christ, otherwise he would not have appealed to Him. Mark this, you who say you believe in Christ. This man believes in Christ. He believes He is no impostor; believes He knows the truth, speaks the truth, will tell him the truth. Moreover he is in earnest; he has made up his mind that he will know what Christ can tell Him in the matter. He is determined; he runs; threads his way through the throng; throws himself upon his knees; yes, notwithstanding the multitude, he is too much in earnest to care for "what will people say?" notwithstanding the dusty road; notwithstanding that he is a rich man and Christ is a poor man; notwithstanding that he is a ruler and Christ is a poor Galilean peasant, despised, hated, and persecuted by the rulers of the nation;—notwithstanding all this, down on his knees he goes, anxiously asking, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Now, reviewing these particulars, does not this ruler appear to be a "young man of great promise"; of great promise of becoming a faithful, honoured, and devoted disciple of Christ? Can we wonder that

it is said, "And Jesus, beholding him, loved him"? Do we give as much promise as he of becoming a faithful follower of Christ? Have we a blameless moral character? Do our fellow-men hold us in great respect? Are we occupying a position in some place of worship, Sunday-school, or other religious institution? and have we in very truth appealed to Christ—to Christ I say—to know what He would have us do? So far, so good; but do not let us suppose that having gone thus far we have gone as far as Christ would have us go. It is possible to be "not far from the kingdom of God," and yet not enter therein. It is sadly possible to go up to the very threshold of heaven, and yet, lacking the final decisive step which would place us securely within the pearly gate, depart thence to be cast into the "bottomless pit." "I saw," says John Bunyan in his matchless "Pilgrim's Progress,"—"I saw that there was a way to hell from the gates of Heaven as well as from the City of Destruction."

This young ruler seems to have come to the very threshold of eternal life. Did he take the decisive step? Did he become a true Christian, safe for time, and safe for eternity? Let us see.

He came running, and that we said showed his earnestness. Quite true. But how was it he had not appealed to Christ before? Before this moment when Christ had all but left the place? so far left the place that it was necessary to run to overtake Him. The Saviour had been in the neighbourhood some time, and a man of such position in society would not be ignorant of His presence; yea, in all probability our Lord, "as His custom was," had taught, perhaps frequently, in the very synagogue of which this man was ruler. How was it then that

a convenient opportunity had not been found to ask this question before it was well-nigh too late? Was it because, like so many more, especially young men, while under the stirring, soul-quickening ministry of Christ, impressed with its importance, he had put the matter aside, hoping for some more convenient season? Was this man a procrastinator, a trifler?

We said also that he did well in appealing to Christ. He did: he could not have done better. But what led him to appeal to Christ? Was his conscience so aroused that he could not find rest till he had heard the truth from Christ's lips? And had he, with irrevocable resolve, determined to accept the truth even though the truth should be against him? Was he prepared at all risks and costs to abide by the decision of Christ? Nay, verily! for no sooner did Christ tell him the truth than he was very sorrowful, and instead of accepting it and submitting to it, he refused to receive it, and went away. Then why did he appeal to Christ? Because he anticipated Christ would give him a favourable reply? Because he hoped the good opinion he entertained of himself, which was fully endorsed by his fellow-townsmen, would be confirmed by Christ? Because he thought Christ would dispel the fears which of late had haunted him, would assure him that he at least had nothing to fear; eternal life was sure to be his if it was to be anybody's? How many appeal to Christ in this way! Not with the full determination to know the truth at all hazards, and to comply with it, whatever the cost, but fondly hoping that the Lord will be pleased to confirm their own preconceived and cherished opinions!

Again, it is true that he occupied

a most honourable position, and that his moral character was considered blameless. But is it not evident that he held quite as high an opinion of himself as his position and supposed superior moral worth warranted? Was he not trusting in himself that he was righteous? He saith, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do?" As though he felt sure, almost sure, he had done every "good thing" that mortal man could do, but there might possibly be "one good thing" more that might be done, just to make assurance doubly sure. "Keep the commandments," said our Lord. "Which?" said he. "All these have I kept!" So he thought; so he felt. We may be sure he felt he could not be accused, or he would not have asked such a question and thus have given an opportunity for an accusation to be brought against him. No, he was a most honourable and moral young man; his own good opinion of himself was confirmed by his neighbours in voting him to his exalted position, and so when Jesus referred him to the commandments, while it was about the last thing in the world he had expected to hear, he was nevertheless particularly pleased to be referred to them, for the observance of them was his strong point. This was just what he had been doing all his life. He *had* kept them; kept them *all*; kept them *all from his youth*. Yes, and for the very reason that he is so confident in his obedience, just because it is his "strong point," the Saviour refers him to it that he may discover how weak that strong point is. We may rest perfectly assured our Lord will never take the slightest advantage of any one. He will give us credit to the uttermost farthing of all that is due to us; even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not be with-

out its due reward; and yet, and yet, when the utmost possible allowance has been made for all our supposed worthiness, it shall be made clear, clear to us as well as to Him, that we are unprofitable servants, insolvent debtors, and that our very strength is perfect weakness. See how this ruler's strength was weakness. He comes and says, "Good Master!" "Good Master," replies our Lord, "why *good*?" there is none good save one, that is, God: did you mean *that*? In applying the term 'good' to Me did you intend to give it its true and proper meaning, and so acknowledge Me as Lord, and God? Or did you use the word in a careless, off-hand manner, apparently conveying a compliment, but really not intending what you said?" Do not suppose our Lord made this ruler an offender for a word. Depend upon it there was special reason for such a reply from Jesus, and when we consider the entire narrative and bear in mind that the Lord seeth not as man seeth, but the Lord looketh upon the heart, we come to the conclusion that this young man was trusting to his own *goodness*, and that his notion of goodness was a very faulty and superficial one, and so the Saviour directs his attention to it in this very striking manner. There was weakness and not strength here. The weakness of his strength is further evident in his assertion that he had kept "all the commandments." A most modest statement, truly! Why, however good *we* may think ourselves to be we would scarcely go as far as that. Kept all the commandments! But how had he kept them? He had read the letter of the command only, and had not discerned the spirit. Now, "the letter killeth; it is the spirit that giveth life." Because he had not been actually guilty of theft, murder, and

so forth, he supposed he had kept the commandments! He had no idea that the command had to do with the thoughts and the intents of the heart. So even at the best his obedience was superficial; it did not go beneath the surface, and reach the heart. Once again his fancied strength is discovered to be weakness, when he says that he had kept all the commandments *from his youth*. One might have supposed that he was a very patriarch in years when he speaks so; and yet he was a *young man*! Yes, and the boastful spirit of the young man is only too manifest in his words. He is not the only young man who has spoken of himself and of his experience as though he were at least three-score years and ten. With such faulty conceptions of goodness, such formal and superficial observance of the commandments, and such a self-satisfied and boastful spirit withal, was not this ruler's supposed strength utter weakness?

His greatest failing, however, or, to speak more correctly, greatest sin, was that on which our Lord laid His finger when He said, "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." With this demand of Christ he could not comply. "He went away grieved: for he had great possessions." The sacrifice was too great for him to make. The great possessions which he held, held him. He had given himself to his riches, so he could not give himself to his God. His heart was a mere money-bag, his riches were there; so there was no room for his God. It was just because this was the real state of the case that our Lord made the demand that these riches should be given up. We are not to suppose that our Lord demands of every wealthy person who wishes to become His disciple that he shall turn

his possessions into hard cash and distribute it to the poor. By no means. As a matter of fact, some of the most conscientious, devoted, and self-sacrificing of Christ's disciples are to be found among those who hold great possessions. What our Lord demands of all who become His disciples, whether they are rich or whether they are poor, is to surrender themselves to Him, all they are and all they hold, to be and to do that which He requires of them. The Saviour asked of this ruler no more than He had required of Peter, or James, or John, or Matthew, or indeed of any of His disciples. Reference was made to the "great possessions" only because He who looketh upon the heart saw that there would not be, and could not be, any true and real surrender of the man himself so long as they were not surrendered. For, as George Herbert quaintly puts it,—"Wealth is the conjuror's devil; whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him." This devil, even though he was a rich one, the ruler must renounce, or there never would be a true and proper surrender of himself to his God. The result shows that this was the man's real position. There was no glad surrender; no counting "all things but loss that he might win Christ"; no forsaking all and following Jesus. On the contrary, he "went away grieved"; he left Christ, for he could not leave his riches; he parted with his God, because he could not part with his gold; and so he made what has been called "the great refusal." Alas! alas! that this man, so amiable and estimable in many respects, should "lack one thing," the essential and fundamental thing—**SURRENDER OF SELF TO CHRIST!**

Now, do not let any one of us begin to say, "Well, I am not rich I have no great possessions; there

fore, I am not likely to be guilty of this man's sin." Again I say, it is not a question of the possession or non-possession of wealth; it is a question of giving up that which usurps the place of God, parting with that which parts us from our God. It may be our wealth, it may be nothing of the kind. It may be pride, or an ungoverned temper, or dishonesty, or impurity, or fifty other things; but whatever it is that prevents a true and glad surrender of ourselves to Christ for pardon of sin, power over sin, purity from sin, must be given up, forsaken, destroyed; for HE hath said, "Whosoever forsaketh not *all* that he hath cannot be My disciple."

This rich young ruler, whom we may commend for many things, and who is wonderfully like many connected with all our places of worship at the present day, is no fit example for any of us. It is well to have a blameless moral character, to be highly esteemed by our fellow-men, to hold a responsible position in connection with some place of worship, to have a respect and esteem for Christ, and to be desirous of knowing the truth which He teaches. But all this is not sufficient to obtain forgiveness of our sin, merit the acceptance of God, and receive a wel-

come to heaven. We may be all this, and yet be no better than this ruler, if indeed so good as he, who, when he turned his back upon Christ, turned his back upon life—turned his back upon God! The lesson which this incident enforces is of the gravest importance, and I know of none which needs to be more insisted upon by all preachers of the Gospel of Christ. That it should not escape our attention, but be impressed again and yet again upon our heart, the Holy Spirit has caused it to be recorded in not only one but three out of the four histories of our Lord's life. Let us give due heed to this lesson, and imitate not this ruler, but Peter rather, who said, and truthfully said, "Lord, we have left all, and followed Thee;" or, better still, Paul, who wrote, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord"; or, best of all, our Lord Jesus, who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." Only as we follow Christ, being filled with the same spirit, and fired by the same love, shall we be safe, either in this world or that which is to come.

MY PRAYER.

TO CONCLUDE THE YEAR WITH.

My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on Thy supporting power;
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guard while life shall last.

THE FERRY-BOAT.—Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day and every hour the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more.

Reviews.

Eighth Annual Report of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund and its Work, 1883. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6d.

Two years ago this very month we drew attention to the private charity so prettily described in her "annuals" by the Pastor's wife. Mrs. Spurgeon has an inventive genius for doing good and a graceful ingenuity of telling the good that is done and the gratitude that is stirred up by the subscriptions which her friends entrust to her care. Her method is worth studying as a model. Here you have the cream of a diary that is written up day by day. From such a reservoir a report may be drawn up without much difficulty. In this instance there are choice morsels from her correspondents, and delicate etchings of home life at Westwood; while there is not wanting a vein of poetry that runs through the little *brochure*.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record, with which is incorporated the Ragged School Union Magazine. Volume viii. New Series. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

THE Ragged School Union was established in the year 1844, and soon became a great power in reaching multitudes of not only the ragged poor, but the criminal portion of the masses in our Metropolis and provincial towns. It may be thought by some to have finished its work; but this is by no means the case. Board Schools can never in their present form do the work of the Ragged School Union. We get full proof of this in the volume before us, which contains 186 pages of matter which will be read by philanthropists and Christians with the deepest interest. There is also bound up with the volume the Annual Report, giving extracts from the reports of the various stations.

Christ the Stronghold. Being Extracts from the Journal of an Indian Subaltern, with some Friendly Words addressed to Soldiers. By CAPTAIN J. W. BRYANS, F.R.G.S. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

It is always a pleasure to say a few words for the works of Captain Bryans, he writes with such directness and success towards his object; his sentences are soundly evangelical and therefore are read with profit by civilians as well as soldiers. But the writer's object is to reach the latter; therefore, he says, "This little work is dedicated to all good soldiers of Jesus Christ, especially to the thousands of my fellow-countrymen in the British Army who keep watch and guard day and night on Home and Foreign service. These pages are dedicated by their sincere Comrade and Friend." The words of this book are not only friendly but suitable, and none who have an interest in the soldier can fail to do him good by getting him to read the prettily bound and truth-teaching volume.

The Life Almanack and Diary of the British Life Association, Limited. Head office, 429, Strand.

A VERY handsome and useful Almanack, full of information on the subject of Life Assurance and worthy of the company it represents.

Rays of Sacred Song for the Church and Home. By DAWSON BURNS, D.D. S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

To many of our readers the dedication words will awaken true and sympathetic interest in this volume. Dr. Burns writes as follows:—*The pages following are lovingly dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Clara Lucas*

Balfour, in whom the imagination of the Poet was united with the devotion of the Christian, and who consecrated to the service of God and of her race a nature richly endowed and a life made luminous with the beauty of holiness. The work is classified into three sections: 1, for public worship, for common and special occasions; 2, Scripture studies; and 3, various. To say that the pieces are devout and touching, and such as we should expect from the trained mind of the writer, is not saying enough; for the work contains some gems of superior merit.

To all who hold in respectful memory the name and labours of the late Henry Vincent we can recommend the January and February numbers of the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, which contains a thoroughly good outline of the life and work of that truly good and great public man.

NUMBERS 1 and 2 of *Bible Work at Home and Abroad* are before us. They are bright and cheerful magazines, and are a new series of the *Missing Link*. Their special object is to give details of the work of Bible Women and Nurses, and are dedicated to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Open Doors is the title of a monthly published by Elliot Stock. Its cover, with the representation of a poor, houseless woman, with infant in arms and a child by her side, rushing across a bridge at night in a pitiless storm to an open door, would indicate the design of these pages, which are devoted to prison missions, medical missions, temperance missions, gospel missions, village homes, and Christian women's work.

We have before us January numbers of the *Irish Baptist* and the *Scottish Baptist* penny magazines. They are full of good matter, and the Scottish one is specially good in its brightness and excellency of type. The *General Baptist*, under the new editorship, has not altered much: indeed, how could it? We are sure the editors will be well satisfied if it

only sustains its past success and good reputation. A short paper by Henry Wood, in the February number, on the Mahdi, will be of timely interest to its readers. The second chapter on "The New Theology Examined" in the *Baptist Magazine* should be read; also "The Prodigal Son," a sermon by Christmas Evans, contained in the February *Sword and Trowel*.

Tracts for the People.—To all who wish to be the means of good in distributing tracts and books suitable and likely to be read by the multitude we heartily recommend the Little Pilgrim series of tracts issued by J. Rennie, Colporteur, Hitchin, Herts. Mr. Rennie has our sympathy with his work, and our approval of his tracts. We believe 500 copies may be had for two shillings and sixpence, or one hundred for one shilling, and a considerable reduction on larger numbers.

The Bulwark of Truth.—Religious Book Society, Paternoster Row.—Must be good, for it is full of God's Book. The author of *How Do I Know the Bible is True?* knows his Bible, and that the Bible is true. He has done good service in the past, and we are pleased to have this work to add to his many past labours of love.

How to Reach the Masses: a Part Paper read at the Delegates' Meeting of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union. By REV. J. H. BLAKE.

THIS paper was printed in our *Messenger*, and the attention called to it has led to a reprint, by request, of a second and third thousand. Published by John Wiseman, Williamson Street, Luton, of whom they may be obtained.

MR. ALFRED DYER's narrative of facts about the *European Slave Trade in English Girls* has a painful interest to us. Would to God they were not facts. *Alas! alas! too true!*

We have received the *Sailors' Magazine*, *Life and Light*, by ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, *Young Men's Christian Journal*, *The British Flag*, *The Trinitarian Bible Society's Quarterly*, *The Evangelical Christendom*, *The Day of Days*, *The Christian Church*, *A Letter to the Poor of Outcast London*,

and also *New Ideas*, a book for thinkers. To all, except the last, we say, God speed them! and we make the exception because we cannot understand the writer. If he really means that his readers should be puzzled we think his book a splendid success.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. GOACHER, late of Milton, near Chipping Norton, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Kirton Lindsay.

Rev. E. E. Lovell, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the English Church at Maesteg.

Rev. W. Thomas, of Braunston, has accepted a call, made through the County Association, to the pastorate of the combined churches of Culworth, Sulgrave, and Helmsdon, Northamptonshire.

Rev. W. W. Haines has resigned the ministerial charge of the church at St. Leonards, having accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Wood Green, North London.

Rev. E. Hilton has resigned the charge of the church at Heanor, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Smalley, and the supervision of the church at Kilburn.

Rev. R. Colman, after five years' labours at Westbourne, Bournemouth, has announced his intention of retiring from the pastoral office at the end of March.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. T. M. SMITH, prior to leaving Pailton for Warwick, was presented with a purse of £15 from the church and congregation, and £10 from the committee of the Leicestershire Association. At the social gathering at which the presentations were made, Rev. J. G. Robinson, vicar of the parish, was present, and expressed

hearty wishes for Mr. Smith's future welfare.

Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown, pastor of Wycliffe Church, Bristol Road, Birmingham, was presented at the annual meeting with an illuminated address and an oil painted portrait of himself. Mrs. Brown, at the same time, received as a token of regard a silver tea kettle. Revs. F. Overbury, J. Trafford, Dr. Dale, and Mr. Councillor Bishop took part in the meeting. It was announced that Mr. William Middlemore had presented the congregation with £1,000 to defray the cost of new class rooms in connection with the Sunday School, and resolution was passed thanking Mr. Middlemore for his generous gift.

Rev. H. T. Peach, previous to leaving Rugby for Pietermaritzburg, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold. During Mr. Peach's pastorate the chapel and schoolrooms have been rebuilt at a cost of over £1,200, of which only £108 remains undischarged.

Rev. D. Jones, B.A., on retiring from the pastorate of the church at Brixton Hill, was presented last week with £300 as a testimonial of regard from the church and congregation.

Rev. J. Tyrrell, minister of the churches at Woodford and Addington, Northampton, has been presented with a testimonial of regard to the amount of £198.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. E. C. UNMACK has been recognised as pastor of Smechwick Church,

Birmingham. Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. H. Platten addressed the church. Revs. G. Sear, A. M. Dalrymple, and T. Travers Sherlock also delivered addresses.

Rev. John M'Lean, of Stirling, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Dumbarton. In the morning Rev. G. Youille gave the charge to the pastor; Mr. M'Lean preached at the evening service.

Rev. Henry Knee has been recognised as pastor of Counterslip Chapel, Bristol. Rev. Dr. Culross presided, and a hearty welcome was given to Mr. Knee by ministers of various denominations. Testimony was borne to the excellent feeling of fraternity which characterised the ministers in Bristol. "They do not," said Rev. E. G. Gange, "think who are Baptists, Independents, or Methodists, but they all work for the Master's cause." Rev. Arnold Thomas hoped that the same brotherly feeling which existed among the ministers would in time extend to the churches. Revs. R. Glover and W. Mottram also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. James Brigg was recognised on Jan. 17 as pastor of the church at Shoreham. Rev. D. D. Gracy, principal of the Pastors' College, gave the charge, and the Rev. W. Barker addressed the church. Revs. C. D. Crouch, W. J. Scott, C. Knowles, J. Lindley, and W. C. Bryan took part in the service.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, BARNES.—A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, in connection with the settlement of Rev. C. B. Chapman, as pastor of the church. Alfred H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.G.S. (Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society), presided. Revs. W. A. Blake, F. Brown, J. H. Cooke, W. Thomas, J. Simmance, and C. Kirtland, and John Chapman, Esq., addressed the meeting.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, BERKLEY ROAD, CHALK FARM.—The public recognition of Rev. G. Scudamore as pastor of the above, took place on Tuesday evening, February 12th. Rev.

E. B. Underhill, LL.D., presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Johnson Barker, LL.B., Thomas J. Cole, Jonadab Finch, G. M. Murphy, William Stott, E. W. Thomas, and other friends.

USK, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—On Jan. 16th, a largely attended public meeting was held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Frank Johnson. The chair was taken by H. Phillips, Esq., J.P., and addresses were delivered by Revs. E. Davies, B. Johnson, W. Morgan, D. R. Morgan, J. Evans, and Mr. T. Smith.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON MISSIONARY MEETING.—On Monday evening, February 4, the annual missionary meeting was held in the Park Street Baptist Schoolroom. The Rev. J. H. Blake presided, and there was a fair attendance. Earnest missionary addresses were given by the Rev. J. H. Blake, Messrs. Jacob Barford, William Findlay, and George Hucklesby. It is expected that about £40 or £50 will be realised when all the subscriptions and boxes are paid in. A resolution was unanimously passed to the effect that a subscription of £10 should be annually given towards supporting the Rev. Gogan Chunderdutt's missionary school.

On Sunday, February 3rd, the anniversary of the destruction of the old and new Baptist chapels by a storm on Sunday evening, February 4, 1866, was celebrated at the Park Street Chapel, Luton, when Rev. J. H. Blake preached a special sermon, taking the same text as that taken by the minister of the place at the time of the storm. There were large congregations.

The annual report has just been issued by the secretary, Mr. T. Palmer Lucas, of the Bromley Baptist Sunday School. There are on the books nearly 200 children; teachers, including officers, 26. A branch of the Bible Reading Union has been formed of 100 members. The library has 550 books. At the scholars' examination on April 6th,

5 obtained prizes, 11 first class certificates, 15 second class certificates. In the teachers' examination 3 gained distinction honours, 4 received certificates. The missionary contributions amounted to £15 11s. Amount raised for school work during the year, £40. The Bible Class for teachers, conducted by the Rev. A. Tessier, has been well attended. Several have been baptised during the year from the Young Women's Bible Class. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

SEAMEN'S CHRISTIAN FRIEND SOCIETY.—The quarterly conference of the friends and workers of this mission was held at the institution, in St. George's-street East, on the 29th of January, under the presidency of Colonel Handyside. A most encouraging report of the past quarter's work was given by the Rev. G. J. Hill, who stated that in London, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Workington, Isle of Man, Ireland, &c., 10 paid agents and about 60 voluntary helpers had held 1,156 Bethel services, temperance and other meetings on shore and afloat, paid 4,022 missionary visits to ships and homes, placed 54 bags of books and loan libraries on board ships, and distributed 26,400 English and foreign tracts and periodicals, 144 Bibles and Testaments, 155 Gospels, and 290 bound books. A large number of seamen had been corresponded with, and 933 free meals and about 200 tickets for beds had been given to distressed seamen. Arrangements had been made for the enlargement of the work, and during the ensuing quarter meetings would be held every evening at several of the Society's Bethels and sailors' rests. Brief reports of the varied departments of work in London were then given by about 20 of the workers, and were for the most part of a cheering character, and showing that the attendance at the schools had increased, the reading rooms had been well frequented, the shipboard services had been greatly blessed, numbers of sailors had become total abstainers, and others had become decided Christians. The

workers were addressed by Messrs. M. H. Hodder, George Wade, and Captain Dalrymple. The latter said that, speaking from over 40 years' knowledge of the mercantile marine, he was prepared to say that there was a great improvement in our sailors, and never before were there so many sober and Christian seamen as at present. — *Daily Chronicle*, Feb. 2, 1884.

RECENT DEATH.

PASTOR ONCKEN, of Hamburg, the well-known leader of the Baptists of Germany, and pioneer of religious liberty in that country, was called to his rest on the 2nd of January, having nearly completed his 84th year. He was born at Varel, in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, January 26th, 1800, and began his missionary work in 1824, under the auspices of the Continental Society. In 1834, having for some time been convinced of Believers' Baptism, and having waited for an opportunity of submitting to that ordinance, he was baptised, with six others, by the late Rev. Barnas Sears, D.D., of Boston, U.S.A. The seven were united in church-fellowship, and Mr. Oncken was appointed pastor of the little flock. From this small seed the Lord made not only a hundredfold, but many thousandfold to be the increase, and the results may be seen in over 150 churches, with more than 1,500 preaching-stations, and nearly 30,000 members, besides which many thousands have emigrated to America, Africa, and Australia, and thousands have joined the Church Triumphant. Nor are these the only fruits to be traced to Mr. Oncken's labours and those of his numerous co-workers. The great battle of religious liberty may be said to have been fought and won mainly by their means. Fines were imposed and repeated and multiplied, but were never paid. Confiscation of goods and imprisonment had to be resorted to, which were unhesitatingly endured rather than pay

finer, which would have been an inducement to further persecutions. This, in time, wearied their adversaries and excited sympathy for them. The great upheaval of 1848 helped to turn the tide in their favour, and though persecution is still not unknown even in the Protestant parts of Germany, it has long since ceased to be of much power. For several years Mr. Oncken has been laid aside from active work, and he spent the last few years in Zurich and its neighbourhood, where he died. "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

BAPTISMS.

- Abercarne*.—January 27, English Chapel, Two, by E. E. Probert.
Attercliffe.—January 27, Four, by R. Ensell.
Bacup.—January 27, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
Barrow-in-Furness.—January 23, Three, by J. Hughes.
Bassaleg.—February 3, at Bethel, Three; January 6, Two, by W. Maurice.
Belfast.—January 8, Regent-street, One; 15, Two; 22, One, by T. Mateer; 13, Great Victoria-street, Six, by W. Usher.
Bethany, Elan Vale.—January 27, One, by J. Jenkins.
Birmingham.—January 27, Longmore-street, Three, by A. T. Prout.
Brockhurst.—January 24, Eight, by W. M. Compton.
Builth, Wales.—January 13, Two, by H. V. Thomas.
Chadsmoor.—January 29, Two, by W. B. Haynes.
Chester.—January 6, Mission-hall, Two, by W. S. Jones.
Colchester.—January 2, Five, by E. Spurrier.
Combe-Martin.—January 13, Three, by J. Glover.
Corsham, Wilts.—February 3, Two, by J. Hurlstone.
Cradley.—January 30, Five, by J. Brown.
Dogelley.—January 27, Two, by D. Evans.
Eden Bridge.—January 15, One, by R. Powell.
Farnworth, Bolton.—January 15, One, by G. Haynes.
Great Grimsby.—December 30, Victoria-street, Four; January 27, Two, by E. Lauderdale.
Harpole.—January 27, Two, by W. Satchwell.
Hastingden.—January 27, Trinity Chapel, Ten, by P. Prout.
- Hereford*.—January 20, Three, by I. Williams B.A.
Highbridge.—February 3, Two, by G. H. Lemon.
Iwerne, Dorset.—January 17, Two, by A. Tovey.
Lincoln.—January 27, Mint-lane, One, by G. P. Mackay.
London:—
 Camberwell.—January 17, at Charles-street, Camberwell New-road, Three, by W. Sullivan, for St. Ann's-road Church, North Brixton.
 Leytonstone.—January 25, Two, by J. Bradford.
 Putney.—January 21, Five; January 27, Eleven, by W. Thomas.
 St. John's Wood.—January 31, Abbey-road Four, by W. Staff.
 Streatham, S.W..—January 30, Eowin-road, Two, by A. McCaig.
Lumb, Lancashire.—February 3, Three, by H. Abraham.
Luton.—January 2, Park-street, Eleven, by J. H. Blake.
Merthyr Tydvil.—January 20, One, by B. Thomas.
Newport, Mon.—January 27, Two, by A. T. Jones.
Ogmore Vale.—January 27, Cadvery Chapel, Three, by E. Aubrey.
Oswestry.—January 20, One, by G. Archer.
Pembroke Dock.—January 20, Bush-street, One, by R. C. Roberts.
Peterchurch.—January 20, Seven; 27, Ten, by J. Beard.
Fonlloygn.—January 27, Three, by Isaac Cool.
Pontrhydrim.—January 23, Thirteen, by J. Rees.
Portsmouth.—December 17, Lake-road, Six; January 23, Five; 23, Eight, by T. W. Medhurst.
Presteign, Radnorshire.—January 20, Two; 22, Three, by S. Watkins.
Rawtenstall.—January 19, Nine, by J. Jefferson.
Rhymney, Mon.—January 20, Two, by H. Phillips.
Risca, Mon.—January 20, Two, by E. Thomas.
Rochdale.—January 20, Water-street, Three, by D. O. Davies.
Stafford.—January 27, Two, by W. B. Haynes.
Shipley.—February 3, Three, by H. C. Atkinson.
Speen, Bucks.—January 23, Three, by C. Saville.
Torquay, Upton Vale.—January 6, Seven, by E. Edwards.
Wakefield.—January 30, Two, by J. Ford.
Waterhouses.—February 3, One, by R. W. Dobbie.

THE GLORIOUS HABITATION.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.”—Psalm xc. 1.

MOSES was the inspired author of three devotional compositions. We first of all find him as Moses the poet, singing the song which is aptly joined with that of Jesus, in the Revelation, where it says, “The song of Moses and of the Lamb.” He was a poet on the occasion when Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea, “his chosen captains also were drowned in the Red Sea.” Further on in his life we discover him in the character of a preacher, and then his doctrine distilled as the dew, and his speech dropped like the rain, in those chapters which are full of glorious imagery, and rich with poetry, which you will find in the Book of Deuteronomy. And now in the Psalms, we find him the author of a prayer: “A prayer of Moses, the man of God.” Happy combination of the poet, the preacher, and the man of prayer! Where three such things are found together, the man becomes a very giant above his fellows. It often happens that the man who preaches has but little poetry; and the man who is the poet would not be able to preach and utter his poems before immense assemblies, but would be only fit to write them by himself. It is a rare combination when true devotion and the spirit of poetry and eloquence meet in the same man. You will see in this Psalm a wondrous depth of spirituality; you will mark how the poet subsides into the man of God; and how, lost in himself, he sings his own frailty, declares the glory of God, and asks that he may have the blessing of his heavenly Father always resting on his head.

This first verse will derive peculiar interest if you remember the place where Moses was when he thus prayed. He was in the wilderness; not in some of the halls of Pharaoh, nor yet in a habitation in the land of Goshen, but in a wilderness. And perhaps from the summit of the hill, looking upon the tribes of Israel as they were taking up their tents and marching along, he thought, “Ah! poor travellers, they seldom rest anywhere; they have not any settled habitation where they can dwell. Here they have no continuing city;” but he lifted his eyes above, and he said, “Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.” Passing his eye back through history, he saw one great temple where God’s people had dwelt; and with his prophetic eye rolling with sacred frenzy, he could foresee that throughout all futurity the specially chosen of God would be able to sing, “Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.”

Taking this verse as the subject of our discourse this morning, we shall, first of all, *explain it*; and then we shall try and do what the old Puritans called “*improve*” it; by which they did not mean improve the text, but improve the people a little by the consideration of the verse.

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I. First we will try to explain it somewhat. Here is a *habitation*: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place;" and secondly, if I may use such a common word, here is *the lease of it*: "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

First, then, here is a *habitation*: "Lord, Thou hast been our habitation." The mighty Jehovah, who filleth all immensity, the Eternal, Everlasting, Great I Am, does not refuse to allow figures concerning Himself. Though He is so high that the eye of angel hath not seen Him, though He is so lofty that the wing of cherub hath not reached Him, though He is so great that the utmost extent of the travels of immortal spirits have never discovered the limit of Himself—yet He does not object that His people should speak of Him thus familiarly, and should say, "Jehovah, Thou hast been our dwelling place." We shall understand this figure better by contrasting the thought with the state of Israel in the wilderness; and secondly, by making mention of some things by way of comparison, which are peculiar to our house, and which we never can enjoy if we are not the possessors of a dwelling place of our own.

First, we shall contrast this thought, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place," with the peculiar position of the Israelites as they were travelling through the wilderness.

We remark, first, that *they must have been in a state of great uneasiness*. At nightfall, or when the pillar stayed its motion, the tents were pitched, and they lay themselves down to rest. Perhaps on the morrow, ere the morning sun had risen, the trumpet sounded, they stirred themselves from their beds and found the ark was in motion, and the fiery, cloudy pillar was leading the way through the narrow defiles of the mountain up the hill side, or along the arid waste of the wilderness. They had scarcely time to arrange their little property in their tents and make all things comfortable for themselves, before they heard the sound of "Away! away! away! this is not your rest; you must still be onward journeying towards Canaan!" They could not plant a little patch of ground around their tent, they could not lay out their house in order, and arrange their furniture, they could not become attached to the spot of ground. Even though just now their father had been buried in a place where a tent had tarried for a time; yet they must be off. They must have no attachment to the place, they must have nothing of what we call comfort, ease, and peace, but be always journeying, always travelling. Moreover, so exposed were they, that they never could be very easy in their tents. At one time the sand, with the hot simoom behind it, would drive through the tent and cover them almost to burial. On frequent occasions the hot sun would scorch them, and their canvas would scarce be a preservation; at another time the biting north wind would freeze around them, so that within their tents they sat shivering and cowering around their fires. They had little ease; but behold the contrast which Moses, the man of God, discerns with gratitude, "Thou art not our tent, but Thou art our dwelling place. Though we are uneasy here, though we are tossed from side to side by troubles, though we travel through a wilderness, and find it a rough pathway, though when we sit down here we know not what comfort means; O Lord, in Thee we possess all the comforts which a house can afford, we have all that a mansion or palace can give the prince, who can loll upon his couch, and rest upon his bed of down. Lord, Thou art to us comfort,

Thou art a house and habitation." Have you ever known what it is to have God for your dwelling place in the sense of comfort? Do you know what it is, when you have storms behind you, to feel like a sea-bird, blown to the land by the very storm? Do you know what it is, when you have been caged sometimes by adversity, to have the string cut by Divine grace, and like the pigeon that flies at once to its own dovecot, have you sped your way across the ether, and found yourself in God? Do you know what it is, when you are tossed on the waves, to go down into the depths of Godhead, there rejoicing that not a wave of trouble ruffles your spirit, but that you are serenely at home with God your own Almighty Father? Can you amidst the uneasiness of this desert journey find a comfort there? Is the breast of Jesus a sweet pillow for your head? Can you lie thus on the breast of Deity? Can you put yourself on the stream of Providence and float along without a struggle, while angels sing around you—Divinely guided, Divinely led—"We are bearing thee along the stream of Providence to the ocean of eternal bliss"? Do you know what it is to lie on God, to give up all care, to drive anxiety away, and there—not in a recklessness of spirit, but in a holy carelessness—to be careful for nothing, "but in everything by supplication to make known your wants unto God?" If so, ye have gained the first idea: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place throughout all generations."

Again, the Israelites were *very much exposed to all kinds of noxious creatures*, owing to their residing in tents, and their habits of wandering. At one time the fiery serpent was their foe. By night the wild beast prowled around them. Unless that fiery pillar had been a wall of fire around them and a glory in the midst, they might all have fallen a prey to the wild monsters that roamed the deserts. Worse foes they found in human kind. The Amalekites rushed down from the mountains; wild wandering hordes constantly attacked them. They never felt themselves secure, for they were travellers through an enemy's country. They were hasting across a land where they were not wanted, to another land that was providing means to oppose them when they should arrive. Such is the Christian. He is journeying through an enemy's land, every day he is exposed to danger. His tent may be broken down by death; the slanderer is behind him, the open foe is before him; the wild beast that prowls by night, and the pestilence that wasteth by day, continually seek his destruction; he finds no rest where he is; he feels himself exposed. But, says Moses, "Though we live in a tent exposed to wild beasts and fierce men, yet Thou art our habitation. In Thee we find no exposure. Within Thee we find ourselves secure, and in Thy glorious person we dwell as in an impregnable tower of defence, safe from every fear and alarm, knowing that we are secure." O Christian, hast thou ever known what it is to stand in the midst of battles, with arrows flying thick around thee more than thy shield can catch; and yet thou hast been as secure as if thou wert folding thine arms and resting within the walls of some strong bastion, where arrow could not reach thee, and where even the sound of trumpet could not disturb thine ears? Hast thou known what it is to dwell securely in God, to enter into the Most High, and laugh to scorn the anger, the frowns, the sneers, the contempt, the slander and calumny of men; to ascend into the sacred place of the pavilion of the Most High, and to abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and to feel

thyself secure? And mark thee, thou mayest do this. In times of pestilence it is possible to walk in the midst of cholera and death, singing—

“ Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He please, I cannot die.”

It is possible to stand exposed to the utmost degree of danger, and yet to feel such a holy serenity that we can laugh at fear ; too great, too mighty, too powerful through God to stoop for one moment to the cowardice of trembling : “ We know whom we have believed, and we are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him.” When houseless men wander, when poor distressed spirits, beaten by the storm, find no refuge, we enter into God, and shutting behind us the door of faith, we say, “ Howl, ye winds ! blow, ye tempests ! roar, ye wild beasts ! come on, ye robbers !

‘ He that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head,’ ”

Lord, in this sense, Thou hast been our habitation.

Again, poor Israel in the wilderness *were continually exposed to change*. They were never in one place long. Sometimes they might tarry for a month in one spot—just near the seventy palm trees. What a sweet and pleasant place to go out each morning, to sit beside the well and drink that clear stream ! “ Onward ! ” cries Moses : and he takes them to a place where the bare rocks stand out from the mountain side, and the red burning sand is beneath their feet ; vipers spring up around them, and thorny brakes grow instead of pleasing vegetation. What a change have they ! Yet, another day they shall come to a place that shall be more dreary still. They walk through a defile so close and narrow that the affrighted rays of the sun dare scarce enter such a prison, lest they should ne'er find their way out again. They must go onward from place to place, continually changing, never having time to settle, and to say, “ Now we are secure, in this place we shall dwell.” Here, again, the contrast casts light upon the text—“ Ah ! ” says Moses, “ though we are always changing, Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place throughout all generations.” The Christian knows no change with regard to God. He may be rich to-day and poor to-morrow ; he may be sickly to-day and well to-morrow ; he may be in happiness to-day, to-morrow he may be distressed ; but there is no change with regard to his relationship to God. If He loved me yesterday He loves me to-day. I am neither better nor worse in God than I ever was. Let prospects be blighted, let hopes be blasted, let joy be withered, let mildews destroy everything, I have lost nothing of what I have in God. He is my strong habitation whereunto I can continually resort. The Christian never becomes poorer, and never grows richer with regard to God. “ Here,” he can say, “ is a thing that never can pass away or change. On the brow of the Eternal there is ne'er a furrow ; His hair is unwhitened by age ; His arm is unpalsied by weakness ; His heart does not change in its affections ; His will does not vary in its purpose ; He is the Immutable Jehovah, standing fast and for

ever. Thou art our habitation ! As the house changes not, but stands in the same place, so have I found Thee from my youth up. When first I was cast upon Thee from my mother's breast I found Thee my God of Providence. When first I knew Thee by that spiritual knowledge which Thou alone canst give, I found Thee a sure habitation ; and I find Thee such now. Yea, when I shall be old and grey-headed, I know Thou wilt not forsake me ; Thou wilt be the same dwelling-place in all generations."

One thought more in contrasting the position of the Israelites with ourselves—that is *weariness*. How weary must Israel have been in the wilderness ! how tired must have been the soles of their feet with their constant journeyings ! They were not in a place of repose, luxury and rest, but in a land of journeying, and weariness, and trouble. I think I see them travelling, wiping frequently the burning sweat from their brows, and saying, "Oh ! that we had a habitation where we might rest ! Oh ! that we could enter a land of vines and pomegranates, a city where we might enjoy immunity from alarm. God has promised it to us, but we have not found it. There remaineth a rest for the people of God : O that we might find it." Christian, God is your habitation in this sense. He is your rest ; and you will never find rest except in Him. I defy a man who has no God to have a soul at rest. He who has not Jesus for his Saviour will always be a restless spirit. Read some of Byron's verses, and you will find him (if he was truly picturing himself) to be the very personification of that spirit who "walked to and fro, seeking rest and finding none." Here is one of his verses—

" I fly like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest ;
A balm for the sickness of care,
A bliss for a bosom unblest."

Read the lives of any men who have had no gospel justification, or have had no knowledge of God, and you will find that they were like the poor bird that had its nest pulled down, and knew not where to rest, flying about, wandering, and seeking a habitation. Some of you have tried to find rest out of God. You have sought to find it in your wealth ; but you have pricked your head when you have laid it on that pillow. You have sought it in a friend, but that friend's arm has been a broken reed, where you hoped it would be a wall of strength. You will never find rest except in God ; there is no refuge but in Him. Oh ! what rest and composure are there in Him. It is more than sleep, more than calm, more than quiet ; deeper than the dead stillness of the noiseless sea in its utmost depths, where it is undisturbed by the slightest ripple, and winds can never intrude. There is a holy calm and sweet repose which the Christian only knows, something like the slumbering stars up there in beds of azure ; or like the seraphic rest which we may suppose beatified spirits have when they before the throne continually bow—there is a rest so deep and calm, so still and quiet, so profound, that we find no words to describe it. You have tried it, and can rejoice in it. You know that the Lord has been your dwelling-place—your sweet, calm, constant home, where you can enjoy peace in all generations. But I have dwelt too long upon this part of the subject, and I will speak of it in a different way.

First of all, *the dwelling-place of man is the place where he can unbend himself, and feel himself at home, and speak familiarly.* In this pulpit I must somewhat check my words; I deal with men of the world, who watch my speech, and are ever on the catch, men who wish to have this or that to retail—I must be on my guard. So you men of business, when you are on the Exchange, or in your shop, have to guard yourselves. What does the man do at home? He can lay bare his breast, and do and say as he pleases. It is his own house—his dwelling-place; and is he not master there? shall he not do as he will with his own? Assuredly; for he feels himself at home. Ah! my beloved, do you ever find yourself in God to be at home? Have you been with Christ, and told your secrets in His ear, and found that you could do so without reserve? We do not generally tell secrets to other people, for if we do, and make them promise that they will never tell them, they *will* never tell them except to the first person they meet. Most persons who have secrets told them are like the lady of whom it is said she never told her secrets except to two sorts of persons—those that asked her, and those that did not. You must not trust men of the world; but do you know what it is to tell all your secrets to God in prayer, to whisper all your thoughts to Him? You are not ashamed to confess your sins to Him with all their aggravations; you make no apologies to God, but you put in every aggravation, you describe all the depths of your baseness. Then, as for your little wants, you would be ashamed to tell them to another: before God you can tell them all. You can tell Him your grief that you would not whisper to your dearest friend. With God you can be always at home: you need be under no restraint. The Christian at once gives God the key of his heart, and lets Him turn everything over. He says, “There is the key of every cabinet; it is my desire that Thou wouldst open them all. If there are jewels, they are Thine; and if there be things that should not be there, drive them out. Search me, and try my heart.” The more God lives in the Christian, the better the Christian loves Him; the oftener God comes to see him, the better he loves his God. And God loves His people all the more when they are familiar with Him. Can you say in this sense, “Lord, Thou hast been my dwelling-place”?

Then again, *man's home is the place where his affections are centred.* God deliver us from those men who do not love their homes! Lives there a man so base, so dead, that he has no affection for his own house? If so, surely the spark of Christianity must have died entirely out. It is *natural* that men should love their homes; it is *spiritual* that they should love them better still. In our homes we find those to whom we must and ever shall be most attached. There our best friends and kindred dwell. When we wander, we are as birds that have left their nests and can find no settled home. We wish to go back, and to see again that smile, to grasp once more that loving hand, and to find that we are with those to whom the ties of affection have knit us. We wish to feel—and every Christian man will feel—with regard to his own family, that they are the warp and woof of his own nature, that he has become a part and portion of them; and there he centres his affection. He cannot afford to lavish his love everywhere. He centres it in that particular spot, that oasis in this dark desert world. Christian man, is God your habitation in that sense? Have you given your whole soul to God? Do you feel you can bring your whole

heart to Him, and say, "O God! I love from my soul; with the most impassioned earnestness I love Thee.

'The dearest idol I have known—
Whate'er that idol be—
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only Thee!'

O God! though I sometimes wander, yet I love Thee in my wanderings, and my heart is fixed on Thee. What though the creature doth beguile me, I detest that creature; it is to me as the apple of Sodom. Thou art the Master of my soul, the Emperor of my heart; no vice-regent, but King of kings. My spirit is fixed on Thee as the centre of my soul.

'Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move;
The centre of my soul.'

O God! Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations."

My next remark is concerning the lease of this dwelling place. God is the believer's habitation. Sometimes, you know, people get turned out of their houses, or their houses tumble down about their ears. It is never so with ours; God is our dwelling place throughout all generations. Let us look back in times past, and we shall find that God has been our habitation. Oh, the old house at home! who does not love it? the place of our childhood, the old roof tree, the old cottage! There is no village in all the world half so good as that particular village where we were born! True, the gates, and stiles, and posts have been altered; but still there is an attachment to those old houses, the old tree in the park, and the old ivy-mantled tower. It is not very picturesque, perhaps, but we love to go to see it. We like to see the haunts of our boyhood. There is something pleasant in those old stairs where the clock used to stand; and in the room where grandmother was wont to bend her knee, and where we had family prayer. There is no place like that house after all! Well, beloved, God has been the habitation of the Christian in years that are gone by. Christian, your house is indeed a venerable house, and you have long dwelt there. You dwelt there in the presence of Christ long before you were brought into this sinful world; and it is to be your dwelling place throughout all generations. You are never to ask for another house; you will always be contented with that one you have; you will never wish to change your habitation. And if you wished it you could not, for He is your dwelling place in all generations. God give you to know what it is to take this house in its long lease, and ever to have God for your dwelling place!

II. Now I come to improve this text somewhat. First, let us improve it to SELF-EXAMINATION. How may we know whether we be Christians or not, whether the Lord is our dwelling place, and will be throughout all generations? I shall give you some hints for self-examination, by referring you to several passages which I have looked out in the first epistle of John. It is remarkable that almost the only Scriptural writer who speaks of God as a dwelling place, is that most loving apostle, John, out of whose epistle we have been reading.

He gives us in the 12th verse of the 4th chapter, one means of knowing whether we are living in God : " If we love another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us." And again, further on, he says, " And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." You may then tell whether you are a tenant of this great spiritual house by the love you have towards others. Have you a love towards the saints ? Well, then you are a saint yourself. The goats will not love the sheep ; and if you love the sheep, it is an evidence that you are a sheep yourself. Many of the Lord's weak family never can get any other evidences of their conversion except this :—" We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." And though that is a very little evidence, yet it is such a one that the strongest faith often cannot get a much better. " If I do not love God, I love His people ; if I am not a Christian, I love His house." What ! has the devil told thee thou art not the Lord's Poor Faintheart, dost thou love the Lord's people ? " Yes," sayest thou, " I love to see their faces and to hear their prayers ; I could almost kiss the hem of their garments." Is it so ? and would you give to them if they were poor ? would you visit them if they were sick, and tend them if they needed assistance ? " Ah ! yes." Then fear not. You who love God's people must love the Master. We know we dwell in God if we love one another.

In the 13th verse is another sign : " Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because *He hath given us of His Spirit.*" Have we ever had the Spirit of God in us ? That is one of the most solemn questions I can ask. Many of you know what it is to be excited by religious feeling who never had the Spirit of God. Many of us have great need to tremble lest we should not have received that Spirit. I have tried myself scores of times, in different ways, to see whether I really am a possessor of the Spirit of God or not. I know that the people of the world scoff at the idea, and say, " It is impossible for anybody to have the Spirit of God." Then it is impossible for anybody to go to heaven ; for we must have the Spirit of God, we must be born again of the Spirit, before we can enter there. What a serious question is this : " Have I had the Spirit of God in me ?" True, my soul is at times lifted on high, and I feel that I could sing like a seraph. True, sometimes I am melted down by deep devotion, and I could pray in terrible solemnity. But so could hypocrites, perhaps. Have I the Spirit of God ? Have you any evidence within you that you have the Spirit ? Are you sure that you are not labouring under a delusion and a dream ? Have you actually the Spirit of God within you ? If so, you dwell in God. That is the second sign.

But the apostle gives another sign in the 15th verse : " Whosoever shall confess that *Jesus is the Son of God,* God dwelleth in him, and he in God." The confession of our faith in the Saviour is another sign that we live in God. Oh ! poor heart, canst thou not come under this sign ? Thou mayest have but little boldness, but canst thou not say, " I believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ ?" If so, thou dwellest in God. Many of you, I know, say, " When I hear a sermon I feel affected by it. When I am in the house of God I feel like a child of God, but the business, cares, and troubles of life take me off, and then I fear I am not." But you can say " I do believe in Christ ; I know I cast myself on His mercy, and hope

to be saved by Him." Then do not say you are not a child of God if you have faith.

But there is one more sign whereby we ought to examine ourselves, in the 3rd chapter, 24th verse: "*He that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him.*" Obedience to the commandments of God is a blessed sign of a dwelling in God. Some of you have a deal of religious talk, but not much religious walk; a large stock of outside piety, but not much real inward piety, which develops itself in your actions. That is a hint for some of you who know that it is right to be baptized, and are not. You know it is one of the commandments of God that "he that believeth shall be baptized," and you are neglecting what you know to be your duty. You are dwelling in God, I doubt not, but you lack one evidence of it, namely—obedience to God's commandments. Obey God, and then you will know that you are dwelling in Him.

But I have another word by way of improvement, and that is one of CONGRATULATION. You who dwell in God, allow me to congratulate you. Thrice happy men are ye, if ye are dwelling in God! You need not blush to compare yourselves with angels; you need not think that any on earth can share such happiness as yours! Zion, oh, how blessed art thou, freed from all sins! Now thou art, through Christ, made to dwell in God, and therefore art eternally secure! I congratulate you, Christians, first, that you have such a *magnificent house* to dwell in. You have not a palace that shall be as gorgeous as Solomon's,—a mighty palace as immense as the dwellings of the kings of Assyria, or Babylon; but you have a God that is more than mortal creatures can behold; you dwell in an immortal fabric, you dwell in the Godhead—something which is beyond all human skill. I congratulate you, moreover, that you live in such a *perfect house*. There ne'er was a house on earth that could not be made a little better; but the house you dwell in has everything you want; in God you have all you require. I congratulate you, moreover, that you live in a house that shall *last for ever*; a dwelling place that shall not pass away. When this world shall have been scattered like a dream; when, like the bubble on the breaker, creation shall have died away; when all this universe shall have died out like a spark from an expiring brand, your house shall live and stand more imperishable than marble, more solid than granite, self-existent as God, for it is God! Be happy then.

Now, lastly, a word of ADMONITION AND WARNING to some of you. My hearers, what a pity it is that we have to divide our congregation; that we cannot speak to you in a mass as being all Christians. This morning, I would I could take God's Word and address it to you all, that you all might share the sweet promises it contains. But some of you would not have them if I were to offer them. Some of you despise Christ, my blessed Master. Many of you think sin to be a trifle, and grace to be worthless; heaven to be a vision, and hell to be a fiction. Some of you are careless and hardened, and thoughtless, without God, and without Christ. Oh! my hearers, I wonder at myself that I should have so little benevolence, that I do not preach more fervently to you. Methinks if I could get a right estimate of your souls' value, that I should not speak as I do now, with stammering tongue, but with flaming words. I have great cause to blush at my own slothfulness, though God knows I have striven to preach God's truth as vehemently as possible, and would spend myself

in His service ; but I wonder I do not stand in every street in London and preach His truth. When I think of the thousands of souls in this great city that have never heard of Jesus, that have never listened to Him ; when I think of how much ignorance exists, and how little Gospel preaching there is ; how few souls are saved, I think—O God ! what little grace I must have, that I do not strive more for souls.

One word by way of *warning*. Do you know, poor soul, that you have not a house to live in ? You have a house for your body, but no house for your soul. Have you ever seen a poor girl at midnight sitting down on a doorstep crying ? Somebody passes by, and says, "Why do you sit here ?" "I have no house, sir ; I have no home." "Where is your father ?" "My father's dead, sir." "Where is your mother ?" "I have no mother, sir." "Have you no friends ?" "No friends at all." "Have you no house ?" "No ; I have none. I am houseless." And she shivers in the chill air, and gathers her poor ragged shawl around her and cries again, "I have no house—I have no home." Would you not pity her ? Would you blame her for her tears ? Ah ! there are some of you that have houseless souls here this morning. It is something to have a houseless body ; but to think of a houseless soul ! Methinks I see you in eternity sitting on the doorstep of heaven. An angel says, "What ! have you no house to live in ?" "No house," says the poor soul. "Have you no father ?" "No ; God is not my father ; and there is none beside Him." "Have you no mother ?" "No ; the church is not my mother ; I never sought her ways, nor loved Jesus. I have neither father nor mother." "Have you no house, then ?" "No ; I am a houseless soul." But there is one thing worse about that—houseless souls have to be sent into hell ; to a dungeon, to a lake that burns with fire. Houseless soul ! in a little while thy body will have gone ; and where wilt thou house thyself when the hot hail of eternal vengeance comes from heaven ? Where wilt thou hide thy guilty head, when the winds of the last judgment day shall sweep on thee with fury ? Where wilt thou shelter thyself when the blast of the terrible one shall be as a storm against a wall, when the darkness of eternity comes upon thee, and hell thickens round thee ? It will be all in vain for you to cry, "Rocks, hide me ; mountains, fall upon me"—the rocks will not obey you, the mountains will not hide you. Caverns would be palaces if you could dwell in them, but there will be no caverns for you to hide your head in, but you will be houseless souls, houseless spirits, wandering through the shades of hell, tormented, destitute, afflicted, and that throughout eternity. Poor houseless soul, dost thou want a house ? I have a house to let this morning for every sinner who feels his misery. Do you want a house for your soul ? Then I will condescend to men of low estate, and tell you in homely language, that I have a house to let. Do you ask me what is the purchase ? I will tell you ; it is something less than proud human nature will like to give. It is without money and without price. Ah ! you would like to pay some rent, wouldn't you ? You would love to do something to win Christ. You cannot have the house, then ; it is "without money and without price." I have told you enough of the house itself, and therefore I will not describe its excellencies. But I will tell you one thing—that if you feel you are a houseless soul this morning, you may have the key to-morrow ; and if you feel yourself to be a houseless soul to-day, you may enter it now. If you had a house of your

own I would not offer it to you ; but since you have no other, here it is. Will you take my Master's house on a lease for all eternity, with nothing to pay for it, nothing but the ground-rent of loving and serving Him for ever ? Will you take Jesus, and dwell in Him throughout eternity, or will you be content to be a houseless soul ? Come inside, sir ; see, it is furnished from top to bottom with all you want. It has cellars filled with gold, more than you will spend as long as you live ; it hath a parlour where you can entertain yourself with Christ, and feast on His love ; it has tables well stored with food for you to live on for ever ; it hath a drawing-room of brotherly love where you can receive your friends. You will find a resting room up there where you can rest with Jesus ; and on the top there is a look-out, whence you can see heaven itself. Will you have the house, or will you not ? Ah, if you are houseless, you will say, "I should like to have the house ; but may I have it ?" Yes ; there is the key. The key is, "Come to Jesus." But you say, "I am too shabby for such a house." Never mind ; there are garments inside. As Rowland Hill once said—

"Come naked, come filthy, come ragged, come poor,
Come wretched, come dirty, come just as you are."

If you feel guilty and condemned, come, and though the house is too good for you, Christ will make you good enough for the house by-and-by. He will wash you, and cleanse you, and you will yet be able to sing with Moses, with the same unflinching voice, "Lord, Thou hast been *my* dwelling place throughout all generations."

WHAT CHRIST IS TO HIS PEOPLE.—A shelter from the storm ; a house among strangers ; a fortress among enemies ; a river in a desert ; a physician in a hospital ; a guide in an unknown country ; a comforter in trouble ; wealth in poverty ; safety in danger ; health in sickness ; life in death ; and our everlasting all when rolling worlds shall cease to move.

A NEGRO preacher once said, "Brethren, whateber de good God tells me to do in dis blessed Book, dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it b'longs to God ; jumping at it b'longs to me."

GREEN TREE IN THE DESERT.—Journeying in the desert we mount a dromedary of Midian and traverse arid sands. A furnace breath fans us. Our lips become swollen, and our eyes bloodshot. After wearisome days we espy an oasis and hasten to its grove. From the fountain we see little artificial channels conducting the water around a graceful palm-tree, that towers majestically above surrounding objects. There it has stood for scores of years, clothed in perpetual green, and yielding delicious dates with generous freedom. We behold an emblem of the happy man,—one who has no fellowship with the wicked ; whose chief joy is in the contemplation of Divine things. He can be relied upon. He is prompt in meeting duties. This comparison of a good man to a tree which "bringeth forth his fruit in his season," was the favourite sanction of punctuality often urged by one of the most distinguished educators in our land. Every godly man will be a punctual man ; no one irregular and tardy can be happy.—*Thompson's "Seeds and Sheaves."*

Struggles and Triumphs;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER IV.—THE REJECTED CANDIDATE WELCOMED.

It will occasion the reader no surprise to learn that the rejection of John Grant on the part of our church, as a piece of sensational news, spread rapidly through Sunborough. The next day it was more or less the talk of our small town, and various opinions were given in regard to it. Some approved of the decision of the church, while others most emphatically condemned it. Those who approved of it were probably in the majority, for they included the publicans, their customers, and a host of moderate drinkers; but the minority were composed of a few of our best church members, the teetotalers themselves, and a goodly number who were beginning to think seriously about the total abstinence question. But there were three opposite characters who were specially delighted with the step the church had taken. One of these was the landlord of "The Gaping Goose," at whose house John Grant had spent no small portion of his weekly earnings, and who hoped, therefore, soon to have him as a constant customer again. The second was Sam Crowe, who in more than one tap-room scandalized the church by revealing gleefully, for the edification of the toppers assembled, what had transpired at the church meeting. And the third was a well-known sceptic named Tobiah Hobson, who, being an ardent teetotaler as well as an

infidel, deemed it a capital occasion for exalting total abstinence at the expense of Christianity. These three, therefore, much to the damage of our church, took care, in their respective spheres of influence, to keep the ball rolling; and the consequence was that, go wherever our members might, they were almost certain to have this unpleasant piece of business brought up before them, with sundry comments that frequently were anything but flattering either to themselves or to the cause.

But how did it fare with John Grant himself? To say that he was astonished at his well-nigh wholesale rejection is to say the least; he was also much cast down and indignant. He could not but feel that, honest in his profession as he knew himself to be, the church had not dealt with him either charitably or fairly. If, under the influence of doubt, it had tried him, say, three months or six months longer before coming to a decision, he could have borne it without pain; but to reject him in such a summary fashion was, he deemed, an injustice of which no secular society would hardly be guilty. He therefore came to one conclusion, and that was to have nothing further to do with chapels or churches any more. He had tried one church, and if that was a sample of the lot, the less he had to do with them, he thought, the better. He would give them henceforth the go-by, and carry out his

profession in future in his own independent fashion.

A visit at this juncture from Tobiah Hobson could not help but add fuel to this rebellious flame. It was for Tobiah an opportune season for sowing sceptical seed, of which he did not hesitate at once to avail himself. Accordingly, the night after the church meeting he was found at John Grant's house in a very gracious mood, and something like the following conversation ensued :—

"Well, Mr. Grant, how are you to-night? Up in the boughs, eh?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Hobson. Take a chair and rest a little."

"Thank you; I will do so. But I suppose you're down a bit about what occurred at the church meetin' last night?"

"I cannot say but what I am, Tobiah."

"Then excuse plain talk, but I think you're a soft fellow to be down for anything of the kind. You ought to be very thankful, man, that you've got more light."

"More light! What do you mean by that?"

"Why more light as to what these precious churches are, and what they seek to do for society. I've seen enough of their doings in my day; and when you've got as much light on the subject as I have, you'll reckon that you never made yourself a bigger muff than when you went and asked 'em to take you in as a member."

"How do you make that out, Mr. Hobson?"

"In this way, my worthy friend. You see, I've studied this question, and have come to the conclusion that parsons are so many priests who just preach to keep the people under 'em and get a good living; and that churches have always been opposed to every good movement

that would promote the well-being of the community. Not to go further, you can see this fact clearly illustrated in the temperance question. Now, I argue that, if there is one question of the day that is more important than any other, it is this one. Look at the public-houses that there are in every city, town, and village, and what a curse they are everywhere. The crime, misery, poverty, lunacy, vice, and burdens heaped upon the nation by 'em is, without controversy, incalculable. Only banish 'em, or prevent 'em selling the drink, and there wouldn't be such a nation as ours under the Sun. But there they are, tempting people on every hand, and bringing year by year hundreds of thousands to ruin. But who upholds 'em? Who supports 'em, and keeps 'em up? Your holy parsons, who are afraid to offend the brewers, and publicans, and drinkers in their congregations, for fear they should throw up their pew rents; and your pious church members, who love their little drop, and can't, with all their professed self-denial, give it up for the sake of others. Now, I say that it's all so much hypocrisy and cant from beginning to end; and you yourself have had a proof of it, for when you go before one of these churches and tell an honest, straightforward tale, and point out the evil drink has done to yourself and your family, and show 'em what total abstinence can do in elevating you and making you a man again, what do they do? Why they just kick you out as if you were a dog, and say they will have nought to do with you or anyone like you. Now, doesn't that give you light? Does it not show you what these parsons and churches are made of, and how little they deserve your confidence?"

"Well, one thing I know, Hobson, and that is,—they will never find

me applying to 'em for membership again."

"To be sure they won't. You are in the right way now, man. A bit more thought and you'll be coming right over to my way of thinking. Depend upon it, you've been taught a lesson; and it will prove one of the most useful lessons of your life. Now see how I am going to act, and ask yourself if, infidel as I am, as people call me, I am not a truer friend to you than any of these pious folk. When I heard this morning how they had treated you last night, lest you should be tempted to break your pledge, and also to give you something to do, I went to two or three of our temperance committee, and we've agreed to propose you as a member. What do you say to being one of us? You'll find us a different lot, I can tell you, to the sort you thought of joining."

It needed, under the circumstances, but little persuasion to induce John Grant to fall in with the proposal; and it is perhaps needless to add that he was received by the committee with open arms. On the following Sunday evening the attendance at their lecture-room was very large, as it was thought by many that some special allusion would be made to our church action. And the public were not disappointed. One of the speakers was Tobiah Hobson, and he did not fail to make the most of his opportunity, by referring to Mr. Grant's rejection as a striking proof of the churches' antagonism to every great and good movement, and the urgent necessity, therefore, that existed for uprooting such institutions altogether. This speech, it is only fair to observe, was certainly not approved of by the majority present, and the chairman, to nullify its evil influence, felt it needful to

give the audience distinctly to understand that the speaker alone was responsible for his own utterances. But, nevertheless, the speech having been given, the sceptical poison had been spread. The chairman had scarcely, however, made this apology before there was a cry for John Grant to speak, and as the suggestion was applauded, the chairman called upon him to come forward. After a pause he did so; and, being well received, he gave the audience his experience just as he had given it to our church, with additions of a thrilling character. The effect upon the hearers may be imagined. Tears rolled down many cheeks; ever and anon there was a suppressed cheer; and when the speaker concluded, with a perfectly natural peroration, the applause, Sunday evening though it was, was both loud and long. It was patent to all that this reformed drunkard had natural gifts that none had suspected, not even himself; and the chairman declared it to be quite evident that, as a new member, he would be a power for good to the society. At the close of the meeting many came forward to give him a hearty shake of the hand, and bid him God speed; and the result was that John Grant went home that night a happy man, and the subject of wonderfully different feelings to those that pressed him down when, a few evenings before, he had left our church meeting.

To our minister and church, all this could not but prove perplexing and even disastrous. We soon began to reap what we had sown. John Grant threw up his sittings, and his children were taken from the Sunday-school. Several more teetotalers pursued the same course, and instead of going to the house of the Lord on Sunday evenings, frequented a room which was now

opened and dignified as a Temperance Hall. Our minister, hearing that speeches were made at the hall derogatory to our church and Christian churches generally, retaliated occasionally by preaching sermons that led his hearers to suppose that the basis of the temperance movement was little else but infidelity. But all this simply made matters worse. The total abstainers still left in the church took every opportunity of ventilating their views and grievances both in our church meetings and the Sunday-school; and therefore were by some voted an intolerable nuisance, and by

others a misrepresented and persecuted party. Thus things went on, the total abstainers, however, growing stronger and stronger, until it seemed evident that ere long there would be a split among us. But just at this crisis two or three events occurred which cast in the shade all that had transpired before, and made even our minister and deacons wonder whether in rejecting John Grant and opposing the temperance movement they had not adopted a suicidal policy, which in the interest of the church itself, as soon as possible had better be reversed!

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE FIREBRAND.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"—Zechariah iii. 2.

SIN is like a fire; a sinner resembles a brand in the fire; a sinner saved may be compared to a brand plucked out of the fire. Such are the thoughts suggested by the words before us.

A brand is abnormal. It is not in its original condition. It was not always a brand; was it? Look, it is now blackened, charred, ashy. Once, however, it was part of a living tree. It formed a portion of the sturdy oak, the spreading elm, or the graceful palm.

As much may be said of man. He is not in his primeval state; we do not see human nature at its best. Almost all nations speak of a golden age which is gone, and their

poets sing plaintively concerning "the light of other days." Nor is this mere sentiment; there is reason for it. Time was when God's creature wore God's image. No gust of passion or folly ruffled the tranquil surface of his moral being. Hence to be converted means literally to be turned round; for, when we are saved, we are restored to the position our ancestors occupied before they transgressed.

What holds good of the race is equally true of individuals. It is sad and tragical to recollect that the vilest criminal was, at the first, an artless and a harmless child. An incident has often been related which forcibly illustrates this. One day an artist encountered a little boy whose beauty arrested his attention. So attractive was he that he longed to make him the subject of a painting. He found

out where he lived, and took his portrait. It was very beautiful. The clear, honest eye; the guileless, open countenance; the every expression and gesture betokened immunity from crime and freedom from vice. Such being the case, the painter entitled his picture Innocence. Years afterwards, he wished to execute a companion to it, one which should indicate Guilt. After searching for a suitable "study," he at last found one. It was a prisoner, a wretched culprit in the cell of a gaol. He seemed to be an incarnation of depravity and degradation. His brow lowered, his gaze was suspicious; hollow cheek, matted hair, and deep-drawn furrows on the forehead all told a tale of misery and wretchedness. It was put upon canvas, and the pair of paintings hung side by side, the second a foil and contrast to the first. But what think you, my reader? On inquiry it was found that Innocence and Guilt were the same person!

A brand plucked from the burning is partly consumed. A portion of it is gone—hopelessly gone. No power can recover it. Is there nothing answering to this in our experience? Alas, there is. Even though we repent most deeply and reform most thoroughly, there are things lost by sin which none are able to recover. An idler, who has wasted time, frittered away opportunities of improvement, lived a butterfly life, is converted. Does he get back the squandered months and years? A spendthrift, who has wasted money, contracted extravagant habits, ridiculed economy, becomes religious. Does he regain his scattered property? A drunkard, who has wasted health, shattered his nerves, and shortened his days, abandons his foolish, iniquitous habits of intoxication, does he not,

nevertheless, feel their effects as long as he lives?

A children's book called "Blind Amos," by Paxton Hood, will well repay perusal by the old as well as the young. Among other things, Amos is represented as visiting a gaol. He pitied the poor prisoners, and tried to help them. On one occasion he tried his hand at preaching a sermon to them. Just look at a scrap of it:—"Don't you see that when once a man has done wrong, no doing right can ever mend the wrong? When I was a child, my mother had a very valuable china tea-cup, which she valued very much, and I was so unfortunate as to break it. Well, it was put together again; it was mended with some cement; but still there was always the place where it had been broken. I often saw my mother looking at this place, and it made me extremely uncomfortable. So it is with us. Some of you have stolen money, and some of you have stolen property. Suppose you could go to those whom you have robbed and say, 'There is ten times the value of what I took from you.' Would that mend it? No; it might put together the broken pieces of china, but it could not take away the recollection that you had committed the robbery. Some time ago I went with your chaplain into a cell to see one of your number, who was very ill, and he seemed to be contrite, for he said, 'Oh, sir, I have robbed such a good master I shall never be able to make it up to him. 'When you get out of prison,' said I, 'you must try what you can do.' 'Oh,' he cried, 'I can never do it; I shall never forgive myself; I shall never be able to forget it.'" Saul of Tarsus was a ringleader in persecution. None were so bent on it as he. How glad he would have

been, when converted, to have put an end to the outrages which he began! No; that was more than he could do. A few years ago we met with a similar case. A young man, who was an infidel, had a friend who was a believer in Christianity. He did all that he could to make that friend sceptical. In vain. Again and again he tried, but without success. But, in the end, repeated efforts proved effectual. He persuaded his companion to give up the Bible. In the course of time that infidel was led to see the error of his way. His eyes were opened, and he became convinced of the Gospel's truth. What was his first thought? Naturally enough, it was about his old associate. "Can I restore him? Oh, that I could!" He tried, but it was useless. He had set a stone rolling which he was unable to stop.

A brand plucked out of the fire is rescued. Snatched from the flames, all on fire, hot and flaming, it is delivered from destruction. Even so, great sinners may be saved. Men notorious for wickedness can prove that nothing is too hard for the Lord: history shows this. Think of degraded, debased heathen. "What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" So asked Paul of people who had been pagans. Formerly they had done things which now bowed them down with remorse, mantled their countenances with the blush of modesty, and called forth tears of regret. When Moffatt went to labour in South Africa he heard of an infamous chief named Africanes, who was such a thief and murderer that he was a universal terror. Everywhere he was warned against him. One aged woman wept at the thought of the missionary going near him. "So young, to be eaten up by that monster!" she exclaimed.

Eaten up! "That monster" was Moffatt's first convert. He built him a house, gave him cattle, nursed him in sickness, and acted the part of a friend. Think of criminals and convicts. When Christ was on earth, the woman that was a sinner, the malefactor at Calvary, and His very murderers were saved. And so now, grace wins trophies from the dangerous classes of society. Do we not often hear of thieves, burglars, prizefighters, blasphemers, sots, who are made pure, devout and righteous? Think of atheists and sceptics. Not a few have been brought to preach the faith which they once sought to destroy. Thomas Cooper, Joseph Baker, and George Sexton are cases in point. "All manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men." "He is able to save to the uttermost." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Is this true? *Be thankful.* Brands are *plucked out of the fire.* They do not deliver themselves: a hand snatches them from the flames. Let alone, they would be consumed. And thus is it with us. "Salvation is of the Lord." "We love Him because He first loved us." "By grace are ye saved."

"All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

"The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine."

My brother, remember this when you have spiritual difficulties. Think of it in temptation. Recall it in trouble. Surely it will make you brave to conquer and patient to endure. Am I, ever and anon, prone to ask why I should do *this* or suffer *that*? why I should make these sacrifices, or practise those

denials : The answer is at hand ; because you owe so much to God. He has saved you. You are a brand plucked out of the fire !

Be watchful. Are you a rescued brand ? Keep away from the fire. Remember that a brand snatched from the burning is inflammable. It is very easily ignited. A spark is often sufficient to kindle it again. And does not sin easily beset us ? Are we not prone to relapse into the follies we have mourned and the faults we have renounced ? Scripture speaks of the sow returning to her wallowing in the mire. It is recorded of one who lived in the early ages of the Christian era, that on being asked by a friend to accompany him to the amphitheatre to witness the gladiatorial combats with wild beasts, he expressed his abhorrence of the sport, and refused to witness a scene condemned alike by humanity and Christianity. Overcome, at length, by the continued and pressing solicitations of his friend, whom he did not wish to disoblige, he consented to go. He determined, however, that he would close his eyes as soon as he had taken his seat, and keep them closed during the whole time he was in the amphitheatre. At some particular display of strength and skill by one of the combatants, a loud shout of applause was raised by the spectators, when the Christian almost involuntarily opened his eyes. Being once opened, he found it difficult to close them again. He became interested in the fate of the gladiator who was then engaged with a lion. He returned home, professing to dislike, as his principles required him to do, these cruel games ; but his imagination ever and anon revetted to the scenes he had unintentionally witnessed. He was again asked by his friend to see the sport. He had less difficulty

now than before in consenting. He went, sat with his eyes wide open, and enjoyed the spectacle. Again and again he took his seat with the pagan crowd, till at length he became a constant attendant at the amphitheatre, abandoned his Christian profession, and relapsed into idolatry.

Be hopeful. Of whom ? Of our fellow-men, even the worst. Say, if you will, of a certain person, that he is an adept at vice, a monster of iniquity, a sinner above all sinners ; nevertheless, he is not beyond the reach of mercy. According to the Revised Version, Christ said, "Do good and lend, never despairing." Never despairing !—golden words which we should treasure in our heart of hearts. Oh, that we would learn the value of a little genuine and timely sympathy towards the erring and fallen. A London city missionary once found in a wretched garret a poor fellow both destitute and ill. He spoke gently to him, inquiring about his circumstances, and showing an interest in his welfare. The man listened for a while, and then, putting his head under the bed-clothes, began to weep. "I hope I have not hurt your feelings," said the missionary ; "I did not mean to do so. What is the matter ?" "Oh, sir," was the answer, "you are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me for years and years ; and I can't stand it." Yes, there are hearts, callous and hard, which are nevertheless capable of softening by the gracious power of love.

Again we say, be hopeful. If you have been saved, why should you despond about others ? When He was on earth, Christ undertook desperate cases, and He was always equal to them. He healed one who was not only leprous, but "full of leprosy ;" He restored those who had not simply been diseased, but

were "grievously tormented;" He imparted health to such as had spent "all on physicians, and were nothing better, but rather the worse." And these miracles are symbolic. What He did for the body then, He can do for the soul now.

Derby.

I-CHABOD; OR, THE STANDARD LOST.

(1 Sam. iv.)

THE chapter under consideration records the most disastrous event that had befallen Israel. Again and again they were punished for their sins; their rebellion, backsliding, murmuring, and idolatry had brought on them the just judgments of God. Notwithstanding the almost hopeless condition to which they were reduced, they had still a visible pledge that if they turned to God in penitence and faith He would hearken to their cry. Even in the worst times there was always a remnant, the true Israel, who never bowed the knee to false gods. To such Shiloh with the Tabernacle, would be a centre of devotion, a rallying point for their weak faith. But now the Israelites, having been beaten in a battle with the Philistines, and lost four thousand men, it was rashly resolved to send for the Ark of the Covenant, that its presence might retrieve disaster. The Ark was a visible token of God's presence, and so they thought, in their superstition, that by paying it outward respect, they would ensure the favour of God. When in bygone days the Ark set forward, Moses was wont to pray, "Arise, O Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered!"

But he well knew that it was God's presence that ensured victory.

"What good could the shell do without the kernel?" an old divine has aptly remarked. There are not a few in our own day who trust to external rites and ceremonies for their salvation, who deny the power of godliness while revering the form of it. So confident were the Israelites that they greeted the Ark with shouts of triumph, and their ringing cheers being heard in the Philistine's camp caused consternation and dismay. The traditions of Egypt, the remembrance of all the marvellous things the great God had done, now filled their minds with alarm. With a courage born of despair, they fell upon unhappy Israel and put them to a great slaughter. The captains rallied their men, and stimulated them by brave, noble words, making their pulses throb with fire. The very sight of the dreaded Ark nerved them to fight; the presence of a new difficulty made it all the more necessary to surmount it. An increase of power to Israel inspired the soldierly command to the Philistines, "Quit you like men!" So it is with the Christian: difficulties are to be met in a resolute, determined spirit, never flinching, never wavering, but, with brave heart and eye fixed on the goal, marching onward. Bunyan remarks:

"The hill of Difficulty, tho' high,
I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend:
For I perceive the way of life lies
here.
Come, pluck up heart! let's neither
faint nor fear,
Better, tho' difficult, the *right* way
go,
Than wrong, tho' easy, where the
end is woe."

The result of the battle is summed up in those few pregnant words,

"The Ark of God has fallen." It was a complete rout, *saute qui peut*, each man flying to his tent for safety. Not only did they leave 30,000 slain in the field but their precious treasure was taken; as we in modern times would deplore the colours falling into the enemy's hands. It was always counted a disgrace for a Roman Legion to lose its standard. When Cæsar undertook the conquest of Britain, the appearance of the foe was so formidable as to deter him from landing. However, the standard-bearer of the Tenth Legion leaped into the waves and made for the shore. The troops followed to protect the banner, and thus effected the conquest.

There was enough in the simple fact of the Ark being taken to teach the Israelites their folly, and that unless they repented they must not look to the God of their fathers for help. The defeat, however, does not seem to have awakened a consciousness of their sins; and on the contrary, so blind and hardened had they become, that they murmured they had been unjustly dealt with. Bad news travels fast. An express posted to Shiloh with the heavy tidings of defeat, disaster and disgrace. "All the city cried out," and while the aged high priest's ears were strained to catch the sound of the tumult, his heart fainted within him. He could have borne the news of the defeat; the consolations of God would have supported him under his domestic affliction: but the Ark was dearer to him than life. He swooned away, and never spoke more. So fell the crown from his head who judged Israel forty years; his sun set under a cloud; the glory was departed with the Divine Presence. Thus the pious wife of the faithless Phine has called her new-

born infant I-chabod, "where is the glory?" for she felt that the beauty of Israel had gone. How dark and mysterious was that dispensation, in which God seemed to dissolve His covenant with Israel, to disinherit His chosen, and deliver His glory into the enemy's hand!

"Will the Lord cast off for ever?" God forsook the Tabernacle of Shiloh, and the tribe of Ephraim which had for 340 years been blessed with the presence of the Ark, lost the honour (Psalm lxxviii. 60, 67), and some time after it was transferred to the tribe of Judah, the Mount Zion which He loved. The centre thought of our subject is those six words so full of melancholy meaning, bringing shame to the soldier's cheeks and sorrow to the pious heart. "*The Ark of God was taken.*" Honour is the soldier's watchword; it nerves his arm to fight, it sustains his sinking heart when overwhelming odds press on every side; it will lead to death or glory; it lends true heroism to the standard-bearer, who is willing rather to be cut to pieces than let the colours fall into the enemy's hands. At Sadowa, where nearly two hundred pieces of cannon were taken and whole regiments of Austrians were cut to pieces, the number of banners taken was only *eleven*. The explanation is, that when the standard-bearers saw no chance of escape, they tore the banner off the staff, broke the latter, and tied the "glorious rag" round their own bodies. Many noble lives have been sacrificed in fidelity to the flag. How such examples should fire Christians to be true to their colours, to have confidence in Christ, to live manfully fighting under the banner of Truth, looking unto Jesus! Let the motive power be—"That I may win Christ."

Melrose.

M. S. S. H.

Reviews.

The Clue of the Maze. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

A SMART little tome of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, which you might easily carry in your waistcoat pocket. It is divided into about seventy paragraphs, each with an appropriate heading to hold your attention, so that you are not likely to lose the clue if you take it with you to read while you travel. Here is much friendly counsel for those who are troubled with scepticism or teased by sceptics. "How I have personally threaded the labyrinth of life thus far," says the good pastor in his preface, "may be of helpful interest to some other soul which just now is in a maze." Himself a diligent worker, he takes no delight in the Agnostics who have never achieved anything. He seems to have discovered by their experience that Doubt is very disheartening: and by his own experience that Faith is very enlivening and fruitful of good works. Among many "Tit-bits," that entitled "*Jesus never doubts*" is one of the choicest.

The English Baptists: Who They Are and What They have Done: being Eight Lectures. By General Baptist Ministers. Edited by JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

THE Table of Contents will speak best for this marvellously cheap and excellent work;—English Baptists:—their Origin and Growth; Distinctive Principles; Baptist Martyrs; Some Seventeenth Century Baptists—Denne, Keach, Bunyan, and others; Dan Taylor and the English Baptists. Baptists and Missionary Enterprise; Baptists and Slavery;

Baptist and Temperance Reform. The work is well done; the writers deserve to be read and thanked. All we have said of the earlier edition in cloth, we say of this edition in boards: it is a thoroughly good shilling's worth, and we should like to know of it being in every Baptist Sunday School Library.

The Lord's Supper Historically Considered. By Rev. G. A. JACOB, D.D. Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, Fleet Street.

A VALUABLE contribution on a most important subject. It is of first importance that our views of the Two Ordinances should be strictly and rigidly Scriptural. They having been instituted by Christ Himself, and binding on all His followers to the end of time—for of the first sanctified by His own example and consecrated by His own words and life—it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness, and, in His last great commission to His disciples, meant to be observed in all the world, and to the end of time,—so also the Second Ordinance, instituted and observed by Himself, and to be perpetuated to the end, for in so doing we are told we show forth the Lord's death till He comes. Still with all the solemn plainness of Scripture teaching, what deadly errors have been taught in the names of these simple, beautiful ordinances!—some exalting them in the place of Christ; others from ignorance, or meaner motives, setting them aside altogether; some assuming that they are priests in administering them, and others daring to make light of the Master's words, and setting them aside altogether. We read therefore with deepest interest this

really valuable setting forth of the Scriptural meaning of the Ordinance and showing historically how and when it was first corrupted.

In the Volume of the Book; or, The Profit and Pleasure of Bible Study.

By GEORGE F. PENTECOST, M.A. Seventh Edition. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS work consists of a series of discourses on talk at a course of Evangelistic Services, and while they are very suitable for young converts, we find it difficult to conceive of any Christian, however matured, who could read them without deriving pleasure and profit. The style of the writer is truly evangelical, and with a marked determination of doing, by the Spirit's help, his readers spiritual service. We are carried through the Book without the least sense of weariness, but instead, when we reach the end, our only wish is that there was more of it.

The Inquiry Room: Hints for Dealing with the Anxious. By GEORGE SOLTAU. Morgan and Scott.

THIS little book is a gem, and will be very helpful to all who have the loving heart and work of dealing with anxious souls.

John Wesley: His Life and Works.

By JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D. Morgan and Scott.

WE are Methodists we trust, but not Wesleyans, yet we love the memory of John Wesley. He did good work for our Master, he was a bright light amidst darkness and was a mighty man of God, raised specially for a special work. To God be the glory. We should suppose the shilling book will sell by thousands, and do good wherever it finds a place.

The Way to God: A Series of Addresses. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

THESE Addresses are delivered in the usual manner of the now world-wide

known simplicity and burning character of Mr. Moody's discourses. Here we believe the inquirer may learn the way to God, the young convert learn more and more to serve the Saviour, and the backslider learn his way back to God. They are earnest, kind, loving Gospel appeals, and we are rejoiced to know that in the thousands who listen to the good old story as told by Mr. Moody, we have the answer to those who foolishly think that the Gospel will not get the crowd to listen unless they are attracted by noisy mountebank performances which may make angels, and should certainly make true Christians weep. Mr. Moody has our heart's best wishes for his book and work.

Man Physically, Mentally, and Spiritually Considered. Essays on the

Relation of Natural Laws to the Restoration and Maintenance of Health. By B. COPSON GARRATT, 16, Finsbury Square.

SOMETHING new, something bearing the evidence of strong common sense. You cannot always agree with the writer, but you always feel you are reading the outcome of vigorous and sincere thinking. The subjects and the manner in which they are put are sure to enlist the attention of the readers. The writer says: "From the failure of medicine to meet his own case, the author was led to the study of natural physics as applied to the art of healing. And he believes the present volume and his notes on the uniform efficacy of natural remedies will fully prove that numbers have been saved, and multitudes taught to swim over the waves of this troublesome life by means as universally applicable as they are natural. No one can feel for a drowning man like one who has saved himself." We go all the way with Mr. Garratt in his views of the healing and health-restoring virtues of magnetic electricity; but we pause before the proposition that every minister is

also to be a physician. In remote villages and in the cases of foreign missionary agents it may be, and indeed is, very desirable, but as to some others, the pastor's work is too various now. In many cases he is evangelist, preacher, pastor, church secretary, and a host of other things doubled up into one. We must pray against the last inflexion to the list of work—*healer of diseases*. The Master's last commission to His servants was that they should go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

Dr. Carter Moffat has been analysing the air of Italy and has discovered the secret of applying its health-inigorating properties through an instrument known as the Ammonia-phon with very wonderful results, in the doctor's own case raising the tenor range of his voice some twenty notes, from lower F to high C in the alto. By means of this discovery we are brought into a fairy-land of which no one knows the extent. We can have, as it were, Italian air laid on at our own door, and the vocalist, the clergyman, the public speaker and the invalid all owe to Dr. Carter Moffat a debt of gratitude.

Reasons for Nonconformity. A Lecture. By W. J. Acomb, Astwood Bank, Redditch: "Indicator Office."

THERE are two sides to every question, hence there will be reasons with some for Conformity. But we believe Mr. Acomb is on the right side, and his Reasons are sound. They may be answered, but cannot be refuted. The Truth may be unpleasant to some minds, but truth is right. We wish we could find room for an extract or two, but space is limited.

Get the pamphlet and read for yourselves.

Down in the Depths of Outcast London: being Facts not Recorded in the Bitter Cry. Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, Fleet Street.

Sweet Herbs for the Bitter Cry; or, Remedies for Horrible and Outcast London. Illustrated. By G. W. M'Cree. Temperance Depot, 377, Strand.

THE first of these is by the London City Mission Committee: and who so worthy, so competent, to speak the many years they have been at the work, the Gospel remedies they have always applied—never once losing head or heart and for the sake of something novel or startling using ridiculous absurdities which may bring funds but leave the subjects whose good is sought farther off from God than ever? All should read "Down in the Depths." All should help the City Mission and pray for a blessing on her hard-working missionaries. Also our brother Mr. M'Cree has a right to speak. He is a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" has had years of experience and years of success. His "Sweet Herbs," will have a good tonic effect wherever they are applied.

Part 12, Baptist Worthies. By DR. LANDELS. "President Garfield." Baptist Tract Society. Castle St., Holborn.

THE Doctor has a grand character, and whose history has made the public in deepest sympathy with all that can be said of a noble life brought to an untimely end.

Among our own Magazines we notice the *Sword and Trowel* contains a leader by C. H. SPURGEON in his fiftieth year. We have also received our old friend the *Freeman, Baptist and General Baptist*. May God speed them. We have also to say a good word for the following which are to hand:—*The Preachers' Analyst, The Evangelical Christendom, Open Doors, The Voice of Warning, The Christian Church, The British Flag* and the *Bible Works*—all evangelical in teaching and object. We wish all kind things for them.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. H. Wood, for some years missionary at Orissa, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Long Eaton.

Rev. G. Pung, of Rushden, has accepted the pastorate of the chapel at Oxford Hill, Norwich.

Rev. T. Evans, of Milford, Hants, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Walton, Suffolk.

Rev. E. K. Everett has been compelled by failing health; to give notice of his intention to resign the pastorate of Wellington Street Church, Gorton, where he has laboured for seven and a half years.

Rev. G. H. Kemp, late of Langham, Essex, has accepted the pastorate of the church at East Dereham.

Rev. G. Barran has resigned his pastorate at Bridlington, and accepted the ministerial charge of the church at Stafford Street, Walsall.

Rev. J. Hubbard, of Barlestone, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Heptonstall Slack.

Rev. E. Lovell, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Maesteg.

Rev. D. Asquith has resigned the pastorate of the church at Nuneaton.

Rev. A. H. Smith has resigned the pastorate of the church of Coningsby.

Rev. C. A. Fellowes has removed from Keynsham to assist his father in the pastorate of John Street Church, Edgware Road.

BRENTFORD.—Rev. John S. Hockey, of the Pastor's College, who has held the pastorate of the church at Wyndham Road, Camberwell, during his term in college, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Park Chapel, Brentford, and will commence his ministry the first Sunday in April. Rev. W. A.

Blake will still continue his connection with the church.

HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.—Rev. James Moore Wilson, senior student of the Brighton Grove College, Manchester, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the New Street Baptist Church.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. A. H. LEE, of Walsall, has been presented with a Davenport and a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his marriage.

Rev. E. Hilton, on resigning the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Heanor, was presented with a silver tea-service as a mark of esteem and regard.

Mr. Fawkes, deacon of Penge Tabernacle, previous to his removal to Chelmsford, was presented by the pastor and his fellow officers with an illuminated testimonial in recognition of the active part he has taken in the work of the church for several years past. Mrs. Fawkes received, at the same time, two volumes of "The Land and the Book." From 40 of the young women composing her Bible class, she has received an album with photographs.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 12th., the Rev. F. G. Marchant, pastor of Tilehouse Street Baptist Church, Hitchin, was presented with a purse containing £100. The subscriptions in aid of the testimonial were confined to the members of the church and congregation. The proceedings in connection with the making of the presentation took place in the schoolroom, which had been beautifully decorated with evergreens, spring flowers, flags, and Scripture mottoes. There was a tea, at which some two hundred and fifty people were present. At the meeting which

followed the room was crowded. Rev. W. G. Lewis, of St. Albans, was called upon to preside. In the course of a few remarks the chairman spoke of his acquaintance with Mr. Marchant, and the great esteem with which he regarded him. Mr. H. Foster, the senior deacon, then presented Mr. Marchant with a purse containing the sum above mentioned, and expressed the great affection and esteem that was felt for Mr. Marchant by his people. They also desired to express their gratitude to Mrs. Marchant for the great good she had done in visiting the sick so constantly. The handing of the purse to Mr. Marchant was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause. Mr. Marchant made a suitable acknowledgment of the kindness of his people. For all these kind wishes and all this self-denial he offered them his heartfelt thanks. Mr. W. Foster, Mr. F. Foster, Mr. Matthews, Mr. F. Griggs, and Mr. Woodfield, spoke of the high esteem in which Mr. Marchant is held.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY has been recognised as pastor of Park Road Church Peckham. Mr. J. Templeton presided, Revs. J. T. Briscoe, J. A. Brown, W. P. Cope, T. J. Cole, C. M. Day, G. J. Dann, J. R. Howatt, H. J. Perkins, J. C. Postans, and G. B. Ryley took part in the proceedings.

Rev. Leo Hunsby has been recognised as pastor of the church at Netherton. At the public meeting which followed the recognition service the Mayor of Dudley presided.

Rev. John Miles, of Brighton Grove College, Manchester, has been ordained pastor of the English Chapel, Caerphilly. Rev. A. Tilly gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D.C. Jones addressed the church.

Rev. W. J. Newton Vanstone, of the Pastor's College, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Hay.

Rev. F. J. Flatt, of the Pastor's

College, has been recognised pastor of the church at Bugbrooke, near Northampton. Rev. D. Gracey gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. S. S. Allsop, Mr. Flatt's former pastor, addressed the church. In the evening about 300 partook of tea in the old church schoolroom, kindly lent for the occasion. Revs. W. Fidler, H. Trotman, J. E. Jones, and others delivered addresses.

Rev. A. F. Brown, late of Brentford, was recognised on Tuesday, February 26th, as pastor of Totteridge Road Church, Enfield Highway.

Rev. Winston Haines, late of St. Leonard's, was recognised on the 14th of February as pastor of Finsbury Road Church, Wood Green, N.

Rev. J. Billington has been recognised as pastor of the church at Plaistow.

Rev. J. Dupee was recognised, on the 26th of February, as pastor of the church at Potters Bar. The charges were given by Professor Gracey and Rev. T. Lardner. Revs. J. Chadwick, J. Matthews, and W. C. Bourne took part in the proceedings.

Rev. R. Pursey, of the Pastor's College, was publicly recognised on the 22nd of February as pastor of the church at Beeston, Nottingham. Professor Gracey gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. W. R. Skerry, and Mr. Pursey's former pastor, addressed the church.

SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT.—The Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. F. J. Feltham (late of Winslow, Bucks.) took place on Wednesday, February 27th. In the afternoon the Rev. B. B. Davis, of Ventnor, preached an excellent sermon on John xiv. 7, after which a large number of friends sat down together to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by T. A. Wright Esq., and after statements had been made by Mr. Lindley (one of the deacons) and the Pastor as to the causes leading to the settlement, kind and earnest addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. B. Davis, W. Steadman Davis (Hyde), J. W. Genders (Portsea),

W. Harrison (Niton), H. C. Leonard, M.A., P. Labdon (Bible Christian), W. Hargreaves Cooper (Wesleyan), &c. &c. The Rev. A. J. Griffiths, B.Sc. (Congregational) took part in the afternoon service. The net proceeds of the day amounted to £11 13s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE annual reports of Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, have just been published. They are prefaced by the pastor's (Rev. T. W. Medhurst) fifteenth annual address. The additions to the church during the past year were—by baptism 128, by profession 5, by letter 21, by return 4, making a total increase of 158. The decrease has been—by death 15, by removal 1, by dismission 14: total, 30. Clear increase 128. The number of members on the roll is 760, and of communicants unbaptised 28. The names of the pastors of the church from its formation are—Thomas Tilly, 1818-1829; W. Davis 1829-1831; John Clay, co-pastor 1818-1841; Charles Cakebread 1831-1858; Henry Kitching 1859-1862—E. G. Gange 1862-1869, and T. W. Medhurst 1869. Total number of members added to the church from the commencement of T. W. Medhurst's pastorate, September 19th, 1869, to December 31st, 1883, 932, of whom 721 were by baptism. The church accounts show a total of £1,103 8s. 6½d.; and, in addition, there has been raised during the year for fellowship £110 19s. 7d. Chapel debt £71, renovating mission hall £383 10s. 6d., special mission £201 10s. 6d., Sunday-schools £162 14s. 2d., Temperance work £100, and Dorcas societies £40 9s. 8d. In the Sunday schools there are 64 teachers and 1,182 scholars. All the teachers were formerly Sunday-school scholars and are church members. This is the most encouraging report of a year's work since the formation of the church.

The General Baptists of Lincoln have decided to rebuild their place of worship, and to designate it the "Thomas Cooper Memorial Chapel," in recognition of the labours of their fellow member, the well-known lecturer. The church is almost exclusively composed of members of the working class.

New and commodious premises for mission work in connection with the church at Wells, Somerset (Rev. J. L. Cooper, pastor), having been erected in the village of Wookey opening services have been held, sermons being preached by Rev. T. Davies. At the subsequent public meeting Mr. R. G. Dawbarn, of Bristol, presided; the Rev. L. B. Foskett being among the speakers.

A bazaar, opened by the Mayor, realised £114 in aid of the fund for enlarging the school accommodation in connection with Albemarle Chapel, Taunton.

New class-rooms have been opened in connection with West-end Chapel, Hammersmith (Rev. W. Page, pastor). On the ground-floor are two rooms, 20ft. by 16ft., which can be opened into one, forming a hall, and which will be used for various purposes weekly. On the upper floor are two rooms, one for young men and one for young women. The building and alterations have cost over £1,100, towards which a little over £800 has been raised.

A large school-room and several class-rooms, just erected at the rear of the partly-built chapel in Union Street, Crewe, at considerable cost, were opened recently, the services being conducted by Rev. T. B. Stevenson, of Derby. A tea meeting was followed by a lecture from the Rev. J. H. Atkinson, of Liverpool, on the subject of "Ancient Songs and Singing," the chair being taken by Mr. J. R. Pedley.

The church at Fenny Stratford, under the pastorate of Rev. H. S. Smith, is at present worshipping in an old meeting-house in a very dilapidated state. There is a large

attendance at the services, and the Bible classes have nearly 70 members. At a meeting held recently it was resolved to build a new chapel at a cost of £1,200, and nearly £300 have already been subscribed.

The report read at the annual meeting of Union Chapel, Luton (Rev. G. Hawker, pastor), showed that 105 persons had been received into church fellowship during the year. The total income amounted to £738 15s.

Mr. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, has baptised the first Chinese in Upper Burma, and organised the first Chinese church in the Kqion. Mr. Freiday has also baptised the only Chinese Shan ever baptised, and organised the first Chinese Shan church.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberavon*.—February 10, Ebenezer, Three, by O. W. James.
- Abercarn, Mon.*—March 2, English Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.
- Aberdeen*.—February 10, Academy-street, Three, by S. Garrioch.
- Aberavenny*.—February 10, Frogmore-street, Four, by T. E. Cozens Cooke.
- Acrefair, Ruabon*.—February 5, Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by E. H. Girdlestone.
- Ashton-under-Lyne*.—February 27, One, by A. Bowden.
- Attleborough, Nuneaton*.—February 24, One, by J. T. Felce.
- Bacup*.—February 24, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
- Bardwell, Suffolk*.—March 2, Four, by G. F. Wall.
- Barnoldswick*.—March 2, Two, by T. Bury.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—January 27, Abbey-road, One, by Mr. England; February 27, Tabernacle, Six, by J. Hughes.
- Blaenau Gwent*.—February 10, Six, by T. Towy Evans.
- Blaenavon*.—February 28, King-street, Three, by O. Tidman.
- Birkenhead*.—January 29, Jackson-street, Fifteen, by T. Lydiatt.
- Birmingham*.—January 27, Constitution Hill, Three; February 24, Three, by J. Buton. February 27, Graham-street, Twelve, by A. Mursell.
- Bootle, Lancashire*.—January 24, Brasenose-road, Two, by J. Davies.
- Bromsgrove*.—February 10, Six, by J. Brown.
- Cardiff*.—March 9, Ebenezer, 1C, by E. Schaffer.
- Cefnypole*.—February 10, Two, by W. Williams.
- Chester*.—February 17, Mission Hall, Eleven, by W. S. Jones.
- Coalville*.—February 24, Ebenezer, Two, by T. Hagen.
- Colne, Lancashire*.—February 10, 100, A. Parker.
- Cottenham (Old Meeting)*.—February 28, Nineteen, by A. E. Jones.
- Cradley*.—February 27, Seven, by J. Brown.
- Crigglastone, Yorks*.—February 27, Three, by J. Ford.
- Dawley, Salop*.—February 3, Two; 24, Fifteen, by E. Spanton.
- Dowlais*.—February 24, Beulah, Three, by J. Williams.
- Ferndale*.—February 17, Bethel, Five, by G. G. Cule.
- Founhope, Herefordshire*.—February 26, Four, by J. W. Townsend.
- Galcar, Huddersfield*.—February 28, One, by W. Gay.
- Grantham*.—February 24, Oxford-street, Two, by D. C. Chapman.
- Great Grimsby*.—February 17, One, by W. Orton.
- Gladestry*.—March 2, Three, by G. Phillips.
- Haverfordwest*.—February 20, Four, by W. Davies, B.A.
- Hornchurch*.—February 27, Six, by J. O'Neill Campbell.
- Knighton*.—February 3, one; March 2, Eleven, by W. Williams.
- Leicester*.—February 27, Friar-lane, Seven, by G. Earles.
- Llanelli*.—March 2, Horeb, Seven, by J. G. Phillips.
- Llangollen*.—March 2, Castle-street, Nine, by D. Williams.
- Lincoln*.—February 17, Mint-lane, Five, by G. P. Mackay.
- London*.—
Little Alie-street.—February 24, Two, by R. E. Sears.
Camberwell.—March 6, Charles-street, Three, by W. Sullivan, for the Ann's-road Church, North Brixton.
Forest Gate, March 6, Five, by J. H. French.
St. John's Wood.—January 31, Abbey-road, Five, by W. Stott.
Streatham, S.W.—February 20, Lewin-road, Two, by A. McCaig.
Victoria Docks Union Church.—February 27, Four, by J. Foster.
- Machev, Mon.*—February 24, One, by J. Morgan.
- Maesycwmmer*.—March 2, Four, by T. Batstone.
- Martletwy, Narberth*.—March 2, One, by D. M. Pryse.
- Measham*.—March 5, Eight, by B. Noble.
- Merthyr Tydvil*.—February 17, Tabernacle, One, by B. Thomas.
- Middlesbrough*.—February 28, Boundary-rd., Six, by R. H. Roberts.
- Neath*.—February 10, Bethany Chapel, Six, by D. Muxworthy.
- Netherton, Worcestershire*.—February 17, Ebenezer, Six, by Leo Humby.
- Newport, Mon.*—February 24, Three, by T. Jones.
- Pembrey*.—March 9, Two, by W. E. Watkins.
- Ponkey Rhos*.—January 13, Zion, Two, by H. C. Williams; February 10, Three, by R. M. Humphreys.

Portsmouth.—February 27, Lake-road Chapel, Eight, by T. W. Medhurst.
Presteign.—February 24, One, by S. Watkins.
Princes Risborough, Bucks.—February 27, Three, by W. Coombs.
Rhymney, Mon.—February 17; Beulah, Four, by H. Phillips.
Ruddings.—March 2, One, by J. Collinson.
Risca, Mon.—February 17, Bethany, Two, by T. Thomas.
Ross.—February 27, Three, by J. E. Perrin.
Sheerness-on-Sea.—February 24, Strode-crescent, Three, by J. R. Hadler.
Sheffield.—January 30, Cemetery-road, Two, by E. Carrington.
Southsea.—February 24, Elm-grove, Five, by J. P. Williams.
Sowerby Bridge, Yorks.—March 2, Four, by W. Haigh.
Speen, Bucks.—February 27, Three, by C. Saville.

Stockton-on-Tees.—March 2, Twelve, by G. Wainwright.
Swansea.—January 25, Tabernacle, Two, by A. E. Johnson; February 24, Carmarthen-road, Eight, by A. E. Johnson; Mount Zion, Three, by D. Matthias.
Thornbury.—February 25, Two, by G. Eaves.
Todmorden.—February 14, One, by J. K. Chappelle.
Tonyfelin, Caerphilly.—February 17, Fifteen; February 24, Four, by J. P. Davies.
Treorkey, Rhondda Valley, February 17, at Horeb, Three, by D. Davies.
Tring.—February 27, Nine, by H. F. Gower.
Ulverston.—February 24, One, by R. Scott.
Wakefield.—February 27, Seven, by J. Ford.
Wick, N.B.—February 17, Two, by A. Hewlett.
Wilton Park, Durham.—March 2, Nine, by J. Bevan.

ADDRESS TO LABOURERS IN THE GOSPEL VINEYARD.

Pastors, toil on, scatter the Gospel seed,
 By morn and even, beside all waters sow,
 Nor weary in well-doing; every weed
 Uproot, and thorns that choking it may grow.
 Water each budding plant with pious care,
 And call down Heaven's own smile by ceaseless prayer.

The Gospel which it is your joy to preach,
 Though oft that seed 'midst cares and tears you sow,
 These efforts you put forth the truth to teach,
 Though often unrequited here below,
 Shall not be always;—the results shall reach
 To the bright world above, to which you go.

Toil bravely on, nor let your labours cease!
 The end of all your labours keep in view
 Until the Master's summons you release
 From arduous duties you on earth pursue,
 And call you to the Home above in peace,
 'Midst heavenly duties, joys for ever new.

The Gospel seed that in these Sabbath hours
 Your careful hands and loving hearts now sow,
 Shall bud and bloom into fair sweet flowers,
 And bring forth precious fruits on earth below;
 And then, at length, to yon celestial bowers
 Transplanted, shall more brightly beauteous grow.

These rescued souls to whom your word is blessed,
 Shall be your joy when you Heaven's throne surround;
 There, as you meet them in the land of rest,
 Your labours shall appear with glory crowned:
 While from the Saviour's lips to you shall come
 The joy-inspiring plaudit of "WELL DONE!"

J. T. LANE.

CHASTISEMENT.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him."—HEB. xii. 5.

God's people can never by any possibility be punished for their sins. God has punished them already in the person of Christ; Christ, their Substitute, has endured the full penalty for all their guilt, and neither the justice nor the love of God can ever exact again that which Christ has paid. Punishment can never happen to a child of God in the judicial sense; he can never be brought before God as his Judge, as charged with guilt, because that guilt was long ago transferred to the shoulders of Christ, and the punishment was exacted at the hands of his Surety. But yet, while the sin cannot be punished, while the Christian cannot be condemned, he can be chastised; while he shall never be arraigned before God's bar as a criminal, and punished for his guilt, yet he now stands in a new relationship—that of a child to his parent: and as a son he may be chastised on account of sin. Folly is bound up in the heart of all God's children, and the rod of the Father must bring that folly out of them. It is essential to observe the distinction between punishment and chastisement. Punishment and chastisement may agree as to the nature of the suffering: the one suffering may be as great as the other, the sinner who, while here is punished for his guilt, may suffer no more in this life than the Christian who is only chastised by his parent. They do not differ as to the nature of the punishment, but they differ in the mind of the punisher and in the relationship of the person who is punished. God punishes the sinner on His own account, because He is angry with the sinner, and His justice must be avenged, His law must be honoured, and His commands must have their dignity maintained. But He does not punish the believer on His own account; it is on the Christian's account, to do him good. He afflicts him for his profit, He lays on the rod for His child's advantage; He has a good design towards the person who receives the chastisement. While in punishment the design is simply with God for God's glory; in chastisement, it is with the person chastised for his good, for his spiritual profit and benefit. Besides, punishment is laid on a man in anger; God strikes him in wrath, but when He afflicts His child, chastisement is applied in love, His strokes are, all of them, put there by the hand of love. The rod has been baptized in deep affection before it is laid on the believer's back. God doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve us for nought, but out of love and affection, because He perceives that if He leaves us unchastised, we shall bring upon ourselves misery ten thousand-fold greater than we shall suffer by His slight rebukes, and the gentle blows of His hand. Take this in the very starting, that whatever thy trouble, or thine affliction, there cannot be anything punitive in it; thou

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must never say—"Now God is punishing me for my sin." Thou hast fallen from thy steadfastness when thou talkest so. God cannot do that. He has once for all done it. "The chastisement of our peace was upon HIM, and by HIS stripes we are healed." He is chastising thee, not punishing thee; He is correcting thee in measure, He is not smiting thee in wrath. There is no hot displeasure in His heart. Even though His brow may be ruffled, there is no anger in His breast; even though His eye may have closed upon thee, He hates thee not; He loves thee still. He is not wroth with His heritage, for He seeth no sin in Jacob, neither iniquity in Israel, considered in the person of Christ. It is simply because He loves you, because ye are sons, that He therefore chastises you.

Peradventure this morning I may have some within these walls who are passing under the chastising hand of God. It is to them that I shall have to speak. You are not all of you in trial, I know. No father chastises his whole family at once. It is so seldom that God afflicts people, after all, compared with their faults, that we must not expect to find in this congregation, perhaps, one-half of the children of God passing under the rod of the covenant; but if you are not under it now, you will have to pass under it some time or other in your life, so that what we may say, if it be not profitable to you in present circumstances, yet if treasured up and recollected, it shall be fetched out in some future time, when the wine will not have lost its flavour by keeping, but have improved thereby, and you will find it a bottle of cordial to your spirit, useful to your heart.

There are two dangers against which a person under the chastising hand of God should always be very careful to keep a strict look-out. They are these: "*My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.*" That is one. On the other hand: "*Neither faint when thou art rebuked of Him.*" Two evils: the one is *despising the rod*, and the other is *fainting under it*. Evils always hunt in couples; sins always go in a leash. It is a marvellous thing that there are always to be found two evils, side by side. We have said sometimes, extremes are dangerous, and for this reason, that one evil has its opposite, which is equally a hurtful thing. Take this: there is a haughty pride which laughs at the rod. On the other hand there is a foolish faintness which faints under it. I have found through life that there is always a Scylla and a Charybdis; a rock on the one side, and a whirlpool on the other, between which it is dangerous to steer. On the one hand we are tempted to feel that we can do something, and to trust in our works; and if we try to shun that, we run into sloth and leave off doing anything. At times we get proud of what we have accomplished; and in seeking to avoid that, we become despairing and desponding. There are always two evils on the opposite side of one another. The way of righteousness is a difficult pass between two great mountains of error: and the great secret of the Christian life is to wind his way along the narrow valley. God help us so to do! We will point out the two this morning.

The first evil to which the chastened Christian is liable is this: *he may despise the hand of God*. The second is, that *he may faint when he is rebuked*. We will begin with the first: "*My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord.*"

I. This may be done in five ways : and in discussing the subject, I shall propose the remedy for each of these as we pass along.

First, a man may despise the chastening of the Lord *when he murmurs at it*. Ephraim is like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke ; when a son of God first feels the rod, he is like a bullock—he kicks at it, he cannot bear it. He is an unbroken colt, and when he first feels the collar put upon his shoulders, he rears in the air, and by all manner of ways expresses his aversion thereunto. The first time a child of God receives a blow from his Father's hand, he may possibly turn round upon his own tender Father, and murmur at Him : "Why ought I to have this? Why am I thus punished and afflicted? Why should I be chastised? What have I done to be afflicted and chastened?" You will wonder, perhaps, that a man who has grace in his heart should talk like this ; but in reality we do say so—not with the words of our lips, but with the thoughts of our hearts ; for we sit down and say, "I am the man who hath seen affliction—I am the man more tried and troubled than others. No one is ever chastened as I am." And we look around with the eye of jealousy, exclaiming, "That man is happier than I—that man has less sorrow and suffering." We are too apt to put our own condition in the worst place, and describe ourselves as being the most afflicted of all God's people. Though we blush to say it, it is true. There are murmurers in the midst of Israel now, as well as in the camp of Israel of old ; there are people of God who, when the rod falls, cry out against it, who, instead of kissing the Son lest He be angry, turn round upon Him, and speak against the afflictive dispensations of God. We know ourselves what it is when we have a little sickness to be so cross, that hardly anybody dares to speak to us, and if we have a little pain, perhaps in our head, we know what it is to think all the world is going wrong, and to be grieved, and vexed, and melancholy on that account. Many of you have been foolish enough when bereaved of your property, to cry out, "Ah! God takes everything away. He smites me with one stroke upon another. Surely He is an unkind God." And you have felt when you have lost your friends that you could *not* say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." You have thought, "Oh! wherefore this? Simeon is not, and Joseph is not, and now ye would take Benjamin away. All these things are against me." We have murmured ; now listen to the exhortation : "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." That is despising God's chastening, when we murmur at it. Patience is the only way to receive it. A want of resignation shows we despise God's chastening-hand.

A word with thee, O murmurer! Why shouldst thou murmur against the dispensations of thy heavenly Father? Can He treat thee more hardly than thou deservest? Consider what a rebel thou wast once, but He has pardoned thee. Surely, if He chooses now to lay the rod upon thee, thou needest not cry out. Hast thou not read, that amongst the Roman emperors of old it was the custom when they would set a slave at liberty, to give him a blow upon the head, and then say, "Go free"? This blow which thy Father gives thee is a token of thy liberty, and dost thou grumble because He smites thee rather hardly? After all, are not His strokes fewer than thy crimes, and lighter than thy guilt? Art thou smitten as hardly as thy sins deserve? Consider the corruption that is in

thy breast, and then wilt thou wonder that there needs so much of the rod to fetch it out? Weigh thyself, and discern how much dross is mingled with thy gold; and dost thou think the fire too hot to get away so much dross as thou hast? Why, thou hast not the furnace hot enough, methinks. There is too much dross, too little fire; the rod is not laid on hardly enough, for that proud spirit of thine proves that thy heart is not thoroughly sanctified; and though it may be right with God, thy words do not sound like it, and thine actions do not portray the holiness of thy nature. It is the old Adam within thee that is groaning. Take heed if thou murmurest, for it will go hard with murmurers. God always chastises His children twice if they do not bear the first blow patiently. I have often heard a father say, "Boy, if you cry for that, you shall have something to cry for by-and-by." So, if we murmur at a little, God gives us something that will make us cry. If we groan for nothing, He will give us something that will make us groan. Sit down in patience; despise not the chastening of the Lord; be not angry with Him, for He is not angry with thee; say not that He deals so hardly with thee. Let humility rise up and speak—"It is well, O Lord! Just are Thou in Thy chastising, for I have sinned; righteous art Thou in Thy blows, for I need them to fetch me near to Thee; for if Thou dost leave me uncorrected and unchastised, I, a poor wanderer, must pass away to the gulf of death, and sink into the pit of eternal perdition." There is the first sense in which we may despise the chastening of the Lord: we may murmur under it.

Secondly, we despise the chastening of the Lord *when we say there is no use in it*. There are certain things that happen to us in life, which we immediately set down for a providence. If a grandfather of ours should die and leave us five hundred pounds, what a merciful providence that would be! If by something strange in business we were suddenly to accumulate a fortune, that would be a blessed providence! If an accident happens, and we are preserved, and our limbs are not hurt, that is always a providence. But suppose we were to lose five hundred pounds, would not that be a providence? Suppose our establishment should break up, and business fail, would not that be a providence? Suppose we should during the accident break our leg, would not that be a providence? There is the difficulty. It is always a providence when it is a good thing. But why is it not a providence when it does not happen to be just as we please? Surely it is so; for if the one thing be ordered by God, so is the other. It is written, "I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil, I, the Lord, do all these things." But I question whether that is not despising the chastening of the Lord, when we set a prosperous providence before an adverse one, for I do think that an adverse providence ought to be the cause of as much thankfulness as a prosperous one. And if it is not, we are violating the command, "In everything give thanks." But we say, "Of what use will such trial be to me? I cannot see that it can by any possibility be useful to my soul. Here I was growing in grace just now, but there is something that has damped all my ardour, and overthrown my zeal. Just now I was on the mount of assurance, and God has brought me to the valley of humiliation. Can that be any good to me? A few weeks ago I had wealth, and I distributed it in the cause of God, now I have none. What can be the use of that? All these things are against me." Now, you are despising the chastening of the

Lord, when you say that is of no use. No child thinks the rod of much value. Anything in the house is of more use than that rod in his opinion. And if you were to ask the child which part of the household furniture could be dispensed with, he would like chairs, tables, and everything else to remain but that; the rod he does not think of any good whatever. He despises the rod. Ah! and so do we. We think it cannot benefit us; we want to get rid of the rod and turn it away. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." Let me show thee how wrong thou art. What! doth thine ignorance affect to say that God is unwise? I thought it was written that He was too wise to err; and I did think that thou wast a believer, that He was too good to be unkind. And doth thy little wisdom arrogate to itself the chair of honour? Doth thy finite knowledge stand up before thy Maker and tell Him He is unwise in what He doth? Wilt thou dare to say that one of His purposes shall be unfulfilled, that He does an unwise act? O then, thou art impudently arrogant! thou art impudently ignorant if thou wilt thus speak. Say not so, but bend meekly down before His superior wisdom, and say, "O God, I believe that in the darkness Thou art brewing light, that in the storm clouds Thou art gathering sunshine, that in the deep mines Thou art fashioning diamonds, and in the beds of the sea Thou art making pearls. I believe that however unfathomable may be Thy designs, yet they have a bottom. Though it is in the whirlwind and in the storm, Thou hast a way, and that way is good and righteous altogether. I would not have Thee alter one atom of Thy dispensations; it shall be just as Thou wilt. I bow before Thee, and I give my ignorance the word to hold its tongue, and to be silenced while Thy wisdom speaketh words of right." "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord" by thinking that it can be of no possible service to thee.

There is a third way in which men despise the chastening of the Lord—that is—we may think it dishonourable to be chastened by God. How many men have thought it to be dishonourable to be persecuted for righteousness' sake! A young man, for instance, is in a situation in business where he has a large number of fellow-workmen with him. They are accustomed to jeer him, to call him pretty titles—methodist, dissenter, presbyterian, or some other kind of name most common among the worldly; this young man for a time bears it, but still thinking it a kind of disgrace to him. He does not know how to endure it. So, after a while, being beaten by these jeers, and overcome by these insults, he leaves it off, because he discovers that the reproach of Christ is dishonourable to him. My son, if thou dost thus, thou despisest the chastening of the Lord. If thou thinkest that reproach for Christ's sake is a dishonour, thou judgest wrongly of it, for it is the greatest honour that can possibly happen to thee. There are many of you who count that religion is very honourable while you can be respectable in it, while you can walk in respectable society; but if the cause of God brings you into tribulation, if it engenders the laugh and jeer of the worldling, the hiss and scorn of the world, then you think it a dishonour. But, my son, thou dost not weigh the blessing rightly. I tell thee once again, it is the glory of a man to be chastened for God's sake. When they say all manner of evil against us falsely, we put that down, not in the book of dishonour, but in the scroll of glory. When they call us by opprobrious

titles, we write not that down for loss, but for gain. We accept their jeers as honours, we count the vile things they cast at us in the pillory of scorn to be a donation of pearls and diamonds; we take their evil speaking, we read it by the light of the Word of God, and we discover that in it lie music, notes of honour and chords of glory to us for ever. Now you who faint under a little trouble, and despise the chastening of the Lord, let me encourage you in this way. My son, despise not the persecution. Remember how many men have borne it. What an honour it is to suffer for Christ's sake, because the crown of martyrdom has been worn by many heads better than thine. Oh! methinks it would be the greatest dignity I could ever attain to, if the enemy would place the blood-red crown of martyrdom around this brow! We in these gentle times cannot suffer for Christ's sake. God has put us in evil times because we cannot encounter so much as we wish for Him. These times are not good for us. We almost wish for different ones, when we might be more partakers with Christ in His sufferings. We would almost envy those blessed men of yore, who had the opportunity of showing their courage and faith to all men, by enduring more for Christ; and if any of you are in a peculiar place of trouble, where you have more persecution than others, you ought to glory in it, and should be glad of it. He that stands in the thickest part of the battle shall have the highest glory at last. The old warriors would not stand and skirmish a little on the outside of the army; but what would they say? "To the centre, men! to the centre!" And they cut through thick and thin till they reached the place where the standard was, and the hotter the battle, the more glory the warrior felt. He could glory that he had been where shafts flew the thickest, and where lances were hurled like hail. "I have been near the standard," he could say, "I have smitten the standard-bearer down." Count it glory to go into the hottest part of the field. Fear not, man, thine head is covered in the day of battle; the shield of God can easily repel all the darts of the enemy. Be bold for His name's sake. Go on still rejoicing. But, mark thee, if thou turnest back thou art guilty of the sin of despising the cross, and despising the chastening of the Lord. Do not do so; but rather write it down for an honour and glory to be persecuted for righteousness sake.

Again, in the fourth place, we despise the chastening of Lord *when we do not earnestly seek to amend by it*. Many a man has been corrected by God, and that correction has been in vain. I have known Christian men, men who have committed some sin; God, by the rod, would have shown them the evil of that sin; they have been smitten and seen the sin, and never afterwards corrected it. That is despising the chastening of the Lord. When a father chastises a son for anything he has done, and the boy does it again directly, it shows that he despises his father's chastening; and so have we seen Christians who have had an error in their lives, and God has chastened them on account of it, but they have done it again. Ah! you will remember there was a man named Eli. God chastened him once when he sent Samuel to tell him dreadful news—that because he had not reproofed his children those children should be destroyed; but Eli kept on the same as ever; he despised the chastening of the Lord although his ears were made to tingle; and in a little while God did something else for him. His sons were taken away, and then it was too late to mend, for the

children were gone. The time he might have reformed, his character had passed away. How many of you get chastened of God and do not hear the rod! There are many deaf souls that do not hear God's rod; many Christians are blind and cannot see God's purposes, and when God would take some folly out of them the folly is still retained. It is not every affliction that benefits the Christian; it is only a sanctified affliction. It is not every trial that purifies an heir of light, it is only a trial that God Himself sanctifies by His grace. Take heed if God is trying you, that you search and find out the reason. Are the consolations of God small with you? Then, there is some reason for it. Have you lost that joy you once felt? There is some cause for it. Many a man would not have half so much suffered if he would but look to the cause of it. I have sometimes walked a mile or two, almost limping along because there was a stone in my shoe, and I did not stop to look for it. And many a Christian goes limping for years because of the stones in his shoe, but if he would only stop to look for them, he would be relieved. What is the sin that is causing you pain? Get it out, and take away the sin, for if you do not, you have not regarded this admonition which speaketh unto you as unto sons—"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord."

Once more, and then we will pass away from that part of the subject. We despise the chastening of the Lord *when we despise those that God chastens*. You say, "Poor old Mrs. So-and-so, the last seven years she has been bedridden: what is the good of her in the church? Would it not be a mercy if she were dead? We always have to be keeping her—one and another giving her charities. Really what is the good of her?" Many will go to see her, and they will say, "Well, she is a very good sort of woman, but it would be a happy release if she were taken." They mean it would be a happy release for them, as they would not have to give her anything. But mark you, if you think little of those whom God is chastising, you are despising the God who chastens them. There is another man, and he frequents the house of God, but he comes there in much affliction, much pain. Ah! you think that weakness of body incapacitates him from being of service to the church. If he is called upon to pray, there is a sweet brokenness of spirit about his prayer, but there is not that pointedness and warmth we could desire. And some will say when they are walking home, "Brother So-and-so, he is always melancholy, and always dealing with the gloomy side of the Word of God; I don't hardly like to talk to him. I would rather mix with the cheerful and light-hearted, and those Christians who are happy on the mount of assurance. I don't think I shall walk home with him, for he is so miserable, it makes one feel so dull to be in his company." My son, my son, thou art despising the chastened ones of the Lord. That man is being chastened; be sure and keep his company, for though thou dost not know it, beneath the habiliments of mourning he wears a garment of light. There is more in those chastened ones, very often, than there is in any one of us. I can speak from experience. The most tried children of God have been those that I have picked up the most from. Sometimes I go and see a poor much-tried countryman that I have told you about. You remember one saying of his: "Depend upon it, if you or I get an inch above the ground we get that inch too high." Well, I heard another the other day, and I will give it to you. "I have been troubled," he said

“with that old devil lately, and I could not get rid of him for a long while, until at last, after he had been conjuring up all my sins, and bringing them all before my remembrance, I said to him, ‘You rascal, you! did not I transfer all my business to Jesus Christ long ago, bad debts and all? What business have you to bring them here! I laid them all on Christ; I made a transfer of the whole concern to Him. Go, tell my Master about them. Don’t come troubling me.’” Well, I thought that was not so bad. It was pretty rough; but it was gloriously true, and I have thought many times of it. We transferred the whole, bad debts and all, to Christ. He took the whole concern, the whole stock, and everything. All our sins were given up into the hands of Jesus, so why need we be troubled? When Satan and Conscience come, we will tell them to go to our Master. He will settle all the accounts with them. Do not be ashamed to talk with the chastised ones; shun them not because of their poverty. I would walk with a true saint if he had a ragged coat and a hat without a crown.

II. The second evil, upon which we shall have to be rather more brief, is this: “*Nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.*” We, on the one hand must not despise it, and say, “I care not for the rod,” and act like the stoic; and on the other hand we should not faint and give up everything because the Lord pleases to correct us in a measure, and to chastise us in love. There are two or three different ways whereby we may faint under the afflicting hand of God.

The first way of fainting is *when we give up all exertion under the rod.* You understand what I mean better than I describe to you, for you have seen some such. I must give you a picture; I cannot tell you what I mean unless I do. There is a good woman there. She always attended the house of God regularly. She strove for her Master; was busy in the Sabbath-school, in the distribution of tracts, and every other way. Suddenly she lost that excellent gift, the fulness of assurance; her faith began to totter, and she now trembles, and fears, lest she is not accepted in the Beloved. And do you know what she has done? She has given up going to the house of God, she has given up attendance at the Sabbath-school; she does just nothing for her Master at all. And if you ask her why it is, she says that God’s hand is heavy on her, and she cannot do anything, she has given it up. She’s like a person in a fainting fit that cannot move; she is motionless, she does nothing. Many I have known in this state. Because they cannot enjoy all the comfort they wished, they will not do anything. I have seen some with eyes starting from their sockets, who have said to me, “Oh! I am under such horror of darkness, so terribly am I afflicted, I have lost all evidence of Christianity—I never was a child of God. I must give it all up: I cannot keep on. I faint under it. I can do no more. Though I go to God’s house, I feel as if I could not pray. As for singing, I dare not. I dare not read my Bible. I think I must give it up.” My son, faint not when thou art corrected of Him. God does not like sulky children, and there are many of His children fainting out of pure sulkiness, and nothing else. Because God does not please to do as they like, they will do nothing at all. “I must be top sawyer,” says he, “and I will not be at bottom to shove the saw up. If I cannot be where I like I will be nowhere at all.” We have many of these. Because they have to be shaft horses now and then, they will not

pull. If they could always be in front and wear the ribbons, it would be well, but when they have to go behind all, they "jib" as you say, and will not go at all. Instead of fainting, we should go forward when we have the lash; we, should say, "Am I smitten? I will turn to the hand that smote me. Did my Father strike me? Then I will take care, by more ardent duty, that He does not strike me again, and I will go my way the more swiftly and get away from the rod. Does He send a cross every day out of love to me? I will seek to work all the more, and so, if it be possible, I shall have my prayer fulfilled. 'Forgive my debts, and pardon my transgressions.'"

Again, the man faints *when he doubts whether he is a child of God under chastisement*. Too many of the children of God have the blow of the Father's rod, and they at once conclude that they are not the Father's children at all. Like one of old they say, "If it be so, why am I thus?" forgetful that it is "through much tribulation" they must "enter the kingdom of heaven," and unmindful that there is not a son whom the Father does not chasten. Thou art saying this morning, "I cannot be a child, or I should not be in poverty and distress." Talk not thus foolishly; that trial is more a proof of adoption than it is that thou art not His. Remember the passage: "If we be not partakers of chastisement then are we bastards, and not sons." Say not He has forgotten thee, but look upon thy trial as a proof of His love. Cecil once called to see his friend Williams, and the servant said he could not see him because he was in great trouble. "Then I would rather see him," said Cecil; and Williams hearing it was his old pastor, said, "Show him up." Up he went, and there stood poor Williams, his eyes suffused with tears, his heart almost broken, his dear child was dying. "Thank God," said Cecil; "I have been anxious about you for some time, you have been so prosperous and successful in everything, that I was afraid my Father had forgotten you; but I know He recollects you now. I do not wish to see your child full of pain and dying; but I am glad to think my Father has not forgotten you." Three weeks after that Williams could see the truth of it, though it seemed a harsh saying at first.

Again, many persons faint *by fancying that they shall never get out of their trouble*. "Three long months," says one, "have I striven against this sad trouble which overwhelms me, and I have been unable to escape it." "For this year," says another, "I have wrestled with God in prayer that He would deliver me out of this whirlpool, but deliverance has never come, and I am almost inclined to give the matter up. I thought He kept His promises, and would deliver those who called upon Him, but He has not delivered me now, and He never will." What! child of God, talk thus of thy Father! say He will never leave off smiting because He has smitten thee so long? Rather say, "He must have smitten me long enough now, and I shall soon have deliverance." If a man is in a wood and cannot see his way out, he goes straight on, for he thinks he shall come out some day or other; and if he is wise he will climb the highest tree he can find, in order to discover the right way. That is how you should do, climb one of the promises, and thou wilt see the other side of the wood with all the sweet fields, beyond where thou shalt feed in green pastures, and lie down under your Saviour's guidance. Say not thou canst not escape. The fetters on thy hands may not be broken by thy feeble fingers; but the

hammer of the Almighty can break them in a moment. Let them be laid on the anvil of providence and be smitten by the hand of omnipotence, and then they shall be scattered to the winds. Up man! up. Like Samson, grasp the pillars of thy troubles, and pull down the house of thine affliction about the heads of thy sins, and thou thyself shalt come out more than conqueror.

I had intended to finish up by referring you to the succeeding verses; but instead of doing so, let me ask, what son is there whom the Father chasteneth not? Ye ministers of God who preach the gospel, is there amongst your ranks one whom his Father chastens not? Unanimously they reply, "We all have been chastened." Ye holy prophets who testified God's word with the Holy Ghost from heaven, is there one amongst your number whom God chastened not? Abraham, Daniel, Jeremy, Isaiah, Malachi, answer; and unanimously ye cry, "There is not one among us whom the Father chasteneth not." Ye kings, ye chosen ones, ye Davids and ye Solomons, is there one in your high and lofty ranks who has escaped chastisement? Answer David! Wast not thou obliged to cross the brook Kedron in the darkness? Answer Hezekiah! Didst not thou spread the letter before the Lord? Answer Jehoshaphat? Hadst not thou thy cross when thy ships were broken that were sent to Tarshish for gold? Oh, ye starry host above, translated out of the reach of the trials of this world, is there one amongst you whom the Father chastened not? Not one; there is not one in heaven whose back was unscarred by the chastening rod, if he attained to the age when he needed it. The infant alone escapes, flying at once from his mother's breast to heaven. There is one whom I will ask, the Son of God, *the Son par excellence*, the chief of all the family. Thou Son of God Incarnate, didst Thou escape the rod? Son without sin, wast Thou a Son without punishment? Wast Thou chastised? Hark! the hosts of earth and heaven reply—the church militant and triumphant answer: "The chastisement of our peace was even upon Him: He suffered; He bore the cross; He endured the curse as well as any of us; yea, more, He endured ten thousand-fold more chastisement than any of us can by any possibility endure." "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither faint when thou art rebuked of Him."

In closing, let me ask those who are afflicted and have no religion, where they get their comfort from? The Christian derives it from the fact that he is a son of God, and he knows that the affliction is for his good. Where do you get *comfort* from? It has often puzzled me how poor tried worldlings get on. I can somewhat guess how they can be happy, when the glass is full, when hearts are glad and joyous, when hilarity and mirth sparkle in their eyes, when the board is covered, and the family is well. But what does the worldling do when he loses his wife, when his children are taken away, when his health departs and he himself is nigh unto death? I leave him to answer. All I can say is, I wonder every day that there are not more suicides, considering the troubles of this life, and how few there are that have the comforts of religion. Poor sinner, even if there were no heaven and hell, I would recommend to thee this religion; for even if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men most *happy*, really, in our spirits, although we might seem to be "of all men most miserable." I tell you, if we were to die like dogs, if there were no second world, so happy does the Christian religion make the heart, that it were worth while

having it for this life alone. The secularist who thinks of this world only, is a fool for not thinking of Christianity, for it confers a benefit in this world as well as in that which is to come. It makes us bear our troubles. What would break your backs are only feathers to us; what would destroy your spirits are to us "light afflictions which are but for a moment." We find light enough in our hearts, in the depth of darkness. Where you find darkness we have light; and where you have light we have the brilliance of the sun. May God put you in the number of His saved family, and then if He chastens you, I ask whether you will not think His rod light when compared with that sword which you deserve to have smitten you dead. God give you, if you are chastened now, that you may be chastened and not killed, that you may be chastened with the righteous, and not condemned with the wicked.

Struggles and Triumphs;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER V.—TWO KINDS OF TALK.

"THE public are respectfully informed that a Temperance Sermon will be preached on Sunday Evening next by the Rev. Josiah Steel in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Copper Street. Service to commence at six o'clock. All classes invited to attend. No collection. Come! Come! Come!"

Such was a copy of a small hand-bill which was delivered at my house and was also freely circulated in most of the houses in Sunborough. That it created considerable attention was manifest by the large congregation that was gathered in the Primitive Methodist Chapel on the ensuing Lord's day evening. The Rev. Josiah Steel was a new minister recently appointed by Conference, and whose advent was hailed by the teetotalers with delight when they heard that he was a thorough-going abstainer. The temperance committee were not long, therefore, in securing his services on behalf of

the movement; and the result was the announcement of this sermon, which drew a congregation of such a motley character as was rarely seen in our respective places of worship.

On that evening of course no meeting was held in the Temperance Hall. In fact, instead of that, the temperance reformers got up a procession which, starting from the hall a little before the time for commencing the service, served still further to create attention and crowd the edifice. For several reasons I determined to attend this service, and was much struck with the nature of the gathering. Knowing many of the people of our town, I could see persons present belonging to all denominations, and not a few from our own chapel. True, there were not many of what might be termed the "respectable" class, or more appropriately the middle class; but even this class was represented. The bulk of the congregation, however, consisted of the working class; the rough element, and not less than a score of drunkards

who had been reformed by temperance advocacy. By the time that the minister entered the pulpit, people thronged the doors unable to get in, and as it was in the middle of summer both doors and windows were thrown open, that those outside might hear what went on, as well as those who were within.

The first glance that I took at the preacher was somewhat disappointing. He was plain looking, with a broad forehead and large mouth, the lips being thick and firmly set; but his eyes sparkled beneath bushy brows, and seemed to penetrate his audience as he glanced around. His voice was sonorous and loud; his manners somewhat blunt and uncultivated; and a deficient education was occasionally made manifest by some slight departures from the grammatical rules of Lindley Murray. The prayer that followed the opening hymn was also too noisy, and called forth too many responses to suit the taste of a quiet Baptist worshipper like myself. But all this was soon got over when the sermon came to be delivered. The text was taken from Romans xiv. 21:—*"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."* In a few words the relation of the text was shown to the context: and then, on the ground that the text declared beyond all controversy that it was good to abstain from the drink when it caused men to tumble and fall, the preacher gave such a sermon in favour of total abstinence as I have rarely heard. From his own personal experience he gave testimony after testimony of the good that total abstinence had effected in his last circuit; and one of these narratives was so thrilling that during a part of the recital hardly a breath was heard, and finally the death-like silence was broken by sobs proceed-

ing from every part of the building. But the climax came when towards the close, rising to his full height and stretching out his arm, he pointed first to some of the reformed drunkards that he knew to be below, and then to some that were in the gallery, and asked if it was not good to rescue such men from ruin, to save their families from poverty, to bring them to the house of God, and to see them there that night "clothed and in their right mind," not only being total abstainers, but true-hearted, zealous servants of the Lord Jesus? This appeal proved too much for the warm-hearted Primitives present; and, heedless of form and ceremony, several of them started up and shouted joyously, "Glory be to God! Hallelujah!"

"Yes," said the preacher in response, "Hallelujah! We will indeed give God the glory. And now, my friends, let us do all that we can still further to extend this good movement until there shall not be a single drunkard in the land, and publicans and brewers shall cease to make fortunes by carrying on a trade that destroys on every hand the bodies and souls of the people." The commotion excited at the close of the service was quite a sight. While numbers pressed forward to shake hands with the preacher, a prayer-meeting was announced, and a revival service was conducted in true Methodist fashion. The result was that the "penitent form" that night was crowded, and it was said that two or three notorious drunkards found their way to it, and were induced to cry aloud for pardon and peace. Who these characters were I did not know, but I was informed afterwards by some who were acquainted with them that they had become members of the society, and gave every evidence of being truly converted.

But long before the prayer-meeting was over I left, and then retired to my own quiet parlour to meditate seriously on the strange scenes which I had just been favoured to witness.

While, however, the fame of this sermon was the talk of the town, a circumstance occurred which produced still further talk of another kind.

As our own minister was walking out shortly after dinner on a quiet country road, on a visiting tour, he came suddenly face to face with Tobiah Hobson, who, instead of passing by him as usual with a cold nod, paused and smiled, as if he evidently wanted to enter into a little conversation.

"Fine afternoon, Mr. Ackton."

"Yes, very, Mr. Hobson."

"Heard the news, sir?"

"What news?"

"About Sam Crowe."

"No, sir; what about him?"

"Thought you hadn't; so I'm pleased to have the honour of being the first to communicate the intelligence. Well, sir, last night that precious member of yours went into 'The Black Bull' rather fresh, and got more drink still. Some of 'em, to get him on, began to talk about the famous sermon the Primitive Methodist minister preached last Sunday night, and bragged it up a bit. He got warm, and it ended in a sort of free fight, which at last sent him on the floor with a couple of black eyes and a broken collar-bone; and then as no cab could be obtained, and he was too drunk to walk home, they were compelled to borrow a wheelbarrow, and convey him home in that respectable fashion. What do you think of that, Mr. Ackton? Quite a credit to your society, isn't he?"

"I can only say, Mr. Hobson, that I am very sorry to hear it."

"But I am not, Mr. Ackton. On the contrary, I'm very glad."

"Why should you be glad, sir? Is not that the exhibition of a very bad spirit?"

"No, sir, it is not. Let me give you, without offence, a bit of plain talk, Mr. Ackton. Now, you know what I am. People call me an infidel, and I know you have in conversation with folk called me so yourself. Well, let us say I am; for I certainly neither believe in the Bible, in priests, or in parsons. But for all that I like to see consistency in any body of people, call them by what name you will. Now, what do you profess to be? You profess to be a holy Christian church. Then if you carry out that profession, do you think yourselves consistent when for years you have tolerated such a character as Sam Crowe in your society? Is there anybody that knows him in Sunborough who doubts for a moment that he is not only in the habit of drinking to excess, but that he also, under the influence of drink, occasionally abuses both his wife and family? Why, I myself have seen him late at night walking home as if he hardly knew which side of the road to take. But putting that aside, supposing nobody will come forward in your church to prove it, you know well that he was by his own confession one of the principal ring-leaders in mobbing our lecturer in the market-place; and you know also how he bragged and boasted about it afterwards. Yet you pay no heed to it, and let him go on just as he likes!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hobson, but you are wrong there. We had him up subsequently before a church meeting and gave him a severe reprimand."

"A severe reprimand! Why, what's that to him? You should have just bundled him out neck and crop. That's all he deserves. A deal

he'd care for your reprimand ! Well, you see what good it has done him. A fine scandal he has brought at last upon you all. Mad drunk, indulging in a free fight, and conveyed in state home in a wheelbarrow, the laughing-stock of people passing in the street, the very boys even mocking him ! Don't you think, Mr. Ackton, that it will raise your church very much in the public estimation ? But after all, perhaps, you'll only give him another severe reprimand !”

“ You need not be satirical, Mr. Hobson ; you may depend upon it that we shall deal with the case according to its merits.”

“ Well, I only hope you will ; for if you do that at your very first church meeting, you'll give him the sack by a greater majority than the one that summarily disposed so disgracefully of poor Jack Grant. And naming him reminds me of another thing, Mr. Ackton. Do you know what Grant is doing, sir ?”

“ I hear that he is keeping his pledge, and speaks occasionally on behalf of your movement.”

“ You have heard right, sir. But I will tell you more than that. With the exception of Mr. Steel, the Primitive Methodist minister, there isn't a minister in Sunborough, or for miles round about, that is doing the good work that he is doing. Wherever he goes the rooms are sure to be filled—often, in fact, crowded ; and not only do numbers sign the pledge, but we know at least of half

a score of men in this town who have been induced, through his telling advocacy, to give up the drink, and make their homes happy. He went with me to the Primitive Methodist service last Sunday night, and at the close received a cordial invitation from the minister to cast in his lot among 'em, and I shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't turn out to be a thorough-going Primitive. Should he join 'em he'll be a wonderful help to their cause ; and knowing that, I don't think they'll let him off without becoming a member. Besides that, I hear, to get at the young, they are going to form a Band of Hope, and they want him to aid 'em in working it. Whether he'll fall in with 'em or not I can't tell ; but one thing I do know, that so long as you carry out your present anti-temperance policy your church is sure to go down ; and that as long as the Primitives persevere in their drink-destroying policy they are sure to go up. And now, having said that, I leave you, sir, to your own reflections, and cordially wish you good day.”

Before our minister could reply his scoffing antagonist had moved off ; and in anything but an agreeable state of mind, Mr. Ackton slowly wended his way to see a few distant church members, sadly wondering all the while whatever, in connection with this strange temperance movement, was likely to turn up next !

(*To be continued.*)

THE FRUITFUL TREE.—The Rev. Dr. Franklin was peculiarly prompt, and always intent upon usefulness. His signet-ring had for its device a fruit-bearing tree, with the third verse of Psalm i. as a motto. When near his end, being asked by his son and pastoral successor for some word of condensed wisdom that might be treasured as a remembrancer and prompter, he breathed into his ear the word “ Faithful.”—*Thompson's “Seeds and Sheaves.”*

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"FAITH AS A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED."

Matt. xvii. 20.

BY THE REV. J. GREEN.

ONE of the smallest seeds in common use; and to us who think much of things which look big and fill a large space, it seems very insignificant. But Christ did not mean His disciples to regard faith that was as a grain of mustard seed as insignificant, for He taught them that that faith was equal to removing mountains, or, as in Luke, to plucking up a sycamine tree and planting it in the sea. A grain of mustard seed was proverbial for smallness; yet our Lord said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed." Thus faith, however small, is an inestimable possession and a great power.

So Christ says plainly, and He knows. But then He is careful so to state this as to prevent our making any mistake about it, if we will but carefully weigh His words. It is faith like a grain of mustard seed that is precious. Look at this carefully for a moment. A grain of mustard seed has a distinct, separate, individual existence. It is that and nothing else. You may put it among other seeds, but it is still always itself, and always maintains its own peculiar characteristic. Just so is it with one who has faith in Christ. He may be placed among worldly, unchristian, unbelieving people, but he still remains separate and distinct from them.

Again. A grain of mustard seed is something alive, full of life,

a life altogether its own. Nothing else has the same taste, or leaf, or flower, or fruit. So faith in Christ is something truly alive, having a life altogether its own. Everywhere and always it gives God credit for being true, for speaking the truth, and for doing as He says He will.

Now put your tiny grain of mustard seed into its proper element, the earth. Is it something insignificant and contemptible now? See how it lays hold on the soil by its many rootlets, and draws out moisture and nourishment continually, just as much as it wants, and more and more of these every day. How it lifts its head too, and takes in of the sunshine, the gases, the dew, and grows and grows till, in Eastern lands, the birds of the air lodge in the branches of it! So does faith, even the feeblest, if it is truly faith, lay fast and firm hold on God, on His wisdom, on His power. It links itself to God, who can do all things. It casts itself on God, who can bear all things. It asks of God, who can give all things. It trusts itself to God, who can guide and manage all things. Faith says, "I am poor, but my Heavenly Father is rich. I am weak, but He is strong. I am sinful, but He through Christ puts away my sin, and cleanses and renews me. I am ignorant, but He is all-wise." And faith unites us to Him so as to give us an unchangeable interest in what He is and what He possesses.

Try and loosen your mustard seed tree from the ground without injuring the roots, and without removing the soil with the roots.

How much less can the faith that is rooted in Christ be separated from Him! Is not this an inestimable possession and a great power, which even small faith lays hold of and secures?

But small faith grows like a grain of mustard seed. "Lord, increase our faith," the disciples said. And Christ here shows that faith has the capacity of growth. Paul says to the Thessalonians, "Your faith groweth exceedingly."

Yes; but one says, "I am not sure that I have any faith at all: what about me?" Well, who and what are you? You are uneasy, unsatisfied, dissatisfied with yourself and with your position and prospects. Once you were altogether unconcerned. You own yourself a sinner without excuse; aye, and almost without hope too, and you are sure that you have not faith as a grain of mustard seed—clear, distinct, and marked. Must you sit still and see whether this clear, unmixed faith will come to you? If you can sit still you are not much concerned. What you want most of all is to be delivered. Then go straight to the Deliverer and ask Him to have mercy on you and deliver you. What, you say, if you have no faith that you clearly know of? Yes, go with your burden to be unburdened. And if you want a Scripture encouragement for doing so, take the case of the father of this poor lunatic boy. His faith was not as a grain of mustard seed. If he had been asked, "Have you faith in Christ?" what a stumbling answer he must have given. Within him faith struggled for existence, and coming to Christ as he was Christ brought it to the birth. Watch the intensely interesting process. "If Thou canst do anything for us, help us." "If Thou canst believe, all things are

possible to him that believeth." "Lord, I believe;" and yet, frightened at his own bold utterance, "help Thou my unbelief." Let none suppose that we are undervaluing the work of the Holy Spirit. But while rules of grammar are very needful in order to speak and write correctly and well, they are not among the first lessons taught at school.

If you are saved you will come to believe just what Christ says, not because you quite understand it, but just because He says it.

From that beginning faith grows. It does not leap and jump; you cannot see it grow. But from this beginning you are learning the habit of going to Christ for everything you want, of clinging to Him and trusting in Him as a tried, and proved, and faithful Helper and Friend.

Yes; but as there are east winds and blights that check the growth of trees, and flowers, and fruits, so we,—that is our faith,—is subject to adverse and even withering influences.

When the father of the lunatic boy brought him to the disciples to see if they could heal him, Jesus and the three were on the Mount of Transfiguration. Enough is told us in the context to enable us to gather pretty correctly the state of mind of these disciples. Why was He gone so long from them? and why were not they asked to go with Him as well as Peter and James and John? Their worst selves came out and wanted to be indulged just when they most needed to be at their best. At this juncture the father appealed to them. They attempted to cast out the demon; "but they wist not that the Lord was departed from them," and they became a laughing-stock to the people. The Saviour came on their

defeat, and cast out the demon. "Why could not we cast him out?" asked the discomfited disciples. Jesus answered, "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting."

Growing faith and self-indulgence of any kind are never found together. "There must be self-denial, the sinking of self for Christ; then faith grows exceedingly, and lays hold on God with a strong grasp, and triumphs.

Leicester.

CHEER, COMMAND, CONSOLATION FOR CHRISTIAN COMRADES.

By Rev. T. W. MEDHURST.

"He who has helped me hither to Will help me all my journey through, And give me daily cause to raise New EBENEZERS to His praise."

'AND they shall fight against thee: but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.'—*Jer. i. 19.*—Believers have many and mighty adversaries, who are constantly contending *against* them; but none of these adversaries shall gain the victory; for Jehovah of hosts is *with* them, and is fighting *for* them. If God be on our side, we have more for us than against us. He will make us to our foes "a fenced brazen wall," so that when they fight against us they shall be overcome. God is ever *with* His people, and engaged *for* them; therefore they may triumphantly ask the question, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—*Rom. viii. 31.* If God be *for* us, we must be *with* God. No man has any right to conclude that God is on his side, if he has never heartily closed with God's offer of mercy made known in the Gospel. If you are living without God and without Christ, you are living without hope, and

God is against you. If God be neither *with* you, nor *for* you, it matters not who may be on your side; for you will surely be destroyed, and that without remedy. But if you are nigh to God in the person of Jesus, then the comfort and consolation of our *waymark*, belongs unto you in all its fulness and blessedness.

"Fear ye not Me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at My presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?"—*Jeremiah v. 22.*—It is strange that, concerning rational creatures, it should be recorded that "there is no fear of God before their eyes." One would imagine that nature alone would be sufficient to induce in man a fear of God. More especially would we think thus when we bear in mind that man, as a sinner, is justly exposed to the wrath of God. And yet, strange though it is, it is nevertheless strangely true that man does not tremble at his Maker's presence. Though the almightiness of God is seen in His controlling the elements of nature, in His girdling the sea with a belt of sand, and in His upholding and preserving all things by the word of His power, yet man, puny man, still revolts against his God, and seems to defy Omnipotence. Oh, what madness, what folly! Truly all such prove themselves to be a "foolish people, and without understanding," who "have eyes and see not," who "have ears, and hear not." The waves of the sea toss themselves wildly and furiously; they swell, rage, and roar, and threaten grandly as if they would inundate, and swallow

up the earth; they foam and lash and dash themselves against the rocks, as though they would shatter them from their foundations; yet, when they come to the appointed bounds, they are forced to retire before a belt of sand!

"The children of Judah prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers."—*2 Chron. xviii.* 18.—True Gospel faith is reliance upon God. "The children of Judah" had true faith. Their language is beautifully and strikingly expressive of their faith. "But as for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken Him (verse 10)." "And, behold, God Himself is with us for Captain, and His priests with sounding trumpets (verse 12)." Because "the children of Judah" "relied upon the Lord," they "prevailed;" but "the children of Israel were brought under at that time," because they "relied" not on the Lord, but fought against the God of their fathers. Shortly after this we read, that Hanani came to Asa, the king of Judah, and said unto him, "Because thou hast relied on the King of Syria, and not relied on the Lord thy God, therefore is the host of the King of Syria escaped out of thine hand. Were not the Ethiopians and the Lubims a huge host, with very many chariots and horsemen? yet, because thou didst rely on the Lord, he delivered them into thine hand. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him" (*2 Chron. xvi.* 7-9.) Here we have two incidents in the history of Judah, in which it is clearly proved, that according to our faith so is our success. When we "rely on the Lord," He will deliver us out of the hand of our enemies; but when we

"rely not on God, our enemies shall be too strong for us. Here is both a *waymark* and a *warning* for Christians.

"Weep not; behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof."—*Rev. v.* 5.—John had "wept much" because none had been found worthy to open the seven-sealed book which he "saw in the right hand of Him that sat on the throne." This book contains the record of God's decree relating to those special events which hereafter were to happen to the Church. No human creature can prevail to loose the seven seals, or to open that book; but Jesus, the Mediator, both can and will fully accomplish that business. He is here called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David," to indicate that our Lord sprang from the tribe of Judah, and was the branch which grew out from Jesse's roots. Jesus prevailed to open the book because it was to have its fulfilment in Him. The prophecies had been fulfilled to the very letter, which spake concerning Christ's sufferings and death, and now He will show those prophecies shall be equally fulfilled, *to the very letter*, which speak of His glory which shall follow. From this verse let us learn "of what excellent worth the Mediator is beyond all creatures in heaven and earth, how great need there is of Him; and how wretched and miserable we should be without Him. All the most glorious creatures in heaven beside, and all the fulness of the earth, could not give us ground of comfortable worshipping before God if there were not a Mediator. We may see also that the great cause of His people's heartlessness is, that He is not acknowledged in their straits. Oh, how

excellent a one is the Mediator ! and, oh, how happy a thing were it continually to be improving Him ! Lord, teach us that ; and to Him be praise for ever. Amen."—*James Durham*, 1658.

"Fear not for God is come to prove you, and that His fear may be before your face, that ye sin not."—Exod. xx. 20.—When God gave His law from Mount Sinai, He spake in tones so loud as to be heard—so distinct as to be intelligible to the whole multitude that stood below in the valleys, amid the most dreadful and appalling phenomena of agitated nature. The people, as they heard God thus speaking to them, were filled with fear of instant death. "Even Moses himself, the mediator of the old covenant, did 'exceedingly quake and fear.'" (Heb. xii. 21.) But doubtless God spake what gave him relief—restored him to a frame of mind fit for the ministrations committed to him ; and hence, immediately after, he was enabled to relieve and comfort them with the relief and comfort which he himself had received from God." It is thus that Jesus imparts consolation to His followers, as is witnessed by the Apostle Paul when he writes, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. i. 4). We have need to fear when God comes to prove us ; for, unless we are found complete in Christ, and under the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, we shall not be able to abide the test. But if we are found to be complete in Jesus, we need not fear either the harsh, crashing thunder or the fierce, blinding lightning, for Jesus has for us obeyed and fully satisfied all the demands of God's most righteous law. He is the end of the law to believers.

"Examine me, O Lord, and prove me ; try my reins and my heart."—Psalm xxvi. 2.—Never let us be satisfied with a mere comfortable religion, unless we are certain it will prove at the end to be stable and sure. Let us seek God to examine us, our cause, our integrity, our trust and confidence, that they may be proved to be genuine. As gold is examined by the touchstone, so let us seek to be examined by the Word of God, which is the only standard whereby the believer's faith and practice are to be tried. Let us seek thus to be examined in order that our faith in Christ, our fear of Christ, our love to Christ, and our hope regarding our interest in Christ, may be seen to be sincere. We should seek not only that our *way* may be examined and proved, but also that our *inner springs*—our "reins" and our "heart" may be tried ; that the thoughts, desires, and affections of our hearts may be tried as gold and silver are tried in the furnace. God may answer our prayer, and try our faith and patience by afflicting providences ; but, in doing so, the end shall be both for His glory and for our good. He makes this inquisition, and causes us to endure this trial process, not for His own sake, for known unto Him are the hearts and ways of all men, but for our sakes and for the sake of others, that it may be made known either to ourselves or to others the truth of that grace which is in us, and the uprightness both of our *hearts* and *ways*. It is on this account that we should pray for this examination and trial.

But while the Christian is thus made free by the body of Jesus, he has within him *two distinct* natures : the one inherited from Adam, which is wholly corrupt, and the other inherited from Christ,

which cannot sin, because it is born of God. "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law" (Gal. v. 16-18). It is the Christian only who is here spoken of, for he only is possessed of these two natures. Even the great Martin Luther was compelled to wish he had "a more valiant and constant heart." And all believers have desired, and do desire, the same; for they feel, by a painful and bitter experience, they cannot do the things they would. The Christian knows that when he would do good evil is present with him. Believers

are both active and weak; they both fight and flee; they both sing and sigh. Though the fountain of grace is never wholly dried up within them, yet it is often very low. They know sin in them to be as damnable as sin in others, but are able to rejoice, because Jesus has suffered in their room, and borne their guilt. The lusts of the flesh being freely pardoned to the believer, he is able to fight against them. He knows he shall at length be made more than conqueror through Jesus; therefore is his heart at rest, for being assured that "God will provide," he is certain that he shall come off triumphant through Him who has loved him. "God will provide" all resources for the battle, all needed strength for the warrior, and victory at last!

Portsmouth.

DEAD.

BY MRS. M. E. BLAKE.

DEAD! That is the word
That rings through my brain till it crazes!
Dead, while the May-flowers bud and blow,
While the green creeps over the white of the snow,
While the wild woods ring with the song of the bird,
And the fields are a-bloom with daisies.

See! Even the clod
Thrills, with life's glad passion shaken;
The vagabond weeds, with their vagrant train,
Laugh in the sun, and weep in the rain,
The blue sky smiles like the eye of God—
Only my dead do not waken.

Dead! There is the word
That I sit in the darkness and ponder!
Why should the river, the sky, and the sea,
Babble of summer and joy to me,
While a strong, true heart, with its pulse unstirred,
Lies hushed in the silence yonder?

Lord! Lord! how long
Ere we rise to Thy heights supernal?
Ere the soul may read what Thy Spirit saith:
"Life that must fade is not life, but death."
Lift up thine eyes, O soul! Be strong;
For Death is the Life Eternal!

Reviews.

Endless Punishment Defended. By Rev. W. C. BARTLETT, D.D. With Preface by C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

WE commend this short treatise to the Christian public. It is but a tract of forty-six pages, published at 2d. in paper covers, or 6d. in cloth binding. The author is an American, president of Dartmouth College, U.S.A. There would seem to be a vague impression abroad that the doctrine of future punishment is not as distinctly taught in Scripture as our forefathers supposed it to be, and that modern criticism has relieved the doom of the wicked of very much of its terror. The efforts to amend the plain statements of the New Testament have been strangely divergent. Two extremes have commanded the most attention, one pointing to an immediate annihilation, the other to an universal restitution; while intermediately we have advocates of a limited term of penal servitude, and partisans of a larger though less likely hope. The little pamphlet before us is rather judicial than controversial. It sums up the evidence, shows that the plaintiffs have not made out their case, and consents accordingly. This is what Spurgeon says: "The doctrine of endless punishment appals them; it appals us: we need to be appalled. It makes the spirit sink: the spirit ought to sink before the tremendous evil which comes of sin." Rationalists of the nineteenth century have sought credit for their candour. In some notable instances they deserve it. They have retreated from their advanced positions, and fairly acknowledged that their hypotheses would not hold. This is as it should be, and as no doubt must be.

Baptist Worthies: a series of distinguished men who have held and advocated Baptist principles. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D., vol. 2. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

A WORTHY volume on Baptist worthies. We are well pleased with it all through. It contains a series of noble histories well told. We scarce know which charms us most. Certainly the chapters on Adoniram Judson and William Knibb are intensely interesting, while those of Sir Robert Lush, President Garfield, and others, will command the special attention of the reader. The book is beautifully got up in its binding, letterpress, and paper, and no worthier or more useful work can be found in a Baptist library.

The Legal History of Canon Stubbs, being the Basis of the new Scheme of the Ecclesiastical Courts proposed by the Royal Commissioners of 1881-83. Reviewed by J. T. Tomlinson, Lay Member of the Manchester Diocesan Conference. Edward Stanford, Charing Cross.

WHILE we have a Low Church, and its ministers are law officers of the Crown, we must, of course, have ecclesiastical law courts, and the ministers should be held rigidly to obey the laws of the Parliamentary Church; but we claim the privilege of being outside this circle. The "Legal History," &c., will be of considerable interest to those who prefer the Law to the Gospel, but with us we have a preference in saying,

"Let Caesar's dues be ever paid,
Caesar shall have his own;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone."

Memoir of the late Rev. William Mummary, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common. Compiled at the request of the family by the Rev. John Teal, Baines, Fairfax Place, South Hampstead.

A BRIEF tribute to the memory of a good man.

The Analyst for March and April. Elliot Stock.

MAINTAINS the reputation justly acquired in former numbers. The sermons by the editor on the Heavenly Family and on the Mammen of Unrighteousness are very excellent.

A Friendly Letter. Addressed to Ministers, Missionaries, and all Labourers for the Lord. One of a series on a variety of subjects to a variety of classes. The idea is somewhat novel and the letters very good. Jarrold & Sons, Paternoster Buildings.

Experience. A fourpenny quarterly. Published at 66, Paternoster Row, and designed to revive the testimony of England's chief Evangelists, and to promote Mission Work.

Part I. To be completed in 10 parts. *The Early Days of Christianity*. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Cassell & Company.

THE subject will command readers, and the well-stored mind and fascinating style of Dr. Farrar will produce a very rich and valuable work.

Sword and Trowel contains, amongst other matter of deep and interesting character, a chapter on religious sites and scenes in Edinburgh. The *Baptist* is a good number, with which is bound up the *Missionary Herald* with the news about our Missionary meeting arrangements. The *General Baptist* has a leader on the question now always to the front, How may we get at the people? We think and hope before long workers will grow wiser than many now seem to be, and come back to the old paths and the Bible ways. What is wanted is not so much new plans, but more heart and more faith in the Gospel methods.

We have also received *Trust Christ More*, *Open Doors*, *The Voice of Warning*, *Evangelical Christendom*, and *Our Method of Visitation*, all deserving our prayers and best wishes.

THE POTTER'S VESSEL.—This verse may appear to need no explanation, as many will conclude that any vessel made either of earthenware or china, which is very liable to break, may be called a "potter's vessel." This is not, however, the right interpretation. By a "potter's vessel" is meant the case in which the china is placed previously to being baked, and in which it is placed in the oven. These cases are called by the workmen "seggars," and are of a round shape; the top and bottom of each seggar (the former open and the latter closed) being flat, they are piled one on another, so that each one forms a cover for the one underneath. The use of these seggars is to prevent the smoke, or flame, from injuring the china, which would be discoloured were the fire to reach it. The seggars are made of a kind of fine clay, capable of resisting an intense heat; they are of different sizes and depths, to suit the various pieces they are to contain. If any of these seggars become cracked, or otherwise injured, being of no further use in the manufactory, they are "broken into shivers," and can only be used for mending roads or for drainage. This, then, is what is meant by a "potter's vessel," alluded to by the Psalmist when he foretold that the law of the gospel which God had declared by His only Son, should be published, and that the heathen nations should be brought into subjection to Him.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. J. ACOMB, after a pastorate of seven years, has intimated to the church and congregation at Astwood Bank, near Redditch, his intention of relinquishing his charge in June.

Rev. W. Norris has accepted the pastorate of the church at John Street, Bedford Row.

Rev. J. Butlin, of Clarendon Church, Leamington, has accepted the pastorate of Back Street Church, Trowbridge.

Rev. A. J. Margerum has resigned the pastorate of the church at Sutton, Ely.

Rev. Benjamin Wood has resigned the pastorate of the church in Tetley Street, Bradford, where he has laboured for twenty-nine years.

Rev. Owen D. Campbell, of Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh, has accepted the pastorate of Broad Street Church, Nottingham.

Rev. R. C. Sowerby, who has supplied the pulpit since the formation of the church, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Dunoon.

Rev. A. K. Davidson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Chip-ping Sodbury, where he has laboured for ten years, and accepted an invitation from the church at Earl Soham, Suffolk.

Rev. W. Sumner has resigned the pastorate at South Street, Hull, having accepted a unanimous invitation from Sion Church, Armley, Leeds.

Rev. W. V. Smith has resigned the pastorate of the church at Evesham.

Rev. T. Foston, late of Shipley, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Lee, vacant through the continued illness of Rev. R. H. Marten.

Rev. Henry Wa'ght, of Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of Buckingham Chapel, Clifton.

Rev. C. A. Ingram has resigned the

pastorate of the church at Upton-on-Severn.

BRAMLEY, SUTTERTON.—Rev. J. Harper, Bramley, Leeds, secretary of the Leeds District of Baptist Churches, has received a cordial invitation from the church at Sutterton, Lincolnshire.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. F. ALLSOP, pastor of the church at Brearley, was presented on the occasion of his marriage, with a purse containing £20, as a testimonial of regard from the church and congregation; and a writing-desk from the Young Men's Mutual Improvement and Bible Classes, which Mr. Allsop has conducted for the last six months.

Rev. J. Wilkins, pastor of the church at Swaffham, at the close of the first session of his Bible-class, was presented with a pedestal library-table, subscribed for by the members of the class. The membership now numbers over 70, and there is an average attendance of 53.

Mr. Arthur Trickett, organist and choir-master of Graham Street Chapel, Birmingham, has relinquished his charge at that place and removed to London. The members of the choir, at a recent *soirée*, presented their late leader with a gold pencil-case as a parting gift.

Rev. J. Crofts, having completed fifty years of public life, and having resigned the pastorate of the church at St. Peter's owing to serious illness, has been presented with a testimonial of regard from the congregation amongst whom he has ministered.

WYNDHAM ROAD, CAMBERWELL.—At a public tea and meeting on March 17, the church and congregation presented their pastor, the Rev. J. S. Hockey, and Mrs. Hockey, with a silver tea and coffee service, butter-dish and knife, upon a silver-mounted salver;

also, from Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class, a valuable album, upon their removal to Brentford.

Rev. V. J. Charlesworth was presented on the 20th March, by the members of the Elders' Bible-class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, with a library table and an illuminated address, "commemorating his services amongst them as president for a period of nearly nine years, and as an expression of their high appreciation.

Rev. G. Barrans, who is leaving for Walsall, was presented at a valedictory meeting, by the church and congregation at Bridlington, with a drawing-room timepiece and a purse of money in token of the high regard in which he is held. Mr. Barrans also received other testimonials of esteem and goodwill.

Rev. H. F. Gower, of the Tabernacle, Tring, has been presented with a marble timepiece, as a mark of esteem from the Young Women's Bible-class in connection with New-Mill Church.

Mr. H. Leech, superintendent of the Sunday-school connected with the church at East Dereham, was presented, on the 1st April, by the teachers, with a testimonial in recognition of his valuable services.

Rev. William Donald, on leaving Cumnock for Kilmarnock, was presented with a silver inkstand as a testimonial of regard.

Mr. S. I. Wade, for thirteen years organist at Penge Tabernacle (Rev. J. W. Boud, pastor), has been presented with an illuminated address, and a purse containing £50, in recognition of his services as organist and treasurer.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. E. E. LOVELL, of Bristol College, was recognised on the 16th of March as pastor of Bethel English Chapel, Maesteg. Rev. Dr. Culross gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D. Davies addressed the church and congregation.

Rev. Joseph Warner has been re-

cognised as pastor of the church at Millwall. Rev. John Teall, Secretary of the Baptist Board, presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Billington, G. S. Cook, and T. A. Court.

Mr. Thomas Davies, of Haverford-west College, has been recognised as pastor of the two churches in Garw Valley.

Rev. H. C. Field has been recognised as pastor of the church at Milnsbridge. Revs. C. A. Davis, Dr. Stock, G. Duncan, C. Rushby, and W. Gay took part in the service.

Rev. E. J. Croft, of Rawdon College, was recognised on the 31st of March as pastor of the church at Alcester. The charge to the pastor was delivered by his father, Rev. James Croft; Rev. H. C. Leonard addressed the church. Rev. H. E. Croft, brother to the pastor, Rev. M. Phelpin, the late pastor, and Rev. T. Fisk took part in the services.

Rev. W. E. Harris, formerly of Chesterfield, received public recognition on the 31st of March as pastor of Trinity Church, Derby. Revs. W. Woods, G. Hill, W. R. Skerry, E. Medley, J. Haslam, G. Hunsworth, and W. H. Tetley took part in the services.

Rev. E. Dyer, of the Pastor's College, received public recognition, on the 3rd of April, as minister of the church at Atherton. Rev. G. Williams gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. R. Lewis addressed the church. Revs. H. Hall, J. R. Crook, T. Davies, W. H. Haines, C. G. Croome, J. T. Frost, F. J. Flatt, and others, took part in the services.

Rev. W. Colin Bryan, of the Pastor's College, was recognised, on the 4th of April, as pastor of the church at Bluntisham. Professor Gracey gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. R. Skerry addressed the church. Revs. T. Lloyd, J. Bell, T. H. Smith, W. Hetherington, R. S. Latimer, and J. Briggs took part in the services.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW chapel, which has cost £1,690, inclusive of site, and which will seat 200 persons, has been opened at Broad Clyst. Towards the gross cost of the chapel and its adjuncts upwards of £1,100 has been already procured. Of that sum £1,000 has been given by the Rev. E. T. Davis, who has been in charge of the station, and who will henceforth carry on the pastorate of the new chapel. It may be added that it is owing very much to the popularity of Mr. Davis's ministrations in the parish that the necessity for the new building has been created.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel, to accommodate 500 worshippers, was laid on the 26th of March in Glade Road, Great Marlow.

A new chapel, to seat 1,000 persons, is about to be erected, at a cost of £5,000, in Stapleton Road, Bristol, for the congregation in Thrissel Street, under the pastoral care of Rev. Cornelius Griffiths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the quarterly meeting of the London Baptist Association, held at Commercial Street Chapel, White-chapel, on April 1st, a paper was read by Rev. T. Henson, on "The Christ of the Ages." The report of the Pastors' Aid Fund Inquiry Committee stated that, to the questions addressed to the churches by circular, replies had been received from fifty-two churches which did not ask for assistance, and from eighteen churches which sought assistance of various kinds. The absence of information from so large a number as eighty-three churches made it impossible for the committee to present a complete scheme, embracing the whole of the churches, and especially the mission churches of London; and they therefore reported in general terms only, based principally upon the returns of the eighteen churches, and other infor-

mation at their command. The committee, however, held that the principle of the complete and separate independence of each church should be strictly adhered to, as essential to its prosperity, but they thought that this was quite compatible with unity of action among the strong for the support of the weak. The consideration of the subject was deferred till the next quarterly meeting. In the evening an evangelistic service was held, when addresses were delivered by Revs. G. W. M'Cree and C. B. Sawday.

Rev. E. W. Tarbox, who was present for the first time after a long illness, received a cordial welcome at the fourth anniversary of the church at Woking Station, Surrey. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. W. Boud, R. Shindler, A. H. Moore, and H. Noel, M.A. (Episcopalian). A new class-room and vestry were opened. The collections and donations reached £50.

LUTON.—Park Street Chapel is now closed for repairs and alterations. The congregation has been worshipping for several weeks in the Town Hall. The chapel will be reopened shortly by the Rev. T. Jenkins, of Liverpool.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. TEALL.

ON the morning of Lord's Day, March 23rd, 1884, Mrs. Mary Thorne Teall, the beloved and devoted wife of the Rev. John Teall, of Woolwich, passed away from their residence, The Poplars, Old Charlton, to "the Father's house of many mansions." The illness which preceded this sad event was severe, but only brief in its duration. Mrs. Teall took tea with her husband on the Thursday before her decease, and was speaking to him of their great domestic comfort. Shortly afterwards, as she was crossing the entrance-hall, a sudden and serious fit of apoplexy laid her prostrate, and,

although medical assistance was immediately called in, consciousness never returned. All mental and physical energy was gone, and on the Sabbath her "spirit returned to God who gave it." But few ministers' wives understand their vocation better than did our departed friend. In the constant and multifarious labours of her husband she ever felt the liveliest interest, doing all that she could to make the home the scene of comfort, and thus to prevent, as far as possible, all anxiety. Mrs. Teall was the only child of a most respectable North Devon yeoman, Mr. John Mills, and was born at South Molton, December 11th, 1819. From her infancy she was taken to the Independent Chapel in her native town, where, in her early years, the earnest ministrations of the late Rev. John Pyer were made the means of leading her into Church fellowship, and to the consecration of her time and talents to the service of her Divine Master. For the memory of this talented preacher Mrs. Teall always entertained a respect amounting almost to veneration. Often would she say, "The nicest birthday present my husband ever gave me was the memoir of my dear Mr. Pyer." On August 27th, 1845, Miss Mills became the wife of the Rev. J. Teall, the marriage ceremony taking place at the Baptist Chapel, South Molton, and the late Rev. C. E. Pratt, of St. Austell, a fellow-student of Mr. Teall, officiating on the occasion. The newly-married couple remained in the old North Devon town till the spring of 1848, and here their only child, their devoted daughter, was born. In April, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Teall removed to the still more bracing atmosphere of the Cotswold Hills, the former having become the pastor of the Baptist Church at Naunton and Guiting, and in this place our departed sister was most highly esteemed by the respectable circle of agricultural friends who then attended the chapels in those villages. In 1853 Mr. Teall was overtaken by a

rather serious affection of the brain, and utter cessation from the work, or removal to a less laborious station, became imperative. As advised by his tutor, the late Rev. John Jackson, Mr. Teall accepted an invitation from the ancient Baptist Church at Hatch-Beauchamp, a beautiful village in the vale of Taunton Dean, Somerset; and, remaining here for eight years, all symptoms of ailment passed away, and health was fully re-established. In 1861 Mr. and Mrs. Teall removed to Woolwich, where, for nearly sixteen years, the former was pastor of Queen Street Church, and for much of the honour and usefulness of a long public career our friend is indebted to the loving sympathy and tender co-operation of her whose loss he now so deeply deploras. In the erection of a new chapel at South Molton, a new parsonage-house at Hatch-Beauchamp, and extensive alterations and improvements at Queen Street Chapel, Woolwich, Mrs. Teall rendered efficient help, while in no home were God's servants more welcome than in that over which she, with so much grace and cheerfulness, presided. The circle of beloved ones in whose midst she moved has sustained a loss most severe and irreparable; but, oh, the blessedness to which she has attained! Her remains lie in the beautiful cemetery at Charlton, hard by her late home, and there, in the safe keeping of Him who is "the resurrection and the life" they will lie till the trumpet sounds.

"She is gone to her rest—and safe laid in
the tomb
Is her dust till the trumpet shall blow;
But the spirit is basking in yonder bright
home,
Where now she's awaiting the mourners
to come
She left in this valley below.

"She is gone to her rest—then, my sorrows
forbear;
'Tis sin thus to weep and repine;
Rather gird up thy loins, and for marching
prepare,
Press onward, and long in her glory to
share,
And pray that her faith may be thine.

"She is gone to her rest—then a loving
Good-bye!
For a time, my beloved one, Adieu!
I'll think of thy bliss, and my sorrows
shall dry,
And I'll joyfully hope yet to join thee on
high,
Our friendship and love to renew."

At Brentford, Middlesex, on the 2nd of April, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Charles Henwood, who for many years laboured in the town in connection with the Baptist Home Missionary Society. His remains were interred in the Ealing cemetery on the 8th, in the presence of a large concourse of attached friends, young and old. Rev. W. A. Blake and J. S. Hockey conducted the service.

On Sunday evening April the 13th, Rev. W. A. Blake improved his death at Park Chapel from Psalm cxvi. 15th verse.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdare.—March 17, Ten, by T. Jones.
Attercliffe.—March 23, Three, by R. Ensoll.
Belfast.—March 4, Regent-street, Two; March 11, Three, by E. T. Mateer.
Bildeston.—March 31, Two, by J. Easter.
Birmingham.—March 30, Longmore-street, Three, by A. T. Prout.
Bristol.—March 30, Thrissel-street, Five, by C. Griffiths.
Brayford, North Devon.—March 16, Five, by A. Sprague.
Brixham.—March 30, Ten, by J. T. Almy.
Brockenhurst.—April 3, Three, by W. H. Payne.
Burnley.—March 23, Mount Pleasant, Five, by J. Kemp.
Buxton, Norfolk.—March 30, Six, by R. B. Horne.
Carmarthen.—March 23, Twenty-three, by J. Thomas.
Cefn-Mawr.—March 13, English Chapel, Three, by E. H. Girdlestone.
Chester.—March 23, Mission Hall, Three, by W. S. Jones.
Cinderford.—March 30, Nine, by W. Thomas.
Consett.—March 25, Two, by J. Roach.
Cumifor.—March 3, One, by M. Jones.
Dawley, Salop.—March 30, Eleven, by E. Spanton.
Derby.—March 30, Osmaston-road, Eleven, by W. H. Tetley.
Eythorne.—March 30, Four, by G. Stanley.
Exeter.—April 6, at South-street, Four, by E. C. Pike.
Franksbridge.—March 9, Two, by T. D. Jones.
Gravel, Radnor.—March 23, Two, by J. Williams.

Great Grimsby.—March 30, Victoria-street, Two, by E. Landerdale.
Guisborough.—March 23, Four, by J. G. Scott.
Hitchin.—March 23, Walworth-road, Four, by F. J. Bird.
Hollinwood.—March 27, Six, by S. J. Jones.
Lincoln.—March 30, at Mint-lane, Four, by G. P. Mackay.
Little Leigh, Cheshire.—March 9, Six, by W. J. M. Lord.
Llangollen.—March 23, Castle-street, Eighteen, by D. Williams.
Llandyfam.—March 15, Soar Chapel, Two, by M. Jones.
London, N.:—March 25, Belle Isle Mission, Six, by J. Barton.
Clapham.—March 30, Grafton-square, Thirteen, by R. Webb.
Brixton.—March 30, Cornwall-road, Seven, by E. P. Barrett.
Enfield Town, N.—March 30, Fourteen, by G. W. White.
Enfield, Totteridge-road.—March 30, Three, by A. F. Brown.
Ilford.—March 27, Eleven, March 30, Three, by J. Young.
Leytonstone.—March 30, Two, by J. Bradford; March 27, Two, by J. Bradford, for W. H. Vivian.
Upper Kennington-lane.—March 30, Nineteen, by T. J. Malvon.
Lymm, Cheshire.—March 30, Two, by H. Davies.
Machen (English).—March 23, Three, by Dr. Lloyd.
Nailsworth.—March 30, Tabernacle, One, by J. Robinson.
Netherton.—March 23, Ebenezer Chapel, Eight, by L. Humby.
Ogmore Vale.—March 23, at Calvary, Three, by E. Aubrey.
Ponkey.—March 9, at Zion, Five, by D. Evans.
Pontheir, Mon.—March 16, Three, by E. Watkins.
Pontrhydryn, Mon.—March 9, Four, by J. Rees.
Pontypool.—March 9, Trosnant Chapel, Five; March 30, Three, by D. Thomas.
Portsmouth, Lake-road.—March 30, Sixteen; March 31, Nine, by the pastor, T. W. Medhurst.

These were the first baptisms in the new Baptistery which has just been placed in Lake Road Chapel. It is built with walls of cement 14 inches thick, and the floor is made with 12 inches thickness of cement-concrete. The walls are lined with white polished veined marble, 1½ inch thick, each side and end being in one slab, and the floor is covered with similar marble in one slab. The dimensions of the Baptistery are—length 11 feet, width 5 feet, depth 3 feet. Three feet of the length is taken up by five steps, leading down into the Baptistery, and on either side of these steps is an enclosed compartment, in which a deacon can stand to assist the pastor in the administration of the ordinance. These compartments and the steps are constructed of white polished

veined marble, and the top of the Baptistery is finished with a capping of similar marble around the whole. Silver fittings are provided for the inlet and outlet of the water. The Baptistery is to remain open in view of the congregation, and is surrounded with 9 brass standards, 2 feet 9 inches high, through the tops of which are passed scarlet ropes.

Rhymney, Mon.—March 16, Beulah, One, by H. Phillips.

Rotherham.—March 16, Nine, by B. Lee.

Ross.—March 23, Four, by J. E. Perrin.

South Stockton.—March 23, Three, by H. Winsor.

Smansea.—March 30, at Mount Zion, Thirteen, by the pastor.

Swansea.—Carmarthen-road, Six, by A. E. Johnson.

Tunbridge.—March 26, Two, by T. Hancocks.

Waterhouses, near Durham.—March 30, Three, by R. W. Dobbie.

Wellington, Salop.—March 23, Nine; March 31, Two, by J. B. Morgan.

Walgrave.—Four by E. J. Heath.

Waltham Abbey.—March 16, Two, by W. Jackson.

Worstead.—Four by W. Slaymaker.

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;
And what he takes in his hand shall prosper all.

A GREEN TREE MORE GLORIOUS THAN GOLD.—If Adam had not fallen, all the creatures had seemed such to us, that every tree and every blade of grass had been better and nobler than if it had been of gold. For in the true nature of things, if we will rightly consider, every green tree is far more glorious than if it were made of gold or silver.—*Luther*.

THE SECOND PSALM.—This is a right lofty Psalm against the enemies of God. It begins softly and simply, but it goes out with magnificence. It is a lofty, noble Psalm. It says, Come and see what the Lord doeth. He has been now six thousand years in the Council, ruling and making all laws.—*Luther*.

THE BIBLE AND NATURE.—It is said of Archbishop Asher, when he grew old, and spectacles could not help his failing sight, that a book was dark except beneath the strongest light of the windows, and the aged man would sit against the casement with his outspread volume before him, till the sunshine fitted to another opening, when he would change his place and put himself again under the brilliant rays: and so he would move about with the light till the day was done and his studies ended. And truly we may say that our weak eyes will not suffice to make out the inscription on the page of Nature unless we get near the window of Scripture where God pours in the radiance of His Spirit. And wherever it shines let us follow it, knowing that nowhere but in its illumination can we study the spiritual meaning of Nature so well.—*Rev. F. Stoughton*.

AN EVERGREEN.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.—*R. Burns*.

THE PEOPLE'S CHRIST.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I have exalted one chosen out of the people."—Psalm lxxxix. 19.

ORIGINALLY, I have no doubt, these words referred to David. He was chosen out of the people. His lineage was respectable, but not illustrious; his family were holy, but not exalted; the names of Jesse, Obed, Boaz, and Ruth, awoke no royal recollections, and stirred up no remembrances of ancient nobility or glorious pedigree. As for himself, his only occupation had been that of a shepherd-boy, carrying lambs in his bosom, or gently leading the ewes great with young—a simple youth of a right royal soul and undaunted courage, but yet a plebeian—one of the people. But this was no disqualification for the crown of Judah. In God's eye the extraction of the young hero was no barrier to his mounting the throne of the holy nation, nor shall the proudest admirer of descent and lineage dare to insinuate a word against the valour, wisdom, and the justice of the government of this monarch of the people.

We do not believe that Israel or Judah ever had a better ruler than David; and we are bold to affirm that the reign of the man "chosen out of the people" outshines in glory the reigns of high-bred emperors and princes with the blood of a score of kings running in their veins. Yea, more, we will assert that the humility of his birth and education, so far from making him incompetent to rule, rendered him, in a great degree, more fit for his office, and able to discharge its mighty duties. He could legislate for the many, for he was one of themselves—he could rule the people, as the people should be ruled, for he was "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh"—their friend, their brother, as well as their king.

However, in this sermon we shall not speak of David, but of the Lord Jesus Christ; for David, as referred to in the text, is an eminent type of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, who was chosen out of the people; and of whom His Father can say, "I have exalted One chosen out of the people."

Before I enter into the illustration of this truth, I wish to make one statement, so that all objections may be avoided as to the doctrine of my sermon. Our Saviour Jesus Christ, I say, was chosen out of the people; but this merely respects His manhood. As "very God of very God" He was not chosen out of the people; for there was none save Him. He was His Father's only-begotten Son, "begotten of the Father before all worlds." He was God's fellow, co-equal, and co-eternal; consequently when we speak of Jesus as being chosen out of the people, we must speak of Him as a man. We are, I conceive, too forgetful of the real manhood of our Redeemer, for a man He was to all intents and purposes, and I love to sing—

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“ A Man there was, a real Man,
Who once on Calvary died.”

He was not man and God amalgamated—the two natures suffered no confusion—He was very God, without the diminution of His essence or attributes ; and He was equally, verily, and truly, man. It is *as a man* I speak of Jesus this morning ; and it rejoices my heart when I can view the human side of that glorious miracle of incarnation, and can deal with Jesus Christ as my brother—inhabitant of the same mortality, wrestler with the same pains and ills, companion in the march of life, and, for a little while, a fellow-sleeper in the cold chamber of death.

There are three things spoken of in the text : first of all, Christ's extraction—He was one of the people ; secondly, His election—He was chosen out of the people ; and thirdly, Christ's exaltation—He was exalted. You see I have chosen three words, all commencing with the letter “ E,” to ease your memories that you may be able to remember them the better—extraction, election, exaltation.

I. We will commence with *our Saviour's* EXTRACTION. We have had many complaints this week, and for some weeks past, in the newspapers concerning *the families*. We are governed—and, according to the firm belief of a great many of us, very badly governed—by certain aristocratic families. We are not governed by men chosen out of the people, as we ought to be ; and this is a fundamental wrong in our government—that our rulers, even when elected *by* us, can scarcely ever be elected *from* us. Families, where certainly there is not a monopoly of intelligence or prudence, seem to have a patent for promotion ; while a man, a commoner, a tradesman, of however good sense, cannot rise to the government. I am no politician, and I am about to preach no political sermon ; but I must express my sympathy with the people, and my joy that we, as Christians, are governed by “ One chosen out of the people.” Jesus Christ is the people's man ; He is the people's friend—ay, one of themselves. Though He sits high on His Father's throne, He was “ One chosen out of the people.” Christ is not to be called the aristocrats' Christ, He is not the nobles' Christ ; He is not the king's Christ ; but He is “ One chosen out of the people.” It is this thought which cheers the hearts of the people, and ought to bind their souls in unity to Christ and the holy religion of which He is the author and finisher. Let us now beat out this wedge of gold into leaf, and narrowly inspect its truthfulness.

Christ, by His very *birth*, was one of the people. True He was born of a royal ancestry. Mary and Joseph were both of them descendants of a kingly race, but the glory had departed ; a stranger sat on the throne of Judah, while the lawful heir grasped the hammer and the adze. Mark ye well the place of His nativity. Born in a stable—cradled in a manger where the horned oxen fed—His only bed was their fodder, and His slumbers were often broken by their lowings. He might be a prince by birth, but certainly He had not a princely retinue to wait upon Him. He was not clad in purple garments, neither wrapped in embroidered clothing ; the halls of kings were not trodden by His feet, the marble palaces of monarchs were not honoured by His infant smiles. Take notice of the visitors who came around His cradle. The shepherds came first of all. We never find that they lost their way. No, God guides the

shepherds, and He did direct the wise men too, but they lost their way. It often happens that while shepherds find Christ, wise men miss Him. But, however, both of them came, the magi and the shepherds: both knelt round that manger, to show us that Christ was the Christ of all men; that He was not merely the Christ of the magi, but that He was the Christ of the shepherds—that He was not merely the Saviour of the peasant shepherd, but also the Saviour of the learned, for

“None are excluded hence, but those
Who do themselves exclude;
Welcome the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.”

In His very birth He was one of the people. He was not born in a populous city, but in the obscure village of Bethlehem, “the house of bread;” the Son of Man made His advent, unushered by pompous preparations, and unheralded by the blast of courtly trumpets.

His *education*, too, demands our attention. He was not taken, as Moses was, from His mother's breast, to be educated in the halls of a monarch; He was not brought up with all those affected airs which are given to persons who have golden spoons in their mouths at their births. He was not brought up as a lordling, to look with disdain on everyone; but His father being a carpenter, doubtless He toiled in His father's workshop. “Fit place,” a quaint author says, “for Jesus, for He had to make a ladder that should reach from earth to heaven. And why should He not be the son of a carpenter?” Full well He knew the curse of Adam: “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.” Had you seen the holy child Jesus you would have beheld nothing to distinguish Him from other children, save that unsullied purity which rested in His very countenance. When our Lord entered into *public life*, still He was the same. What was His rank? Did He array Himself in scarlet and purple? Oh, no: He wore the simple garb of a peasant—that robe “without seam from the top to the bottom,” one simple piece of stuff, without ornament or embroidery. Did He dwell in state, and make a magnificent show in His journey through Judea? No; He toiled His weary way, and sat down on the curb-stone of the well of Sychar. He was like others, a poor man; He had not courtiers around Him; He had fishermen for His companions; and when He spoke, did He speak with smooth and oily words? Did He walk with dainty footsteps, like the king of Amalek? No; He often spoke like the rough Elijah; He spoke what He meant, and He meant what He said. He spoke to the people as the people's man. He never cringed before great men; He knew not what it was to bow or stoop; but He stood and cried, “Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees hypocrites! Woe unto you whitewashed sepulchres.” He spared no class of sinners: rank and fortune made no difference to Him. He uttered the same truth to the rich men of the Sanhedrim as to the toiling peasants of Galilee. He was “one of the people.”

Notice His *doctrine*. Jesus Christ was one of the people in His doctrine. His gospel was never the philosopher's gospel, for it is not abstruse enough. It will not consent to be buried in hard words and technical phrases: it is so simple that he who can spell over, “He that believeth and is baptized

shall be saved," may have a saving knowledge of it. Hence, worldly-wise men scorn the science of truth, and sneeringly say, "Why, even a blacksmith can preach now-a-day, and men who were at the plough tail may turn preachers;" while priestcraft demands, "What right have they to do any such thing unauthorized by us?" Oh! sad case, that gospel truth should be slighted because of its plainness, and that my Master should be despised because He will not be exclusive—will not be monopolised by men of talent and erudition. Jesus is the ignorant man's Christ as much as the learned man's Christ; for He hath chosen "the base things of the world and the things that are despised." Ah! much as I love true science and real education, I mourn and grieve that our ministers are so much diluting the Word of God with philosophy, desiring to be intellectual preachers, delivering model sermons, well fitted for a room full of college students and professors of theology, but of no use to the masses, being destitute of simplicity, warmth, earnestness, or even solid gospel matter. I fear our college training is but a poor gain to our churches, since it often serves to wean the young man's sympathies from the people, and wed them to *the few*, the intellectual, and wealthy of the church. It is good to be a fellow-citizen in the republic of letters, but better far to be an able minister of the kingdom of heaven. It is good to be able like some great minds, to attract the mighty; but the more useful man will still be he, who, like Whitfield, uses "market language," for it is a sad fact that high places and the gospel seldom well agree; and, moreover, be it known that the doctrine of Christ is the doctrine of the people. It was not meant to be the gospel of a caste, a clique, or any one class of the community. The covenant of grace is not ordered for men of one peculiar grade, but some of all sorts are included. A few there were of the rich followed Jesus in His own day, and it is so now. Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus were well to do, and there was the wife of Herod's steward, with some more of the nobility. These, however, were but a few: His congregation was made up of the lower orders—the masses—the multitude. "The common people heard Him gladly:" and His doctrine was one which did not allow of distinction, but put all men as sinners naturally on an equality in the sight of God. One is your father, "one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." These were words which He taught to His disciples, while in His own person He was the mirror of humility, and proved Himself the Friend of earth's poor sons, and the lover of mankind. O ye purse proud! O ye who cannot touch the poor even with your white gloves! Ah! ye with your mitres and your crosiers! Ah! ye with your cathedrals and splendid ornaments! This is the man whom ye call Master—the people's Christ—one of the people! And yet ye look down with scorn upon the people—ye despise them. What are they in your opinion? *The common herd—the multitude.* Out on ye! Call yourselves no more the ministers of Christ. How can ye be, unless, descending from your pomp and your dignity, ye come amongst the poor and visit them—ye walk amongst our teeming population and preach to them the gospel of Christ Jesus. We believe you to be the descendants of the fishermen? Ah! no, until ye doff your grandeur, and, like the fishermen, come out, the people's men, and preach to the people, speak to the people, instead of lolling on you! splendid seats, and making yourselves rich at the expense of your pluralities! Christ's ministers should be the friends of manhood at large, remembering

that their Master was the people's Christ. Rejoice! O rejoice! ye multitudes. Rejoice! rejoice! for Christ was one of the people.

II. Our second point was ELECTION. God says, "I have exalted one chosen out of the people." Jesus Christ was elected—chosen. Somehow or other, that ugly doctrine of election will come out. Oh! there be some, the moment they hear that word, election, put their hands upon their foreheads, and mutter, "I will wait till that sentence is over; there will be something I shall like better, perhaps." Some others say, "I shall not go to that place again; the man is a hyper-Calvinist." But the man is not a hyper-Calvinist; the man said what was in his Bible—that is all. He is a Christian, and you have no right to call him by those ill-names, if indeed an ill-name it be, for we never blush at whatever men do call us. Here it is: "One chosen out of the people." Now, what does that mean, but that Jesus Christ is chosen? Those who do not like to believe that the heirs of heaven were elect, cannot deny the truth proclaimed in this verse,—that Jesus Christ is the subject of election—that His Father chose Him, and that He chose Him out of the people. As a man, He was chosen out of the people, to be the people's Saviour, and the people's Christ. And now let us gather up our thoughts, and try to discover the transcendent wisdom of God's choice. Election is no blind thing. God chooses sovereignly, but He always chooses wisely. There is always some secret reason for this choice of any particular individual; though that motive does not lie in ourselves, or in our own merits, yet there always is some secret cause far more remote than the doings of the creature; some mighty reason unknown to all but Himself. In the case of Jesus, the motives are apparent; and without pretending to enter the cabinet council of Jehovah, we may discover them.

1. First, we see that *justice is thereby fully satisfied* by the choice of One out of the people. Suppose God had chosen an angel to make satisfaction for our sins—imagine that an angel were capable of bearing that vast amount of suffering and agony which was necessary to our atonement; yet after the angel had done it all, justice would never have been satisfied, for this one simple reason, that the law declares,—"The soul that sinneth IT shall die." Now, *man* sins, and therefore *man* must die. Justice required, that as by man came death, by man also should come the resurrection and the life. The law required, that as man was the sinner, man should be the victim—that as in Adam all died, even so in another Adam should all be made alive. Consequently, it was necessary that Jesus Christ should be chosen out of the people; for had yon blazing angel near the throne, that lofty Gabriel, laid aside his splendours, descended to our earth, endured pains, suffered agonies, entered the vault of death, and groaned out a miserable existence in an extremity of woe, after all *that* he would not have satisfied inflexible justice, because it is said, a man must die, and otherwise the sentence is not executed.

2. But there is another reason why Jesus Christ was chosen out of the people. It is because *thereby the whole race receives honour*. Do you know I would not be an angel, if Gabriel would ask me. If he would beseech me to exchange places with him, I would not; I should lose so much by the exchange, and he would gain so much. Poor, weak, and worthless though I am, yet I am a man, and being a man, there is a dignity about manhood—a dignity lost one day in the garden of the Fall but regained in the

garden of Resurrection. It is a fact, that a man is greater than an angel—that in heaven humanity stands nearer the throne than angelic existence. You will read in the Book of the Revelation, of the four-and-twenty elders who stood around the throne, and in the outer circle stood the angels. The elders, who are the representatives of the whole church, were honoured with a greater nearness to God than the ministering spirits. Why man—elect man—is the greatest being in the universe, except God. Man sits up there;—look! at God's right hand, radiant with glory, there sits a man! Ask me who governs Providence, and directs its awfully mysterious machinery; I tell you it is a Man—the Man Christ Jesus. Ask me who has during the past month bound up the rivers in chains of ice, and who now has loosed them from the shackles of winter, I tell you a Man did it—Christ. Ask me who shall come to judge the earth in righteousness, and I say a Man. A real, veritable Man is to hold the scales of judgment, and to call all nations around Him. And who is the channel of grace? Who is the emporium of all the Father's mercy? Who is the great gathering up of all the love of the covenant? I reply, a Man—the Man Christ Jesus. And Christ, being a Man, has exalted you, and exalted me, and put us into the highest ranks. He made us, originally, a little lower than the angels, and now despite our fall in Adam, He hath crowned us, His elect, with glory and honour, and hath set us at His right hand in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.

3. But, my brethren, let us take a sweeter view than that. Why was He chosen out of the people? Speak, my heart! What is the first reason that rushes up to thyself? For heart thoughts are best thoughts. Thoughts from the head are often good for nothing; but thoughts of the heart, deep musings of the soul, these are priceless as pearls of Ormuz. If it be a humbler poet, provided that his songs gush from his heart, they shall better strike the chords of my soul than the lifeless emanations of mere brain. Here, Christian, what dost thou think is the sweet reason for the election of thy Lord, He being one of the people? was it not this—that *He might be able to be thy brother, in the blest tie of kindred blood?* Oh! what relationship there is between Christ and the believer? The believer can say—

“One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Faithful, free, and knows no end.”

I have a great Brother in heaven. I have heard boys say sometimes in the street that they would tell their brother: and I have often said so when the enemy has attacked me—“I will tell my Brother in heaven.” I may be poor, but I have a Brother who is rich; I have a Brother who is a King; I am brother to the Prince of the kings of the earth; and will He suffer me to starve, or want, or lack, while He is on His throne? Oh! no; He loves me; He has fraternal feelings towards me; He is my Brother. But more than that. Think, O believer: Christ is not merely thy brother, but He is thy husband. “Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name. “It rejoices the wife to lean her head on the

broad breast of her husband, in full assurance that his arms will be strong to labour for her, or defend her; that his heart ever throbs with love to her, and that all he has, and is, belongs to her, as the sharer of his existence. Oh! to know by the influence of the Holy Ghost that the sweet alliance is made between my soul and the ever-precious Jesus; sure, 'tis enough to quicken all my soul to music, and make each atom of my frame a grateful songster to the praise of Christ. Come, let me remember when I lay like an infant in my blood, cast out in the open field; let me recollect the notable moment when He said, "Live!" and let me never forget that He has educated me, trained me up, and one day will espouse me to Himself in righteousness, crowning me with a nuptial crown in the palace of His Father. Oh! it is bliss unspeakable! I wonder not that the thought doth stagger my words to utter it!—that Christ is one of the people, that he might be nearly related to you and to me, that he might be the *goel*, or kinsman, next of kin.

" *In ties of blood with sinners one,*
Our Jesus is to glory gone;
Hath all His foes to ruin hurried—
Sin, Satan, earth, death, hell, the world."

Saint, wear this blessed thought, like a necklace of diamonds, around the neck of thy memory, put it, as a golden ring, on the finger of recollection, and use it as the king's own seal, stamping the petitions of thy faith with confidence of success.

4. But now another idea suggests itself. Christ was chosen out of the people that He might know our wants and sympathize with us. You know the old tale, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives; and that is very true. I believe some of the rich have no notion whatever of what the distress of the poor is. They have no idea of what it is to labour for their daily food. They have a very faint conception of what a rise in the price of bread means. They do not know anything about it; and when we put men in power who never were of the people, they do not understand the art of governing us. But our great and glorious Jesus Christ is One chosen out of the people: and therefore He knows our wants. *Temptation and pain* He suffered before us; *sickness* He endured, for when hanging upon the cross, the scorching of that broiling sun brought on a burning fever; *weariness*—He has endured it, for weary He sat by the well; *poverty*—He knows it, for sometimes He had not bread to eat, save that bread of which the world knows nothing; *to be houseless*—He knew it, for the foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests, but He had not where to lay His head. My brother Christian, there is no place where thou canst go where Christ has not been before thee, sinful places excepted. In the dark valley of the shadow of death thou mayest see His bloody footsteps—footprints marked with gore; ay, and even at the deep waters of the swelling Jordan, thou shalt, when thou comest hard by the side, say, "There are the footprints of a Man; whose are they?" Stooping down, thou shalt discern a nail-mark, and shalt say, "Those are the footsteps of the blessed Jesus." He hath been before thee; He hath smoothed the way; He hath entered the grave, that He might make the tomb the royal bedchamber of the ransomed race, the closet where they lay aside the garments of labour, to put on the vestments of eternal rest. In all

places whithersoever we go, the angel of the covenant has been our fore-runner; each burden we have to carry has once been laid on the shoulders of Immanuel.

“His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?”

I am speaking to those in great trial. Dear fellow-traveller, take courage: Christ has consecrated the road, and made the narrow way the King's own road to life.

One thought more, and then I will pass on to my third point. There is a poor soul over there who is desirous of coming to Jesus, but he is in very great trouble lest he should not come right; and I know many Christians who say, “Well, I hope I have come to Christ; but I am afraid I have not come right.” There is a little foot-note to one of the hymns in dear Mr. Denham's collection, in which he says, “Some people are afraid they do not come right. Now, no man can come except the Father draw him; so I apprehend, if they come at all, they cannot come wrong.” So do I apprehend, if men come at all, they must come right. Here is a thought for thee, poor coming sinner. “Why art thou afraid to come?” “Oh!” sayest thou, “I am so great a sinner, Christ will not have mercy upon me.” Oh! you do not know my blessed Master; He is more loving than you think Him to be. I was once wicked enough to think the same; but I have found Him ten thousand times more kind than I thought. I tell you, He is so loving, so gracious, so kind, there ne'er was one half so good as He. He is kinder than ever you can think; His love is greater than your fears, and His merits are more prevalent than your sins. But still you say, “I am afraid I shall not come aright; I think I shall not use acceptable words.” I tell you why that is: because you do not remember that Christ was taken out of the people. If Her Majesty were to send for me to-morrow morning, I dare say I should feel very anxious about what kind of dress I should wear, and how I should walk in, and how I should observe court etiquette, and so on; but if one of my friends here were to send for me, I should go straight off and see him, because he is one of the people, and I like him. Some of you say, “How can I go to Christ? What shall I say? What words shall I use?” If thou wert going to one above thee, thou mightest say so: but He is one of the people. Go as thou art, poor sinner—just in thy rags, just in thy filth—in all thy wickedness, just as thou art. O conscience-stricken sinner, come to Jesus! He is one of the people. If the Spirit has given thee a sense of sin, do not study how thou art to come; come anyhow; come with a groan, come with a sigh, come with a tear,—any come, if thou dost but come, will do, for He is one of the people. “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; let him that heareth say, Come.” Here I cannot resist giving an illustration. I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, and they are afraid they shall not find any, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with its rider, some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another; and then, at a short interval, another: as soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, “Come!” The next one, hearing the voice, repeats the word, “Come!” while the nearest again takes up the cry, “Come!” until the whole wilderness echoes with the word “Come!”

So in that verse, "the Spirit and the Bride" say, first of all, Come : then "let him that heareth say, Come : and whosoever is athirst, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." With this picture I leave our survey of the reasons for the election of Christ Jesus.

III. And now I am to close up with His EXALTATION. "I have exalted one chosen out of the people." You will recollect, whilst I am speaking upon this exaltation, that it is really the exaltation of all the elect in the person of Christ ; for all that Christ is, and all that Christ has, is mine. If I am a believer, whatever He is in His exalted person, that I am, for I am made to sit together with Christ in heavenly places.

1. First, dear friends, it was exaltation enough for the body of Christ to be exalted into union with the Divinity. That was honour which none of us can ever receive. We never hope to have this body united with a God. It cannot be. Once has incarnation been done—never but once. Of no other man can it be said, "He was one with the Father, and the Father was one with Him." Of no other man shall it be said, that the Deity tabernacled in Him, and that God was manifest in His flesh, seen of angels, justified of the Spirit, and carried up to glory.

2. Again : Christ was exalted by His resurrection. Oh ! I should have liked to have stolen into that tomb of our Saviour : I suppose it was a large chamber ; within it lay a massive marble sarcophagus, and very likely a ponderous lid was laid upon it. Then outside the door there lay a mighty stone, and guards kept watch before it. Three days did that Sleeper slumber there ! Oh ! I could have wished to lift the lid of that sarcophagus, and look upon Him. Pale He lay ; blood-streaks there were upon Him, not all quite washed away by those careful women who had buried Him. Death exulting cries, "I have slain Him : the seed of the woman who is to destroy me is now my captive !" Ah ! how grim Death laughed ! Ah ! how he stared through his bony eyelids, as he said, "I have the boasted victor in my grasp." "Ah," said Christ, "but I have thee !" And up He sprang, the lid of the sarcophagus started up ; and He, who has the keys of death and hell, seized death, ground his iron limbs to powder, dashed him to the ground and said, "O Death, I will be thy plague ; O hell, I will be thy destruction." Out He came, and in turn the watchmen fled away. Startling with glory, radiant with light, effulgent with Divinity, He stood before them. Christ was then exalted in His resurrection.

3. But how exalted was He in His ascension ! He went out from the city to the top of the hill, His disciples attending him while He waited the appointed moment. Mark His ascension ! Bidding farewell to the whole circle, up He went gradually ascending, like the exaltation of a mist from the lake, or the cloud from the steaming river. Aloft He soared : by His own mighty buoyancy and elasticity He ascended up on high—not like Elijah, carried up by fiery horses ; nor, like Enoch of old, it could not be said he was not, for God took him. He went Himself ; and as He went, I think I see the angels looking down from heaven's battlements, and crying, "See the conquering Hero comes !" while at His nearer approach again they shouted, "See the conquering Hero comes !" So His journey through the plains of ether is complete—He nears the gates of heaven—attending angels shout, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors !" The glorious hosts within scarce ask the question, "Who is the King of glory ?" when from

ten thousand thousand tongues there rolls an ocean of harmony, beating in mighty waves of music on the pearly gates and opening them at once, "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." Lo! heaven's barriers are thrown wide open and cherubim are hastening to meet their monarch.

"They brought His chariot from afar,
To bear Him to His throne;
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and said,
"The Saviour's work is done."

Behold He marches through the streets. See how kingdoms and powers fall down before Him! Crowns are laid at His feet, and His Father says, "Well done, My Son, well done!" while heaven echoes with the shout, "Well done! well done!" Up He climbs to that high throne, side by side with the Paternal Deity. "I have exalted One chosen out of the people."

4. The last exaltation of Christ which I shall mention is that which is to come, when He shall sit upon the throne of His Father David, and shall judge all nations. You will observe I have omitted that exaltation which Christ is to have as the King of this world during the millennium. I do not profess to understand it, and therefore I leave that alone. But I believe Jesus Christ is to come upon the throne of judgment, "and before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." Sinner! thou believest that there is a judgment; thou knowest that the tares and wheat cannot always grow together—that the sheep and the goats shall not always feed in one pasture; but dost thou know of that Man who is to judge thee—that He who is to judge thee is a Man? I say a Man—a Man once despised and rejected.

"The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowliness He came:
A humble Man before His foes;
A weary Man, and full of woes!"

Ah! no. Rainbows shall be about His head; He shall hold the sun in His right hand as the token of His government; He shall put the moon and stars beneath His feet, as the dust of the pedestal of His throne, which shall be of solid clouds of light. The books shall be opened—these massive books which contain the deeds of both quick and dead. Ah! how shall the despised Nazarene sit triumphant over all His foes. No more the taunt, the jeer, the scoff: but one hideous cry of misery, "Hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne." Oh, ye, my hearers, who now look with contempt on Jesus and His cross, I tremble for you. Oh, fiercer than a lion on his prey is love when once incensed. Oh, despisers! I warn ye of that day when the placid brow of the Man of Sorrows shall be knit with frowns; when the eye which once was moistened by dew-drops of pity, shall flash lightning on its enemies; and the hand, which once was nailed to the cross for our redemption, shall grasp the thunderbolt for your damnation; while the mouth which once said, "Come unto Me, ye weary," shall pronounce in words louder

and more terrible than the voice of the thunder, "Depart, ye cursed!" Sinners! ye may think it a trifle to sin against the *Man of Nazareth*, but ye shall find that in so doing ye have offended the Man who shall judge the earth in righteousness; and for your rebellion ye shall endure waves of torment in the eternal ocean of wrath. From that doom may God deliver you. But I warn you of it. You have all read the story of the lady, who, on her marriage-day stepped upstairs, and seeing an old chest, in her fun and frolic stepped inside, thinking to hide herself an hour, that her friends might hunt for her; but a spring lock lay in ambush there, and fastened her down for ever; nor did they ever find her, until years had passed, when moving that old lumbering chest, they found the bones of a skeleton, with here and there a jewelled ring and some fair thing. She had sprung in there in pleasantry and mirth, but was locked down for ever. Young man! take heed that you are not locked down for ever by your sins. One jovial glass—it is all. "One moment's step." So said she. But there's a secret lock lies in ambush. One turn into that house of ill-fame—one wandering from the paths of rectitude—that is all. Oh, sinner! it is all. But dost thou know what that all is? To be fastened down for ever. Oh! if thou wouldst shun this, list to me, whilst—for I have but one moment more—I tell thee yet again of the Man who was "chosen out of the people."

Ye proud ones! I have a word for you. Ye delicate ones, whose footsteps must not touch the ground! ye who look down in scorn upon your fellow mortals—proud worms despising your fellow worms, because ye are somewhat more showily dressed! What think ye of this? The Man of the people is to save you, if you are saved at all. The Christ of the crowd—the Christ of the mass—the Christ of the people—He is to be your Saviour! Thou must stoop, proud man! Thou must bow, proud lady! Thou must lay aside thy pomp, or else thou wilt ne'er be saved; for the Saviour of the people must be thy Saviour.

But to the poor trembling sinner, whose pride is gone, I repeat the comforting assurance. Wouldst thou shun sin? Wouldst thou avoid the curse? My Master tells me to say this morning,—“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” I remember the saying of a good old saint. Some one was talking about the mercy and love of Jesus, and concluded by saying, “Ah, is it not astonishing?” She said, “No, not at all.” But they said it was. “Why,” she said, “it is just like Him: it is just like Him!” You say, can you believe such a thing of a person? “Oh yes!” it may be said, “that is just his nature.” So you, perhaps, cannot believe that Christ would save you, guilty creature as you are. I tell you it is just like Him. He saved Saul—He saved me—He may save you. Yea, what is more, He *will* save you. For whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no wise cast out.

WE have never met with an instance in which a dying man has repented of his faith in God, or of the life which has grown out of it. Death-beds have in myriads of instances been clouded with regrets, but no one has ever moaned his too early, or too complete, or too protracted confidence in God. *What no man has regretted let all men pursue—Clue of the maze.*

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER VI.—LOST AND FOUND.

IT is perhaps needless to add that the notoriety occasioned by Mr. Sam Crowe's public fall secured for him at our next Church Meeting the exclusion which he had for so long a time justly merited. And here it may be as well in passing to say a few favourable and probably needful words on behalf of our church. Though I have felt it to be my duty to give fully and clearly the blunt and satirical remarks of that sceptical friend of the temperance movement, Tobiah Hobson, it must not be supposed that either our minister or the church was disposed at any time knowingly to wink at professional inconsistency or proved evil. First, as it regards Sam Crowe, it ought to be said that our great difficulty lay in our inability to get sufficient proof of his delinquency, so as to justify us in expelling him. That he did drink to excess few of our members doubted, but so cunningly did he act that direct proof was difficult to obtain, and without that we could not well exercise church discipline of an extreme kind. From time to time he was remonstrated with and faithfully warned, and on the occasion to which our minister referred in conversing with Mr. Hobson, the censure given to him for frequenting tipping houses and promoting the disturbance in the market-place was most severe and cutting; but for the sake of our reputation as a church it would undoubtedly have been better for us had we excluded him for that and his general walk

and conversation. But secondly, in addition to this, the candid reader will bear in mind that in the early days of the temperance reformation the nature of intoxicating drinks was not understood as it is in the present day. Now, in the light of scientific research and eminent medical authority, it is almost universally conceded that alcohol is poison and not food, that it can merely act as a stimulant to the system and can never confer real strength. Hence it follows that the vast majority who abstain in the present day do so not only because they do not believe that the drink can do them any good at all, but also because they believe that, as a beverage, it is calculated only to do them harm. And this, after all, I may be permitted to say, is, in my opinion, the real basis of the temperance movement. Well-informed abstainers do not give up a *good thing* for the benefit of others, but they give up a *bad thing* for their own benefit. They affirm that even moderate drinking itself would injure their constitution; and therefore choose voluntarily and cheerfully total abstinence as better calculated to promote health, strength, and longevity. But how was it in the earlier stages of the temperance movement? Was this theory believed then? On the contrary, it was almost universally disbelieved. Science then taught that alcohol was food; medical men everywhere endorsed it; working-men of all shades believed that they had proved it: and hence the few tee-

total advocates who maintained the opposite, being themselves chiefly working-men and reformed drunkards, were looked upon by society at large as so many teetotal enthusiasts and fanatics, and as such were treated accordingly. Now, forgetful of this, many abstainers in the present day have vented their extreme wrath in a great deal of unwholesome, and, I may add, unmerited, denunciation against the Churches' past supineness or antagonism in the matter. They seem to forget that, so far as the physiological aspect of the question was concerned, the Churches in these early times were only on a level with the rest of the nation, and were not even capable *then* of rising above it. They could not help believing, according to the scientific teaching of the age, that drink *in itself* was a good thing to take, and that, therefore, its excess only was to be deprecated. Why, then, should they be so greatly blamed by modern advocates as they frequently are? In all fairness, let it be honestly conceded that, generally speaking, they only acted up to the physiological light they had, though it may be admitted now that that light was after all but darkness. If, however, it be said in reply that the Churches ought to have paid more heed to the *moral* aspects of the question than they did, it may to a certain extent be granted; but even against this concession there is this much to be said in their favour, that there were very few persons in those days, whether religious or irreligious, educated or uneducated, who for a moment believed that it was any man's duty to give up a good thing used moderately because of the evils engendered by its immoderate use. And are there not some very good and learned people

in the present enlightened and scientific age who conscientiously and earnestly still maintain the same kind of theory? In spite of all scientific testimony to the contrary, they still believe alcohol to be food, and therefore capable of assimilating with and building up the human frame; and believing that, and taking their glass on that ground, they refuse stoutly to be convinced that it is their moral duty to give up a physical good for the benefit of others. This class of people formed the majority of our Church members, and it was on that account that John Grant met with the summary rejection which was destined to react so disastrously on us as a Church, and which gave great offence to the temperance party.

But in coming back to my narrative, I must now relate another circumstance which, being of an extremely painful character, served, as I have already intimated, still further to deepen the salutary impressions regarding the temperance movement that had already begun to pervade the breasts of our pastor and deacons. Soon after the temperance sermon had been preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, rumours began to be spread abroad that the youngest son of our senior deacon, a fine young man of about twenty-five years of age had begun to give way to intemperate habits, and was bringing trouble to the parental home. Though not a member of the Church, he had, up to recent date, been a regular attendant in his father's pew at the house of God. But gradually he ceased to attend, and the secret of his absence was not long in leaking out. He was occasionally seen in questionable company, and late one Sunday evening, after his parents and the rest of the family had had family worship, there was a knock at the

door, and on its being opened, there, supported by two policemen, was the son of our senior deacon helplessly drunk. Never had this respectable family been so disgraced before, and the blow was keenly felt. As quickly as possible he was taken in, undressed, and put to bed. What transpired the next morning between himself and his father was not known, though it was certain that mutual recrimination ensued; but the result was, that without saying a word to a single soul, the young man managed quietly to pack up a few things, and slip off by the evening train to the metropolis. In vain his parents waited up for him, hoping that he would come home sober, and fearing lest he might not. The midnight hour struck, and the early morning hours slowly passed away, but no knock was heard, neither was the bell rung. Not until inquiry was made at the station and other places the ensuing day did they learn the sad tidings, that their son had really left his home for London; and that unless he wrote to let them know where he was and what he intended doing, all trace of him would be lost. But day after day passed over their heads, and no tidings came, so that whether their well-loved boy was alive or dead they could not tell. His aged mother, who had always treated him as a pet, was well-nigh distracted, and his father's grief was almost as great. The latter put advertisements in the London daily papers, and even set detectives to work if possible to trace some clue to his whereabouts, but not a single gleam of success rewarded his persistent efforts. What had become of him was to them an inscrutable mystery; and all their inquiries and conjectures only seemed to plunge them into even deeper mystery still.

Thus matters remained for four weary months, when one morning the postman brought a letter for Mr. Butler. It was from a town missionary in the metropolis, and ran thus:—

“Dear Sir,—In the course of my district visits I have come across a young man in a very sad condition, who, on being pressed, has informed us that he is your son; and if you wish to see him alive, please take an early train and come to my house, at No. 14, Red Lion Street, Holborn, where you will find him.”

“Yours respectfully,
“ROBERT BROADBENT.”

At the time this letter arrived, his father was ill, and therefore incapable of taking the journey, but as it fortunately happened that I was going on business to London, I readily consented to take train at once and so ascertain the young man's condition. The next morning found me at the good missionary's residence, and then I learnt that William Butler was in a small room on the third floor, but so weak as to be scarcely able to speak. The worthy missionary himself was not at home, being out on duty, but his good wife was, and she at once gave me as much information concerning him as lay in her power. It appeared that a week previously her husband saw him seated in a chair in a lodging-house slowly recovering from fever, contracted by poor living and exposure in the night air to all sorts of wind and weather. In answer to minute inquiry, he told the missionary that for a reason that he did not desire to reveal, four months ago he had suddenly left his home and come to seek some kind of employment in the metropolis. Having a few pounds in his possession, he sought out comfortable lodgings, and re

mained in them while his money lasted. Then, unable either to procure a situation or pay his landlady any longer he left, but was fortunately able to meet with temporary employment at a cattle-dealer's establishment, which served for a time to keep his head above water. But unhappily, through falling into some drinking company, he got drunk, and having in that state caused his employer some trifling loss, he was discharged there and then. Having no money, he found himself without either employment or a home, and was fain to take any labouring job that would serve him to get food by day or a lodging by night. At last even that resource failed him, and, after walking the streets for a couple of nights, he was taken seriously ill. Seen by a compassionate policeman seated shivering on a door step, he was by him taken to a decent sort of lodging-house, into which he was admitted on the understanding that either he or his friends would ultimately recoup the owner for his accommodation. There for two or three weeks he lay

stricken down with fever, being partly delirious, and was only just able to sit up when the missionary found him. Worn nearly to a skeleton and helpless as a child; he was induced by kind and pressing inquiry to reveal his parentage and home. Then, on the good missionary making the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association acquainted with the case, that gentleman saw him, discharged the debt due to the lodging-house keeper for board and attention; and on receiving the young man's consent to communicate with his parents, had him conveyed in a cab to the missionary's residence, feeling assured that his parents or friends, when they knew of his destitution, would be certain to remunerate the missionary for his trouble. "And now, sir, having told you all I know," said the missionary's wife to me, "perhaps you'll be kind enough to step with me upstairs, and then if he can talk to you, you will learn what he has to say for himself."

(To be continued.)

THE INFIDEL'S GRAVE.—A young German countess who lived about a hundred years ago was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed a square block of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and a tiny shoot found its way between the side stone and upper slab and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder and the granite lid was raised, and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in the lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for, as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard, it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

COMPLETE REDEMPTION.

BY REV. JABEZ DODWELL.

"Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is His name: He shall thoroughly plead their cause, that He may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon."—Jeremiah i. 34.

IN its first and most literal meaning this passage refers to the deliverance of the Israelites from the Babylonish captivity. Notwithstanding their weakness, and the opposition and determination of their oppressors, they need have no doubts about their deliverance; for the omnipotent God was their Redeemer, and would effectually plead their cause. But there can be no doubt, surely, that the passage is adapted and even designed for accommodation to more spiritual matters. Everything relating to the Israelites in olden time seems to be of this nature, and in their history God appears to be instructing us in reference to spiritual things by practical illustrations. Their being brought out of Egypt into Canaan illustrates the sinner being, in the first instance, delivered from the tyranny of Satan, and brought into the possession of Gospel privileges; and their changeful experience afterwards illustrates the changing experience of Christians in this life, and especially their being brought again more or less into bondage because of their sinfulness from time to time, and their repeated restorations and re-establishments spiritually through the power

and goodness of their pardoning God. We shall be quite right, then, in using these words as intimating the completeness and certainty of the believers' final deliverance from all his spiritual adversaries. Christians are more or less oppressed by sin and Satan in this life, and sometimes, by reason of their backslidings from God and His ways, positively led captive by them. Moreover, their weakness and the power of their foes are such that they sometimes almost despair of deliverance. But delivered they must be, for "their Redeemer is strong," &c.

I. Here is, first, THE REDEEMER'S SUFFICIENCY FOR HIS WORK: "Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is His name." Scarcely need we pause to state who this Redeemer is. The Angel that redeemed Jacob and went before his seed in the wilderness was an angel who had the Divine name in Him, and possessed the Divine prerogative of pardoning or retaining sin, and was therefore a Divine being. He was the Messenger of the covenant, in whom all the true Israelites delighted. He was the captain of the Lord's hosts, who led them forth to conquer in His own might. Nay, he was the Lord of hosts Himself, being none other than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And it was He who afterwards delivered them from the numerous snares which were laid for them, and the numerous evils which came upon them, and is here spoken of as their Redeemer, or the Avenger of their cause in relation to the Baby-

lonish captivity. And it is to Him, also, that the words must be applied in the spiritual interpretation thereof. As in the history of the natural, so in that of the spiritual Israel, He has been, is, and will be their Redeemer. He delivered them at first from Satan's yoke; He has been their Guide and Deliverer until now, and He it is that will plead their cause, and do it so thoroughly and completely that they shall have rest in Heaven's own land, and their enemies shall be disquieted and altogether overthrown.

Now let us consider, concerning Jesus our Redeemer, the two points here brought forward as evidencing His fitness and sufficiency for His work—His strength and His dominion.

First, it is said, "*Their Redeemer is strong.*" This could not fail, if rightly received, to be a very firm ground of encouragement to the Israelites in Babylon; for the known and realised strength of their enemies assured them that great strength would be needful for their deliverance. Observe the connection by reading the preceding verse: "Thus saith the Lords of hosts; The children of Israel and the children of Judah were oppressed together: and all that took them captives held them fast; they refused to let them go. *Their Redeemer is strong*"; and therefore their enemies might hold them as fast, and refuse their release as loudly as they pleased, but their deliverance would be effected. And mark, it is not said *how* strong He is, but simply that He is strong. Do you not see the reason of this? His strength is infinite. Therefore, on the one hand, it would not be possible for them fully to understand its greatness, in whatever language it might

be expressed; and, on the other, they needed but to be reminded that He was strong to be assured that His power was certainly sufficient for their deliverance. And all this holds good spiritually. We need a powerful Redeemer, for we have very powerful foes, and we ourselves are very weak. But the power of our Redeemer is infinite, and therefore it needs but the mention of the fact that He is strong, and, if we properly receive the statement, it is sufficient.

Being thus of infinite power, He is able to deliver us from all our spiritual enemies—the world, the flesh, Satan, sin—who have more or less oppressed us, and carried us into captivity. Vast is their power, and insufficient our own efforts to wrest ourselves from their grasp. But our Redeemer is stronger than our foes, singly or unitedly; and so, if He stand engaged for our deliverance, their being stronger than ourselves need not cause us any concern. And it is hardly needful to add that, being of infinite power, our Redeemer is able to deliver us from all our troubles, and even to set us on high above them. The Israelites had their troubles in Babylon, and the people of God have their troubles here, and especially are they multiplied and enlarged when, by reason of their departures from God, they are brought into spiritual bondage. They are sorely oppressed by the hand of the adversary; they find, in their measure, that "the way of transgressors is hard," and they may well "cry unto God in their trouble." And, as they do so, how consoling is the word—"Their Redeemer is strong!" Their troubles cannot be such as to bring Him to a stand. They must get into circumstances too hard for Omnipotence itself, which it is impossible to do,

and absurd to suppose, before they can be beyond His reach.

It is added, "*The Lord of hosts is His name.*" It is not human power, but Divine, which is upon our side. Still, we do not apprehend this to be so much the idea contained in these words as the fact that all things are subject to His control. He is "*the Lord of hosts,*" or, *of armies.* He has not only infinite power, but also universal dominion. This must have been very comforting to His people in Babylon if they were enabled to realise it. They might see no way for their deliverance; but then the Lord of hosts was not tied to this way or that, or to any of the ways they might suppose. He could turn towards them the hearts of their oppressors, hard as they were. He could bring against the Babylonians a power greater than their own, great as it was. He could put strength into themselves, weak as they were, so that one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand of their foes to flight. He could lead them with a mighty hand and a stretched out arm, as He did their fathers from Egypt. He could send legions of angels to their assistance, to whom resistance from their foes would be out of the question; or, to go to the other extreme, if we may call it so, He could bring up some little insect upon the land that should effectually destroy the strength of their mighty men. With all power in His hand, and all things under His control, though every way was closed to human intervention, there were a thousand ways open to Him, and He had but to elect by which of them He would work. And there is the same consolation for us with respect to a spiritual deliverance. "*The Lord of hosts*" is the name of the Redeemer. Cannot He effectually help

us, to whose absolute control all beings and all things are subject? He is not confined to a few agencies or a few modes of action as creatures must be, but His possible agencies and modes of action are as infinite as His own power. Our foes are spiritual, and so material agencies are of no use against them. It is a spiritual battle that we have to fight, and therefore the weapons of our warfare must be spiritual. And the Lord of hosts has spiritual agencies at His command; for there are hosts spiritual as well as hosts material. The armies of earth would be of no avail in our case: but, think you not that the armies of Heaven are sufficient? It is plain that our Redeemer will never be at a loss for means and instruments to accomplish His purposes. Nay, His name being the Lord of hosts leads us to say, further, that He is able to make all things whatsoever work for our good. Even our enemies themselves are altogether subject to Him, and He can so overrule their opposition that, malicious as its intent and hurtful as its apparent tendency may be, it shall all have a beneficial influence upon us. And it is possible (we might go farther; but we are speaking of the Redeemer's *fitness* for His work only at present) that, though our troubles come in great measure from our sinfulness in forgetting Him, yet He permits them that He may accomplish our greater good thereby, and give us, in the end, greater reason to adore the depths of His unsearchable wisdom, and the glories of His matchless grace. The Babylonish captivity was the means of purging the Jews from the sin of idolatry, to which previously they had been so greatly prone; and so it may be that our spiritual trial and conflict will be made the means of more good than evil to us, and then we

shall be entirely delivered therefrom.

II. We proceed now to notice, in the second place, THE REDEEMER'S DETERMINATION EFFECTUALLY TO ACCOMPLISH HIS WORK: "*He shall thoroughly plead their cause, that He may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon.*"

In order to our reliance upon a person for the doing of anything of importance, it is needful that we should know, not only his sufficiency for the work, but his determination to do it. Neither of these things is quite sufficient without the other, though either of them may be very helpful; but put both together, and nothing further can be required.

Consider, then, the Redeemer's determination to do this work, as it is here expressed: "*He shall thoroughly plead their cause.*" How encouraging this assurance must have been to God's ancient people in Babylon! They had been certified that He was able to deliver them; now they are certified that He is willing, and not simply willing, but determined to do so, and that thoroughly. There was great hope for them in the Redeemer's fitness for His work; but the hope rises to absolute certainty when His determination to do it is added thereto. It is just so, again, with ourselves, with respect to the spiritual deliverance we need. Undoubtedly, our Redeemer has every qualification for His work; but will He give Himself to it? Having sinned so greatly against Him, we might fear that He would plead against us with His great power. But, no; He is equal to the case, and determined also to do the work. "*He shall thoroughly plead their cause.*" He will plead it in the court of Heaven. He will make it appear that our cause is just. Our enemies say, as the enemies of the Jews

did, "We offend not, because they have sinned against the Lord." As though that could justify them in holding us in perpetual captivity. But "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and He will thoroughly plead our cause. None shall condemn those for whom He pleads; but when He takes it up the righteousness of their cause shall be manifest to all. But this is not the only idea—perhaps not the chief one: He will plead their cause against their enemies. There seems to be a touch of sarcasm in the expression. Our adversaries may affect to laugh at our talk about His pleading our cause in the court of Heaven; but they will not laugh when it comes to be effectually pleaded against them. And thus to plead it our Redeemer is determined. He will deliver us from the captivity, and punish those who hold us therein. Our foes may laugh at Him, but it is certain that the Lord, sitting in the heavens, laughs at them; and it is certain, also, that He will turn their laughter into tears by bringing again the captivity of His people. He will plead our cause, then, in every respect, and that effectually; and moreover, He will plead it to the end, or for evermore. We are sometimes delivered in a great measure from our foes, but presently they come upon us again, and we are more or less brought into bondage to them for another period. We who have believed enter into rest. We obtain possession of the spiritual Canaan, and find it a land flowing with milk and honey in the way of gospel privileges; but ere long we discover that the Canaanites are not all destroyed. We find, too, that when we expose ourselves to them by our departures from God, there are Babylonians and others who are

able to molest us, and so the rest and joy of the Christian life are very partial. Like the Israelites, we bring ourselves into bondage by our sins, and then upon our repentance the Lord works deliverance for us; but presently we sin again, and the bondage is renewed, and there must be a renewing of the deliverance also. But it will not be so for ever. Our Redeemer will thoroughly plead our cause, and at length plead it once for all, so that we shall no more come into bondage. Blessed be His name for the assurance of His determination as well as His ability to do this invaluable favour for us.

And this comes out still more emphatically, if possible, when it is added, "that He may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon." He will so thoroughly plead our cause that this will be the effect of it—perfect deliverance to His people, and the overthrow of their enemies. He will do it, "*that He may give rest to the land.*" So that the Jews should be restored to their land, and enabled again to cultivate it, and enjoy the fruits thereof, in peace. And, spiritually, believers shall have perfect rest from all their enemies, and all their troubles, even the rest provided for them in Heaven. Christ's will is that those who have been given Him should be with Him where He is; and though, for the present, He prays not that they should be taken out of the world, but only that they should be kept from the evil, He will not be fully satisfied with their condition till His expressed will is accomplished. He has entered Heaven as their forerunner, and He will not look upon His work as accomplished till all those whom He thus heralds are safely gathered with Him. Our enemies may disturb us here, and even grievously

afflict and oppress us, but He will turn the edge of their weapons against themselves, and make us to profit by their opposition, and presently lift us for ever beyond the reach of their armies. In the world we shall have tribulation, but the tribulation will be sanctified, and through it we must pass into the kingdom of God. "He shall thoroughly plead their cause, that He may give rest to the land;" that is, to them in the land.

"*And disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon.*" So the remainder of His purpose is set forth. And He did disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." "In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom." And this may be taken as a figure of the destruction and disquietude that will overthrow all our spiritual enemies. The believer's foes will all be disquieted, and all those that persist in the opposition will be overwhelmed in everlasting destruction, for they are Christ's enemies as well as ours, and to this length He will plead our cause. Satan and all his hosts will be "cast into the lake of fire and brimstone;" and as for wicked men and unbelievers, who have been on the same side, their overthrow is equally certain, for "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel

of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power; when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

Is not this word of the Lord by Jeremiah full of spiritual teaching? Christ's people have their enemies, and for a time they may seem to have the advantage over them; but it is only for a time, and even then only in appearance, for "their

Redeemer is strong; the LORD of hosts is His name: He shall thoroughly plead their cause, that He may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon." *Are you for us, dear reader, or for our adversaries?* In the spiritual sense, are you Jews or Babylonians? That is, have you submitted to Christ, or are you holding out against Him? Surely, you will not let it be the latter!

Middleton Cheney, Banbury.

Reviews.

Scripture Verities. Germs of Thought on Biblical Subjects. By Rev. D. PLEDGE. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE subjects, in number twenty-three, are well-selected, embracing as they do the most important doctrines and verities of the Christian faith. The writer is clear, distinctly evangelical, and writes with considerable originality. We have no hesitation in advising that this book should be read, and believe the readers will be profited. If, however, a further edition should be called for, we venture to suggest that something more decided might be said in the chapters dedicated to the Two Sacraments. The reader will not be able to discover much about Baptism.

Biographical Sketch of the late Dr. Alexander Carson. By the Rev. JOHN DOUGLAS. Elliot Stock.

WHEN Dr. Carson passed away to his rest, Ireland suffered loss. The Baptists also lost one of the most sturdy of her defenders of the rite of Christian baptism, and those who were favoured with his ministry lost a devout thinker and most able expounder of the truths of God's word. This work of the Rev. John Douglas

is a well-deserved testimony to one the fragrance of whose memory still rests upon the churches.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN.—We have received specimens of a new series of *Narrative Tracts*, on tinted paper, with ornamental cover, very neatly got up; and such stories as Bessie Brown, The Mother's Little Lamb, Madge, The Open Door, &c., are sure to be welcomed wherever they are presented.

The Friend of China for May contains the Report of the Committee of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade; also an account of the Annual Public Meeting. There can be no doubt that the trade is one that demoralises the mind, destroys the mental and physical energies of many thousands, ruining both body and soul. It is a crying evil. It is lamentable that a thing so manifestly injurious has not been swept away by the voice of public opinion years ago. We agree with every word of the Lord Mayor's speech, of which we give an extract:—

The Lord Mayor said: "Forty-one years ago, Lord Shaftesbury brought this question before the House of

Commons, and thirty years afterwards the subject was again discussed in Parliament on the motion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The failure of those attempts afforded an instance of how difficult it was, if right were not done in the first place, to get back into the right course. The revenue derived from opium was now four times what it was then. The Chinese were now growing opium for themselves, and the Government had not now the control in the matter that the old East India Company had. But under the Imperial rule in India the evil had been doubled. The question what was to be done was not an easy one, or to be settled by a stroke of the pen, and when the Government urged that they were not justified in giving up so much revenue in the present state of the finances of India, it rested with the British people to put down the traffic, and to do that they must put their hands in their pockets, as they did to the extent of £20,000,000 for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. If they wanted to throw the cost on the already over-taxed people of India, they could do nothing; and if they wished to attain their object, the people of England must be prepared to make a sacrifice."

The Ragged School Union Quarterly is one of more than usual interest. It contains a beautifully engraved likeness of the Earl of Shaftesbury; also a characteristic address delivered by the Earl at a banquet given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor in honour of his Lordship, upon whom the freedom of the City is shortly to be conferred.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—We have received *The Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boys' Own*, *The Girls' Own*, *The Tract Magazine*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *The Child's Companion*, and last, not least, our favourite tract publication, *Friendly Greetings*. We could say a deal about the vast treasure of good things this

valuable list contains; but our space is limited, therefore we must be content with selections. *The Sunday at Home* has a good illustrated historical paper on John Wiclif, a subject of burning interest just now. *The Leisure Hour* has its usual number of sensible stories, its chapters of domestic and social interest, such as "English Homes in the Olden Time," and "How to buy a House," and its many good illustrations, opening with a pretty engraving of "The Primrose Gatherers." *The Boys' Own* presents us with a beautifully coloured frontispiece of British orchids, also a descriptive chapter and list. Three chapters of a well-told story of "Harold, the Boy Earl, a Story of Old England," a worthy Pictorial Calendar for April, showing the natural creatures of the month, and four chapters of a tale of immense interest, called "Tigerskin: a Story of Central India."

The Baptist Magazine for May gives the first chapter on the late Andrew Gunton Fuller. *The Sword and Trowel* contains a paper on "Outcast London" which deserves a careful reading. *The General Baptist* has leaders by the editors, Rev. W. R. Stevenson and Rev. J. Fletcher, and is an average number; while the most telling and, perhaps, the most read of our serials for April and May will be our serviceable organs *The Baptist* and *Freeman*.

We have received *Life and Light*, by R. E. Sears; *The Voice of Warning*; *The Chart and Compass*, sailors' magazine; *Open Doors*, *Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society*, *Bible Work at Home and Abroad*, *Regions Beyond*, *The British Flag*, with illustrated columns on General Gordon; *The British Messenger*, *Evangelical Christendom*, with news from all parts of the world; also *The Christian Church*, a monthly, in defence of Christian truth. All who are fond of stern logic and hard facts should read this work.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JAMES SMITH, of Chatham, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Cloughfold, Lancashire.

Rev. Richard Hall, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of East Street Church, Newton Abbot.

Rev. H. V. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of Bruilth Wells, being about to remove to Knighton, Herefordshire.

Rev. F. Pearce has resigned the pastorate of the church at Irthingborough. Previous to leaving he was presented with testimonials of regard from the members of the Bible-class.

Rev. W. T. Adey has resigned the ministerial charge of Albemarle Chapel, Scarborough, having accepted a pastorate in London.

Rev. B. James, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Aberdylais.

Rev. W. Mann, late of Cape Town, South Africa, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Keynsham, Somersetshire.

Rev. G. T. Ennals has resigned the pastorate of the church at Great Shelford.

Rev. A. Bowden has resigned the pastorate of the church at Ashton-under-Lyne.

Rev. H. Bradford has resigned the pastorate of Princess Street Church, Northampton.

TONYPANDY.—Rev. Dr. Davies, late Treorkey, has received a call to the pastorate of Bethel English Church, Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley.

Rev. J. Mostyn, who, for the past six years, has been pastor of Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, has accepted the charge of the church at Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

Rev. Thomas D. Landels, M.A., London, has (says *The Scotsman*) been called to the pastorate of

Queen's Park Church, Glasgow. He is a son of Rev. Dr. Landels, Edinburgh, and took his degree at London University with the highest honours.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. O. D. CAMPBELL, M.A., who has accepted a call to a pastorate at Nottingham, was presented at a valedictory meeting, with a purse of gold as a testimonial of esteem and regard from the church at Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh. Councillor Walcot presided, and several ministers of various denominations in the neighbourhood, took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. G. Wilson, late pastor of Clarence Road Chapel, has left Southend for London, preparatory to his embarking for New Zealand. Previous to his departure he was presented with a gold watch and other testimonials of regard from members of the church and congregation.

Rev. A. J. Parry, pastor of Bethesda Chapel, Swansea, was presented, at a meeting presided over by the ex-Mayor, Alderman Daniel, with an oil painting of himself, on his retirement from pastoral duties. Mr. Parry, in responding, said it was an old idea of his that when he arrived at fifty years of age he would resign his pastoral labours, and devote himself to literary pursuits, and to preaching and lecturing and promoting the cause of Temperance throughout the country at large.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. JOHN BATEMAN was recognised on the 22nd of April, as pastor of Tuebrook Chapel, Liverpool. Revs. D. Jenkins, S. W. Bowser, S. Hawkes, J. H. Atkinson, E. E.

Walter, and D. Jones took part in the proceedings.

Rev. James Smith, of the Pastors' College, was recently recognised as pastor of the church at Romsey.

Rev. F. G. Wall was recognised on the 11th of April as pastor of the church at Bardwell, Suffolk.

Rev. J. Fleming Shearer, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at the East-end Conference Hall, Mile-end London, where he has been preaching for some weeks with great success. A crowded recognition meeting was held on the 8th of April, at which Rev. Archibald G. Brown presided.

Rev. John Aldis, jun., has been recognised as pastor of the church at Sutton-in-Craven. Rev. W. E. Archer, the former pastor, presided. Revs. C. A. Davis, as representative of the Yorkshire Association, R. Stephenson, and W. J. Fennell, delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. Winston Haines was recognised on the 9th of April as pastor of Finsbury-road Chapel, Wood Green. R. R. Wallace, who presided, alluded to the rapid growth of the district, and expressed a hope that a proportionate increase might be witnessed in the growth of that church in future years. Revs. J. L. Bennett (late pastor of the church), Professor Gracey, Frank Smith, W. Barker, W. Bond, W. H. Grover, D. Macrae, W. G. Horder and J. S. Bruce delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. J. M. Wilson has received recognition as pastor of New Street Chapel, Hanley. Rev. E. Parker, D.D., President of Manchester College, gave the charge to the pastor, and Professor Marshall addressed the church. Revs. Sim Hurst, J. Crowe, T. K. Higgs, and D. Horne took part in the services.

Rev. C. Merrick was, on the 7th of May, recognised as the first resident pastor of the church at Blagdon. On the same occasion a new school-room, recently added to the church buildings, was opened.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel which has been erected in Queen's Road, Coventry, was opened for public worship on Thursday, May the 1st. The original chapel is supposed to have been built towards the close of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, and the community therefore has the distinction of being the oldest Nonconformist body in Warwickshire. The total cost of the new structure, with vestries, furniture, chapel-keeper's house, and land (including the site for contemplated schools), will amount to nearly £11,000, of which upwards of £8,000 has been received or promised. The chapel will accommodate between 900 and 1,000 persons, and the fittings are of the most complete character. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., D.D., formerly President of Rawdon College. At a luncheon, which was subsequently served, Mr. T. Adams, of Birmingham, and President of the Midland Baptist Association, occupied the chair. The evening preacher was the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers. The collections during the day realised nearly £100.

A new chapel, capable of seating 550 worshippers, has been opened at Sutton, Surrey, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. J. M. Bergin. The cost of the building is about £5,000, of which about £2,000 remains unpaid.

An iron chapel, capable of accommodating 300 persons, has been opened at Teddington at a cost, including freehold land for site, of £560.

The foundation-stones of the new chapel at Woburn, Beds, have been laid. The cost of the building will be about £300, of which £133 10s. (including £100 from the Duke of Bedford) had been raised previously to the stone-laying, which produced an additional £25. The stones were laid by Messrs. Saving, J. Wright, H. Kent, and Whiting.

A new chapel, of Gothic design, to accommodate 250 persons, is now in course of erection at Oldway, Fownhope, Herefordshire. The entire cost is estimated at £500, towards which £300 has been contributed.

The new church at Crawley, Sussex (Rev. J. McAuslane, pastor), which was opened last November, has been found too small for the growing congregations. The building committee are unwilling to incur further expense until the remaining debt of £370 is considerably reduced.

A new chapel, to accommodate about 450 persons, has been erected in Sandy Lane, Allerton, Bradford, the old chapel in which the congregation formerly worshipped being found to be unsafe. The cost, exclusive of land and old material, is estimated at £1,600. Opening services, in which Revs J. Clifford, W. E. Winks, T. A. Martin, B. Wood, and Mr. B. Ashworth took part, have been held. The collections realised £88, leaving a deficit of from £400 to £500.

The foundation-stone of a chapel has been laid at Yarmouth Road, Stalham, for the congregation under the pastorate of the Rev. A. M. Hertzberg, hitherto worshipping at Ingham. The new buildings, which will cost £1,520, are intended to afford accommodation for 500 worshippers, and for 200 children in the Sunday School. As many members of the church reside at a distance, and have to drive up to the services on Sunday and week-days, stabling accommodation for twenty horses and a coach-house will be erected at the back of the chapel. The stone was laid by Mr. J. D. Smith, J.P., and it was mentioned that £660 had been received towards the building fund. Revs. G. S. Barrett, J. H. Shakespeare, and C. M. Hardy delivered addresses.

A village chapel, to seat 120 persons, has been erected at Georgeham, near Barnstaple, at a cost of £421, towards which about £200 had been raised at the close of the opening services.

A new chapel to accommodate 350 persons, and estimated to cost about £5,000, has been opened at Kewfield-place, Dunfermline. The collections at the opening services produced £210.

The memorial stones of the new Baptist Chapel, Werter Road, Putney, were laid on Thursday, May 8, by W. Archibald, Esq., and W. W. Baynes, Esq. A largely-attended meeting, preceded by a tea, was held in the evening, when addresses were given by the pastor (Rev. W. Thomas), Rev. Dr. Todd, Rev. R. A. Redford, and others. The sum of £203 was raised at the two meetings, making in all a total of £1,000 received or promised on behalf of the building fund of £4,500.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MESSRS. J. T. Mateer, and E. J. Parker have held a fortnight's evangelistic services at Kent Street Chapel, Portsmouth, assisted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Genders. These brethren are from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The mission has been successful.

LUTON.—RE-OPENING OF PARK STREET CHAPEL.—This place of worship, which has been closed for the past five weeks to undergo renovation, was re-opened on Sunday April 27, by the Rev. D. Jenkins, of Liverpool. The interior and exterior of the chapel have been thoroughly re-painted and renovated, and several improvements and alterations have been made, the most conspicuous being the insertion of a double ceiling, additional doors, a new lower platform, and new gasaliers in the gallery. The organ has been repaired at a cost of £40, making the total cost of the renovation about £350. The services on Sunday were very largely attended. In the morning and evening the Rev. D. Jenkins, preached two powerful and impressive sermons, and in the afternoon a service of praise was held in the chapel, presided over by the Rev. H. E. Arkell. A collection

was taken at the close of each service in aid of the renovation fund. On Monday evening a tea was held in the schoolroom, when a very large number sat down. After tea, Miss Blake gave an organ recital in the chapel, and later on a well-attended public meeting was held. Mr. A. T. Webster presided, and was supported on the platform by the Revs. D. Jenkins, J. H. Blake, T. L. Edwards and R. R. Connell. Addresses were given by the Chairman and Rev. J. H. Blake, Rev. D. Jenkins, Rev. T. L. Edwards, Rev. R. R. Connell and others. The total of the collection amounted to £231 17s. 6d.

The hundredth anniversary of the formation of the church and congregation assembling in the Lower Chapel, Amersham, Bucks, was celebrated on the 29th of April. In the afternoon, Rev. W. M. Statham, of Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, son of the late Rev. John Statham, one of the former pastors, preached to a large congregation. After the sermon a Communion Service was held, to which Christians of all denominations were invited. In the evening there was a public meeting, when the chair was taken by Mr. E. West, of Amersham Hall, Caversham, and addresses were given by Mr. West, Rev. W. M. Statham, and the pastor, Rev. Edmund C. Isaac.

The memorial stone of an enlargement of the school buildings of Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, was laid by Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Weir Lodge, on the 5th of May. Several ministers and friends took part in the services, most of the speakers making special reference to the success which has attended the efforts of the Rev. Levi Palmer, the energetic pastor.

The Baptist Translation Society issued from the Baptist Mission Press in India during last year 30,261 copies of the Scriptures, of which 23,669 were Bengali, 3,230 Mussulman Bengali, 2,699 Hindi, and the rest chiefly Kathi, Sanscrit, and Hindustani.

The Indian Baptist publishes an extract of a letter from Mr. Miller, of Cuttack, giving an account of the baptism of a Mohunt who embraced Christianity after the study of a Sanscrit New Testament. "He is," writes Mr. Miller, "a Brahmin by caste, and has a number of wealthy disciples in Cuttack. He has made a great sacrifice, humanly speaking, in giving up his position and property belonging to the *Math*. The event is much talked about here, and is discussed even by females in zenanas."

BAPTIST TABERNACLE, HORNTON STREET, KENSINGTON.—The fourteenth anniversary services were held on Sunday, May 11th. Sermons were preached in the morning by the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A. (of Ladbroke Grove); in the evening by the Rev. W. A. Blake (of Brentford). On Thursday, the 15th, a public meeting was held. The chair was taken by Joseph Offord, Esq. The Revs. J. O. Fellows, John Tuckwell, Wm. Frith, J. Hawes, and other ministers and friends addressed the meeting.

RECENT DEATHS.

It is with deep regret we have to record that Rev. John Stock, LL.D., pastor of the church at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, died suddenly at Mill Hill railway station, on Saturday morning, May 3. Dr. Stock, who had been staying with his son, was accompanied to the station by his daughter, and while waiting for the up-train in the stationmaster's room, and engaged in a cheerful and cheering conversation with the stationmaster and with his own daughter, he was suddenly overcome by a feeling of faintness, which almost immediately resulted in unconsciousness. He never rallied, the heart ceasing to beat a few minutes after nine o'clock. Dr. Stock had been spending a fortnight at Burton Bank, the residence of one of his sons, and, as our readers know, had attended

and spoken at several of the meetings of the Baptist Union during the past week. On the Lord's Day previous to his death he preached missionary sermons at Camberwell and at Hackney. He was genial and cheerful, and apparently in good health to the last. Probably the very last thing he wrote was the article on the Theology of the Meetings which appeared in the *Baptist*. Dr. Stock had been pastor of four churches: at Lime-street, Liverpool; at Chatham; at Morice Square, Devonport; and at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield. The main part of his ministerial work had been done, however, in two churches: at Devonport, where he was pastor fifteen years and a-half; and at Salendine Nook, where in all he has been pastor nearly twenty-one years. Dr. Stock was sixty-six years of age.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—April 27, Four, by E. E. Probert.
Aberdeen.—April 13, Academy-street, Three, by J. C. Brand.
Aldershot.—April 14, Three, by J. R. Cooper.
Ashford, Kent.—March 27, Three, by E. Roberts.
Attercliffe, Sheffield.—April 22, Four, by R. Ensell.
Bacup.—May 4, Irwell-terrace, Two, by J. S. Hughes; at Zion, Three, by E. A. Tydeman.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—April 6, Three, by G. F. Wall.
Barnsley.—April 17, Five, by J. Young.
Bargoed.—April 20, Six, by J. Parrisi.
Barrow-in-Furness.—April 28, Four, by J. Hughes.
Bassaleg.—April 27, at Bethel, Five, by W. Maurice.
Bedford.—April 27, Four, by T. Watts.
Belfast.—Regent-street, March 25, Six; 27, One; April 1, One, by T. Mataer.
Blaenau Gwent, Abertillery.—April 6, Seven, by T. T. Evans.
Blaina, Mon.—March 27, Five, by C. Rees.
Bramley, Yorks.—April 6, Three; May 4, Seven, by G. Coker.
Brockenhurst, Hants.—April 3, Three, by W. H. Payne.

Buckland Newton.—April 11, Twelve, by T. C. Mitchell.
Buxton, Norfolk.—March 30, Six, by R. B. Horne.
Caerleon, Mon.—April 13, One, by D. B. Jones.
Caerwent, near Chepstow.—May 4, Eight, by S. H. Jenkins.
Calstock, Cornwall.—April 30, Three, by D. Cork.
Carlisle.—March 30, One; April 3, Four, by A. A. Saville.
Coalville.—April 20, Ebenezer, Two, by T. Hagen.
Cononley-in-Craven.—April 26, Four, by W. Judge.
Corton.—April 13, Thirteen, by S. King.
Dalton-in-Furness.—May 4, Two, by J. G. Anderson.
Derby.—April 27, Osmaston-road, Eight, by W. H. Tetley.
Diss, Norfolk.—April 2, Nine, by G. W. Pope.
Dolgelly.—April 27, Seven, by D. Evans.
Dorking.—April 20, Four, by A. G. Everett.
Eastbourne.—April 16, Three, by W. Osborne.
East Dereham.—April 9, Six, by G. H. Kemp.
East Kirby, near Manchester.—April 6, Nine, by G. Robinson.
Eden Bridge.—April 1, Four; May 2, Five, by R. H. Powell.
Elm Grove, Southsea.—April 27, Two, by J. P. Williams.
Evenjobb, Radnor.—May 4, One, by G. Phillips.
Eye, Suffolk, April 27, Two, by J. Hollinshead.
Fakenham.—April 13, Eight, by W. Halls.
Farnworth, near Bolton.—April 6, Two, by —Fothergill, Manchester College.
Gladestry, Radnor.—April 27, One; May 1, Two, by G. Phillips.
Grangeltown, Cardiff.—April 20, Five, by J. Berryman.
Grinsby.—April 17, Freeman-street, Three, by W. Orton.
Haddenham, Bly.—May 1, Five, by T. H. Smith.
Hail Weston, Hunts.—April 6, Two, by W. E. Davies.
Hereford.—April 1, Commercial-road, Two, by J. Williams, B.A.
Highbridge.—April 6, Three, by G. H. Lemon.
Ifracombe.—April 20, Ten, by J. Douglas, M.A.
Kegworth.—April 6, Fourteen, by W. A. Davies.
Kington.—March 25, One; April 6, Eleven; May 4, Two, by W. Williams.
Leominster.—April 13, Three, by W. H. Purchase.
Little Kingshill, Bucks.—April 27, Four, by A. Greer.
Llancarnan.—April 3, Fourteen, by J. Thomas.
Llandyfan.—April 12, at Sear, One, by M. Jones.
Llanollen.—April 20, Castle-street Eight by D. Williams.

- London, Belle Isle, N.*—April 8, Five, by J. Barton.
- Gray's Inn-road.*—April 30, Arthur-street, Three, by W. Smith.
- Ilford.*—April 2, Fourteen, by J. Young.
- Penge.*—April 2, Eleven; April 28, Seven, by J. W. Bond.
- Streatham.*—April 2, Lewin-road, Four, by A. MacCraig.
- Upper Kennington-lane.*—April 6, Sixteen, by T. J. Malyon.
- Woolwich.*—April 7, Parson's Hill, Eighteen; 27, Eleven, by J. Wilson.
- Longford, Coventry.*—April 20, Salem Chapel Twelve, by John R. Parker.
- Lumb, Lancashire.*—April 6, Five, by H. Abraham.
- Lydney, Glos.*—April 20, Seven, by E. Davis.
- Naesteg, Glamorgan.*—April 27, Nine, by T. A. Pryce.
- Merthyr.*—March 30, at Bethel, One, by E. Lewis.
- Milnsbridge, Yorks.*—April 5, Six, by H. C. Field.
- Morley.*—April 27, Tabernacle, Three, by R. Davies.
- Nantyglo, Mon.*—April 13, Two, by D. Lewis.
- Netherton.*—April 27, Ebenezer Chapel, Eight, by I. Humby.
- New Malden.*—March 27, Eight, by S. H. Moore.
- Newbridge, Mon.*—April 20, Eleven, by J. M. Jones.
- Newport, Mon.*—April 27, Six, by A. T. Jones.
- New Tredegar, Cardiff.*—April 27, Three, by J. Griffiths.
- North Curry.*—April 6, Two, by W. Fry.
- Odiham.*—April 11, Eleven, by R. Wilson.
- Park End, Gloucestershire.*—April 29, Eighteen, by T. Williams.
- Pembrey.*—May 5, Six, by W. E. Watkins.
- Port.*—April 27, Tabernacle, Nine, by O. Owens.
- Portsmouth.*—April 30, Lake-road, Eleven, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Presteign, Radnorshire.*—March 30, Three, by S. Watkins.
- Primrose Hill, Huddersfield.*—April 3, Eleven, by J. Longson.
- Rawtenstall.*—April 21, Seven, by J. Jefferson.
- Redditch.*—May 1, Two, by J. Hope.
- Rochdale.*—April 27, Water-street, Four, by D. O. Davies.
- Ryeford.*—April 27, Nine, by E. Watkins.
- Sandown, I. W.*—April 23, Four, by F. J. Feltham.
- Sarratt, Herts.*—April 3, Six, by E. J. Welch.
- Sheffield.*—April 30, Cemetery-road, One, by E. Carrington.
- Shipley.*—May 4, at Bethel, Eight, by H. C. Atkinson.
- Sittingbourne.*—April 30, Twelve, by J. Doubleday.
- Skipton, Yorkshire.*—April 6, Seven, by W. Judge.
- Sleep Lane, Sowerby Bridge.*—May 4, Four, by W. Haigh.
- Southampton.*—April 13, Charlton Chapel, Four, by E. Osborne.
- Speen, Bucks.*—April 23, Five, by C. Saville.
- Stratford-on-Avon.*—April 30, Payton-street, Six, by J. Pugh.
- St. Neots, Hunts.*—April 6, New-street, Six, by — Burgess.
- Sulgrave.*—April 6, Three, by W. Thomas.
- Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire.*—April 1, Fifteen; April 20, Nine, by J. Aldis, jun.
- Swansea.*—March 23, Bethesda, Eight, by A. J. Parry; May 3, Six, by A. E. Johnson.
- Tunbridge Wells.*—April 6, Eleven, by J. Smith.
- Teddington.*—April 27, Thirteen, by — Clarke.
- Tirzah, Michaelston Vedw.*—May 4, Five; April 16, One; April 6, Nine, by W. Maurice.
- Tring.*—March 26, New Mill, Five, by H. F. Gower.
- Vehudre, Radnor.*—April 6, Two, by T. Rowson.
- Waterhouses.*—May 4, Two, by R. W. Dobbie.
- Waltham Abbey.*—April 9, Three, by W. Jackson.

PARING DOWN THE GOSPEL.—Mr. Spurgeon, with characteristic plainness and vigour, said in a recent sermon: "When a man gets to cutting down sin, paring down depravity, and making little of future punishment, let him no longer preach to you. Some modern divines whittle away the gospel to a small end of nothing. They make our divine Lord to be a sort of blessed nobody; they bring down salvation to mere salvability, make certainties into probabilities, and treat verities as mere opinions. As for me, I believe in the colossal; a need deep as hell, and grace high as heaven. I believe in a pit that is bottomless and a heaven that is topless. I believe in an infinite God and an infinite atonement, infinite love and mercy; an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, of which the substance and the reality is an infinite Christ."

COMFORT FOR THE DESPONDING.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Oh that I were as in months past."—Job xxix. 2.

FOR the most part the gracious Shepherd leads His people beside the still waters, and makes them to lie down in green pastures; but at times they wander through a wilderness, where there is no water, and they find no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainteth within them, and they cry unto the Lord in their trouble. Though many of His people live in almost constant joy, and find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her ways are peace, yet there are many who pass through fire and through water: men do ride over their heads,—they endure all manner of trouble and sorrow. The duty of the minister is to preach to different characters. Sometimes we admonish the confident, lest they should become presumptuous; oftentimes we stir up the slumbering, lest they should sleep the sleep of death. Frequently we comfort the desponding, and this is our duty this morning—or if not to comfort them, yet to give them some exhortation which may by God's help be the means of bringing them out of the sad condition into which they have fallen, so that they may not be obliged to cry out for ever—"Oh that I were as in months past!"

At once to the subject. *A complaint; its cause and cure; and then close up with an exhortation to stir up your pure minds, if you are in such a position.*

I. First, there is a COMPLAINT. How many a Christian looks on the past with pleasure, on the future with dread, and on the present with sorrow! There are many who look back upon the days that they have passed in the fear of the Lord as being the sweetest and the best they have ever had, but as to the present, it is clad in a sable garb of gloom and dreariness. They could wish for their young days over again, that they might live near to Jesus, for now they feel that they have wandered from Him, or that He has hidden His face from them, and they cry out, "Oh that I were as in months past!"

I. Let us take distinct cases one by one. The first is the case of a man who has *lost the brightness of his evidences*, and is crying out, "Oh that I were as in months past!" Hear his soliloquy:—"Oh that my past days could be recalled! Then I had no doubt of my salvation. If any man had asked for the reason of the hope that was in me, I could have answered with meekness and with fear. No doubt distressed me, no fear harassed me; I could say with Paul, 'I know whom I have believed,' and with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;'

'My steady soul did fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.'

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I felt myself to be standing on the rock Christ Jesus. I said—

‘Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
Sure I shall safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.’

But ah! how changed it is now! Where there was no cloud it is *all* cloud; where I could read my ‘title clear,’ I tremble to read my damnation quite as clearly. I hoped that I trusted in Christ; but now the dark thought rises up, that I was a hypocrite, and had deceived myself and others. The most I can attain to, is—‘Methinks I will hope in Him still; and if I may not be refreshed with the *light* of His countenance, still in the *shadow* of His wings will I trust.’ I feel that if I depart from Him there is no other Saviour! but oh! what thick darkness surrounds me! Like Paul of old, there have been days and nights wherein neither sun, nor moon, nor stars have appeared. I have lost my roll in the Arbour of Ease; I cannot now take it out of my breast, and read it to console me on my journey; but I fear that when I get to the end of the way they will deny me entrance, because I came not in by the door to receive His grace and know His love, but have been deceived, have taken carnal fancies for the workings of the Spirit, and have imputed what was but natural conviction to the work of God the Holy Ghost.”

This is one phase, and a very common one. You will meet many who are crying out like that—“Oh that I were as in months past!”

2. Another phase of this great complaint, which it also very frequently assumes, is one under which we are lamenting—not so much because our evidences are withered as because we *do not enjoy a perpetual peace of mind as to other matters*. “Oh,” says one, “Oh that I were as in months past; for then whatever troubles and trials came upon me, were less than nothing. I had learned to sing—

‘Father, I wait Thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Give me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.’

I felt that I could give up everything to Him; that if He had taken away every mercy I could have said—

‘Yea, if Thou take them all away,
Yet will I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.’

I knew no fear for the future. Like a child on its mother's breast I slept securely; I said, ‘Jehovah-jireh, my God will provide;’ I put my business into His hands; I went to my daily labour; like the little bird that wakeneth up in the morning, and knoweth not where its breakfast is to come from, but sitteth on the spray, singing—

‘Mortal, cease from toil and scrow,
God provideth for the morrow;’

so was I. I could have trusted Him with my very life, with wife, with children, with everything; I could give all into His hands, and say each morning, 'Lord, I have not a will of my own, or if I have one, still, Thy will be done; Thy wish shall be my wish: Thy desire shall be my desire.' But, 'oh that I were as in months past!' How changed am I now? I begin fretting about my business; and if I lose now but a five-pound note, I am worried incessantly, whereas, if it were a thousand before, I could have thanked the God who took it away as easily as I could the God that gave it to me. Now the least thing disturbs me. The least shadow of a doubt as to some calamity that may befall me rests on my soul like a thick cloud. I am perpetually self-willed, desiring always to have just what I wish. I cannot say I can resign all into His hands! there is a certain something I could not give up. Twined round my heart there is an evil plant called self-love. It has twisted its roots within the very nerves and sinews of my soul. There is something I love above my God. I cannot give up all now. But, 'oh that I were as in months past!' For then my mercies were real mercies, because they were God's mercies. Oh," says he, "that I were as in months past!" I should not have had to bear such trouble as I have now; for though the burden might have pressed heavily, I would have cast it on the Lord. Oh! that I knew the heavenly science of taking the burdens off my own shoulders, and laying them on the Rock that supports them all! Oh! if I knew how to pour out my griefs and sorrows as I once did! I have been a fool, an arrant fool, a very fool, that I should have run away from that sweet confidence I once had in the Saviour! I used then to go to His ear, and tell Him all my griefs.

'My sorrows and my griefs I poured
Into the bosom of my God;
He helped me in the trying hour,
He helped me bear the heavy load.'

But now, I foolishly carry them myself, and bear them in my own breast.
Ah!

'What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!'

Would that they would return to me."

3. Another individual perhaps is speaking thus concerning *his enjoyment in the house of God and the means of grace*. "Oh," says one, "in months past, when I went up to the house of God, how sweetly did I hear! Why, I sat with my ears open, to catch the words, as if it were an angel speaking; and when I listened, how at times did the tears come rolling down my cheeks! and how did my eyes flash, when some brilliant utterance, full of joy to the Christian, aroused my soul! Oh! how did I awake on the Sabbath morning, and sing,

'Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!'

And when they sang in the house of God, whose voice was so loud as mine? When I retired from worship, it was with a light tread: I went to tell my friends and my neighbours what glorious news I had heard in

the sanctuary. Those were sweet Sabbaths. And when the prayer-meetings came round, how was I found in my place ! and the prayers *were* prayers indeed to my spirit ; whoever I heard preach, provided it was the gospel, how did my soul feed and fatten under it ! for I sat at the very banquet of joy. When I read the Scriptures they were always illuminated, and glory did gild the sacred page, when'er I turned it over. When I bent my knee in prayer, I could pour my soul out before God, and I loved the exercise ; I felt that I could not be happy unless I spent my time upon my knees ; I loved my God, and my God loved me. But oh ! how changed now ! ' Oh that I were as in months past ! ' I go up to God's house ; it is the same voice that speaks, the same man I love so much, still addresses me ; but I have no tears to shed now ; my heart has become hardened even under his ministry ; I have few emotions of joy ; I enter the house of God as a boy goes to school, without much love to it, and I go away without having my soul stirred. When I kneel down in secret prayer, the wheels are taken off my chariot, and it drags very heavily ; when I strive to sing, all I can say is, ' I would but cannot. ' ' Oh that I were as in months past ! ' when the candle of the Lord shone round about me ! "

I trust there are not many of you who can join in this ; for I know ye love to come up to the house of God. I love to preach to a people who feel the word, who give signs of assent to it—men and women who can afford a tear now and then in a sermon—people whose blood seems to boil within them when they hear the gospel. I don't think *you* understand much of the phase I am describing ; but still you may understand a little of it. The word may not be quite so sweet and pleasant to you as it used to be ; and then you may cry out—" Oh that I were as in months past ! "

4. But I will tell you one point which perhaps may escape you. There are some of us who lament extremely that *our conscience is not as tender as it used to be* ; and therefore doth our soul cry in bitterness, " Oh that I were as in months past ! " " When first I knew the Lord, " you say, " I was almost afraid to put one foot before another, lest I should go astray ; I always looked before I leaped ; if there were a suspicion of sin about anything, I faithfully avoided it ; if there were the slightest trace of the trail of the serpent on it, I turned from it at once ; people called me a Puritan ; I watched everything ; I was afraid to speak, and some practices that were really allowable I utterly condemned ; my conscience was so tender, I was like a sensitive plant ; if touched by the hand of sin, my leaves curled up in a moment ; I could not bear to be touched I was so tender ; I was all over wounds, and if anyone brushed against me I cried out ; I was afraid to do anything, lest I should sin against God. If I heard an oath, my bones shook within me ; if I saw a man break the Sabbath, I trembled and was afraid ; wherever I went, the least whisper of sin startled me ; it was like the voice of a demon when I heard a temptation, and I said with violence, ' Get thee behind me, Satan, ' I could not endure sin ; I ran away from it as from a serpent ; I could not taste a drop of it. But ' Oh that I were as in months past. ' It is true, I have not forsaken His ways ; I have not quite forgotten His law ; it is true, I have not disgraced my character, I have not openly sinned before men, and none but God knoweth my sin ; but oh ! my conscience is not what it once was. It did thunder once, but it does not now. O conscience ! conscience ! thou art gone too much to

sleep ; I have drugged thee with laudanum, and thou art slumbering, when thou oughtest to be speaking ! Thou art a watchman ; but thou dost not tell the hours of the night as thou once didst. O conscience ! sometimes I heard thy rattle in my ears, and it startled me ; now thou sleepest, and I go on to sin. It is but a little I have done ; still that little shows the way. Straws tell which way the wind doth blow ; and I feel that my having committed one little sin, evidences in what way my soul is inclined. Oh ! that I had a tender conscience again ! Oh ! that I had not this rhinoceros conscience, which is covered over with tough hide, through which the bullets of the law cannot pierce ! Oh ! that I had a conscience such as I used to have ! ‘Oh that I were as in months past !’”

5. One more form of this sad condition. There are some of us, dearly beloved, who have not as much zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of men as we used to have. Months ago, if we saw a soul going to destruction, our eyes were filled with tears in a moment ; if we did but see a man inclined to sin, we rushed before him with tears in our eyes, and wished to sacrifice ourselves to save him ; we could not walk the street, but we must be giving somebody a tract, or reproofing some one ; we thought we must be for ever speaking of the Lord Jesus ; if there were any good to be done, we were always first and foremost in it ; we desired by all means to save some, and we did think at that time that we could give up ourselves to death, if we might but snatch a soul from hell. So deep, so ardent was our love to our fellow-men, that for the love we bore Christ's name, we would have been content to be scoffed at, hissed at, and persecuted by the whole world, if we might have done any good in it. Our soul was burning with intense longing for souls, and we considered all things else to be mean and worthless. But ah ! now souls may be damned, and there is not a tear ; sinners may sink into the scalding pit of hell, and not a groan ; thousands may be swept away each day, and sink into bottomless woe, and yet not an emotion. We can preach without tears ; we can pray for them without our hearts. We can speak to them without feeling their necessities ; we pass by the haunts of infamy—we wish the inmates better, and that is all. Even our compassion has died out. Once we stood near the brink of hell, and we thought each day that we heard the yellings and howlings of the doomed spirits ringing in our ears ; and then we said, “O God, help me to save my fellow-men from going down to the pit !” But now we forget it all. We have little love to men ; we have not half the zeal and energy we once had. Oh ! if that be your state, dearly beloved ; if you can join in that, as your poor minister, alas ! can do in some measure, then may we well say, “Oh that I were as in months past !”

II. But now we are about to take these different characters, and tell you the CAUSE AND CURE.

1. One of the causes of this mournful state of things is *defect in prayer* ; and of course the cure lies somewhere next door to the cause. You are saying, “Oh that I were as in months past !” Come, my brother ; we are going into the very root of the matter. One reason why it is not with you as in months past is this : you do not pray as you once did. Nothing brings such leanness into a man's soul as want of prayer. It is well said that a neglected closet is the birth-place of all evil. All good is born in the closet, all good springeth from it ; there the Christian getteth it ; but

if he neglecteth his closet, then all evil comes of it. No man can progress in grace if he forsakes his closet. I care not how strong he may be in faith. It is said that fat men may for a time live on the flesh they have acquired; but there is not a Christian so full of flesh that he can live on old grace. If he waxes fat he kicks, but he cannot live upon his fat. Those who are strong and mighty in themselves cannot exist without prayer. If a man should have the spiritual might of fifty of God's choicest Christians in himself, he must die, if he did not continue to pray. My brother, cannot you look back and say, "Three or four months ago my prayers were more regular, more constant, more earnest than they are now; but now they are feeble, they are not sincere, they are not fervent, they are not earnest"? O brother, do not ask anybody what is the cause of your grief; it is as plain as possible; you need not ask a question about it. There is the cause. And where is the remedy? Why, in more prayer, beloved. It was little prayer that brought you down; it is great prayer that will lift you up. It was lack of prayer that brought you into poverty; it must be increase of prayer that will bring you into riches again. Where no oxen are the crib is clean. There is nothing for men to eat where there are no oxen to plough; and where there are no prayers to plough the soil, you have little to feed upon. We must be more earnest in prayer. Oh! beloved, might not the beam out of the wall cry against us? Our dusty closets might bear witness to our neglect of secret devotion; and that is the reason why it is not with us as in months past. My friends, if you were to compare the Christian to a steam-engine, you must make his prayers, fed by the Holy Spirit, to be the very fire which sustains his motion. Prayer is God's chosen vehicle of grace, and he is unwise who neglects it. Let me be doubly serious on this matter; and let me give a home-thrust to some. Dear friend, do you mean what you say, and do you believe what you say—that neglect of prayer will bring your soul into a most hazardous condition? If so, I will say no more to thee; for thou wilt easily guess the remedy for thy lamentable cry, "Oh that I were as in months past!" A certain merchant wishes that he were as rich as he used to be:—he was wont to send his ships over to the gold country, to bring him home cargoes of gold; but never a ship has been out of port lately, and therefore can he wonder that he has had no cargo of gold? So when a man prayeth he sends a ship to heaven, and it comes back laden with gold; but if he leaves off supplication, then his ship is weather-bound and stays at home, and no wonder he cometh to be a poor man.

2. Perhaps, again, you are saying, "Oh that I were as in months past!" not so much from your own fault as from *the fault of your minister*. There is such a thing, my dear friends, as our getting into a terribly bad condition through the ministry that we attend. Can it be expected that men should grow in grace when they are never watered with the streams that make glad the city of our God? Can they be supposed to wax strong in the Lord Jesus, when they do not feed on spiritual food? We know some who grumble, Sabbath after Sabbath, and say they can't hear such-and-such a minister. Why don't you buy an ear-trumpet then? *Ah! but I mean, that I can't hear him to my soul's profit*. Then do not go to hear him, if you have tried for a long while and don't get any profit. I always think that a man who grumbles as he goes out of chapel ought not to be pitied, but whipped, for he can stay away if he likes, and go where he

will be pleased. There are plenty of places where the sheep may feed in their own manner; and everyone is bound to go where he gets the pasture most suited to his soul. But you are not bound to run away directly your minister dies, as many of you did before you came here. You should not run away from the ship directly the storm comes, and the captain is gone, and you find her not exactly sea-worthy; stand by her, begin caulking her, God will send you a captain, there will be fine weather by-and-by, and all will be right. But very frequently a bad minister starves God's people into walking skeletons, so that you can tell all their bones; and who wonders that they starve out their minister, when they get no food and no nutriment from his ministrations. This is a second reason why men frequently cry out, "Oh that I were as in months past!"

3. But there is a better reason still, that will come more home to some of you. *It is not so much the badness of the food, as the seldomness that you come to eat it.* You know, my dear friends, we find every now and then that there is a man who came twice a day to the house of God on the Sabbath. On the Monday night he was busy at work; but his apron was rolled up, and if he could not be present all the while, he would come in at the end. On the Thursday evening he would, if possible, come to the sanctuary, to hear a sermon from some gospel minister, and would sit up late at night and get up early in the morning, to make up the time he had spent in these religious exercises. But by-and-by he thought, "I am too hard-worked; this is tiring; it is too far to walk." And so he gives up first one service, and then another, and then begins to cry out, "Oh that I were as in months past!" Why, brethren, you need not wonder at it. The man does not eat so much as he used to do. Little and often is the way children should be fed, though I have given you a great deal this morning. Still, little and often is a very good rule. I do think, when people give up week-day services, unless it is utterly impracticable for them to attend them, farewell to religion. "Farewell to practical godliness," says Whitefield, "when men do not worship God on the week-day!" Week-day services are frequently the cream of all. God giveth His people pails full of milk on the Sabbath; but He often skims off the cream for the week-day. If they stay away, is it wonderful that they have to say, "Oh that I were as in months past"? I do not blame you, beloved; I only wish to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." A very plain fellow that is—is he not? Yes, he always tells you what he means, and always intends to do so. Stand to your colours, my men! Keep close to the standard if you would win the battle! And when there seems to be the slightest defection, it is simply our duty to exhort you, lest by any measure ye depart from the soundness of your faith.

4. But frequently this complaint arises from *idolatry*. Many have given their hearts to something else save God, and have set their affections upon the things of earth, instead of the things in heaven. It is hard to love the world and love Christ; it is impossible: that is more. But it is hard not to love the creature; it is hard not to give yourself to earth; I had almost said, it is impossible not to do that; it is difficult, and only God can enable us; He alone can keep us with our hearts fully set on Him. But mark: whenever we make a golden calf to worship, sooner or later it will come

to this,—we shall get our golden calf ground up and put into our water for us to drink, and then we shall have to say, “He hath made me drunken with wormwood.” Never a man makes an idol for himself to worship but it tumbles down on him and breaks some of his bones. There was never a man yet who departed to broken cisterns to find water, but instead thereof he found loathsome creatures therein, and was bitterly deceived. God will have His people live on Him, and on none else; and if they live on anything else but Him He will take care to give them of the waters of Mara, to embitter their drink, and drive them to the Rock of purest streams. Oh, beloved, let us take care that our hearts are wholly His, only Christ’s, solely Christ’s! Oh, if they are so, we shall not have to cry out, “Oh that I were as in months past!”

5. We scarcely need, however, detail any more reasons. We will add but one more, and that is the most common one of all. We have, perhaps, become *self-confident and self-righteous*. If so, that is a reason why it is not with us as in months past. Ah! my friends, that old rascal self-righteousness, you will never get rid of him as long as you live. The devil was well pictured under the form of a serpent, because a serpent can creep in anywhere, through the smallest crevice. Self-righteousness is a serpent; for it will enter anywhere. If you try to serve your God, “What a fine fellow you are,” says the devil. “Ah? don’t you serve your God well! You are always preaching. You are a noble fellow.” If you go to a prayer-meeting, God gives you a little gift, and you are able to pour out your heart. Presently there is a pat on the back from Satan. “Did not you pray sweetly? I know the brethren will love you; you are growing in grace very much.” If a temptation comes, and you are able to resist it, “Ah!” says he at once, “you are a true soldier of the cross; look at the enemy you have knocked down; you will have a bright crown by-and-by; you are a brave fellow!” You go on trusting God implicitly; Satan then says, “Your faith is very strong: no trial can overcome you: there is a weak brother, he is not half as strong as you are!” Away you go, and scold your weak brother, because he is not as big as you; and all the while Satan is cheering you up, and saying, “What a mighty warrior you are! so faithful—always trusting in God; you have not any self-righteousness.” The minister preaches to the Pharisee: but the Pharisee is not fifty-ninth cousin to you; you are not at all self-righteous in your own opinion, and all the while you are the most self-righteous creature in existence. Ah! beloved, just when we think ourselves humble we are sure to be proud; and when we are groaning over our pride we are generally the most humble. You may just read your own estimate backwards. Just when we imagine we are the worst we are often the best; and when we conceive ourselves the best, we are often the worst. It is that vile self-righteousness who creeps into our souls, and makes us murmur, “Oh that I were as in months past!” Your candle has got the snuff of self-righteousness upon it; you want to have that taken away, and then you will burn all right. You are soaring too high; you require something that will bring you down again to the feet of the Saviour, as a poor lost and guilty sinner—nothing at all; then you will not cry any longer, “Oh that I were as in months past!”

III. And now, the closing up is to be an EXHORTATION.

An exhortation, first of all, to *consolation*. One is saying, “Oh! I shall

never be in a more happy state than I now am in ; I have lost the light of His countenance ; he Hath clean gone away from me, and I shall perish." You remember in John Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress," the description of the man shut up in the iron cage. One says to him, " Wilt thou never come out of this cage ? " " No, never." " Art thou condemned for ever ? " " Yes, I am." " Why was this ? " " Why, I grieved the Spirit, and He is gone ; I once thought I loved Him, but I have treated Him lightly, and He has departed. I went from the paths of righteousness, and now I am locked up here, and cannot get out." Yes, but John Bunyan does not tell you that the man never did get out ? There have been some in that iron cage that have come out. There may be one here this morning, who has been for a long while sitting in that iron cage, rattling the bars, trying to break them, trying to file them through with his own little might and strength. Oh ! dear friend, you will never file through the iron bars of that terrible cage ; you will never escape by yourself. What must you do ? You must begin to sing like the bird in the cage does ; then the kind Master will come and let you out. Cry to Him to deliver you ; and though you cry and shout, and He shutteth out your prayer, He will hear you by-and-by ; and like Jonah you shall exclaim in days to come, " Out of the belly of hell I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me." You will find the roll under the settle, although you have dropped it down the Hill of Difficulty ; and when thou hast it thou will put it in thy bosom again, and hold it all the more tightly, because thou hast lost it for a little season.

" Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace."

And now another exhortation, not so much to console you as to stir you up more and more to seek to be what you ought to be. O Christian men and women, my brethren and sisters in the faith of Jesus Christ ! How many there are of you who are content just to be saved, and merely to enter heaven. How many do we find who are saying, " Oh ! if I can but just get in at the door—if I can simply be a child of God ! " and they carry out their desires literally ; for they are as little Christian as possible. They would have moderation in religion ! But what is moderation in religion ? It is a lie ; it is a farce. Doth a wife ask her husband to be moderately loving ? Doth a parent expect his child to be moderately obedient ? Do you seek to have your servants moderately honest ? No ! Then how can you talk about being moderately religious ? To be moderately religious is to be irreligious. To have a religion that does not enter into the very heart and influence the life, is virtually to have no religion at all. I tremble sometimes, when I think of some of you who are mere professors. Ye are content ye whitewashed sepulchres ; because ye are beautifully whitened ye rest satisfied, without looking at the charnel house beneath. How many of you make clean the outside of the cup and platter ; and because the church can lay nothing to your charge, and the world cannot accuse you, you think the outside of the cup will be sufficient. Take heed ! take heed ! The Judge will look at the inside of the cup and platter one day ; and if it be full of wickedness He will break that platter, and the fragments shall for ever be cast about in the pit of torment. Oh ! may

God give you to be real Christians! Waxen-winged professors! ye can fly very well here; but when, like Icarus, ye fly upwards, the mighty sun of Jesus shall melt your wings, and ye shall fall into the pit of destruction. Ah! gilded Christians, beautifully painted, varnished, polished, what will ye do when ye shall be found at last to have been worthless metal? When the wood, hay, and stubble shall be burned and consumed, what will ye do if ye are not the genuine coin of heaven, if ye have not been molten in the furnace, if ye have not been minted from on high? If ye are not real gold, how shall ye stand the fire in that "great and terrible day of the Lord?" Ah! and there are some of you who *can* stand the fire, I trust. You are the children of God; but, beloved, do I charge you wrongfully when I say, that many of us know that we are the children of God, but we are content to be as little dwarf children; we are always crying out, "Oh that I were as in months past!" That is a mark of dwarfishness. If we are to do great things in the world we must not often utter this cry. We must often be singing

"I the chief of sinners am; but Jesus died for me;"

and with cheerful countenance we must be able to say that we "know whom we have believed." Do you wish to be useful? Do you desire to honour your Master? Do you long to carry a heavy crown to heaven, that you may put it on the Saviour's head? If you do—and I know you do—then seek above all things that your soul may prosper and be in health—that your inner-man may not be simply in a living state, but that you may be a tree planted by the rivers of water, bringing forth your fruit in your season, your leaf never withering, and whatsoever you do prospering. Ah! do you want to go to heaven, and wear a starless crown there—a crown that shall be a real crown, but that shall have no star upon it, because no soul has been saved by you? Do you wish to sit in heaven with a dress of Christ's on, but without one single jewel that God has given you for your wages here below? Ah! no; methinks you wish to go to heaven in full dress, and to enter into the fulness of the joy of the Lord. Five talents well improved, five cities; and let no man be satisfied with his one talent merely, but let him seek to put it out at interest; "for unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

And finally, to many of you what I have preached about has no interest whatever. Perhaps you may say, "Oh that I were as in months past!" for then I was quite well, and a jolly fellow was I. Then I could drink with the deepest drinker anywhere. Then I could run merrily into sin; but I cannot now. I have hurt my body. I have injured my mind. It is not with me as it used to be; I have spent all my money. I wish I were as I used to be!" Ah! poor sinner, thou hast good reason to say, "Oh that I were as in months past!" But wait four or five months, and then you will say it more emphatically, and think even to-day better than that day. And the further you go on, the more you will wish to go back again; for the path to hell is down, down, down, down—always down—and you will be always saying, "Oh that I were as in months past!" Thou wilt look back to the time when a mother's prayer blessed thee, and a father's reproof warned thee—when thou wentest to a Sabbath-school, and satest upon thy mother's knee, to hear her tell thee of a Saviour;

and the longer the retrospect of goodness, the more that goodness will pain you. Ah! my friends, ye have need to go back, some of you. Remember how far ye have fallen—how much ye have departed. But oh! ye need not turn back! Instead of looking back and crying, "Oh that I were as in months past!" say something different. Say, "O that I were a new man in Christ Jesus." It would not do for you to begin again in your present state; you would soon be as bad as you now are; but say, "O that I were a new man in Christ Jesus! O that I might begin a new life!" Some of you would like to begin a new life—some of you reprobates, who have gone far away! Well, poor mortal, thou mayest. "How?" sayest thou. Why, if thou art a new man in Christ Jesus thou *will* begin again. A Christian is as much a new man as if he had been no man at all before; the old creature is dethroned, he is a new creature, born again, and starting on a new existence. Poor soul! God can make thee a good man. God the Holy Spirit can build a new house out of thee, with neither stick nor stone of the old man in it; and He can give thee a new heart, a new spirit, new pleasures, new happiness, new prospects, and at last give thee a new heaven. "But," says one, "I feel that I want these things; but may I have them?" Guess whether you may have them, when I tell you—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." It does not say it is worthy of *some* acceptation, but it is worthy of *all* the acceptation you will ever give it. If you now say, "Jesus came into the world to save sinners; I believe He did! I know He did; He came to save *me*," you will find it "worthy of all acceptation." You say still, "But will He save *me*?" I will give you another passage: "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Ah! but I do not know whether *I* may come! "Whosoever," it saith. "*Him* that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever will, let him come," it is written. Dost thou will? I only speak to such as will, who know their need of a Saviour. Dost thou will? Then, God the Holy Spirit says, "Whosoever will let him come, and take the water of life freely."

"The feeble, the guilty, the weak, the forlorn,
In coming to Jesus shall not meet with scorn;
But He will receive them, and bless them, and save
From death and destruction, from hell and the grave."

and He will lift them up to His kingdom of glory. God so grant it; for His name's sake.

No grace, not even the most sparkling and shining, can bring us to heaven without perseverance in following Christ; nor faith, if it be faint and frail; nor love, if it decline and wax cold; nor humility, if it continue not to the end; nor obedience, not repentance, not patience, no, nor any other grace, except they have their perfect work. It is not enough to begin well, unless we end well.—*T. Brooks.*

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER VII.—THE INVALID'S CONFESSION.

UPON quietly entering the bedroom we found the invalid asleep. He had evidently just dropped off ; and as it was certain that the doze would not last long, I whispered to Mrs. Broadbent that if she liked to retire for the performance of her household duties, I would sit by the bedside and wait until he awoke. To this she freely consented, and I was therefore left with him alone. As I sat down, the sleeper's face was turned towards me, and it looked thin and feverish : but happily the eyes were well-closed and the breathing seemed regular and steady. It was clear that he was suffering mostly from weakness, and there was hope therefore that with ordinary care he might still be brought round. For about a quarter of an hour he slept nicely, and then with a slight start he opened his eyes and fixed them on me. For a moment neither of us spoke. He stared at me as if dubious whether he was dreaming or saw a real person. Then I broke the spell by saying—

"Well, William ; how are you now ? You have been having a nice sleep !"

"Is it really yourself, Mr. Markham ?" he asked in a quiet undertone.

"It is, William : I am come to look after you ; and am glad to find you in no worse condition than you are."

"But I am very weak, as you see ; in fact, I can hardly find strength enough to talk. But oh ! I am so pleased to see you. However came you here ?"

"The worthy missionary wrote to your parents, and as I was coming on business to the Metropolis, it was arranged that I should make it my business, too, to see you, and give you needful aid. Has any medical man been called in to examine you, and take your case in hand ?"

"Not that I am aware of, Mr. Markham. You see they brought me through as best they could at the lodging-house, and since I was transferred here, Mrs. Broadbent has tended to me well. But I fancy I should like a doctor to see me, for all that."

"Then you shall have one : I will not talk to you more now, lest the excitement should prove too much for you, but will leave orders that your every want shall be supplied. In the meantime, rest as quietly as you can, and feel assured that all is right as regards you at home. When you are strong enough to be removed, you will meet with a loving and warm welcome in the old house. Your father, mother, and all the family are longing to embrace you once more ; and many true friends will hail your return with joy. The past will be both forgiven and forgotten ; so now go to sleep again, and I will call and see how you are to-morrow."

"Then they are all willing to forgive me, are they, sir ?"

"They are indeed, William : nay, more, they *have* forgiven you already."

"Oh ! Mr. Markham, this seems to me to be almost too good news to be true. How good God has been to the poor wandering prodigal ! It makes me feel as if my

heart would break. How can I help weeping? it seems to me as if my poor weak frame can hardly bear it."

"No doubt you feel so, but you must not give way too much. Now I am going. Keep quiet. Good-bye!"

He could only stretch out his thin wasted hand and grasp mine. There was no shaking on either side, but it was at least half a minute before he would let mine go. Then his grasp relaxed and he had fainted away. Assistance from Mrs. Broadbent was soon obtained, and as he was coming round I quietly slipped downstairs. In a short time Mrs. Broadbent joined me and said he had revived and seemed inclined again to sleep. Putting a sum of money into her hand for payment of necessary expenses, it was arranged, that when her husband came home, the attendance of a skilful medical man in the neighbourhood should be secured; and thanking her for all her kindness, I left, promising to call the next day.

Before the evening post closed a cheering note was sent to Sunborough to relieve the young man's family of suspense and anxiety; and the next morning found me again at the good missionary's house. On entering, Mrs. Broadbent informed me that the medical man had not only called on the preceding evening as soon as sent for, but that he was now upstairs examining his patient. Would I, she asked, go up and see the invalid while the doctor was there, or wait till he came down?

"I think it will be best," I replied, "for me to wait till the doctor comes down. Then I shall hear what he has to report, and know how to act."

"Perhaps it will, sir, so please sit down; he will not be long."

Ten minutes elapsed, and then the doctor's steps were heard on the stairs. An introduction followed, and the medical man's opinion concerning the state of his patient was asked. "Do you think there is any real danger, doctor?"

"No, not if good care is taken certainly not. The fever is evidently subdued, but the consequent exhaustion is great. May I ask you, Mr. Markham, if consumption has been in the family?"

"Not that I am aware of, sir. Both father and mother are still living, and the family throughout enjoy good health. But why, doctor, do you ask that question?"

"Just simply because there has evidently been some slight inflammation of the left lung, and there is weakness in that quarter that might, if there is an hereditary tendency to consumption, develop into that fatal disease. However, if the family is a healthy one, I do not apprehend much danger at present. But the young man must be kept very quiet; and if you would not think me impertinent, Mr. Markham, I would suggest that, for about a week at least, he should be left exclusively in the care of our good nurse, Mrs. Broadbent. The interview you had with him yesterday, evidently overpowered him, and, I think, if you left a message that, in accordance with my presumptuous advice, you feel it will be best to postpone your second interview for a few days, the patient will have a better chance of an early recovery. But then, how long are you to stay in town, Mr. Markham?—that is another important question."

"I shall be here at least nine or ten days, doctor."

"Very good, then you can afford to wait. Let me see, this is Thursday: do you think you can meet me here at this hour to-morrow week,"

"I will try, sir."

"Then I will book the engagement, and I hope by that time we shall be able to make a more cheerful report. Good morning to you, sir, and I trust you will enjoy your visit to our renowned city."

As the doctor wished, instead of going up to see the invalid, I sent him a kind message, and contented myself with two or three subsequent calls on alternate days, just to make inquiry, in the hope of being able to report progress by letter to the anxious ones at home. The first call was by no means reassuring, but rather the reverse, as a slight relapse had taken place, but the remaining ones gave tokens of a gradual return to convalescence. When the time therefore came to see the doctor, the report he gave was that if I would call on Sunday the young man would probably be able, propped with pillows, to sit up in bed, and I could spend the afternoon in his company, and that if he still continued to make the same satisfactory progress, he might in a month be able to bear, in a first-class carriage, the journey home. But time would show whether his opinion was or was not correct.

"Then, may I not see him now?" asked.

"If you like you may go up; but still, I should prefer your waiting until Sunday. He is really going on so well that I do not want to run the risk of the slightest reaction setting in."

"Then, sir, I will wait until Sunday."

"That's right. I will be here on that morning, and will prepare him for your visit."

Upon calling at the prescribed time on the ensuing Sunday, I found that the young man was not only better, but also able without undue excitement to hold conversation

about his home and family. This, of course, led to a reference being made to the cause of his leaving home; and when the explanation came it was simple enough.

"I should never have left home, Mr. Markham, but for the drink."

"How was that, William?" I asked. "I know occasionally you drank too much; but could you not have broken off the foul habit, and lived a sober life?"

"No; not while I remained at home: it was absolutely impossible."

"I cannot see that. Perhaps you will explain yourself."

"It was just this way, Mr. Markham. You know my father well. He is a very good man, but also very methodical and strict. He rises at a certain hour in the morning, and will retire, if he can, at a certain hour in the evening. On the farm everything must be done as he thinks it should be done, and no will must cross his own. Then, at table, he will take his glass of ale or wine and no more, and he expects all his family to copy his example. Well, I did until I was about seventeen years of age. Then, of course, I got into company. With others I went to market where we bought and sold beasts, and over the sales there was frequently a great deal of drinking. In the absence of my father, some young fellows urged me to drink more and more, until I began to acquire a liking for the stuff and the company as well; and before I was aware of it, I felt that drink had become my master. I tried then to break it off, and should have done so had it not been for the drink being always placed on the table at home. My father couldn't see why I should not take my glass in moderation just as he did, and I thought that there was no reason why I should

not either. But I soon found out that my excitable and nervous temperament was entirely different from my father's cool and methodical constitution and habits, and that where he could safely stand I should as certainly fall. It must therefore be with me total abstinence or ruin. So long as I drank, and was compelled in business to mix with drinking company, excess with me was sure: fall I must. This, at last, I told father, but he could not believe me; and after my last fall we had a quarrel on this very point. As you are aware, I had been brought home late one Sunday evening in a helpless condition. The next morning father and I had it out. I wanted to sign the total abstinence pledge, and get him either to abolish the drink from the table, or let me have my dinner and supper alone. But insisting that, if I chose, I could exercise self-control like himself, he declined to permit either while I remained in his house. What, then, could I do? To remain at home was to go to ruin, and disgrace my family still further: to leave home

and fight the battle of life as a total abstainer was my only chance. So I took it and bolted; and, in spite of all my troubles abroad, abstained for three months. Then, under the influence of temptation, I fell, and got discharged from my situation. The rest you know. I have proved, both at home and in this city, that 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and I do not say that I acted right in running away as I did. But one thing is certain, Mr. Markham; if I live to go home, for my sake, the drink must never be placed upon the table in my presence; and if my father still persists upon having it placed there, his son William must lodge elsewhere. But somehow I think now that my father will relent, and that he will not drive his own son from home because, as a total abstainer, he wants for ever to place a barrier between himself and the intoxicating cup, which has already nearly proved the destruction of his body and his soul."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN, don't forget to pray! The demands of business are inexorable. It requires early departure from the home in the morning, and close attention during the hours of the day. Wearied mind and body demand a full night's sleep. Christian men content themselves with a verse or two of Scripture, and a hurried prayer. Others do not find time even for this. But "prayer is the Christian's vital breath." He cannot dispense with it, and retain Christian life. Make time for prayer, and hold it as sacred as any business engagement.

"Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars for evermore have set;
 The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
 And how what seemed reproof, was love most true."

"AND NOW COME I TO THEE."

John xvii, 18.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

My Father, God, the bitter strife
 Has closed in victory ;
 Past, once for all, the awful hour ;
 All foes are placed beneath My power ;
 "And now come I to Thee."

The soul's deep grief, the heart's keen pain,
 With death's dread agony,
 Are passed away for evermore ;
 While worlds on worlds with awe adore ;
 "And now come I to Thee."

From sin's tremendous curse and doom,
 My children all are free ;
 The ransom-price is fully paid,
 My blood has full atonement made,
 "And now come I to Thee."

The brightest minds which Thou hast made,
 Though deep their thoughts may be,
 Can never grasp redemption's cost ;
 I came, I sought, I saved the lost ;
 "And now come I to Thee."

Not for Myself alone, I come ;
 My saints are dear to Me ;
 And they are Thine ; I know their need ;
 On their behalf, just God, I plead ;
 "And now come I to Thee."

And where I am, in worlds of light,
 There shall My servants be ;
 Thou lovest them ; they know Thy name ;
 For them a heritage I claim ;
 "And now come I to Thee."

With Thee, and with the Spirit, one,
 In triune mystery,
 Where Godhead's awful splendours shine,
 The mediatorial throne is Mine,
 "And now come I to Thee."

This evil, unbelieving world
 No more My face shall see ;
 O Father ! glorify Thy Son ;
 The work Thou gavest Me is done,
 "And now come I to Thee."

Time cannot change My Father's love,
 Nor all eternity ;
 I share Thy glory as of old,
 The everlasting gates unfold,
 "And now come I to Thee."

Nictaux, Nova Scotia.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"I SHALL BE ANOINTED WITH FRESH OIL."

So said the Psalmist, anticipating the worship of the Lord's Day. Oil was used for so many purposes in olden times that it is difficult to lay hold of the exact idea which he had in using this figure. He might have regarded himself as one who was sick and needed healing, for anointing with oil was a favourite medicinal agent. Or he might have considered himself as a cleansed leper, for in such a case he would have been pronounced ceremonially clean by being anointed on the ear, hand, and foot. Or he might have felt himself a warrior, for the practice was common to anoint with oil before entering the battlefield. Or he might have considered himself a temple lamp, needing fresh supply lest he became but smoking flax, for the Hebrew may be so rendered; and there is probably the idea here of gaining increased light. Or he might have felt himself like a priest or a king going to the house of the Lord for a fresh consecration and public recognition in his glorious vocation as one of the people of God.

It is an interesting fact that many of the figurative expressions of Scripture may be used in reference to practices of modern times, unknown perchance in their original application, and yet conveying the same spiritual thought. In these modern days not a few members of our congregations feel themselves to be like some cog-wheel in some vast intricate machinery. During the

week they are driven through a round of duties. At times they are conscious of a harsh grating wear-and-tear. The Sabbath is to them not only the day of rest, but a time when the machinery of life shall be afresh oiled to go on again more smoothly. None but the man of business knows the jarring, creaking drive of commerce at times. None but the mother of a family understands the stridulous, unresting care of rearing the little ones. It is well for ministers to feel this, to know that there are some, in many cases the majority of the worshippers, who want such quiet soothing influence in the sanctuary, that the service shall be on their spirits like fresh oil on machinery. Especially is this the case in suburban churches. It ought to be found in the music, the singing, not noisy, but bright, not rattling, but with a voice, as the psalm has it, of "a harp with a solemn sound." The prayer should lead the spirit heavenward, and be, like the firmament, calm and bright. Well, if the discourse be given with the gentle power of true culture. Perhaps it is not all souls that need just this, but many do. They need the gentle rain rather than the screaming hurricane. When cutting is needed for them, the skilful surgeon's scalpel is more effective than the rude woodcutter's swinging axe. They need to be anointed with oil, not sulphuric acid. They sigh for the dove-like power of the Holy Ghost. They would have the earthly sanctuary like heaven, "a sea of glass mingled with fire," "energy dwelling in an exceeding calm,"

the ocean of life radiant with the glory of the skies.

Richmond. J. HUNT COOKE.

THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By the REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

A GENTLEMAN, lecturing in the neighbourhood of London, said, "Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms. "That's true!" cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but, as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child.' 'Please, father, don't go!' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round, and went home, and have never been in a public-house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir.' All have influence."

Yes, it is true, solemnly true, all have influence, and all are using their influence either for good or for evil. No man can live to himself. I must either be a light to illumine, or a tempest to destroy. I must either be like unto Abel, who, by his imperishable righteousness, being dead, yet speaketh; or like unto Achan, the saddest continuance of whose otherwise forgotten name is the fact that man perishes not alone in his iniquity. This necessary element of power—this power of influence belongs to every man and woman living. Our sphere may be

contracted, our influence may be small, but a sphere and influence we all have.

The stone that is flung from a careless hand into the lake, and has splashed down into the depths of the flowing water, produces an influence, slight but conscious, to the very shores of the lake itself. Every idle word we speak lives, and reverberates and exerts an influence in the minds of others. Every one of our actions, seen by others, produces an influence, slight, but eternal, on the destiny of immortal lives. This terrible power we each have—this power of influence, and it clings to us. We cannot shake it off. It is born with us. It grows with our growth. It is strengthened with our strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves with us all through life. It is powerful in every glance of our eye. It is heard in every word of our lips. It is seen in every act of our lives. None can live unto themselves. The influence of individual character extends even from generation to generation. The world is moulded by influence. The history of the world to-day turns, and to the utmost limit of the world's duration will continue to turn, on the influence exercised by either the first or the second Adam. It is not possible for any one to occupy a neutral or indifferent position. In some form or other we must affect others. Were we to banish ourselves to a distant island, or even to enter the gates of death, we should still exercise a positive influence, for we should be a loss to our fellow-men; the loss of that most blessed gift of God when it is consecrated to His glory, even that of living men to living men—of beings who ought to have loved and to have been loved.

This power of influence is partly within and partly beyond the region

of our will. That which is within our will is the character, good or bad, which we may select to possess. That which is beyond our will is the fact of the necessary influence of character. It is beyond all question that character tells either for good or evil beyond its possessor. That which a man is reflects itself on others. All the items of our beliefs, purposes, tastes, affections, and habits, manifested in all we do and in all we do not, are contagious in their tendency, and are ever imprinting themselves upon other spirits. We ourselves may be as unconscious of this outflowing of good or evil from our characters as we are of the contagion of disease from our bodies, or, if that can be conceived of as being equally possible, of the contagion of good health. Yet, the fact is certain, nevertheless. If there be light within us, it must shine. If darkness reign within us, it must shade. If we glow with love, that love will radiate its warmth. If we are frozen with selfishness, the icy cold will chill all the atmosphere around us. If we are vile and corrupt, our vileness and corruption will contaminate all the atmosphere around us.

No less real, blessed be God, for the fact, is the influence upon others of our characters if they be holy. While it is a solemn fact that the "evil men do lives after them," it is not an equal fact that "the good is oft interred with their bones." No! glory be to the boundless grace of our God, our good is as immortal as the Divine Being in whom it originates and from whom it proceeds. The good must ever live, and walk up and down the earth like a living beneficent spirit, guided by the living God, to convey choicest blessings to the sons and

daughters of men. The good lives in humanity, in some form or other, like the subtle substance of material things, which, though ever-changing, never perishes, but adds to the stability, the beauty, and the grandeur of God's universe. The influence of a holy character passes even beyond the stars; it gives joy to our angel brothers; ay, even to our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, who, in seeing His own love to His God and to our God, to His neighbours and to our neighbours, reflected in His redeemed people, beholds the grand result "of the travail of His soul," and is "satisfied."

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives for ever.

Flake follows flake, like spirits
Whose wings the winds dis sever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind for ever.

Beam follows beam, to clear
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy for ever:—

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul for ever!

Let us each ask ourselves how we are exerting our influence? Are we using it for God, or for Satan? Are we on the side of Christ, or are we against Christ? Listen to what Jesus says:—"He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." If we are not heart-believers in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, our influence is on the side of the enemies of Christ. In this conflict there can be no neutrality.

Portsmouth.

DAYS OF GLADNESS.

"O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—Ps. xc. 14.

THE first impression of this Psalm is that life is dissatisfying, and that sin has made it so. The text suggests the antidote: the Divine mercy satisfying the heart, and making glad the days.

The mercy of God is a subject of frequent and varied teaching in the Psalms. It is great, tender, rich, free, continued, plenteous, and enduring for ever. It is a fountain of blessing, and tends to happiness. It compassionates human frailty. God did not make man frail, nor the world dreary; but sin has made both. Mercy is propitious to man through Jesus, the Mediator, pardoning his sin, and restoring him to his true position. Mercy conciliates and treats him with kindness.

The mercy of God satisfies. It first relieves. Water relieves thirst; bread hunger; money want, and medicine sickness: so the mercy of God relieves the saddened heart. It next restores the healthy tone, supplies with a suited plenty, and

gives the hope of unfailing good. Here is not only a resorting for God's mercy, but a resting in it,—the repose of sure hope.

The mercy of God makes glad days. It makes early days glad. With it gladness is near at hand, and not afar off. Many hope for happiness, but it is uncertain and distant. Here it is nigh, and of easy attainment. It is found early, as in childhood and youth, and so makes a long life happy, or prepares for early death and everlasting life. It takes a good deal of joy to fill a single day with gladness, for there is often much to counteract as well as to supply; much to fill a year, to fill a life, to fill eternity. Here is infinite mercy, richly, freely, and unceasingly giving the desired gladness.

Availing ourselves of the mercy of God, we shall realise no common happiness, but shall "rejoice and be glad all our days." For this we must use the prayer of the text, "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy." With many, happy days are few and far between; but with this prayer answered, they will be helped to "rejoice evermore."

W. ABBOTT.

Blunham.

CONVERSION OF A DANISH ATHEIST.—H. Hegard, professor of philosophy in the University of Copenhagen, and the chief apostle of Atheism in Denmark, is now a humble disciple of Christ. "The experiences of life," he says, "its sufferings and griefs, have shaken my soul, and have broken the foundation upon which I formerly thought I could build. Full of faith in the sufficiency of science, I thought to have found in it a sure refuge from all the contingencies of life. This illusion is vanished; when the tempest came which plunged me in sorrow, the moorings, the cable of science, broke like thread."

A WORD FOR THE PEOPLE.

"A WORD for the people, Master :"
 And the minister knelt in prayer,
 While the tears fell hotter and faster
 As he wrestled and waited there.

"Duty ! tell them of duty,"
 A whispering spirit said,
 "Point them to moral beauty
 In the pathway where Moses led."

But I heard the good worker sighing
 As he mused on the offered word ;
 For already his flock was dying,
 Already their feet had erred.

"Judgment !" terribly pealing,
 Echoed the word of wrath :
 Creation rocking and reeling,
 Thundering, roaring forth.

But the people in guilt were hardened,
 And the minister sighed again :
 The curse of the many unpardoned,
 Was hurled o'er their heads in vain.

"Mercy ! Tell them their Father
 Is loving, and tender, and kind ;
 Who wills not their death, but would rather
 They sought Him, whom seeking all find."

But the preacher received not the story ;
 For Justice still spake in his ear,
 And her red sword already was gory ;
 The guilty she could not thus clear.

Then there came a soft whisper from Heaven,
 "Jesus !" it breathed—blessed word !
 The guilty might yet be forgiven !
 He rose as the message he heard.

His prayer for a word for the people
 Was answered ; for this blessed Name,
 'Neath a thatch, or a tower, or steeple,
 Is a word that all workers may claim.

And so he went forth on the morrow
 To publish the message thus heard ;
 Not "Duty" nor "Judgment" to follow,
 Nor was "Mercy" the heaven-sent word :

He told them of "Jesus," the dying ;
 Of Jesus, the risen, who lives ;
 Of Jesus, no comer denying ;
 Of Jesus, who just pardon gives !

WILLIAM LUFF.

Reviews.

Heart-Fellowship with Christ: Meditations and Prayers for each Sunday in the Year; including chapters on Christ in the Christian's Life. By the Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN, author of "Glimpses of Jesus," &c. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

OUR readers will recognise that many of these papers have appeared in this Magazine, and we have simply to say that it is worthy of the author of "Glimpses of Jesus." It has the same deep and fervid spirituality, force and fire, and poetic beauty of style, and intelligent love of all the Great Master's teachings; and is well calculated to cheer and comfort the aged Christian, to instruct and establish the young, and to quicken, stimulate, and encourage the earnest worker. Through these meditations the reader will learn what real Heart-Fellowship with Christ means, and be stirred up through a richer knowledge of Christ to seek it. The book is beautifully got up, and cheap; and we hope it will have a large circulation, thus encouraging our afflicted friend in his declining years.

Grace Magnified: a Brief Memoir of the late David Ashby, for eighteen years Minister of the Gospel at Whittlesea, Cambs. By W. K. DEXTER. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street.

FRAGMENTS in the history of a good and earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard, recently called home to the heavenly rest. Its perusal stimulates and refreshes us. It is well that these incidents should have been threaded together and preserved to the large circle of Christian

friends to whom this worthy brother was so well known.

Lay Service: its Nurseries and its Sphere. Also Outlines of Scriptural Facts—Past, Present, and Prophetic. By J. VAN SONSMEN. John F. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

"LAY SERVICE" presents us with many sound, healthy remarks on the Sunday school; the Young Men's Christian Association; family prayers; Christian visitation; the Scripture reading meeting, and public addresses. We shall be pleased to know that both tracts have found a large circle of readers.

The Heresy taught by the Rev. E. D. Barnes (the Kentucky Evangelist) Exposed and Answered. By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

WHAT next and next? This last importation from across the Atlantic is really a vile attack on sacred things. We are not astonished that such statements are made, but that they should be made by one who styles himself an Evangelist, and a "Rev.!" Verily Satan has transformed himself into an angel of light. "But if the light in thee be darkness how great is that darkness." Mr. Guinness has done well in laying bare this error under the name of Evangelical Teaching.

God's Man and Man's Man: is there Hope for the Unrepentant after Death? By the Rev. R. FOUNTAIN. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS title is a somewhat peculiar one, but the question appended is a solemn and interesting one, and it is answered in the writer's own way. The style

is not common, and as Mr. Fountain keeps close to God's word, the answer may be anticipated, for it is already written by the finger of God that of the eternal world *there is no change there.*

The Bible Aid and Reading Marker. Books of Kings and Chronicles, Historical and Chronological. By the Rev. C. NEIL, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthias', Poplar.

THE idea is a good one, and we shall hope to see the plan extended to other books of sacred Scripture. Mr. Neil deserves our thanks, and we hope all who are desirous of help in teaching the contents of the sacred Book may avail themselves of this bird's-eye view of the contents of the Kings and Chronicles. We perceive that it may be had of the author, St. Matthias' Parsonage, Poplar, E. Price 6d.

Life, Warfare, and Victory. By D. W. WHITTLE, author of "Memoir of P. P. Bliss," &c., &c. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS work describes the nature of the Divine life in the soul; the conflict in which it engages with sin, the world, and the devil, and the final victory over sin and death. The writer has written a book which will be found of immense service to those who are either inquiring after truth or have just embraced the Gospel of Christ. It is a worthy volume, and we heartily wish the object the writer has in view much success.

The Full Assurance of Faith. Sovereign Grace: its Source, its Nature, and its Effects. Prevailing Prayer: what hinders it? Daniel the Prophet. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

SANKEY AND MOODY.

BEFORE these lines go to press the second visit of these untiring evangelists to our shores will have been brought to a close, and they will probably have returned to their homes across the sea attended by the bene-

dictions of thousands of precious souls who have heard the word of life from their lips, and we make this record with the greatest joy because it is a sufficient answer to the mistaken notions of some good men who are losing or have lost faith in the old Book, the old Gospel, God's way of saving souls. The assertion is constantly made that something more is needed now; times have altered; the preaching of the Cross will not do unless accompanied with claptrap advertisements, mountebank performances, self-sins talked about instead of Christ, and in song jokes introduced in doggerel rhyme, mingled in a most objectionable way with the grand, solemn truths of the Gospel. Well, here is the answer, Mr. Moody, if he does anything, stands by the old lines. If any one thing distinguishes his style, it is his love for the whole Gospel as given us in the Word, and he speaks as a man who has the fullest confidence in his doctrine, and he is overwhelmingly plain in his statement of his doctrine, and ever speaks in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The same may be said of his companion evangelist. When and where did he sing jokes?—when and where was he funny, when did he disgrace himself by singing a comic song. We thank God, never, and the result is crowds flock to hear, always crowds, all ways a blessing. These words are borne out by each of the excellent works found at the head of this review. "The Full Assurance" is a little gem, and will be very helpful to those who wish to say, I know whom I have believed. "Sovereign Grace," &c., is a concise plain, Scriptural statement of all the important questions bearing on the salvation of the soul. While "Prevailing Prayer," is an essay or series of discourses that we most earnestly wish could be placed in the hands of every Christian; and the stirring utterances in "Daniel the Prophet" make it a valuable book to place in the hands of our young men. We say, God speed the evangelists and

their work; and God speed these books of Mr. Moody. We know no better way of doing good, specially among the young and also the working classes of our congregations, than to give these works a wide circulation.

The Tabernacle, the Priesthood, and the Offerings. By HENRY W. SOLTAU, author of "The Holy Vessels of the Sanctuary," "The Soul and its Difficulties," &c., &c. Morgan and Scott.

THE reading of this book has been to us a precious means of grace, and to all who love truth sweetly told we advise its study. It is full of Christ. The truths of the Gospel gleam on every page, and we feel that we shall be doing good work for any Christian brother whom we may induce to read it. Nothing seems strained; all comes out naturally, and we think there might be added to the title—a Gospel of Christ according to Leviticus. And as we have for some years used "The Soul and its Difficulties" for inquirers, so we shall use this book among Christian people who wish to go from strength to strength in the knowledge of Christ's glorious Gospel. Of the get-up of the book, the binding is good, the printing is exquisite, the illustrations are elegant, and taken altogether we have not derived for some time so much pleasure and profit in reading a single volume.

THE *Leisure Hour* has a very valuable paper, the sixth of a series, by Professor Leone; subject "The British

People: their Expenditure, their Virtues, and their Vices"—a vast subject well treated. Read it. The *Sunday at Home* is worth time for perusal, if only for some good papers which are being contributed by Rev. Paxton Hood on "Great and Good Books." The usual full measure of good writing and good illustrations apply to the other serials.

Molto Notes for Every-day Letters. By WILLIAM LUFF, Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling.

THESE are very good indeed, and offer a very simple way of working for the Master. Always have them at hand when you are writing letters, and enclose one. Cast thy seed upon the waters, and it shall be seen after many days.

THE *Preachers' Analyst* has a searching sermon by the editor on Self-examination. *The Chart and Compass Sailors' Magazine* contains the annual report. *Circulate it among those who wish well to the spiritual welfare of our sailors. Region Beyond*—a very acceptable magazine on our mission fields. And we have a good word for all our own denomination Monthlies, from among which we select the of late very much improved *Missionary Herald* for which we express a desire that the appeal to clear the now small debt on the treasurer's account of our Missionary Society may meet with immediate success.

"O Master, stay beside us;
Our hearts with wisdom store;
Be strength and grace supplied us,
To grow for evermore.
O Father, go beside us
Till all our wanderings end;
Let weal nor woe divide us
From Thee our faithful Friend."

Joshua Stegmann (1583).

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. J. TRESSIDER, of Merriott, Crewkerne, has accepted the pastorate of Castlehold Church, Newport, Isle of Wight.

Rev. John R. Russell, of Bristol Road Church, Weston-super-Mare, has accepted the pastorate of Abbey Road Church, Barrow-in-Furness.

Rev. J. Penny, for twenty-three years pastor of Buckingham Chapel, Clifton, has accepted the pastorate of the new church at St. Leonards.

Rev. W. L. Stevenson, of Isleham, has accepted the pastorate of Mount Olivet Chapel, Todmorden.

Rev. Francis Tuck, of the Pastor's College, has been selected as the pastor of the church at Gravesend, in place of the Rev. Noah Heath, who has accepted the ministerial charge of the church at Ramsey, Huntingdon.

Rev. W. T. Adey, of Scarborough, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Commercial Street, London.

Rev. A. Morgan, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Rugby.

Rev. J. H. Tuckwell, of Cotton-End, Bedford, has accepted the pastorate of Carey Street Church, Reading.

Rev. F. R. Bateman, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Clarence Road Church, Southend.

Rev. J. L. Cooper has resigned the pastorate of the church at Wells, Somerset, and accepted that of the church at Evesham, Worcestershire.

Rev. Carey Bonner, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of Oakfield Union Chapel, Sale, near Manchester.

Rev. S. C. Burn has resigned the pastorate of the church at Neath.

Rev. John Battersby, of Westbourne, Bournemouth, has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist Church at Christchurch and East Parley to become their pastor.

Rev. W. F. Edgerton has resigned the pastorate of the Old Meeting at Gamlingay, and has accepted an invitation to King Street Church, Oldham.

Rev. D. Davies, of Weston-super-Mare, has accepted the pastorate of Regent's Park Chapel, London.

PRESENTATIONS.

ON Sunday evening, April 6th, Mr. Elgar, on behalf of the members of the church and congregation meeting for worship in the Baptist Chapel, Fulmodeston, Norfolk, presented to Mr. J. C. Parker a portmanteau and an address as a token of respect and gratitude to him for his kindness in presiding at the harmonium, and in various ways endeavouring to make the services of God's house interesting and attractive.

Mr. A. Hill, leader of the choir at the Sansome Walk Chapel, Worcester, has been presented with a marble clock in recognition of his services.

Rev. C. Brown, of Shortwood Chapel, Nailsworth, received, on the 28th of May, from the members of the church and congregation, a congratulatory address on his recent marriage. The address was accompanied by a purse containing £25.

In recognition of valued services as organist, Miss Hunt was presented by the church and congregation of Lansdowne Chapel, Bournemouth (Rev. W. Julyan, pastor) on the 28th of May, with a nickel-silver tea and coffee set, and a lady's dressing-case.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. JOHN BAIN has recently received public recognition as pastor of the church at Clapton Park New Mission Hall. Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, Principal of Harley College, Bow, presided. A report which was read showed that the mission was started in February, 1880, in a small building over a stable in Rushmore Road, when only seven people attended, and the work was for a time carried on under great difficulties, until Mr. Bain was invited to conduct the Sunday evening services. The little hall soon became crowded. Many agencies were established, and a larger building was soon required. A freehold site was purchased in Blurton Road, and the present building erected. It can seat about 650, and was opened in October, 1882. There is a large hall underneath, used for Sunday-school and other purposes. The working expenses have all been met by the free-will offerings of the people, but there is a balance of £200 still due on the building account. A church has been formed, and there are now 145 members in fellowship. Revs. Archibald G. Brown, A. Barfield, J. Wilkinson, and others, delivered fraternal addresses. During the evening Mr. Bain was presented with a library writing-table and other testimonials of regard. The hall will in future be known as the Clapton Park Tabernacle.

A meeting has been held at John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, to welcome the Rev. W. Norris, on his acceptance of the pastorate. Rev. J. P. Chown presided. After prayer by Rev. W. Smith, Mr. Halford (church secretary) narrated the circumstances that had led to Mr. Norris being called to the pastorate, and the pastor then addressed the meeting, after which speeches of hearty and fraternal greeting were delivered by the Revs. T. Hadley, W. Le-Pla, J. R. Wood, and W. J. Styles.

BRENTFORD: PARK CHAPEL.—Services in connection with the anniversary of the above chapel, and recognition of Rev. John S. Hockey, from the Pastor's College, as pastor of the church, were held on Monday, June 2nd. Rev. W. A. Blake—who, after holding the pastorate of the church at Shouldham Street, Edgware Road, twenty years, and that at Park Chapel nineteen years, has resigned, and has been unanimously elected honorary pastor—presided. Rev. A. Fergusson, of Pastor's College, gave a charge to the pastor. Rev. H. Hardin, of Montacute, gave a charge to the church. Addresses were also given by Revs. John Teall, of Woolwich; E. B. Pearson, of Hounslow; J. G. Dann, of Peckham; J. Edwards, of Brentford, and Mr. W. G. Brown. On the following Sunday, June 8th, Rev. W. A. Blake preached in the morning, and Rev. E. B. Pearson in the evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MEMORIAL stone connected with the spacious and handsome Sunday-schools adjoining Brunswick Road Chapel, Gloucester, was laid by Mr. Elisha S. Robinson, J.P., of Bristol, on the 29th of May. Rev. J. Bloomfield, pastor of the chapel, described the steps taken to erect the building, which is a memorial to Robert Raikes. The schools, which are intended to accommodate 600 children, are in course of erection, from plans designed by Messrs. Searle and Hayes, of Ludgate Hill, London. The cost, including £1,000 for site, amounts to £3,300, towards which upwards of £2,000 had been subscribed before the ceremony. Upwards of £300 was deposited on the stone. The London Sunday School Union will give £200 when the schools are completed, and are prepared to grant a loan of £300 in addition if required. The Deputy-Mayor, and several members of the Corporation, attended the ceremony. The meeting of the Beds Association was held on June 10th and 11th, at

Ridgemoat. The attendance was good, the reports from the churches encouraging and instructive, and the whole was closed by a very effective discourse from the Rev. Jackson Wray.

PARK STREET CHAPEL, LUTON. The anniversary sermons for the Sunday schools were preached on Lord's Day, May 25th, by the Rev. W. Stott, of St. John's Wood. On the following Monday a public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. J. H. Blake, who, during the evening, distributed prizes among the scholars. The services were of a most encouraging description, and the collections amounted to £60 10s.

ASTWOOD BANK, WORCESTER.—The Sunday school sermons were preached by Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, June 8th, who in the afternoon gave an address to a full congregation on "Jewels and Precious Stones," with illustrations.

RECENT DEATH.

ON Lord's Day, May 18th, at a quarter before two o'clock, Maggie Matilda, the second daughter of the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, departed to be with Jesus. She was born July 14th, 1865, and was in her nineteenth year when she was called up higher. Our young sister was baptized, and admitted into the fellowship of the church on December 4th, 1879, and was loved by all who knew her. She dearly loved the Saviour, and on several occasions said, "What should I do without my precious Jesus?" Shortly before she "fell asleep" she said, "I should like to live, but I am ready to go if Jesus wants me." Her last words were, "Must go." The funeral service was a most impressive one. The coffin, which was covered with beautiful wreaths of flowers sent by members of the congregation, was taken into Lake Road Chapel, where a large congregation was assembled, and the service was conducted by the Rev. J. W. Genders, of Kent Street Chapel. As

the funeral procession left the chapel, "The Dead March" in *Saul* was played by the organist. A very large concourse of friends assembled at the cemetery, where the service was conducted by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst. On Sunday evening, May 25th, Mr. Medhurst preached a funeral sermon at Lake Road Chapel, from 2 Cor. v. 2: "Clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."

Oh! call it not death: it is life begun;
For the waters are passed, the home is won:
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
Where they weep, and suffer, and sin no more.

She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Saviour's love;
To depart from a world of sin and strife,
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life.

Oh! call it not death: 'tis a holy sleep,
And the precious dust the Lord doth keep:
She shall wake again, and how satisfied!
With the likeness of Him for her who died.

As He rose again she shall also rise
From the quiet bed where now safe she lies:
Then cheer ye, fond mourners, who sadly weep.
For happy are they who in Jesus sleep.

Oh! call it not death: 'tis a glorious rest:
Yea, saith the Spirit, for all such are blest:
They rest from their labours, their work is done,
The goal is attained, the weary race run:

The battle is fought, the struggle is o'er,
The crown now replaces the cross they bore,
The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod,
A rest remains to the people of God.

E. E. H.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—May 18, English Chapel, Six, by E. E. Probert.
Armsley.—May 11, Three, by W. Sumner.
Astley Bridge.—May 21, Eight, by G. Williams.
Bacup.—May 25, at Zion, Six, by R. A. Tydeman.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—May 4, Five, by G. F. Wall.
Rattle.—May 25, Three, by J. Howes.
Belfast.—May 6, Regent Street, Two, by E. T. Mateer.
Bideford.—May 23, Eighteen, by W. Gillard.
Birmingham.—May 23, Graham-street, Eleven, by Arthur Mursell.
Blaenavon.—May 22, Forge Side, Three, by D. Talywain.
Brandon, Suffolk.—May 29, Seven, by J. Sage.
Brockhurst.—May 18, One, by B. French: 20, Four, by W. M. Compton.

- Broughty Ferry*, N.B.—April 13, Seven, by A. W. Oakley.
- Burnley*—May 21, Mount Pleasant, Three, by J. Kemp.
- Calcaria*, Llanelly.—June 1, Three, by J. Griffiths.
- Cardiff*.—May 25, Longcross Chapel, Two, by P. Jones.
- Carmarthen*.—May 25, Eight, by T. Thomas.
- Cheam*, Surrey.—May 26, Six, by W. G. Clow.
- Cheadle Hulme*, Cheshire.—May 22, One, by J. Brunt; June 8, Four, by R. A. Burrows.
- Cheltenham*.—May 28, Cambray Chapel, Nine, by T. J. Longhurst.
- Chepstow*.—April 30, One, by A. J. Davies.
- Chester*.—May 25, Mission Hall, Three, by W. S. Jones.
- Cold Inn*, Tenby.—May 2, Six, by J. Jenkins.
- Coubridge*.—May 18, Ramoth, Six, by Owen Jones.
- Cozall*, Shropshire.—May 25, One, by W. Williams.
- Cradley*.—April 30, Six, by J. Brown.
- Dartford*.—June 4, Four, by A. Sturge.
- Dawley*, Salop.—June 1, Five, by E. Spanton.
- Dorking*.—May 11, Two, by A. G. Everett.
- Dover*: Pentside.—May 18, Two, by B. Langford.
- Dunfermline*, Scotland.—May 14, Six, by J. T. Hagen.
- Eastbourne*.—May 26, Five, by W. Osborne.
- Eden Bridge*.—May 27, Four, by R. H. Powell.
- Ferndale*.—May 18, One, by G. G. Cule.
- Fivehead*, Taunton.—May 25, Ten, by J. Compston.
- Great Grimsby*.—May 25, Victoria-street, Eight, by E. Lauderdale.
- Harmony*, Pembrokeshire.—May 4, One, by J. Phillips.
- Hastingsden*.—May 25, Bury-road, Six, by G. T. Bailey.
- Hereford*.—May 29, Two, by J. Williams, B.A.
- Hucknell Forkard*.—May 11, Sixteen, by J. Buck.
- Knighton*.—May 12, One, by W. Williams.
- Langton*.—February, Six; March, Nine; April, Seven; by A. T. Johnson.
- Leicester*.—April 23, Friar-lane, Five, by G. Eales.
- Leigh*, Lancashire.—June 1, Four, by S. J. Jones.
- Lifton*, Devon.—June 1, Two, by G. Parker.
- Lincoln*.—May 23, Mint-lane, Seven, by G. P. Mackay.
- Llangorse*.—May 25, One, by J. Morgan.
- Lockerley*.—June 1, Eight, by J. Mizen.
- Lumb*, Lancashire.—June 1, Three, by H. Abraham.
- London*: Acton.—June 5, Nine, by C. M. Longhurst.
- Borough-road.—June —, Two, by G. W. McCree.
- Enfield Town, N.—May 25, Ten, by W. White.
- Leytonstone.—May 18, Ten, by J. Bradford.
- Forest Gate*.—May 1, Five, by J. H. French.
- Penge*.—May 28, Nine, by J. W. Bond.
- Streatham*, S.W.—May 30, Lewin-road, Two, by A. M'Caig.
- Woolwich*.—May 29, Parson's-hill, Thirteen, by J. Wilson.
- Machen*.—May 17, English Church, One, by D. Lloyd.
- Maesteg*, Glamorgan.—June, 8, Nine, by T. A. Pryce.
- Mansfield*.—June 1, Ten, by J. Park.
- Merthyr*.—June 1, Tabernacle, Two, by B. Thomas.
- Middlesbro'*.—June 1, Welsh Church, Four, by T. Jones.
- Mirfield*, Yorks.—April 29, Two, by R. Evans.
- Mountain Ash*.—June 5, Six, by J. Howell.
- Nantwich*.—May 25, Two, by Price Williams.
- Nantyglo*, Mon.—May 11, at Bethel, Two; June 6, at Bethel, One, by J. Pugh.
- New Tredegar*, Cardiff.—May 11, Six, by J. Griffiths.
- New Malden*, Surrey.—May 26, Two, by H. S. Moore.
- Newbridge*, Mon.—May 18, Two, by J. M. Jones.
- North Curry*, Somerset.—June 1, Five, by W. Fry.
- Ogden*, Rochdale.—May 18, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.
- Ogmore Vale*.—May 18, Calvary Chapel, Four, by E. Aubrey.
- Okehampton*.—June 8, Two, by W. Gliddon.
- Pontheir*, Mon.—May 18, Two, by J. Rees.
- Potter's Bar*.—May 11, Ten, by J. Dupee.
- Rhymney*, Mon.—May 11, Beulah, Three; June 1, Beulah, Three, by H. Phillips.
- Risca*, Mon.—May 13, One, by T. Thomas.
- Roads*.—May 25, Six, by T. Gardner.
- Roath*, Cardiff.—May 18, Pearl-street, Three; June 1, at Ebenezer, Two, by E. Schaffer.
- Selkirk*, N.B.—May 14, Three, by J. Brown.
- Shipley*.—Bethel, June 1, Nine, by H. C. Atkinson.
- Sittingbourne*.—May 23, Fourteen, by J. Doubleday.
- Stanningley*, Leeds.—May 4, Seven, by E. S. Neale.
- St. Mary Cray*.—May 29, Eight, by C. Rudge.
- St. Neots*.—May 11, East-street, Three, by T. G. Gathercole.
- Sutton-in-Craven*.—May 26, Eleven, by J. Aldis, jun.
- Sunningdale*.—May 25, Three, by A. Phillips.
- Swansea*.—May 25, Carmarthen-road, Six, by A. E. Johnson.
- Tring*.—May 29, New Mill, Eight, H. F. Gower.
- Tunbridge*, Kent.—May 22, Three, by T. Hancock.
- Tunbridge Wells*.—May 25, Thirteen, by J. Smith.
- Tonypanyd*, Rhondda Valley.—May 18, Two, by D. Davies.
- Waterhouses*.—May 14, Three, by R. W. Dobbie.
- Witton Park*, Durham.—May 25, Two, by — Wilkins.

HEALING FOR THE WOUNDED.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”—
PSALM cxlvii. 3.

THE next verse finally declares the power of God. “He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them by their names.” Perhaps there is nothing which gives us a nobler view of the greatness of God, than a contemplation of the starry heavens. When by night we lift up our eyes and behold Him who hath created all these things; when we remember that He bringeth out their host by number, calleth them all by their names, and that by the greatness of His power not one faileth, then indeed we adore a mighty God, and our soul naturally falls prostrate in reverential awe before the throne of Him who leads the host of heaven, and marshals the stars in their armies. But the Psalmist has here placed another fact side by side with this wondrous act of God: He declares that the same God who leadeth the stars, who telleth the number of them, and calleth them by their names, “healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.” The next time you rise to some idea of God by viewing the starry floor of His magnificent temple above, strive to compel your contemplation to this thought—that the same mighty hand which rolls the stars along, puts liniments around the wounded heart; that the same Being who spoke the worlds into existence, and now impels those ponderous globes through their orbits, does in His mercy cheer the wounded, and heal the broken in heart.

We will not delay you by a preface, but will come at once to the two thoughts: First, here is a *great ill*—a broken heart; and secondly, a *great mercy*—“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”

Man is a double being: he is composed of body and soul, and each of the portions of man may receive injury and hurt. The wounds of the body are extremely painful, and if they amount to a breaking of the frame the torture is singularly exquisite. Yet God has in His mercy provided means whereby wounds may be healed and injuries repaired. The soldier who retires from the battle-field, knows that he shall find a hand to extricate the shot, and certain ointments and liniments to heal his wounds. We very speedily care for bodily diseases; they are too painful to let us slumber in silence; and they soon urge us to seek a physician or a surgeon for our healing. Oh, if we were as much alive to the more serious wounds of our inner man; if we were as deeply sensible of spiritual injuries, how earnestly should we cry to “the beloved Physician,” and how soon should we prove His power to save. Stabbed in the most vital part by the hand of our original parent, and from head to foot disabled by our own sin, we yet remain as insensible as steel, careless and unmoved, because though our wounds are known they are not felt. We should count that soldier foolish who would be more anxious to repair

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a broken helmet than an injured limb. Are not we even more to be condemned, when we give precedence to the perishing fabric of the body, and neglect the immortal soul? You, however, who have *broken hearts*, can no longer be insensible; you have felt *too* acutely to slumber in indifference. Your bleeding spirit cries for consolation: may my glorious *Master* give me a word in season for you. We intend to address you upon the important subject of broken hearts, and the great healing provided for them.

I. Let us commence with **THE GREAT ILL**—a broken heart. What is it? We reply there are several forms of broken heart. Some are what we call naturally broken, and some are spiritually so. We will occupy a moment by mentioning certain forms of this evil, naturally considered; and verily our task would be a dreary one, if we were called upon to witness one tithe of the misery endured by those who suffer from a broken heart.

There have been hearts broken by *desertion*. A wife has been neglected by a husband who was once the subject of her attachment, and whom even now she tenderly loves. Scorned and despised by the man who once lavished upon her every token of his affection, she has known what a broken heart means. A friend is forsaken by one upon whom he leaned, to whose very soul he was knit, so that their two hearts had grown into one; and he feels that his heart is broken, for the other half of himself is severed from him. When *Ahithophel* forsakes *David*, when the kind friend unto whom we have always told our sorrows betrays our confidence the consequence may possibly be a broken heart. The desertion of a man by his fellows, the ingratitude of children to their parents, the unkindness of parents to their children, the betrayal of secrets by a comrade, the changeableness and fickleness of friends, with other modes of desertion which happen in this world, have brought about broken hearts. We know not a more fruitful source of broken hearts than disappointment in the objects of our affections—to find that we have been deceived where we have placed our confidence. It is not simply that we leaned upon a broken reed, and the reed has snapped; that were bad enough: but in the fall we fell upon a thorn which pierced our heart to its centre. Many have there been who have gone to their graves not smitten by disease, not slain by the sword, but with a far direr wound than the sword could ever give, a more desperate death than poison could ever cause. May you never know such agony.

We have also seen hearts broken by *bereavement*. We have known tender wives who have laid their husbands in the tomb, and who have stood by the grave side until their very heart did break for solitary anguish. We have seen parents bereaved of their beloved offspring one after another; and when they have been called to hear the solemn words "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," over the last of their children, they have turned away from the grave, bidding adieu to joy, longing for death, and abhorring life. To such the world becomes a prison; cheerless, cold, unutterably miserable. The owl and bittern seem alone to sympathise with them, and aught of joy in the wide world appears to be but intended as a mockery to their misery. Divine grace, however, can sustain them even here.

How frequently might this be supposed to occur to our brave countrymen engaged in war. Do not they feel, and feel acutely, the

loss of their comrades? You will perhaps imagine that the slaughter and death around them prevent the tender feelings of nature. You are enough mistaken if so you dream. The soldier's heart may never know fear, but it has not forgotten sympathy. The fearful struggle around renders it impossible to pay the usual court and homage at the gates of sorrow, but there is more of real grief oftentimes in the hurried midnight funeral than in the flaunting pageantry of your pompous processions. Were it in our power to walk among the tents, we should find abundant need to use the words of our text by way of cordial to many a warrior who has seen all his chosen companions fall before the destroyer.

O ye mourners! seek ye a balm for your wounds? let me proclaim it unto you. Ye are not ignorant of it, I trust; but let me apply that in which you already place your confidence. The God of heaven knows your sorrows: repair you to His throne, and tell your simple tale of woe. Then cast your burden on *Him*, He will bear it; open your heart before *Him*, He will heal it. Think not that you are beyond hope. You would be if there were no God of love and pity, but while Jehovah lives, the mourner need not despair.

Penury has also contributed its share to the number of the army of misery. Pinching want, a noble desire to walk erect, without the crutch of charity, an inability to obtain employment, have at times driven men to desperate measures. Many a goodly cedar hath withered for lack of moisture, and so hath many a man pined away beneath the deprivations of extreme poverty. Those who are blessed with sufficiency can scarcely guess the pain endured by the sons of want, especially if they have once been rich. Yet, O child of suffering, be thou patient; God has not passed thee over in His providence. Feeder of sparrows, He will also furnish *you* with what you need. Sit not down in despair; hope on, hope ever. Take up arms against a sea of troubles, and your opposition shall yet end your distresses. *There is One* who careth for you. One Eye is fixed on you, even in the home of your destitution, one Heart beats with pity for your woes, and a Hand omnipotent shall yet stretch you out the needed help. The darkest cloud shall yet scatter itself in its season, the blackest gloom shall have its morning. *He*, if thou art one of His family, with bands of grace will bind up thy wounds and heal thy broken heart.

Multiplied also are the cases where *disappointment* and *defeat* have crushed the spirits. The soldier fighting for his country may see the ranks broken, but he will not be broken in heart, so long as there remains a single hope for victory. His comrade reels behind him, and he himself is wounded, but with a shout he cries, "On! on!" and scales the ramparts. Sword in hand, still he goes carrying terror amongst the foe, himself sustained by the prospect of victory. But let him once hear the shout of defeat where he hoped for triumph; let him know that the banner is stained in the earth, that the eagle has been snatched from the standard; let him once hear it said, "They fly, they fly," let him see the officers and soldiers flying in confusion; let him be well assured that the most heroic courage, and the most desperate valour are of no avail, then his heart bursteth under a sense of dishonour, and he is almost content to die because the honour of his country has been tarnished, and her glory has been stained in the dust. Of this, the soldiers of Britain know but

little—may they speedily carve out for us a peace with their victorious swords. Truly, in the great conflict of life we can bear anything but defeat. Toils on toils would we endure to climb a summit, but if we must die ere we reached it, that were a brokenness of heart indeed. To accomplish the object on which we have set our minds, we would spend our very heart's blood; but once let us see that our life's purpose is not to be accomplished; let us, when we hoped to grasp the crown, see that it is withdrawn, or other hands have seized it, then cometh brokenness of heart. But let us remember, whether we have been broken in heart by penury or by defeat, that there is a Hand which "bindeth up the broken in heart, and healeth all their wounds;" that even these natural breakings are regarded by Jehovah, who, in the plentitude of His mercy, giveth a balm for every wound to every one of His people. We need not ask, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there!" There is a balm, there is a Physician who can heal all these natural wounds, who can give joy to the troubled countenance, take the furrow from the brow, wipe the tear from the eye, remove the agitation from the bosom, and calm the heart now swelling with grief; for He "healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."

But all that we have mentioned of woe and sorrow which the natural heart endures, is not sufficient to explain our text. The heart broken not by distress or disappointment, but on account of sin, is the heart which God peculiarly delights to heal. All other sufferings may find a fearful centre in one breast, and yet the subject of them may be unpardoned and unsaved; but if the heart be broken by the Holy Ghost for sin, salvation will be its ultimate issue, and heaven its result. At the time of regeneration, the soul is subject to an inward work, causing at the time considerable suffering. This suffering does not continue after the soul has learned the preciousness of a Saviour's blood, but while it lasts it produces an effect which is never forgotten in after-life. Let none suppose that the pains we are about to describe are the constant companions of an heir of heaven during his entire existence. They are like the torture of a great drunkard at the time of his reformation, rendered needful not by the reformation, but by his old habits. So this broken heart is felt at the time of that change of which the Bible speaks, when it says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The fruit of the Spirit is afterwards joy and peace, but for a season we must, if saved, endure much mental agony.

Are any of you at the present moment disturbed in mind, and vexed in spirit, because you have violated the commands of God? And are you anxious to know whether these feelings are tokens of genuine brokenness and contrition? Hear me, then, while I briefly furnish you with tests whereby ye may discern the truth and value of your repentance.

1. We cannot conceive it possible that you are broken in heart, if the pleasures of the world are your delight. We may consent to call you amiable, estimable, and honourable, even should you mix somewhat in the amusements of life, but it would be a treason to your common sense to tell you that such things are consistent with a broken heart. Will any venture to assert that you gay reveller has a broken heart? Would he not consider it an insult should you suggest it? Does that libidinous song now defiling the air proceed from the lips of a broken-hearted

sinner? Can the fountain, when filled with sorrow, send forth such streams as these? No, my friends; the wanton, the libidinous, the rioting and the profane, are too wise to lay claim to the title of broken-hearted persons, seeing that their claim would be palpably absurd. They scorn the name as mean and paltry; unworthy of a man who loves free living, and counts religion *cant*.

But should there be one of you so entirely deceived by the Evil Spirit as to think yourself a partaker in the promises while you are living in the lusts of the flesh, let me solemnly warn you of your error. He who sincerely repents of sin will hate it, and find no pleasure in it, and during the season when his heart is broken, he will loathe even to detestation the very approach of evil. The song of mirth will then be as a dirge in his ear: "As he that poureth vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a sad heart." If the man who makes merry with sin be broken-hearted, he must be a prince of hypocrites, for he feigns to be worse than he is. We know right well that the wounded spirit requires other cordials than this world can afford. A soul disturbed by guilt must be lulled to a peaceful rest by other music than carnal pleasures can afford it. The tavern, the house of vice, and the society of the profligate, are no more to be endured by a contrite soul than the jostling of a crowd by a wounded man.

2. Again, we will not for one moment allow that a *self-righteous man* can have a broken heart. Ask him to pray, and he thanks God that he is every way correct. What need has he to weep because of the iniquity of his life, for he firmly believes himself to be well-deserving, and far enough removed from guilt. He has attended his religious duties, he is exceedingly strict in the form of his devotions; or if he cares not for such things, he is at any rate quite as good as those who do. He was never in bondage to any man, but can look to heaven without a tear for his sin. Do not conceive that I am painting an imaginary case, for there are unfortunately too many of these proud self-exalting men. Will they be angry with me when I tell them that they are no nearer heaven than those whom we reproved a few moments ago? or will they not be equally moved to wrath if I were so much as to hint that they need to be broken in heart for their sin? Nevertheless, such is the case, and Pharisees shall one day learn with terror that self-righteousness is hateful to God.

But what is a broken heart? I say, first, that a broken heart implies a *very deep and poignant sorrow on account of sin*. A heart broken: conceive of that. If you could look within and see everything going on in this great mystery called man, you would marvel at the wonders thereof, but how much more astonished would you be to see its heart, not merely divided in twain, but split into atoms. You would exclaim, "What misery must have done this! What a heavy blow must have fallen here!" By nature the heart is of one solid piece, hard as a nether millstone; but when God smites it, it is broken to pieces in deep suffering. Some will understand me when I describe the state of the man who is feeling a sorrow for sin. In the morning he bends his knees in prayer, but he feels afraid to pray. He thinks it is blasphemy for him to venture near God's throne; and when he does pray at all, he rises with the thought: "God cannot hear me, for He heareth not sinners."

He goes about his business, and is perhaps a little diverted ; but at every interval the same black thought rolls upon him : "*Thou art condemned already.*" Mark his person and appearance. A melancholy has rested upon him. At night he goes home, but there is little enjoyment for him in the household. He may smile, but his smile ill conceals the grief which lurketh underneath. When again he bends the knee, he fears the shadows of the night ; he dreads to be on his bed, lest it should be his tomb ; and if he lieth awake he thinks of death, the second death, damnation and destruction, or if he dreameth, he dreameth of demons and flames of hell. He wakes again, and almost feels the torture of which he dreamed. He wishes in the morning it were evening, and at evening it were night. "I loathe my daily food," says he ; "I care for nothing, for I have not Christ. I have not mercy, I have not peace." He has set off running on the road to heaven, and he puts his fingers in his ears, and will hear of nothing else. Tell him of a ball or concert ?—it is nothing to him. He can enjoy nothing. You might put him in a heaven, and it would be a hell to him. Not the chants of the redeemed, not the hallelujahs of the glorified, not the hymns of flaming cherubs, would charm woe out of this man, so long as he is the subject of a broken heart. Now I do not say that all must have the same amount of suffering before they arrive at heaven. I am speaking of some who have this especial misery of heart on account of sin ; they are utterly miserable. As Bunyan has said, "they are considerably tumbled up and down in their souls,"—and conceive that as "the Lord their God liveth, there is but a step between themselves and eternal death." Oh, blessings on the Lord for ever ! If any of you are in that condition, here is the mercy. Though this wound be not provided for in earthly pharmacy, though there be found no physician who can heal it, yet "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." It is a blessing to have a broken heart at all.

Again, when a man has a broken heart, he not only feels sorrow for sin, but he feels himself *utterly unable to get rid of it*. He who believes himself able to save himself has never known the meaning of a broken heart. Those who imagine that reformation can atone for the past, or secure righteousness for the future, are not yet savingly brought to know themselves. No, my friends, we must be humbled in the dust, and made to look for all in Christ, or else we shall be deceived after all. But are you driven out of yourself ; are you like the wounded soldier crying for some one else to carry you to the hospital of mercy, and longing for the aid of a mightier than yourself ? Then be of good cheer, there shall be found a great deliverance for thee. So long as you trust in ceremonies, prayers, or good works, you shall not find eternal grace ; but when stripped of all strength and power, you shall gain a glorious salvation in the Lord Jesus. If morality can join the pieces of a broken heart, the cement shall soon cease to bind, and the man shall again be as vile as ever. We must have a new heart and a right spirit, or vain will be all our hopes.

Need I give any other description of the character I desire to comfort. I trust you are discovered. Oh ! my poor brother, I grieve to see thee in distress, but there is pardon through Jesus—there is forgiveness even for thee. What though your sins lie like a millstone on your shoulders !—they shall not sink you down to hell. Arise ! He, my gracious Lord, calleth

thee. Throw thyself at His feet, and lose thy griefs in His loving and cheering words. Thou art saved if thou canst say,

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

II. We have spoken a long time on the great ill of a broken heart : our second thought will be the GREAT MERCY—“ He *healeth* the broken in heart.”

First, *He only* does it. Men may alleviate suffering, they may console the afflicted and cheer the distressed ; but they cannot heal the broken in heart, nor bind up their wounds. It is not human eloquence, or mortal wisdom ; it is not the oration of an Apollos, nor the wondrous words of a prince of preachers ; it is the “ still small voice ” of God which alone confers the “ peace which passeth all understanding.” The binding of the heart is a thing done immediately by God, oftentimes without any instrumentality whatever ; and when instrumentality is used, it is always in such a way that the man does not extol the instrument, but renders grateful homage to God. In *breaking* hearts, God uses man continually ; repeated fiery sermons, and terrible denunciations do break men's hearts ; but you will bear me witness—when your hearts were *healed*, God only did it. You value the minister that broke your heart ; but it is not often that we ascribe the healing to any instrumentality whatever. The act of justification is generally apart from all means ; God only does it. I know not the man who uttered the words that were the means of relieving my heart : “ Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” I do not recollect what he said in the sermon, and I am sure I do not care to know. I found Jesus there and then, and that was enough for me. When you get your wounds healed, even under a minister, it seems as if it were not the minister who spoke ; you never heard him speak like it in all your life before. You say, “ I have often heard him with pleasure, but he has outdone himself ; *before*, he spoke to my ear, but *now* to my heart. We are some of us rejoicing in the liberty of Christ, and walking in all the joy of the Spirit ; but it is to God we owe our deliverance, and we are grateful neither to man nor book, so much as to the great Physician who has taken pity on us. Oh, that Jesus would walk through this Bethesda now. Oh, poor, sick, dying man, does guilt weigh heavy on thy soul ? Turn not to any helper, save to Him that sitteth on the throne.

Then He only *can* do it. I defy any of my brethren to bind up a broken heart. I have often laboured to do it, but could never effect it. I have said a word to console the mourner, but I have felt that I have done but little, or have perhaps put the wrong mixture in the cup. He only can do it. Some of you seek mercy through Baptism, or the Lord's Supper, or regular attendance at the House of Prayer. Some of you, again, have certain forms and observances to which you attach saving value. As the Lord liveth, none of these things bind up the broken in heart apart from the Holy Spirit ; they are empty wind and air ; you may have them and be lost. You can have no peace and comfort unless you have immediate dealings with God, who alone, as the great Physician, *healeth* the broken in heart. Ah ! there are some of you who go to your ministers with

broken hearts, and say, "What shall I do?" I have heard of a preacher who told his anxious hearer, "You are getting melancholy; you had better go to such and such a place of amusement; you are getting too dreary and melancholy by half." Oh, to think of a nurse in a hospital administering poison, when she ought to be giving the true medicine! If he deserves to be hanged who mixes poison with his drugs, how much more guilty is that man who tells a soul to seek for happiness where there is none, who sends it to a carnal world for joy, when there is none to be found except in God.

Then again, God only *may* do it. Suppose we could heal your broken heart, it would be good for nothing. I do beseech the Lord, that I may never get a broken heart healed, except it is by God. A truly convinced sinner will always rather keep his heart broken than have it healed wrongly. I ask you who are suffering, whether you would not rather keep your broken heart as it is, than allow a bad physician to cure it for you, and so deceive you, and send you to hell at last? I know your cry is, "Lord, let me know the worst of my case; use the lancet; do not be afraid of hurting me; let me feel it all; cut the proud flesh away rather than let it remain." But there are not a few who get their wounds glossed over by some pretended good works or duties. Oh! my hearer, let no man deceive you. Be not content with a name to live while you are really dead. Bad money may pass on earth, but genuine gold alone will be received in heaven. Can you abide the fire?

In vain your presumption when God shall come to examine you; you will not pass muster unless you have had a real healing from His hand. It is easy enough to get religious notions and fancy yourselves safe, but a real, saving work is the work of God, and God alone. Seek not to the priest; he may console, but it is by deluding you. Seek not to your own self, for you may soothe yourself into the sleep of perdition. See that thine heart be washed in the blood of Jesus; be careful that the Holy Spirit has His temple in it; and may God, of His great and sovereign grace, look to thee that thou deceivest not thyself.

But next, God *will* do it. That is a sweet thought. "He healeth the broken in heart;" He *WILL* do it. Nobody else can, nobody else may, but He will. Is thy heart broken? He *WILL* heal it, He is sure to heal it; for it is written—and it can never be altered, for what was true 3,300 years ago is true now—"He healeth the broken in heart." Did Saul of Tarsus rejoice after three days of blindness? Yes; and you shall be delivered also. Oh, it is a theme for eternal gratitude that the same God who in His loftiness and omnipotence stooped down in olden times to soothe, cherish, relieve, and bless the mourner, is even now taking His journeys of mercy among the penitent sons of men. Oh, I beseech Him to come where thou art sitting, and put His hand inside thy soul, and, if He finds there a broken heart, to bind it up. Poor sinner, breathe thy wish to Him, let thy sigh come before Him, for "He healeth the broken in heart." There thou liest wounded on the plain. "Is there no physician?" thou criest; "is there none?" Around thee lie thy fellow-sufferers, but they are as helpless as thyself. Thy mournful cry cometh back without an answer, and space alone hears thy groan. Ah! the battle-field of sin has one kind visitor; it is not abandoned to the vultures of remorse and despair. I hear footsteps approaching; they are the gentle footsteps of

Jehovah: With a heart full of mercy, He is hasting to His repenting child. In His hands there are no thunders, in His eyes no anger, on His lips no threatening. See how He bows Himself over the mangled heart! Hear how He speaks: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And if the patient dreads to look in the face of the mighty Being who addresses him, the same loving mouth whispers, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for My name's sake." See how He washes every wound with sacred water from the side of Jesus; mark how He spreads the ointment of forgiving grace, and binds around each wound the fair white linen, which is the righteousness of saints. Doth the mourner faint under the operation? He puts a cordial to his lips, exclaiming, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Yes, it is true—most true—neither dream nor fiction, "HE HEALETH THE BROKEN IN HEART, AND BINDETH UP THEIR WOUNDS."

How *condescending* is the Lord of heaven thus to visit poor forlorn man. The Queen has kindly visited the hospitals of our soldiers to cheer, by her royal words, her loyal defenders; by this she has done herself honour, and her soldiers love her for it. But when the God of the whole earth, the infinite Creator, stoops to become servant to His creatures, can ye conceive the majestic condescension which bows itself in mercy over the miserable heart, and with loving finger closes the gaping wounds of the spirit. Oh, sin-sick sinner! the King of heaven will not despise thee, but thou too shalt find Him thy Comforter, who healeth all thy diseases. Mark, moreover, how tenderly He does it. You remember that passage in the Psalms: "Lovingkindness and tender mercies." God's mercies are "tender mercies;" when He undertakes to bind up the broken in heart, He always uses the softest liniment. He is not like your army surgeon, who hurries along, and says, "A leg off here, an arm off there;" but he comes gently and sympathizingly. He does not use roughness with us; but with downy fingers He putteth the wound together, and layeth the plaster on; yea, He doth it in such a soft and winning way, that we are full of wonder to think He could be so kind to such unworthy ones.

Then He does it *securely*, so that the wound cannot open again. If He puts on His plaster, it is heaven's court plaster, and it never fails. If He heals He heals effectually. No man who is once saved of God shall ever be lost. If we receive mercy by faith, we shall never lose it. When God heals once, He heals for ever. Although some who teach false doctrine do assert that children of God may be lost, they have no warrant in Scripture, nor in experience, for we know that He keepeth the saints. He who is once forgiven cannot be punished. He who is once regenerated, cannot perish. He who is once healed shall never find his soul sick unto death. Blessings on His name, some of us have felt His skill, and known His mighty power, and were our hearts broken now, we would not stop a moment, but go at once to His feet, and we would cry, "O Thou that bindest the broken in heart, bind ours; Thou that healeth wounds, heal ours, we beseech Thee."

And now, my hearers and readers, a parting word with you. Are you careless and ungodly? Permit your friend to speak with you. Is it true that after death there is a judgment? Do you believe that when

you die, you will be called to stand before the bar of God? Do you know that there is a hell of eternal flame appointed for the wicked? Yes; you know and believe all this: and yet you are going down to hell thoughtless and unconcerned, you are living in constant and fearful jeopardy of your lives, without a friend on the other side the grave. Ah, how changed will your note be soon! You have turned away from rebuke, you have laughed at warning, but laughter will then give place to sighs, and your singing to yells of agony. Bethink thee, O my brother man, ere thou dost again imperil thy life. What wilt thou do if thy soul is required of thee? Canst thou endure the terrors of the Almighty? Canst thou dwell in everlasting burnings? Were thy bones of iron, and thy ribs of brass, the sight of the coming judgment would make thee tremble. Forbear then to mock at religion, cease to blaspheme your Maker, for remember, you will soon meet Him face to face; and how will you then account for your insults heaped upon His patient person? May the Lord yet humble thee before Him.

But I am seeking the distressed one, and I am impatient to be the means of his comfort. It may be my words are now sounding in the ear of one of my weary, wounded fellow-countrymen. You have been long time tossing on the bed of languishing, and the time for thought has been blessed to your soul by God. You are now feeling the guilt of your life, and are lamenting the sins of your conduct. You fear there is no hope of pardon, no prospect of forgiveness, and you tremble lest death should lead your guilty soul unforgiven before its Maker. Hear, then, the word of God. Thy pains for sins are God's work in thy soul. He woundeth thee that thou mayest seek Him. He would not have showed thee thy sin if He did not intend to pardon. Thou art now a sinner, and Jesus came to save sinners; therefore He came to save thee; yea, He is saving thee now. These, strivings of soul are the work of His mercy; there is love in every blow, and grace in every stripe. Believe O troubled one, that He is able to save thee unto the uttermost, and thou shall not believe in vain. Now, in the silence of your agony, look unto Him who by His stripes healeth thee. Jesus Christ has suffered the penalty of thy sins, and has endured the wrath of God on thy behalf. See you, yonder crucified Man on Calvary! and mark thee that those drops of blood are falling for thee, those nailed hands are pierced for thee, and that opened side contains a heart within it, full of love to thee.

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus!
Can do helpless sinners good."

It is simple reliance on Him which saves. The negro said, "Massa, I fall flat on de promise;" so if you fall flat on the promise of Jesus, you shall not find Him fail you; He will bind up your heart, and make an end to the days of your mourning. We shall meet in heaven one day, to sing hallelujah to the condescending Lord; till then, may the God of all grace be our helper. Amen.

"The mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice;
The deep-fetched sigh, the secret groan,
Rises accepted to the throne."

“ He meets, with tokens of His grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray ;
And mercy bears their sins away.

When filled with grief, o'erwhelmed with shame,
He pitying heals their broken frame ;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.”

I BRING TO HIM.

I HAD a sin,
A fever deep within,
That dried the very fountain of my heart,
Love's gushing fount, that ceaselessly should start
From gratitude's pure spring:
I brought my sin to Jesus, and there fell
A cooling drop upon the fire of hell,
Quenching the evil thing.

I had a care,
A burden hard to bear,
Bowing my upturned forehead to the dust :
I brought my care to Jesus, with the trust
He gently asked of me :
He cut the binding cords, and lifted high
My burden till I followed to the sky,
Finding that I was free.

I had a fear,
A terror ever near ;
And I had heard a voice across the wild,
That gently whispered, “ Fear thou not, My child : ”
And yet I trembled still :—
One met me with the Lamp of Truth : I laid
My fear in His pierced hand—no more afraid ;
I trusted His kind will.

Now everything
I to my Saviour bring :—
My griefs, my pains, each little daily task,
My work for Him—I bring Him all, and ask
His aid in every need.
And if I have or hope, or joy, or peace,
I bring it for His blessing to increase.
I bring to Him ! Blest deed !

WILLIAM LUFF.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Jubilee.

RATHER more than five years ago a small memorial volume was published, reporting the sermons preached and the meeting held to commemorate Mr. Spurgeon's silver wedding on completing the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate over the church now identified with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Another landmark has lately been reached in the rev. gentleman's eventful career; and we have before us a companion volume, recounting the proceedings connected with the celebration of his jubilee on the 19th of June, 1884, that being the fiftieth anniversary of his birthday.

On the former occasion a testimonial was presented to him, amounting in cash subscriptions to three thousand pounds, supplemented by a bazaar that realised a further sum of three thousand pounds. Of this large aggregate he laid out five thousand pounds in the endowment of the Almshouses for aged female members of the church, and the balance he apportioned to various institutions that needed help.

On the more recent opportunity the enthusiasm of his friends was in no wise diminished, and his own generosity was equally remarkable. No bazaar was thought necessary, as the object was simply to express personal affection to himself. It was fairly believed, as the event has fully proved, that a spontaneous response would be given so soon as a subscription list was opened. At a drawing-room assembly of a few friends, who responded to the invitation of Mr. W. C. Murrell, a thousand pounds were promised,

and in a few weeks upwards of four thousand five hundred pounds had been contributed in sums varying from one hundred pounds to one penny, and averaging as many donors as there were sovereigns in the cheque handed over by the Treasurers to the Pastor on the great day of the festival. Appended to the volume which contains the address of the church, in illuminated penmanship by the hand of Mr. Chambers, one of the students of the Pastors' College, each name of the long roll of these ardent lovers will be written. Such a book Mr. Spurgeon will treasure as a thrilling testimony to the esteem in which he is held by those who surround him. And he has another book in course of construction under his own eye. It contains letters, telegrams, and tangible expressions of sympathy transmitted to him at the time. We can readily imagine that he would sooner bequeath these to his children's children than the gold that they will often hear of, but never be permitted to handle. For, truth to tell, the pastor and people were once more at issue on the one point they can never exactly agree about. "Take it for yourself," they one and all said. "I only want it for the work of the Lord," he inevitably replies. That matter ended in a compromise: they gave it absolutely to him; and he does just as he likes with it. What that means no one need to doubt. He will not hoard it, but immediately put it in circulation. His practice and his preaching are so thoroughly uniform that they bind up well together. We have no fear for him that in this life he will

ever lack anything; or for his seed after him that they will be found begging bread. Things may look awkward, and he may feel anxious before the time of his departure comes; but till the Charter of Bible promise is repealed, or the Bank of Providence breaks, any scare on that account will be premature.

When the birthday had fully come, it was found necessary to divide into three days the ovation to be offered to him who had done so much and deserved so well of the community. Some of the sweet odours had been diffused on the previous evening, when three generations of the Spurgeons were present to speak for themselves. Father, brother, and son had to testify, as they did most cheerfully, that Charles Haddon Spurgeon was founder of the house, or at least the celebrity of the family. And on the afternoon that followed the celebration, the fatherless boys and girls of the Stockwell Orphanage had the privilege of greeting their President with a ringing cheer, and presenting him with a rug for his carriage.

The Jubilee itself, however, presented a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was an outspoken endorsement of his catholicity, a brave protest against narrow sectarianism, and a strong assertion of the hold he has on Christendom. Representative men had written letters of congratulation. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury was there to preside, to talk of his love and esteem for Mr. Spurgeon as an evangelist and a philanthropist, and to pay some notable testimony to Mr. Spurgeon's disciples. Canon Wilberforce was there vigorously to assert a brotherly affection towards the pastor, and a principle of real spiritual unity

among those that are in Christ Jesus, "divergence of method and external practice" notwithstanding. Sir William McArthur embodied the sentiments of the Wesleyan denomination. The President of the Congregational Union, Dr. Parker, spoke eloquently on behalf of the Independents. The London Baptist Association gave an address by its deputies, Dr. Todd, Rev. J. P. Ghown, and Mr. Thomas Greenwood. The Rev. O. P. Gifford of Boston, U.S.A., brought the greetings of New England to Old England, and saluted Mr. Spurgeon as prime minister of the mother country. On behalf of neighbouring churches the Rev. Newman Hall and Pastor W. Williams had each some kindly words to utter.

Such a consensus of warm approbation was enough to try the nerves of any ordinary mortal; but Mr. Spurgeon bore up with equanimity. He did not seem to be elated, depressed, or stoical. His looks and his words appeared to tell his thoughts. He evidently accepted the testimony that was borne to him as all true without a sentence of exaggeration; but he portioned it off as it was presented him, firstly to the glory of God, secondly in gratitude to his helpers, and thirdly in washing his hands of flattery, as he always does of filthy lucre.

To one passage in the *Circular*, which invited subscriptions to the Testimonial, we may here draw attention.

"Many of us feel that Mr. Spurgeon's life touches our own at every vital point. The hearts and homes of great multitudes have become happier and holier by his ministry. We are sure that he has made his mark on his own generation with the truest instinct of which our manhood is capable. The echoes of

his influence have extended to remote regions, till his name has become a household word in every part of the civilised world. And he has multiplied himself beyond our power of computation by means of the men whom he has trained and sent forth in our own country, our Colonies, and our Foreign Mission stations; to say nothing of the many more men and women of maturer years who have proved the quickening force of his example and his leadership, and have been constrained to devote themselves with a noble enthusiasm to Christian work."

We have not space to insert the entire 'Address'; but we extract a few sentences which we hope our friends will peruse with lively interest.

"You came among us in the freshness of your youth. At that flowering age when boys of good promise are wont to change their curriculum from school to college, you had already developed into manliness, and there was ripe fruit as well as pleasant foliage on your branches. The groundwork of your education appeared to be so solid, and the maturity of your character so thoroughly reliable, that you were unanimously elected, by venerable members of the Church of Christ to preside over their councils. The fair prospect of your springtime has not suffered from any blight. Your natural abilities never betrayed you into indolent habits. The talents you possessed gave stimulus to your diligence. A little prosperity did not elate you, or a measure of success prompt the desire to settle down in some quiet resting-place. You spread your sails to catch the breeze. The ascendancy you began to acquire over the popular mind, instead of making you vain-glorious, filled you with awe,

and increased the rigour of that discipline you have always exercised over yourself. These were happy auguries of your good speed. Not that the utmost vigilance on your part could have sufficed to uphold you amidst the vast and accumulating responsibilities that have devolved on you as the sphere of your ministry widened. He who ruleth in the heavens has screened you in times of peril, and piloted you through shoals and quicksands, through straits and rapids. His grace and His goodness, His promises and His providence have never failed you. From the hour when you first committed your soul, your circumstances, and your destinies to the keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, you have never feared such a disaster. To your unwavering faith in His guardian care we venture to attribute the coolness of your head and the courage of your heart in all the great adventures of your life. Some of us have been with you from the beginning of your charge. Since then a generation has almost passed away. According to a law as legibly written as any law of nature, the Scripture has said, 'Instead of the fathers, shall be the children.' Hence, in not a few instances, you must miss the sires while you meet the sons. The retrospect of your career, to those who have followed it throughout, appears like one unbroken series of successes; but as our memory retraces the steps you have taken, we can testify to the exhaustive labours in which you have blithely engaged, the constant self-denial you have cheerfully exercised, and the restless anxieties that have kept you and your comrades incessantly calling on the name of the Lord. By such an experience you have enlarged the field of evangelical enterprise in the various

institutions of the Church. And it has been your happiness, not only to see the growth of those institutions beyond the most sanguine hopes you cherished when planting them, but to have received the grateful thanks of those who derived unspeakable benefit in partaking of their fruits. Such gratitude demands our notice, though only in the lowest degree. Your skilful generalship has laid ten thousand happy donors to your charities under lasting obligations to you for providing outlets for their benevolence. It has pleased the Lord to make whatever you do to prosper. You have been the faithful steward and the kindly executor of hundreds and thousands of pious individuals, whose fond design has been to lay up treasure for themselves in heaven by paying into the exchequer on earth of their substance, for the

widow and the fatherless in their distress, for the poor and those who have no helper. Let the acknowledgments of subscribers to the various purses you hold in your hands, as well as those of recipients, cheer you as you enter on a fresh decade of the days of the years of your early pilgrimage.

"We feel sure that brethren in all parts of the earth pray for you. And we are equally certain that the churches which are in Christ throughout the world glorify God in you. The Lord preserve and keep you to the end! To this hour you have maintained an unsullied reputation among men. Erring as we all are before God, it is our sincere conviction that if such a thing were possible, a second edition of your life, revised by yourself, could hardly be an amendment."

"GRIEF is like a two-faced picture, which beheld on one side as painful, hath an unpleasant visage: yet round a little, and look upon it as thy Father's will, and then it is smiling, beautiful, and lovely."—ABP. LEIGHTON.

ROBERTSON, the historian, happening to remark that "if perfect virtue were to descend to the earth clothed in human form, all the world would fall down and worship her," Dr. Erskine, his colleague, always alert in the assertion of Christian truth, replied that perfect virtue had, in the human nature of our Divine Saviour, appeared on the earth; but instead of being universally worshipped, the general outcry of His countrymen was, "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

Struggles and Triumphs;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER VIII.—MORE CHANGES.

SIMPLE though the explanation of the young man's flight turned out to be, I must confess that it took me somewhat by surprise. That the drink had a great deal to do with it I never doubted, but that the real cause should prove to have been the father's persistent antagonism to total abstinence was a theory that had never entered my head. But that such was really the case was evident; and by William's desire, on my return to his parents, I placed the fact before them as kindly and tenderly as possible. The result, I am happy to say, was in every way satisfactory. Mr. Butler's eyes were at last opened to see that even his example as a moderate drinker was anything but a safe one to a large portion of the community. He could not, indeed, be prevailed upon to give up his glass or two a day after meals, but still he consented to have either water alone or some kinds of unintoxicating beverages on the table at meal-times so long as his youngest son might remain at home. He even went further than this, and freely consented to his being allowed to sign the teetotal pledge. This news was conveyed to the invalid in London, and the joy with which the intelligence was received did a great deal towards the promotion of his convalescence. Hence, when in the company of an elder brother he was brought home, he appeared to have got on wonderfully, and the reception he received on all hands soon effected a perfect cure. Without making any ado, so soon as he came

round, his first act was to proceed to a temperance meeting, presided over by Mr. Henry Stafford; and singular to relate, when at the close he publicly signed the pledge, the name of the witness appended to his card was, undesignedly—he acting that night in the place of the absent secretary—that of John Grant!

The Temperance Society was now getting strong in Sunborough. The Primitive Methodists soon obtained a flourishing Band of Hope in connection with their society. Reformed drunkards and drinkers were systematically visited, and temperance tracts were left monthly at every door. In the summer open-air meetings were held without opposition in the market-place, and other parts of the town; and in the winter the district was kept alive with lectures and entertainments of various kinds. As far as our church was concerned, about one-third of our members—but chiefly the younger ones—had become total abstainers, among whom was William Butler, who I am glad to say had, also to the joy of his parents, become a member of the church soon after he had joined the temperance body. Our good minister, though not as yet an abstainer, had found out by bitter experience the folly of preaching against total abstinence, and to the great gratification of the total abstainers among us, went even once so far in one of his sermons as to say that, believing intoxicating drink to be altogether unnecessary on any grounds for children, he would be glad to see them all connected with Bands of

Hope. This encouraging remark led ultimately to the formation of such a juvenile society in our own Sunday-school; and the little band was from the very first strengthened by the fact that, at its inauguration, Mr. Acton, after the public tea, presided over the meeting, and, so far as a non-abstaining minister could do so, thus indirectly gave it his support.

Thus smoothly were things going on amongst us, and we were all congratulating ourselves on matters having settled so peacefully down, when another stir occurred: but this time, fortunately, not with us, but in connection with the Temperance Society itself.

From the time that the Primitive Methodist minister preached his able temperance sermon, religious converts were added to the temperance movement, whose love of religious truth, plainly avowed and advocated on the temperance platform, proved a great annoyance to Tobiah Hobson and a few of his sceptical crew. From at first denouncing religious people because they did not ally themselves with the temperance movement, these sceptics now denounced them because now that they had joined they would not leave their religion behind them! They *would* have the meetings opened with singing and prayer, and also make it the burden of their speeches, not only to invite persons to become total abstainers but also Christians. To all this Tobiah stoutly objected, and they in return as strongly objected to the introduction of his infidelity. From smouldering fire at last there burst out a full blaze; and the Temperance Society for a time was shaken to its very foundations.

It was now that the Rev. Josiah Steel again came to the front. Content for a while to labour merely for

his own circuit, he had not often done more than that; but now he felt that the time had come for him again to speak out. Accordingly, a second public sermon was announced for delivery in his own chapel on a certain Lord's-day evening, the subject being, "Christian or Infidel Teetotalism: Which?" Taking as his text John iii. 7: "Ye must be born again," before a large congregation he laid down the theory that, much as man needed a partial reformation in the shape of a deliverance from the bondage of our drinking customs, he needed a change of heart still more; and that it was therefore the duty of all Christian people to take the Bible in one hand and the pledge in the other. "It was well," he said, "to make any man a total abstainer. By doing so he would be made better in health, better in pocket, better at home, and better abroad. But if he was left simply in that position he might still remain at enmity with God, a rejecter of Christ, a liar, a cheat, an adulterer, a Sabbath-breaker, a gambler, and in many other ways an evil-doer. But even if in all respects he became outwardly moral—and he was glad to confess that most total abstainers belonged to that class—if the heart was not right with God, the man's soul was not saved, and that as man must be, according to the Scriptures, either eternally saved or lost, it was the bounden duty of all Christian men and women to make the salvation of the soul their primary consideration. To get the drinker not only to give up his drink, but to make a complete surrender of himself to Christ, should be their aim; and he therefore trusted that all abstainers who bore the Christian name would take care at all times boldly to show their colours, and declare to all around that their chief

reason for battling with the drinking curse was because they desired to win the world for Christ."

It must be confessed that this outspoken sermon produced almost as much excitement as the last. Several teetotal sceptics were present, Tobiah Hobson included, and these did not fail during several parts of the sermon to give vent to their audible dissent. When the service was over, several groups gathered around the chapel doors, and the voices of the infidel party were heard angrily raised above the rest. But the preacher's friends stood their ground well, and the result was a split in the teetotal camp. The infidel party kept to the Temperance Hall, and the friends of Christianity hired the Primitive Methodist schoolroom; and from that time, under the respective designations of the Secular Temperance Society and the Gospel Temperance Society, the two societies henceforth held on their respective ways, the former growing gradually weaker and weaker, and the latter stronger stronger.

For several years this state of things continued, until our esteemed minister Mr. Acton died. For a while we were without a pastor, but ultimately a new one was chosen in the person of the Rev. Hugh Addleman. The call, however, was not unanimous, as he was not only a young and inexperienced pastor but also an avowed non-abstainer; and therefore few teetotalers gave him their votes. Carried in by a small majority who were taken up with his flashy oratory, he managed soon to crowd the chapel, and under his emotional appeals professed converts were speedily multiplied. It was beginning to be thought now that we were getting on wonderfully, when mysterious hints were

quietly dropped in several quarters that gave the friends of the cause deep anxiety; it was whispered that Mr. Addleman *drank!* In visiting members' houses, where drink was obtainable, he was always ready not only to take one glass, but two and *more*. He was often seen parading the streets with a cigar or short fashionable pipe in his mouth, and was occasionally observed late in the evening to come out of hotels and public-houses with questionable company! At last these rumours reached a climax, by his actually visiting the house of a respectable member of the church—*drunk!* Over what followed I desire to draw a veil. It is not prudent in giving these awful cases to parade details. Suffice it to say, that soon after this, with his poor wife and family, he set sail for a foreign land, in which, for a few years, he dragged out a miserable existence, and was then laid in a drunkard's grave. The sad result of this unwise choice on our part was soon seen. Nearly all his professed converts gradually melted away; our chapel became thinner than ever; and the jubilant tone of the sceptics at the Temperance Hall, and the use they made of this sad episode of ministerial life, was calculated to do more harm to Christianity in our town in one month than years of faithful toil were likely to do good.

But where, all this time, was John Grant? For a year or two after the split in the Temperance camp he cast in his lot with the infidel party; but being ultimately dissatisfied with some of their sceptical proceedings, he joined the other society. Brought once more under Christian influences, he was induced again to attend our chapel, and before our good old minister died, I had the pleasure of proposing him

anew for membership; and this time his acceptance was unanimous. With the honesty and candour, however, that belonged to the man, he plainly told the friends that had it not been for his belief in the scripturalness of believers' baptism, instead of coming back to us, he should have accepted the warm overtures of the Primitive Methodists to join their society; but that, as it was, he had crushed a great deal of human feeling in coming

over to us, because he knew we were in the right. This scriptural decision, of course, raised him highly in the estimation of us all; and the reader shall soon learn, by the narrative of some striking facts, of what use the Lord made him to us, and what cause the church had to rejoice in having given such a cordial reception to this once despised and rejected convert.

To be continued.

THE GREAT NEED OF THE CHURCH.—Not more preaching; not better sermons; not a more ornate service; not an esthetic order of worship; not responses, liturgies, anthems, and fine singing; not a more learned ministry: not any, or all of these things, is the great want of the Church. It is more of the Holy Spirit of God; and this will only be supplied in answer to the united believing prayers of God's people. We want the "unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20); the fire from heaven to descend upon and kindle our sacrifices. The Spirit alone can give efficacy to our sermons.

" We have listened to the preacher,
Truth by him has now been shown;
But we want a GREATER TEACHER,
From the everlasting throne.

Application.—Is the work of God ALONE."

A preacher once thus truly complained:—"Even my very earnestness in addressing you is one reason why I cannot prevail with you. If I were a cold preacher, and only woke up occasionally, like the cuckoos in the spring of the year, then I might expect some good result from this present effort to wake you up to prayer for the prosperity of this church. But my voice is become like the bell in the tower; when it was first put up, it aroused everybody, and now it disturbs no one." Oh, Spirit of God, do Thou awake and quicken our hearers!—T. W. M., *Portsmouth.*

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

LOOK TO JESUS.

FOR THE YOUNG.

How many dear young people have been led to look to the Saviour and have thus found joy and peace in Jesus. The world knows nothing of its power; only those who have experienced its influence know its reality. How many there are who still turn away from the invitation of the Gospel, and give no attention to the claims of Jesus. Thus many are still unprepared to meet the Saviour should they be called from this world. I was reading some time ago about a dear girl who belonged to a Sunday-school, who was laid on a bed of sickness, and from which she never got up again. She had given her heart to the Saviour, and amid all her suffering she looked to Jesus. When some of her class went to see her, they felt very sorry to see her. But she said, "You need not be sorry for me, 'for underneath

are the everlasting arms.'" Jesus was her comfort, you see, dear young friends. Although she was going to leave all her companions and those that were dear to her, she knew too that Jesus would be with her through the dark valley, and that to comfort her. What a power there is in the Gospel when once we come to know it! Practically, if we are still strangers to Jesus we are deprived of the light which we may enjoy.

Look to Jesus now. We do not know what a day may bring forth. Our time is short; even the youngest has no time to throw away. Queen Elizabeth just before she died would have given a million of money for a moment of time! "What is your life? It is compared to a vapour that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away." Oh, look to Jesus, and find rest to your souls.

THOMAS HEATH.

Plymouth.

BEWARE OF LITTLE SINS.—John Newton says:—Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "No great peril in that;" and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned.

Reviews.

Out of Egypt. Bible Readings on the Book of Exodus. By G. F. PEN-TECOST, M.A., D.D. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE addresses are founded on several of the events occurring in the description given of the life of Israel in Egypt, and were delivered as Bible readings in several places in London in connection with the evangelistic mission recently brought to a close. They are in the writer's best style. Plain, natural, evangelical chapters enforcing some of the most important things in the religious life in a way that must both interest and profit the reader. The subjects are eight in number:—The house of bondage; Preparation for the Ministry; Difficulties removed; Excuses answered; Entering on the work; The conflict begun; Redemption by blood; God's leading, The mixed multitude.

Addresses to Young Men. By the Rev. DANIEL BAKER. With a Preface by D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

THESE discourses were delivered some thirty years ago, and have been of gracious service to Mr. Moody and others, who have pronounced the writer to have been the young man's preacher. They are of a most earnest and awakening character, well calculated by the blessing of the Spirit to win souls to Christ. The one on the "Truth and excellence of the Christian religion" is most timely, and the chapter on "Seeking the Lord" is full of persuasive Christian reasoning.

To the Work, to the Work. Exhortations to Christians. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

NINE chapters written in Mr. Moody's best vein. As we read we are pain-

fully reminded of the apathy and coldheartedness of many professing Christians, who, if roused to work for souls, would be restored to spiritual health themselves, and a saving blessing to others. We regret that Christians should need such a book. But we are sure there is a need, and hail with hope and prayer these true outpourings of an earnest heart full of yearnings for souls out of the way. The appendix, Elihu Burritt on the Good Samaritan, is very stimulating. May the book receive a full baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The Coming of the Lord. By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Morgan and Scott.

WE assent to every word, and wish it could be prayerfully read by every Christian with an open Bible before him. We are sometimes asked for a brief description of the condition of the world at the coming of the Lord; well, here we have it biblically stated, and this little gem may be had for twopence, or well bound for sixpence. Lovers of truth, circulate it.

Harry's Heroism. By THOMAS BURN. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE history of a model boy growing up into manhood, showing how he embraced and battled for some of life's chief important principles, and the success which attended him. It is the author's first work, and seems to be the outcome of a young mind desirous of doing good. The book is sound and healthful in its tone, and the guardians of our young people will do well to let their charges read it.

Commentaries for Bible Classes and Senior Sabbath Scholars. The Acts of the Apostles; Chapters i.-xii.; with Introduction, Maps and Notes. By T. M. LINDSAY, D.D. Blackie

and Son, 49 and 50, Old Bailey, London.

A VERY concise and valuable handbook: should be obtained by every Sunday-school teacher.

The Preacher's Analyst (Elliot Stock) contains the usual amount of helpful matter and a thoroughly good reading sermon, by the Editor, on "Bowling to the name of Jesus"

Apostolical Succession: A Correspondence between the Rev. Joseph Hammond, LL.B., Vicar of Austell, and the Rev. William Boulter, Congregational Minister; with the Leading Articles of the *Nonconformist and Independent* and the *Church in the West* newspapers thereon. Published by request. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE Vicar says all that can be said from his standpoint on this absurd priestly pretension, and his opponent has no difficulty in replying with convincing arguments.

Mr. Bradlaugh shown to be Utterly Unfit to Represent any English Constituency. An Appeal to the Men of England. By HENRY VARLEY. John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

SOME men glory in their shame; and certainly the man who can say the awful things which have been said by Mr. Bradlaugh, and still maintained by him, is a man that Christians will do well to avoid. Let him fight his own battles. *Don't strike him, but leave him alone.*

Facts for the Coming Struggle. The Financial Tyranny in Egypt under the Conservatives, 1874-80, shown to have been the cause of Arabi's and the Mahdi's Rebellions, and the Present Difficulties of the Gladstone Government. By the Rev. J. HIRST HOLLOWELL. R. B. Earp, Market Street and Review Lane, Nottingham.

WE urge every Christian elector to read this penny pamphlet.

The Christian Choir. By IRA D. SANKEY and JAMES McGRANAHAN. — Also *The Gospel Male Chorus Book.* By JAMES McGRANAHAN Morgan and Scott.

OF the first of these sacred song-books it is scarcely needful for us to say a word. Thousands have listened, and thousands have sung them, and will retain their good impressions when all the mists have rolled away. Of *The Gospel Male Chorus Book*, we may say first of the songs, they are full of the Gospel, and of the musical compositions, they are many of them very taking; and the idea of a male choir is, to some extent, a novelty, and will commend itself to many circles.

The Religious Tract Society have published extra summer numbers with the *Girls' Own* and *Boys' Own*. The former is so full of really timely reading that we hardly know how to indicate the full contents of this valuable summer work. First we have well-executed likenesses of the chief contributors, then we have poems of a first-rate character, then essay after essay on all kinds of summer subjects. Then we have some good music, and in addition, a number of clear and beautiful illustrations. The extra number of the *Boys' Own* is equally commendable.

We have received *The Christian Sentence*, with Supplement, *The Warning Voice*, *Open Doors*, *Light and Truth*, *The Ragged School Union Quarterly*, *Report of the Fifty-third Annual Meeting of the Trinitarian Bible Society*, *The Natural Philanthropist* and *Evangelical Christendom*, each one worthily representing worthy work.

The Sword and Trowel contains an account of Mr. Spurgeon's Jubilee Meetings, and the Foundation-stone Laying of Thomas Spurgeon's Tabernacle at Auckland. *The General Baptist* has a paper on "American Church Life." We find a noble gift recorded in *The Missionary Herald*, which is bound up every month with

The Baptist Magazine. Mr. Thomas White, who had left in his will £2,000 for the Baptist Missionary Society, has been so moved on reading the account of the Annual Meeting that he has carried out that part of his

will by sending Mr. Baynes the £2,000. We also see that Mr. Arthington has promised £2,000 if certain suggestions were carried out in connection with the work on the Congo. Praise ye the Lord!

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. T. HENRY SMITH has resigned the pastorate at Haddenham, and accepted the ministerial charge of the church and congregation of Mill End Chapel, Chatteris, Cambs.

Rev. Samuel J. Jones, of the College, Brighton Grove, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of the church at New Lane, Oswaldtwistle.

Rev. T. E. Rawlings has resigned the pastorate of the church at Boxmoor, Herts.

Rev. F. J. Benskin, of Wycliffe Church, Reading, has accepted the pastorate of the church at New North Road, Huddersfield.

Mr. J. T. Whitaker, of Rochdale, who has just completed his course at Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of Beeston Hill Church, near Leeds.

Rev. H. G. Stemberge, of Regent's Park College, and son of the late Rev. H. W. Stemberge, of Tenterden, Kent, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Caxton, Cambs.

Rev. Jonas Lee, of Idle, has resigned his pastorate owing to ill-health.

Mr. G. W. Davidson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Milton, Oxfordshire.

Rev. S. H. Case, B.A., of Abingdon, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Great Missenden, Bucks.

Rev. L. Llewellyn, late of Shrews-

bury, formerly of Leicester, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sandhurst, Kent.

Rev. S. Newnam, who in October last undertook the charge of the church at Yeovil temporarily, has now consented to do so permanently. The announcement has been received with much pleasure by the church.

Rev. T. O. Finch, who has for seven years had the ministerial charge of Providence Church, Westbury, Wilts, has been compelled by ill-health to resign the pastorate.

Rev. G. West has announced his resignation of the pastorate of the Tabernacle, South Shields, having accepted a call to Heneage Street, Birmingham.

Rev. E. T. Carter, from the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Barking, Essex.

Rev. W. J. Scott, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Hove, Brighton, in order to accept an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Westbourne, Bournemouth, a farewell meeting was held on Monday, June 9th, presided over by Mr. George Thomas Congreve. Letters of sympathy were read from Rev. J. B. Figgis, J. S. Geale, and A. D. Spong, who were unable to be present. During the meeting Mr. Peacock, on behalf of the church, presented Mr. Scott with a timepiece and a purse of money as tokens of their esteem and regard.

Rev. Geo. Wainwright has resigned the pastorate of the church, Wellington Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

PRESENTATIONS.

A SOCIAL meeting of the church and congregation was held, on the 19th of June, at Bristol Road Church, Weston-super-Mare, to take farewell of the Rev. J. R. Russell, on his departure to assume the pastorate of the church at Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness. A purse of gold was presented to Mr. Russell, together with an address testifying to the regret felt at the loss of one whose earnest and able ministry among them had extended over a period of upwards of ten years.

Rev. David Davies, prior to leaving Weston-super-Mare, where he has laboured for six and a half years, was presented, at a farewell meeting on the 23rd of June, with an illuminated address, and a cheque for £100 from at the church and congregation, and testimonials of esteem from the pupils at Lewisham House School and Southside School. Mrs. Davies, the same time, received tokens of regard from the children of the Sunday-school and the Mothers' Meeting Society.

Rev. J. S. Cooper, on leaving Wells to undertake the charge of the church at Evesham, was presented with a purse containing £23, as a tribute of esteem and regard.

Rev. S. H. Case, B.A., who has accepted the pastorate of the chapel at Great Missenden, on his return from his wedding tour was presented on the 26th of June, on behalf of the church, with a cut-glass and plated epergne. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Rev. S. V. Lewis, Messrs. Sanders, Coles and Statham.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. W. J. JUNIPER was recognised on the 18th of June, as pastor of the Tabernacle, Henley-on-Thames. Rev. W. Cuff gave the charge to the church, and Rev. J. Dann the charge to the pastor. Addresses were delivered by Revs. G. Hancock, J. J. Irvine, and S. E. Keeble.

Rev. W. Sumner was recognised,

on the 17th of June, as pastor of Zion Chapel, Armley. Rev. C. A. Davis gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. W. Butcher addressed the church. Rev. A. P. Fayers, of Rawdon, formerly pastor at Armley, presided. Revs. G. Hill, J. Scott, J. Kitchener, W. R. Golding, M. G. Coker, and E. Oldfield delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. David Davies received recognition on the 2nd of July, as pastor of Regent's Park Chapel. Sir Morton Peto presided. Revs. Dr. Landels, J. P. Chown, Dr. Todd, Dr. Samuel G. Green, Dr. Dykes, Dr. Angus, and G. D. Macgregor, joined in giving Mr. Davies a hearty welcome in his new sphere of labour.

Rev. Henry Wright has received public recognition as pastor of Buckingham Chapel, Clifton. Mr. G. C. Ashmead, senior deacon, who presided, mentioned that the church, which was commenced a few years ago with twelve members, had now 300 in church fellowship. Rev. J. Penny, the former pastor, who had ministered in the church for twenty-three years, was among the speakers.

Rev. A. K. Davidson has been recognised as pastor of the church at Earl Soham. Rev. W. Brown, of Friston, the oldest Baptist minister in Suffolk, presided, and gave the charge to the church. Rev. P. B. Woodgate gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. B. J. Northfield, Rev. A. Knell, and Mr. A. Beddingfield took part in the services.

Rev. J. Butlin, M.A., received public recognition on the 25th of June, as pastor of the church at Trowbridge. Revs. A. M. Stalker, W. Burton, R. G. Wheeler, J. Hanson, J. Watter, and A. English took part in the proceedings.

SANDHURST, BERKS.—On the 25th of June services in connection with the recognition of Rev. J. Rose as pastor of the newly-formed church at Sandhurst were held. The afternoon sermon, in the chapel, was preached by Rev. P. G. Scorey. The evening

meeting was held in a large tent, lent for the occasion by Mr. J. Walter, M.P. Nearly 800 persons were present, and addresses were delivered by Revs. P. G. Scorey, J. Greenland, J. Rose, H. Martin, R. Wilson, and G. Moss; and Messrs. Sale, Collins, and Baughurst. The chair was taken by Mr. Briginshaw, of Wokingham.

NEW CHAPELS.

WATERLOOVILLE, HANTS.—The memorial stones of a new chapel were laid on Wednesday, July 2nd, by Mr. James, and Mr. George S. Lancaster, father and son, at whose sole cost the site has been purchased, and the chapel is to be erected as a free gift to the Baptist denomination. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, read the Scriptures, and Revs. J. P. Williams, and J. W. Staynes, offered prayer. The Rev. Henry Kitching is the pastor of the church.

GREAT MARLOW.—The new chapel which has been erected in Glade Road was opened for public worship on Wednesday, July 2nd—an event of considerable importance in the religious history of Marlow. In the year 1855 a small chapel was built in Dean Street, but the church has long felt the need of a better and larger place of worship; and as the result of anxious deliberation the present building has been erected. The contract has been carried out by Mr. A. Corby, builder of Marlow, the plans having been prepared by Mr. C. A. Vardy, architect, of Maidenhead. The contract was £900, but this does not include heating, lighting, or fencing, and the committee cannot hope to complete the work for much less than £1,250. The edifice is in the classic style of architecture, and is built of red brick, with "compo" enrichments and tracings. In front will be erected a light iron fence and gates, with brick piers. The chapel itself is 30 ft. by 45 ft., and will seat something like 300 persons. In the rear is a lecture room, 30 ft. by 20 ft.; also a vestry

and out-offices. In the afternoon Rev. W. G. Lewis, of St. Albans, preached. Tea was provided; and in the evening a public meeting was held, the chair being taken by Mr. J. Unite, of Woodburn. The pastor (Rev. J. Bray) referred to the deep interest Mr. Unite took in the Baptist cause at Great Marlow, and the ready help and assistance he was always willing to render it. Mr. Bray then gave a statement of the accounts, and said that he thought about £1,250 would cover the entire cost of the building. To meet this sum, they expected the old building would realise £300, but they had put it at £250. Prior to the opening they had collected £150, and there were several donations yet to come in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW class-rooms in connection with the Sunday-school in Wellington Square, Hastings, were opened recently. The cost has been about £400, of which nearly £300 has still to be raised.

Memorial stones have been laid of new school-rooms, class-rooms, and lecture-hall, in connection with Brondesbury Chapel, Kilburn. The buildings are in the Early Gothic style; the hall is intended to accommodate nearly 500 persons. Rev. J. P. Chown presided, and the stones were laid by Mrs. Horace Marshall, Mrs. Sexton, Mr. Weekes, and Rev. J. C. Thompson (pastor). Prior to the day fixed for the ceremony £1,035 had been subscribed; the additional receipts on the day amounted to £360. It is expected that the schoolrooms will be ready for use in September. There are now on the school-roll 420 scholars, with an average attendance of 360.

ALPERTON CHAPEL, NEAR SUDBURY, MIDDLESEX.—Anniversary services were held on Tuesday, June 17th, when the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., D.D., preached in the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening, when J. Chapman, Esq., of Harrow, presided. Revs. W. Frith,

G. D. Hooper, Messrs. R. Johnston, J. Linden, and S. Shirley, addressed the meeting. On the following Sunday, June 22nd, sermons were preached by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford.

LONDON: PUTNEY.—The church under the pastoral care of Rev. W. Thomas has undertaken the mission work in the village of Roehampton, for some years carried on under the superintendence of Mr. J. E. Rabbetts, and formerly of Rev. S. H. Booth and Col. Croll, the Sunday evening services being conducted by students from Regent's Park College. On Thursday, June 19, a tea, kindly given by Mr. Rabbetts, was provided in the mission-room, to which about 100 sat down. This was followed by a public meeting, at which Mr. Thomas presided, and after reading a letter from Mr. Rabbetts, who was absent through illness, explained the change that had taken place in the management, and expressed the hope that the mission might be revived and carried on vigorously. Messrs. Barton, Baily, Lewen, Mobbs, and Rev. J. Simmance also took part in the proceedings.

HENDON CHAPEL (SIXTH ANNIVERSARY).—On Wednesday, the 18th of June, a large congregation assembled to hear the Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., of Camden Road, preach from Eph. iii. 17—19. On the following Sunday the services were taken by the Rev. J. O. Fellowes, and on the subsequent Wednesday afternoon the Rev. W. Stott officiated. Tea in the Institute followed. At seven o'clock the public meeting commenced, the chair being taken by Dr. Underhill, of Hampstead. The Rev. J. C. Thompson, of Brondesbury, led the meeting in prayer. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were given next, the former showing the condition and activity of the various spheres of Church work, and the latter showing receipts of about £500 for the year, and about the like expenditure. The building fund for the new chapel had been formally

inaugurated, and £1,500 paid or promised. A site had also been secured in Finchley Lane. The chairman expressed the pleasure with which he had listened to these reports, and then proceeded to emphasize the blessing and duties of Church fellowship. Mr. B. A. Lyon followed. The Rev. W. Stott then gave a stirring and powerful address, dealing with the various forms of Christian work, and the spirit in which they should be carried out. Cordial and earnest speeches followed, by the Rev. T. Fison, B.A., who stated the pleasure it was for sister churches to work in Christian sympathy and concord, with no rivalry save that of good works; and the Revs. J. Chadwick, W. Rickard, and R. R. Finch gave addresses. The pastor announced the probable proceeds of the anniversary, intended for the building fund, as being donations £80, collections and proceeds of tea £53, making together £133 besides jewellery, since sent in.

LUTON.—PARK STREET CHAPEL.—On the completion of the eighth year of the pastorate of the above place of worship, the Rev. J. H. Blake, on Sunday, July 6th, preached two suitable discourses, taking for his subject in the morning "Waymarks of the pilgrimage," and in the evening "Paul's determination to know nothing but Christ crucified." During the year 40 have been added to the Church roll, making 440 in the eight years of Mr. Blake's ministry. During the last two years £1,504 17s. 3d. has been raised for chapel funds, also £100 for foreign missions, and in the eight years £673 10s. 9½d. for the home schools. This is independent of considerable sums for the enlargement and repairing of Pepperstock and Limbury chapels and also for the improvements at Stopsley and the expenses connected with the various schools. On the following day tea was held in the schoolroom, followed by a public meeting, presided over by the pastor. Addresses were delivered by

Messrs. Alexander, Tomlin, Cox, Hucklesby, and William Findlay, who delivered himself of an acrostic on the pastor's name. The choir, led by Miss Blake, gave several anthems, duets, and solos in a very agreeable manner. The whole aspect of things at this ancient church is hopeful and encouraging.

The scholars attending the Sunday-school have had their annual outing in a meadow near New Mill End, kindly lent by Mr. Cole. At one o'clock the children formed into a procession at the school, and, headed by the Sunday-school banner, proceeded to the Great Northern station, whence they were conveyed to their destination. As they were leaving Luton there was a rather heavy downpour of rain, and another shortly after the train had arrived at the meadow; but after that the weather was beautifully fine and pleasant. Various games and amusements were indulged in during the afternoon. The children reached home at a convenient hour in the evening, all greatly delighted with their outing.

WILLENHALL.—A very pleasing event has occurred in this town in connection with the Baptist denomination. More than twenty-one years have elapsed since a number of persons separated from the Little London Church, and united in fellowship in a hired chapel in Gomer Street. Both peoples have experienced many severe trials, but have doubtless existed for some wise and beneficial purpose. A new epoch in their history has now to be recorded. The Little London Church invited the Gomer Street Church to re-unite with them in fellowship, and the Rev. George Banks, minister of Gomer Street, to become pastor of the united church. The matter being of grave importance, it was submitted to the Lord in earnest prayer. Deputations were then appointed, followed by united Church meetings, which resulted in a union being formed. Accordingly, combined services were

held in Little London Chapel on Sunday, June 1st, when sermons were preached by the pastor to good congregations. The morning subject was the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the evening sermon was based upon Matthew xxiii. 8, noticing, 1. The great Master; 2. His Divine authority, "even Christ;" 3. Christian brotherhood. At the close of the evening service the Lord's Supper was administered to nearly one hundred members. During the day many tears of joy and thankfulness were shed by young and old. We trust that this sweetly refreshing and quickening occasion is the prelude of a peaceful and prosperous future. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The Sunday-school anniversary was held June 15th; Rev. Geo. Dunnett, of Coseley, preached in the morning; Rev. E. Croft, of Wednesbury, in the afternoon; and Rev. Geo. Banks, pastor, in the evening. Collections nearly £30. The annual treat was given to nearly 400 scholars on Monday, June 16th, in a field kindly lent by Mr. Atkins, farmer.

We venture to think our action will commend itself to the sympathies of the denomination, and that many will help us in cleaning and renovating the chapel. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Rev. G. Banks, 26, Gomer Street, and Mr. David Waine, Secretary, Temple Bar, Little London, both of Willenhall.

RECENT DEATH.

THE Welsh Church, in Mount Vernon Street, Liverpool, has suffered a severe loss in the death of Miss Eleanor Thomas, which took place on Lord's Day, June 22nd. She was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Thomas, Minister of Great Crosshall Street Chapel. She was born August 30th, 1852, and was baptized by her father August 24th, 1866. Our departed sister took great interest in the cause of Christ, and

especially in the Sunday School, where she had a class of girls under her charge at the time of her death. Her influence was great with children, and no doubt she has sown seed which will bear fruit in years to come. Her remains were interred in the family vault at Anfield Cemetery, on Thursday, June 26th. The following ministers were present at the funeral, and a large number of friends:—Revs. J. Davies, W. Samuel, R. Richards, L. W. Lewis, D. Jenkins, and W. Williams:—

"We journey forth rejoicing,
Through this dark vale of tears,
To heavenly joy and freedom,
From earthly bonds and fears;
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All His redeemed again,
His kingdom to inherit:
Good night, good night, till then."

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—June 15, English Chapel, Four, by E. E. Probert.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—June 29, Two, by G. F. Wall.
Bath.—June 28, Manvers-street, Five, by J. Baillie.
Birmingham.—June 30, Constitution Hill, Two, by J. Burton; June 22, Longmore-street, Three, by A. F. Prout.
Blaenavon.—June 19, King-street, Five, by O. Tidman.
Boole.—June 30, Brasenose-road, Welsh, Three, by J. Davies.
Cheadle Hulme.—June 26, One, by J. Brunt; June 22, Grove-lane, Two, by R. A. Burrows.
Colne.—June 29, Four, by A. Parker.
Crickhowell.—June 6, Bethabara, Four, by J. J. Jenkins.
Cwmifor.—June 15, Three, by M. Jones.
Dert, Glamorgan.—June 8, Twenty-four, by Parrish.
Dunfermline.—June 11, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Eden Bridge.—July 1, Five, by R. H. Powell.
Golcar.—July 6, Five, by W. Gay.
Gravesend.—July 2, Zoar Chapel, Five, by F. Shaw.
Jersey.—July 2, Grove-street, Two, by H. Wallace.
King's Norton.—July 1, One, by F. H. Collins.
Knighton.—July 2, One, by W. Williams.
Latchford, Cheshire.—June 19, Three, by J. Howe.
Leeds.—June 29, Hunslet, Three, by A. E. Greening.

Lifton, Devon.—July 6, One, by G. Parker.
Llanvihangel Crucorney.—June 22, Two, by E. Edwards.
London: *Brixton*.—June 29, Cornwall-road, Two, by E. P. Barrett.
Brentford Park Chapel.—July 13, Four, by J. S. Hockey.
Gray's-inn-road.—June 25, Three, by W. Smith.
John-street, Edgware-road.—July 3, Three; July 6, Five, by J. O. Fellowes.
New Cross-road.—June 22, Twenty-two, by J. S. Anderson.
Trinity Memorial Church, Gunnersbury.—July 3, Five, by W. Frith.
Upper Kennington-lane.—July 29, Eight, by T. J. Malyon.
Woolwich.—June 29, Parson's-hill, Twenty-three; July 1, Nine, by J. Wilson, for Mr. Murphy, Elm Grove-street.
Luton.—July 3, Park-street, Five, by J. H. Blake.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—July 6, Zion, Six, by T. A. Pryce.
Merthyr Tydvil.—June 29, One, by B. Thomas.
Newtownards.—June 8, One, by W. Usher.
New Whittington, Derbyshire.—June 15, Seven, by R. T. Lewis.
Newport, Mon.—June 29, One, by A. T. Jones.
New Tredegar, Cardiff.—June 8, One; June 22, One, by J. Griffiths.
North Curry.—July 6, Four, by W. Fry.
Pontrhydyrun.—June 15, Six, by J. Rees.
Portsmouth.—June 16, Lake-road, Two; June 29, Two; July 2, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
Presteign, Radnorshire.—June 22, Two, by S. Watkins.
Rhymney, Mon.—July 6, Beulah, Four, by H. Phillips.
Risca.—July 6, at Moriah, Three, by E. Thomas.
Ross.—June 29, Three, by J. E. Perrin.
Rotherham.—June 8, Three, by B. Lee.
Royston, Oldham-road.—June 17, Two, by W. Hughes.
Southsea.—June 29, Elm Grove, Five J. P. Williams.
South Stockton.—June 29, Westbury-street, Three, by H. Winsor.
Southwell, Notts.—June 1, Two, by J. H. Plumbridge.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—July 4, Five, by E. Brown.
Stockton-on-Tees.—July 2, Seven, by G. Wainwright.
Stafford.—June 22, Three, by W. B. Haynes.
Sunningdale.—June 29, Five, by A. Phillips.
Suansia.—June 29, Carmarthen-road, Twelve, by A. E. Johnson.
Thrope-le-Soken.—June 29, Nine, by E. S. Hader.
Tittleshall.—June 29, Four, by H. Barringer.
Waverham.—June 29, Three, by J. Howe.
Wheelech Heath.—May 31, Four, by R. Pedley.
Whines.—June 22, Five, by R. Yeatman.

CHRIST'S PRAYER FOR HIS PEOPLE.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."—John xvii. 15.

This prayer of Christ is an ever-precious portion to all true believers, from the fact that each of them has an inalienable interest in it. Every one of us, beloved, when we listen to the words of Christ should recollect that He is praying for us; that while it is for the great body of His elect He intercedes in this chapter, and the one preceding it, yet it is also for each believer in particular that He offers intercession. However weak we are, however poor; however little our faith, or however small our grace may be, our names are still written on His heart; nor shall we lose our share in Jesus' love.

I will proceed at once to the discussion of the text, as my time is limited. First, there is a *negative prayer*: "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world;" second, here is, a *positive prayer*: "but, that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

We have then a *negative prayer* in this verse. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." Now, beloved, when we see persons converted to God, when men are turned from iniquity unto righteousness, from sinners into saints, the thought sometimes strikes us—would it not be good to take them at once to Heaven? would it not be an excellent thing to translate them speedily from the realms of sin to the breast of the Lord who loved them with an everlasting love? Would it not be wiser to take the young plants out of the chilly air of this world, where they may possibly be injured and weakened, and transplant them at once to the land where they may bloom in peace and tranquility for ever? Not so, however, does Jesus pray. When the man had the devils cast out of him, he said to Jesus, "Lord, I would follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." But Jesus said to him, "Go to thy friends and relations, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Some men when they are converted are all for going speedily to Heaven; but they have not done with earth yet. They would like to wear the crown without bearing the cross, they desire to win without running, and conquer without a battle; but their whim has no countenance from Jesus, for He exclaims, "I pray, not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world."

I shall first of all speak of the meanings of this prayer; secondly, the reasons of this prayer; thirdly, the doctrinal inferences that we may derive from it; and fourthly, the practical lessons it teaches. Briefly on each point.

I. First, THE MEANINGS OF THIS PRAYER. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." Now, there are two senses in which this prayer may be understood. One is,—He prays not that

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they should, *by retirement and solitude*, be kept entirely separate from the world ; and the second,—He asks not that they should be taken away *by death*.

First as regards *retirement from the world and solitude*. Some hermits and others have fancied that if we were to shut ourselves from the world and live alone, we should then be more devoted to God and serve Him better. Many men of old lived in deserts, never coming into the cities, wandering about alone, praying in caves and forests, and thinking they were contaminated and rendered impure if once they mingled with mankind. So have we, among the Roman Catholics, persons who act the part of hermits, living far from the common haunts of men, and conceiving that by so doing they shall abundantly serve God. There are also certain orders of monks and nuns who live almost alone, seeing only their fellows, and fancying that by seclusion they are putting honour upon God, and winning salvation for themselves. Now it is too late in the day for any of us to speak against monasticism. It has demonstrated its own fallacy. It was found that some of those men who had separated from society were guilty of more vile and vicious practices, and sinned more grossly than men who were in the world. There are not many who can depart from the customs of social life, and in solitude maintain their spirit pure and unsullied. Why, brethren, common sense tells us that living alone is not the way to serve God. It may be the way to serve self, and wrap ourselves in a garment of self-complacency ; but it cannot be the way to worship God truly. If it be possible, by this means, to fulfil one part of the great law of God, we cannot possibly carry out the other portion—to love our neighbour as ourselves, for we thus become unable to bind up the broken-hearted, to bring the wanderer back, or to win souls from death and sin. Out of the heart proceedeth all evil, and if we were in retirement we should sin, because we should carry our hearts with us into whatever solitude we entered. If we could but once get rid of our hearts, if there were some means of rendering our natures perfect, then we might be able to live alone ; but as we now are, that door must be well listed that would keep out the devil ; that cell must be much secluded that sin cannot enter. I have heard of a man who thought he could live without sin if he were to dwell alone ; so he took a pitcher of water and a store of bread, and provided some wood, and shut himself up in a solitary cell, saying, “Now I shall live in peace.” But in a moment or two he chanced to kick the pitcher over, and he thereupon used an angry expression. Then he said, “I see it is possible to lose one's temper even when alone ;” and he at once returned to live among men.

But it may be understood in a second sense. “I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of this world”—*by death*. That is a sweet and blessed mode of taking us out of the world, which will happen to us all by-and-bye. In a few more years the chariot of fire and the horses of fire will take away the Lord's soldiers. But Jesus does not pray that one of His chosen people should be too soon removed : He does not desire to see His newly-begotten souls plume their wings and fly aloft to Heaven until their time shall come. How frequently does the wearied pilgrim put up the prayer, “O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest !” But Christ does not pray like that ; He leaves it to His Father, until, like shocks of corn fully ripe, we shall each of us be gathered

into our Master's garner. Jesus does not plead for our immediate removal by death. He asks that we may do well in the world, but He never asks for us to be gathered in before we are ripe. Thus I have explained the two meanings of the words, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world"—either by living retired from men, or being taken away by death.

II. Now the second point was THE REASONS FOR THIS PETITION. These reasons are threefold : Christ does not pray that we should be taken out of the world because our abode here is for our own good, for the world's benefit, and for His glory.

1. First, *it would not be for our own good to be taken out of this world.* I leave out the first idea of the text, and only speak of it concerning death. We conceive that the greatest blessing we shall ever receive of God is to die ; but doubtless it would not be for our good to withdraw from this world as soon as we had escaped from sin. It is better for us to tarry a little while ; far better. And the reasons for this are—first, because *a little stay on earth will make Heaven all the sweeter.* Nothing makes rest so sweet as toil ; nothing can render security so pleasant as a long exposure to alarms, and fears, and battles. No heaven will be so sweet as a heaven which has been preceded by torments and pains. Methinks the deeper draughts of woe we drink here below, the sweeter will be those draughts of eternal glory which we shall receive from the golden bowls of bliss ; the more we are battered and scarred on earth the more glorious will be our victory above, when the shouts of a thousand times ten thousand angels welcome us to our Father's palace. The more trials the more bliss, the more sufferings the more ecstasies, the more depression the higher the exaltation. Thus we shall gain more of heaven by the sufferings we shall pass through here below. Let us not then, my brethren, fear to advance through our trials : they are for our good ; to stop here awhile is for our benefit. Why ! we should not know how to converse in heaven if we had not a few trials and hardships to tell of, and some tales of delivering grace to repeat with joy. An old sailor likes to have passed through a few shipwrecks and storms, however hazardous they may have been, for if he anchors in Greenwich Hospital, he will there tell, with great pleasure, to his companions of his hair-breadth escapes. There will be some old soldiers in Heaven, too, who will recount their fights, how their Master delivered them, and how He won the victory and kept off all their foes.

Again, *we should not have fellowship with Christ if we did not stop here.* Fellowship with Christ is so honourable a thing that it is worth while to suffer, that we may thereby enjoy it. You have sometimes heard me express a desire that I might be in the number of those who shall be alive and remain, and so shall escape death, but a dear friend of mine says he had rather die, in order that he might thus have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, and methinks the thought finds an echo in my own breast. To die with Jesus makes death a perfect treasure, to be a follower in the grave with Him makes death a pleasure. Moreover, you and I might be taken for cowards, although we may have fellowship with Him in His glory, if we had no scars to prove the sufferings we had passed through, and the wounds we had received for His name. Thus, again, you see it is for our good to be here : we should not have known fellowship with the Saviour, if we had not tarried here a little while. I should

never have known the Saviour's love half so much if I had not been in the storms of affliction. How sweet it is to learn the Saviour's love when nobody else loves us! When friends flee away, what a blessed thing it is to see that the Saviour does not forsake us, but still keeps us, and holds fast by us, and clings to us, and will not let us go! O beloved brother and sister, believe that your remaining here on earth is for your eternal benefit, and therefore Jesus said, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world."

2. And again, *it is for the good of other people.* Methinks we should all be willing to remain on earth for the good of others. Why may not saints die as soon as they are converted? For this reason: because God meant that they should be the means of the salvation of their brethren. You would not, surely, wish to go out of the world, if there were a soul to be saved by you. Methinks, if I could go to glory before I had converted all the souls allotted to me, I should not be happy; but that would be impossible, for God will not shut His saints in till they have been spiritual fathers to those appointed. We do not wish to enter Heaven till our work is done, for it would make us uneasy on our beds if there were one single soul left to be saved by our means. Tarry, then Christian; there is a brand to be plucked out of the fire, a sinner to be saved from his sins, a rebel to be turned from the error of his ways; and mayhap that sinner is one of thy relatives! Mayhap poor widow, thou art spared in this world, because there is a wayward son of thine not yet saved, and God hath designed to make thee the favoured instrument of bringing him to glory. And thou hoary-headed Christian, it may be that though "the grasshopper is a burden to thee," and thou longest to go, thou art kept here because one of thy offspring, by thy instrumentality is yet to be saved. Tarry, then, for thy son's sake who came from thy loins. I know how deeply thou dost love him, and for his sake surely thou art content to be left here a little, counting it for the best that thou mayest bring in thy son to glory with thee.

3. But the third reason is because *it is for God's glory.* A tried saint brings more glory to God than an untried one. I do verily think in my own soul that a believer in a dungeon reflects more glory on his Master than a believer in Paradise; that a child of God in the burning fiery furnace, whose hair is yet unscorched, and upon whom the smell of the fire has not passed, displays more the glory of Godhead than even he who stands with a crown upon his head, perpetually singing praises before the eternal throne. Nothing reflects so much honour on a workman as a trial of his work, and the endurance of it. So with God. It honours Him when His saints preserve their integrity. Peter honoured Christ more when he walked upon the water than when he stood upon the land. There was no glory given to God by his walking on the solid shore, but there was glory reflected when he trod upon the water. Peter saw the Lord coming on the water, and he said to Him, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. What may we not go through, Christians, at His command? Oh, methinks we could rise and cut Agag to pieces, and hew the devil himself and break his head, through the power of Jesus. It is, then, for the glory of Jesus that we yet tarry. If my lying in the dust would elevate

Christ one inch higher, I would say, "Oh, let me remain; for it is sweet to be here for the Lord." And if to live here for ever would make Christ more glorious, I would prefer to live here eternally. If we could but add more jewels to the crown of Christ by remaining here, why should we wish to be taken out of the world? We should say, "It is blessed to be anywhere where we can glorify Him."

III. The third point is THE DOCTRINAL INFERENCE WE MAY DERIVE FROM THIS PRAYER.

The first inference—*Death is God taking the people out of the world; and when we die we are removed by God.* Death is not an independent being who comes at his own will to carry us away when he pleases. In fact, it is not true that death does take away the Christian at all: God alone can remove His children from this world. Whether the humble peasant or the reigning monarch, one hand lifts them to the sky. You will see this by referring to the Revelation, where the vintage of the wicked is gathered by an angel, but the harvest of the righteous is reaped by Christ Himself. "And another angel came out of the temple which is in Heaven, he also having a sharp sickle. And another angel came out from the altar, which had power over the fire; and cried with a loud cry to him that had the sharp sickle, saying, Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth: for her grapes are fully ripe. And the angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and gathered the vine of the earth, and cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God." These were the wicked. But if you go to the preceding passage, it says, "And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud One sat like unto the Son of man, having on His head a golden crown, and in His hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to Him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in Thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for Thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And He that sat on the cloud thrust in His sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped." Christ is the reaper who cuts His own corn. He will not trust an angel to do it. God alone has the issues of life in His hand.

The next thing is that *dying is not of one half so much importance as living to Christ.* "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." He does not make their dying an object of prayer, "but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." He prays that they should be preserved in life, knowing that their death would assuredly follow rightly, as a matter of course. Many say one to the other, "Have you heard that So-and-so is dead?" "How did he die?" They should rather say, "How did he live?" It may be an important question how does a man die; but the most important one is how does a man live. What curious notions people get about death! The question they ask is not whether a man dies in the Lord Jesus, but, "Has he had a very easy death? Did he die gently?" If so, they conclude that all is well. If I ask, "Had he any affection to trust in Christ?" the reply probably will be, "Well, at all events, I thought he had: he had a very easy death." People think so much of an easy death. If there are no pains in death, if they are not in trouble, and not plagued like others, they falsely conclude all to be well. But though like sheep they are laid in the grave, they may awaken to destruction in the morning. It is not a sign of grace that our dying is easy. It is natural for persons in the decay of strength

to die easily. Many of the most vicious men, who have destroyed the power of their bodies, have an easy, painless death, from the fact that there is nothing to struggle against death; but then, though they die like lambs, they wake up in sorrow. Do not put any confidence in death-beds, my dear friends; do not look on them as evidences of Christianity. The great evidence is not how a man dies, but how he lives.

IV. The practical lesson we learn from this part of the text—"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world"—is this, *that we never have any encouragement peevishly to ask God to let us die*. Christians are always wanting to die when they have any trouble or trial. You ask them why. "Because we would be with the Lord." Oh yes, they want to be with the Lord, when troubles and temptations come upon them. But it is not because they are "panting to be with the Lord;" it is because they desire to get rid of their troubles, else they would not want to die at all times when a little vexation is upon them. They want to get home, not so much for the Saviour's company, as to get out of the little hard work. They did not wish to go away when they were in quiet and prosperity. Like lazy fellows, as most of us are, when we get into a little labour we beg to go home. It is quite right sometimes that you should desire to depart, because you would not prove yourself to be a true Israelite if you did not want to go to Jerusalem. You may pray to be taken home out of the world, but Christ will not take up the petition. When your prayers come to the Lord, this little one may try to get amongst them, but Christ will say, "I do not know anything about you, 'I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world.'" You may wish it sincerely, and really desire it, but you will not at present get your Master to pray with you. Instead, then, of crying, or wishing to be away from the battle, brace yourself up in the name of the Lord. Think every wish to escape the fight, is but a desertion of your Master. Do not so much as think of rest, but remember, that though you may cry, "Let me retire into the tent," you will not be admitted until you return a victor. Therefore, stop here, and work and labour.

My dear friends, I had intended to preach from the other half of the verse, but that is quite impossible, the time is so far gone, and I can only manage the first part thereof. So I must depart from my original intention; and I will restrict myself to some thoughts which occur to me upon the first portion of our text.

"I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." Perhaps, to-morrow you will be saying, "I am very sorry Sabbath-day is over. I am obliged to go to business again. I wish it were always Sunday, that I might attend to my preaching, or to the schools, or to the prayer-meeting, or to the tract-distributing. No obstructions of the world afflict me there, no vexations of the spirit occur there. I am sick of the world. Oh! if I could never go into it again!" Let me jog thy elbow a bit. Does Jesus think so? Hear Him! "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world." There is no remedy for the ill, if it be an ill; therefore endure it with becoming fortitude; yea, rather seek to improve the opportunity thus afforded you of conferring a blessing upon your race, and of gaining advantages for yourselves.

The pious mind will know how to improve the very sight of sin to its

own sanctification. It will learn humility when it remembers that restraining grace alone prevents a similar fault in itself, it will gather subjects for gratitude and admiration from the fact that grace alone has made it to differ. Never shall we value grace so much as when we see the evil from which it delivers us, never shall we more abhor sin than when we discern its visible deformity. Bad society is in itself like the poisonous cassava, but if baked in the fire of grace it may even be rendered useful. True grace casts salt into the poisonous stream, and then, when forced to ford it, the filth thereof is destroyed. Abide, then, O soldier, in the trenches of labour and battle, for the hardness of service is beneficial to thee.

But remember while here that thou lovest no opportunity of attacking the foe. Never miss an opportunity of having a shot at the devil. Be ready on all occasions to do mischief to the enemy. In business, drop a word of savour and unction; in company, turn the conversation heavenward; in private, wrestle at the throne. I do not advise you to intrude religion at unseasonable hours. I do not conceive it to be your duty when a customer calls to pay a bill to ask him into your office and spend half an hour in prayer with him, nor would I think it needful to sanctify your ribbons and shawls by exhorting the purchasers across the counter. Some have not been quite innocent of the charge of cant, who make as much use of religion to attract customers, as they do of their plate-glass window. Do not talk of religion to be heard of men, but when a fair opportunity offers, out with your rifle and take a steady aim. Cromwell's singular advice to his soldiers was, "Trust in God, my friends, and keep your powder dry." In a better sense this is mine. More than all keep up a continual fire on the enemy by a holy life. Nothing will more reprove sin than your holiness. If you cannot tell the stick it is crooked, you can prove it to be so by laying a straight one side by side with it. So put your purity before the impure, and they will be effectually reprov'd.

Well, then again, *do not be afraid to go out into the world to do good.* Christ is keeping you in the world for the advantage of your fellow-men. I am sometimes wicked enough to think that I would rather go anywhere than stand up again and preach my Master's Gospel. Like Jonah, I have thought I would really pay my fare to be carried away to Tarshish, instead of coming back to Nineveh. So would some of you who have tried to preach, and found you could not succeed as you desired. But do not be down-hearted, my brother; a Christian should never get so. If you have but one listener to-day, perhaps the next time the number will be doubled, and so on, till they cannot be counted. Never say, "I wish to go out of this world;" do not murmur, "My life is prolonged beyond my joys." Do what you can. Do not go amongst people with fear; do not be ashamed to look duty in the face. If you are not successful at first, do not be cowards and run away from your guns. We should do all we can to bring our guns into line with our brothers, and take good aim at our foes. Never desert your work, though you come home distressed in spirit, though you see no gleam of success, and nothing is gained. Recollect, you cannot run out of the battle, but you must go on; and you cannot escape the service. On, then, and glory shall be yours!

Now, my brethren, what bearing has this text upon the ungodly? There are some here, my dear friends, of whom I have sometimes thought that I could almost pray that God should take them out of the world.

I can tell you why: they are so wicked, so dreadfully wicked, such hardened reprobates, with such iron souls, that they seem as if they never would be turned to God, and whose portion it would appear to be damned themselves, and to lead others to the same condition. I know a village where there is a man so vicious, so abandoned, that I could almost pray for him to be removed out of the world; he is so awfully wicked that many of those I thought hopeful Christians have been poisoned by his example. Indeed he seemed to be depraving the entire population. He stands like a deadly Upas tree, with outspread branches, over-shadowing the whole place. He is consuming all around him; and instead of it being a mercy for him to be here, it would be like a mercy if he were gone. Are not some of you like that man? Are you not so bad that you are doing all the mischief in the world you can? You never do anything for the cause of Christ. You are always trying to do your utmost against it. You never sow a little blade of God's grass where none grew before. You are of no service, and yet you are spared, because Jesus says, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world." He prays that you may be in the world a little longer. And what has He preserved you from? First, fever comes and bows thee down; but Christ says, "Let him not depart yet. Oh, spare him now." And thou art spared. The second time disease comes near unto thee, and great pains bow thee down. Again he prays, "Spare him!" and thou art yet safe. The third time thou art fast approaching thy end. Now the angel of death is lifting up the glittering steel, and his axe is almost fallen on thee. Yet Christ says, "Spare him, angel, spare him! peradventure he may yet turn to Me with full purpose of heart." He whom thou hatest loved thee so much that He interceded for thee, and therefore thou wert spared till now. Remember, however, that this reprieve will not continue for ever. At last Justice will cry, "Cut him down; he cumbereth the ground." Some of you have been cumbering the ground for sixty or seventy years—old sinners; of no use in this world. Is it so? There you are! occupying the ground, keeping other trees from growing, and of no use! Your family is being damned by your example; the whole neighbourhood is tainted by you. Do not tell me I should not speak so roughly. I tell you, as long as I have a tongue in my head, you shall have no mincemeat from me. If you are lost, it shall not be for want of plain speaking and honest warning. Oh, ye cumber-grounds! how much digging and dunging have ye received at the Lord's hand, and yet ye are fruitless! The axe will soon be at your root, and oh, the fire into which ye shall be cast! Ungodly man, thou art spared until thine overflowing cup of sin is dropping like oil upon the flame of vengeance, and the increasing fire will presently reach thee. The longer the archer draweth the bow the more mighty is the force of the arrow. What though vengeance tarrieth, it is that its sword may be sharpened and its arm nerved for direr execution. Oh, ye grey-heads! a little more delay, and the stroke shall fall; tremble and "kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little."

And yet, methinks, some of you who have cumbered the ground do most heartily desire to serve God. Poor sinner! I rejoice that thou feelest that thou hast been a cumber-ground. Dost thou confess that thou hast been a poor thorn and briar until now? Dost thou acknowledge that the Lord

had been just to thee if He had damned thee? Then come as thou art, and cast thyself on Jesus, without works, without merit. Wilt thou ask the Lord to turn thee into a good fig-tree? If thou wilt, He will do it; for He declares that He heareth prayer.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A WHOLE SUN FOR EACH PAIR OF EYES.

"Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—Malachi iv. 2.

ONE ray of light brings all the sun,
And prints it on my eyes;
And for a time all light seems won,
The glory of the skies.

It seems as though the sun was bright
To bless my eyes alone;
While all my being bathed in light,
Light seems awhile Faith's throne.

O Christ of God! O Sun of Heaven,
Arise and shine on me!
One ray e'en 'neath Thy chast'ning rod
Bids all my darkness flee.

And in Thy light it seems, O I or I,
Thou liv'st for me alone;
Filled with Thy love, raised by a word
To share e'en now Thy throne.

O Light of love, all praise above,
The very dawn of Heaven,
Oh why, O Lord, to me in love
Was such bright word thus given?

O holy, loving, mighty Lord,
Such word again I crave!
God-spoken, O Thou Living Word,
Through Thee I all things have.

O Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bid this world's conflict cease!
Come with Thy light—a vast surprise,
The dawn of endless peace!

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER IX.—THE WINE QUESTION SETTLED.

BEFORE reciting a few of the cases in which John Grant and his helpers were made of special use to the church and town, it may be as well for me to refer somewhat briefly to one difficulty which, as a church, we found it necessary to face immediately after his admission as a member. The difficulty to which I allude is that connected with the kind of wine that ought to be used at the Lord's table; a difficulty which, I am sorry to say, has, through bigotry, prejudice, or ignorance, nearly or quite made a wreck of many churches. But I am happy to record that, through skilful generalship, the Baptist Church in Sunborough mercifully escaped this dire catastrophe; and the deliverance came about in this fashion.

It was perfectly natural that as soon as the teetotal element appeared in the church this question should be broached. For instance, Mr. Henry Stafford and a few others made it known that they could not *conscientiously* partake at the ordinance of any wine that was impregnated with alcohol. To meet the scruples of these friends it was resolved that, instead of sitting down with the rest of the brethren and sisters at the monthly communion, the first Lord's Day in each month, they or any who might desire to join them, should have a communion inaugurated for themselves in connection with the first

week-day service in each month, and use any kind of wine which was reckoned by them to be free from the obnoxious ingredient. With this arrangement all for the time being confessed themselves to be satisfied, and Mr. Stafford himself undertook to supply the needful liquid, manufactured, as he said it was, by a chemical friend of his from the pure juice of the grape. At first only about a dozen members availed themselves of this teetotal privilege; but as the temperance party grew stronger amongst us, by the time that John Grant joined the church, it was found that the members on each side were nearly equally divided. What then was to be done? Could any plan be laid down that would unite all at the usual time at one Table? Mr. Ackton said it was most desirable; the deacons agreed with him; and in the end it was determined to call a special church meeting to try and settle the matter.

At this meeting—which was largely attended—Mr. Ackton was, of course, the first speaker. He said that they all knew he was not a thorough-going total abstainer. But for all that he had a great deal of sympathy with the work that total abstainers were doing, specially amongst the young. On that ground he desired not only to aid the temperance friends as far as he conscientiously could, but also to meet respectfully their conscientious scruples. Because that was his feeling, he had proposed the extra monthly week-day communion, and

had invariably presided over it. But that compromise, well as it had worked hitherto, was beginning, now there were so many abstainers and their friends in the church, to be felt burdensome; and he thought the time had come when measures might be adopted that would bring them all in happy union around the one Table of their one living Lord and Saviour. He would not say what those measures were, but would leave their venerable senior deacon, Mr. Butler, to expound the matter and propose a resolution.

Mr. Butler said, in obedience to our beloved pastor's call, he would in few words lay the matter before us. Like our pastor, he was not an abstainer, nor did he think he was likely to be. But his good wife was, and most of his children were; and they all had been made so by his son William, who, as they were aware, was now one of our members, and had only recently married a teetotal lady. Now, although he thought that some abstainers made a great deal more fuss over this sacramental wine question than was either necessary or commendable; yet when he knew that there were a few in the church who had been addicted to drinking to excess, and who *dare* not touch alcoholic wine for fear of reviving the old taste for intoxicating drink, he would be the last man thus to tempt them or to place any stumbling-block in their way. On that ground, therefore, as well as because of the desire he had to see the whole church, without distinction, sit down together at the usual time at the Lord's Table, he would beg to move, "That in future the unfermented wine alone, now made and sold by persons connected with the temperance organizations, be used by the church."

Mr. Henry Stafford rose and said that never did he second a motion

with greater pleasure. He was a thorough-going total abstainer, and was proud to acknowledge it. As such, therefore, he had very strong objections to using alcoholic wine at the Lord's Table. He had no fear whatever of being tripped up by tasting such wine. The drunkard's appetite never could be revived in him, for the simple reason that he had never had it. He therefore objected to the use of this sort of wine on other grounds. He thought, for instance, that the last place in the world on which to exhibit the kind of drink that proved our national curse was the Lord's Table; and that the last people in the world to take it on such an occasion should be a company of Christian people. So long as Christians countenanced it there, the world would believe that what was taken at a most sacred religious ordinance was worthy of being placed on the ordinary dining-table, and would fail to see how, if reckoned good at the one table, it could be bad at the other. His idea of a Christian church was that it should set a good example in all things, and specially in a matter that affected the lives and deaths of millions of the human race, our national well-being, and even the best interests of the whole world.

But there was another reason why he advocated the use of the unfermented wine at the Lord's Table, and that was because he believed that that kind of wine was the most scriptural. Some of them, he saw, started at that statement, and seemed to demur to it; but he believed he could prove it. When was the ordinance of the Lord's Supper instituted? Was it not at the feast of the Passover? That was indisputable. Well, then, was it not a fact that at that feast the use of all fermented things were forbidden

to the Jews? Moses Stuart told them, that "beyond all reasonable doubt, *orthodox* Judaism had ever and always rejected alcoholic or fermented wine at the sacred feasts." It was true that some modern Jews used fermented wine at these feasts, but in doing so they broke the Levitical law, and made flimsy excuses for their conduct. Was it likely, then, if this was the law, that our Saviour would break it, when He came to fulfil the law to the letter? He could not believe that He did, and therefore he was forced to come to the conclusion that unfermented wine was used by Him at the institution of the Lord's Supper.

But putting that controversy aside, he would come to the New Testament itself, and see what that said. Now, what did he read there? In Mark xiv. 23-25, he read thus: "And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them: and they all drank of it. And He said unto them, This is My blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many. Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the *fruit of the vine*, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God." Now, what Christ drank then, and what He gave His disciples to drink, was the fruit of the vine; and it was that fruit that they were ordered now to drink. But did those who partook of alcoholic wine drink of that fruit? He would dare to say, and defy contradiction, that they did nothing of the kind. In the vast majority of cases they would find that the mildest wine used for sacramental purposes—call it Port, Tent, Claret, or what they liked—was little else than a concocted mixture, with not a drop of the juice of the grape in it. A well-known book, called "Tricks of Trade," boldly

affirmed that "No article of commerce was so much adulterated as port wine," and it went on to show that almost every kind of wine could be manufactured, so cleverly as almost to defy detection, without the admixture of the grape at all. Brandy, cider, logwood chips, poppy heads, cherry-laurel water, elderberry flowers, oak sawdust, sweet-briar, orris root, rhatany root, tartar, lead, and other deleterious and poisonous articles were used in the manufacture of wines, and so openly, that at Cette, in France, wine merchants did not hesitate to fasten boards with "Wines manufactured here" over their doors. Some of the revelations this book made were horrible, and he would not dwell upon them, but would simply call the attention of the Church to an analysis of a bottle of cheap port wine, as given by the "Mechanics' Magazine": "Spirits of wine, 3 ounces; cider, 14 ounces; sugar, 1½ ounce; alum, 2 scruples; tartaric acid, 1 scruple; strong decoction of logwood, 4 ounces." Now, what did they think of that compound mixture? Did they call that wretched stuff "wine"? Was that to be compared for a moment with "the fruit of the vine" that the Lord Jesus used at the Passover? It was a miserable farce to place such stuff as that on the Lord's Table as emblematical of the blood and sufferings of a dying Redeemer! Now, suppose they were told that the wine they were about to use at the Table was made up in this fashion, would they partake of it? He hardly thought they would. And yet, at every ordinance, when they partook of fermented wine, probably they drank mixtures of a similar kind. At any rate, no one could prove that they were partaking of the juice of the grape.

He, therefore, went in for that which was scriptural, and that was for that kind of sacramental wine which, if it had no alcohol in it, was at any rate composed of the juice of the grape, and was, consequently, a far better and purer symbol of the undefiled Redeemer and of His precious blood than wretched compounds called "wine," which did little else but curse and poison mankind. It was a remarkable fact that the word "wine" did not once occur in the New Testament in reference to the institution and celebration of the Lord's Supper. But what were the words used? The Saviour called the liquid "the fruit of the vine," and the Apostle Paul referred to it as "the cup." That was all! Then, if such was the case, as an abstainer, he felt he was right, scripturally, in determining only at the Lord's Table to drink "the fruit of the vine;" and he hoped that the whole Church would henceforth agree to copy his scriptural example. With all his heart, therefore, he seconded Mr. Butler's resolution.

John Grant observed that, if they would permit him, he should like to support it. He had been a great drinker, and he confessed it with shame. But what had his drinking habits done for him? They had given him such an appetite for the drink that if he was but simply to taste any intoxicating drink whatever—wine, beer, or spirits—that appetite would at once revive, and

he should want more, and probably be irresistibly tempted to get it. He himself had heard of men who had had their old appetite revived at the Lord's Table, and the consequences were ruinous. Was it not the duty of the church then to put such a temptation away from reformed men, especially when drink itself was such a great curse to the church of God? Let that church then no longer be divided, but agree, as Mr. Stafford said, to have "the fruit of the vine," which in its natural state was refreshing to all, and a temptation to none.

I have given the essence of these few speeches, not so much to discuss the question, as to show the kind of argument our abstaining friends used in defence of their position. As our pastor and the deacons were avowedly in favour of the change, but little was said on the other side; and when the vote was taken it was found that while there were about half a dozen who were neutral, and therefore refrained from voting, none held up their hands against the motion. The result was that on the next Lord's-day on which the ordinance was held the whole church sat down at the one Table and partook of the unfermented "fruit of the vine;" and from that day to this we have never as a church had the slightest bother about the sacramental wine question.

(To be continued.)

It was a good saying, "Be a star to lead men unto their Saviour, and stop not till you see them there." Such a star was that in the East that led the wise men to Christ in Bethlehem. How many want to be stars of another kind! They want by their light to lead men to embrace this scientific theory, this political movement, and this worldly scheme. And to get them to adopt their theories and take their sides, they will talk with them and visit them and use all kinds of persuasion. Thus let us as Christian workers be stars to lead men to Jesus: and as these men will not stop till they gain their converts, so let us not stop until men through us, like the wise men of the East, fall down and worship Christ, and offer Him, not merely their treasures, but their lives.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SPIRITUAL POWER : THE GREAT NEED OF THE CHURCH.

By REV. H. WATTS.

WHEN a general is called upon to attack opposing forces, he does two things : first he calculates the strength of the enemy, and then he takes into consideration the forces that he himself has at command. To conquer he knows full well that he must ascertain as clearly as possible his own strength and that of the foe. Now the Lord Jesus, as the Captain of salvation, has been pleased to enlist His servants as soldiers of the cross, to fight beneath His banner, and win for Him in this fallen world of ours victories over sin, Satan, the flesh, and the world. As His soldiers, then, we must copy the example of the wise general ; so far as we can do so, we must estimate aright the forces we have to combat, and the strength with which we ourselves are or may be endowed. To think of coming off "more than conquerors" without doing this would be extreme folly, and the infallible way of courting both defeat and disgrace.

When, as members of the Christian church, we look at the position of the foe, we find him very strong. The world is still "the evil world," the "flesh still loves the things of the flesh," Satan still "goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," and the vast majority of men still travel on "the broad road that leads to destruction." In fact, it may be said that, although

we live in the Nineteenth Century, and civilization, and art, and science, and commerce have made such rapid strides, the state of the world, morally speaking, is most appalling. And yet it is a question if, in the history of the Christian church, there has ever been more activity displayed than in the present day. Our organizations are so numerous that they may be denominated "legion." It is emphatically the age of Bibles and tracts, churches and chapels, ministers and Sunday-school teachers, sewing meetings and Dorcas societies, committees and sub-committees, and of all kinds of philanthropic and benevolent enterprises. Now why is this? How comes it to pass that, notwithstanding all the work put forth by these various agencies, we find the evils of the world so rampant that, figuratively speaking, we clothe ourselves in sackcloth and sit down in ashes, and constantly lament the slow progress we are making? For this there must be some cause. To come at once to the point, the cause is evidently *our own spiritual weakness*: and unless we get more spiritual power from some quarter, we shall only go on as we have done ; growing no better, but rather getting worse.

But what is meant by spiritual power? When we speak of spiritual power, we mean the quickening and life-giving influences of the Holy Ghost. It was in this sense that the Lord Jesus used the word "power," in giving to His disciples His parting injunctions. They are commanded to "tarry at Jerusalem,

and wait for the promise of the Father." Then as the result He says, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you"—or rather *by* the Holy Ghost coming upon you:—"and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." It was not the power of human might that they were promised; nor the power of worldly wealth; nor the power of numbers; nor the power of human learning and eloquence; nor even the power of orthodox creeds: but simply and purely the power of the Holy Ghost. It is implied that without the Holy Ghost they could not be in the possession of the peculiar power that they needed in order to do their peculiar work. He Himself was to be their power, and filled with His gracious influences, they would be fitted to be witnesses for Christ in every quarter of the world to which, in the prosecution of their soul-saving work, by God's providence they might be sent.

Now comes the question—Has the church of Christ in the present day this power? The answer is, as proved by indubitable facts, Certainly not to the extent required. It is true that the Holy Ghost has been given as an abiding gift to the church; it is true that He is never absent from the church; it is also true that His personal presence in the visible church of Christ is as much a fact as was the personal presence of Christ when He appeared on earth in the flesh in the midst of His disciples. But the evil is that we do not *feel* His presence as we ought, *enjoy* His gracious influences as we might, and *think* and *talk* and *act* under His blessed guidance as frequently as may be desired. To a great extent we lack the possession of

His sacred energy, and that want is the lack of spiritual power.

Let us then learn to acknowledge this important fact, that without spiritual power, let us do what we will, we shall accomplish nothing spiritually. This may seem very humbling to human nature. We are so prone to think much of our organizations, our chapels, our schools and works, that it may seem a hard thing to say, "All this is nothing without spiritual power!" and yet it had better be said, for from experience we all know it is true. Then, if it is true, do we *practically* recognise it? Is it not rather merely a *theory* with us than a *recognised fact*? Do we not often trust in these things *as they are in themselves*, rather than in the might and strength and power of our living Lord? Alas! it is to be feared that in this respect the best of us have to plead guilty, and hence our repeated failures. If we had had more spiritual influence, we should have had more spiritual success. We may have done much, but toiling in our own strength like the poor disciples of old, we have "toiled all night and caught nothing."

Brought then by painful experience to feel this, we now ask what is to be done? The thing to be done is to *seek always in everything that we do to have the Holy Spirit working in us*. This was the secret of Paul's success. "Whereunto," he says in Colossians, "I also labour, striving according to His working which worketh in me mightily." It is this "mighty working" within us both to "will and to do of God's good pleasure" that we so greatly need. And it is a glorious thing to know that this spiritual power can be had *always*. Are we startled by this assertion? Some Christian people

probably might be. As the Rev. John Milne intimates, they suppose that spiritual power is to be had at special seasons only. They speak and act as if the Holy Spirit's manifestations were limited to revival seasons; as if they began with them and ceased with them. With these people the bestowment of spiritual power is necessarily an intermittent or spasmodic kind of thing. But this is contrary to the whole teaching of Scripture. Take for instance this passage: "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Who says that? Why Christ Himself. He says it, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." What He declares then must be true. Now will a child expect good gifts from a father at special seasons only? Does he not expect them every day—yea, every hour? There may, it is granted, be times when the child may receive special favours at a father's hand; but every day brings to the child needs that call forth the father's supplies. We are just like the child: we need daily, hourly, supplies of spiritual gifts and graces, and the Father, according to Christ's testimony, is far more ready to bestow them upon those who ask than any earthly parent is willing to give good gifts unto his children. It is our mercy that the supplies of the Spirit may be always had. The Spirit of God is like the Sun shining in the heavens. For thousands, it may be tens of thousands, of years he has flooded the world with light and heat, but his life-giving fiery rays pour down in abundance on us yet: he gives no token of exhaustion; he shines as brilliantly as ever. It is so with the Spirit of God. For thousands

of years He has inspired men, quickened men, and given them spiritual light and heat, often flooding the church with His glory, and still He is as full as He was at the beginning. But that is not all. He is as willing to bless us now as He was to bless the church on the day of Pentecost. His will changes not any more than His power. He, like unto Christ, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Now, if all this is true, what follows? It follows that if the great need of the church is spiritual power, *each individual member* should seek to be filled with it in order to carry out practically the principles of Christianity *in everyday life*. There is 'a kind of theory afloat that spiritual power, if needed at all, is needed for the pulpit, for religious meetings, for revival seasons, or for large associational gatherings. That spiritual power is needed for such occasions cannot be doubted. But is that all? Is not spiritual power needed just as much in the home, in the workshop, in the mill, in the counting-house, or on the Exchange? It may not, perhaps, be going too far to say that, in the present day, we need it more in the latter case than even in the former. The cares of domestic life, the ungodly company in the workshop, the temptations mill hands have to meet with every day, and the perplexities into which the Christian merchant is often thrown, through the rotten state of commerce and the unprincipled maxims of large numbers engaged in trade, call, it is to be feared, for far more spiritual power to act uprightly, and so glorify God, than many seem to possess. But let any Christian man or woman grasp this idea:—God is willing to give me that amount of spiritual power which will enable me to live as He would have me live, and to

do as He would have me do *in my sphere*, and therefore I will honestly, earnestly, and continuously seek for it: then such a Christian would, under all circumstances, be the "living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men." Grace would then be given to conquer self, to overcome the world, to do right at all risks, and to carry out that noble Christian law: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Our words then would be spiritual words flowing from spiritual thoughts, and our actions would correspond with both. The spiritual influence that would be exerted by us, would be felt on every hand. Whether we were with one person, with two, or with many; whether we were with worldly company or with religious; whether we were at our daily secular work, or endeavouring to serve the Lord in church work,—all around us would have proof that we were "not of the world, even as our Lord and Master was not of the world;" that we belonged to "the people formed for Himself to show forth His praise;" and that we are allied to that noblest of all classes, the men who in an ungodly world stand up for God, and whom He dignifies by this honourable appellation, "Ye are *My* witnesses, saith the Lord." But what is true with regard to individual members is, as has been already intimated, equally true with regard to the *church as a whole*. The various sections of Christ's church need to be filled with the influences of God's Spirit, and should seek earnestly to be thus filled in order to fulfil their mission. But the fear is that this is frequently conceded only in *theory*. Have we not as churches at times begun our work for the Lord by acting under

our own influence rather than under the Spirit's influence? And then have we not gone on as we have begun until we have got into the *habit* of working without such influence, and then foolishly wondered at our failures? Oh, picture a church founded by the Spirit, planned by the Spirit, commencing its work under the influence of the Spirit, carrying on its daily work by the Spirit's power—its officers spiritual officers; its members spiritual members; its deeds spiritual deeds: what sort of a church would it be? Would it be a noisy church, a sensational church, a divided church, a sleepy church, or a worldly church? No; but it would be a quiet, steadily progressing, godly church, ever pursuing its onward way in the world, doing the work that God has given it to do, and in all its doings seeking not its own praise, but the Lord's honour and glory.

Let us, however, ever remember that if either as individual Christians or churches we would possess spiritual power such as this we must *use the means* to obtain it. First of all, we must be brought to feel and acknowledge our own *weakness* and *nothingness* before God. We must begin there. Till we feel emptied of self we shall not be filled with the fullness of God. Secondly, we must, by *continually feeding on God's Holy Word*, get our souls strengthened, enlightened and guided, having at the same time a full determination to make that Word practically the rule of life at *whatever cost* to flesh and blood. Unless we are fully instructed in God's Word, it is impossible for us to know how to walk through the labyrinths of this world's mazes safely, or to act in such a manner as shall make us "vessels meet for the Master's use"

in seeking to win souls or promote the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. And lastly we must in the exercise of living faith *continually wait upon the Lord in prayer*. Dr. Payson has well said, "The promises in the Bible to prayer are not made to one act, but to the continued habit of prayer." "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Let us as individuals and churches believe that, and turning aside from the worldly, the fleshly, and the sensational, with a firm belief that God will reward us if we diligently seek Him, wait upon Him in our closets and in our assemblies, ever looking out for His spiritual appearance and manifestations: then we shall, to the joy of our souls and to the good of mankind, realise that "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

Hyde, near Manchester.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*John* xiii. 17. In few words Jesus Christ here solves the problem of how to be happy. He well knew, and therefore could easily say. He speaks with simplicity, and also with authority. We may rely on His teaching, for it is full of truth and grace.

In the text He puts an "if" to our knowledge and an "if" to our practice, and suggests that if these elements are of the right kind, the result will be happiness. He inter-

rogates us as to our knowledge and practice, and if unhappy, helps us to decide the reason.

The text teaches that *knowledge* is an element of happiness. "If ye know these things." We have here the ideal of discipleship—the teachable spirit acquiring knowledge, and so using knowledge as to attain to happiness. Christ says, "If ye know these things." He does not say, "If ye believe these things." But faith is included. Knowledge precedes and accompanies believing. They had already believed in Christ, and He desired their advance in spiritual knowledge; He desired their growth in knowledge that should tend to happiness; He desired their clear perception of the things, the saving truths, here symbolised by the lowly service rendered. Lovingly does He engage in this lowly service, intimating that a more lowly service would soon follow, in which would be the efficient cleansing of all His disciples. All this clearly perceived, accompanied with simple trust, would foster the loving and lowly spirit, presenting pleasing evidence of discipleship. This knowledge is of the Spirit, and is unto salvation. "He, the Spirit of truth, shall guide you into all truth."

The text teaches that *obedience*, the result of knowledge, is an element of happiness. The disciples, enlightened by this teaching of Christ, would show the wisdom of the teaching in obeying His commands, and in rendering service to His cause as constrained by His love. Disciples must first learn of Christ, the teachable spirit must be cultivated, and then will follow the willing obedience. No acceptable obedience without knowledge, and none without love. Christ as the Redeemer frees from the spirit of bondage in order to cheerful obedi-

ence. "Bringing into captivity every thought into the obedience of Christ." The truth of redemption is the law of freedom, and insures happiness.

Happiness is enjoyed by the mind renewed and restored to God. This is through the knowledge of "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Man was created with a capacity for happiness, and while innocent was happy. Sin deprived him of it, and depraved his taste for it.

God's purpose and proposal of love is to make men happy. This He does by sending His Son Jesus Christ to redeem, restore and reconcile them to God. He frees them from the charge of law, cancels their guilt, cleanses and changes their hearts, restores them to His love, consciously so, and so makes them happy.

The teaching of the text is that the knowledge of Christ leads to obedience, and obedience to happiness. Christ so declares the love of God by His teaching, so proves it by His death, that the Gospel bringing to us the news of it, and enforced by the Spirit, draws our hearts to God, in whom we find the true and sure happiness. The scattered affections are gathered, the estranged affections are purified and restored, and the soul reconciled to God. Thus love to God leads to joy in God. "We joy in God through Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom we have now received the reconciliation." The knowledge of God that we receive by Jesus Christ leads us to love Him; loving Him we are happy in

His service on earth, and hope to be for ever happy in heaven.

Blunham.

THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY.

A good Scotch brother, who well knew the wiles and the depths of Satan, was showing, in his sermon, how the adversary sometimes tries to break the hold of the will upon Christ by a long, persistent pressure of temptation upon it. It was as if he had set a siege about the soul to starve it into surrender. He told the following story in illustration: An old Scotch baron was attacked by his enemy, who encamped before his gates and would allow no provisions to enter them. He continued the siege long enough to have exhausted the supplies within. But there were no signs of capitulation. Weeks and months passed away, and no surrender. After a long time, the besieger was surprised one morning to see a long line of fish, fresh from the sea, hung over the wall, as much as to say, "We can feed you; and surely you cannot starve us out, so long as there are fish in the sea, for we have an underground connection with it, and the supply is exhaustless!" "So," said the preacher, "Satan may besiege our gates, but he can never compel us to surrender; for our food comes, not through the gates, but from above, and through channels invisible to the eye; and the living Bread of Life, which is inexhaustible, is within the gates. No matter how long the siege, we need not fear."—*Dr. Hall.*

AVOID EVIL.

1 Thess. v. 22.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—How many times I have addressed you in our excellent little Magazine on various subjects. I wonder whether some have, by the help of God, tried to carry out some advice given. Why have I written so many addresses? Have they been written only as a matter of course for you simply to read and go no further? This is not my intention. They are written for your spiritual good, that God may bless the remarks advanced, that He may stir you up to consider the purpose of your existence here in this probationary state. You have to live for a purpose. What have I taken this subject at the head of this address for? That I may, by the help of God, warn you of the many evils abroad in the world. What are some of them?

1. *Disobedience to parents.*—This is a very growing sin. Some children think they know more than their parents; they spurn the advice of their parents; they break off restraint: they think it very fine and brave. I think it very weak, very sinful and ungrateful.

2. *Profane language* is another growing evil among many young people. I am pained many times while I am passing along the streets by hearing bad language; and, what is all the more dreadful, from lads who have been taught in our Sunday-schools! They think that it is manly to do so. I think it very vulgar, and it blasts at once their character. The swearer, too, cannot enter Heaven.

3. *Neglecting to attend the Bible-class.*—I am sorry there are so many young lads that leave their Bible-class. They think that when

they reach the age of sixteen years that they are too old. This is a very grave mistake indeed. Let me urge on the minds of the young to attend to their Bible-class as long as they can. When you leave the Bible-class I trust that you will join in some Christian work: that is, in becoming a Sunday School teacher, or in some other branch of the Lord's vineyard. I hope, dear young friends, you will seriously consider this subject.

4. *Avoid all intoxicating drinks.*—I cannot too strongly advise you never to touch or taste any intoxicating drinks. This is indeed a terrible evil, which sadly afflicts thousands of homes. How many children in this land of ours suffer through having drunken fathers and mothers! They have scarcely anything to wear or eat, and are prevented in a great many instances from going to any school! Oh, let me advise you to do all in your power to spread total abstinence among the young people you may come in contact with.

5. *Avoid bad company.*—Let me, dear young friends, advise you to be very careful what company you keep. Do not join in company with the scoffer and rejecter of God's Holy Word. Those who scorn and laugh at their parents, that never go to a Sunday-school, that make a game of religion,—beware of all such company: they will lead you down the path of ruin. Let me say to you, look to Jesus for help. May He be your Saviour and Guide through life!

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

DAILY FOOD.

ALL THE FIRST-FRUITS YE SHALL OFFER UNTO GOD.

LET all your first thoughts be of God,
Of Jesus and His love ;
Divert them from the cares of life,
To dwell on things above.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES DAILY.

And daily search the grand old Book,
Whose treasures, old and new,
Like manna to the hungry soul,
Will feed and nourish you.

CONTINUE INSTANT IN PRAYER.

Let the greatest privilege of life
Be constant, earnest prayer,
Which calms the mind, binds up its wounds,
And frees the soul from care.

THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY SOUL.

Be out and out for Christ,
E'er spread His name abroad ;
For greater joys have none than those
Who live to serve the Lord.

H. H. S.

HE who overcomes evil with good, conquers three at once : the devil, his immediate adversary, and himself ; and this is no trifling conquest.

IN an account of the voyage of some of the early missionaries who left Hermansburg for South Africa is the following incident :—" After a long calm a brother prayed thus to the Lord for a favourable wind : ' Lord, Thou givest them that fear Thee the desires of their heart, and dost help them ; help us now, that we may no longer be becalmed upon the sea ; help us on our journey, Thou who ridest on the wings of the wind.' He was so joyful over this word of the Lord that he rose up and said in his heart, ' Now I have already that for which I prayed.' After the prayer one of the crew stepped over to the helmsman and said, half-mocking, half in earnest, ' So we shall have wind : didn't you hear the prayer ? It doesn't look very like it !' So he said ; and half-an-hour after there came so strong a blast that the waves broke over the ship."—*Praying and Working.*

Reviews.

Salvation : The Way made Plain. By the Rev. JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D. Author of "Life Through the Living One," &c. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS book contains some valuable instruction for anxious souls, written in an earnest, plain, evangelical strain. In it the wayfaring man may run and read. The chapters, numbering eight, embrace the following subjects:—Man's need of salvation; Sincerity cannot save you; Your own righteousness cannot save you; No hope for the sinner in the law; Nothing between the sinner and the Saviour; Belief and confession; The believer's safety; The prayer of faith, or the believer calling upon the Lord's assurance of faith. The work is well got up, and printed in large bold type.

Selections from Letters on Spiritual Subjects. By Mrs. ANNE DUTTON. John Cadsby, 18, Bouverie Street, London. Price 3s.

THIS book will indeed be a treasure to the richly taught and experimental Christian. One whose writings have been blessed to many writes thus respecting it:—"Here is a feast for souls that desire to feed on Christ; to have His glories opened out before them, and the riches of Divine grace in all their fulness set forth. Here, too, is food for the lambs of the flock, comfort for the sorrowing, and encouragement for the weak and trembling ones. There is in these letters a union of doctrinal, experimental and practical teaching rarely found in combination."

OUR magazines: the *Baptist Magazine*, which is a good average number,

has a very able article on "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," "Baptisms," "The Lord's Supper," and "The Ministry." The *Sword and Trowel*, among a number of good papers, has one by C. H. Spurgeon, subject, "Common but Saddening," and also a worthy article, "The Great Creator," by Thomas Spurgeon. The *General Baptist* gives us a stirring abstract of addresses by Rev. W. H. Tetley, subject, "The Denominational Usefulness and National Value of Home Missions."

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY—Furnishes us with the usual amount of good reading in *Friendly Greetings*, and a very beautiful chromo of St. Asaph Cathedral. The *Sunday at Home*, and the *Leisure Hour* have maintained a successful position for many years, and the August numbers, both for illustrations and literary talent, show no lack of skill and vigour in presenting healthy fare for their readers. *The Boys' Own* continues its rousing story of "Harold, the Boy Earl;" and *The Girls' Own* commences a new story by M. A. Hullah, called, "Celia and Her Lagacy," and continues the two serial stories, "Her Own Choice," and "A King's Daughter."

WE wish to say all kind words about *The Pulpit Analyst*, *The Ragged Church and Chapel Union Report*, *The Origin of the Hebrew Religion: an Inquiry and an Argument*, one of the series of Present Day Tracts by the Religious Tract Society; *The British Flag*, *Open Doors*, *The Voice of Warning*, *Evangelical Christendom*, &c. We wish them every success.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. W. R. BOWMAN, B.A., who has lately completed his course of studies at Cheshunt College, has accepted the pastorate of Fore Street Chapel, Totnes, South Devon.

Rev. J. Lee, of Idle, near Bradford, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Briercliffe, near Burnley.

Rev. Harry H. Pullen, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Rev. T. Hancocks, after seven years' successful work in Tunbridge, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Clover Street, Chatham.

Rev. W. J. Avery has resigned the pastorate which he has held in association with Rev. Dr. Clifford, at Praed Street and Westbourne Park, for the past seven years.

On Sunday evening, August 3rd, the Rev. W. T. Henderson preached a farewell sermon at Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington Road, to a crowded congregation. Mr. Henderson removed from Banbury in 1864 to become successor to the late Rev. J. H. Hinton in the old chapel just out of Bishopsgate, and has thus laboured in London during twenty years. The new pastor at Devonshire Square is Rev. E. H. Ellis, whose congregation at Shackwell Lane Chapel has joined that of the older church.

Llanwenarth, Monmouthshire. — Mr. T. H. Williams, senior student of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church here.

Mr. T. B. Curry, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Yarmouth Tabernacle.

Pentre Ystrad. — Rev. E. Aubrey, Ogmores Vale, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Zion Church, Pentre.

Rev. John Whitaker, of Bourton-on-the-Water, has accepted the pastorate of Rosse Street Church, Shipley.

Rev. Robert Martin Julian, of the Baptist College, Nottingham, has accepted an invitation to become co-pastor with the Rev. E. Stevenron, over the church meeting at Baxter Gate, Loughborough.

Rev. G. Wainwright has resigned the pastorate of the Long Memorial Church, Wellington Road, Stockton.

Rev. W. J. Hunter, late of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Bridlington.

Rev. H. Channer has resigned the pastorate of the church, at Sutton-on-Trent, and has removed to Stevenage, Herts, where he will labour as an evangelist in the surrounding district.

Ufeulme and Prescott, Devon. — We understand that Rev. G. H. Cox has resigned his charge of the above churches, owing to ill-health.

PRESENTATIONS.

BRENTFORD. — On Thursday, August 8th, a tea and public meeting was held in Park Chapel, Boston Road, in connection with the retirement of Rev. W. A. Blake from the pastorate of the church, after nineteen years' service. About 100 members and friends sat down to tea, and at the meeting in the chapel H. Tarrant, Esq., presided. The meeting was opened with singing, and prayer by Rev. A. Smith, and Mr. Brown then read a handsomely illuminated address, and at the same time presented Mr. Blake with a purse containing £65 Os. Mr. Brown said that over £70 had been collected. The address was signed on behalf of the subscribers by John S. Hockey (pastor), W. G. Brown, James Barnes (deacons), J. T. Coulton

(Sunday-school), J. T. Walton (congregation). Master Cousins (the senior boy in the Sunday-school) then presented Mr. Blake with a gold pen and pencil case, the gift of the children of the Sunday-schools, and Rev. J. S. Hockey (Mr. Blake's successor) presented Mrs. Blake with a silver and crystal biscuit box, also the gift of the congregation. Rev. W. A. Blake, in responding, gave a brief sketch of his ministerial life, during which he had preached he said no less than 6,050 sermons, 2,600 of which he had preached during his ministry in Brentford. He had also been editor of the "Baptist Messenger" 25 years, and the "British Flag" upwards of 30 years. Addresses were also given by Rev. J. O. Fellowes (Mr. Blake's successor in London), Revs. E. B. Pearson (of Hounslow), E. H. Brown (of Twickenham), W. Edwards (of the Congregational Chapel, Boston Road), J. Ingram (of the Wesleyan Chapel, High Street), C. B. Chapman (of Barnes), and J. S. Hockey, and Messrs. Brown and Barnes (deacons). Letters were read from Rev. F. B. Briggs (vicar of St. Lawrence, New Brentford), and Rev. P. B. Drabble (vicar of St. Paul's, Old Brentford), and Charles Braden, Esq., giving expression of kindly feeling towards Mr. Blake.

Mr. Jonah Roberts, on resigning office as teacher at Penknapp Sunday-school, near Westbury, after forty years' service, has been presented, by the friends of the school, with a handsomely-bound copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Mr. C. A. English, British school-master, on the occasion of his marriage, was presented by the teachers and friends at Kingstanley, with a marble timepiece, in token of respect for his services as a Sunday-school teacher. The presentation was made by the pastor, Rev. E. Dakin.

After thirty-nine years of active service in the ministry of the Baptist denomination, twenty-six years of which have been spent

amid much physical infirmity at Denmark Place Chapel, Camberwell, the Rev. Dr. Charles Stanford, D.D., who is now blind, is to be provided with a co-pastor. In recognition of his past labours amongst them, and for the good of the churches generally, his congregation and friends have presented him with a testimonial of esteem and regard. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Rawlings, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. P. Chown (President of the Baptist Union), and Rev. Dr. Angus. The Chairman read an address to Dr. Stanford from the contributors, and at its conclusion presented him with a cheque for £1,200. Dr. Stanford in a reply which was delivered with much emotion, returned thanks for the kindness shown to him. He remarked that by means of the gift he should be relieved of much anxiety in regard to his pledge to give two-thirds of his income from the church to his co-pastor, and he would see that the money was suitably invested to that end.

Rev. G. West closed his ministry at the Tabernacle, South Shields, on Sunday, July 20th. At a farewell meeting on the 21st, Mr. West was presented with a silver kettle, tea and coffee service, and a framed photograph of himself and the deacons of the church. Addresses, expressive of esteem and appreciation, were delivered by Revs. R. Herries, S. McClelland, J. B. Norton, and others.

Rev. J. H. Tuckwell has received a public welcome as pastor of Carey Church, Reading. Rev. W. Anderton and others took part in the proceedings. During the evening a testimonial, consisting of a purse of sovereigns, was presented by the church to the Rev. J. Butcher, as an acknowledgment of his services as president and secretary during the time the church was without a pastor.

Rev. Herbert Atkinson, of Redcar, was presented, on the 23rd of July, on the occasion of his marriage, with a drawing-room clock, as a mark of

esteem from members of the church and congregation. The presentation was accompanied by a number of books, the gift of a friend in London, who desired thus to express his sense of the benefit which he had received from Mr. Atkinson's ministrations.

Rev. A. Johnson, who is leaving Warminster, has been presented by the members of his female Bible-class with a silver pencil-case, as a token of the esteem and respect in which he is held by them.

Rev. H. Cooper, who recently resigned the pastorate of the church at Wilton, has been presented with a purse of gold, as a token of respect and esteem from members of the church and congregation, on his leaving for Southampton.

Rev. R. Wood, of Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, was presented, on the 23rd of July, by the members of his Bible-class, with a Russian leather dressing-case, accompanied by a letter expressive of appreciation of the benefit which they had received from his instruction. The meeting was presided over by Rev. E. Preston, the newly-ordained minister of the chapel at St. Peter's.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. FRANCIS R. BATEMAN, of the Pastor's College, has been recognised as pastor of Clarence Road Church, Southend-on-Sea. Rev. F. M. Smith presided. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. D. Gracey, and A. Ferguson addressed the church. Revs. — Gregg, T. Howard, J. Williams, and J. O. Campbell took part in the service.

Rev. B. Preston, of the Pastor's College, was recognised on the 22nd of July as pastor of St. Peter's Church, Margate. Rev. J. Drew, of Margate, presided. Rev. D. Gracey delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. N. Dobson, of Deal, addressed the church. Revs. F. S. W. Wood, C. Dennis, J. W. Carter, H. H. Driver, and E. W. Berry also took part in the proceedings.

Rev. Francis Tuck, who for some time past has been preaching regu-

larly at Windmill-street Chapel, Gravesend, was on Thursday, July 17th, recognised as pastor of the church. Mr. C. H. Allinson, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, presided. The charge to the pastor was given by Professor Gracey; Rev. A. Sturge addressed the church and congregation. Revs. T. F. Touzeau, W. W. Blockridge, E. Bolton, W. T. Davey, and W. Ebbs took part in the proceedings.

Rev. A. Morgan, of Regent's Park College, was welcomed to the pastorate of Rugby church on the 21st of July. Mr. Morgan, intimating the lines on which he intended to work, said that he proposed shortly to devote one Sunday evening every month for a young people's service, when he should speak on topics in which all were interested, and yet which were not generally dwelt upon in the pulpit.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE memorial stones of the Welsh Chapel in course of erection at Menai Bridge have been laid. For the site a lease has been granted on easy terms by the Marquis of Anglesey. The chapel will accommodate 300 persons. At the stone-laying ceremony £150 was raised. The churches in Anglesey have actively entered into the movement for the establishment of a cause at this rising watering place, and already about £600 has been subscribed towards the cost of the new chapel, which it is anticipated will be opened free of debt. In the evening sermons were preached by Revs. R. Thomas, Holyhead, and D. Thomas, Llangefni.

Memorial stones of a new church and schoolroom at Toddington were laid on Thursday, July 31st. The cost is estimated at £500. The first stone was laid by Mr. F. M. Willis, of Kensworth. Upon this was placed the sum of £5 from the church at Dunstable. The other stones were laid by Mr. F. T. Harden, Mr. E. Simpson, and Mr. Thomas Cox, of Luton. A number of bricks were also laid by children

and friends. In the afternoon a public tea was provided in the Wesleyan day-schoolroom, at which about 130 sat down. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, which was kindly lent for the occasion. Mr. Willis presided. Revs. G. Durrell, S. H. Akehurst, A. Walker, G. Siral (Wesleyan), and J. S. Southwood; Messrs. T. Cox (secretary), R. D. Wood, son of a former pastor of the church, and J. T. Harden delivered addresses. The sum raised during the day made up to £400 the total amount subscribed.

A site has been purchased for a new church at Northampton for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. H. Bradford. The building is to be called the Union Church. Donations to the building fund have been received from all denominations in the town. It will be remembered that Mr. Bradford resigned the charge of Prince's Street Church, in the same town, in consequence of an adverse vote of the church having reference to his utterances on the Bradlaugh question.

A new chapel has just been built, and will be opened for Divine worship during September, at Gosport, Hants. The pastor is the Rev. W. M. Compton, and the chapel, will seat 600 persons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMORIAL-STONES of new Sunday-school rooms for Carpenter's Road Chapel, Stratford, E., were laid on the 23rd of July, by Mr. W. W. Pocock, Master of the Carpenters' Company, and Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, President of the Tonic Sol-fa College. Mr. C. Boardman, treasurer of the building fund, and other friends, were present. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, Rev. Geo. Towner, who announced a total of about £90 as the result of the day's promises and gifts, including £50 from the Carpenters' Company, £10

from Mr. Curwen, and £5 in addition to a previous donation from Mr. Boardman.

The fourteenth anniversary of the Iron Chapel in Lausanne Road, Peckham, was celebrated on the 22nd of July. After tea, a thanksgiving meeting was held on the freehold site in Edith Road, which has just been purchased, and put in trust, and on which it is intended to erect a permanent Chapel to seat 800 persons, with schools for 600 children, as soon as the funds are obtained. In the evening a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by Revs. C. Marsack Day, Gilbert McAll, W. J. Mills, G. M. Murphy, and Thos. Perry. The pastor, Rev. Thomas J. Cole, stated that there are now 110 members in fellowship, thirty-two having been added this year; that the Sabbath-school is full to overflowing; the congregations are good, and the general funds have been well sustained; also that, during the last fifteen months, the people had raised, mainly among themselves, £360, for the purchase of the freehold site, and had now commenced the fund for building the new chapel, which was greatly needed. The site is situated in the midst of a neighbourhood having no other place of worship (except St. Mary's Church) within half a mile of it, and taking a radius of a quarter of a mile from the site, there are nearly 2,000 houses, with an estimated population of 16,000 persons, and about 1,000 more houses now in the course of erection, without any other provision for the spiritual wants of the people.

The provisional arrangements for the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union at Bradford, which will be held from October 6th to October 9th inclusive, have just been issued. On the evening of Monday, October 6th, the proceedings will be inaugurated with a reception by the Mayor in the Town Hall. Tuesday will be devoted to the work of the Baptist Missionary Society. The first day's session of

the Union, on Wednesday, will be initiated by a public service in Westgate Chapel, conducted by Rev. John Clifford, D.D., which will be followed by a devotional service led by Rev. Henry Dowson. After the President's address a paper on "The Economy of Spiritual Power in our Churches" will be read by Rev. W. S. Davis, of Ryde. In the evening the Vice-President, Rev. S. G. Green, D.D., will read a paper on Sunday-schools, and Rev. J. R. Wood, of Upper Holloway, will deal with "Juvenile Discipleship." On Thursday papers will be read by Rev. Dr. Angus on "Denominational Progress during the past Twenty Years," and by Rev. C. Williams, of Acerrington, on "Progress of the Church of Christ during the past Twenty Years." The reports of the various funds of the Union will be presented in the afternoon. A meeting for the exposition of Free Church principles will take place in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred Illingworth.

Memorial-stones of new school and class rooms were laid, on the 30th of July, in connection with the Back Street Church, Trowbridge. Increased accommodation having been needed for some years, the authorities decided to have the girls' school reconstructed, and new class rooms added, at a cost of £1,000. By a bazaar recently held, the last £500 of this sum was raised. The stones were laid by Mr. G. H. Leonard, J.P., of Bristol, and Mr. J. P. Stancomb, J.P., of Trowbridge. In the evening there was a public meeting, which was addressed by the pastor (Rev. J. Bullin), and Revs. A. M. Stalker, J. Hanson, T. Mann, A. English, and J. Walter. The total proceeds of the day, including £50 from Mr. Stancomb, amounted to £72 8s. 4d.

The church and congregation at Leominster (Rev. Walter H. Purchase, pastor) decided, some few months since, to have the chapel in Etnam Street, which was erected in the year 1771, thoroughly renovated and modernised. A public building

was engaged for temporary use. A few weeks after, the trustees of the building, which was being used by the Free Church of England body, sold it privately to a local gentleman. Steps were immediately taken to secure this, which were successful. It has been accordingly transformed into a temporary Baptist Chapel. The pastor stated that he should render the Sunday evening services distinctly evangelistic, and the result is that the congregations at these services have increased at least three-fold.

During the month of August, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, has been holding a month's evangelistic tent services, under the auspices of the Baptist Union, at Coleraine and Donaghmore, Ireland.

We regret to intimate that religious bigotry still flourishes in Hungary. In many towns the Baptists are suffering cruel persecutions from mob violence or from legal processes. In Promantor and Domschott, whenever a baptism is discovered to be taking place, it is violently prevented, and heavy fines are imposed. Infants are taken by force, and sprinkled by the Lutheran pastors. Need we ask our readers to pray earnestly for these confessors of the faith? For as, unhappily, a large portion of the Lutheran clergy are avowed Rationalists, they are as much antagonistic to the pure Gospel of Jesus as is the Papacy.

RECENT DEATH.

MRS. SARAH WILES died at the Asylum at Arlesey, March 8th, aged 73. In her youthful days she professed discipleship to Christ at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford. She was a thoughtful and interested hearer of the Gospel, a cheerful and devoted Christian. In the summer of 1880, she was suddenly and painfully bereaved, her husband being killed when crossing a railway. For several years she suffered from failing sight,

which was a great privation; and more recently her faculties so failed, accompanied with great restlessness, especially at night, that in January last she was sent to the Asylum, where she was well cared for and kindly attended to. On Sunday evening, March 16th, the Rev. W. Abbott took notice of her death in a sermon founded on the words "To die is gain." (Phil. i. 21). She had been connected with the Old Meeting at Blunham for the past twenty years.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercarn*, Mon.—July 13, English Chapel Two, by E. E. Probert.
Abergenny.—July 16, Frogmore-street, Eight, by C. Cook.
Ashlon-under-Lyne.—July 27, Welbeck-street, Three, by P. Williams.
Aughton, Lancashire.—July 17, Long-lane, Three, by H. Stowell Brown.
Bargoed.—August 10, Five, by J. Parrish.
Barrow-in-Furness.—July 30, One, by J. Hughes.
Bassaleg.—July 20, at Bethel, One, by W. Maurice.
Belfast.—July 8, Regent-street, Two, by E. T. Mateer.
Bethlehem, Haverfordwest.—August 10, Two, by D. O. Edwards.
Bildston, Suffolk.—August 1, Three, by J. Easter.
Birmingham.—August 10, Wynn-street, Eighteen, by C. S. P. Wood.
Blaina, Mon.—July 17, at Salem, Four, by C. Rees.
Boole, Liverpool.—July 27, at Derby-road, Four, by W. C. Davies.
Caerleon, Mon.—July 27, One; and August 3, One, by D. Bevan Jones.
Cardiff.—July 27, Longcross, Five, by P. Jones.
Carmarthen.—July 9, Tabernacle, Four, by J. Thomas; 24, Penuel, One, by G. H. Roberts.
Chester.—July 27, Mission Hall, Three, by W. S. Jones.
Corton.—July 13, Ten, by S. King.
Crickhowell.—July 6, Two, by J. Jenkins.
Cross Keys, Newport, Mon.—July 6, at Hope, Two, by C. H. Watkins.
Cwmifor.—July 10, Three, by M. Jones.
Dalton-in-Furness.—August 3, Two, by J. G. Anderson.
Derby.—July 30, Osmaston-road, Seven, by W. H. Tetley.
Dronfield.—August 3, Two, by S. Hewitt.
Eastbourne.—July 9, Three, by W. Osborne.
Gasbury, Breconshire.—August 10, Three, by D. Howell.
Glodwick, Oldham.—July 27, Five, by W. Hughes.
Gnewd, Corwen.—July 13, Four, by H. C. Williams.
Great Grimsby.—July 27, Tabernacle, Six, by E. Lauderdale.
Highbridge.—August 3, Hope Chapel, Two, by G. H. Lemon.
Kingston-on-Thames.—June 29, Two; July 27, Eight, by G. Wright.
Leeds: Hunslet.—July 27, Tabernacle, Four, by the pastor.
Leicester, Friar-lane.—July 2, Twelve, by G. Eales.
Llanerchymedd, Anglesea.—July 20, Three, by D. Hughes.
Loughuood, Devon.—July 13, Two, by R. Bastable.
London: Clapham.—July 13, Grafton-square, Eight, by R. Webb.
 Ealing, W.—June 13, Haven-green, Four, by C. Clark.
 Berkley-road.—July 10, Six, by Geo. Seudamore.
 Belle Isle.—July 15, Nine, by J. Barton.
 Leytonstone.—July 27, Five, by J. Bradford.
 Little Alie-street.—July 27, Seven, by R. E. Sears.
 Putney.—July 23, Seven, (at East Hill Chapel, Woodsworth, kindly lent), by W. Thomas.
 Penge Tabernacle.—July 30, Ten, by J. Boud.
 Streatham, S.W.—July 23, Lewin-road, One; August 6, One, by A. M'Caig.
 Wood Green, N.—August 3, Four, by W. Haines.
 West Ham Park.—July 24, at the Tabernacle, Five, by J. Wilkinson, at the Woodgrange Chapel, Forest-gate, E. (kindly tent for the service).
 Woolwich.—July 14, Parson's Hill, Ten, by J. Wilson.
Merthyr.—July 20, Bethel, Six, by E. Lewis.
Middlesbrough.—July 27, Newport-road, Seven; 30, Four, by W. Whale.
Newbridge, Mon.—August 10, Four, by J. M. Jones.
North Curry, Somerset.—August 3, Four, by W. Fry.
Ogmore Vale.—July 13, Calvary Chapel, Two, by E. Aubrey.
Okehampton.—July 13, Two, by J. P. Clark.
Peterchurch, Hereford.—July 20, Five, by J. Beard.
Ponkey.—July 27, One, by E. Mitchell.
Portsmouth.—July 30, at Lake-road Chapel, Thirteen, by T. W. Medhurst, eight of whom were for the church at Cosham.
Presteign, Radnorshire.—July 27, One, by S. Watkins.
Ryeford.—July 27, Two, by E. Watkins.
Saundersfoot.—August 10, Two, by W. Harris.
Selkirk, N.B.—August 3, Two, by J. Brown.
Skipton, Yorkshire.—August 3, Five, by W. Judge.
Southsea.—July 27, at Elm Grove, Four, by J. P. Williams.
Stafford.—July 27, Three, by W. B. Haynes.
Stanningley.—August 10, One, by E. S. Neale.
Thurleigh, Beds.—August 10, Four, by G. Chandler.

CHRIST MANIFESTING HIMSELF TO HIS PEOPLE.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Judas saith unto Him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?”—John xiv. 22.

WHAT a blessed Master Jesus Christ was! How familiar did He allow His disciples to make themselves with Him! Though He was the Lord of life and glory, the great and mighty One, as well as the Man of Nazareth, yet see how He talks with His poor disciples, the fishermen, just as if He had been one of the same class and order with themselves? He was none of your dignitaries who pride themselves on that dignity—none of those ecclesiastics who love to carry much of formality about them, and to walk above other men, as if they were not indeed their fellows; but He talks to His disciples just as a father would to his children—even more kindly than a master might to his pupils. He lets them put the simplest questions to Him, and instead of rebuking them for their familiarity, He condescends to answer everything they please to ask Him. Philip uttered a sentence which one would think no sensible man, who had been so long time with Jesus, ever could have troubled Him with. He said, “Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” A stupid idea! As if Jesus Christ could show the Father; that is to say, could show God to Philip! And Jesus kindly answered—“Hast thou been so long time with Me, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.” And now comes Judas (not Iscariot); and he puts also a very simple and easy question—one he needed not to have asked; but Jesus Christ instead of rebuking him, simply passes on to another subject, and forbears most wisely to answer the inquiry, because He would teach him more by silence than He could do by an explanation.

We must also notice here how very particular the Holy Ghost is that a good man should not be confounded with a bad one. He says, “Judas, not Iscariot.” There were two of the name Judas; the one who betrayed our Lord, and the other who wrote the Epistle of Jude, who should properly have been called Judas. Some of us, in reading the name Judas, might have said, “Ah! it was that traitor Judas Iscariot that asked the question.” But the Holy Spirit would not allow this mistake to be made. This again should teach us, that it is not an idle wish for us to desire that our name should be handed down to posterity. We ought all to wish to have an unblemished character; we ought to desire to have that promise fulfilled, “The memory of the just is blessed.” I would not wish my name to be mistaken for that of some criminal who was hanged. I would not wish to have my name written even by mistake in the calendar of infamy. However much I may now be misrepresented, it will one day be known that I have

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honestly striven for the glory of my Master ; and God will say, " Judas, not Iscariot." The man was no deceiver after all.

But we will now forsake Judas altogether, and proceed to look at our text. It contains two things : first, *an important fact* ; secondly, *an interesting inquiry*. " Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world ? " Here is a fact and an inquiry concerning it.

I. First, then, here is a GREAT FACT : that Jesus Christ does reveal Himself to His people, but He does not unto the world. The fact is implied in the question ; and even if Scripture did not declare it to be the truth, there are many of us who have a Scripture written in our hearts—the Bible of experience—which teaches us that it is true. Ask Christian men whether they have not had manifestations of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in a peculiar and wonderful manner, such as they never felt when they were in their unregenerate state. Turn to the biographies of eminent saints, and you will find there instances recorded in which Jesus has been pleased, in a very special manner, to speak to their souls, to unfold the wonders of His person, and let them discern the matchless glories of His office ; yea, so have their souls been steeped in happiness that they have thought themselves to be in heaven, whereas they were not there, though they were well nigh on the threshold of it—for when Jesus manifests Himself to His people, it is a young heaven on earth, it is a paradise in embryo, it is the beginning of the bliss of the glorified ; yea, and it shall be the consummation of that bliss when Jesus Christ shall perfectly unveil Himself to the admiring eyes of all His people and they shall be like Him, and shall see Him as He is.

We are about to talk somewhat this morning, then, concerning that special manifestation which Jesus Christ vouchsafes to His people, and to His people only. We will make four observations here. We will observe, first, something concerning the favoured persons—" unto us," " not unto the world." Secondly, concerning special seasons—" How is it that Thou wilt ? " He was not doing it just then ; but " Thou wilt." There are special seasons. Thirdly, some remarks concerning the wonderful display—" Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, as Thou dost not unto the world." Then, fourthly, we shall dwell a little upon *the effects* which this manifestation will produce upon our souls.

1. First, then, who are the favoured people to whom Jesus Christ manifests Himself ? " How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world ? " It appears from the text that the persons to whom Jesus Christ shows Himself in this wonderful manner do not belong to the world. Who, then, are these people ? I am sure it would be difficult for you or me to discover them ; I shall, therefore, this morning employ a fiction, and shall bid some spirit from an unknown world point out these distinguished individuals. O spirit ! I give thee an errand. There are a certain number of people *in* this world who are not *of* it : go thou, search them out, and come thou back and tell me what thou hast found. We give the spirit time ; he flies round the world, and he returns. " I have seen," says he, " a multitude of men ; they are all pursuing one common path, with one object ; I have seen them trampling on each other in the fury of their hot pursuit ; I have seen them hurrying after something which each one desired for himself ; but in the midst of the throng I saw a few marching in an opposite direction, who with much elbowing and strong

opposition were going exactly contrary to the stream. I saw written on the foreheads of those who were proceeding with the crowd, the word 'Self;' but I marked those who were proceeding in the other direction, and behold, they had inscribed upon their brows, 'Christ;' and as I listened to them frequently in their soliloquies, I heard them say, 'For us to live is Christ, for us to die is gain.' I marked these men, I saw them constantly pursuing their way in the teeth of all defiance, going against every opposition; I wondered where they were going; and I saw that before them was a wicket-gate, and on it the words, 'Mercy for the chief of sinners.' I saw them enter there; I marked them as they ran along the walls of salvation, and tracking them along to their destination, I saw them at last fold their arms in death, shut their eyes with tranquillity; while I heard angels sing their requiem, and a voice shouted, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Surely these must be the persons who are not of the world." Thou hast spoken rightly, O spirit; these are the individuals. What didst thou see of them, O spirit? Did they assemble and congregate together; or did they mix with the rest of humanity? "Why," saith he, "I noticed that once in the week they crowded to a certain place they called the House of God; I heard their song of praise; I saw them bend their knees in reverence, not only in that house, but in private; I witnessed their groanings, their strugglings, and their agonies; I knew that they were men of prayer, and men that loved God. I saw them gather in secret assemblies, to tell what the Lord had done for their souls; I marked that they would not be found with the wicked. I saw some houses that they would not enter. At the corner of the street there stood a house, well lighted up with many a lamp; and there were on its front some mystic cabalistic signs, the marks of woe and ill-doings. I saw the wicked there, reeling to and fro; I observed them in their drunkenness. But I marked how the Christian man put up his hand before his eyes, and passed by that place. I saw too another haunt of hell, where there were enacted scenes that eye should not have beheld—where shouts of revelry and mirth, but not songs of holiness, were heard. I looked round that theatre, and I discerned not a single one of these blessed persons; they would not run in the ways of the wicked, nor sit in the seat of the scorner, nor stand in the council of the unrighteous. I marked that like 'birds of a feather they would flock together'—that they found their mates, and there they went—that they built their nest in the same tree, and would make their habitation beneath the self-same roof. Yea," saith the spirit, "I heard one of them exclaim, 'He that telleth lies shall not abide in my sight.' I saw him drive the liar from his house, and bid the profligate depart from him. I marked them; they were a select and separate people; and I said, surely these are the men of whom it is written, 'They shall dwell alone, they shall not be numbered among the people.'" Well, spirit, rightly hast thou described them. I wonder how many there are here; the men to whom God will reveal Himself, and not to the world. They are men who are not worldly in principle, in action, in conversation, in desires, in object, or in end. These are the persons. Do not tell me anything about universal grace, or universal manifestations, while I have the power I will proclaim free grace to peculiar characters, so long as I find it written, "Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, but not to the world."

Our next remark is concerning *special seasons*. These highly favoured men do not always see Jesus Christ alike. They do not always live in the sunshine of His countenance. There are special times when God is pleased to reveal Himself to His people. And these seasons are generally of two kinds : times of duty, and times of trial. I never found a lazy or indifferent Christian have a manifestation of Jesus Christ ; I never heard one who gave himself wholly to business talk much of spiritual manifestations. No, poor soul ; he had got religion enough to save him, but not enough to make him realize the spiritual and special blessings of a Christian. Those who do but little for Christ, Christ does but little for them in the way of special favours. Those who sit down, fold their arms, eat, drink, and are satisfied, are not the men who enter into the secret chamber of the Most High, and enjoy the presence of the Almighty. The men who are the most zealous for their Master discern the most of His loving-kindness, and enjoy the richest blessings from the Lord. Ask a Christian when he is the happiest, he will say, when he works the most. I know I am. I have not tried rest yet, and no doubt I shall find it anything but rest when I have it. When I pass a day without preaching my Master's name I feel that I have not done what I ought to have done, and I do not rest satisfied till I am within the four boards of a pulpit again. When we work the hardest we feel grace the most plentiful ; when we dig the deepest we get the sweetest water. He who toils the most has his bread the most sweetened ; and depend upon it, drops of sweat are blessed things to make dry bread go down. We shall always have more happiness the more we labour for Christ. As for Issachar, who is a strong ass, crouching down between two burdens—the man who is doing little—the promise is, “A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.” The man who is idle must have chastisement ; but he who serves his God may rejoice, for God will treat him with dainties : He will give him his portion mixed with honey ; He will say, “I have taken thy bread and dipped it in my own dish ; take it, and eat it, for thou art one who works in My own vineyard.” It will be, in seasons of duty, or, as I have said, in seasons of trial : for you must not suppose when a Christian is laid aside from duty that he is doing nothing. Do not imagine that the time of your sickness has been lost to you. You were not only profiting yourselves, but actually serving God by your suffering, if you bore it patiently. Don't you know the text—“We fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His body's sake, which is the church.” Christ's mystical body you are aware is made up of the head and all the members. The head had a certain amount to suffer—that is all finished ; but the body has a measured portion to endure also ; and the more you suffer so much the less suffering there is for somebody else. There is a certain quantum of trial which the whole church has to sustain before it gets to heaven ; for as Jesus Christ was afflicted, even so the whole of His people must have fellowship with His sufferings. There is a cup that is full of mixture, and the righteous must drink it ; we must all have a sip thereof ; but if one of us can take a deep draught, and do it patiently, there is so much the less for our fellows. Let us not complain, then ; for it is in the time of trouble we see most of Jesus. Before Israel fought Amalek, God gave them water from the rock, and sent them manna from heaven ; and before Jacob met

Esau, the angel of God wrestled with him at the brook Jabbok, and hosts of angels met him at Mahanaim. Previous to trial you may generally expect a season of joy; and when that season of joy is over, you may say, "We must expect some danger now, for we have received too much delight." But when the trial comes, then expect to have delight with it; for our troubles are generally proportioned to our joys, and our joys are usually proportioned to our troubles. The more bitter the vessel of grief, the sweeter the cup of consolation; the heavier weight of trial here, the brighter the crown of glory hereafter. In fact, the same word in Hebrew signifies "weight" and "glory." A weight of trouble is a glory to a Christian, for it is an honour to him; and glory is a weight, for it often bows him down, and makes him lie low at his Master's feet. I appeal to my brothers and sisters, and ask them when it is they have seen most of Jesus—when they have been walking in the garden of delights, or when the bitter medicine has been in their mouth. Have you not had better visions of Jesus, when you have been racked with pain, than when you have been elevated by prosperity? When the barn has been full, the oil vat has been bursting, and the wine has been running over, it is often then that the sanctuary of God has been forsaken and the cabinet of God's loving-kindness is nearly disregarded. But when the fig-tree does not blossom, and when there are no herds in the stalls, then it is that God often comes nearest to His children, and most reveals Himself to them.

2. The next thought is, *the wondrous display itself.* Jesus Christ manifests *Himself.* There are many manifestations of God to His children; but this is the most precious of all. Some manifestations we never wish to have again. We do not want to have that discovery which we had of our sinfulness, when first we were awakened: we will leave it to God, but we will never pray for it. But here is a manifestation we should like to have every day. "I will manifest Myself to him." He does this in different ways. I have had for a long while a manifestation of His sufferings in Gethsemane; I have been for months musing on His agonies; I think I have even eaten the bitter herbs that grow there, and drank of that black brook Kedron. I have sometimes gone upstairs alone, to put myself in the very posture Jesus Christ was in; and I thought I could sympathize with Him in His sufferings. Methought I saw the sweat of blood falling down to the ground; I had so sweet a view of my Saviour in His agonies. I hope that one day I may be able to accompany Him still further, and see Him on Calvary, and hear His death-shriek, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" Some of you, I know, have seen Jesus with the eye of faith quite as plainly as if you had seen Him with your natural eyes. You could see your Saviour hanging on the cross. You thought you saw the very crown of thorns on His head, and the drops of blood streaming down His face; you heard His cry; you saw His bleeding side; you beheld the nails, and before long you could have gone and pulled them out, and wrapped Him up in linen and spices, and carried His body, and washed it with tears and anointed it with precious ointment. At other times you have had a manifestation of Christ in His gifts. You have seen that mighty sacrifice He offered, the pile smoking up to heaven, and all your sins burnt up with it; you have seen clearly the justifying righteousness He has put upon you; and as you have looked at yourselves you have said—

"Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all my powers agree."

There are times when you have felt much joy at the exaltation of Jesus Christ, as displayed in His gifts. Then, again, you will see Him in His triumph, with one foot upon Satan, and the other upon death. You will be able to behold Him, marching up the sky, with all the glittering hosts behind Him; and in due time you will have a manifestation of Him to your soul, as sitting on His Father's throne until His enemies are made His footstool. And faith will sometimes so outsoar the wings of time, that we can bring futurity to the present, and see that great and pompous appearance, when on the great white throne the King shall sit and grasp His sceptre, and when His saints before Him shall shout His praise. If I were to go much farther, I should be accused of fanaticism, and so it may be; but yet I will believe and must believe that there are seasons when the Christian lives next door to heaven. If I have not gone within an inch of the pearly gates I am not here; if I have not sometimes snuffed the incense from the censors of the glorified and heard the music of their harps, I think I am not a living man. There have been seasons of ecstatic joy, when I have climbed the highest mountains, and I have caught some sweet whisper from the throne. Have you had such manifestations? I will not condemn you if you have not: but I believe most Christians have them, and if they are much in duty and much in suffering they will have them. It is not given to all to have that portion, but to some it is, and such men know what religion means. I was reading a short time ago of a Mr. Tennant. He was about to preach one evening, and thought he would take a walk. As he was walking in a wood he felt so overpoweringly the presence of Christ, and such a manifestation of Him, that he knelt down, and they could not discover him at the hour when he was to have preached. He continued there for hours, insensible as to whether he was in the body or out of the body; and when they waked him he looked like a man who had been with Jesus, and whose face shone. He never should forget, he said, to his dying day, that season of communion, when positively, though he could not see Christ, Christ was there, holding fellowship with him, heart against heart, in the sweetest manner. A wondrous display it must have been. You must know something of it, if not much; otherwise you have not gone far on your spiritual course. God teach you more, and lead you deeper! "Then shall ye know, when ye follow on to know the Lord."

Then, *what will be the natural effects of this spiritual manifestation?* The first effect will be *humility*. If a man says, "I have had such and such spiritual communications, I am a great man," he has never had any communications at all; for "God has respect unto the humble, but the proud He knoweth afar off." He does not want to come near them to know them, and will never give them any visits of love. It will give a man *happiness*; for he must be happy who lives near to God. Again: it will give a man *holiness*. A man who has not holiness has never had this manifestation. Some men profess a great deal; but do not believe any man unless you see that his deeds answer to what he says. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." He will not bestow His favours upon the

wicked ; for while He will not cast away a perfect man, neither will He respect an evil-doer. Thus there will be three effects of nearness to Jesus, all beginning with the letter *h*—humility, happiness, and holiness. May God give them to us !

II. Now for the second point : AN INTERESTING INQUIRY. Judas said, "How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world ?" How was this inquiry suggested, and how was it answered ?

First it was suggested by *ignorance*. Poor Judas thought—"How can Jesus manifest Himself unto us, and not to the world ? Why, if He comes down again, the world will see Him as well as we do ? How can He do it ? Suppose He appears in a chariot of fire, or descends in a cloudy pillar : if we see Him the world must see Him too." So, poor thing, he very ignorantly said, "How can it be, Lord ?" Perhaps, too, the question was put by reason of his *great kindness*. "Ah ! Lord," said he, "how can it be that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, and not unto the world ?" He was slightly an Arminian ; he wanted it all to be given to everybody ; and he said, "How is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us, and not unto the world ?" "O Lord !" said he, "I wish it were for everybody. I wish it were : my benevolence bids me wish it." Ah ! my beloved, we never need be more benevolent than God is. Some say, "If all sinners were saved it would glorify God more." Certainly God knows better than we do how many sinners will glorify Him, and we had better leave the number to Him, and not get meddling with what we have no business with. It says in Scripture, "Fools will be meddling ;" and fools they are who go meddling with what is no concern of theirs. But however this was, Judas said, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world ?" Perhaps, again, it was *love to his Master* that made him put the question. "O Lord, I thought Thou wouldst come and be King over all the world ; and now it appears that Thou art only to be King over some." He wished Christ's dominion might be universal ; he wanted to see every heart the Saviour's throne, he desired every one to bow to Him, and a very just and laudable wish it was ; and so he asked Christ, "How can it be, Lord, that Thou wilt not conquer all ?" Jesus never answered the question. It was right to ask it ; but we shall never get the solution of it till we get up yonder ; perhaps not there. Yet again : perhaps the question was proposed by *admiration*. "Oh !" he said, "how is it that Thou wilt manifest to us, and not unto the world ?" Why, he might have said of himself, "What am I ? What is my brother Peter here ? Nothing but a fisherman. What is John ? Nothing but a fisherman. And as for Matthew, he was a publican, and cheated hundreds. And Zaccheus : how many widows' houses did he devour ? And yet 'Thou sayest Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world.' There stands Mary the sinner. What did she do that Thou shouldst manifest Thyself to her ? And there is Mary Magdalene : she had seven devils. 'Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world ?'" Is not this a question we have often had to ask of our own souls—

"Pause, my soul, adore and wonder ;
Ask, O why such love to me ?"

And the only answer we could give was,

" Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family."

Come to me and ask me, "Sir, why am I a Christian? Why does God love me?" I must reply, "Because He does love you." "But why does He love me?" The only answer I can give you again is, "Because He would love you." For it is written, "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy." Surely we might admiringly stand here and say, "Lord, why, Lord, why dost Thou manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" "Yes," but some would say, "because ye are better than the world; that is the reason." A fine lot better by nature, certainly. Better than the world by nature? Why, some of us were rather worse. There are some of you here who indulged once in every form of vice; who would blush to stand up here, and tell the sins you have committed. But God has manifested Himself to you as He does not unto the world. Surely we shall have a perpetual cause of wonder in the doings of sovereign grace.

But *what is the answer?* Why does Christ manifest Himself to some as He does not unto the world? The question was not answered; for it was unanswerable. Our Lord went on to say—"If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." He did not tell him why He would manifest Himself unto them, and not unto the world. I have often been asked this question myself: "You say God manifests Himself to some, and not to others—can you tell me why?" Well, Jesus Christ did not, and I cannot be expected to do it, any more than He did. But I will ask you whether you have any objection to it. Is it not enough that He should do so? He has declared that He has "power over the clay, to make of the same lump one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour;" and if anyone finds fault, He saith, "Who art thou, O man? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" What man shall ask of his father, "Why has thou begotten me?" "Am I not God, and can I not do what I will with My own?" "But," says the objector, "is it not unjust for God to manifest Himself to one and not to the other?" God replies, "Dost thou charge Me with injustice? In what respect? Do I owe thee anything? Bring the bill and I will pay it. Do I owe you grace? Then grace would not be grace; it would be a debt. If I owe you grace, you shall have it." "But why should my brother have it? He is equally as bad as I." "Surely," replies the King, "I may give as I please." Thou hast two beggars at thy door; hast thou not a right to turn one away, and give the other something? And can I not do as I will with my own? "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and to whom I will I give it." "Well," says the objector, "suppose I ask and plead for it, shall I not have it?" "Yes, thou shalt," says God, for so the promise runs—"Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

The spiritual life of the believer, that life which is hid in Christ in God, can only be maintained by the continual presence of the Divine Spirit in the heart, and that Spirit will be given in proportion to the diligent, earnest, continual prayerfulness with which it is sought.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER X.—GALLOWSTREE FOLD INVADED.

THE chief sphere of John Grant's labours in our town was a low quarter called Gallowstree Fold. It was situated about half a mile from our chapel, and embraced a series of small narrow streets, alleys, and courts, such as one often sees in densely-populated manufacturing districts. The nearest chapel to this Fold was the Primitive Methodists'; but even that was a quarter of a mile away. It is perhaps needless to say that very few from this locality were ever known to darken the doors of our respectable place of worship; but sometimes the Primitives did get a few, and that mainly through their well-known Mission work. Still the place, which had grown largely after the introduction of the railways, was in a great measure neglected, and therefore became noted as Satan's stronghold. Here, as usual, there were several low public-houses and beer-shops, each one close to the other. Two pawn-shops did a thriving business, particularly at the beginning of each week, after the money had been spent on Saturday night and on the Lord's day in drink. Several bad houses corrupted the youth of the town, some of whom were, sad to say, not always from the lower classes. In the dead of the night, and not unfrequently in the day time, the air rang with the shouts of drunken brawlers, fighting men, women and children; and murderous scenes were sometimes enacted that were a disgrace to civilization. As some

notorious thieves congregated in these courts and alleys few respectable persons cared at night to pass through them with their watches and money, lest, after personal violence, they should have to return home minus of both. It was this Fold chiefly that burdened the rate-payers of Sunborough with poor-rates, that sent every week its ragged contingents to the Magistrates' Court, to be mulct for drunkenness and disorder in the stereotyped "five shillings and costs;" and that, after all the efforts of municipal reformers, seemed as it grew larger to grow more wicked, and to bid defiance to all their schemes to make it better. What then could be done with it? What—not to speak of others—could we do with it as a church? Could our minister do anything? Mr. Ackton feared that he could not, for his gifts were not adapted for such a sphere! All that he could do was to pray for it, and to hope that in the Lord's own time suitable labourers would be raised up for the neighbourhood. Could our church do anything? For scores of years we deemed ourselves too respectable and refined to think of touching it with our lilywhite fingers. Could the Sunday School do anything? The teachers thought not, for it would never do, supposing that we could get them—which was extremely problematical—to allow children from such a low quarter, and in such dirty and ragged clothes, to sit on the same forms with our clean and well-clothed scholars. So, as if a wise Providence had evidently ordained it, we felt that

betwixt Claretville Square and Gallowstree Fold there was "a great gulf fixed," which, like a greater gulf in another quarter, it would be impossible for us to pass. But not so thought John Grant. He had in his drinking days mixed up too freely with such people to regard them as irrevocably lost. He knew that from amongst them there might, with proper labour, be brought out a people to serve the Lord. Wretched as they were, depraved as they proved themselves to be, curses as many of them were to all around them, still were they not a part and parcel of humanity? and did not the Lord Himself include them in the great Gospel commission when He bade His disciples "preach the Gospel to every creature"? They could, then, be reached; and they ought to be—at least so said John Grant; and he forthwith, having come to such a strange conclusion, determined to try the experiment. But how should he begin? That was the question. He thought much, and he thought long; and at length, in answer to patient waiting and prayer, light dawned upon him.

By the time, however, that it had dawned on his mind, we were favoured with the settlement of our first teetotal minister, the Rev. Frederick Bruce. He was a middle-aged man, a pastor with experience, and gifted with much wisdom and prudence. When he came, he found that through our late minister's sad fall he had much quiet and patient work to do to get things in proper order; but he also found, both in the church and congregation, several willing helpers, and among the foremost John Grant. Betwixt the two, therefore, a firm friendship was soon cemented, and on that ground it was not at all surprising to find that as soon as his plan was

matured, Mr. Grant laid it before our new pastor. It was very simple, but as the after-results proved, very effective.

"So," said our pastor, "you think now, Mr. Grant, you can manage this tough job?"

"Yes, sir; with your help."

"With my help! What do you mean?"

"I mean just this, sir. You know we have a Band of Hope, and in connection with it a capital choir. Now I want during this summer season, on one fine night in the week, and also on fine Sunday afternoons, to take this choir with me, and also my small harmonium, and get the young folks to sing hymns and temperance melodies. We can have solos, and choruses, and good music. Now that is sure to attract, and will prepare the way for religious and temperance addresses, which you and I and others might give, and for the deliverance of which I feel assured, if we mind what we are about, we shall obtain a fair hearing."

"Well, it is not a bad idea, and if you think you can persuade the choir at any time to accompany you, and I myself am free, I will gladly go with you too."

So the matter was settled, and what was better still, carried out. One Sunday afternoon, therefore, the lively inhabitants of Gallowstree Fold were startled with the voice of song in the most open space of their neighbourhood. Coming to their doors, and marching also from several streets, they soon saw what was up. There, standing on a chair, was John Grant. By his side stood our minister, and in front of him Mr. Henry Stafford, a few of our friends, and about a dozen of our Band of Hope singers. The latter stood around a small harmonium, and as they sang to its leading, it

seemed as if the music of heaven was silencing the din of hell. A loud invitation to the people to draw near when the first hymn was finished soon gathered around the speaker a motley, squalid crowd, who listened respectfully to a short prayer and joyously to a few melodies. Then came the address, and it was astonishing how it told. At first some were inclined to laugh and intersperse rude remarks and jokes, but the tearful earnestness of the speaker soon arrested their attention and made even a few weep. John Grant knew well what he was doing. In language with which they were perfectly familiar he could depict their sins and miseries, describe their wretched histories, wage war with their foul habits, and point out to them the way of happiness and peace. As he could rarely speak without narrating some of the striking facts connected with his past and his present, his experience told upon his audience for the simple reason that his dark side had been so much like their own. At the close of the first meeting, which was also addressed by our pastor, an invitation was given to any one to come forward and sign the pledge. It was at first feared that no one would respond, but at last a young man stepped up, and stretching out his ragged arm, said :

"I'll sign. Give me the pen."

He did, and then he was asked, "Where do you live?"

"Come with me, Grant, and I'll show you."

While the rest moved off, Mr. Grant responded to the invitation.

Entering a foul court in the next street, he passed into a wretched dwelling. It had only three rooms, and one of these was a small back kitchen. Laid upon a mattress, and slightly covered, was a young

woman with a new-born baby on her arm, while in another part of the room a boy of about four years of age was munching a crust of bread.

"This is my home, Mr. Grant, and here are my wife and children. Sorry to say I have only this rickety chair to ask you to sit down upon, and under the circumstances you must excuse me asking you to stop to tea. But I thought you should see what sort of a cove you've got to sign the pledge."

The poor young woman at these words was observed to start. "What!" she said, "have you got him to sign the pledge?"

"We have."

"Oh! thank God! Little did I expect this."

"But it is true for all that. He has signed it, and I hope he will keep it."

"And so do I. Joe," she asked, looking at him earnestly, but as if in doubt, "do you mean to keep it?"

"Yes, Jane, I do, with God's help."

"Then we shall have better times. Oh! that drink, what a curse it has been to us!"

"That's true; it has, my lass: but it shall be so no more. I signed before the lot, and that thought will help to keep me steadfast. You see, Mr. Grant, what I am now; but you do not know what I have been. Once I was a scholar at the Baptists'—your place, you know. My wife was a scholar too, and it was there we formed an acquaintance with each other. We were married by Mr. Ackton just two or three years before he died. My wife comes of a respectable, decent, working-man's family, who have left the town, and we began life with a good little home. But six months after our marriage I took up with a drinking fellow, who led me into drinking

company : and, to make a long tale short, it has brought us to this. But when you spoke to-day, it seemed to me as if I was in the Sunday School again ; and I felt while the young folks were singing that I would give worlds, if I had them, to be even as I once was. But, God helping me, and you helping me too, I'll be more than that : I'll take your advice, and give my heart to God, and no fools shall laugh me out of it. Now, you'll help me, Jack Grant, won't you ?

"Ah ! willingly, my boy, and I'll begin now. Before this evening closes your poor wife shall have strengthening food, and before to-morrow night a better bed. Are you in work ?"

"Yes, I'm a labourer at the Foundry."

"Good, then you'll soon get round. Here is my hand. Good-bye."

Six months after, a decent-looking young man, with a little boy-seated on one side, and his wife, with a child at her breast, seated on the other, occupied their own pew in the gallery of our chapel : and the reader will not need to be told that the husband and father was Joseph Spriggs, John Grant's first trophy in his endeavour to promote saving reform in Gallowstree Fold.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

BAPTISM AMONG THE PÆDO-BAPTISTS.

By Rev. GEORGE DUNCAN, D.D., of
Huddersfield.

WE purpose in this discourse to examine some of the arguments drawn from etymology, from the Old Testament and from the New Testament Scriptures, by our Pædo-baptist friends in favour of their practice of infant baptism. These departments of knowledge have been eagerly searched and canvassed for defences of what is really indefensible, and the result has been unsatisfactory and disappointing to the parties most concerned. It could not have been otherwise, and the consequence is that Pædo-baptists have no heart for this controversy, and the rite so ancient and so common is now falling into comparative desuetude among Protestant dissenters.

Let us now examine the three arguments just mentioned.

I. *The Etymological Argument.*

This embraces :—

1. The definition of the terms applied to children in the New Testament. The four which most concern us in this controversy are :

(1) *Brephos*. This term has at least three applications :—

(a) It is applied to an unborn babe. Luke i. 44.

(b) It is applied to a babe,—an infant—a suckling. Luke ii. 12.

(c) It is applied to Timothy, who is said to have known the Scriptures from his youth. 2. Tim. iii. 15. Here the term is used somewhat freely, and really means from his "youth," and not from his being a "babe."

(d) It is applied to the little children who desired to "come" to Christ. They were old enough to come of themselves to Him, and

when they were being hindered from doing so, He said let them "come."

(e) It is applied to recent converts: "As new-born babes long for the spiritual milk," 1 Pet. ii. 2; "unto babes in Christ," 1 Cor. iii. 2; "He is a babe," Heb. v. 13.

The term really means a babe, such as the Pædo-baptists: yet (1) when this term is used in Scripture there is never the most distant reference to baptism; and (2) when the term "baptize" is used there is never the most distant reference to brephos.

The two terms are carefully kept separate in God's Book: even when brephos is used figuratively to describe a recent convert there is never any reference made to his baptism.

This fact ought to speak volumes to the candid mind.

(2) Nepios. This term simply means a child, but indicating and suggesting no limitation of age.

(a) It is applied to a minor, one not yet of legal age.

(b) It is applied to boys playing in the streets.

(c) It is applied to boys asking for bread.

(d) It is applied to the unborn.

The term is also used tropically of the unlearned, the unenlightened, the un instructed.

The word never describes any person whose baptism is recorded in the New Testament. It could have been so used, but the inspired writers have avoided the word in this connection.

(3) Teknon. This word means a child; its plural is children, but it is also used in a variety of senses.

(a) It is applied by parents to their immediate offspring, "My child."

(b) It is applied to descendants, "The children of Cain," "The children of Seth," "The children of

Israel," "The promise is to you and your children." In these cases it means posterity.

(c) It is applied by a master to his pupil, scholar, disciple.

(d) It is applied by a preacher to his convert: "My son in the faith," "My child."

(e) It is applied to Christians generally; they are "The children of God."

This term never describes the age of any person when he or she is baptized.

(4) Paidos. This term means a boy, a lad, &c.

(a) It is applied to the lunatic boy.

(b) It is applied to the centurion's servant.

(c) It is applied to the nobleman's son.

(d) It is applied to the young man Eutychus.

The word has a wide usage. It describes slaves, servants, ambassadors, sons, &c. It is sometimes somewhat freely applied to babes. It forms part of our word Pædo-baptist.

The term never describes the age of any person whose baptism is recorded in the New Testament. The fact is *we* are the true Pædo-baptists. We baptize the young, the lads, the "little ones who believe in Me:" our opponents are Infant-baptists, not Pædo-baptists, Gradually Pædo-baptism declined into infant baptism, and so from the voluntary surrender of a young heart to Christ, declaring itself in the divinely appointed ordinance of immersion to be the Lord's, it became the forcing of an unconscious babe into a service utterly unknown in the Book.

Art up to the ninth century, favours the immersing of the young; at and after this date art reveals the extent of the departure from the apostolic custom.

2. The usage of the terms applied to children in the New Testament. As we have already seen, there is great licence used even when the terms are applied literally to the young. We can draw only general inferences from the words. The context must help us to the probable age of the parties referred to.

For instance, our Saviour does not hesitate to call His disciples "boys" or "lads," in John xxi. 5; and if we did not know from other sources that they were men, our Pædo-baptist friends, arguing as they so often do, might insist that our Saviour baptized boys: but even this would not help their case, for we baptize boys and lads on the one condition of their having faith in the Lord Jesus.

We are to be followers "of God as dear children," but then we are "believing children," we are "the little ones who believe in Me;" we have given our hearts to God, and can through grace, obey the injunction to "follow" Him.

Some Christians are described even as "babes" approvingly, as when we are spoken of as "newborn babes;" disapprovingly, as when we are charged with being "mere babes" when we ought to be young men and young women in Christ.

The terms are freely applied to believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore no sound inference can be drawn in favour of Pædo-baptism by the usage of these words. We baptize such babes, such little ones, such children.

Let us bear three facts in mind.

(1) That whenever children are present at any scene mentioned in the New Testament, the Evangelists are careful to note the fact; and yet, though we have so many records of baptisms, never once are we told that children ever partook of the rite.

(2) That the terms implying youth are used with great licence in the New Testament: but, notwithstanding this fact, none of the terms are used to describe the age of those who partook of baptism.

(3) The historical usage of the terms applied to children in the New Testament.

We find the same licence taken with these terms in history.

We read of the wills of infants all duly attested.

We read of the Ecclesiastical laws respecting infants, about catechising them, preparing them for baptism, and concerning their immersion in the name of the Holy Trinity.

We read of the laws of the infant monks, indicating their various duties and privileges.

We read of the baptism of infants, and of their going to the Bishop, and what they said to him.

We read of infants nominating kings and bishops, of their composing hymns, erecting chapels, and even suffering martyrdom.

The terms indicating infancy were often found on tombstones, and the ages of the deceased showed how extensive and varied were the usages of these terms. So that when we meet with any of these terms in history, the context or an independent testimony must tell us the ages of the parties involved. It is a most hazardous thing to infer from any of the terms themselves that it is necessarily an infant that is spoken of. This fact renders many of the inferences of the Pædo-baptists from history very precarious and often worthless.

But supposing that the meaning of the terms were impassably fixed, and that infants were baptized in the days of the apostles, that would not prove their case, nor even strengthen it, for we must have an apostolical precept or precedent for

the practice, and our opponents for the most part have long ago despaired of securing either of these.

It is a fact also of considerable importance that none of the great historical creeds — the Apostles', the Nicene and the Athanasian — say anything whatever about infant baptism. They tell us what Christians believe, and what the baptized for the most part believe, but not a word about infant baptism.

Though the fathers for the most part were strong Pædo-baptists; but even they were far more so in *theory* than in *practice* (for they did not baptize their own offspring in infancy, and found it difficult till after the days of Augustine to persuade others to have their children baptized): yet no Council ever made the baptism of infants an article of faith. Though the matter was so often discussed and even agitated, though the fathers were favourable to it, yet no Council could be persuaded to take this step. They made decisions on the subject, but they never authoritatively decided that infant baptism was an article of faith.

In this sense the Councils are not committed to infant baptism. Neander says, "While in theory the necessity of infant baptism was admitted, still in practice it was very far from being generally prevailing." Rheinwald says, "Notwithstanding the recommendation of it by the fathers, it never became a general ecclesiastical institution till the age of Augustine."

Pædo-baptists gain nothing from etymology. It is altogether against them in all its departments.

II. *The Old Testament Argument.*

Baptism is a New Testament rite; and it is suspicious, to say the least of it, to go to the Old Testament for arguments in behalf of

an institution unknown in its pages: but inasmuch as Pædo-baptists do draw arguments from the Old Testament in behalf of their baptism of infants, we must follow them.

What Old Testament grounds have we for the baptism of infants? Two or three are offered to us in answer to this question.

1. The infants were members of the Jewish Church: why then may they not be members of the Christian Church? This question is often and earnestly put to Baptists, but two or three moments' consideration will show that these two institutions have little in common.

(1) The one Church was co-extensive with the State; the other is co-extensive with believers only.

The Jewish Church and State were practically one. The Hebrew child was born at once into the Church and into the State. Every member of the State was a member of the Church, till he was either excluded by authority or self-excluded.

Is this the model of the Christian Church? Surely few Protestants will say so. If it be not, why then urge a model of the Church which after all is no model; a model which at once has to be modified or abandoned in practice? Only the Christian who has confounded the State with the Church will rely on such an argument for infant baptism.

If God had thought proper to form some or all the Gentile nations after the model of the Jewish nation, He could have done so, and made His will as clear in the one case as in the other; but He has not done so, nor has He commanded us to do so: hence the Jewish Church is no model to us. The Book clearly shows to us that only the believing Israel was the true Israel, the spiritual, the blessed Israel. The others were but the descendants of

faithful Abraham, and for his sake enjoyed great national privileges. The promise was made to Abraham and his seed; not to us Gentiles, who are not of the seed of Abraham. The promise has nothing whatever to do with us, and we have no right to speak as if we had. The only analogy which seems to obtain in the case is that as these persons received privileges because of their natural relationship to Abraham, so the believer receives blessings because of his spiritual relationship: "we are all the children of Abraham by faith." The believer is the child of Abraham, and the family of God consists of all these believers. The Church consists of those who have gladly received the Word, and have been baptized. Nowhere do we read of any but the baptized believer being added to the Church.

(2) The one Church was mainly carnal, the other is altogether spiritual. The one embraced Abraham's seed after the flesh, and the privileges were mainly of a carnal nature. They were to get the land, and God was to be their God. This promise was fulfilled, but we Gentiles have no part nor lot in this matter. The spiritually-minded Jew had his richest blessings not because he was a Jew, but because of his devout spirit, and these holy men formed the true church of God under the old economy; they formed "the company of faithful men," the holy generation who sought the face of the God of Jacob. As far as we Gentiles are concerned we know Abraham as the father of the faithful, for he is the father of no natural progeny among us; he is the father of those whose faith, like his own, is counted for righteousness.

The New Testament casts ridicule on those who knew Abraham by natural generation only. The Bap-

tists told such that that relationship would not help them in the least; that God could raise children for Himself from the pebbles on the banks of the river. So far was the Baptist from recognising the Jewish nation as in any sense a church in the New Testament acceptance of the term, that he denounces the leaders as being a "brood of vipers," who were far from the kingdom of God.

The Jews were born into their privileges: we must be born again in order to secure ours. They had the privileges whether they were devout or not: our moral state determines ours. The carnal institution ought to suggest the spiritual, just as the children of Abraham after the flesh had certain privileges in the old economy, so those who are his children by faith have the Gospel privileges in the new economy. In the one case natural descent proved our title; in the other our faith.

With us it is not a case of privileges given or withheld from infants, but a question of Divine appointment. What has God appointed? is our earnest inquiry.

(3) The one was merely a temporary arrangement, the other will last while time endures. The former age was but a shadow of good things to come, and not the very things themselves. It was local, national, symbolical. The Church is universal and real. Every nation is equally precious to God, and all are offered salvation on the same terms; but nowhere is salvation offered or given simply because of natural descent. The blessings of the Gospel are offered to all believers, and all believing children are equally dear to God.

2. The infants were members of the Old Testament church, and unless we are expressly prohibited from admitting them into the New, we ought to receive them. This argu-

ment has been made to do duty for a long time. It is supposed to sound plausible, but it is destitute of force. The church, it is argued, is substantially the same in all ages, and its members ought to be the same. If children were members of the Old Testament church they ought to be members of the New, unless we have an express command to the contrary, and as we have not this command the presumption is, that infants ought to be admitted into Christian churches; but consider—

(1) The children could be members of the Old Testament church because it was a state—a nation—a race. They were born into it just as we are born into the several countries to which we respectively belong, but the Christian church, does not consist of any specific nation—state—race. We cannot by our natural birth be born into it. The church is for all nations, tongues and peoples, and each unit is introduced into it by a second birth. Let there be evidence that any infant is born again and it also will enter the church.

The church now consists of those who have undergone the necessary spiritual change—those who believe on the Lord Jesus, and this law is sufficient for us. He gives us the new conditions which displace the old. Faith now takes the place of hereditary successions. God makes no exception to this in the New Testament, neither do we, and if any one thrusts an Old Testament practice into the New Testament church he must justify his conduct.

(2) The infants are members of no Protestant church. They argue from the Old Testament on behalf of infant membership, and yet not one of the Protestant churches recognise the baptised infants as members. What can be made of such arguments? The Pædo-baptists argue

on behalf of infant membership, and yet they deny membership to all infants, whether baptised or not.

(3) The infants are refused the Lord's Supper, &c. They have none of the privileges of membership, they are the same to the church before sprinkling as after, except in the case of the Greek church. Earlier Pædo-baptists were more consistent than those of our day, for they gave the Lord's Supper to the baptised infant. Dr. Hodge justifies the denying of the Lord's Supper to sprinkled infants by saying that, although Jewish infants were circumcised on the eighth day they did not partake of the passover till they were twelve years of age; but (a) the Jews had the express command of God for the two ceremonies, and can put their finger on the passages containing it. (b) the Jews had the specific ages given them, so that they knew when to circumcise and when to take their offspring to the passover. Now, what is wanted is, (1) God's command to baptize an infant; (2) God's command to separate the baptism and the Lord's Supper by a number of years.

The Pædo-baptist case breaks down for want of evidence clear or otherwise.

3. The infants were to be brought up in the fear of God. We are told that parents were again and again urged and commanded to bring up their children in the ways of God. The greater part of the Old Testament is quoted to show that this is the duty of all parents, but all the quotations are foreign to the subject in hand. We are all agreed that children should be brought up in the fear of the Lord, and the Baptists endeavour as much as their opponents to obey these injunctions of the Most High, but we may give the fullest obedience to all these commands, and yet repudiate infant

baptism, and we may have our child baptised and yet not bring it up in the fear of God. The two things have nothing to do with each another, and this fact puts out of court most of the Pædo-baptist witnesses from the Old Testament. We are in search of a passage which will prove not that infants are to be brought up religiously, but that an infant ought to be baptized; and the search is vain, for such a passage is not to be found, nor is the practice to be inferred from anything which the sacred writers say.

4. The infants were partakers of the Jewish proselyte baptism, and therefore inferentially ought to receive Christian baptism. One of the weakest, and in a sense one of the saddest chapters in Dr. Halley's work on the "Sacrament" is his lecture on Jewish "Proselyte Baptism." It is special pleading, from beginning to end, and an endeavour to raise a superstructure without a basis. He is not sure whether the Jews baptized from the time of Moses or not. He does not know when the custom arose, but he feels sure that the custom did obtain. He thinks that the Jewish leaders would have been more struck with the baptism of John had it not been for the fact that baptism was customary in the nation, but the New Testament represents them as being so struck that now for the first time a preacher is called not so much a prophet as a Baptist, and the novelty of the rite attracts the whole country. The baptism aroused the curiosity of the people far and near, as if they were brought face to face with a great novelty. A few facts crush the flimsy structure reared by Dr. Halley.

(1) The Old Testament makes no mention of proselyte baptism. We have several proselytes mentioned, but never once are they said to have

been baptized. Here is the record which covers many centuries, and (a) The Jews are never told to baptize proselytes. (b) The custom, had it been observed, has no authority over us; and (c) The evidence that the Jews had such a custom is of the weakest character. The one fact remains that the Old Testament knows nothing whatever of the practice.

(2) The Apocrypha makes not the slightest reference to proselyte baptism. These books belong to the close of the Old Testament, and the opening of the New. They refer to Gentiles becoming proselytes to the Jewish religion, but do not in any way refer to their baptism.

(3) The New Testament makes no reference to proselyte baptism. There were proselytes, but the sacred page nowhere tells us that the Jews baptized them. John baptized his proselytes, Jesus had His proselytes baptized, and so through the many countries visited by Christian preachers the proselytes were baptized, but nowhere have we evidence that the Jews baptized.

(4) The Jewish writers of the apostolic age know nothing about it.

(5) The Mishna knows nothing of such baptism.

(6) The fathers of the first four centuries make no reference to it.

Dr. Gill has laid this subject to rest. His work is unanswered and unanswerable. Dr. Halley never once refers to Dr. Gill, who endeavours to show that the silence of historians is no argument on behalf of infant baptism, and yet Dr. Halley founds his argument entirely on the silence of historians. Dr. Halley has no proof that the custom prevailed in apostolic times, and the burden of proof rests with him, our position is simply this: that there is no evidence that such a custom obtained among

the Jews, and if it did obtain, our contention as Baptists is not in the slightest degree affected thereby.

The Jewish proselyte baptism, when it did obtain, was different from Christian baptism, for (a) The proselyte and his family were baptized, but none of the children, which were born afterwards, were baptized. (b) The baptism was like investing a Gentile with the rights and privileges of the Jew; it was a naturalization, and was not administered in the name of God nor of the Messiah, but in the name of the Jewish Council.

This ceremony has no resemblance to Christian religion, and ought not to be dragged into this controversy.

The Old Testament knows nothing whatever of infant baptism, and it is both suspicious and also a mistake to look there for it.

THE TRUE TEST OF PIETY.

WHAT is the true test of piety? Plain, matter-of-fact, unecstatic obedience, as of a child to a father; that is the test. The only true joy is born of such obedience. Ecstasies that come from any other source do not belong to the legitimate family circle of heavenly joys. They are the result of that which it does not take heaven to explain. They can be produced at any time, and on any occasion, by a combination of earthly forces. Singing can produce them. A sympathetic voice can charge the mystic thrill along the nerves till they tingle. Eloquence can produce them. How often, under the orator's power, men and women weep, groan, and shout in loud acclaim! The mesmeric influence which hovers over a vast audience, as electric lights hover over marsh-lands during a summer heat, can communicate by subtle and untraceable potency its deceptive and transitory excitement,

so that the vast multitude shall be charged full of the current, whose expression might deceive the very elect. Many suppose that this kind of feeling is legitimate, spiritual and represents the real power of God. Yes, many gauge their piety by the presence or absence of these feelings, which are feelings that reach no farther than the muscles, and have their home in nothing more divine than the nervous tissues.

The piety of Jesus consisted in obedience. His great aim was to do the will of God. He loved God perfectly, and He loved man perfectly, and so perfectly fulfilled the law, and so had perfect happiness. Obedience to God lies in natural duties as truly as what are known as technically spiritual. The perfect life stands parent to the perfect joy.—*Golden Rule.*

TOO CERTAIN.

"FATHER, I am tired of reading the Bible. I have read it so often that I know everything in it."

"Everything, my son? Do you think you could not find one chapter that would contain something you never noticed?"

"Yes, father, I think so. I am sure I know all that is in the historical parts of the Bible."

"Well, let me try you. When were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and a supply left when they had done eating?"

"Why, father, surely I remember Christ's feeding several thousand persons at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes."

"Very well, those are two instances. Now tell me the third."

"There is no other in the Bible."

"You are perfectly sure of that, are you? Suppose you reflect a little before you answer again."

"Yes, father, I have thought and I am certain there is no other

miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Well, my son, open your Bible at the fourth chapter of the fourth book of Kings."

"The fourth book of Kings! Father, there is no such book."

"Hand me the Bible. What does this title say?"

"It is 'the second book of the Kings, commonly called the fourth book of the Kings.'"

"Well, there is one thing learned by the boy who knew the Bible so well! Now turn to the fourth chapter, and read from the forty-second verse."

"Here it is, sir: 'And there came a man from Baalshalisha, and brought the man of God—'"

"Who was the man of God?"

"I must look. It was the prophet Elisha."

"Now proceed."

"And brought the man of God bread of the firstfruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What, should I set this before an

hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof. So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."

"That will do for this time, my son! I have never wished to make the reading of the Scriptures tedious by requiring you to read them continually, without giving you other books to read. But I wanted to convince you how mistaken young people are apt to be in their ideas of their own knowledge. There are thousands of children—yes, and of men and women too—who would read with great interest many passages in the Bible if they found them in a fresh and beautiful volume which they believed to contain nothing but what was published for the first time. Remember this, and let me advise you to read the four books of Kings, and to make a list of all the passages you will find there, which, like the one you have just read, are as new to you as if you had never heard or read of them."—*Sailor's Magazine*.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

Did we but view our daily path aright,
 Work would seem pleasure, and our duties light;
 Our daily burdens we would meekly take
 With this sweet motive—for our Saviour's sake.
 For thy sake, dearest Lord, the constant round
 Of common duties, oft so irksome found,
 Would glow with love, and faith, and joy divine,
 While the sweet consciousness that we are thine
 Would make us active workers, striving ever,
 By word and deed, thy name to glorify;
 Seeking thine aid in every weak endeavor,
 Knowing that thou canst all our need supply,
 And resting on thy faithfulness and love,
 Until we gain a perfect rest above.

THE TRIFLER ANSWERED.

AN ungodly man once called upon a pious neighbour to ask her a question. "I want you to tell me," said he, "the freemasonry of your religion. What is that secret I never can get hold of?"

"I cannot tell you, sir," answered the woman. "God says the unrenewed heart cannot understand these things; they are revealed only by the Spirit of God."

"But how did you learn so much?" asked the man, half in ridicule, half in vexation; "how came you to be picked out to become so wise, when your husband and I are all in the dark?"

"Oh, it was all of the mercy of God," answered the woman, very humbly; "it was because I wanted in earnest to know His truth: I asked Him and He taught me; He teaches all who want to learn."

"That's it, is it?" said the man.

"Yes; the secret is with God."

"And you can't tell me?"

"No."

"Just as wise as I was before!" And with a shallow jest the trifler passed out.

The desire in earnest to know the truth is the first door that opens to the Christian's secret. God never reveals Himself to *curiosity*; never instructs men in His holy things until they are ready to obey.

This woman by a sense of want, and her humble asking, gained the true knowledge, and died in the believing triumph. Her scornful, jesting neighbour gave no evidence to the last that the door of knowledge and light had ever opened to his soul.—*Tract Journal*.

JOHN NEWTON.

JOHN NEWTON was the son of a sailor. At eleven, he went to sea, and entered upon a career of sin and folly that more than once came near proving fatal. At nineteen, he sailed for the coast of Guinea; there he left the vessel, and for two years suffered from sickness, hunger, neglect and cruelty, being for a time a servant of slaves. But affliction did not soften his heart. On his return voyage to England he was a bold blasphemer and an avowed infidel. So wicked was he, that at one time the crew, wicked as they were themselves, considered him a Jonah, and determined to throw him overboard, to appease the storm. He survived, however, reached home, and rose to the position of master. Subsequently, while in command of a slave ship, he was awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner. He was brought low after this by affliction, and, on recovering from his sickness, studied for the ministry, and became Curate of Olney, whence, after sixteen years of faithful ministry, he was removed to the City of London, and took the pastoral charge of the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, which he retained until his death in 1807, a period of twenty-eight years.

Among many trophies of grace, which God gave him as seals to his ministry, may be mentioned the poet Cowper, Thomas Scott, the author of the Commentary on the Bible, and Claudius Buchanan, the devoted missionary to the East.

BITING THE BARE HOOK.

I WAS some time since walking upon the wharf, where a fishing-boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said :

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these ?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load ?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them ?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way ?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"With what do you bait those fish ?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel ?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams too ?"

"Oh, no !" said he, "they will not bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish ?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait ?"

"Yes," said he; "I was out last year, and one day when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of 'it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best ; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."—*Christian's Penny Magazine*.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

You remember the occasion when the Lord met with thee. Oh, little didst thou think what a commotion was in heaven. If the Queen had ordered out all her soldiers, the angels of heaven would not have stopped to notice them. If all the princes of earth had marched through the streets, with all their jewellery and robes and crowns, and all their regalia, their chariots and their horsemen—if the pomp of ancient monarchs had risen from the tomb ; if all the might of Babylon and Tyre and Greece had been concentrated in one great parade, yet not an angel would have topped in his course to smile at these poor tawdry things ; but over you, he vilest of the vile, the poorest of the poor, over you angelic wings were hovering, and concerning you it was said on earth and sung in heaven, Hallelujah, for a child is born to God to-day.—*Spurgeon*.

Reviews.

Scripture Characters. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

WE are never disappointed when we take up any work, book, or pamphlet of Mr. Moody; there is always the same plain dealing with the souls of men; the same outspokenness against sin; the same earnest pleading with his readers to come and be saved, and the close adherence to the Scriptural way of teaching the plan of salvation. The present volume possesses all the excellencies of the previous ones we have noticed in these columns. The characters expatiated on are Daniel, Enoch, Lot, Jacob, John the Baptist, the Blind Man, and Joseph of Arimathea. The first of these will be felt to be a power wherever read by our young men, and we are sure our readers will be profited by perusal of the character of Enoch. It is a good book.

Foxe's Book of Martyrs. With illustrations: A complete and authentic account of the Lives, Sufferings, and Triumphant Deaths of Primitive and Protestant Martyrs in all Parts of the World. By Rev. J. MILNER, M.A. With Essay and Additions by Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. New Edition. Complete in one volume, 1,033 pages. Morgan and Scott.

WE have given the publishers full descriptions of this book, because of the work itself. The time has passed for criticism, and our chief object in calling the attention of our readers to it is more especially to say a few words about the excellency of this edition. For convenience, it is published in sixteen monthly parts at sixpence, or in one beautiful elegant

volume in clear letterpress. Many expressive tinted engravings, copious indexes, introduction by Rev. Ingram Cobbin, essay on Popery, and the Life of the Rev. John Foxe. This book in the family will keep our households well informed as to the immense peril which our ancestors paid for the Christian privileges we now enjoy, and should prove a strong bulwark against Popery and Ritualism. The essay lays bare the errors, pretensions, and blasphemies of the Church of Rome, while the horrid cruelties and sufferings inflicted in the past on Christians of all ages and all over the world clearly demonstrate that neither the system nor those who worked it were of God. We pray that this new edition may cause the young people to read the history of the past, as it is probable that thousands of the present day are dependent on hearsay, and have never read for themselves.

The Preachers' Analyst. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

SEPTEMBER number contains some good reading from American divines, and also a peculiar "Sermon on Freemasonry," delivered by the Rev. A. E. How at the opening of a new masonic lodge at Langport, Somerset. We have nothing to say about the body of Freemasons, but we think the Rev. A. E. How makes quite enough of their belief in a God, who is called the Architect of the Universe. They are not the only combination or society who hold some such form of words. But we ask, Do not thousands hold the same who totally deny the existence of the God of the Bible. Such an article of faith may be held to the careful avoidance of every doctrine and truth taught in the Word of God.

Our Magazines:—*Baptist, General Baptist and Sword and Trowel* contain much good, useful, precious reading, and the *Sword and Trowel* has also a likeness of the Rev. John Spurgeon, sent from America. "The editor says it is not all we should like it to be, yet it is singularly happy in expression, and as portraits go it is far above the average.

We have received the *Report of the Army Scripture Readers' Society*, from which it appears there has been an expenditure this year of £12,000; but this useful soul-saving society is £400 in debt. Who will help? The report is a most satisfactory one. We advise the reading of it: The *Report of the Baptist Tract Society for 1884* gives chiefly the list of subscriptions and the balance-sheet. We could wish that so good and needed a society had given us a page or two more about its excellent work.

The Proper Relation of the Sunday School to the Church. An essay read at a Teachers' Conference. This has come to us by post; we have read it carefully, and are confident that the question needs discussion and most prayerful attention. The Sunday School ought to be the greatest joy to Church and pastor, but from our own knowledge we can speak of some cases where it is nearly the only serious sorrow to both. Persons are elected to office who are out of sympathy with pastors and people, and for the avoidance of a break in the body the thing is allowed to drift on from year to year. We know one school where the pastor, on visiting it one Sunday, was asked by the superintendent what he wanted! Yet, alas, alas, that same superintendent was elected again! We regret that we cannot direct our readers to where they may get this important little paper, as it comes to us without a publisher's name, and simply signed "A. E. Windsor." If the writer will give us the name of the publisher we shall be pleased to give it to our

readers. Meanwhile, we hope to hear more on this question.

We frequently receive a copy of a four-page monthly, by ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, and published by Robert Banks. It is a worthy little monthly tract, and deserves a wide circulation.

We have received the *Evangelical Christendom, The Voice of Warning, Open Doors*, and the very much improved *Bible Work*, "A New Series of the Missing Link." Published by Cassell and Co.

Number 29 of "Present Day Tracts." *The Philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer.* Examined by the Rev. JAMES IVERAC, M.A., Author of "Is God Knowable?" We hardly know of any of the Religious Tract Society's publications that are more timely than these talented and beautifully-got-up tracts. They must be a power of good. The first twenty-four are now published in four volumes at 2s. 6d. each. The present number disposes Spencer's novelties and conditions with logical success, and we hope the circulation of it will be immense.

We have a good word to say of the Religious Tract Society's *Penny Illustrated Biographical Series*. Numbers 10 and 11 contain the lives of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., and John Knox, and they are nuggets of gold. Compressed information of a number of valuable lives, they are worth treble the price charged for them.

The Sunday at Home begins a new story, "The King's Service: a Story of Thirty Years' War." Chapter the First: Enlisting. This will prove a very taking and instructive story. It also publishes a very good and readable article by the Rev. E. Despard, M.A., on the subject of Gehazi. In the *Girl's Own*, "How to Make Banners and Flags," we believe, will be of considerable service. Also the pretty piece of music and words, entitled *The Blackbird and the Choir*, will be

appreciated by lovers of music. *The Leisure Hour* has an illustrated chapter on Modern Dress Reform. Some of the costumes look very peculiar. The September number

begins with the third chapter of a Scotch Tale, well told by Mrs. Barr, entitled "The Last of the Macallisters." Other magazines will be spoken of next month.

THE COMING DAWN.

THE night is hasting fast away,
The morning shows its early grey;
Both long and dark the night hath been,
But glorious noon by faith is seen.

The night is hasting fast away;
And now in eastern sky we may
Behold the rays of orbs of light,
Which tell the close and end of night.

Now we in faith await the dawn
Of that millennial happy morn;
All sorrow then will pass away,
And Christ will all His grace display.

He comes for whom we've waited long:
Get ready, then, the nuptial song;
Adorn thyself; thyself prepare,
That in the joy thou mayest share.

Then hear the shout, the watchmen's cry,
Jesus thy Lord, His coming's nigh!
Hearts of saints with joy are swelling:
Christ comes to make this earth His dwelling.

Though we may slumber in the ground,
Yet, at the trumpet's joyful sound,
We from the tomb in glad surprise
Shall then in Jesu's image rise.

Till He has come, we bear the cross,
And count all earthly gain as loss;
What He would have us, we would be,
Till we His full salvation see.

Sweet re-unions then shall be,
As loved ones meet, from sin set free,
And all in robes of white arrayed,
Shall share the joys which never fade.

All the saints shall then be gathered,
Never more shall they be scattered;
With the Saviour shall they ever
Know a union nought shall sever!

GEO. N. WILLOMATT.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. G. H. CARR, late of Southport, Lancashire, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Bow, E.

Rev. T. A. Judd, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate of the United Churches at Shrewton, Chitterne, and Tilshead, Wilts.

Rev. George Wainwright, late of Stockton-on-Tees, has accepted the pastorate of Grosvenor Street Church, Choriton-on-Medlock.

Rev. J. D. Rodway, late of Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, has accepted the pastorate of South Street Chapel, Hull.

SHERBORNE, DORSET.—Rev. W. G. Clow, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the invitation of the Baptist friends of this place to settle in their midst, with a view to raise a cause.

Rev. E. C. Unmack has resigned the pastorate of the church at Smethwick, near Birmingham.

Rev. E. D. Wilkes has tendered his resignation as pastor of the church at Kingsbridge, Devon.

Rev. A. Smith has resigned the pastorate at West Drayton, Middlesex, and accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Shefford, Beds.

Rev. E. White, late of Orpington, Kent, has accepted an invitation of the church at Clare, Suffolk.

Rev. R. W. Ayres, of Matching, Harlow, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Fairford, Gloucestershire.

PRESENTATIONS.

THE members of the church and congregation of the Old Meeting, Gamlingay, have presented the Rev. W. F. Edgerton, with a handsome time-piece and a pair of bronze figures,

upon leaving that sphere of labour for Oldham. The presents were received by Mr. Edgerton on the 27th of August, and he replied by letter, acknowledging their receipt.

Rev. Dr. Eccles, who for the past seven years has been pastor of Lower Abbey Street Church, Dublin, was presented on the 11th of August, prior to his departure for America, with the sum of £66, as a token of goodwill and esteem from members of his congregation and others.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. H. J. TRESIDDER received public recognition as pastor of Castlehold Church, Newport, Isle of Wight. Mr. E. J. Upward, presided, and fraternal addresses were delivered by Revs. B. B. Davies, W. S. Davies, F. J. Feltham, J. Lloyd, J. E. Shephard, G. Sparks, W. Dean, J. H. Batt, J. E. Harrison, and J. H. Harradine.

Rev. F. J. Benskin, late of Heading, has received a public recognition as pastor of the North Road Church, Huddersfield. The sermon was preached by Rev. G. Hill, M.A., of Leeds, President of the Yorkshire Association. A tea meeting was afterwards held, and addresses given by Rev. J. Evans, Rev. I. Ball, Rev. J. Porteous, Rev. J. W. Crake, and Rev. J. T. Stannard. Subsequently a public meeting was held in the chapel. The chair was occupied by Councillor J. Brooke, who stated that the pastorate had been vacant for a period of twenty-two months, and that Mr. Benskin came to that place without a dissentient voice in the church and congregation. Addresses were given by Revs. Mr. Bruce, J. Barker, G. Hill, Professor Harley, and other ministers.

Rev. John Penny, late of Buckingham Chapel, Clifton, has received a

very cordial welcome, on his acceptance of the pastorate, by the congregation at the New Chapel, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Tea was provided in the lecture-room, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Bickle, the senior deacon. Revs. Dr. Angus, J. Penny, W. Barker, J. Drew, of Margate, A. D. MacMillan, W. Armstrong, and J. J. Johnstone, G. H. Leonard, Esq., of Bristol, and Messrs. T. E. Marriott, and G. Osborn, took part in the service.

Rev. Robert Howie, student of the Baptist Union of Scotland, has been ordained to the pastorate of Cambridge Street Church, Glasgow. Rev. D. P. McPherson delivered the address to the minister. Rev. Dr. Landels was among those present at the service. At the *soirée*, Revs. P. Cameron, U.P., and J. Graham Stevenston, Established Church, were on the platform.

The recognition of J. R. Russell, late of Weston-super-Mare, as pastor of the Abbey Road Church, Barrow-in-Furness, was held on Thursday, September 4. After tea, at which over 300 friends sat down, a meeting was held in the chapel. In the unavoidable absence of Alderman Snape, J.P., of Darwen, Rev. J. Burnham presided. Mr. J. W. Webster, senior deacon, gave a statement of the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Russell. Rev. R. Murray, Weston-super-Mare, spoke of the work Mr. Russell had done there, and of the esteem in which he was held by the ministers of that town. Mr. F. W. Newton, secretary of the church at Weston, expressed the congratulations of the church there with that at Barrow, on their having secured Mr. Russell as their pastor. Rev. J. R. Russell, having referred to the circumstances which led to his acceptance of the pastorate, Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, in the name of the associated churches of Lancashire and Cheshire, gave him the right hand of fellowship. Rev. J. Baxendall, of Lancaster, in the name of the Baptist Churches of the dis-

trict, and Rev. J. McMillan, of Barrow, on behalf of the ministers of the town, having cordially welcomed Mr. Russell, a very enthusiastic and encouraging meeting was brought to a close.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE memorial stones of a new chapel were recently laid at Rowley, in Tump Road, by Mr. James Sanders, of Oldbury, and Mr. S. Taylor, of Brierley Hill. There was a large attendance of friends.

The congregation at New Malden (Rev. S. H. Moore, pastor) is at present worshipping in a temporary structure. In aid of the fund for erecting a permanent building, a bazaar is to be held during the present month.

Mr. Horace B. Marshall, jun., on Thursday, 28th August, placed the topstone on the building erected in Warter Road, for the Church at Putney, of which Rev. W. Thomas is pastor. In the evening there was a public meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, and presided over by Mr. John Ross, of Putney. Revs. E. H. Brown, E. Maclean, S. Todd, J. M. Murphy, and Dr. Smithson took part in the proceedings. The contributions amounted to £112.

A mission hall, formerly used as a chapel-of-ease to St. James's Church, Taunton, has been opened at Rowbarton, in connection with the Albenarle Chapel. Rev. Levi Palmer, pastor, presided. Revs. W. W. Haines, R. Bass, and others, delivered addresses. The hall, which will hold 200, was crowded with an attentive audience.

Cambria Chapel, Swindon, lately purchased by the church at Fleet Street, having been closed for renovation, was reopened on Sunday last, when the pastor (Rev. F. Pugh) preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. Harridge in the evening. A large portion of the sum required for repairs has been realised.

The Tent Services held during the month of August, from the 6th to the 22nd, at Coleraine, and from the 24th to the 31st, at Donaghmore, by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, were very successful. The people came long distances night after night, and listened with eager attention to the preaching of the Gospel, and in every way testified their appreciation of the efforts of the Baptist Irish Home Missionary Committee, in sending to Ireland ministers to proclaim to them the way of salvation. The Rev. H. E. Stone, of Nottingham, has also been preaching the Word with much acceptance at Donaghmore, and at Coleraine. On Monday evening, September 1st, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst delivered a lecture at St. George's Hall, Belfast, on behalf of the Great Victoria Street Baptist Church. Pastor Usher presided, and there was a good attendance. The Council of the Baptist Union require about £500 additional income to enable the committee to extend its operations in Ireland. The need is urgent, and we hope that the appeal of the Rev. Samuel Harris Booth will meet with a liberal response from all the members of all our churches. The claims of our Foreign Missions must not be allowed to overshadow the pressing demands of our Irish Mission. We appeal to the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER on behalf of the "Sister Island."

BAPTISMS.

Aberavon.—August 17, One by T. Richards.
Abercarn, Mon.—August 31, English Chapel, Two, by E. E. Probert.
Armsley—August 27, Five; September 3, Two, by W. Sumner.
Ashton-under-Lyme.—August 31, Weibbeck-street, Seven, by T. Griffiths.
Barrow-in-Furness.—August 28, Four, by J. Hughes; August 31, Abbey-road, Four, by J. E. Russell.
Bassaleg.—August 17, One, by W. Maurice.
Bramhall.—August 27, One, by J. Davenport.
Bridgnorth.—August 30, Two, by W. J. Dyer.

Broughty Ferry.—August 24, One, by A. W. Oakley.
Cascob.—August 10, One, by G. Phillips.
Cheadle Hulme.—August 3, One; August 24, One, by R. A. Burrows.
Chepstow.—August 20, One, by I. J. Davies.
Coleraine, Ireland—August 17, One, by J. Scilley, pastor.
Crickhowell.—August 28, Five, by J. Jenkins.
Crieff, N.B.—August 21, One, by R. C. Sowerby.
Dairmaidis, Moneymore, Ireland.—August 27, Two, by J. Dickson, of Lisnagleer.
Devenport.—August 10, Pembroke-street, Six, by R. J. Watts.
Ferndale.—August 31, One, by G. G. Cule.
Grantham.—August 24, Oxford-street, Four, by D. C. Chapman.
Gladestry.—August 17, Two, by G. Phillips.
Hanham, Gloucester.—September 7, Four, by T. Bowbear.
Haverfordwest.—August 31, Bethlehem, Fourteen, by D. O. Edwards.
Leigh, Lancashire.—September 7, Six, by J. G. Skelly.
London: Ilford.—September 4, High-street, Five, by J. Young.
North Brixton.—September 4, Five, by W. Sullivan.
Lumb, Manchester.—September 7, Six, by H. Abraham.
Melinclythan, Neath.—August 31, Two, by D. Muxworthy.
Melksham.—August 24, Three, by J. Brown.
Mold.—September 7, One, from Penyfron, by E. Mitchell.
Mountain Ash, Glam.—August 24, Three; August 25, Three, by J. Howell.
Nantwich.—August 31, Nine, by P. Williams.
Newbridge, Mon.—September 7, Three, by J. M. Jones.
Newport, I.W.—August 31, Seven, by H. J. Tresidder.
Newport, Mon.—August 31, Four, by A. T. Jones.
Oldhampton.—August 26, One, by W. Gliddon.
Ponkey.—August 22, at Zion, One, by E. Mitchell; August 24, Eight, by R. Roberts.
Penryhoel, Glasbury.—One, by D. Howell.
Peterchurch, Hereford.—August 31, Three, by J. Beard.
Ponthir, Mon.—August 21, Two, by D. B. Jones.
Ruardean Hill.—August 12, Nine, by D. J. Hiley.
Sheerness.—August 31, Two, Strode-crescent, by J. E. Hadler.
Speen, Bucks.—September 3, Three, by C. Saville.
Swansea.—August 31, Three, by A. E. Johnson.
Tonyupandy, Rhondda Valley.—September 7, Two, by D. Davie.
Tunbridge, Kent.—August 17, Three, by T. Hancock.
Wakefield.—August 27, Two, by J. Ford.
Widnes.—August 31, Four, by R. Yeatman.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.”
1 COR. ix. 16.

THE greatest man of apostolic times was the apostle Paul. He was always great in everything. If you consider him as a sinner, he was *exceeding* sinful; if you regard him as a persecutor, he was *exceeding* mad against the Christians, and persecuted them even unto strange cities; if you take him as a convert, his conversion was the most notable one of which we read, worked by miraculous power, and by the direct voice of Jesus speaking from heaven—“Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?”—If we take him simply as a Christian, he was an extraordinary one, loving his Master more than others, and seeking more than others to exemplify the grace of God in his life. But if you take him as an apostle, and as a preacher of the Word, he stands out pre-eminent as the prince of preachers, and a preacher to kings—for he preached before Agrippa, he preached before Nero Cæsar—he stood before emperors and kings for Christ’s name’s sake. It was the characteristic of Paul, that whatever he did, he did with all his heart. He was one of the men who could not allow one half of his frame to be exercised, while the other half was indolent; but, when he set to work, the whole of his energies—every nerve, every sinew—were strained in the work to be done, be it bad work or be it good. Paul, therefore, could speak from experience concerning his ministry; because he was the chief of ministers. There is no nonsense in what he speaks; it is all from the depth of his soul. And we may be sure that when he wrote this, he wrote it with a strong unpalsied hand—“Though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.”

Now, these words of Paul, I trust, are applicable to many ministers in the present day; to all those who are especially called, who are directed by the inward impulse of the Holy Spirit to occupy the position of gospel ministers. In trying to consider this verse, we shall have three inquiries: First, *What is it to preach the gospel?* Secondly, *Why is it that a minister has nothing to glorify of?* And thirdly, *What is that necessity and that woe, of which it is written, “Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel?”*

I. The first enquiry is, **WHAT IS IT TO PREACH THE GOSPEL?** There are a variety of opinions concerning this question, and possibly amongst my own audience—though I believe we are very uniform in our doctrinal sentiments—there might be found two or three very ready answers to this question: What is it to preach the gospel? I shall therefore attempt to

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answer it myself according to my own judgment, if God will help me; and if it does not happen to be the correct answer, you are at liberty to supply a better to yourselves at home.

1. The first answer I shall give to the question is this: *To preach the gospel is to state every doctrine contained in God's Word, and to give every truth its proper prominence.* Men may preach a part of the gospel; they may only preach one single doctrine of it; and I would not say that a man did not preach the gospel at all if he did but maintain the doctrine of justification by faith—"By grace are ye saved through faith." I should put him down for a gospel minister, but not for one who preached the whole gospel. No man can be said to preach the whole gospel of God if he leaves out, knowingly and intentionally, one single truth of the blessed God. This remark of mine must be a very cutting one, and ought to strike into the consciences of many who make it almost a matter of principle to keep back certain truths from the people, because they are afraid of them. In conversation, a week or two ago, with an eminent professor, he said to me, "Sir, we know that we ought not to preach the doctrine of election, because it is not calculated to convert sinners." "But," said I to him, "who is the man that dares to find fault with the truth of God? You admit, with me, that it is a truth, and yet you say it must not be preached. I dare not have said that thing. I should reckon it supreme arrogance to have ventured to say that a doctrine ought not to be preached when the all-wise God has seen fit to reveal it. Besides, is the whole gospel intended to convert sinners? There are some truths which God blesses to the conversion of sinners; but are there not other portions which were intended for the comfort of the saint? and ought not these to be a subject of gospel ministry as well as the others? And shall I look at one and disregard the other? No; if God says, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people;' if election comforts God's people, then must I preach it." But I am not quite so sure, that after all, that doctrine is not calculated to convert sinners. For the great Jonathan Edwards tells us, that in the greatest excitement of one of his revivals, he preached the sovereignty of God in the salvation or condemnation of man, and showed that God was infinitely just if He sent men to hell! that He was infinitely merciful if He saved any; and that it was all of His own free grace; and he said, "I found no doctrine caused more thought: nothing entered more deeply into the heart than the proclamation of that truth." The same might be said of other doctrines. There are certain truths in God's Word which are condemned to silence; they, forsooth, are not to be uttered, because, according to the theories of certain persons, looking at these doctrines, they are not calculated to promote certain ends. But is it for me to judge God's truth? Am I to put His words in the scale, and say, "This is good, and that is evil"? Am I to take God's Bible, and sever it and say, "This is husk, and this is wheat"? Am I to cast away any one truth, and say, "I dare not preach it"? No: God forbid. Whatsoever is written in God's Word is written for our instruction: and the whole of it is profitable, either for reproof, or for consolation, or for edification in righteousness. No truth of God's Word ought to be withheld, but every portion of it preached in its own proper order.

Some men purposely confine themselves to four or five topics continually. Should you step into their chapel, you would naturally expect to hear

them preaching, either from this, "Not of the will of the flesh, but of the will of God;" or else, "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." You know that the moment you step in you are sure to hear nothing but election and high doctrine that day. Such men err also, quite as much as others, if they give too great prominence to one truth to the neglect of the others. Whatsoever is here to be preached, call it whatever name you please, write it high, write it low—the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the standard of the true Christian. Alas! alas! many make an iron ring of their doctrines, and he who dares to step beyond that narrow circle, is not reckoned orthodox. God bless heretics, then! God send us more of them! Many make theology into a kind of treadmill, consisting of five doctrines, which are everlastingly rotated; for they never go on to anything else. There ought to be every truth preached. And if God has written in His Word that "he that believeth not is condemned already," that is as much to be preached as the truth that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Jesus Christ." If I find it written, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself," that man's condemnation is his own fault; I am to preach that as well as the next clause, "in Me is thy help found." We ought, each of us, who are entrusted with the ministry, to seek to preach all truth. I know it may be impossible to tell you all of it. That high hill of truth hath mists upon its summit. No mortal eye can see its pinnacle; nor hath the foot of man ever trodden it. But yet let us paint the mist, if we cannot paint the summit. Let us depict the difficulty itself if we cannot unravel it. Let us not hide anything; but if the mountain of truth be cloudy at the top, let us say, "Clouds and darkness are around Him." Let us not deny it; and let us not think of cutting down the mountain to our own standard, because we cannot see its summit, or cannot reach its pinnacle. He who would preach the gospel must preach all the gospel. He who would have it said he is a faithful minister, must not keep back any part of revelation.

2. Again, am I asked what it is to preach the Gospel? I answer to *preach the Gospel is to exalt Jesus Christ*. Perhaps this is the best answer that I could give. I am very sorry to see very often how little the Gospel is understood even by some of the best Christians. Some time ago there was a young woman under great distress of soul; she came to a very pious Christian man, who said; "My dear girl, you must go home and pray." Well, I thought within myself, that is not the Bible way at all. It never says "Go home and pray." The poor girl went home; she did pray, and she still continued in distress. Said he, "You must wait, you must read the Scriptures and study them." That is not the Bible way; that is not exalting Christ. I find a great many preachers are preaching that kind of doctrine. They tell a poor convinced sinner, "You must go home and pray, and read the Scriptures; you must attend the ministry;" and so on. Works, works, works—instead of "By grace are ye saved through faith." If a penitent should come and ask me, "What must I do to be saved?" I would say, "Christ must save you—believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." I would neither direct to prayer, nor reading of the Scriptures, nor attending God's house; but simply direct to faith, naked faith on God's Gospel. Not that I despise prayer—that must come after faith. Not that I speak a word against the searching of

the Scriptures—that is an infallible mark of God's children. Not that I find fault with attendance on God's word—God forbid! I love to see people there. But none of those things are the way of salvation. It is nowhere written—"He that attendeth chapel shall be saved;" or, "He that readeth the Bible shall be saved." Nor do I read—"He that prayeth and is baptized shall be saved;" but, "He that believeth"—He that has a naked faith on the "Man Christ Jesus,"—on His Godhead, on His manhood, is delivered from sin. To preach that faith alone saves, is to preach God's truth. Nor will I for one moment concede to any man the name of a gospel minister, if he preaches anything as the plan of salvation except faith in Jesus Christ; faith, faith, nothing but faith in His name. But we are, most of us, very much muddled in our ideas. We get so much work stored into our brain, such an idea of merit and of doing, wrought into our hearts, that it is almost impossible for us to preach justification by faith clearly and fully; and when we do, our people won't receive it. We tell them, "Believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But they have a notion that faith is something so wonderful, so mysterious, that it is quite impossible that without doing something else they can ever get it. Now that faith which unites to the Lamb is an instantaneous gift of God, and he who believes on the Lord Jesus is that moment saved without anything else whatsoever. Ah! my friends, do we not want more exalting Christ in our preaching, and more exalting Christ in our living. Poor Mary said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." And she might say so now-a-days if she could rise from the grave. Oh! to have a Christ-exalting ministry! Oh! to have preaching that magnifies Christ in His person, that extols His Divinity, that loves His humanity; to have preaching that shows Him as prophet, priest, and king to His people! to have preaching whereby the Spirit manifests the Son of God unto His children! to have preaching that says, "Look unto Him and be ye saved all the ends of the earth;"—Calvary preaching, Calvary theology, Calvary books, Calvary sermons! These are the things we want, and in proportion as we have Calvary exalted, and Christ magnified, the Gospel is preached in our midst.

3. The third answer to the question is: *to preach the Gospel is to give every class of character his due.* "You are only to preach to God's dear people, if you go into that pulpit," said a deacon once to a minister. Said the minister, "Have you marked them all on the back, that I may know them?" What is the good of this large chapel if I am only to preach to God's dear people? They are few enough. God's dear people might be held in the vestry. We have many more here besides God's dear people, and how am I to be sure, if I am told to preach only to God's dear people, that somebody else won't take it to himself? At another time some one might say, "Now be sure you preach to sinners. If you do not preach to sinners this morning, you won't preach the gospel. We shall only hear you once; and we shall be sure you are not right if you do not happen to preach to sinners this particular morning, in this particular sermon." What nonsense, my friends! there are times when the children must be fed, and there are times when the sinner must be warned. There are different times for different objects. If a man is preaching to God's saints, if it so happen that little is said to sinners, is he to be blamed for

it, provided that at another time when he is not comforting the saints, he directs his attention specially to the ungodly? I heard a good remark from an intelligent friend of mine the other day. A person was finding fault with "Dr. Hawker's Morning and Evening Portions," because they were not calculated to convert sinners. He said to the gentleman, "Did you ever read 'Grote's History of Greece'?" "Yes." "Well, that is a shocking book, is it not? for it is not calculated to convert sinners." "Yes, but," said the other, "'Grote's History of Greece' was never meant to convert sinners." "No," said my friend, "and if you had read the preface to 'Dr. Hawker's Morning and Evening Portions,' you would see that it was never meant to convert sinners, but to feed God's people, and if it answers its end the man has been wise, though he has not aimed at some other end." Every class of person is to have his due. He who preaches solely to saints at all times does not preach the gospel; he who preaches solely and only to the sinner, and never to the saint, does not preach the whole of the gospel. We have amalgamation here. We have the saint who is full of assurance and strong; we have the saint who is weak and low in faith; we have the young convert; we have the man halting between two opinions; we have the moral man; we have the sinner; we have the reprobate; we have the outcast. Let each have a word. Let each have a portion of meat in due season; not at every season, but in *due* season. He who omits one class of character does not know how to preach the entire gospel. What! Am I to be put into the pulpit and to be told that I am to confine myself to certain truths only to comfort God's saints? I will not have it so. God gives men hearts to love their fellow-creatures, and are they to have no development for that heart? If I love the ungodly am I to have no means of speaking to them? May I not tell them of judgment to come, of righteousness, and of their sin? God forbid I should so stultify my nature and so brutalize myself, as to have a tearless eye when I consider the loss of my fellow-creatures, and to stand and say, "Ye are dead, I have nothing to say to you!" and to preach in effect, if not in words, that most damnable heresy, that if men are to be saved, they will be saved—that if they are not to be saved, they will not be saved; that necessarily, they must sit still and do nothing whatever; and that it matters not whether they live in sin or in righteousness—some strong fate has bound them down with adamant chains, and their destiny is so certain that they may live on in sin. I believe their destiny is certain—that as elect they will be saved, and if not elect they are damned for ever. But I do not believe the heresy that follows as an inference, that therefore men are irresponsible, and may sit still. That is a heresy against which I have ever protested, as being a doctrine of the devil and not of God at all. We believe in destiny; we believe in predestination; we believe in election and non-election; but, notwithstanding that, we believe that we must preach to men, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved," but believe not on Him and ye are damned.

4. I had thought of giving one more answer to this question, but time fails me. The answer would have been somewhat like this—that to preach the gospel is not to preach certain truths *about* the gospel, not to preach *about* the people, but to preach *to* the people. To preach the

gospel is not to talk about what the gospel is, but to preach it into the heart, not by your own might, but by the influence of the Holy Ghost—not to stand and talk as if we were talking to the Angel Gabriel, and telling him certain things, but to speak as man to man and pour our heart into our fellow's heart. This I take it is to preach the gospel, and not to mumble some dry manuscript over on Sunday morning or Sunday evening. To preach the gospel is not to send a curate to do your duty for you; it is not to put on your fine gown and then stand and give out some lofty speculation. To preach the gospel is not, with the hands of a bishop, to turn over some beautiful specimen of prayer, and then to go down again and leave it to some humbler person to speak. Nay, to preach the gospel is to proclaim with trumpet tongue and flaming zeal the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus, so that men may hear, and understanding, may turn to God with full purpose of heart. This is to preach the Gospel.

II. The second question is—HOW IS IT THAT MINISTERS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO GLORY? “For though I preach the gospel I have nothing to glorify of.” There are some weeds that will grow anywhere; and one of them is Pride. Pride will grow on a rock as well as in a garden. Pride will grow in the heart of a shoeblick as well as in the heart of an alderman. Pride will grow in the heart of a servant girl, and equally as well in the heart of her mistress. And pride will grow in the pulpit. It is a weed that is dreadfully rampant. It wants cutting down every week, or else we should stand up to our knees in it. This pulpit is a shocking bad soil for pride. It grows terribly; and I scarcely know whether you ever find a preacher of the gospel who will not confess that he has the greatest temptation to pride. I suppose, that even those ministers of whom nothing is said, but that they are very good people, and who have a City church, with some six people attending it, have a temptation to pride. But whether that is so or not, I am quite sure wherever there is a large assembly, and wherever a great deal of noise and stir is made concerning any man, there a great danger of pride. And mark you, the more proud a man is, the greater will be his fall at last. If people will hold a minister up in their hands, and do not keep hold of him, but let him go, what a fall he will have, poor fellow, when it is all over. It has been so with many. Many men have been held up by the arms of men; they have been held up by the arms of *praise*, and not of *prayer*; these arms have become weak, and down they have fallen. I say there is temptation to pride in the pulpit; but there is no ground for it in the pulpit; there is no soil for pride to grow on; but it will grow without any. “I have nothing to glorify of.” But, notwithstanding, there often comes in some reason why we should glory, not real, but apparent to ourselves.

1. Now, how is it that a true minister feels he has “nothing to glorify of”? First, *because he is very conscious of his own imperfections*. I think no man will ever form a more just opinion of himself than he who is called constantly and incessantly to preach. Some man once thought he could preach, and on being allowed to enter the pulpit, he found his words did not come quite so freely as he expected, and in the utmost trepidation and fear, he leaned over the front of the pulpit and said, “My friends, if you would come up here, it would take the conceit out of you all.” I verily believe it *would* out of a great many, could they once try themselves whether they could preach. It would take their critical conceit out of

them, and make them think that after all it was not such easy work. He who preaches best feels that he preaches worst. He who has set up some lofty model in his own mind of what eloquence should be, and what earnest appeal ought to be, will know how much he falls below it. He best of all, can reprove himself when he knows his own deficiency. I do not believe when a man does a thing well, that therefore he will glory in it. On the other hand, I think that he will be the best judge of his own imperfections, and will see them most clearly. He knows what he ought to be : other men do not. They stare, and gaze, and think it is wonderful, when he thinks it is wonderfully absurd, and retires wondering that he has not done better. Every true minister will feel that he is deficient. He will compare himself with such men as Whitfield, with such preachers as those of puritanical times, and he will say, "What am I? Like a dwarf beside a giant : an ant-hill by the side of the mountain." When he retires to rest on Sabbath-night, he will toss from side to side on his bed, because he feels that he has missed the mark, that he has not had that earnestness, that solemnity, that death-like intensesness of purpose which became his position. He will accuse himself of not having dwelt enough on this point, or for having shunned the other, or not having been explicit enough on some certain subject, or expanded another too much. He will see his own faults, for God always chastises His own children at night-time, when they have done something wrong. We need not others to reprove us ; God Himself takes us in hand. The most highly honoured before God will often feel himself dishonoured in his own esteem.

2. Again, another means of causing us to cease from all glory is the fact that God reminds us that *all our gifts are borrowed*.

3. One more answer to this question. Another means whereby God preserves His ministers from glorying is this : *He makes them feel their constant dependence upon the Holy Ghost*. Some do not feel it, I confess. Some will venture to preach without the Spirit of God, or without entreating it. But I think that no man, who is really commissioned from on high, will ever venture to do so ; but he will feel that he needs the Spirit. Once, while preaching in Scotland, the Spirit of God was pleased to desert me ; I could not speak as usually I have done. I was obliged to tell the people that the chariot wheels were taken off ; and that the chariot dragged very heavily along. I have felt the benefit of that ever since. It humbled me bitterly, for I could have crept into a nut-shell, and I would have hidden myself in any obscure corner of the earth. I felt as if I should speak no more in the name of the Lord ; and then the thought came, "Oh ! thou art an ungrateful creature : hath not God spoken by thee hundreds of times ? And this once, when He would not do so, wilt thou upbraid Him for it ? Nay, rather thank Him, that a hundred times He hath stood by thee ; and, if once He hath forsaken thee, admire His goodness, that thus He would keep thee humble." Some may imagine that want of study brought me into that condition, but I can honestly affirm, that it was not so. I think that I am bound to give myself unto reading, and not tempt the Spirit by unthought-of effusions. Usually, I deem it a duty to seek a sermon of my Master, and implore Him to impress it on my mind ; but, on that occasion, I think I had even prepared more carefully than I ordinarily do, so that unpreparedness was not the reason. The simple fact was this—"The wind bloweth where it listeth ;" and winds do not always

blow hurricanes. Sometimes the winds themselves are still. And, therefore, if I rest on the Spirit, I cannot expect I should always feel its power alike. What could I do without the celestial influence? for to that I owe everything. By this thought God humbles His servants. God will teach us how much we want it. He will not let us think we are doing anything ourselves. "Nay," says He, "thou shalt have none of the glory. I will take thee down. Art thou thinking 'I am doing this'? I will show thee what thou art without Me." Out goes Samson. He attacks the Philistines. He fancies he can slay them; but they are on him. His eyes are out. His glory is gone, because he trusted not in his God, but rested in himself. Every minister will be made to feel his dependence upon the Spirit; and then will He, with emphasis, say, as Paul did, "If I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glorify of."

III. Now comes the third question, with which we are to finish. WHAT IS THAT NECESSITY WHICH IS LAID UPON US TO PREACH THE GOSPEL?

1. First, *a very great part of that necessity springs from the call itself.* If a man be truly called of God to the ministry, I will defy him to withhold himself from it. A man who has really within him the inspiration of the Holy Ghost calling him to preach cannot help it. He must preach. As fire within the bones, so will that influence be until it blazes forth. Friends may check him, foes criticise him, despisers sneer at him, the man is indomitable! he must preach if he has the call of heaven. All earth might forsake him; but he would preach to the barren mountain-tops. If he has the call of heaven, if he has no congregation, he would preach to the rippling waterfalls, and let the brooks hear his voice. He could not be silent. He would become a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I no more believe it possible to stop ministers, than to stop the stars of heaven. I think it no more possible to make a man cease from preaching, if he is really called, than to stop some mighty cataract, by seeking, with an infant's cup, to drink its waters. The man has been moved of heaven: who shall stop him? He has been touched of God: who shall impede him? With an eagle's wing he must fly: who shall chain him to the earth? With seraph's voice he must speak: who shall stop his lips? Is not His word like a fire within me? Must I not speak if God has placed it there? And when a man does speak as the Spirit gives him utterance, he will feel a holy joy akin to heaven; and when it is over he wishes to be at his work again, and longs to be once more preaching. I do not think young men are called of God to any great work who preach once a week, and think they have done their duty. I think if God has called a man, He will impel him to be more or less constantly at it, and he will feel that he must preach among the nations the unsearchable riches of Christ.

2. But another thing will make us preach: we shall feel that woe is unto us if we preach not the gospel; and that is *the sad destitution of this poor fallen world.* Oh, minister of the gospel! stand for one moment and bethink thyself of thy poor fellow-creatures! See them like a stream, rushing to eternity—ten thousand to their endless home each solemn moment fly! See the termination of that stream, that tremendous cataract which dashes streams of souls into the pit! Oh, minister, bethink thyself that men are being damned each hour by thousands, and that each time thy pulse beats another soul lifts up his eyes in hell,

being in torments ; bethink thyself how men are speeding on their way to destruction, how "the love of many waxeth cold," and "iniquity doth abound." I say, is there not a necessity laid upon thee ? Is it not woe unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel ? Take thy walk one evening through the streets of London when the dusk has gathered, and darkness veils the people. Mark you not yon profligate hurrying on to her accursed work ? See you not thousands and tens of thousands annually ruined ? Up from the hospital and the asylum there comes a voice, "Woe is unto you if ye preach not the gospel." Go to that huge place built around with massive walls ; enter the dungeons, and see the thieves who have for years spent their lives in sin. Wend your way sometimes to that sad square of Newgate, and see the murderer hanged. A voice shall come from each house of correction, from each prison, from each gallows, saying, "Woe is unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel." Go thou to the thousand death-beds, and mark how men are perishing in ignorance, not knowing the ways of God. See their terror as they approach their Judge, never having known what it was to be saved, not even knowing the way ; and as you see them quivering before their Maker, hear a voice, "Minister, woe is unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel." Or take another course. Travel round this great metropolis, and stop at the door of some place where there is heard the tinkling of bells, chanting and music, but where the Whore of Babylon hath her sway, and lies are preached for truth ; and when thou comest home and thinkest of Popery and Puseyism, let a voice come to thee, "Minister, woe is unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel." Or step into the hall of the infidel where he blasphemeth thy Maker's name ; or sit in the theatre where plays, libidinous and loose, are acted, and from all these haunts of vice there comes the voice, "Minister, woe is unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel." And take thy last solemn walk down to the chambers of the lost ; let the abyss of hell be visited, and stand thou and hear

"The sullen groans, the hollow moans,
And shrieks of tortured ghosts."

Put thine ear at hell's gate, and for a little while list to the commingled screams and shrieks of agony and fell despair that shall rend thine ear ; and as thou comest from that sad place with that doleful music still affrighting thee, thou wilt hear the voice, "Minister ! minister ! woe is unto thee if thou preachest not the gospel." Only let us have these things before our eyes, and we must preach. *Stop preaching ! Stop preaching !* Let the sun stop shining, and we will preach in darkness. Let the waves stop their ebb and flow, and still our voice shall preach the gospel. Let the world stop its revolutions, let the planets stay their motion ; we will still preach the gospel. Until the fiery centre of this earth shall burst through the thick ribs of her brazen mountains, we shall still preach the gospel ; till the universal conflagration shall dissolve the earth, and matter shall be swept away, these lips, or the lips of some others called of God, shall still thunder forth the voice of Jehovah. We cannot help it. "Necessity is laid upon us ;" yea, woe is unto us if we preach not the gospel.

Struggles and Triumphs ;

OR, TEMPERANCE IN CLARETVILLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI.—MISSION HALL FRUIT.

THE success that attended the open air Band of Hope Mission during the summer months was so gratifying that it was determined to make it a church matter, and see what could be done to carry on the good work throughout the winter, and even permanently, if deemed practicable. Enquiry showed that a piece of land on which an old house and stable stood, was owned by a worthy Quaker in the town, who, on being appealed to, agreed, not only to sell it at one-half of its value, but to give a good subscription towards the erection of a mission room adapted for the requirements of so rough a neighbourhood. Our church accordingly took the matter up: the land was bought and paid for; the house and stable were pulled down, and at the expenditure of about six hundred pounds a large mission-room, with a vestry, tea-room, and four class-rooms, was built. Owing to the generous aid received from other religious bodies and friends, it was, happily, opened free of debt; and the good work done in it from the first, was shown clearly when the first annual tea-meeting was held in it. This meeting I was privileged to attend, and I do not know that I can do better than give the reader the benefit of the few notes I took on that interesting occasion.

About two hundred sat down to a sumptuous tea, and a glance at them showed that the majority were of low origin. Black cloth was at a discount, and silk was out

of fashion. Fustian jackets, cotton gowns, and plain clothes were the order of the day. But most of the adults were clean and neat; and if the ornamental in dress was shown at all it was mostly manifest in the cases of the children, the mothers of whom had striven to set them off to the best advantage. When the tea was over and all were comfortably settled down, our pastor, Mr. Bruce, took the chair. He congratulated the friends on having such a crowded gathering, and on the healthy state of the mission. He said it had begun with "the day of small things," but through the blessing of God and continuous work, it had really prospered wonderfully. Little did he think when, about two years ago, one Sunday afternoon, he took his stand with Mr. Grant in the Fold, that such satisfactory results would so soon be realised. They entered upon that mission as Paul entered upon his work in Corinth, with "weakness, fear, and trembling;" but God, who was with him, had proved Himself to be with them, and for all the success that had been achieved He must get the glory. But they must not forget that God worked through human instruments, and he should be wanting greatly in the fulfilment of his duty if he did not gratefully acknowledge that that success had been mainly brought about through the perseverance and indomitable energy of their good and useful brother, Mr. Grant. No wonder they cheered that remark, for he had indeed been favoured to do a remarkable work in their midst.

The Secretary said that the report he had to give was short and sweet. The first meeting connected with the mission was held two years ago in the open air. The chief attraction was the Band of Hope Choir, and their beautiful songs. On an average for four months they held two meetings a week—one on the Sunday afternoon and another on some fine week-night. Although at times the publicans induced the roughs to attempt a disturbance, the gatherings became so popular and were so largely attended by the classes they sought to benefit, that it became perilous for any ill-disposed person to interfere for fear of being roughly handled by the crowd. As Miss Grant played her harmonium, and the various members of the choir sang solos, duets, and anthems, and the crowd occasionally joined in the choruses, the lowest and roughest men and women in the motley congregation seemed melted down, and the addresses were often found to sink deeply into their souls. As the result of four months' open-air labour fifty signed the pledge, forty of whom kept it, and two-thirds of them were in the room that night. Then they went in for larger things; it was felt that they must have in Gallowstree Fold a room of their own, and that room now they had. While it was being built, much time was given to house-to-house visitation, and meetings were held in several houses, but they were invariably found to be too small to accommodate those who desired to meet in them. Still they worked on amid many difficulties till the present mission-room was opened, and cheering already was the good work that had been done in it. During the past twelve months one hundred and twenty pledges had been taken, eighty meetings had been held, they

had had twelve monthly Band of Hope concerts, six tea meetings, and several evangelistic meetings, besides a regular Sunday evening service to try to win souls for Christ. And, thanks be to God, some had been won for Him. Rough men and women, who had been given to drinking, had first signed the pledge, and then, through the religious influences brought to bear upon them, had been led to make a surrender of themselves to Christ, and to join the churches. A few had joined his church—the Baptist—but most had joined the Primitive Methodist, no doubt feeling themselves most at home with their enthusiastic fire and energy. He feared that the Baptists were rather too respectable outwardly for their poor friends to join them, and that the Primitives were also in that respect more to their taste. But waiving that, in their crowded meetings they were helped by all the Evangelical denominations, and none worked harder with them than the Primitives themselves. They had found out by experience the great necessity that existed for not only bringing total abstinence but the Gospel of Christ also into that rough neighbourhood; and their present prosperous state showed to demonstration that when the two agencies worked harmoniously together wonders could be accomplished. The curse of Gallowstree Fold was drink; and so long as the public-houses and beer shops were allowed to have full sway, there was no hope for the place. But the work done for Christ in that Fold had already struck a blow at these pesthouses from which they were not, he hoped, soon destined to recover. One publican, through loss of trade, felt it would be useless to apply for a fresh licence; and it was in the hearts of a few

well-to-do friends, as soon as he gave the house up, to rent it, and convert it into a coffee tavern and reading-room. Another publican had recently declared that while in former years he had taken £20 per week, he was now only taking £6. Two beer-house keepers were obliged to go out and do more honest work to add to their weekly income. It was no secret that so desperate was the position of some of the public-houses, not only in that district, but also in other parts of Sunborough, that the brewers, who owned most of these houses, had been forced to give up a good portion of the rent in order to keep their tenants, the landlords, in possession. Thus they were getting on; and they had nothing to do but to be united, persevere, and labour on, and in course of time Gallowstree Fold, instead of being looked upon, as it had been for years, as the plague spot of Sunborough, would, through spiritual blessing, be transformed into a garden of the Lord.

The Treasurer's accounts showed an expenditure of £70 during the year, and a balance in hand of £5 10s. to go on with.

Interspersed with lively music, melodies, and recitations were several speeches. The first, of course, called upon was our friend Mr. Grant. He declared, with a tremulous voice, that he could hardly tell how he felt after hearing such a Report read, but he feared that too much praise had been given to himself. He was, as our pastor had intimated, but a feeble instrument in God's hands, and if God had not made him what he was, by him no such work could ever have been accomplished. Like Paul, he could never forget what he had been, and he could say gratefully with him, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Through the Tem-

perance movement he had been brought in, and though at first, owing to misconception on the part of some Christian people, he had been treated as no convert would be treated to-day, yet God had given him grace to hold on and live it down; and now those who at first rejected him were ready to take him by the hand and declare that they were proud of the success that God had given him. Now, that was indeed something to be thankful for, and he hoped that as long as he lived he should not only be found battling for Christianity and Temperance, but that the two great movements would intertwine still closer and closer together, and, in loving harmony, do a work that would yet banish intemperance from the land.

The rest of the speakers were chiefly reformed men and women, and some of their statements were thrilling. One through the open-air meetings had been saved from contemplated suicide. After a drunken bout, in which he had lost all his money, under the influence of a spirit of deep dejection, he had determined, on his arrival home, to cut his throat with a sharp knife that he had in a drawer. But on his way home he was arrested by the singing of the Band of Hope choir. Instinctively stopping to listen, he waited until Mr. Grant spoke; and, singular to relate, in his address he was led to picture the case of such a man as himself, and to point out that to sign the temperance pledge and give the heart to Christ was infinitely preferable to committing suicide. So struck was he with this speech that for a time he seemed fixed to the ground, spellbound. At length, however, rousing himself, at the close of the meeting, he signed the pledge, and from that day to the present the

life which otherwise would have been destroyed had been given to the service of Jesus. Several speakers gave graphic pictures of their once wretched, drunken homes, and of the happy transformation through genuine conversion and strict adherence, in defiance of strong temptations, to the principles of total abstinence. In fact, all the speeches that were given showed how extreme cases had been reached; how men and women who once lived for Satan had been brought to live for the Lord; how victories had been obtained in the direst conflicts; and how, out of most rough and unlikely characters, trophies of Divine grace had been created—converts who in a manner calculated often to shame better educated and more highly

privileged Christians boldly confessed Christ, lived to honour Him, and were constantly seeking, in their own peculiar but earnest ways, among their own comrades, to extend His kingdom. Who, therefore, can wonder that our pastor should say, in closing the meeting, that in the work done in Gallowstree Fold they had solved the problem "How to reach the masses"? They had proved there, without gainsaying or controversy, that the way to reach the masses was to reach their drinking habits; and if the Church of Christ universally would only endeavour to reach them in the same fashion, with the Gospel in its hand, the victory over vice and sin could not fail ultimately but be won.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE WEEPERS.

Sorrow weeps!

And drowns its bitterness in tears;
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fulness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!

And overflows its banks with tears;
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstasies;
Life needeth joy; but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!

And feeds its silent life with tears;
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE MORAL EDUCATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

HEBREWS V. 8.

BY REV. GILES HESTOR.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews is full of the doctrine of Christ, and is an epitome of the whole Bible. Jesus Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of all things. He was the sum and the goal of the Mosaic dispensation, and became the spirit and substance of all subsequent revelation. Christ is the type and essence of all personal religion. He is the unchanging object of the soul's faith, hope, and love. It is not mere words about Christ, but Christ Himself, in the supreme glory of His Divine personality, who is ever presented to us as the embodiment and pattern of all grace and truth. Those holy souls which, in the early ages of Christianity, shone like lamps in God's temple, all received their moral beauty and celestial brightness direct from Christ Himself. Peter bears testimony to the mighty power of the presence of the invisible Christ: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, the salvation of your souls." Paul, smitten to the dust by the blazing splendour of the exalted and glorified Christ, at once abandoned his antagonism, surrendered his self-will; and ever after his whole life was a burning aspiration for a more complete knowledge of his Lord. "That I might know Him, and the power

of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death." John, the beloved disciple, looking back over more than fifty years of toil and suffering, lovingly dwells upon the great sight of his life: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

In the Word of God, Jesus Christ is presented to us in a great variety of aspects. He is sometimes depicted in His Divine relationship as the Son of God. He was the brightness of the Father's glory. Existing before all worlds, He was the organ of the creative energy of the Eternal mind. Paul and John especially delight in depicting His pre-existent glory, and His mediatorial authority and supremacy over all the realms of being.

But the same Saviour is often represented in His human relationships as the Son of Man. The humility, condescension, and consideration of Christ, generally constrained Him to speak of Himself under this title. Christ's delight was with the children of men. His humanity identified Him with them in all their infirmities, struggles, sorrows, and woes. As the High Priest of His people, He is one with them in all their temptations and trials. Their afflictions, through the power of sympathy, are His afflictions; their experiences His experiences, sin only excepted.

Now it is the human side of Christ's character, which is presented to us in our text, and, in the

chapter from which the text is taken. We have to think of Christ as a man, and as a man compassed with all the limitations and weaknesses of human nature, but not in any way touched or tainted with personal sin.

As a man, Christ was the subject of a progressive education. Luke in spreading before us the glories of His early life, says: "And the Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon Him." Christ's physical nature was trained by exercise and labour. He was the son of a carpenter, and was a carpenter Himself. Christ's intellectual nature was trained chiefly by contact with the phenomena of nature and the Word of God. Of all the many beautiful spots in the Holy Land, Nazareth, perhaps, is the most lovely. Christ's moral nature was trained by contact with the sorrows, the woes, and sins of the world. This latter side of His education is brought before us in the words of the text: "Though He were a Son yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered."

The subject then presented for our consideration is the moral education of the Son of God.

I. Now the Sonship of Jesus Christ is a subject vast and complex in its bearings. Were we to confine our thoughts to its merely earthly manifestations we should rob it of much of its radiant glory. Christ was a Son before He came into this world. "When the fulness of time came God sent forth His Son." "For what the Law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh," &c. Speaking of Himself, Christ says, "I came down from Heaven."

These, with many other passages which might be quoted, show that the

Son existed with the Father before His appearance in human form. The relation of the Son to the Father before the Incarnation leads us into the mysteries of the Trinity. But here we stand in silent and solemn wonder! None can by searching find out God. There are depths in this subject which no human intellect can fathom. The mind of an archangel would be lost here. We must leave it as a fact to be accepted by faith, and not regard it as a problem to be solved by reason.

But Christ is a Son on a lower plane of being. He is a Son in relation to our nature. Christ was the Son of humanity. He was born of a woman. He passed through all the stages of human life. He is seen as a babe, a boy, a man. In the cottage of Nazareth His childhood is nourished. In the workshop of Joseph His manhood is developed. Surrounded with brothers and sisters He shares in all the joys, and participates in all the sorrows of family life. Yes! Jesus is truly and emphatically the Son of Man as well as the Son of God. He is, in fact, both at the same time; for the relationship of Father and Son in the high and ineffable sense is not broken or destroyed by the humiliation and suffering of Christ, but is rather intensified and made more endearing by the sorrows He bore. The cottage home and humble workshop of Nazareth, did not so lower Christ in the scale of being, as to set aside His lineage as the Son of Eternity, and the heir of Heaven.

Christ is therefore without controversy, both Son of God and Son of Man. Son of God by high, divine, and eternal affinities. Son of Man by lower, human, and temporal relationships. By this twofold Sonship and double relationship Christ holds

heaven and earth together. His position in the world is absolutely unique. None of the great characters in the roll of history can be compared with Him. The researches of philosophy fail to account for the Person of Christ. He is the highest embodiment of the supernatural. He is the one Mediator between God and man. He is the all-powerful link connecting the seen with the unseen. By His Divine nature He is identified with the majesty, holiness, and stability of heaven. By His human nature He is associated with the sorrow, misery, and ruin of earth.

II. Now, as a Son by His human and temporal relationships, Christ was the subject of moral education. *He learned obedience.* Christ was a disciple before He was a Master. In this aspect of the subject, His holiness, as a moral development, was not a miracle, but the result of a progressive moral education. By successive acts of obedience Christ moulded our human nature into a perfect example of holiness. Christ became the complete man. He knew no sin. He was holy, harmless and undefiled. Now, this perfect holiness, in so far as it consisted in moral habits, was the result of the training He underwent in the school of adversity. It was something *acquired* by patience, prayer, submission, and exertion. It was the consequence of a holy will resisting the evil by which it was surrounded, and overcoming temptation in every form. Christ was not morally perfect by the compulsion of an inexorable necessity, but by the choice of a free and unfettered will. "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

We are able to trace the growth and development of those moral habits and holy perfections which

gave such lustre to the character of Christ.

1. Let us go back to Nazareth. As a Son He is placed under human authority. He was a real child in an earthly home. He grew up under the exercise of parental solicitude. There was a will above His own. Here His character was tested under parental control. What was the result? "He was subject unto them." The germ of all His great moral perfections lies in the word *subjection*. As a Son He learned obedience to the will of His earthly parents. His character as a child and a boy was broken by no flaw of disobedience at home. Day by day He walks in the will of His watchful and holy mother, and shows first to Nazareth, and then to the world, the possibility of a holy and perfect childhood.

2. In process of time Christ passes out of the domain of parental authority and solicitude, and enters into the wider realm, where the infinite and eternal will of God has supreme and absolute sway. His allegiance to this higher will is recognised in the first recorded utterances of His lips: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business," "It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

Now, passing by those eighteen years He spent in the workshop at Nazareth, over which the veil of a holy silence is thrown, we may be permitted just to cast a glance at the more public and active life of Jesus as it is presented to us in the New Testament. Four men, looking at His ministry from different standpoints, have placed His words and deeds upon record. By the help of these Holy Gospels we are able to follow the footsteps of the Lord from the workshop of Nazareth to the cross of Calvary. Here we can see the school in which He

received His lessons, and are able to take a survey of the sufferings from which He learned obedience, and by the influence of which His moral education was carried on, and His holy character was matured, and *made perfect*.

Let us take three principal scenes in His ministry of suffering: the Wilderness — the Garden — the Cross.

1. *The Wilderness*.—Christ “was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.” In the solitudes of the wilderness His nature was tried to the very utmost. The prince of the power of the air attacked Him on all sides of His being. Both the appetites of the body and the passions of the mind were assaulted. Satanic agency was continued till all the resources of temptation were exhausted. It was the critical period in the life of the Lord. But His Will, trained to implicit obedience through many years of quiet and unobtrusive labour in the lowlier walks of life, yielded not. He was able to resist the manifold temptations of the Evil One. Fortified by the Divine Word, which He had treasured up in the seclusion of Nazareth, He passed through the ordeal unscathed. Though the trial was tremendous, the victory was His. As a Son He learns obedience in the wilderness.

2. *The Garden*.—We pass from the Wilderness of Judæa to the Garden of Gethsemane. Here His sacrificial sorrow reaches a climax. The anguish of His soul was indescribable. The powers of darkness and the sin of the whole world afflicted His soul. The pangs of death seized on Him, and had it not been for Divine interposition He might then have sunk and failed to reach the trial of the Cross. Luke, who in the matter of prayer has noticed the relation of cause and

effect in the Saviour’s petitions, has graphically described the scene.

“And He was withdrawn from them about a stone’s cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, ‘Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.’

“And there appeared an angel from heaven, strengthening Him.

“And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

It is most probably to this scene of agony, and blood, and prayer, that the writer of this Epistle refers in the remarkable passage preceding my text.

“Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared.”

The term rendered feared does not imply that Christ shrank from death under the sense of terror, but indicates that pious resignation and reverent submission expressed in the words, “Not My will but Thine, be done.” As a Son He learns obedience in the Garden.

The Cross.—From the Garden of Agony we follow the Sufferer to the Cross of Death. The night is dark and the contradiction of sinners is great. Morning dawns. Faint and weary the Prince of Life and the Lord of Glory is nailed to the accursed tree. He fights His final battle in the thick darkness. He is left alone. The sin, the sorrow, and the suffering of all the past and future ages now seem to converge to a point, and that point is the soul of the Redeemer. And now He is tasting the bitterness of death, but there is no impatience, no complaining, no rebellion of heart, but, on the contrary, filial submission

and unreserved resignation to the will of Heaven. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." "It is finished." The trial is ended. The work is done. He is obedient unto death. The redemption price is paid. And thus as a Son He learns obedience on the Cross.

We have thus seen that the moral grandeur of Christ's character was matured and completed in the school of suffering. This idea is brought out most clearly in another striking passage of this same Epistle. "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their Salvation perfect through sufferings." His personal experience in the realm of suffering and sorrow qualifies Him to exercise sympathy and help towards them who are enduring similar trials. This thought enters into the argument of this Epistle. "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." And now he who was once the diligent Scholar and the obedient Disciple in the school of temptation has Himself become the Lord and Master of the school in which His disciples are being trained. "And being made perfect, He became the Author or cause of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."

The obedient servant has become the commanding Lord. Having carried the cross, He now wears His crown. Having tasted the bitterness of death, He assumes the power of an endless life. By first traveling along the pathway of trial and suffering Himself, and fulfilling all the conditions of perfect moral rectitude, He has left us an example that we should follow in His steps.

Obedience to Christ is the essence of spiritual religion. To have a complete moral character is to be like Christ. Here, then, we have in this world of controversy and change the fixed standard of holiness in the Person of Christ. Both law and grace meet in Him. His cross forms a ladder to His throne. By drinking of the cup of His sorrows, you shall surely rise to the participation of His joys. Having the world without Him, you have nothing; but having Him, though the world frown on you, you have all things.

May we all obtain that grace which will enable us to find Christ, and obey Him, just as He obeyed first the will of His parents on earth, and then the will of His Father in Heaven.

May we find that path of humility which leads into the radiance of His light. May the Holy and Gracious Spirit, whose office it is to receive of the things of Christ, and show them unto us, so work in our hearts that we may have the same mind that was in the Lord, that by a continual supply of His strength we may gradually be conformed unto His image, and show forth His life till He come.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"I am the Light of the world" (Jesus).

SHORT ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The Eddystone Lighthouse stands in the English Channel, about fourteen or fifteen miles from Plymouth. I dare say the same words are inscribed on the newly-erected one, as was on the old, "To save life and to give light." You are aware that lighthouses are very valuable structures. It would be a very bad thing

for the poor mariner if it were not for these grand structures, with the powerful lantern lighted to thus warn the sailor not to come too near the rocks with his vessel. The lighthouse stands as a warning, as well as to render assistance and to give light : the lighthouse thus has a grand purpose. When our blessed Lord told His disciples that they were to be like cities set on a hill, He means that they should give light by their adherence to and profession of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Saviour also said that a candle should not be put under a bushel, but should give light to all that are in the house. All this, dear young friends, is intended to impress on us the importance that we should make our light seen around us. May we not be led to look at the many false lights and false guides of the present day which would draw us away altogether from Jesus, and would like us to give up the Bible. These, let me warn and tell you, are like those who, many years ago, on the coast of Cornwall and elsewhere, would make a false light on purpose to lead the poor mariner to take a false position and thus wreck his vessel, and then they would take of the merchan-

dize or what they could get. I may tell you that these wicked men were called "Wreckers." Alas! there are plenty of wicked people at the present day that do all sorts of wicked schemes to carry out a bad purpose. No good can result from a bad motive. Oh! beware, dear young friends, that you keep from evil company. May you look to Jesus, who is the true Light. He is able to give you comfort amid all the difficulties of this troublesome world. He is the "Way." Yes, and the "Truth." He is also the "Door." He is Wisdom. He is our Strength. You see that Jesus is all we need : none can do for us like Him ; none, in fact, is able. "I am the light of the world." What beautiful words these are ! Those who have Christ are not in darkness, they have the light. When we come to die, He will light up the dark valley, and bring us through and land us on the other side, on the confines of a better shore, where there are no wreckers, storms, or trouble ; sickness, too, will be unknown in that blissful land. "God will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

THOMAS HEATH.

Plymouth.

HOW TO HAVE THE MILK OF THE WORD PURE.

AN Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession, that "he had no business with the Bible ; for St. Peter said, it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and he confirmed his assertion by 1 Pet. ii. 2—"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word." "I know that well, please your Reverence," replied the poor man, "but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it, with me in the house."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE MINISTER ; OR, NO LOSS BY SERVING CHRIST.

A MINISTER of Jesus and a philosopher lived near to each other. They met frequently, and entered into conversation with each other. The minister was very anxious that the philosopher should become a Christian, and he invited him to Christ, and to become one of Christ's disciples.

To this the philosopher replied, "But if I become a Christian, I may lose all for Christ."

"But," said the minister, "if you lose anything for Christ, He will repay it a hundredfold."

The philosopher replied, "But will you be bound for Christ, that if he does not pay me, you will?"

"Yes, that I will," said the minister.

The philosopher then listened to the minister as he set forth the claims of Jesus as the Saviour of guilty men. He saw Him to be worthy of his heart, he chose Him as his Redeemer, and became one of His disciples.

The minister then bound himself by a written agreement to repay the philosopher whatever he should lose by the cause of Christ.

Sometime thereafter the philosopher was taken ill, and it soon became apparent that he would die. He sent for the minister, and when he came to him, he held out the written agreement, saying, "Take that: there's nothing for you to pay; Christ has paid all."

"No one will ever lose anything by serving Christ. The only true gain that is to be got is in His service. He is a liberal paymaster. If you will but enter into His service, you will reap a hundredfold reward in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.

COMPLETE.

"And ye are complete in Him"
(Colos. ii. 10.)

So many ideas are suggested by this text, that it is difficult to select and methodise them.

Suppose we read the text thus:—
"And ye believers in Christ are complete in Him the Saviour." The Revised Version reads thus: "And ye are made full in Him." This agrees with the preceding verse, which treats of the fulness of Christ. So believers are filled from the full Saviour. Imperfect believers are made perfect through their interest in Christ, who is perfect.

It does not mean that Christ completes some deficiency in believers, so as to save them, but that He is their entire salvation, the all in all of their salvation. They come to Him lost, and He saves them; poor, and He enriches them; empty, and He fills them; hopeless, and He gives them good hope.

The truth before us is that oneness with Christ secures completeness in Christ.

Christ has accomplished a salvation that is complete in itself. In His history He passed through a series of events, and performed a series of deeds, resulting in salvation. "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." It is so complete that nothing can be, and nothing need be, added to it. It is full of saving love, power, and blessing.

But this salvation is not yet complete in its application. Those who trust in this salvation are not yet perfect, but have the sure expectation of it. "Being confident of this very thing, that He who has begun the good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Vital union with Christ makes our hope real and sure. Without this it must fail. "Without Christ ye are nothing," but "in Him ye are complete."

As quickened by the Spirit, we become conscious of our union with Christ, and of the new spiritual life, giving us the taste and desire for the promised supplies of grace and the future of glory.

Believers, according to God's ancient purpose of grace, were viewed as complete, and as chosen in Christ. And viewed anticipatively, as to their final standing in the day of Christ, shall be "presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

Thus, while we are sensible of, and deplore our many imperfections, we trust, simply and solely, in the full and free salvation of Christ, and hope to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

"THE LORD IS MY LIGHT AND MY SALVATION: WHOM SHALL I FEAR?"

(Psalm xxvii. 1.)

PITY exalts the character of its possessor, and stamps him a child of God. It gives weight to his counsels, and freedom, and energy, and effect to all he undertakes. It exempts him from the influence of slavish fear. It sets him at a happy liberty above the world, and marks him as a pilgrim for Heaven and glory. Fear is not inconsistent. Fear of God is the great principle which distinguishes him. This great principle is the substantive of his life. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." But there is fear which—as a verb—operates on many hearts to the injury of their peace, and withholds what is essential to true and solid happiness. The Christian is

admonished in the Sacred Word against this kind of fear. This fear blinds the mind to the true character of God. It leads us to deem Him an angry Judge; but, though a Sovereign, He is ever too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Shall we fear to approach Him whose hand is filled with blessings of the kind we most need, and which, as a Father, He will bestow upon all who trust in Him? Banish, then, this fear of God. Shall we next fear the sentence of the Law? No. It is satisfied. Christ lived to fulfil its precepts, and died to atone for our offences. Thus He lived and died for us. Shall we fear man? Too often this is the case. We fear his censure; we fear his efforts to abridge our zeal; and we find that the fear of man bringeth a snare. The fear of Satan is common to all: but shall we fear the roaring lion? No. He is chained, and cannot go farther than his chain will permit. Shall we fear affliction? No. All things work together for his good. In affliction God, oftentimes makes Himself known as the Christian's God; shows him His love and power in enabling him to hold fast by prayer to the never-failing promises of God, and to plead them before the throne. He could not prove to him His love in any way so endearing as by afflicting him, by which He comforts the believer, and shows him how much He loves him. Again, is death the dread of the Christian? It is only the shadow. The shadow cannot harm us; the shadow of a snake cannot do so; the shadow of a lion cannot devour us; the shadow of a sword cannot slay us: neither should the shadow of death appal us. As the Psalmist says: "When I pass through the valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil," &c.

R BLAKE.

Brockenhurst.

Reviews.

What is Holy Baptism? A Sermon by the REV. F. PUGH, preached at the Baptist Chapel, Swindon: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, and S. Hawson, Wood Street, Swindon.

THIS discourse is worthy of a large circulation, for while nothing new can be said on the subject, and as every Baptist will admit the best book on the subject is the New Testament, still we must keep repeating the Scripture Baptism, if only to keep the young well-informed on the subject. This sermon, with covers, is published at one penny, and a considerable reduction will be made where a number is taken for circulation.

A Story of Newgate Prison. By GEORGE WILSON MCCREE. National Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

A SERMON preached in the presence of one who said, to silence conviction, "Go thy way for this time," &c. Instead of the convenient season arriving, he plunged into dissipation and drink, at last murders his own child, and ends his miserable life on the scaffold. The sermon is reproduced here, and solemn words of warning addressed to the procrastinator.

Sabbath Observance. J. Gadsby, 17, Bouverie Street.

A GOOD six-paged tract on the religious observance of the Pearl of Days, also giving words in favour of its great advantages from some of the most eminent men of this generation.

Is There a God? Considered. E. Stanford, 55, Charing Cross.

THIS is a thoughtful and logical reply to arguments now popular with Mr. Bradlaugh and the infidel press. We advise that it should be circulated

widely. It will do good where infidelity is a thing of the *head*, though in most cases we believe it to be a thing of the *heart*. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

The Philanthropist. Hutchings and Crowley, 123, Fulham Road.

THIS monthly chronicles matters of interest to philanthropic institutions, and will be found valuable to managers of hospitals, charitable institutions, and benevolent societies.

The Preachers' Analyst. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE October number gives some outlines of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and also some strong abuses of the preacher. It is really quite refreshing to find the editor using Mr. Spurgeon's materials for publication, and coupling it with strong language of condemnation of the man who is being made service of.

"Present Day Tracts." 56, Paternoster Row.—*Man, not a Machine, but a Responsible Free Agent.* By the Rev. PREBENDARY ROW, M.A., author of "Christian Evidence in Relation to Modern Thought." "The Jesus of the Evangelists," &c.

THE Religious Tract Society are doing a power of good in publishing the series of tracts of which this is No. 30. They are beautifully printed on fine paper, and neat covers. The one now before us is a closely reasoned essay. It will be difficult to find a joint in the armour of the writer through which an objector could force a lance. The writer, with stern logic, shows the untenable character of various materialistic theories, and clearly establishes the title at the head of this book. We

heartily commend this successful appeal to young men of thoughtful common sense. By its circulation where scepticism prevails, much service may be done to the cause of God and Truth.

AMONG all the improvements of late years in our own periodical literature, we know of none which is more self-evident than the pleasant change which must be felt and seen by all the readers of our *Missionary Herald*. In the October number we have a frontispiece of the Mission House at Ta Yin, (near Tsing Cheu Fu, and five other well-executed cuts; also what will prove of increasing interest, a good distinct map of equatorial Africa, by H. E. Whitbey, B.M.S., and among its various matter, the

"Congo Mission Launch of W. S. Peace," "A Preaching Tour on the River Hooghly," "Mission Work in Rome," "Travelling in China," "A Review of the Treasurer's new book on the "Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River," &c. Truly we are grateful for such a full and pleasant pennyworth of news from our various Mission Fields.

The Baptist and Freeman have been of special interest in the copious and faithful reports each has given us of the Baptist Union Meeting at Bradford.

Experience is a good fourpenny quarterly, designed to revive the testimony of England's chief evangelists, and is published at 56, Paternoster Row.

CONTINUALLY RESORTING.

"Be Thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."—Psa lxxi. 3.

THE heart doth need a shelter in this wild and weary land,
A hiding-place with sacred doors, that ever open stand:
In vain it looks within itself this hiding-place to find;
In vain it looks to other hearts, though gentle, loving, kind.

Yet is there in this wilderness a Refuge and a Rock,
A Hiding-place with open doors, no mortal hand can lock;
'Tis open through the longest day, and through the darkest night,
When all is sweet tranquillity stormy waves afright.

'Tis open to the seeking heart, in sorrow and in joy,
When earth's delights are few and scarce, and when sweet pleasures cloy
When in the sky no star is seen, and when no cloud appears;
When we rejoice in thankfulness, when we are bowed with fears.

Oh! it is sweet, Great Father, continually to come,
And find, when other shelters fail, a refuge and a home;
To come beneath a crushing grief, and find a lifting hand,
To come pursued by tyrant foes, and in Thy presence stand.

In every need to haste away, and shelter find in Thee,
To linger not, to argue not; but to Thy bosom flee;
Perplexed amid a thousand cares, or tempted, or distressed,
To leave them all, and seek in Thee for comfort and for rest.

Oh! teach me still, thou gracious Lord, to hourly come to Thee,
To hear a voice, to gain an ear, that others cannot see;
To find from scenes of busy life, a pathway up to Heaven—
A path by which Thy constant grace shall constantly be given.

Thus may I turn in bliss or woe, from this vain fleeting world,
To where a banquet Thou hast spread, Thy banner "Love" unfurled;
And though no duty shall be left, and none the secret know,
Resort continually to Thee, as still the moments go.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. GRAY, late of West Hartlepool, has accepted the unanimous call to the pastorate of the Stirling Street Church, Galashiels.

Rev. T. N. Smith has resigned the pastorate of the Castle Hill Chapel, Warwick.

Rev. A. B. Middleditch, of Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate of Princes Street Church, Northampton.

Rev. J. Sage, late of Westow, Mildenhall, has accepted the pastorate at Brandon, Suffolk.

Rev. S. Lyne, of Chenies, Bucks, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Newton Abbott, Devon.

Mr. A. W. Leighton Barker, son of the late Rev. Geo. Varley Barker, of Niton, Isle of Wight, and formerly of Sunderland, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Emsworth, Hants.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. B. PREECE, having resigned his thirty years' pastorate at Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar, Mr. Luther Hinton presided at a meeting at which Dr. Angus and Rev. H. Schnadhorst were present, and presented Mr. Preece with an illuminated address from his people, with a purse of £75, and Mrs. Preece with a copy of Roberts's "Holy Land," subscribed by the Sunday-school teachers, amongst whom she had laboured for forty years. Mr. Preece feelingly acknowledged the presentation, gracefully alluding to the one he received—a purse of £100—on completing his twenty-five years of pastoral work, and stated that 611 members had been added to the church whilst he had been with them. Dr. Angus and other friends took part in the meeting.

Rev. W. Radburn, after a pastorate of twenty-three years at Henley-in-Arden, preached his farewell sermons on Sunday, the 28th of September, and on the following day was presented with a purse containing £114, from the church and congregation, and a testimonial of regard from the Sunday-school children. Mr. Radburn's health has been giving way for some two or three years past; hence his retirement.

Rev. R. W. Ayres, on leaving the church at Matching Tye, Essex, where he has laboured for upwards of ten years, was presented with a purse of £10. The chairman, Mr. T. W. Dunning, remarked that this sum was largely made up of contributions from members of the congregation whose own resources were but small.

Rev. A. B. Hall, pastor of Zion Chapel, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, on the occasion of his marriage, was presented on the 28th of September, by his church and congregation, with a sum of money approaching £25, as a token of affection and esteem.

Mr. George Frederick Smith, superintendent of the Sunday-school in connection with Union Chapel, Oxford Road, Manchester, and who for eight years assisted in conducting the very successful children's Sunday morning services there, prior to leaving Manchester for London, was presented with an illuminated address from the church and congregation, and the photograph of a group of 154 children who attend the service. Largely owing to Mr. Smith's exertions, fourteen excellent class-rooms have been erected, at a cost of over £1,200.

Rev. J. Hollinshead, at a recent Sunday afternoon service at the chapel, Eye, Suffolk, presented Mr. W. Riley, a deacon and treasurer of the church, with a copy of the

Oxford Bible, and Geikie's "Life of Christ," on his removal to Diss.

A testimonial, consisting of a purse of money and an illuminated address, has been presented to the Rev. F. J. Benskin, by the Wycliffe Church, Reading, in acknowledgment of his labours as pastor for the first three years of the church's existence. Mr. Benskin has commenced his ministry at Huddersfield with encouraging prospects.

Rev. Joseph Davies, who has recently been appointed to the charge of the Welsh Chapel, Price Street, Birkenhead, has been the recipient of handsomely illuminated addresses presented to him by the congregation of the Tabernacle, Brymbo, where the rev. gentleman has been minister for about eleven years, and by the members of the Moss Welsh Chapel, an offshoot of the Brymbo Tabernacle. Both meetings were largely attended, not only by the friends, but by members of other denominations.

A soirée has been held in Mill Street and Jackson Street Chapel, Liverpool, when Mr. John Hughes, who has rendered valued help to the chapel of which he has been lay minister for some time, was presented with a handsome tea and coffee service, in recognition of his services and of his recent marriage.

ASHLEY, HANTS.—After a ministry of over three years, farewell sermons were preached, on September 7th, by Pastor A. Hall. Mr. H. Perkins, on behalf of the members of the church, presented Mr. Hall with a purse of sovereigns as a parting token of the esteem and good wishes they entertain for him. Mr. Hall has entered Mr. Spurgeon's college. Mr. G. Jackson, of Southampton, succeeds him in the pastorate.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. J. E. SHEPARD, late of Plumstead, was publicly recognised as pastor of the chapel at Ventnor,

Isle of Wight, on the 1st of October. In the afternoon, Rev. C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich, preached to a large congregation, and in the evening, with other ministers, addressed the meeting.

Rev. Carey Bonner, late of Rawdon College, has received public recognition as pastor of the church at Sale near Manchester. Rev. Principal Rooke, of Rawdon College, delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. R. Lewis the charge to the church.

Rev. John Battersby received public recognition on the 25th of September as pastor of the churches at Christchurch and East Parley. Revs. W. J. Scott, J. Thompson (the former pastor), J. Harrington, and W. Houghton delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. A. Morgan was publicly recognised on the 22nd of September as pastor of the church at Rugby. Rev. Dr. Angus presided, and gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. W. J. Henderson addressed the church; Revs. J. M. Hamilton, H. W. Meadow, W. Edwards, C. A. Lyon and others took part in the proceedings.

Rev. A. Stock, B.A., has received public recognition as pastor of the church at Weston-by-Weedon, Northamptonshire. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Wm. Bampton Taylor, of Chesham, and that to the church by Rev. W. Fidler, of Towcester. Revs. J. Longson, the former pastor, and J. M. Hamilton, of Leicester, also took part in the services.

Services in connection with the recognition of the Rev. R. Marshall, late of Birmingham, to the pastorate of the church at Hayle, Cornwall, have been held. Rev. D. E. Evans, of Birmingham, preached in the afternoon. At the evening meeting Mr. E. Broad presided, and addresses were given by Revs. W. G. Hailstone, J. S. Paige, T. Darlington, J. Foulger, W. Oatworthy, J. Hodgson and R. Marshall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON: PARK STREET CHAPEL.—Considerable pleasant interest has been felt in this congregation and some of its village stations, by the visit of their former pastor, the Rev. J. W. Genders, now of Portsea. The occasion was inaugurated by a tea and meeting at Stopsley, on Friday, the 26th of September, presided over by the Rev. J. H. Blake, the subject of Mr. Genders' address being founded on three subjects, which he said were always precious, but were becoming of increased and intense interest to him—salvation through the atonement of Christ, the immense value of the Word of God, and the sanctifying influence of a firm belief and expectation of the second advent of Christ. The rev. gentleman presided and gave an address at the usual Saturday night prayer meeting, and preached three sermons at Park Street on the Lord's Day, taking for his text the 11th verse of the 30th chapter of St. Matthew: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The afternoon was a service specially adapted to the young, the discourse being founded on the 40th chapter of Exodus, the 1st and 2nd verses: "The setting up of the tabernacle of the congregation;" and in the evening the scripture chosen was Acts, 1st chapter, 11th verse, the subject being the Ascension of Christ. The discourses were delivered with considerable force and eloquence, to full congregations. On Monday evening a tea and public meeting was held in Park street Chapel, presided over by Mr. Henry Blundell, addresses being given by the Chairman, and the Revs. Genders, J. H. Blake, Connell, Edwards, and others. Several anthems were sung by the choir, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Genders and the Chairman closed this very successful meeting. On Tuesday the visit of Mr. Genders closed by a tea and meeting at Limbury, presided over by the pastor, who gave out a

suitable hymn, and offered prayer, and then in a few kind words introduced Mr. Genders to the meeting, the whole of whose object was to urge his hearers to be Bible Christians, by a prayerful study of it, by heart to love it, by a fearless advocacy of it, and by preaching it in a sanctified and holy life before men. The meeting was a very crowded one, and was addressed by Messrs. Blake, Manlove, Ottridge, and Alexander. Collections were made towards the small debt on the chapel at Stopsley, which were liberal, and the collections at Park-street were for the debt connected with the last repairs, the total proceeds being £29 2s. 2d. We understand that the pastor of Park Street was preaching three sermons for Mr. Genders at Portsea, and that the interchange was of a most pleasant character to both pastors and congregations.

The chapel in Etnam-street, Leominster, erected in the year 1771 to provide accommodation for the church formed in 1656, has been closed for three months, during which time it has been completely renovated and modernised. The reopening took place on the 16th of September. At the evening meeting Mr. Jonathan Grubb, of London, presided. The pastor (Rev. Walter H. Purchase) spoke very encouragingly of the spiritual condition of the church. Revs. J. E. Perrin, S. Watkins, D. A. Brown, J. G. Mantle, and others, delivered congratulatory addresses, bearing testimony to the great improvements which had been made in the place of worship by the recent alterations. The collections amounted to £19 16s. 6d.

BAPTIST CHURCH, TUBBERMORE, CO. DERRY, IRELAND.—On Friday, the 22nd of August, on the invitation of Surgeon-Major Waters, M.D., the scholars and teachers of the Tubbermore Baptist Church Sunday School spent a very pleasant and highly enjoyable evening. The scholars assembled in the church at half-past one, and having marched in pro-

cession to White Fort, the residence of this distinguished officer, games of every description were engaged in, under the personal superintendence of their host, on the spacious lawn fronting the house. At four o'clock tea was served to upwards of 250 scholars and friends, after which a number of hymns were sung by the young people, led by Miss Carson, who accompanied them on the harmonium. Not the least pleasing and interesting items were the various races, conducted by R. G. Glendinning, Esq., New York, and Samuel Nelson, Esq., Tubbermore. Rev. R. H. Carson (pastor), having briefly addressed the assembly, called for three cheers for Dr. Waters, which were heartily given. The party broke up about eight o'clock, all being thoroughly well pleased with their day's outing. We may add that the grounds surrounding the house were gaily decorated by flags, banners, &c.

Harvest thanksgiving services were held in Penge Tabernacle, Penge, on Sunday, September 28th. Sermons were preached morning and evening. Also an address was given to the Sunday School children in the afternoon by the Rev. John Wesley Boud, pastor of the church, to crowded congregations. The pulpit and platform were tastefully decorated with flowers, fruits, and vegetables; sheaves of wheat, barley and oats from five different counties were sent by friends. The offerings of fruits and flowers from the Sunday School teachers and children, were sent, on Monday morning, to the Children's Hospital at Forest Hill, and the vegetables distributed amongst the poor of the church and congregation.

New schools were opened on the 24th of September at Bushden, Northampton. Accommodation is thus provided for 400 children. The structure has cost between £1,000 and £1,100, of which £650 is already in hand, and a portion of the remainder promised. The proceedings included

a sermon by Rev. W. Cuff, of Shore-ditch Tabernacle, a public tea, and an evening meeting, when addresses were delivered by Revs. W. A. Davis (the pastor), W. Cuff, and J. Near.

A new building, to be used as a Sunday School and lecture hall, has been erected at Catford Hill, at a cost of £1,800.

LUTON. — Interesting meetings were held on Monday and Thursday evenings, September 15th and 18th, at Park Street Chapel, to take farewell and commend to God's blessing Mr. William Findlay, who is leaving for Regent's Park College. On the Monday addresses were delivered by Rev. J. H. Blake and Messrs. T. Wootton, G. Alexander, Henry Smith, George Hucklesby, and Mr. Peter Alexander. During the evening a double silver-plated inkstand, with thermometer pedestal, was presented to Mr. Findlay from the young men in the class; and the pastor, in the names of several friends, presented him also with a £10 Bank of England note towards the purchase of needed books. On the Thursday evening, Rev. J. H. Blake gave suitable addresses to Mr. Findlay and several of the Park Chapel Village Preachers, founded on the words of Paul: "Take heed to thyself and thy doctrine." Mr. Findlay leaves Luton with the best wishes of all who knew him.

RECENT DEATH.

On October 5th, Alice Selina Blanche, youngest daughter of Rev. G. Rouse Lowden, of Hanwell, in her 19th year. Her end was peace. The following lines were often repeated by her:—

"I think I would rather hear it, that voice
so low and sweet,
Calling me out from the shadows, my
loving Lord to meet,
Up through the glowing splendours of a
starry, earthly night,
To see the King in His beauty, in a land
of purer light."

BAPTISMS.

- Abersychan*.—September 7, English Chapel, Five; 28, Five, by J. Cole.
- Armsley*.—October 1, One, by W. Sumner.
- Athlone*.—September 17, Three, by J. Ryan.
- Bardwell*, Suffolk.—October 5, Three, by G. F. Wall.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—September 28, Abbey-road, Three, by J. R. Russell.
- Bethlehem*, near Haverfordwest.—September 23, Eight, by D. O. Edwards.
- Birmingham*.—September 17, Constitution-hill, Two, by J. Burton.
- Bolton*.—October 1, Astley Bridge, Eight, by G. Williams; October 2, Farnworth Mission, Nine, by G. H. Steynes.
- Cardiff*.—September 28, Longcross Chapel, Five, by P. Jones.
- Cheadle*, Cheshire.—September 14, One, by R. A. Burrows.
- Chester*.—October 5, Mission Hall, Two, by W. S. Jones.
- Cloughfold*.—September 28, Ten, by J. Smith.
- Coalville*.—September 14, Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by T. Hagen.
- Dickleburgh*.—September 14, Three, by G. W. Pope.
- Dunfermline*, Scotland.—September 10, Four, by J. T. Hagen.
- Eastbourne*.—October 1, Four, by W. Osborne.
- Eynsford*.—September 7, Six, by G. B. Richardson.
- Griffithstown*, near Pontypool.—October 5, Two, by J. Tucker.
- Hastingden*.—September 28, Bury-road, Five, by G. T. Bailey.
- Hereford*.—September 30, Six; October 5, One, by J. Williams, B.A.
- Hill Cliffe*, near Warrington.—September 14, Four, by W. Pilling.
- London*: Berkeley-road, N.W.—September 25, Four, by G. Scudamore.
- Brentford Park Chapel.—September 28, Six, by J. S. Hockey.
- Forest Gate, E.—September 18, Woodgrange Chapel, S.E., by J. H. French.
- Lewisham-road, S.E.—September 21, Ten, by A. C. Gray.
- Streatham, S.W.—October 1, Lawin-road, Three, by A. M'Caig.
- Upper Kennington-lane.—September 14, at Vauxhall Chapel, Eighteen, by T. J. Malyon.
- West Green.—September 21, Four, by G. Turner.
- Wood Green, N.—September 21, Four, by W. W. Haines.
- Woolwich.—October 2, Parson's Hill, Ten, by J. Wilson.
- Lord's Hill*, Snailbeach.—October 5, Two, by W. Jenkins.
- Newbridge*, Mon.—October 5, English Chapel, Four, by J. M. Jones.
- Newport*, Mon.—September 28, Three, by A. T. Jones.
- Ogmore Vale*.—September 7, Calvary Chapel, Two, by E. Aubrey.
- Okehampton*.—August 31, Two, by A. H. Dolton.
- Peterchurch*, Hereford.—September 14, Four, by J. Beard.
- Piddletrenhide*, Dorset.—September 21, Four, by J. Davis.
- Roath*, Cardiff.—September 28, Pearl-street, Two, by E. Schaffer.
- Salem*, near Haverfordwest.—September 21, Three, by D. O. Edwards.
- Southsea*.—September 28, Elm Grove, Four, by J. P. Williams.
- South Stockton*.—September 28, Westbury-street, Four, by H. Winsor.
- Southampton*.—September 28, Carlton Chapel, Two, by E. Osborne.
- Speen*, Bucks.—October 1, Two, by C. Saville.
- St. Helen's*, Lancashire.—October 2, Victoria Hall Nine, by C. Green.
- Swansea*.—September 28, Carmarthen-road, Three, by A. E. Johnson.
- Swindon*.—September 3, Seven, by F. Pugh.
- Talywain*, Mon.—September 14, at Pysgah, One, by D. B. Richards.
- Tondu*, Glam.—September 28, Three, by M. Morgan.
- Tongwynlas*.—October 5, Three, by J. Thomas.
- Treforest*, Calvary.—September 29, Four, by W. Parry.
- Tunbridge Wells*.—September 38, Nine, by J. Smith.
- Wythall Heath*, Worcestershire.—October 5, Three, by J. S. May.